



THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS



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## STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PALI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF  
PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. V.

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## PREFACE.

THE delay in the issue of this volume calls for a few words of explanation. I had hoped that the late Mr Neil of Pembroke would have collaborated with me in the fifth volume of the Jātaka Translation as he had already done in Vol. III. But this was not to be, and his premature death in 1901, which was generally acknowledged to be a serious loss to the cause of Oriental learning, no less than to that of Classical scholarship, threw upon me the burden of undertaking the entire volume without his efficient aid and criticism. The beloved Master of our "Guild of Translators," the late Professor Cowell, assisted me in my task so long as his increasing years and infirmities allowed him to continue his unwearied efforts for the advancement of Oriental studies, but he was not able to give to the work that minute and careful revision which he had so generously lavished on the four preceding volumes. My labours were also somewhat prolonged by the larger proportion of this volume which had to be versified. In rendering the *gāthās* I have done my best to give the exact sense of the Pali, so far as it was compatible with the exigencies of a metrical version, and if the result at times should strike the reader as rather feeble and pointless, I might urge in extenuation that the original is sometimes equally prosaic and commonplace. Moreover, although I have always regarded Childers' Pali Dictionary as a work of extraordinary merit for the time at which it appeared, yet it would no doubt greatly lighten the labours of translators from the Pali,

if the mass of critical annotations now scattered throughout the Pali Text Society's Publications and various other Oriental Journals could be gathered together and embodied in the new Pali Dictionary which Professor Rhys Davids has promised us. Meanwhile I have to thank Mrs Bode for her very useful *Index to Pali words discussed in Translations* which appeared in the *P. T. Journal* for 1897—1901.

It only remains for me to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to Professor Bendall for the kind help he has given me in the many difficulties I have referred to him, and for the readiness with which he has placed at my disposal the stores of his wide reading and critical scholarship. The sixth and last volume of the Translation, which was left unfinished by Professor Cowell, is now in the capable hands of Dr Rouse and will appear in due course edited and completed by him.

H. T. FRANCIS.

GONVILLE AND CAIUS COLLEGE,

*Oct. 25th, 1905.*



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## 530. SAMKICCA-JĀTAKA . . . . . 134

A prince who was eager to succeed to the throne proposes to murder his father. His friend, unable to dissuade him from his purpose, retires from the court and becomes an ascetic. The prince after the murder of his father is filled with guilty fears. His friend at length returns and, after describing all the various hells and the punishments of notorious sinners, by his admonition restores the king's peace of mind.

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## 533. CULLA-HAMSA-JĀTAKA . . . . . 175

A king of wild geese is caught in a fowler's snare and deserted by all except his chief captain, who refuses to leave him. The fowler is so touched by this devotion that he would have released the captive bird, but they insist on being taken before the king of the country, and after preaching the Law to him the two birds are set at liberty and return home to their kith and kin.



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A queen has a dream about golden geese and entreats the king to bring her one. The king has a decoy lake constructed and his fowler at length captures the king of the geese. The rest of the story is like the Cullahamśa-Jātaka.

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A king, who had been a yakkha in a former birth, develops a taste for human flesh and has his subjects murdered to supply himself with his favourite food. When his guilt is brought home to him, he refuses to give up his cannibalism and is driven out of his kingdom. He now dwells in a forest and preys upon all travellers that pass that way. At length he captures a king who had been his friend and teacher in early youth, but releases him on the condition that he should return after he has fulfilled a promise that he has made to a brahmin. The king returns into captivity, and the man-eater is so pleased with his good faith that he offers to grant him any four boons that he may ask of him. When asked to give up cannibalism he reluctantly consents and is eventually restored to his kingdom.

## ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

No. 512. Jātaka-Mālā xvii. Kumbha-Jātaka.

No. 513. Cariyā-Piṭaka ii. 9, Jayaddisa.

No. 516. Jātaka-Mālā xxrv. Mahākapi-Jātaka.

No. 524. Cariyā-Piṭaka ii. 10, Saṅkhapāla.

No. 529. Cariyā-Piṭaka iii. 5, Soṇapandita.

Page 25, line 34, for *firewood* read *fire-sticks* or *fire-drills*.



## BOOK XVI. TIMSANIPATA.

No. 511.

### KINCHANDA-JĀTAKA.

[1] "Why dost thou," etc.—This story the Master told, while dwelling at Jetavana, about the observance of fast-days<sup>1</sup>.

Now one day when a number of lay Brothers and Sisters, who were keeping a fast-day, came to hear the law, and were seated in the Hall of Truth, the Master asked them if they were keeping fast-days, and on their saying that they were, he added, "And ye do well to observe fast-days: men of old, in consequence of keeping half a fast-day, attained to great glory," and at their request he told a tale of the past.

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Once upon a time at Benares Brahmadata ruled his kingdom righteously, and being a believer he was zealous in the observance of the duties of the fast-day, in the keeping of the commandments and in almsgiving. He also induced his ministers and the rest to take upon them vows of charity and the like. But his family priest was a backbiter, greedy of bribes, and a giver of unrighteous judgments. The king on a fast-day summoned his councillors and bade them keep the fast. The priest did not take upon himself the duties of the fast-day; so when he had in the day been taking bribes and giving false judgments, and then had come to court to pay his respects, the king, after first asking each of his ministers if he were keeping the fast, questioned the priest, saying, "And are you, Sir, fasting?" He told a lie and said "Yes," and left the palace. Then a certain minister rebuked him, saying, "Surely you are not keeping the fast?" He said, "I took food early in the day, but when I go home I shall rinse my mouth and taking upon myself the duties of the fast-day, [2] I will eat nothing in the evening, and all night I will keep the moral law, and in this way I shall have kept half the fast-day." "Very good, Sir," they said. And he went home and did so. Now one day as he was seated at judgment, a certain woman, who kept the moral precepts, had a

<sup>1</sup> On the observance of *pōya* (*uposatha*) days cf. Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, p. 237: "fasting" includes doing no wrong to one's neighbour.

case on, and not being able to go home, she thought, "I will not transgress the observance of the fast-day," and as the time drew near, she began to rinse her mouth. At that moment a lump of ripe mangoes was brought to the brahmin. He perceived that the woman was keeping the fast and said, "Eat this and so keep the fast." She did so. So much for the action of the brahmin. By and bye he died and was born again in the Himalaya country, in a lovely spot on the bank of the Kosiki branch of the Ganges, in a mango-grove, three leagues in extent, on a splendid royal couch in a golden palace. He was born again like one just awakened from sleep, well dressed and adorned, of exceeding beauty of form, and accompanied by sixteen thousand nymphs. All night long he enjoys this glory, for by being born as a Spirit in a phantom palace<sup>1</sup> his reward is corresponding to his deed. So at the approach of dawn he enters a mango-grove, and at the moment of his entrance his divine body disappears, he assumes a form as big as a palm tree, eighty cubits high, and his whole body is ablaze like a judas-tree in full flower. He has but one finger on each hand, while his nails are as big as spades, and with these nails he digs into the flesh on his back and tearing it out eats it, and mad with the pain he suffers, he gives utterance to a loud cry. At sunset this body vanishes and his divine form reappears. Heavenly dancing girls, with various musical instruments in their hands, attend upon him, and in the enjoyment of great honour he ascends to a divine palace in a charming mango-grove. Thus did he, as the result of giving a mango fruit to a woman who was keeping a fast, acquire a mango-grove, three leagues in extent, but, in consequence of receiving bribes and giving false judgments, [3] he tears and eats the flesh from off his own back, whilst, owing to the fact of his having kept half the fast, he enjoys glory every night, surrounded by an escort of sixteen thousand dancing nymphs.

About this time the king of Benares, conscious of the sinfulness of desires, adopted the ascetic life and took up his abode in a hut of leaves, in a pleasant spot on the lower Ganges, subsisting on what he could pick up. Now one day a ripe mango from that grove, the size of a large bowl, fell into the Ganges and was carried by the stream to a spot opposite the landing-place used by this ascetic. As he was rinsing his mouth, he saw the mango floating in mid-stream, and crossing over he took and brought it to his hermitage and placed it in the cell where his sacred fire was kept<sup>2</sup>. Then, splitting it up with a knife, he ate just enough to support life, and covering up the rest with the leaves of the plantain tree, he repeatedly day by day ate of it, as long as it lasted. And when it was all consumed, he could not eat any other kind of fruit, but being a slave to his appetite for dainties, he vowed he would eat only ripe mango, and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. vol. i. p. 240. 5 (Pali).

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Mahāvagga*, i. 15. 2.



going down to the river bank he sat looking at the stream, determined never to get up till he had found a mango. So he fasted there for six consecutive days, and sat looking for the fruit, till he was dried up by the wind and heat. Now on the seventh day a goddess of the river, by reflecting on the matter, found out the reason of his action, and thinking, "This ascetic, being the slave of his appetite, has sat fasting seven days, looking at the Ganges: it is wrong to deny him a ripe mango: for without it he will perish; I will give him one." So she came and stood in the air above the Ganges, and conversing with him uttered the first stanza:

Why dost thou on this river bank through summer heat remain?  
Brahmin, what is thy secret hope? What purpose would'st thou gain?

[4] The ascetic on hearing this repeated nine stanzas:

Afloat upon the stream, fair nymph, a mango I did see;  
With outstretched hand I seized the fruit and brought it home with me.

So sweet it was in taste and smell, I deemed it quite a prize;  
Its comely shape might vie with biggest water-jar in size.

I hid it mid some plantain leaves, and sliced it with a knife;  
A little served as food and drink to one of simple life.

My store is spent, my pangs appeased, but still I must regret,  
In other fruits that I may find, no relish I can get.

I pine away; that mango sweet I rescued from the wave  
Will bring about my death, I fear. No other fruit I crave.

I've told you why it is I fast, though dwelling by a stream  
Whose broadening waves with every fish that swims are said to teem.

And now I pray thee tell to me, and flee thou not in fear,  
O lovely maiden, who thou art, and wherefore thou art here.

Fair are the handmaids of the gods, like burnished gold are they,  
Graceful as tiger brood along their mountain slopes that play.

Here also in the world of men are women fair to see,  
But none amongst or gods or men may be compared to thee.  
I ask thee then, O lovely nymph, endowed with heavenly grace,  
Declare to me thy name and kin and whence derived thy race.

[5] Then the goddess uttered eight stanzas:

O'er this fair stream, by which thou sitst, O brahmin, I preside,  
And dwell in vasty depths below, 'neath Ganges' rolling tide.

All clad with forest growth I own a thousand mountain caves,  
Whence flow as many flooded streams to mingle with my waves.

[6] Each wood and grove, to Nāgas dear, sends forth full many a rill,  
And yields its store of waters blue, my ample course to fill.

Oft borne upon these tribute streams are fruits from every tree,  
Rose-apples, bread-fruit, dates and figs, with mangoes one may see.

And all that grows on either bank and falls within my reach,  
I claim as lawful prize, and none my title may impeach.

Well knowing this, hearken to me, O wise and learned king,  
Cease to indulge thy heart's desire—renounce the cursed thing.

O ruler erst of broad domains, thy act I cannot praise,  
 To long for death, in prime of youth, great folly, sure, betraya.  
 Brahmins and angels, gods and men, all know thy deed and name,  
 And saints who by their holiness attain on earth to fame—  
 Yea, all that wise and famous are, thy sinful act proclaim.

[7] Then the ascetic uttered four stanzas :

One who knows how frail our life is, and how transient things of sense,  
 Never thinks to slay another, but abides in innocence.

Honoured once by saints in council, owner of a virtuous name,  
 Now with sinful men conversing, thou dost win an evil fame.

Were I on thy banks to perish, nymph with comely form endowed,  
 Ill repute would rest upon thee, like the shadow of a cloud.

Therefore, goddess fair, I pray thee, every sinful deed eschew,  
 Lost, a bye-word of the people, thou have cause my death to rue.

[8] On hearing him, the goddess replied in five stanzas :

Well I know the secret longing, thine to bear so patiently,  
 And I yield myself thy servant and the mango give to thee.  
 Lo ! foregoing sinful pleasures, pleasures hard to be resigned,  
 Thou hast gained, to keep for ever, holiness and peace of mind.

He that, freed from early bondage, hugs the chains he once forswore,  
 Rashly treading ways unholy, ever sinneth more and more.

I will grant thy earnest craving, and will bid thy troubles cease,  
 Guiding thee to cool recesses, where thou mayst abide in peace.

Hérons, maynah birds and cuckoos, with the ruddy geese that love  
 Nectar from the bloom to gather, swans aloft in troops that move,  
 Paddy-birds and lordly peacocks, with their song awake the grove.

Saffron and kadamba blossoms lie as chaff upon the ground,  
 Ripest dates, the palms adorning, hang in clusters all around,  
 And, amidst the loaded branches, see how mangoes here abound !

[9] And singing the praises of the place she transported the ascetic thither, and, bidding him eat mangoes in this grove till he had satisfied his hunger, she went her way. The ascetic, eating mangoes till he had appeased his appetite, rested awhile. Then, as he wandered in the grove, he spied this Spirit in a state of suffering and he had not the heart to utter a word to him, but at sunset he beheld him attended by nymphs and in the enjoyment of heavenly glory and addressed him in three stanzas :

All the night anointed, fêted, with a crown upon thy brow,  
 Neck and arms bedecked with jewels—all the day in anguish thou !

Many thousand nymphs attend thee. What a magic power is this !  
 How amazing thus to vary from a state of woe to bliss !

What has led to thy undoing ? What the sin that thou dost rue ?  
 Why from thine own back dost ever eat the flesh each day anew ?

[10] The Spirit recognized him and said, "You do not recognize me, but I was once your chaplain. This happiness that I enjoy in the night is due to you, as the result of my keeping half the fast-day ; while the



suffering I experience by day is the result of the evil that I wrought. For I was set by you on the seat of judgment, and I took bribes and gave false decisions, and was a backbiter, and in consequence of the evil that I wrought by day, I now undergo this suffering," and he uttered a couple of stanzas :

Once in holy lore delighting I in sinful toils was cast,  
Working evil for my neighbour, through the lengthening years I passed.  
He that shall, backbiting others, love on their good name to prey,  
Flesh from his own back will ever rend and eat, as I to-day.

And so saying, he asked the ascetic why he had come here. The ascetic told all his story at length. "And now, holy sir," the Spirit said, "will you stay here or go away?" "I will not stay, I will return to my hermitage." The Spirit said, "Very well, holy sir, I will constantly supply you with a ripe mango," and by an exercise of his magic power he transported him to his hermitage, and, bidding him dwell there contentedly, he exacted a promise from him and went his way. Thenceforth the Spirit constantly supplied him with the mango fruit. The ascetic, in the enjoyment of the fruit, performed the preparatory rites to induce mystic meditation and was destined to the Brahma-world.

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[11] The Master, having finished his lesson to the lay folk, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth :—At the conclusion of the Truths, some attained to the First Path, some to the Second, and others to the Third Path :—"At that time the goddess was Uppalavannā, the ascetic was myself."

## No. 512.

### KUMBHA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who art thou,*" etc.—This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning five hundred women, friends of Visākhā, who were drinkers of strong drink. Now the story goes that a drinking festival was proclaimed at Sāvatti, and these five hundred women, after providing fiery drink for their masters, at the end of the festival thought, "We too will keep the feast," and they all went to Visākhā and said, "Friend, we will keep the feast." She replied, "This is a drinking festival; I will drink no strong drink." They said, "Do you then give an offering to the supreme Buddha: we will keep the feast." She readily assented and sent them away. And after entertaining the Master, and making him a large offering, she set out at eventide for Jetavana, with many a scented wreath in her hand, to hear the preaching of the Law, attended by these women. Now they were eager for drink, when they started with her, and, when they stood in the gabled chamber, they took strong drink, and then accompanied

Viśākhā into the presence of the Master. Viśākhā saluted the Master and sat respectfully on one side. Some of the other women danced even before the Master; some sang; others made improper movements with their hands and feet; others quarrelled. The Master, in order to give them a shock, emitted a ray of light from his eyebrow; and this was followed by blinding darkness. These women were terrified and frightened with the fear of death, and so the effect of the strong drink wore off. The Master, disappearing from the throne on which he was seated, took his stand on the top of Mount Sineru, and emitted a ray of light from the hairs between his eyebrows<sup>1</sup>, like as if it had been the rising of a thousand moons. The Master, just as he stood there, to produce a sensation amongst these women, spoke this stanza:

<sup>1</sup>No place for laughter here, no room for joy,  
The flames of passion suffering worlds destroy.  
Why overwhelmed in darkest night, I pray,  
Seek ye no torch to light you on your way!

At the end of the stanza all the five hundred women were established in the fruition of the First Path. The Master came and sat down on the Buddha seat, in the shade of the Perfumed Chamber. Then Viśākhā saluted him and asked, "Holy sir, whence has arisen this drinking of strong drink, that does violence to a man's honour and to a tender conscience?" And telling her he related a story of the past.

[12] Once upon a time when Brahmādatta was ruling in Benares, a forester, named Surā, who dwelt in the kingdom of Kāśi, went to the Himalayas, to seek for articles of merchandise. There was a certain tree there that sprang up to the height of a man with his arms extended over his head, and then divided into three parts. In the midst of its three forks was a hole as big as a wine jar, and when it rained this hole was filled with water. Round about it grew two myrobalan<sup>2</sup> plants and a pepper shrub; and the ripe fruits from these, when they were cut down, fell into the hole. Not far from this tree was some self-sown paddy. The parrots would pluck the heads of rice and eat them, perched on this tree. And while they were eating, the paddy and the husked rice fell there. So the water, fermenting through the sun's heat, assumed a blood-red colour. In the hot season flocks of birds, being thirsty, drank of it, and becoming intoxicated fell down at the foot of the tree, and after sleeping awhile flew away, chirping merrily. And the same thing happened in the case of wild dogs, monkeys and other creatures. The forester, on seeing this, said, "If this were poison they would die, but after a short sleep they go away as they list; it is no poison." And he himself drank of it, and becoming intoxicated he felt a desire to eat flesh, and then making a fire he killed the partridges and cocks that fell down at the foot of the tree, and roasted their flesh on the live coals, and gesticulating with one hand, and eating flesh with the other, he remained one or two days in the same

<sup>1</sup> This manifestation is abundantly illustrated in Buddhist art, especially in that of the *Mahāyāna* school.

<sup>2</sup> *Dhammapada*, p. 146.

<sup>3</sup> Of different kinds, *Terminalia Chebula* and *Emblica officinalis*.



spot. Now not far from here lived an ascetic, named Varuṇa. The forester at other times also used to visit him, and the thought now struck him, "I will drink this liquor with the ascetic." So he filled a reed-pipe with it, and taking it together with some roast meat he came to the hut of leaves and said, "Holy sir, [13] taste this liquor," and they both drank it and ate the meat. So from the fact of this drink having been discovered by Sura and Varuṇa, it was called by their names (*sura* and *varuṇī*). They both thought, "This is the way to manage it," and they filled their reed-pipes, and taking it on a carrying-pole they came to a neighbouring village, and sent a message to the king that some wine merchants had come. The king sent for them and they offered him the drink. The king drank it two or three times and got intoxicated. This lasted him only one or two days. Then he asked them if there was any more. "Yes, sir," they said. "Where?" "In the Himalayas, sir." "Then bring it here." They went and fetched it two or three times. Then thinking, "We can't always be going there," they took note of all the constituent parts, and, beginning with the bark of the tree, they threw in all the other ingredients, and made the drink in the city. The men of the city drank it and became idle wretches. And the place became like a deserted city. Then these wine merchants fled from it and came to Benares, and sent a message to the king, to announce their arrival. The king sent for them and paid them money, and they made wine there too. And that city also perished in the same way. Thence they fled to Sāketa, and from Sāketa they came to Sāvattthi. At that time there was a king named Sabbamitta in Sāvattthi. He shewed favour to these men and asked them what they wanted. When they said, "We want the chief ingredients and ground rice and five hundred jars," he gave them everything they asked for. So they stored the liquor in the five hundred jars, and, to guard them, they bound cats, one to each jar. And, when the liquor fermented and began to escape, the cats drank the strong drink that flowed from the inside of the jars, and getting intoxicated they lay down to sleep; and rats came and bit off the cats' ears, noses, teeth and tails. The king's officers came and told the king, "The cats have died from drinking the liquor." [14] The king said, "Surely these men must be makers of poison," and he ordered them both to be beheaded and they died, crying out, "Give us strong drink, give us mead<sup>1</sup>." The king, after putting the men to death, gave orders that the jars should be broken. But the cats, when the effect of the liquor wore off, got up and walked about and played. When they saw this, they told the king. The king said, "If it were poison, they would have died; it must be mead; we will drink it." So he had the city decorated, and set up a pavilion in the palace yard and taking his seat in this splendid pavilion on a royal throne with a white umbrella raised over it, and surrounded by

<sup>1</sup> Another reading has, "Wine, O king, mead, O king."

his courtiers, he began to drink. Then Sakka, the king of heaven, said, "Who are there that in the duty of service to mother and the like diligently fulfil the three kinds of right conduct?" And, looking upon the world, he saw the king seated to drink strong drink and he thought, "If he shall drink strong drink, all India will perish: I will see that he shall not drink it." So, placing a jar full of the liquor in the palm of his hand, he went, disguised as a brahmin, and stood in the air, in the presence of the king, and cried, "Buy this jar, buy this jar." King Sabbamitta, on seeing him standing in the air and speaking after this manner, said, "Whence can this brahmin come?" and conversing with him he repeated three stanzas:

Who art thou, Being from on high,  
 Whose form emits bright rays of light,  
 Like levin flash athwart the sky,  
 Or moon illuming darkest night?  
 To ride the pathless air upon,  
 To move or stand in silent space—  
 Real is the power that thou hast won,  
 And proves thou art of godlike race.  
 Then, brahmin, who thou art declare,  
 And what within thy jar may be,  
 [15] That thus appearing in mid air,  
 Thou fain wouldst sell thy wares to me.

Then Sakka said, "Hearken then to me," and, expounding the evil qualities of strong drink, he said:

This jar nor oil nor ghee doth hold,  
 No honey or molasses here,  
 But vices more than can be told  
 Are stored within its rounded sphere.  
 Who drinks will fall, poor silly fool,  
 Into some hole or pit impure,  
 Or headlong sink in loathsome pool  
 And eat what he would fain abjure.  
 Buy then, O king, this jar of mine,  
 Full to the brim of strongest wine.  
 Who drinks, with wits distracted quite,  
 Like grazing ox that loves to stray,  
 [16] Wanders in mind, a helpless wight,  
 And sings and dances all the day.  
 Buy then &c.  
 Who drinks will run all shamelessly,  
 Like nude ascetic thro' the town,  
 And late take rest—so dazed is he—  
 Forgetting when to lay him down.  
 Buy then &c.  
 Who drinks, like one moved with alarm,  
 Totters, as tho' he could not stand,  
 And trembling shakes his head and arm,  
 Like wooden puppet worked by hand.  
 Buy then &c.



Who drink are burned to death in bed,  
 Or else a prey to jackals fall,  
 To bondage or to death are led,  
 And suffer loss of goods withal.  
 Buy then &c.

Who drinks is lost to decency  
 And talks of things that are obscene,  
 Will sit undressed in company,  
 Is sick and every way unclean.  
 Buy then &c.

Uplifted is the man that drinks,  
 His vision is by no means clear,  
 The world is all my own, he thinks,  
 I own no earthly lord as peer.  
 Buy then &c.

Wine is a thing of boastful pride,  
 An ugly, naked, cowardly imp,  
 To strife and calumny allied,  
 A home to shelter thief and pimp.  
 Buy then &c.

Tho' families may wealthy be,  
 And countless treasures may enjoy,  
 Holding earth's richest gifts in fee,  
 This will their heritage destroy.  
 Buy then &c.

Silver and gold and household gear,  
 Oxen and fields and stores of grain—  
 All, all is lost: strong drink, I fear,  
 Has proved of wealthy home the bane.  
 Buy then &c.

[17] The man that drinks is filled with pride,  
 And his own parents will revile,  
 Or, ties of blood and kin defied,  
 Will dare the marriage bed defile.  
 Buy then &c.

She too that drinks will in her pride  
 Her husband and his sire revile,  
 And, dignity of race defied,  
 A slave to folly will beguile.  
 Buy then &c.

The man that drinks will dare to slay  
 A righteous priest or brahmin true,  
 And then in suffering worlds for aye  
 The sinful deed will have to rue.  
 Buy then &c.

Who drink will sin in triple wise,  
 In word, in action, and in thought,  
 Then sink to Hell, to agonize  
 For all the evil they have wrought.  
 Buy then &c.

The man from whom men beg in vain,  
 E'en at the cost of heaps of gold,  
 From him when drunk their point they gain  
 And readily the lie is told.  
 Buy then &c.

Should one that drinks a message hear  
 And lo! some great emergency  
 Should suddenly arise, he'll swear  
 The thing has slipped his memory.  
 Buy then &c.

E'en modest folk, intoxicate  
 With wine, will most indecent be,  
 And wisest men, when drunk, will prate  
 And babble very foolishly.  
 Buy then &c.

Thro' drink men, fasting, lie about,  
 The hard bare ground their resting place,  
 Huddled like swine, a shameless rout,  
 They undergo most foul disgrace.  
 Buy then &c.

Like oxen smitten to the ground  
<sup>1</sup>Collapsing, in a heap they lie;  
 [18] Such fire is in strong liquor found,  
 No power of man with it can vie.  
 Buy then &c.

When all men, as from deadly snake,  
 In terror from the poison shrink,  
 What hero bold enough to slake  
 His thirst from such a fatal drink?  
 Buy then &c.

'Twas after drinking this, I ween,  
 The <sup>2</sup>Andhakas and Vṛishni race,  
 Roaming along the shore, were seen  
 To fall, each by his kinsman's mace.  
 Buy then &c.

Angels infatuate with wine  
 Fell from eternal heaven, O king,  
 With all their magic power divine:  
 Then who would taste the accursed thing?  
 Buy then &c.

Nor curds nor honey sweet is here,  
 But evermore remembering  
 What's stored within this rounded sphere,  
 Buy, prithee, buy my jar, O king.

[19] On hearing this the king, recognizing the misery caused by drink, was so pleased with Sakka that he sang his praises in two stanzas:

[20] No parents had I sage to teach, like thee,  
 But thou art kind and merciful, I see;  
 A seeker of the Highest Truth alway;  
 Therefore I will obey thy words to-day.  
 Lo! five choice villages I own are thine,  
 Twice fifty handmaids, seven hundred kine,  
 And these ten cars with steeds of purest blood,  
 For thou hast counselled me to mine own good.

<sup>1</sup> *Pattakkhandhā*. Cf. note on *Cullavagga*, iv. 4. 7, Translation by Davids and Oldenberg, p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> See Wilson's *Vishṇu Purāṇa* (Hall's ed.), vol. v. pp. 147—149. Cf. *Jātaka*, vol. iv. 81, vol. v. 267.



Sakka on hearing this revealed his godhead<sup>1</sup> and made himself known, and standing in the air he repeated two stanzas :

These hundred slaves, O king, may still be thine,  
And eke the villages and herds of kine ;  
No chariots yoked to high-bred steeds I claim ;  
Sakka, chief god of Thirty Three, my name.

Enjoy thy ghee, rice, milk and wolden meat,  
Still be content thy honey cakes to eat.  
Thus, king, delighting in the Truths I've preached,  
Pursue thy blameless path, till Heaven is reached.

Thus did Sakka admonish him and then returned to his abode in Heaven. And the king, abstaining from strong drink, ordered the drinking vessels to be broken. And undertaking to keep the precepts and dispensing alms, he became destined to Heaven. But the drinking of strong drink gradually developed in India.

The Master here ended his lesson and identified the Birth : " At that time Ānanda was the king, and I myself was Sakka."

## No. 513.

### JAYADDISA-JĀTAKA.

[21] "*Lo ! after,*" etc.—This story the Master told of a Brother who supported his mother. The introductory story is like that told in the <sup>2</sup>Sāma Birth. But on this occasion the Master said, "Sages of old gave up the white umbrella with its golden wreath to support their parents," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there lived a king in a city of the Northern Pañcālas, in the kingdom of Kampilla, named Pañcāla. His queen consort conceived and bare a son. In a former existence her rival in the harem, being in a rage, said, "Some day I shall be able to devour your offspring," and putting up a prayer to this effect she was turned into an ogress. Then she found her opportunity and, seizing the child before the very eyes of the queen and crunching and devouring it as if it were a piece of raw flesh, she made off. A second time she did exactly the same thing, but on the third occasion, when the queen had entered into her lying-in chamber, a guard surrounded the palace and kept a strict watch. On the day when she brought forth, the ogress

<sup>1</sup> Should we not read *devatta-* for *devadatta-* ?

<sup>2</sup> Vol. vi. No. 540. Cf. also vol. iv. No. 510 *Ayogharajātaka*.

again appeared and seized the child. The queen uttered a loud cry of "Ogress," and armed soldiers, running up when the alarm was given by the queen, went in pursuit of the ogress. Not having time to devour the child, she fled and hid herself in a sewer. The child, taking the ogress for its mother, put its lips to her breast, and she conceived a mother's love for the infant, and repairing to a cemetery she hid him in a rock-cave and watched over him. And as he gradually grew up, she brought and gave him human flesh, and they both lived on this food. The boy did not know that he was a human being; but, though he believed himself to be the son of the ogress, he could not get rid of or conceal his bodily form. So to bring this about she gave him a certain root. And by virtue of this root he concealed his form and continued to live on human flesh. Now the ogress went away to do service to the great king Vessavana<sup>1</sup>, and died then and there. But the queen for the fourth time [22] gave birth to a boy, and because the ogress was now dead, he was safe, and from the fact of his being born victorious over his enemy the ogress, he was called Jayaddisa (prince Victor). As soon as he was grown up and thoroughly educated in all learning, he assumed the sovereignty by raising the umbrella, and ruled over the kingdom. At that time his queen consort gave birth to the Bodhisatta, and they called him prince Alinasattu. When he grew up and was fully instructed in all learning, he became viceroy. But the son of the ogress by carelessly destroying the root was unable to hide himself, but living in the cemetery he devoured human flesh in a visible form. People on seeing him were alarmed, and came and complained to the king: "Sire, an ogre in a visible shape is eating human flesh in the cemetery. In course of time he will find his way into the city and kill and eat the people. You ought to have him caught." The king readily assented, and gave orders for his seizure. An armed force was stationed all round the city. The son of the ogress, naked and horrible to look upon, with the fear of death upon him, cried aloud and sprang into the midst of the soldiers. They, with a cry of "Here's the ogre," alarmed for their very lives, broke into two divisions and fled. And the ogre, escaping from thence, hid himself in the forest and no longer approached the haunts of men. And he took up his abode at the foot of a banyan tree near a high-road through the forest, and as people travelled by it, he would seize them one by one, and entering the wood killed and ate them. Now a brahmin, at the head of a caravan, gave a thousand pieces of money to the warders of the forest, and was journeying along the road with five hundred waggons. The ogre in human shape leaped upon them with a roar. The men fled in terror and lay grovelling on the ground. He seized the brahmin, and

<sup>1</sup> One of the four great demon-kings, the Hindū Plutus.



being wounded by a splinter of wood as he was fleeing, and being hotly pursued by the forest rangers, he dropped the brahmin and went and lay down at the foot of the tree where he dwelt. On the seventh day after this, king Jayaddisa proclaimed a hunt and set out from the city. Just as he was starting, [23] a native of Takkasilā, a brahmin named Nanda, who supported his parents, came into the king's presence, bringing four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money<sup>1</sup>. The king stopped to listen to them, and ordered a dwelling-place to be assigned to him. Then going to the chase, he said, "That man on whose side the deer escapes shall pay the brahmin for his verses." Then a spotted antelope was started, and making straight for the king escaped. The courtiers all laughed heartily. The king grasped his sword, and pursuing the animal came up with it after a distance of three leagues, and with a blow from his sword he severed it in two and hung the carcass on his carrying-pole. Then, as he returned, he came to the spot where the man-ogre was sitting, and after resting for a while on the kuça grass, he essayed to go on. Then the ogre rose up and cried "Halt! where are you going? You are my prey," and seizing him by the hand, he spoke the first stanza:

Lo! after my long seven days' fast  
A mighty prey appears at last!  
Pray tell me, art thou known to fame?  
I fain would hear thy race and name.

The king was terrified at the sight of the ogre, and, becoming as rigid as a pillar, was unable to flee; but, recovering his presence of mind, he spoke the second stanza:

Jayaddisa, if known to thee,  
Pañcāla's king I claim to be:  
Hunting thro' fen and wood I stray:  
Eat thou this deer; free me, I pray.

[24] The ogre, on hearing this, repeated the third stanza:

To save thy skin, thou offerest me for food  
This quarry, king, to which my claim is good:  
Know I will eat thee first, and yet not balk  
My taste for venison: cease from idle talk.

The king, on hearing this, called to mind the brahmin Nanda, and spoke the fourth stanza:

Should I not purchase the release I crave,  
Yet let me keep the promise that I gave  
A brahmin friend. To-morrow's dawn shall see  
My honour saved, and my return to thee.

<sup>1</sup> He ultimately gets four thousand pieces.

The ogre, on hearing this, spoke the fifth stanza :

Standing so near to death, what is the thing  
That thus doth sorely trouble thee, O king !  
Tell me the truth, that so perhaps we may  
Consent to let thee go for one brief day.

[25] The king, explaining the matter, spoke the sixth stanza :

A promise once I to a brahmin made ;  
That promise still is due, that debt unpaid :  
The vow fulfilled, to-morrow's dawn shall see  
My honour saved, and my return to thee.

On hearing this, the ogre spoke the seventh stanza :

A promise to a brahmin thou hast made ;  
That promise still is due, that vow unpaid.  
Fulfil thy vow, and let to-morrow see  
Thy honour saved and thy return to me.

And having thus spoken, he let the king go. And he, being allowed to depart, said, "Do not be troubled about me ; I will return at day-break," and, taking note of certain landmarks by the way, he returned to his army, and with this escort made his entrance into the city. Then he summoned the brahmin Nanda, seated him on a splendid throne, and, after hearing his verses, presented him with four thousand pieces of money. And he made the brahmin mount a chariot and sent him away, bidding his servants conduct him straight to Takkasilā. On the next day, being anxious to return, he called his son, and thus instructed him.

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The Master, to explain the matter, spoke two stanzas :

Escaped from cruel goblin he did come  
Full of sweet longings to his lovely home :  
[26] His word to brahmin friend he never broke,  
But thus to dear Alinasattu spoke.  
'My son, reign thou anointed king to-day  
Ruling o'er friend and foe with righteous sway ;  
Let no injustice mar thy happy state ;  
I now from cruel goblin seek my fate.'

---

The prince, on hearing this, spoke the tenth stanza :

Fain would I learn what act or word  
Lost me the favour of my lord,  
That thou shouldst raise me to the throne  
Which, losing thee, I would not own.

The king, on hearing this, spoke the next stanza :

Dear son, I fail to call to mind  
A single word or act unkind,  
But now that honour's debt is paid,  
I'll keep the vow to ogre made.



[27] The prince, on hearing this, spoke a stanza :

Nay, I will go and thou stay here ;  
No hope of safe return, I fear.  
But shouldst thou go, I'll follow thee  
And both alike will cease to be.

On hearing this, the king spoke a stanza :

With thee doth moral law agree,  
But life would lose all charm for me,  
If on wood-spit this ogre grim  
Should roast and eat thee, limb by limb.

Hearing this, the prince spoke a stanza :

If from this ogre thou wilt fly,  
For thee I am prepared to die :  
Yea, gladly would I die, O king,  
If only life to thee I bring.

[28] On hearing this the king, recognizing his son's virtue, accepted his offer, saying, "Well, go, dear son." And so he bade his parents farewell and left the city.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke half a stanza :

Then the brave prince to his dear parents bade  
A last farewell, with low obeisance made.

---

Then his parents and his sister and wife and the courtiers went forth from the city with him. And the prince here inquired of his father as to the way, and, after making careful arrangements and having admonished the others, he ascended the road and made for the abode of the ogre, as fearless as a maned lion. His mother, seeing him depart, could not restrain herself and fell fainting on the earth. His father, stretching out his arms, wept aloud.

---

The Master, making the matter clear, spoke the other half stanza :

His sire with outstretched arms, his son to stay,  
Wept sore. His mother, grieving, swooned away.

And, thus making clear the prayer uttered by the father and the Act of Truth repeated by the mother and sister and wife, he uttered yet four more stanzas :

But when his son had vanished quite  
From his despairing father's sight,  
With hands upraised the gods he praised  
Kings Varuna and Soma hight,  
Brahma and lords of Day and Night.  
By these kept safe and sound of limb,  
Escape, dear son, from ogre grin.'

[29] 'As Rama's fair-limbed mother won'  
 Salvation for her absent son,  
 When woods of Dandaka he sought,  
 So for my child is freedom wrought;  
 And by this Act of Truth I've charmed  
 The gods to bring thee home unharmed.'

'Brother, in thee no fault at all  
 Open or secret I recall;  
 And by this Act of Truth I've charmed  
 The gods to bring thee home unharmed.'

'Void of offence art thou to me,  
 I too, my lord, bear love to thee;  
 And by this Act of Truth I've charmed  
 The gods to bring thee home unharmed.'

[30] And the prince, following his father's directions, set out on the road to the dwelling of the ogre. But the ogre thought, "Kshatriyas have many wives: who knows what will happen!" and climbing the tree he sat looking out for the coming of the king. On seeing the prince, he thought, "The son has stopped his father and is coming himself. There's no fear about him." And descending from the tree he sat with his back to him. On coming up the youth stood in front of the ogre, who then spoke this stanza:

Whence art thou, youth so fair and fine?  
 Knowest thou this forest realm is mine?  
 They hold their lives but cheap who come  
 Where savage ogres find a home.

Hearing this, the youth spoke this stanza:

I know thee, cruel ogre, well;  
 Within this forest thou dost dwell.  
 Jayaddisa's true son stands here:  
 Eat me and free my father dear.

Then the ogre spoke this stanza:

Jayaddisa's true son I know;  
 Thy looks confess that it is so.  
 [31] A hardship surely 'tis for thee  
 To die, to set thy father free.

Then the youth spoke this stanza:

No mighty deed is this, I feel,  
 To die, and for a father's weal  
 And mother's love to pass away  
 And win the bliss of heaven for aye.

On hearing this, the ogre said, "There is no creature, prince, that

<sup>1</sup> See *Rāmāyaṇa*, book iii.



is not afraid of death. Why are not you afraid?" And he told him the reason and recited two stanzas:

No evil deed of mine at all,  
Open or secret, I recall.  
Well weighed are birth and death by me,  
As here, so 'tis in worlds to be.

Eat me to-day, O mighty one,  
And do the deed that must be done.  
I'll fall down dead from some high tree,  
Then eat my flesh, as pleaseth thee.

[32] The ogre, on hearing his words, was terrified and said, "One cannot eat this man's flesh", and, thinking by some stratagem to make him run away, he said

If 'tis thy will to sacrifice  
Thy life, young prince, to free thy sire,  
Then go in haste in my advice  
And gather sticks to light a fire.

Having so done, the youth returned to him.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke another stanza:

Then the brave prince did gather wood  
And, rearing high a mighty pyre,  
Cried, lighting it, 'Prepare thy food;  
See! I have made a goodly fire.'

---

The ogre, when he saw the prince had returned and made a fire, said, "This is a lion-hearted fellow. Death has no terrors for him. Up to this time I have never seen so fearless a man." And he sat there, astounded, from time to time looking at the youth. And he, seeing what the ogre was about, spoke this stanza:

Stand not and gaze in dumb amaze,  
Take me and slay, and eat, I pray,  
[33] While still alive, I will contrive  
To make thee fain to eat to-day.

Then the ogre, hearing his words, spoke this stanza:

One so truthful, kindly, just,  
Surely never may be eaten,  
Or his head, who eats thee, must  
Be to sevenfold pieces beaten.

The prince, on hearing this, said, "If you do not want to eat me, why did you bid me break sticks and make a fire?" and when the ogre replied, "It was to test you; for I thought you would run away," the prince said, "How now will you test me, seeing that, when in an animal form, I allowed

Sakka, king of heaven, to put my virtue to the test!" And with these words he spoke this stanza:—

<sup>1</sup> To Indra once like some poor brahmin drest  
The hare did offer its own flesh to eat;  
Thenceforth its form was on the moon imprest;  
That gracious orb as Yakkha now we greet.

[34] The ogre, on hearing this, let the prince go and said,

As the clear moon from Rāhu's grip set free  
Shines at midmonth with wonted brilliancy,  
So too do thou, Kampilla's lord of might,  
Escaped from ogre, shed the joyous light  
Of thy bright presence, sorrowing friends to cheer,  
And bring back gladness to thy parents dear.

And saying, "Go, heroic soul," he let the Great Being depart. And having made the ogre humble, he taught him the five moral laws, and, wishing to put it to the test whether or not he was an ogre, he thought, "The eyes of ogres are red and do not wink. They cast no shadow and are free from all fear. This is no ogre; it is a man. They say my father had three brothers carried off by an ogress; two of them must have been devoured by her, and one will have been cherished by her with the love of a mother for her child: this must be he. I will take him with me and tell my father, and have him established on the throne." And so thinking he cried, "Ho! Sir, you are no ogre; you are my father's elder brother. Well, come with me and raise your umbrella as emblem of sovereignty in your ancestral kingdom." And when he replied, "I am not a man," the prince said, "You do not believe me. Is there any one you will believe?" "Yes," he said, "there is in such and such a place an ascetic gifted with supernatural vision." So he took the ogre with him and went there. The ascetic no sooner caught sight of them than he said, "With what object are you two descendants from a common ancestor walking here?" And with these words he told them how they were related. The man-eater believed and said, "Dear friend, do you go home: as for me, I am born with two natures in one form. I have no wish to be a king. I'll become an ascetic." So he was ordained to the religious life by the ascetic. Then the prince saluted him and returned to the city.

[35] The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza:

Then did bold prince Alluasattu pay  
All due obeisance to that ogre grim,  
And free once more did wend his happy way  
Back to Kampilla, safe and sound of limb.

<sup>1</sup> See No. 816 Sasajātaka, vol. iii. p. 84 (English version). The commentary adds that in the present Kalpa the moon is marked by a yakkha instead of a hare.



And when the youth reached the city, the Master explained to the townsfolk and the rest what the prince had done, and spoke the last stanza :

Thus faring forth afoot from town and country side,  
 Lo! eager throngs proclaim  
 The doughty hero's name,  
 Or as aloft on car or elephant they ride  
 With homage due they come  
 To lead the victor home.

The king heard that the prince had returned and set out to meet him, and the prince, escorted by a great multitude, came and saluted the king. And he asked him, saying, "Dear son, how have you escaped from so terrible an ogre?" And he said, "Dear father, he is no ogre; he is your elder brother and my uncle." And he told him all about it and said, "You must go and see my uncle." The king at once ordered a drum to be beaten, and set out with a great retinue to visit the ascetics. The chief ascetic told them the whole story in full; how the child had been carried off by an ogress, and how instead of eating him she had brought him up as an ogre, and how they were related one to another. The king said, "Come, brother, do you reign as king." "No, thank you, Sire," he replied. "Then come and take up your abode in our park and I will supply you with the four requisites." He refused to come. Then the king made a settlement on a certain mountain, not far from their hermitage, and, forming a lake, prepared cultivated fields and, bringing a thousand families with much treasure, he founded a big village and instituted a system of almsgiving for the ascetics. This village grew into the town Cullakammāsadamma.

[36] The region where the ogre was tamed by the Great Being Sutasoma was to be known as the town of Mahākammāsadamma<sup>1</sup>.

The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the elder who supported his mother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the father and mother were members of the king's household, the ascetic was Sāriputta, the man-eater was Aṅgulimāla, the young sister was Uppalavannā, the queen consort was Rāhula's mother, prince Alinasattu was myself<sup>1</sup>." And the

<sup>1</sup> The founding of a place of this name occurs at the end of the Mahāsutasoma-Jātaka, vol. v. p. 511.

## No. 514.

CHADDANTA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

"*Large-eyed and peerless one,*" etc.—This was a story the Master, while sojourning at Jetavana, told of a female novice. A girl of good family at Sāvātthi, they say, recognizing the misery of the lay life, embraced asceticism, and one day went with other Sisters to hear the Law from the Bodhisatta, as he sat preaching from a magnificent throne, and observing his person to be endued with extreme beauty of form arising from the power of illimitable merit, she thought, "I wonder whether in a former existence those I once ministered to were this man's wives." Then at that very moment the recollection of former existences came back to her. "In the time of Chaddanta, the elephant, I was previously existing as this man's wife." And at the remembrance great joy and gladness sprang up in her heart. In her joyous excitement she laughed aloud as she thought, "Few wives are well disposed to their husbands; most of them are ill disposed. I wonder if I were well or ill disposed to this man." And calling back her remembrance, she perceived that she had harboured a slight grudge in her heart against Chaddanta, the mighty lord of elephants, who measured one hundred and twenty cubits, and had sent Sonuttara, a hunter, who with a poisoned arrow wounded and killed him. Then her sorrow awoke and her heart grew hot within her, and being unable to control her feelings, bursting into sobs she wept aloud. On seeing this the Master broke into a smile, and on being asked by the assembly of the Brethren, "What, Sir, was the cause of your smiling?" he said, "Brethren, this young Sister wept, on recalling a sin she once committed against me." And so saying he told a story of the past.

[37] Once upon a time eight thousand royal elephants, by the exercise of supernatural powers moving through the air, dwelt near lake Chaddanta in the Himalayas. At this time the Bodhisatta came to life as the son of the chief elephant. He was a pure white, with red feet and face. By and bye, when grown up, he was eighty-eight cubits high, one hundred and twenty cubits long. He had a trunk like to a silver rope, fifty-eight cubits long, and tusks fifteen cubits in circumference, thirty cubits long, and emitting six-coloured rays. He was the chief of a herd of eight thousand elephants and paid honour to pacceka buddhas. His two head queens were Cullasubhaddā and Mahāsubhaddā. The king elephant, with his herd numbering eight thousand, took up his abode in a Golden Cave. Now lake Chaddanta was fifty leagues long and fifty broad. In the middle of it, for a space extending twelve leagues, no sevāla or paṇaka plant is found, and it consists of water in appearance like a magic jewel. Next to this, encircling this water, was a thicket of pure white lilies, a league in

<sup>1</sup> In the *Journal Asiatique* for 1895, tom. v., N. S., will be found a careful study by M. L. Feer of the Chaddanta-Jātaka, based on a comparison of five different versions—two Pali, one Sanskrit, two Chinese.



breadth. Next to this, and encircling it, was a thicket of pure blue lotus, a league in extent. Then came white and red lotuses, red and white lilies, and white esculent lilies, each also a league in extent and each encircling the one before. Next to these seven thickets came a mixed tangle of white and other lilies, also a league in extent, and encircling all the preceding ones. Next, in water as deep as elephants can stand in, was a thicket of red paddy. Next, in the surrounding water, was a grove of small shrubs, abounding in delicate and fragrant blossoms of blue, yellow, red and white. So these ten thickets were each a league in extent. Next came a thicket of various kinds of kidney beans. Next came a tangle of convolvulus, cucumber, pumpkin, gourd and other creepers. Then a grove of sugar-cane of the size of the areca-nut tree. Then a grove of plantains with fruit as big as elephant's tusks. [38] Then a field of paddy. Then a grove of bread-fruit of the size of a water jar. Next a grove of tamarinds with luscious fruit. Then a grove of elephant-apple trees. Then a great forest of different kinds of trees. Then a bamboo grove. Such at this time was the magnificence of this region—its present magnificence is described in the Samyutta Commentary—but surrounding the bamboo grove were seven mountains. Starting from the extreme outside first came Little Black Mountain, next Great Black Mountain, then Water Mountain, Moon Mountain, Sun Mountain, Jewel Mountain, then the seventh in order Golden Mountain. This was seven leagues in height, rising all round the lake Chaddanta, like the rim of a bowl. The inner side of it was of a golden colour. From the light that issued from it lake Chaddanta shone like the newly risen sun. But of the outer mountains, one was six leagues in height, one five, one four, one three, one two, one a single league in height. Now in the north-east corner of the lake, thus girt about with seven mountains, in a spot where the wind fell upon the water, grew a big banyan tree. Its trunk was five leagues in circumference and seven leagues in height. Four branches spread six leagues to the four points of the compass, and the branch which rose straight upwards was six leagues. So from the root upwards it was thirteen leagues in height, and from the extremity of the branches in one direction to the extremity of the branches in the opposite direction it was twelve leagues. And the tree was furnished with eight thousand shoots and stood forth in all its beauty, like to the bare Jewel Mount. But on the west side of lake Chaddanta, in the Golden Mount, was a golden cave, twelve leagues in extent. Chaddanta the elephant king, with his following of eight thousand elephants, in the rainy season lived in the golden cave; in the hot season he stood at the foot of the great banyan tree, amongst its shoots, welcoming the breeze from off the water. Now one day they told him, "The great Sāl grove is in flower." So attended by his herd he was

minded to disport himself in the Sāl grove, [39] and going thither he struck with his frontal globe a Sāl tree in full bloom. At that moment Cullasubhaddā stood to windward, and dry twigs mixed with dead leaves and red ants fell upon her person. But Mahāsubhaddā stood to leeward, and flowers with pollen and stalks and green leaves fell on her. Thought Cullasubhaddā, "He let fall on the wife dear to him flowers and pollen and fresh stalks and leaves, but on my person he dropped a mixture of dry twigs, dead leaves and red ants. Well, I shall know what to do!" And she conceived a grudge against the Great Being. Another day the king elephant and his attendant herd went down to lake Chaddanta to bathe. Then two young elephants took bundles of usira root in their trunks and gave him a bath, rubbing him down as it were mount Kelāsa. And when he came out of the water, they bathed the two queen elephants, and they too came out of the water and stood before the Great Being. Then the eight thousand elephants entered the lake and, disporting themselves in the water, plucked various flowers from the lake, and adorned the Great Being as if it had been a silver shrine, and afterwards adorned the queen elephants. Then a certain elephant, as he swam about the lake, gathered a large lotus with seven shoots and offered it to the Great Being. And he, taking it in his trunk, sprinkled the pollen on his forehead and presented the flower to the chief elephant, Mahāsubhaddā. On seeing this her rival said, "This lotus with seven shoots he also gives to his favourite queen and not to me," and again she conceived a grudge against him. Now one day when the Bodhisatta had dressed luscious fruits and lotus stalks and fibres with the nectar of the flower, and was entertaining five hundred pacceka buddhas, Cullasubhaddā offered the wild fruits she had got to the pacceka buddhas, and she put up a prayer to this effect: "Hereafter, when I pass hence, may I be reborn as the royal maiden Subhaddā in the Madda king's family, and on coming of age may I attain to the dignity of queen consort to the king of Benares. Then I shall be dear and charming in his eyes, and in a position to do what I please. So I will speak to the king and send a hunter with a poisoned arrow to wound and slay this elephant. [40] And thus may I be able to have brought to me a pair of his tusks that emit six-coloured rays." Thenceforth she took no food and pining away in no long time she died, and came to life again as the child of the queen consort in the Madda kingdom, and was named Subhaddā. And when she was of a suitable age, they gave her in marriage to the king of Benares. And she was dear and pleasing in his eyes, and the chief of sixteen thousand wives. And she recalled to mind her former existences and thought, "My prayer is fulfilled; now will I have this elephant's tusks brought to me." Then she anointed her body with common oil, put on a soiled robe, and lay in bed pretending to be



sick. The king said, "Where is Subhadra!" And hearing that she was sick, he entered the royal closet and sitting on the bed he stroked her back and uttered the first stanza:

Large-eyed and peerless one, my queen, no pale, to grief a prey,  
Like wreath that's trampled under foot, why fadest thou away!

On hearing this she spoke the second stanza:

As it would seem, all in a dream, a longing more I had;  
My wish is vain this boon to gain, and that is why I'm sad.

The king, on hearing this, spoke a stanza:

All joys to which in this glad world a mortal may aspire,  
Whate'er they want is mine to grant, so tell me thy desire.

On hearing this the queen said, "Great king, my desire is hard to attain; I will not now say what it is, but I would have all the hunters that there are in your kingdom gathered together. [41] Then will I tell it in the midst of them." And to explain her meaning, she spoke the next stanza:

Let hunters all obey thy call, within this realm who dwell,  
And what I fain from them would gain, I'll in their presence tell.

The king agreed, and issuing forth from the royal chamber he gave orders to his ministers, saying, "Have it proclaimed by beat of drum that all the hunters that are in the kingdom of Kāsi, three hundred leagues in extent, are to assemble." They did so, and in no long time the hunters that dwelt in the kingdom of Kāsi, bringing a present according to their means, had their arrival announced to the king. Now they amounted in all to about sixty thousand. And the king, hearing that they had come, stood at an open window and stretching forth his hand he told the queen of their arrival and said:

Here then behold our hunters bold, well trained in venery,  
Theirs is the skill wild beasts to kill, and all would die for me.

The queen, on hearing this, addressed them and spoke another stanza:

Ye hunters bold, assembled here,  
Unto my words, I pray, give ear:  
Dreaming, methought an elephant I saw,  
Six-tusked<sup>1</sup> and white without a flaw:  
His tusks I crave and fain would have;  
Nought else avails this life to save.

The hunters, on hearing this, replied:

Ne'er did our sires in times of old  
A six-tusked elephant behold:  
[42] Tell us what kind of beast might be  
That which appeared in dreams to thee.

<sup>1</sup> The Scholiast explains *chabbisūna* (Sanskrit *ṣaḍvishāna*) six-tusked as *chabbaṇṇa* six-coloured, perhaps more completely to identify the hero of the story with the Buddha.

After this still another stanza was spoken by them :

Four points, North, South, East, West, one sees,  
Four intermediate are to these,  
Nadir and zenith add, and then  
Say at which point of all the ten  
This royal elephant might be,  
That in a dream appeared to thee.

After these words Subhaddā, looking at all the hunters, spied amongst them one that was broad of foot, with a calf swollen like an alms basket, big in the knee and ribs, thick-bearded, with yellow teeth, disfigured with scars, conspicuous amongst them all as an ugly, hulking fellow, named Sonuttara, who had once been an enemy of the Great Being. And she thought, "He will be able to do my bidding," and with the king's permission she took him with her and, climbing to the highest floor of the seven-storeyed palace, she threw open a window to the North, and stretching forth her hand towards the Northern Himalayas she uttered four stanzas :

Due north, beyond seven mountains vast,  
One comes to Golden Cliff at last,  
A height by goblin forms possessed  
And bright with flowers from foot to crest.  
Beneath this goblin peak is seen  
A cloud-shaped mass of darkest green,  
[43] A royal bauman tree whose roots  
Yield vigour to eight thousand shoots.  
There dwells invincible in might  
This elephant, six-tusked and white,  
With herd eight thousand strong for fight.  
Their tusks to chariot-poles are like,  
Wind-swift are they to guard or strike.  
Panting and grim they stand and glare,  
Provoked by slightest breath of air,  
If they one born of man should see,  
Their wrath consumes him utterly.

Sonuttara on hearing this was terrified to death and said :

Turquoise or pearls of brilliant sheen,  
With many a gold adornment, queen,  
In royal houses may be seen.  
[44] What wouldst thou then with ivory do,  
Or wilt thou slay these hunters true?

Then the queen spoke a stanza :

Consumed with grief and spite am I,  
When I recall my injury.  
Grant me, O hunter, what I crave,  
And five choice hamlets thou shalt have.

And with this she said, "Friend hunter, when I gave a gift to the pacceka buddhas, I offered up a prayer that I might have it in my power to kill this six-tusked elephant and get possession of a pair of his tusks.



This was not merely seen by me in a vision, but the prayer that I offered up will be fulfilled. Do thou go and fear not." And so saying she reassured him. And he agreed to her words and said, "So be it, lady; but first make it clear to me and tell me where is his dwelling-place," and inquiring of her he spoke this stanza:

Where dwells he? Where may he be found?  
What road is his, for bathing bound?  
Where does this royal creature swim?  
Tell us the way to capture him.

[45] Then by recalling her former existence she clearly saw the spot and told him of it in these two stanzas:

Not far this bathing-place of his,  
A deep and goodly pool it is:  
There bees do swarm and flowers abound,  
And there this royal beast is found.

Now lotus-crowned, fresh from his bath  
He gladly takes his homeward path,  
As lily-white and tall he moves  
Behind the queen he fondly loves.

Sonuttara on hearing this agreed, saying, "Fair lady, I will kill the elephant and bring you his tusks." Then in her joy she gave him a thousand pieces and said, "Go home meanwhile, and at the end of seven days you shall set out thither," and dismissing him she summoned smiths and gave them an order and said, "Sirs, we have need of an axe, a spade, an auger, a hammer, an instrument for cutting bamboos, a grass-cutter, an iron staff, a peg, an iron three-pronged fork; make them with all speed and bring them to us." And sending for workers in leather, she charged them, saying, "Sirs, you must make us a leather sack, holding a hogshead's weight; we have need of leather ropes and straps, shoes big enough for an elephant, and a leather parachute: make them with all speed and bring them to us." And both smiths and workers in leather quickly made everything [46] and brought and offered them to her. Having provided everything requisite for the journey, together with firewood and the like, she put all the appliances and necessities for the journey, such as baked meal and so forth, in the leather sack. The whole of it came to about a hogshead in weight. And Sonuttara, having completed his arrangements, arrived on the seventh day and stood respectfully in the presence of the queen. Then she said, "Friend, all appliances for your journey are completed: take then this sack." And he being a stout knave, as strong as five elephants, caught up the sack as if it had been a bag of cakes, and, placing it on his hips, stood as it were with empty hands. Cullasubhaddā gave the provisions to the hunter's attendants and, telling the king, dismissed Sonuttara. And he, with an obeisance to the king and queen, descended from the palace and, placing his goods in a chariot, set out

from the city with a great retinue, and passing through a succession of villages and hamlets reached the frontier. Then he turned back the people of the country and went on with the dwellers on the borders till he entered the forest, and passing beyond the haunts of men he sent back the border people too, and proceeded quite alone on a road to a distance of thirty leagues, traversing a dense growth of kuça and other grasses, thickets of basil, reeds and rest-harrow, clumps of thick-thorn and canes, thickets of mixed growth, jungles of reed and cane, dense forest growth, impenetrable even to a snake, thickets of trees and bamboos, tracts of mud and water, mountain tracts, eighteen regions in all, one after another. The jungles of grass he cut with a sickle, the thickets of basil and the like he cleared with his instrument for cutting bamboos, the trees he felled with an axe, and the oversized ones he first pierced with an auger. Then, pursuing his way, he fashioned a ladder in the bamboo grove and climbing to the top of the thicket, he laid a single bamboo, which he had cut, over the next clump of bamboos, and thus creeping along on the top of the thicket he reached a morass. [47] Then he spread a dry plank on the mud, and stepping on it he threw another plank before him and so crossed the morass. Then he made a canoe and by means of it crossed the flooded region, and at last stood at the foot of the mountains. Then he bound a three-pronged grappling-iron with a rope and flinging it aloft he caused it to lodge fast in the mountain. Then climbing up by the rope he drilled the mountain with an iron staff tipped with adamant, and knocking a peg into the hole he stood on it. Then drawing out the grappling-iron he once more lodged it high up on the mountain, and from this position letting the leather rope hang down, he took hold of it and descended and fastened the rope on the peg below. Then seizing the rope with his left hand and taking a hammer in his right he struck a blow on the rope, and having thus pulled out the peg he once more climbed up. In this way he mounted to the top of the first mountain and then commencing his descent on the other side, having knocked as before a peg into the top of the first mountain and bound the rope on his leather sack and wrapped it round the peg, he sat within the sack and let himself down, uncoiling the rope like a spider letting out his thread. Then letting his leather parachute catch the wind, he went down like a bird—so at least they say. Thus did the Master tell how in obedience to Subhaddā's words the hunter sallied forth from the city and traversed seventeen different tracts till he reached a mountainous region, and how he there crossed over six mountains and climbed to the top of Golden Cliff:

The hunter hearing, unalarmed,  
Set forth with bow and quiver armed,  
And crossing o'er seven mountains vast  
Reached noble Golden Cliff at last.



Gaining the goblin-haunted height,  
 What cloud-shaped mass bursts on his sight!  
 A royal banyan 'tis whose roots  
 Support eight thousand spreading shoots.

[48] There stood invincible in might  
 An elephant six-tusked and white,  
 With herd eight thousand strong for fight;  
 Their tusks to chariot-poles are like;  
 Wind-swift are they to guard or strike.

Hard by a pool - 'tis full to the brim,  
 Fit place for royal beast to swim;  
 Its lovely banks with flowers abound  
 And buzzing bees swarm all around.

Marking the way the creature went  
 Whene'er on bathing thought intent,  
 He sunk a pit, to deed so mean  
 Urged by the wrath of spiteful queen.

Here follows the story from beginning to end: the hunter, it is said, after seven years, seven months and seven days, having reached the dwelling-place of the Great Being in the manner related above, took note of his dwelling-place and dug a pit there, thinking, "I will take my stand here and wound the lord of elephants and bring about his death." Thus did he arrange matters and went into the forest and cut down trees to make posts and prepared a lot of material. [49] Then when the elephants went to bathe, in the spot where the king elephant used to stand, he dug a square pit with a huge mattock, and the soil that he dug out he sprinkled on the top of the water, as if he were sowing seed, and on the top of stones like mortars he fixed posts, and fitted them with weights and ropes and spread planks over them. Next he made a hole of the size of an arrow and threw on the top earth and rubbish, and on one side he made an entrance for himself, and so, when the pit was finished, at break of day he fastened on a false top knot and donned robes of yellow and, taking his bow and a poisoned arrow, he went down and stood in the pit.

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The Master, to make the whole thing clear, said:

The pit with planks he first did hide,  
 Then bow in hand he got inside,  
 And as the elephant passed by,  
 A mighty shaft the wretch let fly.

The wounded beast loud roared with pain  
 And all the herd roared back again:  
 Crushed boughs and trampled grass betray  
 Where panic flight directs their way.

Their lord had well nigh slain his foe,  
 So mad with pain was he, when lo!  
 A robe of yellow met his eyes,  
 Emblem of sainthood, priestly guise  
 And deemed inviolate by the wise.

[50] The Master, falling into conversation with the hunter, spoke a couple of stanzas :

Whoso is marred with sinful taint  
And void of truth and self-restraint,  
Though robed in yellow he may be,  
No claim to sanctity has he.

But one that's free from sinful taint,  
Endued with truth and self-restraint,  
And firmly fixed in righteousness,  
Deserves to wear the yellow dress.

[51] So saying, the Great Being, extinguishing all feeling of anger towards him, asked him, saying, "Why did you wound me? Was it for your own advantage or were you suborned by some one else?"

The Master explaining the matter then said :

The beast with mighty shaft laid low,  
Unruffled still, addressed his foe :  
'What object, friend, in slaying me,  
And, pray, who instigated thee?'

Then the hunter told him and uttered this stanza :

The king of Kāsi's favoured queen  
Subhaddā told me she had seen  
Thy form in dreams, 'and so,' said she,  
'I'll have his tusks ; go, bring them me.'

Hearing this, and recognizing that this was the work of Cullasubhaddā, he bore his sufferings patiently and thought, "She does not want my tusks ; she sent him because she wished to kill me," and, to illustrate the matter, he uttered a couple of stanzas :

Rich store of goodly tusks have I,  
Relics of my dead ancestry,  
And this well knows that cursed dame,  
'Tis at my life the wretch doth aim.

[52] Rise, hunter, and or ere I die,  
Saw off these tusks of ivory :  
Go bid the shrew be of good cheer,  
'The beast is slain ; his tusks are here.'

Hearing his words the hunter rose up from the place where he was sitting and, saw in hand, came close to him to cut off his tusks. Now the elephant, being like a mountain eighty cubits high, was but ineffectually cut. For the man could not reach to his tusks. So the Great Being, bending his body towards him, lay with his head down. Then the hunter climbed up the trunk of the Great Being, pressing it with his feet as though it were a silver rope, and stood on his forehead as if it had been



Kelāsa peak. Then he inserted his foot into his mouth, and striking the fleshy part of it with his knee, he climbed down from the beast's forehead and thrust the saw into his mouth. The Great Being suffered excruciating pain and his mouth was charged with blood. The hunter, shifting about from place to place, was still unable to cut the tusks with his saw. So the Great Being letting the blood drop from his mouth, resigning himself to the agony, asked, saying, "Sir, cannot you cut them?" And on his saying "No," he recovered his presence of mind and said, "Well then, since I myself have not strength enough to raise my trunk, do you lift it up for me and let it seize the end of the saw." The hunter did so: and the Great Being seized the saw with his trunk and moved it backwards and forwards, and the tusks were cut off as it were sprouts. Then bidding him take the tusks, he said, "I don't give you these, friend hunter, because I do not value them, [53] nor as one desiring the position of Sakka, Māra or Brahma, but the tusks of omniscience are a hundred thousand times dearer to me than these are, and may this meritorious act be to me the cause of attaining Omniscience." And as he gave him the tusks, he asked, "How long were you coming here?" "Seven years, seven months, and seven days." "Go then by the magic power of these tusks, and you shall reach Benares in seven days." And he gave him a safe conduct and let him go. And after he had sent him away, before the other elephants and Subhaddā had returned, he was dead.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

The hunter then the tusks did saw  
From out that noble creature's jaw,  
And with his shining, matchless prize  
Home with all speed he quickly hies.

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When he was gone, the herd of elephants not finding their enemy came back.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Sad at his death and full of fright,  
The herd that took to panic flight,  
Seeing no trace of cruel foe,  
Returned to find their chief laid low.

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[54] And with them also came Subhaddā, and they all then and there with weeping and lamentation betook them to the pacceka buddhas who had been so friendly to the Great Being, and said, "Sirs, he who supplied

you with the necessities of life has died from the wound of a poisoned arrow. Come and see where his dead body is exposed." And the five hundred paoceka buddhas passing through the air alighted in the sacred enclosure. At that moment two young elephants, lifting up the body of the king elephant with their tusks, and so causing it to do homage to the paoceka buddhas, raised it aloft on a pyre and burned it. The paoceka buddhas all through the night rehearsed scripture texts in the cemetery. The eight thousand elephants, after extinguishing the flames, first bathed and then, with Subhaddā at their head, returned to their place of abode.

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The Master, to make this matter clear, said :

They wept and wailed, as it is said,  
Each heaping dust upon his head,  
Then slow returning home were seen,  
Behind their ever gracious queen.

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And Sonuttara within seven days reached Benares with his tusks.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

The hunter straight to Kāsi hies  
Bearing his bright and matchless prize  
—The noble creature's tusks, I mean,  
Cheering all hearts with golden sheen—  
And to that royal dame he said,  
'Here are his tusks : the beast is dead.'

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[55] Now in offering them to the queen, he said, " Lady, the elephant, against whom you conceived a grudge in your heart for a trifling offence, has been slain by me." " Do you tell me that he is dead?" she cried. And he gave her the tusks, saying, " Be assured that he is dead : here are his tusks." She received the tusks adorned with six different coloured rays on her jewelled fan, and, placing them on her lap, gazed at the tusks of one who in a former existence had been her dear lord and she thought, " This fellow has come with the tusks he cut from the auspicious elephant that he slew with a poisoned shaft." And at the remembrance of the Great Being she was filled with so great sorrow that she could not endure it, but her heart then and there was broken and that very day she died.

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The Master, to make the story clear, said :

His tusks no sooner did she see  
—Her own dear lord of old was he—  
Than straight her heart through grief did break  
And she, poor fool, died for his sake.



When he, almighty and all wise,  
 Broke into smiles before their eyes,  
 Straightway these holy Brethren thought,  
 'Sure Buddhas never smile for nought.'  
 'She whom you used to see,' he said,  
 'A yellow-robed ascetic maid,  
 Was erst a queen and I,' he cried,  
 'Was that king elephant who died.'  
 'The wretch who took those tusks so white,  
 Unmatched on earth, so shining bright,  
 [56] And brought them to Benares town  
 Is now as Devadatta known.'  
 Buddha from his own knowledge told  
 This long drawn tale of times of old,  
 In all its sad variety,  
 Though free from pain and grief was he.  
 That elephant of long ago  
 Was I, the king of all the band,  
 And, Brothers, I would have you so  
 This Birth aright to understand.

These stanzas were recorded by elders as they chanted the Law and sang the praises of the Lord of all Power.

[57] And on hearing this discourse a multitude entered the First Path, but the Sister afterwards by spiritual insight attained to Sainthood.

## No. 515.

## SAMBHAVA-JĀTAKA.

"*This rule,*" etc.—This story the Master when residing at Jetavana told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The circumstances leading to the introductory story will be set forth in the Mahāummagga Birth<sup>1</sup>.

Once upon a time a king called Dhanañjaya Korabya reigned in the city of Indapatta in the Kuru kingdom. A brahmin named Sucirata was his priest and adviser in things temporal and spiritual. The king ruled his kingdom righteously, in the exercise of almsgiving and other good works. Now one day he prepared a question about the service of Truth, and having seated the brahmin Sucirata and paid him due honour, he put his question to him in the form of four stanzas :

This rule and lordship I disdain,  
 Sucirata, for I would fain  
 Be great, and o'er the wide world reign.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. vi. p. 329. Jātaka, No. 546.

By right alone—wrong I eschew—  
For whatsoe'er is good and true  
Kings above all men should pursue.

By this for ever free from blame,  
Here and hereafter, we may claim  
Midst gods and men a glorious name.

Know, brahmin, that I fain would do  
Whate'er is deemed both good and true,  
So pray, when asked, declare to me  
The Good and True, what they may be.

[58] Now this was a profound question, falling within the range of a Buddha. This is a question one should put to an Omniscient Buddha, and, failing him, to a Bodhisatta who is seeking the Gift of Omniscience. But Sucīrata, by reason of his not being a Bodhisatta, could not solve the question, and, so far from assuming an air of wisdom, he confessed his incompetency in the following stanza :

No one but Vidhura<sup>1</sup>, O king,  
Hath power to tell this wondrous thing,  
What is, my lord, the Good and True,  
That thou art ever fain to do.

The king on hearing his words said, "Go then, brahmin, at once," and he gave him a present to take with him, and in his eagerness to get him off, he repeated this stanza :

Lo! straight this weight of gold, my friend,  
By thee to Vidhura I send;  
Meet gift for sage who best can show  
The Good and True that I would know.

[59] And with these words he gave him a tablet of gold, worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, on which to write the answer to the question, a chariot to travel in, an army to escort him, and a present to offer, and straightway despatched him. Issuing from the city of Indapatta, not going straight to Benares, he first visited all places wheresoever sages dwell, and, not finding any one in all India to solve the question, he gradually approached Benares. Taking up his abode there, he went with a few followers to the house of Vidhura, at the time of the early meal, and having announced his arrival, he was invited in and found Vidhura at breakfast in his own house.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated the seventh stanza :

Then straight in haste did Bhāradvāja<sup>2</sup> wend  
His way to Vidhura, and found his friend  
Sitting at home, and ready to partake  
Of simple fare, his early fast to break.

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<sup>1</sup> Vidhura, the commentary explains, was the chaplain of the king of Benares.

<sup>2</sup> Bhāradvāja is the family name of Sucīrata.



Now Vidhura was a friend of his youth, and had been educated in the family of the same master, so after partaking of the meal with him, when breakfast was over, and Sucirata was comfortably seated, on being asked by Vidhura, "What brings you here, friend?" he told him why he had come and repeated the eighth stanza :

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,  
Sprung from Yudhitthila<sup>1</sup>, and this his quest,  
To ask thee, Vidhura, to tell to me  
The True and Good, what it may surely be.

[60] At that time the brahmin thinking to collect the ideas of a number of people pursues his quest, like to one piling up as it were a very Ganges flood, and there is no time for solving the problem. So stating the case he repeated the ninth stanza :

O'erwhelmed by such a mighty theme  
As 'twere by Ganges' flooded stream,  
I cannot tell what this may be,  
The Good and True you seek from me.

And so saying he added : "I have a clever son, far wiser than I am : he will make it clear to you. Go to him." And he repeated the tenth stanza :

A son I have, my very own,  
'Mongst men as Bhadrakāra known ;  
Go seek him out, and he'll declare  
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

On hearing this Sucirata leaving Vidhura's house went to the dwelling of Bhadrakāra, and found him seated at breakfast in the midst of his people.

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The Master, to clear up the matter, repeated the eleventh stanza :

Then Bhāradvāja hastily  
To Bhadrakāra's home did hie,  
Where amidst friends, all gathered round,  
Seated at ease the youth was found.

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On his arrival there he was hospitably received by the youth Bhadrakāra with the offer of a chair and gifts, and taking his seat, on being asked why he had come, he repeated the twelfth stanza :

[61] I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,  
Sprung from Yudhitthila, and this his quest,  
To ask thee, Bhadrakāra, to show me  
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

Then Bhadrakāra said to him, "Just now, Sir, I am intent on an intrigue with another man's wife. My mind is ill at ease, so I cannot

<sup>1</sup> The Kurus were descended from Yudhishtira.

answer your question, but my young brother Sañjaya has a clearer intellect than I have. Ask him: he will answer your question." And in order to send him there, he repeated two stanzas:

Good venison I leave, a lizard to pursue:  
How then should I know aught about the Good and True?

I've a young brother, you must know,  
Named Sañjaya. So, brahmin, go  
And seek him out, and he'll declare  
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.

He at once set out for the house of Sañjaya, and was welcomed by him and on being asked why he had come he told him the reason.

The Master, to make the matter clear, uttered two stanzas:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily  
To home of Sañjaya did hie,  
Where amidst friends, all gathered round,  
Seated at ease the youth was found.

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,  
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,  
To ask thee, Sañjaya, to show to me  
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

But Sañjaya also was engaged in an intrigue and said to him, "Sir, I am in pursuit of another man's wife, and going down to the Ganges [62] I cross over to the other side. Evening and morning as I cross the stream, I am in the jaws of death: therefore my mind is disturbed, and I shall not be able to answer your question, but my young brother Sambhava, a boy of seven years, is a hundred thousand times superior to me in knowledge. He will tell you: go and ask him."

The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas:

Death opens wide his jaws for me,  
Early and late. How tell to thee  
Of Truth and Goodness, what they be?

I've a young brother, you must know,  
Called Sambhava. So, brahmin, go,  
And seek him out. He will declare  
To thee what Truth and Goodness are.



On hearing this Sucirata thought, "This question must be the most wonderful thing in the world. I fancy no one is equal to answering it," and so thinking he repeated two stanzas:

This marvel strange misliketh me,  
Nor sire nor son, none of the three,  
Knows how to solve this mystery.  
If ye thus fall, can this mere youth  
Know aught of Goodness and of Truth?

On hearing this Sañjaya said, "Sir, do not regard young Sambhava as a mere boy. If there is no one that can answer your question, go and ask him." And, describing the qualities of the youth by similes that illustrated the case, he repeated twelve stanzas:

[63] Ask Sambhava nor scorn his youth,  
He knows right well and he can tell  
Of Goodness and of Truth.

As the clear moon outshines the starry host,  
Their meaner glories in his splendour lost,

E'en so the stripling Sambhava appears  
To excel in Wisdom far beyond his years;  
Ask Sambhava nor scorn his youth,  
He knows right well and he can tell  
Of Goodness and of Truth.

As charming April doth all months outvie  
With budding flowers and woodland greenery,  
E'en so the stripling Sambhava appears &c.

As Gaudhamādana, its snowy height  
With forest clad and heavenly herbs bedight,  
Diffusing light and fragrance all around,  
For myriad gods a refuge sure is found,  
E'en so the stripling &c.

As glorious fire, ablaze thro' some morass  
With wreathing spire, insatiate, eats the grass  
Leaving a blackened path, where'er it pass,

Or as a ghee-fed flame in darkest night  
On choicest wood doth whet its appetite,  
Shining conspicuous on some distant height,  
E'en so the stripling &c.

An ox by strength, a horse by speed,  
Displays his excellence of breed,  
A cow by milk in copious flow,  
A sage by his wise words we know.

E'en so the stripling &c.

[64] While Sañjaya was singing the praises of Sambhava, Sucirata thought, "I will find out by putting the question to him," so he asked, "Where is your young brother?" Then he opened the window and

stretching forth his hand, he said, "You see yonder boy with a complexion like gold, playing with other youths in the street before the door of the mansion: that is my young brother. Go up to him and ask him; he will answer your question with all the charm of a Buddha." Sucīrata, on hearing his words, descended from the mansion, and drew nigh to the boy at the very moment that he was standing with his garment loose and thrown over his shoulder, [65] and picking up some dirt with both hands.

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The Master, to explain the matter, repeated a stanza:

Then Bhāradvāja hastily  
To home of Sambhava did hie,  
And there out in the public way  
The little boy was found at play.

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The Great Being, when he saw the brahmin come and stand before him, asked, "Friend, what brings you here?" He replied, "Dear youth, I am wandering through all India, and not finding any one competent to answer the question I put to him, I have come to you." The boy thought, "There is a question, they say, that has not been decided in all India. He has come to me. I am old in knowledge." And becoming ashamed he dropped the dirt that he held in his hand, readjusted his garment and said, "Brahmin, ask on, and I will tell you with the fluent mastery of a Buddha," and in his omniscience he invited him to choose what he would ask. Then the brahmin asked his question in the form of a stanza:

I come at far-famed Kuru king's behest,  
Sprung from Yudhiṭṭhila, and this his quest,  
To ask thee, Sambhava, to show to me  
Goodness and Truth, what they may surely be.

What he wanted became clear to Sambhava, as it were the full moon in the middle of the sky. "Then listen to me," he said, and answering the question as to the Service of Truth he uttered this stanza:

I'll tell thee, Sir, and tell aright,  
E'en as a man of wisdom might,  
The king shall know the Good and True,  
But who knows what the king will do?

And as he stood in the street and taught the Truth with a voice sweet as honey, the sound spread over the whole of the city of Benares, to twelve leagues on every side. Then the king and all his viceroys and other rulers assembled together, and the Great Being in the midst of the multitude set forth his exposition of the Truth.



[66] Having thus promised in this stanza to answer the question, he now gave the answer as to the Service of Truth :

In answer to the king, Sucrāta, proclaim,  
 'To-morrow and To-day are never quite the same;  
 I bid thee then, O king Yudhiṣṭhira, be wise  
 And prompt to seize whate'er occasion may arise.'

I fain would have thee too, Sucrāta, suggest  
 A thought in which his mind may profitably rest,  
 'A king all wicked ways should carefully eschew,  
 Nor, like bewildered fool, an evil course pursue.'

To loss of his own soul he never should transgress,  
 Nor e'er be guilty of deeds of unrighteousness,  
 Himself ne'er be engaged in any evil way,  
 Nor ever in wrong path a brother lead astray.

These points to carry out whoso doth rightly know,  
 Like waxing moon, as king in fame doth ever grow.  
 A shining light to friends and dear unto his kin,  
 And, when his body fails, the sage to heaven will win.

[67] The Great Being thus, like to one making the moon to rise in the sky, answered the brahmin's question with all the mastery of a Buddha. The people roared and shouted and clapped their hands. And there arose a thousand cries of applause with great wavings of cloths and snapping of fingers. And they cast off the trinkets on their hands. And the value of what they threw down amounted to about a crore. And the king of Benares in his joy paid him great honour. And Sucrāta, after offering him a thousand weight of gold, wrote down the answer to the question with vermilion on a golden tablet, and on coming to the city of Indapatta he told the king the answer as to the Service of Truth. And the king abiding steadfast in righteousness attained to heaven.

At the end of the lesson the Master said, "Not merely now, Brethren, but formerly too, the Tathāgata was great in answering questions," and he identified the Birth: "At that time Ānanda was king Dhanañjaya, Anuruddha was Sucrāta, Kassapa Vidhura, Moggallāna Bhadrakāra, Sāriputta the youth Sañjaya, and I myself was the wise Sambhava."

## No. 516.

### MAHĀKAPI-JĀTAKA.

"*A king of Kāsi,*" etc.—This story was told by the Master, when dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta's hurling a stone at him. [68] So when the Brethren blamed Devadatta for having suborned archers to shoot the Buddha and afterwards hurled a stone at him, the Master said, "Not now only, but formerly also, Devadatta flung a stone at me," and so saying he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadata reigned in Benares, a Brahmin husbandman in a village of Kāsi, after ploughing his fields, loosened his oxen and began to work with a spade. The oxen, while cropping leaves in a clump of trees, little by little escaped into the forest. The man, discovering that it was late, laid aside his spade to look for his oxen, and not finding them he was overcome with grief and wandered about the forest, seeking them, till he had entered the Himalaya region. There having lost his bearings he roamed about for seven days fasting, but seeing a tinḍuka tree he climbed up it to eat the fruit. Slipping off the tree he fell sixty cubits into a hell-like abyss, where he passed ten days. At that time the Bodhisatta was living in the shape of a monkey, and while eating wild fruits he caught sight of the man, and after practising with a stone he hauled the fellow out. While the monkey was asleep, the man split his head open with a stone. The Great Being, becoming aware of his action, sprang up and perched on a branch of the tree and cried, "Ho! Sirrah, you walk on the ground; I will just point out to you the way from the top of the tree and then will be off." So he rescued the fellow from the forest, set him on the right road and then himself disappeared in the mountainous region. The man, because he had sinned against the Great Being, became a leper, and even in this world appeared as a preta in human form. For seven years he was overwhelmed with pain, and in his wanderings to and fro he found his way into the Migācira park in Benares, and spreading a plantain leaf in the enclosure he lay down, half maddened by his sufferings. At that moment the king of Benares came to the park and as he walked about he saw the man and asked him, "Who are you, and what have you done to bring this suffering upon you?" And he told the king the whole story at length.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

A king of Kāsi who, they say,  
O'er great Benares once held sway,  
With courtier friends the road to cheer  
Unto Migācira drew near.

[69] A brahmin there the king did see  
—A walking skeleton was he—  
His skin was white with leprous blood  
And rough like gnarled ebon wood<sup>1</sup>.

Astonied at the piteous sight  
Of this sore troubled, luckless wight,  
'Alas! poor wretch,' he cried, 'declare  
What name 'mongst ogres thou dost bear.'

<sup>1</sup> *Bauhinia Variegata*.



'Thy hands and feet are white as snow,  
Thy head is whiter still, I trow,  
Thy frame with leprous spots o'ergrown,  
Disease has marked thee for its own.

'Thy back like spindles in a row  
A long unequal curve doth show ;  
Thy joints are as black knots ; I ween,  
Thy like before was never seen.

'Whence cam'st thou then, so travel-worn,  
Mere skin and bones, a wretch forlorn,  
By heat of blazing sun oppressd,  
By thirst and hunger sore distrest ?

'With frame so marred, an awful sight,  
Scarce fit to look upon the light,  
Thy very mother—no, not she  
Would care her wretched son to see.

'What sinful deed was thine, I pray,  
Or wrongfully whom didst thou slay ?  
What the offence I fain would know,  
Reduced thee to this state of woe ?'

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Then the brahmin said :

I'll tell thee, Sir, and tell thee true  
E'en as a good man aye should do :  
For one that never speaketh lies  
Is praised in this world by the wise.

[70] Once in a lonely wood I took my way,  
Seeking my kine that late had gone astray ;  
Through pathless tracts of jungle, fitting home  
For the wild elephant, I heedless roam.

Lost in the maze of this vast wilderness,  
From thirst and hunger suffering sore distress,  
For seven long days I wander thro' the wood  
Where the fell tiger rears his savage brood.

E'en rankest poison I was fain to eat  
When lo ! a lovely tree my gaze doth meet ;  
O'er a sheer precipice it pendent swung,  
And fragrant fruit from all its branches hung.

Whate'er had fallen to the wind's cold touch  
I greedily devoured and relished much,  
Then, still unsated, I climbed up the tree,  
'That way,' methought, 'lies full satiety.'

I ne'er had tasted such ripe fruit before,  
And stretching forth my hand to gather more,  
The branch, on which my body rested, broke,  
As though clean severed by the woodman's stroke.

With broken bough head over heels I went,  
With nought to check me in my swift descent  
Over the side of rocky precipice,  
Without escape from bottomless abyss.

The depth of water in the pool beneath  
 Saved me from being rudely crushed to death,  
 So there, poor luckless wight, without a ray  
 Of hope to cheer me, ten long nights I lay.

At length a monkey came—long-tailed was he  
 And made his home in some rock cavity—  
 And as he stept from bough to bough, the brute  
 Did ever pluck and eat the dainty fruit.

But when my thin and pallid form he spied,  
 Touched with compassion for my woes, he cried,  
 'Alas! poor wretch, whom I see lying there  
 Thus overwhelmed with anguish and despair,  
 If man or goblin, who thou art, declare.'

Then with due reverence I made reply;  
 'A man and doomed without escape am I:  
 But this I say, "All blessings light on thee,  
 If thou canst find a way of saving me."'

The monkey stepping on the height above  
 Carried a heavy stone, his strength to prove,  
 And when by practice he was perfect grown,  
 The mighty one his purpose thus made known.

'Climb thou, good sir, upon my back and cast  
 Thy arms about my neck and hold me fast;  
 Then will I with all speed deliver thee  
 From the stone walls of thy captivity.'

I hearkened gladly, well remembering  
 The counsels of the glorious monkey-king,  
 And, climbing on his back, my arms I cast  
 Round the wise creature's neck and held him fast.

The monkey then,—so brave and strong was he—  
 Exhausted by the effort though he be,  
 From rocky fastness soon uplifteth me.

And having haled me out, the hero cried,  
 'I'm weary: stand as guard, Sir, by my side,  
 While I anon in peaceful sleep abide.

[71] 'Lion and tiger, panther eke and bear,  
 If they should ever take me unaware,  
 Would kill me straight. To watch shall be thy care.'

While, as I watched, he took a moment's rest,  
 An ugly thought was harboured in my breast.

'Monkeys and such like deer are good to eat;  
 What if I kill him and my hunger cheat?  
 The beast if slain would furnish savoury meat.

'When sated, here no longer will I stay  
 But well provisioned for full many a day  
 Out from this forest I will find a way.'

Taking a stone his skull I well nigh broke,  
 But a lame hand put forth a feeble stroke.

The monkey quickly bounded up a tree,  
 And all bestained with blood regarded me  
 From far, with tearful eyes, reproachfully.



- 'God bless thee, act not thus, I pray, good air,  
For otherwise thy fate, I dare aver,  
Will long all others from such deeds deter.
- 'Alas! for shame. What a return is this  
For having saved thee from that dread abyss!
- 'Rescued from death thou playedst a treacherous part  
And evil hast devised with evil heart.
- 'Vile wretch, beware lest sharpest agony  
Springing from evil deed bring death to thee,  
Even as its fruit destroys the bamboo tree<sup>1</sup>.
- 'I trust thee not, for thou wouldst work me ill:  
Walk well in front that I may see thee still.
- 'From ravening beast escaped, thou mayst regain  
The haunts of men: the path that stretches plain  
Before thine eyes, follow as thou art fain.'

At this the monkey dried his tears, and sped  
Up to a mountain tarn, and bathed his head  
From stain of blood—by me alas! 'twas shed—

There too, with burning pains through him accursed,  
I dragged my tortured frame, to quench my thirst,  
But when to that blood-stained lake I came,  
The crimson flood appeared one mass of flame.

- [72] Each liquid drop from it that did bedew  
My body, straight into a pustule grew,  
Like a cleft vilva-fruit, in size and hue.
- The sores discharging yield a loathsome smell,  
And whereso'er I fain would gladly dwell  
In town and country-side, all fly pell mell.
- Scattered by odours foul, the while they ply  
Their sticks and stones, and 'Come not thou too nigh  
To us, poor wretch,' all men and women cry.
- Such is the pain for seven long years I bear;  
According to his deeds each man doth fare.
- May good be with you all that here I see:  
Betray ye not your friends. How vile is he  
That sins against a friend with treachery.
- All who on earth to friends have proved untrue,  
As lepers here their sin must ever rue,  
And when the body fails, in Hell are born anew.

[74] And while the man was speaking with the king, even as he spoke, the earth opened its mouth, and at that very moment the man disappeared and was reborn in Hell. The king, when the man was swallowed up in the earth, came forth from the park and entered the city.

The Master here ending his lesson said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly too, Devadatta flung a stone at me," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the treacherous friend was Devadatta, I myself was the monkey-king."

<sup>1</sup> The bamboo dies off after bearing fruit.

**No. 517.****[75] DAKARAKKHASA-JĀTAKA.**

All of this will be set forth in the Mahāummagga Birth<sup>1</sup>.

**No. 518.****PAṆḌARA-JĀTAKA.**

*“No man that lets,” etc.*—This was a story told by the Master, whilst sojourning at Jetavana, as to how Devadatta told a lie, and how the earth opened and swallowed him up. At that time, when Devadatta was being blamed by the Brethren, the Master said, “Not now only, Brethren, but of old too Devadatta told a lie and was swallowed up by the earth,” and so saying he told a story of the past.

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Once upon a time when Brahmadata was king in Benares, five hundred trading folk took ship and set sail, and on the seventh day when they were out of sight of land, they were wrecked in mid ocean and all save one man became food for fishes. This one by favour of the wind reached the port of Karambiya, and landing naked and destitute he went about the place, begging alms. The people thought, “Here is an ascetic, happy and contented with little,” and they showed him every hospitality. But he said, “I have enough to live upon,” and when they offered him under and upper garments, he would have none of them. They said, “No ascetic can go beyond this in the way of contentment,” and being the more exceedingly pleased with him, they built him a hermitage for a dwelling-place, and he went by the name of the Karambiya ascetic. While he was living here, he met with great honour and gain, and both a snake-king and a garuḍa-king came to pay their respects to him, and the name of the former was Paṇḍara. Now one day the garuḍa-king came to the ascetic and after saluting him took his seat on one side and said, “Sir, our people,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. vi. p. 329, Jātaka, No. 546.



when they attack snakes, many of them perish. We do not know the right way to seize snakes. There is said to be some mystery in the matter. You could, perhaps, wheedle them [76] out of the secret." "All right," said the ascetic, and when the garuḍa-king had taken his leave and departed, as soon as ever the snake-king arrived and with a respectful salutation had taken his seat, he asked him, saying, "King-snake, the garuḍas say that in seizing you, many of them are killed. In attacking you, how can they seize you securely?" "Sir," he replied, "this is our secret; if I were to tell it, I should bring about the destruction of all my kinsfolk." "What! do you really suspect me of telling some one else? I'll tell no one. I only ask to satisfy my own curiosity. You may trust and tell me without the slightest fear." The snake-king promised to tell him and took his leave. The next day the ascetic again asked him, and then too he did not tell him. But on the third day when the snake-king had come and taken his seat, the ascetic said, "To-day is the third day since I asked you. Why do you not tell me?" "I am afraid, Sir, you might tell some one else." "I'll not say a word to a creature: tell me without any fear." Then the snake made him promise to tell no one, and said, "Sir, we make ourselves heavy by swallowing very big stones and lie down, and when the garuḍas come, we open our mouths wide, and show our teeth and fall upon them. They come on and seize us by the head, and while they strive to lift us up, heavy as we are, from the ground, the water streams from them, and they drop down dead in the midst of it. In this way a number of garuḍas perish. When they attack us, why in the world do they seize us by the head? If the foolish creatures should seize us by the tail and hold us head downwards, they could force us to disgorge the stones we have swallowed, and so, making us a light weight, they could carry us off with them." Thus did the snake reveal his secret to this wicked fellow. Then, when the snake had gone away, up came the garuḍa-king, and saluting the Karambiya ascetic he asked, "Well! Sir, have you learned his secret from the snake-king?" [77] "Yes, Sir," he said, and told him everything just as it was told him. On hearing it, the garuḍa said, "The snake-king has made a great mistake. He ought not to have told another how to destroy his kinsfolk. Well, to-day I must first of all raise a garuḍa<sup>1</sup> wind and seize him." So, raising a wind, he seized Paṇḍara the snake-king by the tail and held him head downmost; and having thus made him disgorge the stones he had swallowed, he flew up into the air with him. Paṇḍaraka, as he was suspended head downwards in the air, sorely lamenting cried, "I have brought sorrow upon me," and he repeated these stanzas:

<sup>1</sup> The wind agitated by the wings of Garuḍa. Cf. *Nāgānanda*, Boyd's English version, p. 59: "Garuḍa was in the habit of devouring one snake daily, catching it up from hell, whilst the ocean was cleft asunder from top to bottom by the wind of his wings."

The man that lets his secret thought be known,  
 Random of speech, to indiscretion prone,  
 Poor fool, at once is overcome by fear,  
 As I king-snake am by a bird o'erthrown.

The man who in his folly could betray  
 The thought that he should hide from light of day,  
 By his rash speech is overcome by fear,  
 As I king-snake fall to this bird a prey.

No comrade ought thy inmost thoughts to share,  
 The best of friends oft-times most foolish are,  
 And if too wise, of treachery beware.

I trusted him alas! for was not he  
 A holy man, of strict austerity?  
 My secret I revealed; the deed is done  
 And now I weep for very misery.

Into my confidence the wretch did creep,  
 Nor could I any secret from him keep:  
 From him the danger that I dread has come,  
 And now for very misery I weep.

[78] Judging his friend as faithful to the core  
 And moved by fear, or the strong love he bore,  
 To some vile wretch his secret one betrays  
 And is o'erthrown, poor fool, to rise no more.

Whoso proclaims in evil company  
 The secret thought that still should hidden lie,  
 'Mongst men is counted as a poison-snake:  
 'From such an one, pray, keep aloof,' they cry.

Fair women, silken robes and sandal wood,  
 Garlands and perfumes, even drink and food,  
 Yea all desires—if only thou, O bird,  
 Come to our aid—shall be by us eschewed.

[79] Thus did Paṇḍaraka, suspended in the air head downwards, utter his lament in eight stanzas. The garuḍa, hearing the sound of his lamentation, reproved him and said, "King-snake, after divulging your secret to the ascetic, wherefore do you now lament?" And he uttered this stanza:

Of us three creatures living here, pray name  
 The one that rightly should incur the blame.  
 Nor priest nor bird, but foolish deed of thine,  
 O snake, hath brought thee to this depth of shame.

On hearing this Paṇḍaraka repeated another stanza:

The priest, methought, must be a friend to me,  
 A holy man, of strict austerity:  
 [80] My secret I betrayed: the deed is done,  
 And now I weep for very misery.

Then the garuḍa repeated four stanzas:

All creatures born into this world must die;  
 Yet Wisdom's ways her children justify:  
 By knowledge, justice, self-restraint and truth  
 A man at length achieves his purpose high.



Parents are kind all other kin above,  
 No third there is to show us equal love,  
 Not e'en to them betray thy secret thought,  
 Lest peradventure they should traitors prove.

Parents and kin of every degree,  
 Allies and comrades all may friendly be:  
 To none of them entrust thy hidden thought,  
 Or thou wilt later rue their treachery.

A wife may youthful be and good and fair,  
 Own troops of friends, and children's love may share:  
 Not e'en to her entrust thy hidden thought,  
 Or of her treachery thou must beware.

[81] Then follow these stanzas :

His secret no man should disclose, but guard like treasure-trove :  
 Disclosure of a secret thing no wise man would approve.

Wise men to woman or a foe their secrets ne'er betray ;  
 Trust not the slaves of appetite ; creatures of impulse they.

Whoso reveals his secret thought to one not overwise,  
 Fears the betrayal of his trust and at his mercy lies.

All such as know the secret thing that thou shouldst rather hide,  
 Threaten thy peace of mind ; to none that secret thing confide.

By day to thine own self alone the secret dare to name,  
 But venture not at dead of night that secret to proclaim ;

For close at hand, be sure, there stand men ready to betray  
 The slightest word they may have heard : so trust them not, I pray.

These five stanzas will appear in the Problem of the Five Sages in the Ummagga Birth.

Then follow these stanzas :

As some huge city fenced on every side  
 With moat, of iron wrought, has long defied  
 [82] All entrance of a foe to Fairy Land,  
 So e'en are they that do their counsels hide.

Who by rash speech to secrets give no clue,  
 But ever steadfast to themselves are true,  
 From them all enemies do keep aloof,  
 As men flee far when deadly snakes pursue.

When the Truth had been thus proclaimed by the garuda, Pandaraka said :

A tonsured, nude ascetic left his home  
 And seeking alms did through the country roam :  
 To him my secret I alas ! did tell,  
 And straight from happiness and virtue fell.

What line of conduct should a priest pursue,  
 What vows take on him, and what faults eschew ?  
 How free himself from his besetting sin,  
 And at the last a heavenly mansion win ?

[83] The garuḍa said :

By patience, self-restraint, long-suffering,  
By calumny and ire abandoning,  
Thus may a priest get rid of every sin,  
And at the last a heavenly mansion win.

Paṇḍaraka, on hearing the garuḍa-king thus declare the Truth, begged for his life and repeated this stanza :

As mother gazing on her baby boy  
Is thrilled in every limb with holy joy,  
So upon me, O king of birds, bestow  
That pity mothers to their children show.

Then the garuḍa in granting him his life repeated another stanza :

O snake, to-day from death I set thee free;  
Of kinds of children there are only three,  
[84] Pupil, adopted child and true-born son :  
Of these rejoice that thou art surely one.

So saying, he alighted from the air and placed the snake upon the ground.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas :

The bird, so saying, straight released his foe  
And gently bore him to the earth below ;  
'Set free to-day, go, safe from danger dwell  
In water or on land. I'll guard thee well.  
'As a skilled leech to men with sickness curst,  
Or a cool tank to those that are athirst,  
As house that shelters from a chilling frost,  
So I a refuge prove to thee, when lost.'

---

And saying, "Be off," he let him go. And the snake disappeared in the abode of the nāgas. But the bird, returning to the dwelling-place of the garuḍas, said, "The snake Paṇḍaraka has won my confidence under oath and has been let loose by me. I will now put him to the test, to see what his feelings are towards me," and repairing to the abode of the nāgas, he raised a garuḍa wind. On seeing him the snake-king thought the garuḍa-king must have come to seize him, so he assumed a form that stretched to a thousand fathoms and making himself heavy by swallowing stones and sand [85] he lay down, keeping his tail beneath him and raising the hood upon his head, as if minded to bite the garuḍa-king. On seeing this the garuḍa repeated another stanza :

O snake, thou madest peace with thine old enemy;  
But now thou showst thy fangs. Whence comes this fear to thee?



On hearing this the snake-king repeated three stanzas :

Ever suspect a foe, ner trust thy friend as staunch;  
Security breeds fear, to kill thee root and branch.

What! trust the man with whom one quarrelled long ago!  
Nay, stand upon thy guard. No one can love his foe.

Inspire a trust in all, but put thy trust in none,  
Thyself suspected not, be to suspicion prone.  
He that is truly wise ought every nerve to strain  
That his true nature ne'er may be to others plain.

Thus did they talk one with another, and becoming reconciled and friendly they repaired together to the hermitage of the ascetic.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said,

The godlike graceful pair of them now see,  
Breathing an air of holy purity;  
[86] Like steeds well matched 'neath equal yoke they ran,  
To seek the dwelling of that saintly man.

With regard to this the Master uttered another stanza :

Then to the ascetic straight king-snake did go,  
And thus Paṇḍaraka addressed his foe,  
'Know that to-day, all danger past, I'm free,  
But 'tis not due to love of thine for me.'

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Then the ascetic repeated another stanza :

To that bird-king, I solemnly declare,  
I greater love than e'er to thee did bear,  
Moved by affection for that royal bird,  
I of set purpose, not through folly, erred.

On hearing this, the snake-king repeated two stanzas :

The man that looks at this world and the next,  
Ne'er finds himself with love or hatred vexed,  
'Neath garb of self-restraint thou fain wouldst hid  
But lawless acts that holy garb belied.

[87] Thou, seeming noble, art with meanness stained,  
And, as ascetic clad, art unrestrained;  
By nature with ignoble thoughts accurst,  
Thou in all kinds of sinful act art versed.

So to reprove him, he uttered this stanza, reviling him :

Informer, traitor, that wouldst slay  
A guileless friend, be thy head riven  
By this my Act of Truth, I pray,  
Piecemeal, all into fragments seven.

So before the very eyes of the snake-king, the head of the ascetic was split into seven pieces, and at the very spot where he was sitting the ground was cleft asunder. And, disappearing into the Earth, he was re-born in the Avīci hell, and the snake-king and the garuda-king returned each to his own abode.

The Master, to make clear the fact that he had been swallowed up by the earth, repeated the last stanza:

Therefore I say, friends ne'er should treacherous be;  
 Than a false friend worse man is none to see.  
 Buried in earth the venomous creature lies,  
 And at the snake-king's word the ascetic dies.

[88] The Master here ended his discourse and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old too, Devadatta told a lie and was swallowed up by the earth," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the ascetic was Devadatta, the snake-king Sāriputta, and the garuḍa-king was myself."

## No. 519.

### SAMBULA-JĀTAKA.

"*Tied to the spot,*" etc. This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told of queen Mallikā. The introductory story is related at length in the Kumāsapiṇḍa<sup>1</sup> Birth. Now by the efficacy of a gift of three portions of sour gruel to the Tathāgata, she that very day rose to the position of chief queen, and being possessed of faithful servants and endued with the five feminine charms, full of knowledge, and a disciple of the Buddha, she showed herself a devoted wife. Her devotion was blazed abroad throughout the city. So one day a discussion was started in the Hall of Truth, how that queen Mallikā was a faithful and devoted wife. The Master, on his coming there, asked the Brethren what was the topic they were discussing as they sat together, and on hearing what it was he said, "Not now only, but formerly too, Brethren, she was a devoted wife"; and so saying, he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time king Brahmadata had a son named Sothhisena, and when he had come of age the king set him up as viceroy. His chief consort, Sambulā by name, was extremely beautiful, and gifted with so radiant a form that she appeared like a lamp-flame shining in

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. No. 415, p. 245, English version.



a sheltered spot. By and bye leprosy showed itself in Sotthisena and the physicians failed to cure it. When the sore discharged, he became so loathsome that in his depression he cried, "What good is my kingdom to me? I shall perish without a friend in the wilderness." And, bidding them tell the king, he left his harem and departed. Sambulā, though he made many attempts to stop her, refused to return, and saying, "I will watch over you, my lord, in the forest," went forth from the city with him. On entering the forest, he built a hut of leaves and took up his abode in a shady and well-watered spot, where wild fruit abounded. How then did the royal lady watch over him? Why she rose up early in the morning, swept out his hermitage, set some water for him to drink, [89] furnished him with a tooth-stick and water to wash his mouth, and when his mouth was cleansed, she ground various simples and anointed his sores, and gave him luscious fruits to eat; when he had rinsed his mouth and washed his hands, she saluted him and said, "Be earnest in well-doing, my lord." Then taking a basket, a spade and a hook, she went into the forest to gather wild fruit, and she brought and set it on one side, and fetching water in a jar, she with various powders and clay washed Sotthisena and again offered him wild fruit. And when he had finished his meal, she brought him scented water and herself partook of the fruit. Then she arranged a board with a coverlet, and as he lay down on it, she bathed his feet, and after dressing and cleaning his head and back and feet, she came and lay down by the side of the bed. In this way did she watch over her lord. One day, as she was bringing fruit from the forest, she espied a mountain cave, and putting down the basket from her head, she stood on the edge of the cave, and, stepping down to bathe, she rubbed her body all over with yellow dye and took a bath. After washing herself, she climbed up again and put on her bark garment and stood on the edge of the pool. And the whole forest was lighted up with the radiance that was shed from her person. At that moment a goblin, going forth to find his prey, caught sight of her, and falling in love with her, he repeated a couple of stanzas :

Tied to the spot and trembling as in fear,  
Who in this rocky cave is standing here?  
Tell us, I pray, O slender-waisted dame,  
Who may thy kinsmen be, and what thy name.

Who art thou, lady, ever fair and bright,  
And what thy birth that thou canst flood with light  
This grove, fit home of every beast of prey?  
An ogre I to thee due homage pay.

[90] On hearing what he said, she replied in three stanzas :

Prince Sotthisena, know full well, is heir to Kāsi throne,  
And I, this prince's wedded wife, as Sambulā am known.

Videha's royal son is sick and in the forest lies;  
Alone I tend him, mad with pain, or else he surely dies.

This savoury bit of venison I picked up in the wood,  
And bear it to my lord to-day, now faint for want of food.

This is followed by stanzas spoken alternately by the goblin and the lady:

What good is this sick lord of thine, O Sambulā, to thee?  
No wife, but nurse is what he craves. I will thy husband be.

With sorrow worn, a wretch forlorn, no beauty can I claim,  
If thou art fain a bride to gain, go woo some fairer dame.

Four hundred wives have I to grace my home on yonder hill;  
O lady, deign o'er them to reign, and each fond wish fulfil.

Fair maid so bright with golden light, whate'er is dear to thee  
Is mine to give, so come and live a life of joy with me.

[91] But if denied to me as bride, thou art my lawful prey,  
And wilt be good to serve as food to break my fast to-day.

(That ogre grim with his seven tufts inspiring dread alarm,  
Found helpless Sambulā astray and seized her by the arm.

Thus held by him, that ogre grim, her lustful, cruel foe,  
She still deplored her absent lord, nor e'er forgot his woe.)

No grief to me that I should be this hateful ogre's prey,  
But that the love of my dear lord from me should fall away.

No gods are here, but absent far they flee,  
Nor any guardians of the world I see,  
To check the course of outrage and suppress  
All acts of unrestrained licentiousness.

[92] Then was the abode of Sakka shaken by the efficacy of her virtue, and his throne of yellow marble showed signs of heat. Sakka, on reflection, discovered the cause, and, taking his thunderbolt, he came with all speed, and, standing above the goblin, spoke another stanza:

'Mongst women folk the chief in fame,  
She's wise and perfect, bright as flame,  
Shouldst thou eat her, thy skull be riven.  
O goblin, into fragments seven.  
So harm her not; let her go free,  
For a devoted wife is she.

On hearing this the goblin let Sambulā go. Sakka thought: "This goblin will be guilty of the same thing again," and so he bound him with celestial chains and let him loose on the third mountain from thence, that he might not return; and, after earnestly exhorting the royal lady, he departed to his own abode. And the princess, after sunset, by the light of the moon reached the hermitage.



To explain the matter, the Master repeated eight stanzas:

Escaped from ogre, to her hut she fled,  
As bird returning finds its fledglings dead,  
Or cow, robbed of her calf, laments an empty shed.

Thus Sambula, of royal fame, made moan,  
Wild-eyed and helpless, in the wood, alone.

Hail, priests and brahmins, righteous sages too,  
Deserted, I for refuge fly to you.

All hail, ye lions and ye tigers fell,  
And other beasts that in the woodland dwell.

All hail, ye grasses, herbs and plants that creep,  
All hail, ye forests green and mountains steep.

All hail to Night, bedecked with stars on high,  
Dark as blue lotus of the deepest dye.

[93] All hail to Ganges: mother of rivers she,  
Known amongst men as famed Bhāgirathi.

Hail, Himavat, of all the mountains king,  
Huge rocky pile, o'ertopping everything.

Regarding her, as she uttered this lamentation, Sotthisena thought, "She is overdoing her lamentation: I do not quite know what it all means. If she were acting thus for love of me, her heart would be broken. I will put her to the test." And he went and sat at the door of his hut. She, still lamenting, came to the door, and, making a low obeisance, she said, "Where has my lord been?" "Lady," he said, "on other days you have never come at this hour; to-day you are very late," [94] and in the form of a question he spoke this stanza:

Illustrious lady, why so late to-day?  
What favoured lover led to this delay?

Then she made answer, "My lord, I was returning with my fruit when I beheld a goblin, and he fell in love with me, and seizing me by the hand, he cried: 'Unless you obey my words, I will eat you alive.' And at that moment, sorrowing for you only, I uttered this lament; and she repeated this stanza:

Seized by my foe, I, full of woe, these words to him did say;  
'No grief to me that I should be a hateful ogre's prey,  
But that the love of my dear lord from me should fall away.'"

Then she told him the rest of the story, saying, "So when I was seized by this goblin, and was unable to make him let me go, I acted so as to excite the attention of the god. Then Sakka came, thunderbolt in hand, and, standing in the air, he threatened the goblin and made him release me. And he bound him with magic chains and deposited him on

the third mountain range from here, and so departed. Thus was I saved by means of Sakka." Sotthisena, on hearing this, replied: "Well, lady, it may be so. With womenkind it is hard to discover the truth. In the Himalaya region dwell many foresters, ascetics and magicians. Who shall believe you?" And so saying, he repeated a stanza:

You jades are ever by far too clever,  
Truth among such is a great rarity,  
Ways of the sex are enough to perplex,  
E'en as the course of a fish in the sea.

On hearing his words, she said: "My lord, though you do not believe me, by virtue of the truth I speak, I will heal you." So, filling a pot of water and performing an Act of Truth, she poured the water on his head and spoke this stanza:

[95] May Truth for aye my shelter be,  
As I love no man more than thee,  
And by this Act of Truth, I pray,  
May thy disease be healed to-day.

When she had thus performed an Act of Truth, no sooner was the water sprinkled over Sotthisena than the leprosy straightway left him, as it were copper rust washed in some acid. After staying a few days there, they departed from the forest, and, coming to Benares, entered the park. The king, being apprised of their arrival, went to the park, and there and then bade the royal umbrella to be raised over Sotthisena, and ordered that Sambulā, by sprinkling, should be raised to the position of chief queen. Then conducting them into the city, he himself adopted the ascetic life and took up his abode in the park, but he still constantly took his meals in the palace. And Sotthisena merely conferred on Sambulā the rank of chief consort, but no honour was paid her, and he ignored her very existence and took his pleasure with other women. Sambulā, through jealousy of her rivals, grew thin and pale of countenance, and her veins stood out upon her body. One day when her father-in-law, the ascetic, came to have a meal, to get rid of her grief she came to him when he had finished eating, and saluting him, sat down on one side. On seeing her in this languid condition, he repeated a stanza:

Seven hundred elephants by night and day  
Are guarding thee, all ready for the fray,  
Hundreds of archers shielding thee from harm;  
Whence come the foes to fill thee with alarm?

[96] On hearing his words she said, "Your son, my lord, is no longer the same to me"; and she repeated five stanzas:

Fair as a lotus are the maids he loves,  
Their swan-like voice his deepest passion moves,  
And as he listens to their measured strain,  
In his affections I no longer reign.



In human shape but like to nymphs divine,  
Adorned with ornaments of gold they shine,  
Of perfect form the noble maidens lie  
In graceful pose, to charm the royal eye.

If I once more might wander in the wood,  
To glean a portion for his daily food,  
Once more I should a husband's love regain,  
And quit the court in forest realms to reign.

A woman may in softest robes be drest,  
And be with food in rich abundance blest,  
Fair though she be, yet if an unloved wife,  
Best fix a rope and put an end to life.

Yea the poor wretch on bed of straw<sup>1</sup> that lies,  
If she find favour in her husband's eyes,  
Enjoys a happiness unknown to one,  
Rich in all else, but poor in love alone.

[97] When she had thus explained to the ascetic the cause of her thus pining away, he summoned the king and said, "Dear Sotthisena, when you were crushed by the disease of leprosy and hid yourself in the forest, she went with you and ministered to your wants, and by the power of truth healed your sickness, and now after she has been the means of your being established on the throne, you do not even know the place of her sitting and uprising; this is very wrong of you. An act of treachery to a friend like this is a sin," and reproving his son, he repeated this stanza:

A loving wife is ever hard to find,  
As is a man that to his wife is kind:  
Thy wife was virtuous and loving too;  
Do thou, O king, to Sambulā be true.

[98] After he had thus reproved his son, he got up and went away. The king, when his father was gone, called for Sambulā and said, "My dear, forgive the wrong I have done you this long time. Henceforth I confer on you all power," and he repeated the final stanza:

Shouldst thou, with wealth in great abundance blest,  
Still pine away, by jealousy opprest,  
I and these maidens, creatures of thy hand,  
Will be obedient to thy command.

Thenceforth the pair lived happily together and after a life of charity and good works they departed to fare according to their deeds. The ascetic, after entering upon ecstatic meditation, passed to the heaven of Brahma.

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The Master here ended his lesson and saying, "Not now only, but formerly too, Mallikā was a devoted wife," he identified the Birth: "At that time Sambulā was Mallikā, Sotthisena was the king of Kosala, and the ascetic father was myself."

<sup>1</sup> Reading *kaṭadutiya*.

## No. 520.

## GAṆḌATINDU-JĀTAKA.

*“Zeal is the way,” etc.* This story the Master, dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the admonition of a king. This admonition of a king has already been related in full<sup>1</sup>.

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Kampilla, in a city of the Northern Pañcālas, a king called Pañcāla, being established in evil courses and reckless, ruled his kingdom unrighteously. So all his ministers likewise became unrighteous. His subjects being oppressed by taxation took their wives and families and wandered in the forest like wild beasts. Where once stood villages, there now were none, [99] and the people through the fear of the king's men by day did not venture to dwell in their houses, but fencing them about with thorn branches, as soon as the day broke, they disappeared into the forest. By day they were plundered by the king's men and by night by robbers. At that time the Bodhisatta came to life in the form of a divinity of a tinduka tree outside the city, and every year received from the king an offering worth a thousand pieces of money, and he thought, “This is a roi fainéant; his whole kingdom is going to ruin; besides me there is no one that can set the king in the right way, and he is a benefactor to me and every year honours me with an offering of a thousand pieces. I will admonish him.” So in the night he entered into the royal chamber, and taking up his position at the bed's head he stood poised in the air, emitting a bright light. The king, when he saw him thus shining like the newly-risen sun, asked him who he was and wherefore he had come. On hearing his words he said, “Great king, I am the divinity of the tinduka tree, and I come to give you good advice.” “What advice have you to give me?” said the king. “Sire,” said the Great Being, “you are careless in your rule, and so all your kingdom is going to ruin, as if it were the prey of hirelings. Kings that are careless in their rule are not masters of all their realm, but in this world they meet with destruction and in the world to come they are re-born in hell, and when they are careless both those within their domain and those outside it are careless too, and therefore a king ought to

<sup>1</sup> No. 334, vol. iii. *Rājovāda-Jātaka*. No. 521, vol. v.



be exceedingly careful," and so saying, to inculcate a moral lesson, he repeated these stanzas :

Zeal is the way to Nirvāna, but sloth leads to death, it is said ;  
While vigilant souls never die, the careless are even as dead.

From pride as its root cometh sloth : from sloth cometh loss and decay :  
Decay is the parent of sin. All sloth, O great king, put away.

Brave souls by their sloth many times of wealth and of realm have been shorn,  
And so village lords may become like the waif, without home, all forlorn.

[100] When a prince in his rule groweth slack, untrue to his name and his fame,  
Should his wealth all at once disappear, of that prince it is counted as shame.

Thou art slack out of season, O king, from the right thou hast wandered away,  
Thy realm that so flourished of old to robbers doth now fall a prey.

No son shall inherit thy realm, with its treasures of gold and of corn,  
Thy realm to the spoiler a prey and thou of thy wealth liest shorn.

The prince that is stript of his realm, with its stores and its wealth manifold,  
His friends and his kith and his kin esteem him no more as of old.

His guards and his charioteers, his horse and his footmen so bold,  
As they see him of all dispossess, regard him no more as of old.

The fool of disorderly life is by evil advice led astray,  
Soon stript is the fool of his fame, as the snake its old skin casts away.

But the man who arising betimes unwearied and orderly is,  
His oxen and kine thrive apace, and riches increasing are his.

Great king, ever open thine ears, and list to what people may say,  
That seeing and hearing the truth, thou mayst win to good fortune thy way.

[101] Thus did the Great Being admonish the king in eleven stanzas, and "Go," said he, "without delay and foster thy kingdom, and destroy it not," and so departed to his own abode. And the king hearkened to his words and, being much moved, on the morrow he handed over his kingdom to his ministers, and accompanied by his chaplain he left the city betimes by the eastern gate [102] and went a furlong's distance. There an old man, a native of the village, carried branches of thorn from the forest and putting them all round his house closed the door, and with his wife and children betook himself to the forest. At eventide when the king's men had departed, he returned to his house, and by the door his foot was pierced with a thorn point, and sitting cross-legged and extracting the thorn he cursed the king in the following stanza :

Struck by an arrow in the fray,  
So may Pañcāla mourn,  
As I have cause to grieve to-day,  
Thus wounded by a thorn.

This imprecation on the king came about by the power of the Bodhisatta, and it was as one possessed by the Bodhisatta that he cursed him. In this light is his action to be regarded. Now at this

junction the king and his chaplain stood before him in disguise. So the chaplain hearing his words uttered another stanza :

Thou art old, my good sir, and thy sight is too dim  
To discern things aright, I'll be sworn ;  
As for king Brahmadata, what is it to him,  
That thy foot has been pierced by a thorn ?

On hearing this the old man repeated three stanzas :

'Tis due to Brahmadata, sure, that I am racked with pain,  
Just as defenceless folk are oft by their oppressors slain.  
By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,  
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.  
Distress by such a fear as this, men to the forest flee,  
And round their dwellings scatter thorns, for their security.

[103] On hearing this the king addressing his chaplain said, "Master, the old man speaks truly : it is our fault. Come, let us return and rule the kingdom righteously." Then the Bodhisatta, taking possession of the body of the chaplain, stood before him and said, "Great king, let us investigate the matter." And passing from that village to another one they listened to the words spoken by an old woman. She was, it is said, a poor woman and had two grown up daughters under her care, whom she would not allow to enter the forest. But she herself brought fire-wood and leaves of trees and ministered to her daughters. One day she climbed up a bush to gather leaves and falling rolled upon the ground, and she cursed the king, threatening him with death, and uttered this stanza :

Oh ! when will Brahmadata die, for long as he shall reign,  
Our daughters live unwedded and for husbands sigh in vain ?

Then the priest checking her spoke this stanza :

Evil and profitless withal these words of thine, O jade,  
Whence shall the king find in his realm a husband for each maid ?

[104] The old woman on hearing this repeated two stanzas :

Not evil are these words of mine, nor spoken all in vain,  
So long as thy defenceless folk are by oppressors slain.  
By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,  
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway,  
When times are bad, poor maids are sad, for husbands none have they.

Hearing her words they thought, "She speaks to the point," and going farther on they listened to what a ploughman was saying. As he was ploughing, they say, his ox called Sāliya was laid low, being struck by the ploughshare, and its owner cursed the king and repeated this stanza :

So may Pañcāla fall to earth by spear-thrust of his foe,  
As Sāliya by ploughshare hurt, poor wretch, here lieth low.

Then the priest, to check him, spoke this stanza :

With Brahmadata thou art wroth, though no good cause is shown,  
And while thou dost revile the king, the guilt is all thine own.



Hearing this the ploughman replied in three stanzas :

With Brahmadata I am wroth, and rightly I maintain ;  
Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressor slain.  
By night to thieves a prey are we &c.

[105] The slave had twice<sup>1</sup> to cook the food and brought it late to me ;  
While all agape for her, my ox was wounded fatally.

Going on still further they stayed in a certain village. Next day early in the morning a vicious cow kicked a milkman and upset him, milk and all. The man cursed Brahmadata and repeated this stanza :

By stroke of sword Pañcāla's lord shall fall amidst the fray,  
As I'm laid low by kick of cow, milk-pail and all, to-day.

The brahmin in a stanza said :

A cow, say, kicks against the pricks, or pail of milk upsets—  
What's this to Brahmadata that all this abuse he gets?

On hearing this the milkman repeated three stanzas :

Pañcāla's king, O brahmin, is to blame, for in his reign  
Defenceless folk are seen to be by their oppressors slain.  
By night &c.

A wild and savage cow that we had never milked before  
We milked to-day : demands for milk grow ever more and more.

[106] They said, "He speaks the truth," and going forth from that village they climbed into the highway and started towards the city. And in a certain village tax-collectors killed a young dappled calf and stripped off its skin to make a sword-sheath, and the mother of the calf was so grieved for the loss of her young one that she neither ate grass nor drank water but roamed to and fro, lamenting. On seeing her the village boys cursed the king and spoke this stanza :

So let Pañcāla pine away and childless weep in vain,  
As this poor cow distracted seeks the calf that men have slain.

Then the priest spoke another stanza :

When from its herd some beast escapes, and roars to ease its pain,  
Herein what cause hast thou of Brahmadata to complain?

Then the village boys repeated two stanzas :

King Brahmadata's sin in this, brahmin, to me is plain,  
Defenceless folk are ever thus by their oppressors slain.

By night to thieves a prey are we, to publicans by day,  
Lewd folks abound within the realm, when evil kings bear sway.  
Why should a tender calf be killed, just for a sheath, I pray?

"You speak truth," they said and departed. Then, going on their way, in a certain dry tank crows were striking frogs with their beaks and

<sup>1</sup> The scholiast explains that the royal tax-gatherers had eaten the food first cooked by the slave for her master.

devouring them. When they reached this spot, the Bodhisatta by the exercise of his power cursed the king by the mouth of a frog, saying,

[107] So may Pañcāla killed in fight be eaten, sons and all,  
As woodland frog to village crows a prey this day I fall.

Hearing this the priest conversing with the frog repeated this stanza :

Kings cannot, frog, as you must know,  
Guard every creature here below,  
In this no wicked king is he,  
That crows eat living things like thee.

On hearing this the frog repeated two stanzas :

The priest with words too flattering  
Thus wickedly deceives the king ;  
The king, though people are oppressed,  
Deems the priest's policy the best.

If blest with all prosperity  
This realm should glad and peaceful be,  
Crows richest offerings<sup>1</sup> might enjoy,  
Nor need aught living to destroy.

[108] On hearing this the king and the priest thought, "All creatures, including the frog that lives in the forest, curse us," and going thence to the city they ruled their kingdom righteously, and abiding in the admonition of the Great Being they devoted themselves to charity and other good works.

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The Master here ended his discourse to the king of Kosala in these words, "A king, Sire, must forsake evil courses, and rule his kingdom righteously," and he identified the Birth: "At that time the divinity of the tinduka tree was myself."

<sup>1</sup> A crow was called *balipuṭṭho*, "nourished by oblations."



## BOOK XVII. CATTĀLĪSANIPĀTA.

## No. 521.

## TESAKUNA-JĀTAKA.

[109] "*'Tis this I ask,*" etc. This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told by way of admonition to the king of Kosala. Now this king came to hear the preaching of the law and the Master addressed him in the following terms: "A king, Sire, ought to rule his kingdom righteously, for whenever kings are unrighteous, then also are his officers unrighteous." And admonishing him in the right way as related in the Catukkanipāta (4th Book) he pointed out the suffering and the blessing involved in following or abstaining from evil courses, and expounded in detail the misery resulting from sensual pleasures, comparing them to dreams and the like, saying, "In the case of these men,

No bribe can move relentless death, no kindness mollify,  
No one in fight can vanquish death. For all are doomed to die.

And when they depart to another world, except their own virtuous action they have no other sure refuge, so that they must inevitably forsake low associations, and for their reputation's sake they must not be careless, but be earnest and exercise rule in righteousness, even as kings of old, before Buddha arose, abiding in the admonition of the wise, ruled righteously and departing attained to the heavenly city," and at the request of the king he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time Brahmadata ruled in Benares and had no heir, and his prayer for a son or daughter was not answered. Now one day he went with a large escort to his park and after amusing himself a part of the day in the grounds [110] he had a couch spread for him at the foot of the royal sāl tree, and after a short nap he awoke and, looking up to the sāl tree, he beheld a bird's nest in it, and at the sight of it a desire to possess it sprang up in his heart, and summoning one of his attendants he said, "Climb the tree and see if there is anything in the nest or not." The man climbed up and finding three eggs in it told the king. "Then mind you do not breathe over them," he said, and, spreading some cotton in a casket, he told the man to come down gently, and place the eggs in it. When they had been brought down, he took up the casket and asked his courtiers to what bird these eggs belonged. They answered, "We do not know: hunters will know." The king sent for the hunters and asked them. "Sire," said they, "one is an owl's egg, another is a maynah bird's, and the third is a parrot's." "Pray are there eggs of three different birds in

one nest?" "Yes, Sire, when there is nothing to fear, what is carefully deposited does not perish." The king being pleased said, "They shall be my children," and committing the three eggs to the charge of three courtiers, he said, "These shall be my children. Do you carefully watch over them and when the young birds come out of the shell, let me know." They took good care of them. First of all the owl's egg was hatched, and the courtier sent for a hunter and said, "Find out the sex of the young bird, whether it is a cock or a hen bird," and when he had examined it and declared it to be a cock bird, the courtier went to the king and said, "Sire, a son is born to you." The king was delighted and bestowed much wealth on him and saying, [111] "Watch carefully over him and call his name Vessantara," he sent him away. He did as he was told. Then a few days afterwards the egg of the maynah bird was hatched, and the second courtier likewise, after getting the huntsman to examine it, and hearing it was a hen bird, went to the king and announced to him the birth of a daughter. The king was delighted, and gave to him also much treasure and saying, "Watch carefully over my daughter and call her name Kuṇḍalinī," he sent him away. He also did what he was told. Then after a few days the parrot's egg was hatched and the third courtier, when told by the huntsman who examined it that it was a cock bird, went and announced to the king the birth of a son. The king was delighted and paying him liberally said, "Hold a festival in honour of my son with great pomp, and call his name Jambuka," and then sent him away. He too did as he was told. And these three birds grew up in the houses of the three courtiers with all the ceremony due to royalty. The king speaks of them habitually, as 'my son' and 'my daughter.' His courtiers made merry, one with another, saying, "Look at what the king does: he goes about speaking of birds as his son and his daughter." The king thought, "These courtiers do not know the extent of my children's wisdom. I will make it evident to them." So he sent one of his ministers to Vessantara to say, "Your father wishes to ask you a question. When shall he come and ask it?" The minister came and bowing to Vessantara delivered the message. Vessantara sent for the courtier who looked after him and said, "My father," they tell me, "wants to ask me a question. When he comes, we must shew him all respect," and he asked "When is he to come?" The courtier said, "Let him come on the seventh day from this." Vessantara on hearing this said, "Let my father come on the seventh day from this," and with these words he sent the minister away. He went and told the king. On the seventh day the king ordered a drum to be beaten through the city and went to the house where his son lived. Vessantara treated the king with great respect and had great respect paid even to the slaves and hired servants. The king, after partaking of food in the house of Vessantara, and enjoying great distinction, returned to his



own dwelling-place. Then he had a big pavilion erected in the palace-yard, and, having made proclamation by beating a drum through the city, he sat in his magnificent pavilion surrounded by a great retinue [112] and sent word to a courtier to conduct Vessantara to him. The courtier brought Vessantara on a golden stool. The bird sat on his father's lap and played with his father, and then went and sat on the stool. Then the king in the midst of the crowd of people questioned him as to the duty of a king and spoke the first stanza :

'Tis this I ask Vessantara—dear bird, mayst thou be blest—  
To one that's fain o'er men to reign, what course of life is best?

Vessantara, without answering the question directly, reproved the king for his carelessness and spoke the second stanza :

Kāṁsa my sire, of Kāsi lord, so careless long ago,  
Urged me his son, though full of zeal, still greater zeal to show.

Rebuking the king in this stanza and saying, "Sire, a king ought to rule his kingdom righteously, abiding in the three truths," and telling of a king's duty he spoke these stanzas :

First of all should a king put away all falsehood and anger and scorn ;  
Let him do what a king has to do, or else to his vow be forsworn.

By passion and sin led astray, should he err in the past, it is plain  
He will live to repent of the deed, and will learn not to do it again.

When a prince in his rule groweth slack, untrue to his name and his fame,  
Should his wealth all at once disappear, of that prince it is counted as shame.

'Twas thus that Good Fortune and Luck, when I asked, made reply unto me,  
'In a man energetic and bold we delight, if from jealousy free.'

[113] Ill Luck, ever wrecking good fortune, delighteth in men of ill deeds,  
The hard-hearted creatures in whom a spirit of jealousy breeds..

To all, O great king, be a friend, so that all may thy safety insure,  
Ill Luck put away, but to Luck that is good be a dwelling secure.

The man that is lucky and bold, O thou that o'er Kāsi dost reign,  
His foes will destroy root and branch, and to greatness will surely attain.

Great Sakka all courage in man ever watches with vigilant eyes,  
For courage as virtue he holds and in it true goodness espies.

Gandharvas, gods, angels and men, one and all, emulate such a king,  
And spirits appearing stand by, of his zeal and his vigour to sing.

Be zealous to do what is right, nor, however reviled, yield to sin,  
Be earnest in efforts for good—no sluggard can bliss ever win.

Herein is the text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go :  
'Tis enough to win bliss for a friend or to work grievous ill for a foe.

[115] Thus did the bird Vessantara in a single stanza rebuke the carelessness of the king, and then in telling the duty of a king in eleven stanzas answered his question with all the charm of a Buddha. The hearts of the multitude were filled with wonder and amazement and innumerable shouts of applause were raised. The king was transported with joy and addressing his courtiers asked them what was to be done for his son, for

having spoken thus. "He should be made a general in the army, Sire." "Well, I give him the post of general," and he appointed Vessantara to the vacant post. Thenceforth placed in this position he carried out his father's wishes. Here ends the story of Vessantara's question.

[116] Again the king after some days, just as before, sent a message to Kuṇḍalinī, and on the seventh day he paid her a visit and returning home again he seated himself in the centre of a pavilion and ordered Kuṇḍalinī to be brought to him, and when she was seated on a golden stool, he questioned her as to the duty of a king and spoke this stanza:

Kuṇḍalinī, of royal birth, couldst thou resolve my quest,  
To one that's fain o'er men to reign, what course of life is best?

When the king thus asked her as to the duties of a king, she said, "I suppose, Sir, you are putting me to the test, thinking 'What will a woman be able to tell me?' so I will tell you, putting all your duty as a king into just two maxims," and she repeated these stanzas:

The matter, my friend, is set forth in a couple of maxims quite plain—  
To keep whatsoever one has, and whatever one has not to gain.

Take as counsellors men that are wise, thy interests clearly to see,  
Not given to riot and waste, from gambling and drunkenness free.

Such an one as can guard thee aright and thy treasure with all proper zeal,  
As a charioteer guides his car, he with skill steers the realm's common weal.

Keep ever thy folk well in hand, and duly take stock of thy pelf,  
Ne'er trust to another a loan or deposit, but act for thyself.

What is done or undone to thy profit and loss it is well thou shouldst know,  
Ever blame the blame-worthy and favour on them that deserve it bestow.

[117] Thou thyself, O great king, shouldst instruct thy people in every good way,  
Lest thy realm and thy substance should fall to unrighteous officials a prey.

See that nothing is done by thyself or by others with overmuch speed,  
For the fool that so acts without doubt will live to repent of the deed.

To wrath one should never give way, for should it due bounds overflow,  
It will lead to the ruin of kings and the proudest of houses lay low.

Be sure that thou never as king thy people mislead to their cost,  
Lest all men and women alike in an ocean of trouble be lost.

When a king from all fear is set free, and the pleasures of sense are his aim,  
Should his riches and all disappear, to that king it is counted as shame.

Herein is a text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go,  
Be an adept in every good work, to excess and to riot a foe,  
Study virtue, for vice ever leads to a state full of suffering and woe.

[120] Thus did Kuṇḍalinī also teach the king his duty in eleven stanzas. The king was delighted and addressing his courtiers asked them, saying, "What is to be given to my daughter as a reward for her having spoken thus?" "The office of treasurer, Sire." "Well then, I grant her the post of treasurer," and he appointed Kuṇḍalinī to the vacant post. Thenceforth she held the office and acted for the king. Here ends the story of the question of Kuṇḍalinī.



Again the king after the lapse of a few days, just as before, sent a messenger to the wise Jambuka, and going there on the seventh day and being magnificently entertained he returned home and in the same manner took his seat in the centre of a pavilion. A courtier placed the wise Jambuka on a stool bound with gold, and came bearing the stool on his head. The wise bird sitting on his father's lap and playing with him at length took his seat on the golden stool. Then the king, asking him a question, spoke this stanza :

We've questioned both thy brother prince, and also fair Kuṇḍalini;  
Now, Jambuka, do thou in turn the highest power declare to me.

Thus did the king, in asking a question of the Great Being, not ask him in the way in which he had asked the others, but asked him in a special way. Then the wise bird said to him, "Well, Sire, listen attentively, and I will tell you all," and like a man placing a purse containing a thousand pieces of money into an outstretched hand, he began his exposition of a king's duty :

Amidst the great ones of the earth a fivefold power we see;  
Of these the power of limbs is, sure, the last in its degree,  
And power of wealth, O mighty lord, the next is said to be.

The power of counsel third in rank of these, O king, I name;  
The power of caste without a doubt is reckoned fourth in fame,  
And all of these a man that's wise most certainly will claim.

[121] Of all these powers that one is best, as power of learning known,  
By strength of this a man is wise and makes success his own.

Should richest realm fall to the lot of some poor stupid wight,  
Another will by violence seize it in his despite.

However noble be the prince, whose lot it is to rule,  
He is hard put to live at all, if he should prove a fool.

'Tis wisdom tests reports of deeds and makes men's fame to grow,  
Who is with wisdom gifted still finds pleasure e'en in woe.

None that are heedless in their ways to wisdom can attain,  
But must consult the wise and just, or ignorant remain.

Who early rising shall betimes unweariedly give heed  
To duty's varied calls, in life is certain to succeed.

No one that's bent on hurtful things or acts in listless mood  
In aught that he may undertake will come to any good.

But one that will unweariedly a rightful course pursue,  
Is sure to reach perfection in whatever he may do.

To safeguard one's store is to gain more and more,  
And these are the things I would have thee to mind;  
For the fool by ill deeds, like a house built of reeds,  
Collapses and leaves rack and ruin behind.

[123] Thus did the Bodhisatta in all these points sing the praises of the five powers, and exalting the power of wisdom, like to one striking the orb of the moon with his words, he admonished the king in eleven stanzas :

Unto thy parents, warrior king, do righteously; and so  
By following a righteous life to heaven thou, sire, shalt go<sup>1</sup>.

[124] After uttering ten stanzas about the way of righteousness, still further admonishing the king he spoke the concluding stanza :

Herein is the text of thy duty, to teach thee the way thou shouldst go:  
Follow wisdom and ever be happy, the Truth in its fulness to know.

Thus did the Great Being, as though he were letting down the heavenly Ganges, teach the Law with all the charm of a Buddha. And the multitude paid him great honour and raised innumerable shouts of applause. The king was delighted and addressing his councillors asked, [125] "How ought my son, wise Jambuka, with a beak like the fresh fruit of the rose-apple, to be rewarded for having spoken thus?" "With the post of commander-in-chief, Sire." "Then I offer him this post," he said, and appointed him to the vacant office, and thenceforth in the position of commander-in-chief he carried out the orders of his father. Great honour was paid to the three birds, and all three of them gave instruction in temporal and spiritual matters. The king, abiding in the admonition of the Great Being, by almsgiving and other good works became destined to heaven. The councillors after performing the king's obsequies, speaking to the birds said, "My lord, Jambu, the king ordered the royal umbrella to be raised over you." The Great Being said, "I have no need of the kingdom, do you exercise rule with all vigilance," and after establishing the people in the moral law, he said "Execute justice," and he had righteous judgment inscribed on a golden plate and disappeared in the forest. And his admonition continued in force forty thousand years.

The Master by means of his admonition of the king taught this lesson and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, Kuṇḍalinī was Uppalavannā, Vessantara was Sāriputta, the bird Jambu was myself."

## No. 522.

### SARABHAṄGA-JĀTAKA.

"*Beringed and gallantly,*" etc.—This was a story the Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the death of the Elder, the Great Moggallāna<sup>2</sup>. The Elder Sāriputta<sup>3</sup>, after gaining the consent of the Tathāgata

<sup>1</sup> Here follow nine similar couplets already given in vol. iv. No. 501, *Rohantamiga-Jātaka*, p. 263, English version; see also Senart's *Mahāvastu*, vol. i. p. 282.

<sup>2</sup> For the death of Moggallāna, see Fausböll's *Dhammapada*, p. 298, and Bigandet's *Legend of the Burmese Buddha*, vol. 2, ch. i. p. 26.

<sup>3</sup> For Sāriputta's death, see vol. i. No. 95, *Mahāśudassana-Jātaka*, p. 230, English version, and Bigandet, *op. cit.* p. 19.



when he was living at Jetavana, went and died in the village of Nāla, in the very room where he was born. The Master, on hearing of his death, went to Rajagaha and took up his abode in the Bamboo Grove. An Elder dwelt there on the slopes of Isigili (Mount of Saints) at the Black Rock. This man, by attaining perfection in supernatural power, was able to make his way into heaven and hell. In the god-world he beheld one of the disciples of Buddha enjoying great power, and in the world of men he saw one of the disciples of the heretics suffering great agony, and on returning to the world of men he told them how in a certain god-world such and such a lay Brother or Sister was re-born and enjoying great honour, and amongst the followers of the heretics such and such a man or woman was re-born in hell [126] or other states of suffering. People gladly accepted his teaching and rejected that of the schismatics. Great honour was paid to the disciples of Buddha, while that paid to the schismatics fell away. They conceived a grudge against the Elder, and said: "As long as this fellow is alive, there are divisions amongst our followers, and the honour paid to us falls away: we will put him to death"; and they gave a thousand pieces of money to a brigand who guarded the ascetics to put the Elder to death. He resolved to kill the Elder, and came with a great following to Black Rock. The Elder, when he saw him coming, by his magic power flew up into the air and disappeared. The brigand, not finding the Elder that day, returned home and came back day after day for six successive days. But the Elder, by his magic power, always disappeared in the same way. On the seventh day an act committed of old by the Elder, carrying with it consequences to be recognised on some future occasion, got its chance for mischief. The story goes that once upon a time, hearkening to what his wife said, he wanted to put his father and mother to death; and, taking them in a carriage to a forest, he pretended that they were attacked by robbers, and struck and beat his parents. Through feebleness of sight being unable to see objects clearly, they did not recognise their son, and thinking they were robbers said: "Dear son, some robbers are killing us: make your escape," and lamented for him only. He thought, "Though they are being beaten by me, it is only on my account they make lamentation. I am acting shamefully." So he reassured them and, pretending that the robbers had been put to flight, he stroked their hands and feet, saying, "Dear father and mother, do not be afraid, the robbers have fled," and brought them again to their own house. This action for ever so long not finding its opportunity but ever biding its time, like a core of flame hidden under ashes, caught up and seized upon the man when he was re-born for the last time, and the Elder, in consequence of his action, was unable to fly up into the air. His magic power that once could quell Nanda<sup>1</sup> and Upananda and cause Vejayanta to tremble, as the result of his action became mere feebleness. The brigand crushed all his bones, subjecting him to the 'straw and meal' torture<sup>2</sup>, and, thinking he was dead, went off with his followers. But the Elder, on recovering consciousness, clothed himself with Meditation as with a garment, and flying up into the presence of the Master, saluted him and said, "Holy Sir, my sum of life is exhausted: I would die," and having gained the Master's consent, he died then and there. At that instant the six god-worlds were in a general state of commotion. "Our Master," they cried, "is dead." And they came, bringing incense and perfume and wreaths breathing divine odours, and all kinds of wood, [127] and the funeral pile was made of sandalwood and ninety-nine precious things. The Master, standing near the Elder, ordered his remains to be deposited, and for the space of a league all round about the spot where the body was burned flowers rained down upon it, and men and gods stood mingled together, and for seven days held a sacred festival. The Master had the relics of the Elder gathered together, and erected a shrine in a gabled chamber in the Bamboo Grove. At that time they raised the topic in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Sāriputta, because

<sup>1</sup> Nanda and Upananda were two kings of the Nāgas, Vejayanta was the palace of Indra. Jātaka Index, vol. vii. p. 66, gives corrected reading *Nandopananda-damana*.

<sup>2</sup> But cf. *Anguttara Nikāya*, Pt. i. p. 114, ed. by R. Morris, 1883. *Mil.* i. 277. Translation with note by R. Davids.

he did not die in the presence of the Tathāgata, has not received great honour at the hands of the Buddha, but the Great Elder Moggallāna, because he died near the Master, has had great honour paid to him." The Master came up, and asking the Brethren what they were sitting in conclave to discuss, on hearing what it was, said: "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also Moggallāna received great honour at my hands"; and, so saying, he related a story of the past.

<sup>1</sup> Once upon a time, when Brahmadaṭṭa was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was conceived by the brahmin wife of the royal chaplain, and at the end of ten months was born early in the morning. At that moment there was a blaze of all kinds of arms in the city of Benares for the space of twelve leagues. The priest, on the birth of the boy, stepped out of doors and looked up to the sky for the purpose of divining his son's destiny, and knew that this boy, because he was born under a certain conjunction in the heaven, would surely be the chief archer in all India. So he went betimes to the palace and inquired after the king's health. On his replying, "How, my master, can I be well: this day there is a blaze of weapons throughout my dwelling-place," he said, "Fear not, Sire; not merely in your house, but throughout all the city is this blaze of arms to be seen. This is due to the fact that a boy is born to-day in our house." "What, master, will be the result of the birth of a boy under these conditions?" "Nothing, Sire, but he will prove to be the chief archer in all India." "Well, master, do you then watch over him, and when he is grown up, present him to us." And so saying, he ordered a thousand pieces of money to be given him as the price of his nurture<sup>2</sup>. The priest took it and went home, and on the naming-day of his son, on account of the blaze of arms at the moment of his birth, he called him Jotipāla. He was reared in great state, and at the age of sixteen he was extremely handsome. Then his father, observing his personal distinction, said, "Dear son, go to Takkaṣilā [128] and receive instruction in all learning at the hands of a world-famous teacher." He agreed to do so and, taking his teacher's fee, he bade his parents farewell and repaired thither. He presented his fee of one thousand pieces of money and set about acquiring instruction, and in the course of seven days he had reached perfection. His master was so delighted with him that he gave him a precious sword that belonged to him, and a bow of ram's-horn and a quiver, both of them deftly joined together, and his own coat of mail and a diadem, and he said, "Dear Jotipāla, I am an old man, do you now train these pupils"; and he handed over to him five hundred pupils. The Bodhisatta, taking everything with him, said good-bye to his teacher and, returning to Benares, went to see his parents. Then his father, on seeing him standing respectfully before him, said, "My son, have you finished your studies?" "Yes, sir." On hearing his

<sup>1</sup> Compare vol. III. No. 423, *Indriya Jātaka*.

<sup>2</sup> *khīramūlam*, i.e. τροφήα.



answer he went to the palace and said, "My son, Sire, has completed his education: what is he to do?" "Master, let him wait on us." "What do you decide, Sire, about his expenses?" "Let him receive a thousand pieces of money daily." He readily agreed to this, and returning home he called his boy to him and said, "Dear son, you are to serve the king." Thenceforth he received every day a thousand pieces of money and attended on the king. The king's attendants were offended; "We do not see that Jotipāla does anything, and he receives a thousand pieces of money every day. We should like to see a specimen of his skill." The king heard what they said and told the priest. He said, "All right, Sire," and told his son. "Very well, dear father," he said, "on the seventh day from this I will show them: let the king assemble all the archers in his dominion." The priest went and repeated what he said to the king. The king, by beat of drum through the city, had all his archers gathered together. When they were assembled, they numbered sixty thousand. The king, on hearing that they were assembled, said: "Let all that dwell in the city witness the skill of Jotipāla." And making proclamation by beat of drum, he had the palace yard made ready, and, followed by a great crowd, [129] he took his seat on a splendid throne, and, when he had summoned the archers, he sent for Jotipāla. He put the bow and quiver and coat of mail and diadem, which had been given to him by his teacher, beneath his under garment, and had the sword carried for him, and then came before the king in his ordinary garb and stood respectfully on one side. The archers thought, "Jotipāla, they say, has come to give us a specimen of his skill, but from his coming without a bow he will evidently want to receive one at our hands," but they all agreed they would not give him one. The king, addressing Jotipāla, said, "Give us proof of your skill." So he had a tent-like screen thrown round about him, and taking his stand inside it, and doffing his cloak, he girt on his armour, and got into his coat of mail and fastened the diadem on his head. Then he fixed a string of the colour of coral on his ram's-horn bow, and binding his quiver on his back and fastening his sword on his left side, he twirled an arrow tipt with adamant on his nail, and threw open the screen and sallied forth like a Nāga prince bursting out of the earth, splendidly equipped, and stood making an obeisance to the king. The multitude, on seeing him, jumped about and shouted and clapped their hands. The king said, "Jotipāla, give us a specimen of your skill." "Sire," he said, "amongst your archers are men who pierce like lightning<sup>1</sup>, able to split a hair, and to shoot at a sound (without seeing) and to cleave a (falling) arrow<sup>2</sup>. Summon

<sup>1</sup> *akkhaṇavedhī*, R. Morris, P. T. S. J. for 1885, p. 29. Kern takes it as 'target cleaving,' *Bodhicaryāvatāra* comm. ed. Poussin (B. Ind.), p. 124 note.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps this refers to a feat like that of Locksley ("Robin Hood") in *Ivanhoe*.

four of these archers." The king summoned them. The Great Being set up a pavilion in a square enclosure in the palace yard, and at the four corners he stationed the four archers, and to each of them he had thirty thousand arrows allotted, assigning men to hand the arrows to each, and he himself taking an arrow tipt with adamant stood in the middle of the pavilion and cried, "O king, let these four archers all at once shoot their arrows to wound me; I will ward off the arrows shot by them." The king gave the order for them to do so. "Sire," they said, "we shoot as quick as lightning, and are able to split a hair, and to shoot at the sound of a voice (without seeing), and to cleave a (falling) arrow, but Jotipāla is a mere stripling; we will not shoot him." The Great Being said, "If you can, shoot me." "Agreed," they said, and with one accord they shot their arrows. The Great Being, striking them severally with his iron arrow, in some way or other, [130] made them drop on the ground, and then throwing a wall<sup>1</sup> round them, he piled them together and so made a magazine of arrows, fitting each arrow, handle level with handle, stock with stock, feathers with feathers, till the bowmen's arrows were all spent, and when he saw that it was so, without spoiling his magazine of arrows, he flew up into the air and stood before the king. The people made a great uproar, shouting and dancing about and clapping their hands, and they threw off their garments and ornaments, so that there was treasure lying in a heap to the amount of eighteen crores. Then the king asked him, "What do you call this trick, Jotipāla?" "The arrow-defence, Sire." "Are there any others that know it?" "No one in all India, except myself, Sire." "Show us another trick, friend." "Sire, these four men stationed at four corners failed to wound me. But if they are posted at the four corners, I will wound them with a single arrow." The archers did not dare to stand there. So the Great Being fixed four plantains at the four corners, and fastening a scarlet thread on the feathered part of the arrow, he shot it, aiming at one of the plantains. The arrow struck it and then the second, the third and the fourth, one after another, and then struck the first, which it had already pierced, and so returned to the archer's hand; while the plantains stood encircled with the thread. The people raised myriad shouts of applause. The king asked, "What do you call this trick, friend?" "The pierced circle, Sire." "Show us something more." The Great Being showed them the arrow-stick, the arrow-rope, the arrow-plait, and performed other tricks called the arrow-terrace, arrow-pavilion, arrow-wall<sup>2</sup>, arrow-stairs, arrow-tank, and made the arrow-lotus to blossom and caused it to rain a shower of arrows.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Mahābhārata*, vi. 58. 2 and 101. 32, *koshṭhaki-kṛitya*, surrounding, enclosing.

<sup>2</sup> This is taken from a reading of one MS. and is required to make up the twelve examples of his skill.



[131] Thus did he display these twelve unrivalled acts of skill, and then he cleft seven incomparably huge substances. He pierced a plank of fig-wood, eight inches thick, a plank of asana-wood, four inches thick, a copper plate two inches thick, an iron plate one inch thick, and after piercing a hundred boards joined together, one after another, he shot an arrow at the front part of waggons full of straw and sand and planks, and made it come out at the back part; and, shooting at the back of the waggons, he caused the arrow to come out at the front. He drove an arrow through a space of over a furlong in water and more than two furlongs of earth, and he pierced a hair, at the distance of half a furlong, at the first sign of its being moved by the wind. And when he had displayed all these feats of skill, the sun set. Then the king promised him the post of commander-in-chief, saying, "Jotipāla, it is too late to-day; to-morrow you shall receive the honour of the chief command. Go and have your beard trimmed and take a bath," and that same day he gave him a hundred thousand pieces of money for his expenses. The Great Being said, "I have no need of this," and he gave his lords eighteen crores of treasure and went with a large escort to bathe; and, after he had had his beard trimmed and had bathed, arrayed in all manner of adornments, he entered his abode with unparalleled pomp. After enjoying a variety of dainty viands, he got up and lay down on a royal couch, and when he had slept through two watches, in the last watch he woke up and sat cross-legged on his couch, considering the beginning, the middle and the end of his feats of skill. "My skill," he thought, "in the beginning is evidently death, in the middle it is the enjoyment of sin, and in the end it is re-birth in hell: for the destruction of life and excessive carelessness in sinful enjoyment causes re-birth in hell. The post of commander-in-chief is given me by the king, and great power will accrue to me, and I shall have a wife and many children; but if the objects of desire are multiplied, it will be hard to get rid of desire. I will go forth from the world alone and enter the forest: [132] it is right for me to adopt the life of an ascetic." So the Great Being arose from his couch, and without letting anybody know, he descended from the terrace, and going out by the house-door<sup>1</sup> he went into the forest all alone, and repaired to a spot on the banks of the Godhāvarī, near the Kaviṭṭha<sup>2</sup> forest, three leagues in extent. Sakka, hearing of his renunciation of the world, summoned Vissakamma and said, "Friend, Jotipāla has renounced the world; a great company will gather round him. Build a hermitage on the banks of the Godhāvarī in the Kaviṭṭha forest and provide them with everything necessary

<sup>1</sup> *aggadvāram* perhaps a house-door opposed to the main entrance. Cf. i. 114 and v. 263.

<sup>2</sup> The Kaviṭṭha is the *Feronia Elephantum* or elephant apple tree.

for the ascetic life." Vissakamma did so. The Great Being, when he reached the place, saw a road for a single foot-passenger and thought, "This must be a place for ascetics to dwell in," and travelling by this road and meeting with no one, he entered the hut of leaves. On seeing the requisites for ascetic life he said, "Sakka, king of heaven, methinks, knew that I had renounced the world"; and, doffing his cloak, he put on an inner and outer robe of dyed bark and threw an antelope's skin over one shoulder. Then he bound up his coil of matted locks, shouldered a pingo of three bushels of grain, took a mendicant's staff and sallied forth from his hut, and climbing up the covered walk, he paced up and down it several times. Thus did he glorify the forest with the beauty of asceticism, and after performing the Kasiṇa ritual, on the seventh day of his religious life he developed the eight Attainments and the five Faculties, and lived quite alone, feeding on what he could glean and on roots and berries. His parents and a crowd of friends and kinsfolk and acquaintances, not seeing him, wandered about disconsolate. Then a certain forester, who had seen and recognised the Great Being in the Kaviṭṭha hermitage, told his parents and they informed the king of it. The king said, "Come, let us go and see him," and taking the father and mother, and accompanied by a great multitude, he arrived at the bank of the Godhāvārī by the road which the forester pointed out to him. The Bodhisatta, on coming to the river-bank, seated himself in the air, and after teaching them the Law, [133] he brought them all into his hermitage, and there too, seated in the air, he revealed to them the misery involved in sensual desires and taught them the Law. And all of them, including the king, adopted the religious life. The Bodhisatta continued to dwell there, surrounded by a band of ascetics. And the news that he was dwelling there was blazed abroad throughout all India. Kings with their subjects came and took orders at his hands, and there was a great assembly of them till they gradually numbered many thousands. Whoever reflected on thoughts of lust, or the wish to hurt or injure others, to him came the Great Being, and seated in the air before him, he taught him the Law and instructed him in the Kasiṇa ritual. His seven chief pupils were Sālissara<sup>1</sup>, Meṇḍissara, Pabbata, Kālādevāla, Kisavaccha, Anusissa, and Nārada. And they, abiding in his admonition, attained to ecstatic meditation and reached perfection. By and bye the Kaviṭṭha hermitage became crowded, and there was no room for the multitude of ascetics to dwell there. So the Great Being, addressing Sālissara, said, "Sālissara, this hermitage is not big enough for the crowd of ascetics; do you go with this company of them and take up your abode near the town of Lambacūlaka in

<sup>1</sup> All these names occur in vol. III. No. 423, *Indriya Jātaka*, and for the legends of Kisavaccha and Nālikira see Hardy's *Manual*, p. 55.



the province of king Caṇḍapajjota." He agreed to do so and, taking a company of many thousands, went and dwelt there. But as people still came and joined the ascetics, the hermitage was full again. The Bodhisatta, addressing Mendissara, said, "On the borders of the country of Suratt̥ha is a stream called Sātodikā. Take this band of ascetics and dwell on the borders of that river." And he sent him away. In the same way on a third occasion he sent Pabbata, saying, "In the great forest is the Añjana mountain: go and settle near that." On the fourth occasion he sent Kāladevala, saying, "In the south country in the kingdom of Avanti is the Ghanasela mountain: settle near that." The Kavitt̥ha hermitage again overflowed, though in five different places there was a company of ascetics numbering many thousands. And Kisavaccha, asking leave of the Great Being, [131] took up his abode in the park near the commander-in-chief, in the city of Kumbhavatī in the province of king Daṇḍaki. Nārada settled in the central province in the Arañjara chain of mountains, and Anusissa remained with the Great Being. At this time king Daṇḍaki deposed from her position a courtesan whom he had greatly honoured, and, roaming about at her own will, she came to the park, and seeing the ascetic Kisavaccha, she thought, "Surely this must be Ill Luck. I will get rid of my sin<sup>1</sup> on his person and will then go and bathe." And first biting her tooth-stick, she spat out a quantity of phlegm, and not only spat upon the matted locks of the ascetic, but also threw her tooth-stick at his head and went and bathed. And the king, calling her to mind, restored her to her former position. And infatuated by her folly, she came to the conclusion that she had recovered this honour because she had got rid of her sin on the person of Ill Luck. Not long after this the king deposed his family priest from his office, and he went and asked the woman by what means she had recovered her position. So she told him it was from having got rid of her offence on the person of Ill Luck in the royal park. The priest went and got rid of his sin in the same way, and him too the king reinstated in his office. Now by and bye there was a disturbance on the king's frontier, and he went forth with a division of his army to fight. Then that infatuated priest asked the king, saying, "Sire, do you wish for victory or defeat?" When he answered, "Victory," he said, "Well, Ill Luck dwells in the royal park; go and convey your sin to his person." He approved of the suggestion and said, "Let these men come with me to the park and get rid of their sin on the person of Ill Luck." And going into the park, he first of all nibbled his tooth-stick and let his spittle and the stick fall on the ascetic's matted locks and then bathed his head, and his army did likewise. When the king had departed the commander-in-chief came, and seeing the

<sup>1</sup> Compare Frazer's *Golden Bough*, vol. iii. p. 120, 'Divine Scapegoats.'

ascetic, he took the tooth-stick out of his locks and had him thoroughly washed and then asked, "What will become of the king?" "Sir, there is no evil thought in my heart, but the gods [135] are wroth and on the seventh day from this all his kingdom will be destroyed: do you flee with all speed and go elsewhere." He was terribly alarmed, and went and told the king. The king refused to believe him. So he returned to his own house, and taking his wife and children with him, he fled to another kingdom. The master Sarabhaṅga<sup>1</sup>, hearing about it, sent two youthful ascetics and had Kisavaccha brought to him in a palanquin through the air. The king fought a battle, and taking the rebels prisoners returned to the city. On his return the gods first caused it to rain from heaven, and when all the dead bodies had been washed away by the flood of rain, there was a shower of heavenly flowers on the top of the clean white sand, and on the flowers there fell a shower of small coins, and after them a shower of big pieces of money, and this was followed by a shower of heavenly ornaments. The people were highly delighted and began to pick up ornaments of gold, even fine gold. Then there rained upon their persons a shower of all manner of blazing weapons, and the people were cut piece-meal. Then a shower of blistering embers fell on them, and over these huge blazing mountain peaks, followed by a shower of fine sand filling a space of sixty cubits. Thus was a part of his realm sixty leagues in extent destroyed, and its destruction was blazed abroad throughout all India. Then the lords of subordinate kingdoms within his realm, the three kings, Kaliṅga, Atṭhaka, Bhīmaratha, thought, "Once upon a time in Benares, Kalābu<sup>2</sup>, king of Kāsi, having sinned against the ascetic Khantivādī, it is reported he was swallowed up in the earth, and Nālikīra in like manner having given ascetics to be devoured by dogs, and Ajjuna<sup>3</sup> of the thousand arms who sinned against Aṅgīrasa likewise perished, and now again king Daṇḍaki, having sinned against Kisavaccha, report says, is destroyed, realm and all. We know not the place where these four kings are re-born: no one except Sarabhaṅga, our master, is able to tell us this. We will go [136] and ask him." And the three kings went forth with great pomp to ask this question. But though they heard rumours that so and so was gone, they did not really know it, but each one fancied that he alone was going, and not far from Godhāvarī they all met, and alighting from their chariots, they all three mounted upon a single chariot and journeyed together to the banks of Godhāvarī. At this moment Sakka, sitting on his throne of yellow marble, considered the

<sup>1</sup> The Jotipāla of the early part of the story is here identified with the Bodhisatta, Sarabhaṅga.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. III. No. 313, *Khantivādī Jātaka*.

<sup>3</sup> Arjuna, called Kārtavīrya. See Tawney's *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*, vol. II. p. 639, and *Uttara Kāṇḍa* of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, *Sarga* 32.



seven questions and said to himself, "Except Sarabhaṅga, the master, there is no one else in this world or the god-world that can answer these questions: I will ask him these questions. These three kings have come to the banks of Godhāvarī to make inquiry of Sarabhaṅga, the master. I will also consult him about the questions they ask." And, accompanied by deities from two of the god-worlds, he descended from heaven. That very day Kisavaccha died, and to celebrate his obsequies, innumerable bands of ascetics, who dwelt in four different places, raised a pile of sandal-wood and burned his body, and in a space of half a league round about the place of his burning there fell a shower of celestial flowers. The Great Being, after seeing to the depositing of his remains, entered the hermitage and, attended by these bands of ascetics, sat down. When the kings arrived on the banks of the river there was a sound of martial music. The Great Being, on hearing it, addressed the ascetic Anusiṣa and said, "Go and learn what this music means"; and taking a bowl of drinking-water, he went there, and seeing these kings, he uttered this first stanza in the form of a question:

Beringed and gallantly arrayed,  
All girt with jewel-hilted blade,  
Halt ye, great chiefs, and straight declare  
What name 'midst world of men ye bear?

[137] Hearing his words, they alighted from the chariot and stood saluting him. Amongst them king Atṭhaka, falling into talk with him, spoke the second stanza:

Bhīmaratha, Kalinga famed,  
And Atṭhaka—thus are we named—  
To look on saints of life austere  
And question them, are we come here.

Then the ascetic said to them, "Well, sire, ye have reached the place where ye would fain be: therefore, after bathing take a rest, and entering the hermitage, pay your respects to the band of ascetics, and put your question to the master"; and thus, holding friendly converse with them, he tossed up the jar of water<sup>1</sup> and wiping up the drops that fell he looked up to the sky and beheld Sakka, the lord of heaven, surrounded by a company of gods, and descending from heaven, mounted on the back of Erāvaṇa<sup>2</sup>, and conversing with him, he repeated the third stanza:

Thou<sup>3</sup> in mid-heaven art fixed on high  
Like full-orbed moon that gilds the sky,  
I ask thee, mighty spirit, say  
How art thou known on Earth, I pray.

<sup>1</sup> In the old Bengali poem, *Chandī*, a jar of water is amongst the good omens seen by the hero Chandraketu when starting on a journey. See note by Professor Cowell in his translation of the *Sarva-darśana-samgraha*, p. 237.

<sup>2</sup> Indra's elephant.

<sup>3</sup> The third person with nominative *bhavam* understood seems to be used here for the second person.

On hearing this, Sakka repeated the fourth stanza :

Sujampati in heaven proclaimed  
As Maghavā on Earth is named ;  
This king of gods to-day comes here  
To see these saints of life austere.

[138] Then Anusissa said to him : “ Well, sire, do you follow us ” ; and taking the drinking-vessel, he entered the hermitage, and after putting away the jar of water, he announced to the Great Being that the three kings and the lord of heaven had arrived to ask him certain questions. Surrounded by a band of ascetics, Sarabhaṅga sat in a large, wide enclosed space. The three kings came, and, saluting the band of ascetics, sat down on one side. And Sakka, descending from the sky, approached the ascetics, and saluting them with folded hands, and singing their praises, repeated the fifth stanza :

Wide known to fame this saintly band,  
With mighty powers at their command :  
I gladly bid you hail : in worth  
Ye far surpass the best on earth.

Thus did Sakka salute the band of ascetics, and guarding against the six faults in sitting, he sat apart. Then Anusissa, on seeing him seated to leeward of the ascetics, spoke the sixth stanza :

The person of an aged saint  
Is rank, the very air to taint.  
Great Sakka, beat a quick retreat  
From saintly odours, none too sweet.

[139] On hearing this, Sakka repeated another stanza :

Though aged saints offend the nose  
And taint the sweetest air that blows :  
Gay flowerets' fragrant wreath above  
This odour of the saints we love ;  
In gods it may no loathing move.

And having so spoken, he added, “ Reverend Anusissa, I have made a great effort to come here and ask a question : give me leave to do so.” And on hearing Sakka's words Anusissa rose from his seat, and granting him permission, he repeated a couple of stanzas to the company of ascetics :

Famed Maghavā, Sujampati  
—Almsgiver, lord of sprites is he—  
Queller of demons, heavenly king,  
Craves leave to put his questioning.  
Who of the sages that are here  
Will make their subtle questions clear  
For three who over men hold sway,  
And Sakka whom the gods obey ?

[140] On hearing this the company of ascetics said, “ Reverend Anusissa, you speak as though you saw not the earth on which you



stand: except our teacher Sarabhaṅga, who else is competent to answer these questions?" and so saying, they repeated a stanza:

'Tis Sarabhaṅga, sage and saint,  
So chaste and free from lustful taint,  
The teacher's son, well disciplined,  
Solution of their doubts will find.

And so saying, the company of ascetics thus addressed Anusissa: "Sir, do you salute the teacher in the name of the company of saints and find an opportunity to tell him of the question proposed by Sakka." He readily assented and, finding his opportunity, repeated another stanza:

The holy men, Kondañña<sup>1</sup>, pray  
That thou wouldst clear their doubts away;  
This burden lies, as mortals hold,  
On men in years and wisdom old.

Then the Great Being, giving his consent, repeated the following stanza:

I give you leave to ask whate'er  
Ye most at heart are fain to hear;  
I know both this world and the next;  
No question leaves my mind perplex.

[141] Sakka, having thus obtained his permission, put a question which he had himself prepared:

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Sakka, to cities bountiful, that sees the Truth of things,  
To learn what he was fain to know, began his questionings.

What is it one may slay outright and never more repent?  
What is it one may throw away, with all good men's consent?  
From whom should one put up with speech, however harsh it be?  
This is the thing that I would have Kondañña tell to me.

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Then explaining the question, he said:

Anger is what a man may slay and never more repent;  
Hypocrisy he throws away with all good men's consent;  
From all he should put up with speech, however harsh it be,  
This form of patience, wise men say, is highest in degree.

Rude speech from two one might with patience hear,  
From one's superior, or from a peer,  
But how to bear from meaner folk rude speech  
Is what I fain would have Kondañña teach.

Rude speech from betters one may take through fear  
Or, to avoid a quarrel, from a peer,  
[142] But from the mean to put up with rude speech  
Is perfect patience, as the sages teach.

Verses such as these one must understand to be connected in the way of question and answer.

<sup>1</sup> This, the scholiast explains, is the family name of Sarabhaṅga.

When he had thus spoken, Sakka said to the Great Being, "Holy sir, in the first instance you said, 'Put up with harsh speech from all; this, men say, is the highest form of patience,' but now you say, 'Put up here with the speech of an inferior; this, men say, is the highest form of patience'; this latter saying does not agree with your former one." Then the Great Being said to him, "Sakka, this last utterance of mine is in respect of one who puts up with harsh speech, because he knows the speaker to be his inferior, but what I said first was because one cannot by merely looking on the outward form of people know for certain their condition, whether superior to oneself or not," and to make it clear how difficult it is by merely regarding the outward form to distinguish the condition of persons, whether inferior or not, except by means of close intercourse, he spoke this stanza:

How hard it is to judge a man that's polished in exterior  
 Be he one's better, equal or, it may be, one's inferior.  
 The best of men pass through the world oft-times in meanest form disguised;  
 So then bear with rough speech from all, if thou, my friend, be well advised.

On hearing this Sakka full of faith begged him, saying, "Holy sir, declare to us the blessing to be found in this patience," and the Great Being repeated this stanza:

No royal force, however vast its might,  
 Can win so great advantage in a fight  
 [143] As the good man by patience may secure:  
 Strong patience is of fiercest feuds the cure.

When the Great Being had thus expounded the virtues of patience, the kings thought, "Sakka asks his own question; he will not allow us an opportunity of putting ours." So seeing what their wish was he laid aside the four questions he had himself prepared and propounding their doubts he repeated this stanza:

Thy words are grateful to mine ear,  
 But one thing more I fain would hear;  
 Tell us the fate of Daṇḍaki  
 And of his fellow-sinners three,  
 Destined to suffer what re-birth  
 For harassing the saints on earth.

Then the Great Being, answering his question, repeated five stanzas:

Uprooted, realm and all, erewhile  
 Who Kisavaccha did defile,  
 O'erwhelmed with fiery embers, see,  
 In Kukkula lies Daṇḍaki.  
 Who made him sport of priest and saint  
 And preacher, free from sinful taint,  
 This Nālikira trembling fell  
 Into the jaws of dogs in hell.  
 So Ajjuna, who slew outright  
 That holy, chaste, long-suffering wight,  
 [144] Aṅgīrasa, was headlong hurled  
 To tortures in a suffering world.



Who once a sinless saint did maim  
 —Preacher of Patience was his name—  
 Kalābu now doth scorch in hell,  
 Midst anguish sore and terrible.

The man of wisdom that hears tell  
 Of tales like these or worse of hell,  
 Ne'er against priest or brahmin sins  
 And heaven by his right action wins.

[146] When the Great Being had thus pointed out the places in which the four kings were re-born, the three kings were freed from all doubt. Then Sakka in propounding his remaining four questions recited this stanza :

Thy words are grateful to mine ear,  
 But one thing more I fain would hear :  
 Whom does the world as 'moral' name,  
 And whom does it as 'wise' proclaim?  
 Whom does the world for 'pious' take,  
 And whom does Fortune ne'er forsake?

Then in answering him the Great Being repeated four stanzas :

Whoso in act and word shows self-restraint,  
 And e'en in thought is free from sinful taint,  
 Nor lies to serve his own base ends—the same  
 All men as 'moral' evermore proclaim.

He who revolves deep questions in his mind  
 Yet perpetrates nought cruel or unkind,  
 Prompt with good word in season to advise,  
 That man by all is rightly counted wise.

Who grateful is for kindness once received,  
 And sorrow's need has carefully relieved,  
 Has proved himself a good and steadfast friend—  
 Him all men as a pious soul commend.

The man with every gift at his command,  
 True, tender, free and bountiful of hand,  
 Heart-winning, gracious, smooth of tongue withal—  
 Fortune from such an one will never fall.

[148] Thus did the Great Being, like as if he were causing the moon to arise in the sky, answer the four questions. Then followed the asking of the other questions and their answers.

Thy kindly words fall grateful on mine ear,  
 But one thing further I am fain to hear :  
 Virtue, fair fortune, goodness, wisdom—say  
 Which of all these do men call best, I pray.

Wisdom good men declare is best by far,  
 E'en as the moon eclipses every star ;  
 Virtue, fair fortune, goodness, it is plain,  
 All duly follow in the wise man's train.

Thy kindly words fall grateful on mine ear,  
 But one thing further I am fain to hear :  
 To gain this wisdom what is one to do,  
 What line of action or what course pursue?  
 Tell us what way the path of wisdom lies  
 And by what acts a mortal groweth wise.

With clever, old, and learned men consort,  
 Wisdom from them by questioning extort :  
 Their goodly counsels one should hear and prize,  
 For thus it is a mortal man grows wise.

The sage regards the lust of things of sense  
 In view of sickness, pain, impermanence ;  
 Midst sorrows, lust, and terrors that appal,  
 Calm and unmoved the sage ignores them all.

Thus would he conquer sin, from passion free,  
 And cultivate a boundless charity ;  
 To every living creature mercy show,  
 And, blameless soul, to world of Brahma go.

[149] While the Great Being was thus still speaking of the sins of sensual desires, these three kings together with their armies got rid of the passion of sensual pleasure by means of the opposite quality. And the Great Being, becoming aware of this, by way of praising them recited this stanza :

Bhīmaratha by power of magic came  
 With thee, O Atthaka, and one to fame  
 As king Kaliṅga known, and now all three,  
 Once slaves to sensuality, are free.

[150] On hearing this, the mighty kings singing the praises of the Great Being recited this stanza :

'Tis so, thou reader of men's thoughts : all three  
 Of us from sensuality are free,  
 Grant us the boon for which we are right fain,  
 That to thy happy state we may attain.

Then the Great Being, granting them this favour, repeated another stanza :

I grant<sup>1</sup> the boon that ye would have of me,  
 The more that ye from sensual vice are free :  
 So may ye thrill with boundless joy to gain  
 That happy state to which ye would attain.

On hearing this they, signifying assent, repeated this stanza :

We will do everything at thy behest,  
 Whate'er thou in thy wisdom deemst the best ;  
 So will we thrill with boundless joy to gain  
 That happy state to which we would attain.

Then did the Great Being grant holy orders to their armies and dismissing the band of ascetics repeated this stanza :

Due honour lo ! to Kisavaccha came ;  
 So now depart, ye saints of goodly fame,  
 In ecstasy delighting calmly rest ;  
 This joy of holiness is far the best.

[151] The saints, assenting to his words by bowing to him, flew up into the air and departed to their own places of abode. And Sakka rising

<sup>1</sup> Reading *karomi* for *karohi*.



from his seat and raising his folded hands and making obeisance to the Great Being, as though he were worshipping the sun, departed together with his company.

The Master on seeing this repeated these stanzas:—

Hearing these strains that Highest Truth did teach  
Set forth by holy sage in goodly speech,  
The glorious Beings to their heavenly home  
Once more with joy and gratitude did come.

The holy sage's strains strike on the ear  
Pregnant with meaning and in accents clear;  
Who gives good heed and concentrates<sup>1</sup> his mind  
Upon their special thought will surely find  
The path to every stage of ecstasy,  
And from the range of tyrant Death is free.

Thus did the Master bring his teaching to a climax in Arhatship and saying, "Not now only, but formerly also, there was a rain of flowers at the burning of the body of Mogallāna," he revealed the Truths and identified the Birth: "Sālissara was Sāriputta, Meṇḍissara was Kassapa, Pabbata Anuruddha, Devala Kaccāyana, Anusissa was Ānanda, Kisavaccha Kolita, Sarabhaṅga the Bodhisatta: thus are ye to understand the Birth."

## No. 523.

### ALAMBUSĀ-JĀTAKA.

[152] "*Then mighty Indra,*" etc. This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told about the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. The subject-matter of the tale is related in full in the Indriya Birth<sup>2</sup>. Now the Master asked the Brother, "Is it true, Brother, that you were rendered discontented?" "It is true, Reverend Sir." "By whom?" "By my wife of former days." "Brother," he said, "this woman wrought mischief for you: it was owing to her that you fell away from mystic meditation, and lay for three years in a lost and distracted condition, and on the recovery of your senses you uttered a great lamentation," and so saying he told him a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadata in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a brahmin family in the kingdom of Kāsi, and when of age he became proficient in all liberal arts, and adopting the ascetic life he lived on wild berries and roots in a forest home. Now a certain doe in the brahmin's mingeing-place ate grass and drank water mingled with his semen, and was so much enamoured of him that she became pregnant and henceforth ever resorted to the spot near the hermitage. The Great Being examining into the matter learned the facts of the case. By and bye the doe gave birth to a man child, and the Great

<sup>1</sup> *atthikaroti*, 'to realise,' 'understand.' R. Morris, P. T. S. J. 1886, p. 107.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. III. No. 423.

Being watched over it with a father's affection. And his name was Isisiṅga<sup>1</sup>. And when the lad reached years of discretion, he admitted him to holy orders, and when he himself grew an old man, he repaired with him to the Nāri grove and thus admonished him, "My dear boy, in this Himalaya country are women as fair as these flowers: they bring utter destruction on all that fall into their power: you must not come under their sway." And shortly afterwards he became destined to birth in the Brahma world. But Isisiṅga, indulging in mystic meditation, made his dwelling in the Himalaya region, a grim ascetic, with all his senses mortified. So by the power of his virtue the abode of Sakka was shaken. Sakka, on reflection, discovered the cause and thinking, "This fellow will bring me down from my position as Sakka, I will send a heavenly nymph to make a breach in his virtue," and after examining the whole angel world, amongst twenty-five millions of handmaids, save and except the nymph Alambusā, he found no other that was equal to the task. So summoning her, he bade her bring about the destruction of the saint's virtue.

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[153] The Master, in explanation of this matter, uttered this stanza :

Then mighty Indra, lord of lords, the god that Vatra slew,  
Unto his hall the nymph did call, for well her wiles he knew.  
And 'Fair Alambusā,' he cried, 'the angel host above  
To Isisiṅga bid thee go, to tempt him with thy love.'

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Sakka ordered Alambusā, saying, "Go and draw nigh to Isisiṅga, and bringing him under your power destroy his virtue," and he uttered these words :

Go, Temptress, ever dog his steps, for holy sage is he,  
And, seeking ever highest bliss, still triumphs over me.

On hearing this Alambusā repeated a couple of stanzas :

Why, king of gods, of all the nymphs regardst thou me alone,  
And bidst me tempt the saintly man that menaces thy throne?  
In happy grove of Nandana is many a nymph divine,  
To one of them—it is their turn—the hateful task assign.

[154] Then Sakka repeated three stanzas :

Thou speakest sooth ; in happy grove of Nandana, I ween,  
May many a nymph, to rival thee in loveliness, be seen.  
But none like thee, O peerless maid, with all a woman's wile  
This holy man in folly's ways so practised to beguile.  
Then queen of women as thou art, go, lovely nymph, thy way  
And by the power of beauty force the saint to own thy sway.

<sup>1</sup> *Rāmāyaṇa* 1. 9. The story of Rishyaśṛiṅga ; and *Barlaam and Josaphat* ed. by J. Jacobs.



On hearing this Alambusā repeated two stanzas :

I will not fail, O angel-king, to go at thy behest,  
But still with fear this sage austere I venture to molest.  
For many a one, poor fool, has gone (I shudder at the thought)  
In hell to rue the suffering due to wrongs on saints he wrought.

This said, Alambusā, fair nymph, departed with all speed,  
Famed Isisiṅga to entice to some unholy deed.

[155] Into the grove for half a league with berries red so bright,  
The grove where Isisiṅga dwelt, she vanished out of sight.

At break of day, ere yet the sun was scarce astir on high,  
To Isisiṅga, sweeping out his cell, the nymph drew nigh.

These stanzas owed their inspiration to Perfect Wisdom.

Then the ascetic questioned her and said :

Who art thou, like to lightning flash, or bright as morning star,  
With ears and hands bedecked with gems that sparkle from afar?

Fragrant as golden sandal-wood, in brightness like the sun,  
A slim and winsome maid art thou, right fair to look upon.

So soft and pure, with slender waist and firmly springing gait,  
Thy movements are so full of grace, my heart they captivate.

Thy thighs, like trunk of elephant, are finely tapering found,  
Thy buttocks soft to touch and like to any dice-board round.

With down like lotus filaments thy navel marked, I ween,  
As though with black collyrium 'twere charged, from far is seen.

Twin milky breasts, like pumpkins halved, their swelling globes display,  
Firm set, although without a stalk all unsupported they.

Thy lips are red as is thy tongue, and, O auspicious sign,  
Thy neck long as the antelope's is marked with triple line<sup>1</sup>.

[156] Thy teeth brushed with a piece of wood, kept ever clean and bright,  
Gleam in thy top and lower jaw with flash of purest white.

Thy eyes are long and large of shape, a lovely sight to view,  
Like guñjā berries black, marked out with lines of reddish hue.

Thy tresses smooth, not over long and bound in neatest coil,  
Are tipped with gold and perfumed with the finest sandal oil.

Of all that live by merchandise, by herds or by the plough,  
Of all the mighty saints that live true to ascetic vow—

Amongst them all in this wide world thy peer I may not see,  
Then what thy name and who thy sire, we fain would learn from thee.

[157] While the ascetic thus sang the praises of Alambusā, from  
her feet to the hair of her head, she remained silent, and from his  
long drawn out speech observing how disturbed was his state of mind  
she repeated this stanza :

Heaven bless thee, Kassapa<sup>2</sup>, my friend, the time is past and gone  
For idle questions such as these—for are we not alone?—  
Come let us in thy hermitage embracing haste to prove  
The thousand joys well known to all the votaries of love.

<sup>1</sup> *kambugiva*: three folds on the neck, like shell-spirals, were a token of luck,  
*Jātaka* iv. 130.

<sup>2</sup> Kassapa was the family name of Isisiṅga.

So saying Alambusā thought, "If I stand still, he will not come within reach of me ; I will make as if I were running away," and with all the cunning of a woman's wiles she shook the purpose of the ascetic, as she fled in the direction from which she had approached him.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza :

This said, Alambusā, fair nymph, departed with all speed,  
Famed Isisinga to entice to some unholy deed.

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[158] Then the ascetic, on seeing her depart, cried, "She is off," and by a swift movement on his part he intercepted her as she was slowly making off and with his hand seized her by the hair of her head.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

To check her flight, the holy man with motion swift as air  
In hot pursuit o'ertook the nymph and held her by the hair.  
Just where he stood the lovely maid embraced him in her arms,  
And straight his virtue fell before the magic of her charms.  
In thought she flew to Indra's throne in Nandana afar ;  
The god at once divined her wish and sent a golden car,  
With trappings spread and all adorned with manifold array :  
And there the saint lay in her arms for many a long day.  
Three years passed o'er his head as though it were a moment's space,  
Until at last the holy man woke up from her embrace.  
Green trees he saw on every side ; an altar stood hard by,  
And verdant groves re-echoing to the loud cuckoo cry.  
He looked around and weeping sore he shed a bitter tear ;  
I make no offering, raise no hymn ; no sacrifice is here.  
Dwelling within this forest lone, who can my tempter be ?  
Who by foul practice has o'ercome all sense of right in me,  
E'en as a ship with precious freight is swallowed in the sea ?'

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[159] On hearing this Alambusā thought : "Should I not tell him, he will curse me ; verily, I will tell him," and standing by him in a visible form she repeated this stanza :

Sent by king Sakka, here I stand  
A willing slave at thy command ;  
Though far too careless to know this,  
'Twas thought of me that marred thy bliss.

On hearing her words he called to mind his father's admonition, and lamenting how he was utterly ruined by disobeying the words of his father he repeated four stanzas :

Thus would kind Kassapa, my sire,  
With prudence heedless youth inspire :  
'Women are fair as lotus flower,  
Beware, good youth, their subtle power.



Of woman's budding charms beware,  
 Beware the danger that lurks there.'  
 'Twas thus my sire, by pity moved,  
 Would fain have warned the son he loved.

[160] My wise old father's words, alas!  
 Unheeded I allowed to pass,  
 And so alone, in sore distress  
 I haunt to-day this wilderness.

Accursed be the life of old,  
 Henceforth I'll do as I am told.  
 Far better death itself to face,  
 Than be again in such a case.

So he forsook sensual desire and entered upon mystic meditation. Then Alambusā, seeing his virtue as an ascetic and aware that he had attained to a state of ecstasy, became terrified and asked his forgiveness.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated two stanzas :

Alambusā no sooner knew  
 His steadfast power and courage true  
 Than bending low, the sage to greet,  
 The nymph straightway embraced his feet.

'O saint, all anger lay aside,  
 A mighty work I wrought,' she cried,  
 'When heaven itself and gods of fame  
 Trembled with fear to hear thy name.'

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Then he let her go, saying, "I pardon thee, fair lady ; go, as thou wilt." And he repeated a stanza :

My blessing on the Thirty-three  
 And Vāsava, their lord, and thee :  
 Depart, fair maid, for thou art free.

Saluting him she departed to the abode of the gods in that same golden car.

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[161] The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated three stanzas :

Embracing then the sage's feet and circling to the right,  
 With hands in suppliant attitude, she vanished from his sight,

And mounting on the golden car, with trappings rich o'erspread,  
 All splendidly caparisoned, to heavenly heights she sped.

Like blazing torch or lightning flash, she passed athwart the sky,  
 And Sakka, glad at heart, exclaimed, 'No boon can I deny.'

Receiving a boon from him she repeated the concluding stanza :

If Sakka, lord of sprites, thou wouldst my heart's desire allow,  
Let me ne'er tempt a saint again to violate his vow.

The Master here ended his lesson to that Brother and revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths that Brother was established in the Fruit of the First Path—"At that time Alambusā was the wife of his unregenerate days, Isisinga was the back-sliding Brother, and the great saint his father was myself."

## No. 524.

### SAMKHA-PĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*Of comely presence,*" etc. This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, with regard to the duties of holy days. Now on this occasion the Master, expressing approval of certain lay folk who kept holy days, said: "Wise men of old, giving up the great glory of the Nāga world, observed holy days," and at their request he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king of Magadha ruled in Rājagaha. At that time the Bodhisatta was born as the son of this king's chief consort, and they gave him the name of Duyyodhana. On coming of age he acquired the liberal arts at Takkasilā and returned home to see his father. And his father installed him in the kingdom [162] and adopting the religious life took up his abode in the park. Thrice a day did the Bodhisatta come to visit his father who thereby received great profit and honour. Owing to this hindrance he failed to perform even the preparatory rites that lead to mystic meditation and he thought, "I am receiving great profit and honour: so long as I live here, it will be impossible for me to destroy this lust of mine. Without saying a word to my son, I will depart elsewhere." So not telling a creature he left the park and passing beyond the borders of the realm of Magadha he built him a hut of leaves in the Mahimsaka kingdom, near Mount Candaka, in a bend of the river Kaṇṇapennā, where it issues out of the lake Saṃkha-pāla. There he took up his abode and performing the preparatory rites he developed the faculty of mystic meditation and subsisted on whatever he could pick up. A king of the Nāgas, Saṃkha-pāla by name, issuing forth from the Kaṇṇapennā river with a numerous company of snakes from time to time would visit the ascetic, and



he instructed the Nāga king in the Law. Now the son was anxious to see his father and being ignorant as to where he had gone, he set on foot an inquiry, and on finding out that he was dwelling in such and such a place he repaired thither with a large retinue to see him. Having halted a short distance off, accompanied by a few courtiers he set out in the direction of the hermitage. At this moment Saṃkhapāla with a large following sat listening to the Law, but on seeing the king approaching he rose up and with a salutation to the sage he took his departure. The king saluted his father and after the usual courtesies had been exchanged he inquired, saying, "Reverend sir, what king is this that has been to see you?" "Dear son, he is Saṃkhapāla, the Nāga king." The son by reason of the great magnificence of the Nāga conceived a longing for the Nāga world. Staying there a few days he furnished his father with a constant supply of food, and then returned to his own city. There he had an alms-hall erected at the four city gates, and by his alms-giving he made a stir throughout all India, and in aspiring to the Nāga world he ever kept the moral law and observed the duty of holy days, and at the end of his life he was re-born in the Nāga world as king Saṃkhapāla. [163] In course of time he grew sick of this magnificence and from that day desiring to be born as a man he kept the holy days, but dwelling as he did in the Nāga world his observance of them was not a success and he deteriorated in morals. From that day he left the Nāga world and not far from the river Kaṇṇapennā, coiled round an ant-hill between the high road and a narrow path, he there resolved to keep the holy day and took upon himself the moral law. And saying "Let those that want my skin or want my skin and flesh, let them, I say, take it all," and thus sacrificing himself by way of charity he lay on the top of the ant-hill and, stopping there on the fourteenth and fifteenth of the half-month, on the first day of each fortnight he returned to the Nāga world. So one day when he lay there, having taken upon himself the obligation of the moral law, a party of sixteen men who lived in a neighbouring village, being minded to eat flesh, roamed about in the forest with weapons in their hands and when they returned without finding anything, they saw him lying on the ant-hill and thinking, "To-day we have not caught so much as a young lizard, we will kill and eat this snake-king," but fearing that on account of his great size, even if they caught him, he would escape from them, they thought they would pierce him with stakes just as he lay there coiled up, and after thus disabling him, effect his capture. So taking stakes in their hands they drew nigh to him. And the Bodhisatta caused his body to become as big as a trough-shaped canoe, and looked very beautiful, like a jasmine wreath deposited on the ground, with eyes like the fruit of the guñjā shrub and a head like a jayasumana<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Pentapetes Phoenicea*.

flower and at the sound of the foot-steps of these sixteen men, drawing out his head from his coils, and opening his fiery eyes, he beheld them coming with stakes in their hands and thought, "To-day my desire will be fulfilled as I lie here, I will be firm in my resolution and yield myself up to them as a sacrifice, and when they strike me with their javelins and cover me with wounds, I will not open my eyes and regard them with anger." And conceiving this firm resolve through fear of breaking the moral law, [164] he tucked his head into his hood and lay down. Then coming up to him they seized him by the tail and dragged him along the ground. Again dropping him they wounded him in eight different places with sharp stakes and thrusting black bamboo sticks, thorns and all, into his open wounds, so proceeded on their way, carrying him with them by means of strings in the eight several places. The Great Being from the moment of his being wounded by the stakes never once opened his eyes nor regarded the men with anger, but as he was being dragged along by means of the eight sticks his head hung down and struck the ground. So when they found that his head was drooping, they laid him down on the high road and piercing his nostrils with a slender stake they held up his head and inserted a cord, and after fastening it at the end they once more raised his head and set out on their way. At this moment a landowner named Alāra, who dwelt in the city of Mithila in the kingdom of Videha, seated in a comfortable carriage was journeying with five hundred wagons, and seeing these lewd fellows on their way with the Bodhisatta, he gave all sixteen of them, together with an ox apiece, a handful of golden coins to each, and to all of them outer and inner garments, and to their wives ornaments to wear, and so got them to release him. The Bodhisatta returned to the Nāga palace and without any delay, issuing forth with a great retinue, he approached Alāra, and after singing the praises of the Nāga palace he took him with him and returned thither. Then he bestowed great honour on him together with three hundred Nāga maidens and satisfied him with heavenly delights. Alāra dwelt a whole year in the Nāga palace in the enjoyment of heavenly pleasures, and then saying to the Nāga king, "My friend, I wish to become an ascetic," and taking with him everything requisite for the ascetic life he left the abode of the Nāgas for the Himalaya region and taking orders dwelt there for a long time. By and bye he went on a pilgrimage and came to Benares where he took up his abode in the king's park. Next day he entered the city for alms and made his way to the door of the king's house. The king of Benares on seeing him was so charmed with his deportment that he called him to his presence, seated him on a special seat assigned to him and served him with a variety of dainty food. [165] Then seated on a low seat the king saluted him and conversing with him gave utterance to the first stanza:



Of comely presence and of gracious mien,  
 A scion thou of noble rank, I ween ;  
 Why then renounce earth's joys and worldly gear  
 To adopt the hermit's robe and rule severe ?

In what follows the connexion of the stanzas is to be understood in the way of alternate speeches by the ascetic and the king.

O lord of men, I well remembering  
 The abode of that almighty Nāga king,  
 Saw the rich fruit that springs from holiness,  
 And straight believing donned the priestly dress.

Nor fear nor lust nor hate itself may make  
 A holy man the words of truth forsake :  
 Tell me the thing that I am fain to know,  
 And faith and peace within my heart will grow.

O king, on trading venture was I bound  
 When these lewd wretches in my path were found,  
 A full-grown snake in captive chains was led,  
 And home in triumph joyously they sped.

As I came up with them, O king, I cried,  
 —Amazed I was and greatly terrified—  
 'Where are ye dragging, sirs, this monster grim,  
 And what, lewd fellows, will ye do with him ?'

[166] 'This full-grown snake that ye see fettered thus  
 With its huge frame will furnish food to us.  
 Than this, Alāra, thou couldst hardly wish  
 To taste a better or more savoury dish.'

'Hence to our home we'll fly and in a trice  
 Each with his knife cut off a dainty slice  
 And gladly eat his flesh, for, as you know,  
 Snakes ever find in us a deadly foe.'

'If this huge snake, late captured in the wood,  
 Is being dragged along to serve as food,  
 To each an ox I offer, one apiece,  
 Should you this serpent from his chains release.'

'Beef has for us a pleasant sound, I vow,  
 On snake's flesh we have fed full oft ere now,  
 Thy bidding, O Alāra, we will do ;  
 Henceforth let friendship reign betwixt us two.'

Then they released him from the cord that passed  
 Right through his nose and knotted held him fast,  
 The serpent-king set free from durance vile  
 Turned him towards the east, then paused awhile,  
 And facing still the east, prepared to fly,  
 Looked back upon me with a tearful eye,  
 While I pursuing him upon his way  
 Stretched forth clasped hands, as one about to pray.

'Speed thou, my friend, like one in haste that goes,  
 Lest once again thou fall amongst thy foes,  
 Of such like ruffians shun the very sight,  
 Or thou mayst suffer to thine own despite.'

Then to a charming limpid pool he sped  
 —Canes and rose apples both its banks o'erspread—

[167] Right glad at heart, no further fear he knew,  
 But plunged in azure depths was lost to view.

No sooner vanished had the snake, than he  
 Revealed full clearly his divinity,  
 In kindly acts he played a filial part,  
 And with his grateful speeches touched my heart.

‘Thou dearer than my parents didst restore  
 My life, true friend e’en to thy inmost core,  
 Through thee my former bliss has been regained,  
 Then come, Alāra, see where once I reigned,  
 A dwelling stored with food, like Indra’s town  
 Masakkasāra, place of high renown.’

[168] The serpent-king, sire, after he had spoken these words, still further singing the praises of his dwelling place, repeated a couple of stanzas :

What charming spots in my domain are seen,  
 Soft to the tread and clothed in evergreen !  
 Nor dust nor gravel in our path we find,  
 And there do happy souls leave grief behind.

Midst level courts that sapphire walls surround  
 Fair mango groves on every side abound,  
 Whereon ripe clusters of rich fruit appear  
 Through all the changing seasons of the year.

[169] Amidst these groves a fabric wrought of gold  
 And fixed with silver bolts thou mayst behold,  
 A dwelling bright in splendour, to outvie  
 The lightning flash that gleams athwart the sky.

Fashioned with gems and gold, divinely fair,  
 And decked with paintings manifold and rare,  
 ’Tis thronged with nymphs magnificently dressed,  
 All wearing golden chains upon their breast.

Then in hot haste did Saṁkhapāla climb  
 The terraced height, on which in power sublime  
 Uplifted on a thousand piers was seen  
 The palace of his wedded wife and queen.

Quickly anon one of that maiden band  
 Bearing a precious jewel in her hand,  
 A turquoise rare with magic power replete,  
 And all unbidden offered me a seat.

The snake then grasped my arm and led me where  
 There stood a noble and right royal chair,  
 Pray, let your Honour sit here by my side,  
 As parent dear to me art thou,’ he cried.

A second nymph then quick at his command  
 Came with a bowl of water in her hand,  
 And bathed my feet, kind service tendering  
 As did the queen for her dear lord the king.

[170] Then yet another maiden in a trice  
 Served in a golden dish some curried rice,  
 Flavoured with many a sauce, that haply might  
 With dainty cravings tempt the appetite.

With strains of music then—for such they knew  
 Was their lord’s wish—they fain were to subdue  
 My will, nor did the king himself e’er fail  
 My soul with heavenly longings to assail.



Drawing nigh to me he thus repeated another stanza :

Three hundred wives, Alāra, here have I,  
Slim-waisted all, in beauty they outvie  
The lotus flower. Behold, they only live  
To do thy will : accept the boon I give.

Alāra said :

[171] One year with heavenly pleasures was I blest  
When to the king this question I addressed,  
'How, Nāga, is this palace fair thy home,  
And how to be thy portion did it come?  
Was this fair place by accident attained,  
Wrought by thyself, or gift from angels gained?  
I ask thee, Nāga king, the truth to tell,  
How didst thou come in this fair place to dwell?'

Then followed stanzas uttered by the two<sup>1</sup> alternately :

'Twas by no chance or natural law attained,  
Not wrought by me, no boon from angels gained ;  
But to my own good actions, thou must know,  
And to my merits these fair halls I owe.

What holy vow, what life so chaste and pure  
What store of merit could such bliss secure?  
Tell me, O serpent-king, for I am fain  
To know how this fair mansion thou couldst gain.

I once was king of Magadha, my name  
Duyyodhana, a prince of mighty fame :  
[172] I held my life as vile and insecure,  
Without all power in ripeness to mature.

I meat and drink religiously supplied,  
And alms bestowed on all, both far and wide,  
My house was like an inn, where all that came,  
Sages and saints, refreshed their weary frame.

Bound by such vows, such was the life I passed,  
And such the store of merit I amassed,  
Whereby this mansion was at length attained,  
And food and drink in ample measure gained.

This life, however bright for many a day  
With dance and song, yet lasted not for aye,  
Weak creatures harry thee for all thy might  
And feeble beings put the strong to flight.  
Why, armed to the teeth in such unequal fray,  
To those vile beggars shouldst thou fall a prey?

By what o'ermastering dread wert thou undone?  
Where had the virus of thy poison gone?  
Why, armed to the teeth and powerful as thou wert,  
From such poor creatures didst thou suffer hurt?

By no o'ermastering dread was I undone,  
Nor could my powers be crushed by any one.  
The worth of goodness is by all confessed ;  
Its bounds, like the sea shore, are ne'er transgressed.

<sup>1</sup> The two interlocutors are the Nāga king and Alāra.

Two times each moon I kept a holy day ;  
 'Twas then, Alāra, that there crossed my way  
 Twice eight lewd fellows, bearing in their hand  
 A rope and knotted noose of finest strand.

- [173] The ruffians pierced my nose, and through the slit  
 Passing the cord, dragged me along by it.  
 Such pain I had to bear—ah ! cruel fate—  
 For holding holy days inviolate.

Seeing in that lone path, stretched at full length,  
 A thing of beauty and enormous strength,  
 'Why, wise and glorious one,' I cried, 'dost thou  
 Take on thyself this strict ascetic vow ?'

Neither for child nor wealth is my desire  
 Nor yet to length of days do I aspire ;  
 But midst the world of men I fain would live,  
 And to this end heroically strive.

With hair and beard well-trimmed, thy sturdy frame  
 Adorned with gorgeous robes, an eye of flame,  
 Bathed in red sandal oil thou seemst to shine  
 Afar, e'en as some minstrel king divine.

With heavenly gifts miraculously blest  
 And of whate'er thy heart may crave possessest,  
 I ask thee, serpent-king, the truth to tell,  
 Why dost thou in man's world prefer to dwell ?

Nowhere but in the world of men, I ween,  
 May purity and self-restraint be seen :  
 If only once midst men I draw my breath,  
 I'll put an end to further birth and death.

Ever supplied with bountiful good cheer,  
 With thee, O king, I've sojourned for a year,  
 Now must I say farewell and flee away,  
 Absent from home no longer can I stay.

- [174] My wife and children and our menial band  
 Are ever trained to wait at thy command :  
 No one, I trust, has offered thee a slight  
 For dear art thou, Alāra, to my sight.

Kind parents' presence fills a home with joy,  
 Yet more than they some fondly cherished boy :  
 But greatest bliss of all have I found here,  
 For thou, O king, hast ever held me dear.

I have a jewel rare with blood-red spot,  
 That brings great wealth to such as have it not.  
 Take it and go to thine own home, and when  
 Thou hast grown rich, pray, send it back again.

- [175] Alāra, having spoken these words proceeded as follows :  
 "Then, O sire, I addressed the serpent-king and said, 'I have no need  
 of riches, sir, but I am anxious to take orders,' [176] and having begged  
 for everything requisite for the ascetic life, I left the Nāga palace  
 together with the king, and after sending him back I entered the  
 Himalaya country and took orders." And after these words he delivered



a religious discourse to the king of Benares and repeated yet another couple of stanzas :

Desires of man are transient, nor can they  
The higher law of ripening change obey :  
Seeing what woes from sinful passion spring,  
Faith led me on to be ordained, O king.

Men fall like fruit, to perish straight away,  
All bodies, young and old alike, decay :  
In holy orders only find I rest,  
The true<sup>1</sup> and universal is the best.

[177] On hearing this the king repeated another stanza :

The wise and learned, such as meditate  
On mighty themes, we all should cultivate ;  
Hearkening, Alāra, to the snake and thee,  
Lo ! I perform all deeds of piety.

Then the ascetic, putting forth his strength, uttered a concluding stanza :

The wise and learned, such as meditate  
On mighty themes, we all should cultivate :  
Hearkening, O monarch, to the snake and me,  
Do thou perform all deeds of piety.

Thus did he give the king religious instruction, and after dwelling in the same spot four months of the rainy season he again returned to the Himalaya, and as long as he lived, cultivated the four Perfect States till he passed to the Brahma heaven, and Saṅkhapāla, so long as he lived, observed holy days, and the king, after a life spent in charity and other good works, fared according to his deeds.

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The Master at the end of this discourse identified the Birth : “At that time the father who became an ascetic was Kassapa, the king of Benares was Ānanda, Alāra was Sāriputta and Saṅkhapāla was myself.”

## No. 525.

### CULLA-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA.

“*Good friends,*” etc. This story the Master while residing at Jetavana told concerning the perfect exercise of self-abnegation. The introductory story corresponds with that of the Mahānārada-kassapa<sup>2</sup> Birth.

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Once upon a time what is now Benares was a city called Sudassana and in it dwelt king Brahmadata. His chief consort gave birth to the

<sup>1</sup> *apaṇṇaka*, cf. vol. i. p. 95, *Apaṇṇaka-Jātaka*.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. vi. No. 544.

Bodhisatta. His face was glorious as the full moon, and therefore he was named Somakumāra. When he arrived at years of discretion, owing to his fondness for Soma juice and his habit of pouring libations of it, men knew him as Sutasoma (Soma-distiller). When he was of age, he was instructed in the liberal arts at Takkasilā, and on his return home he was presented with a white umbrella by his father and ruled his kingdom righteously and owned a vast dominion, and he had sixteen thousand wives with Candadevī as chief consort. By and bye when he was blest with a numerous family, he grew discontented with domestic life and retired into a forest, desiring to embrace the ascetic rule. One day he summoned his barber and thus addressed him, "When you see a grey hair on my head, you are to tell me." The barber agreed to do so and by and bye he espied a grey hair and told him of it. The king said, "Then, sir barber, pull it out and place it in my hand." The barber plucked it out with a pair of golden tweezers and laid it in his hand. The Great Being, when he saw it, exclaimed, "My body is a prey to old age," and in a fright he took the grey hair and descending from the terrace [178] he seated himself on a throne placed in the sight of the people. Then he summoned eighty thousand councillors headed by his general and sixty thousand brahmins headed by his chaplain and many others of his subjects and citizens and said to them, "A grey hair has appeared on my head; I am an old man, and you are to know that I am become an ascetic," and he repeated the first stanza: .

Good friends and citizens assembled here,  
Hearken, my trusty counsellors, to me,  
Now that grey hairs upon my head appear,  
Henceforth it is my will a monk to be.

On hearing this each one of them in a fit of dejection repeated this stanza:

Such random<sup>1</sup> words as these in uttering  
Thou mak'st an arrow quiver in my heart:  
Remember thy seven hundred wives, O king;  
What will become of them, shouldst thou depart?

Then the Great Being spoke the third stanza:

Their sorrows soon another will console,  
For they are young in years and fair to see,  
But I am bent upon a heavenly goal  
And so right fain am I a monk to be.

His counsellors, being unable to answer the king, went to his mother and told her about it. She came in hot haste [179] and asking him, "Is this true what they say, dear son, that you long to be an ascetic?" she repeated two stanzas:

<sup>1</sup> *abhumma*, out of one's range or sphere, unfit, improper.



Ill-fated was the day, alas! that I  
 Was hailed as mother to a son like thee,  
 For heedless of my tears and bitter cry,  
 Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

Accursed was the day, alas! that I,  
 O Sutasoma dear, gave birth to thee,  
 For heedless of my tears and bitter cry,  
 Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

While his mother thus lamented, the Bodhisatta uttered not a word. She remained apart all by herself, weeping. Then they told his father. And he came and repeated a single stanza :

What is this Law that leads thee to become  
 Eager to quit thy kingdom and thy home?  
 With thy old parents left behind to dwell  
 Here all alone, seek'st thou a hermit's cell?

On hearing this the Great Being held his peace. Then his father said, "My dear Sutasoma, even though you have no affection for your parents, you have many young sons and daughters. They will not be able to live without you. At the very moment when they are grown up, will you become an ascetic?" and he repeated the seventh stanza :

[180] But thou hast many a child, I ween,  
 And all of tender years,  
 When thou no longer mayst be seen,  
 What sorrow will be theirs!

Hearing this the Great Being repeated a stanza :

Yes, I have many a child, I ween,  
 Of tender years are they,  
 With them full long though I have been,  
 I now must part for aye.

Thus did the Great Being declare the Law to his father. And when he heard his exposition of the Law, he held his peace. Then they told his seven hundred wives. And they, descending from the palace tower, came into his presence, and embracing his feet they made lamentation and repeated this stanza :

Thy heart in sorrow, sure, must break  
 Or pity is to thee unknown,  
 That thou canst holy orders take,  
 And leave us here to weep alone.

The Great Being, on hearing their lamentation as they threw themselves at his feet and cried aloud, repeated yet another stanza :

[181] My heart in sorrow may not break,  
 Though I feel pity for your pain,  
 But holy orders I must take,  
 That I may heavenly bliss attain.

Then they told his queen consort, and she being heavy with child, though her time was well nigh come, approached the Great Being and saluting him stood respectfully on one side and repeated three stanzas :

Ill-fated was the day, alas ! that I  
 O Sutasoma dear, espoused thee,  
 For heedless of my tears and bitter cry  
 Thou art resolved, O king, a monk to be.

Accursed was the day, alas ! that I  
 O Sutasoma dear, espoused thee,  
 For thou wouldst leave me in my throes to die,  
 Determined as thou art a monk to be.

The hour of my delivery is nigh,  
 And I would fain my lord should stay with me  
 Until my child is born, before that I  
 See the sad day that I am reft of thee.

Then the Great Being repeated a stanza :

The hour of thy delivery is nigh,  
 Until the babe is born, I'll stay with thee,  
 [182] Then will I leave the royal imp and fly  
 Far from the world a holy monk to be.

On hearing his words she was no longer able to control her grief, and holding her heart with both her hands, said, "Henceforth, my lord, our glory is no more." Then wiping away her tears she loudly lamented. The Great Being to console her repeated a stanza :

My queen, with eye like ebon flower,  
 Dear Candā, weep not thou for me,  
 But climb once more thy palace tower :  
 I go without one care for thee.

Being unable to bear his words she mounted the palace tower and sat there weeping. Then the Bodhisatta's elder son seeing it said, "Why does my mother sit here weeping?" and he repeated this stanza in the form of a question :

Who has annoyed thee, mother dear,  
 Why dost thou weep and stare at me?  
 Whom of my kin that I see here  
 Must I, all impious, slay for thee?

Then the queen uttered this stanza :

No harm, dear son, may touch his head,  
 Who lives to work such woe for me :  
 [183] For know it was thy sire who said,  
 'I go without one care for thee.'

Hearing her words he said, "Dear mother, what is this that you say? If this be so, we shall be helpless," and making lamentation he spoke this stanza :

I who once ranged the park to see  
 Wild elephants engage in fight,  
 If my dear sire a monk should be,  
 What should I do, poor luckless wight?

Then his younger brother who was seven years old, when he saw them both weeping, drew nigh to his mother and said, "My dear ones, why do ye weep?" and hearing the cause he said, "Well, cease to weep ;



I will not allow him to become an ascetic," and he comforted them both, and with his nurse, coming down from the palace tower, he went to his father and said, "Dear father, they tell me you are leaving us against our will and say you will be an ascetic; I will not allow you to become an ascetic," and clasping his father firmly by the neck he uttered this stanza :

My mother, lo ! is weeping and  
My brother fain would keep thee still,  
I too will hold thee by the hand  
Nor let thee go against our will.

The Great Being thought, "This child is a source of danger to me; by what means am I to get rid of him?" then looking at his nurse he said, "Good nurse, behold this jewel ornament: this is yours: [184] only take away the child, that he be not a hindrance to me," and being unable by himself to get rid of the child who held him by the hand, he promised her a bribe and repeated this stanza :

Up nurse and let the little boy  
Disport him in some other place,  
Lest haply he should mar my joy  
And hinder in my heavenward race.

She took the bribe and comforting the child she went with him to another place, and thus lamenting repeated this stanza :

What now if I reject outright  
—I need it not—this jewel bright?  
For should my lord a hermit be,  
What use would jewels be to me?

Then his commander-in-chief thought, "This king, methinks, has come to the conclusion that he has but little treasure in his house; I will let him know he has a great quantity," so standing up he saluted him and repeated this stanza :

Thy coffers filled with treasures vast,  
Great wealth hast thou, O king, amassed:  
The world is all subdued by thee,  
Take thou thy ease; no hermit be.

Hearing this, the Great Being repeated this stanza :

My coffers filled with treasures vast,  
Great wealth has been by me amassed:  
The whole world is subdued by me;  
I leave it all a monk to be.

[185] When he had departed on hearing this, a rich merchant named Kulavaddhana stood up and saluting the king repeated this stanza :

Great wealth have I, O king, amassed,  
Beyond all power of reckoning vast:  
Behold I give it all to thee,  
Take thou thy ease; no hermit be.

On hearing this the Great Being repeated a stanza :

O Kulavaddhana, I know,  
Thy wealth on me thou wouldst bestow,  
But I a heavenly goal would win,  
So I renounce this world of sin.

As soon as Kulavaddhana had heard this and was gone, he thus addressed his younger brother Somadatta, "Dear brother, I am as discontented as a wild cock in a cage, my dislike to household life gets the better of me; this very day will I become a hermit; do you undertake to rule this kingdom," and handing it over to him he repeated this stanza :

O Somadatta, sure I feel  
Strange loathing o'er my senses steal  
At thought of my besetting sins :  
To-day my hermit life begins.

On hearing these words Somadatta too longed to be a hermit and to make this clear he repeated another stanza :

Dear Sutasoma, go and dwell  
As pleaseth thee in hermit cell ;  
I too a hermit fain would be,  
For life were nought apart from thee.

Then in refusing this Sutasoma repeated a half-stanza :

Thou mayst not go, or through the land  
Home life would all come to a stand<sup>1</sup>.

[186] On hearing this the people threw themselves down at the feet of the Great Being and, lamenting, said

Should Sutasoma go away,  
What would become of us, we pray ?

Then the Great Being said, "Well, grieve not: though I have been long with you, I shall now have to part from you; there is no permanence in any existing thing," and teaching the Law to the people, he said,

Like water through a sieve<sup>2</sup>, our day  
So brief alas! fast slips away :  
With life thus circumscribed, I ween,  
No room for carelessness is seen.  
Like water through a sieve, our day  
So brief alas! fast slips away :  
With life thus circumscribed all round,  
Only the fool is careless found.  
Bound fast by lusts, wherein they fell,  
Such men enlarge the bounds of Hell,  
Crowd the brute world and realm of ghosts,  
And multiply the demon hosts.

<sup>1</sup> Lit. "There is no cooking," or as the commentary explains, "no one kindles a fire in the oven."

<sup>2</sup> *caṅgarāra*. The word is rendered by R. D. in Mil. II. p. 278 (S. B. E.) as "dyers' straining-cloth." Cf. *Majjh. Nik.* I. 144, and Neumann's translation I. p. 239, where he renders it *geflecht*, basket-work.



[187] Thus did the Great Being instruct the people in the Law, and climbing to the top of the Palace of Flowers he stood on the seventh storey, and with a sword he cut off his top-knot and cried, "I am now nothing to you ; choose ye a king of your own," and with these words he threw his top-knot, turban and all, into the midst of the people. The people seized hold of it, and as they rolled over and over on the ground they loudly lamented, and a cloud of dust rose at this spot to a great height, and the people stepping back stood and looked at it, and said, "The king must have cut off his top-knot and thrown it, turban and all, into the midst of the crowd, and therefore it is that a cloud of dust has risen near the palace," and lamenting they uttered this stanza :

Yon cloud of dust see how it towers  
Hard by the royal House of Flowers ;  
Famed King of Right, methinks, our lord  
Has shorn his locks off with a sword.

But the Great Being sent an attendant and had all the requisites for an ascetic brought to him, and had a barber to remove his hair and beard, and throwing his magnificent robe on a couch he cut off strips of dyed cloth, and putting on these yellow patches he fastened an earthen bowl on the top of his left shoulder and with a mendicant staff in his hand he paced backwards and forwards on the topmost storey, and then descending from the palace tower he stepped out into the street, but no one recognised him as he went. Then his seven hundred royal wives ascending the tower and not finding him, but seeing only the bundle of his adornments, came down and told the other sixteen thousand women, saying, "Mighty Sutasoma, your dear lord, has become an ascetic," and loudly lamenting they went out. At this moment [188] the people learned that he had become an ascetic, and the whole city was greatly stirred, and the people said, "They tell us, our king has become a monk," and they assembled at the palace door, and crying, "The king must be here or there," they ran to all the places frequented by him, and not finding the king they wandered to and fro, uttering their lament in these stanzas :

<sup>1</sup> Here are his golden palace-towers  
All hung with wreaths of scented flowers,  
Where girt with many a lady fair  
Our king would oftentimes repair.

Here wreathed with flowers and wrought of gold  
His gabled-hall one may behold,  
Where, all his kinsfolk by his side,  
Our king would range in all his pride.

<sup>1</sup> It seems unnecessary to translate all the sixteen stanzas in the text, differing, as they do, from one another for the most part by a single word, usually the name of a tree or flower.

This is his garden bright with flowers  
Through all the season's changing hours,  
Where girt, &c.

His lake o'erspread with lotus blue,  
Haunt of wild birds, here comes in view,  
Where, all his kinsfolk, &c.

[190] Thus did the people utter lamentation in these various places,  
and then returning to the palace yard they repeated this stanza :

King Sutasoma, sad to tell,  
Has left his throne for hermit cell,  
And, clad in yellow, goes his way  
Like some lone elephant astray.

Then they went forth leaving all their household gear, and taking their children by the hand they repaired to the Bodhisatta, and with them went their parents and young children and sixteen thousand dancing girls. The whole city had the appearance of a deserted place, and behind them followed the country folk. The Bodhisatta with a company covering twelve leagues set out in the direction of the Himalayas. Then Sakka, taking note of his Renunciation of the World, addressing Vissakamma said, "Friend Vissakamma, king Sutasoma is retiring from the world.

[191] ~~Thus did the people utter lamentation in these various places,~~



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[192] And this company of saints abiding by his admonition became destined to the Brahma world, and the story is to be told exactly as it is in the Hatthipāla Birth.

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The Master having concluded this discourse said, "Not only now, Brethren, but formerly also the Tathāgata made the Great Renunciation," and he identified the Birth. "At that time the father and mother were members of the Great King's Court, Candā was the mother of Rāhula, the elder son was Sāriputta, the younger son was Rāhula, the nurse was Khujjuttarā, Kulavaddhana, the rich merchant, was Kassapa, the commander-in-chief was Moggallāna, prince Soma-datta was Ānanda, King Sutasoma was myself."

## BOOK XVIII. PAṆṆĀSANIPĀTA.

No. 526.

NAḶINIKĀ-JĀTAKA.

[193] “*Lo! the land,*” etc. This story the Master told while residing at Jetavana concerning the temptation of a Brother by the wife of his unregenerate days. And in telling the story he asked the Brother by whom he had been led astray. “By a former wife,” said he. “Verily, Brother,” the Master said, “she worketh mischief for you. Of old it was owing to her that you fell away from mystic meditation and were mightily destroyed.” And so saying he told a story of the past.

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Once upon a time, when Brahmadata ruled in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born of a wealthy family in the brahmins of the North, and when he had come of age and had been trained in all the arts, he adopted the ascetic life, and after developing supernatural powers by the exercise of mystic meditation he took up his abode in the Himalayas. Exactly in the same way as related in the ‘Alambusa Birth a doe conceived by him and brought forth a son who was called Isisinga. Now when he was grown up, his father admitted him to holy orders and had him instructed in the rites inducing mystic meditation. In no long time he developed by this means supernatural faculties and enjoyed the bliss of ecstasy in the region of the Himalayas, and by mortification of the senses he became a sage of such severe austerity that the abode of Sakka was shaken by the power of his virtue. Sakka by reflection discovered the cause of it, and thinking, “I will find a way to break down his virtue,” for the space of three years he stopped rain from falling in the kingdom of Kāsi, and the country became as it were scorched up, and when no crops came to perfection, the people under the stress of famine gathered themselves together in the palace yard and reproached the king. Taking his stand at an open window, he asked what was the matter. [194] “Your Majesty,” they said, “for three years no rain has fallen from heaven, and the whole kingdom is burned up and the people are suffering greatly: cause rain to fall, Sire.” The king, taking upon him moral vows and observing a fast, yet failed to bring down the rain. It was then that Sakka at midnight entered the royal chamber



and illuminating it all round was seen to stand in mid air. The king on seeing him asked, "Who art thou?" "I am Sakka," he said. "Wherefore art thou come?" "Does rain fall in your realm, Sire?" "No, it does not rain." "Do you know why it does not rain?" "I do not know." "In the Himalaya country, Sire, dwells an ascetic named Isisinga, who from the mortification of his senses is severely austere. He constantly, when it begins to rain, looks up at the sky in a rage and so the rain ceases." "What then is to be done now?" "Should his virtue be broken down, it will rain." "But who is able to overcome his virtue?" "Your daughter, Sire, Nalinikā can do it. Summon her here and bid her go to such and such a place and make a breach in the virtue of the ascetic." And, having thus admonished the king, Sakka returned to his own abode. On the morrow the king took counsel with his courtiers and summoning his daughter addressed her in the first stanza :

Lo ! the land lies scorched and ruined and my realm sinks to decay :  
Go, Nalinikā, and, prithee, bring this brahmin 'neath thy sway.

On hearing this she repeated a second stanza :

How shall I endure this hardship, how, midst elephants astray,  
Through the glades of yonder forest shall I safely guide my way ?

Then the king repeated two stanzas :

Seek thy happy home, my daughter, and from thence without delay  
In a car of wood so deftly framed ride thou upon thy way.

[195] Horses, elephants, and footmen—go, begirt with brave array,  
And with charm of beauty quickly thou shalt bring him 'neath thy sway.

Thus for the protection of his realm did he talk with his daughter even of such things as should not be spoken of in words. And she readily lent an ear to his proposals. Then, after giving her all that she required, he sent her away with his ministers. They went to the frontier and, after pitching their camp there, they had the princess conveyed by a road pointed out to them by some foresters, and at break of day, entering the Himalaya country, they arrived at a spot close to the ascetic's hermitage. At this very moment the Bodhisatta, leaving his son behind in the hermitage, had gone into the forest to gather wild fruits. The foresters themselves approached the hermitage and, standing where they could see it, they pointed it out to Nalinikā and repeated two stanzas :

With plantain marked, midst bhurja trees so green,  
Lo ! Isisinga's pretty hut is seen.

Yon smoke, methinks, arises from the flame  
Nursed by that sage of wonder-working fame.

And the king's ministers at the very moment when the Bodhisatta had gone into the forest surrounded the hermitage and set a watch over it, and making the princess adopt the disguise of an ascetic, [196] and arraying

her in an outer and inner garment of beautiful bark adorned with all manner of ornaments, they bade her take in her hand a painted ball tied to a string and sent her into the hermitage grounds, while they themselves stood on guard outside. So playing with her ball she entered the cloister. Now at that moment Isisinga was seated on a bench at the door of his hut of leaves, and when he saw her coming he was terrified and got up and went and hid himself in the hut. And she drew nigh to the door and continued playing with her ball.

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The Master, to make this point and more beside clear, repeated three stanzas :

Bedecked with gems as she drew nigh, a bright and lovely maid,  
Poor Isisinga sought in fear his cell's protecting shade.

And while before the hermit's door with ball the damsel plays,  
Her lovely limbs she doth expose all naked to his gaze.

But when he saw her sporting thus, forth from his cell he broke,  
And, rushing from the leafy hut, words such as these he spoke.

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Fruit of what tree may this, Sir, be, that how'er far 'tis tost  
'Twill still return to thee again and never more is lost?

Then she telling him of the tree spoke this stanza :

Mount Gandhamādana, the home wherein I dwell, can boast  
Of many a tree with fruit maybe such that though far 'tis tost,  
'Twill still return to me again and never more is lost.

[197] Thus did she speak falsely, but he believed her, and thinking it was an ascetic he greeted her kindly and uttered this stanza :

Pray, holy sir, come in and take a seat,  
Accept some food and water for thy feet,  
And resting here awhile enjoy with me  
Such roots and berries as I offer thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

[199]<sup>1</sup> [Being an ingenuous youth and never having seen a woman before he was led to believe the extraordinary story she told him, and

<sup>1</sup> Nalinikā, pretending she has been wounded by a bear, practises on the simplicity of the ascetic youth with much the same guile as Venus employs to win Adonis. Compare *The Passionate Pilgrim*,

Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth,  
Here in these brakes, deep-wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh...

Malone in his *Shakspeare*, vol. x. p. 324, points out that Rabelais, La Fontaine and other writers have sported with the same thought. Cf. Rabelais, ii. chap. xv, The lion and the old woman.



through her seductions] his virtue was overcome and his mystic meditation broken off. After disporting himself with her till he was tired, he at length sallied forth and finding his way down to the tank he bathed and, when his fatigue had passed off, he returned and sat in his hut. And once more, still believing her to be an ascetic, he asked where she dwelt, and spoke this stanza :

By what road hither hast thou come,  
And dost thou love thy woodland home?  
Can roots and berries hunger stay,  
And how escap'st thou beasts of prey!

Then Nalinikā recited four stanzas :

North of this the Khemā flows  
Straight from Himalayan snows:  
On its bank, a charming spot,  
May be seen my hermit cot.

Mango, tilak, sāl full-grown,  
Cassia, trumpet-flower full-blown—  
All with song of elves resound:  
Here my home, Sir, may be found.

Here with dates and roots, I ween,  
Every kind of fruit is seen:  
[200] 'Tis a gay and fragrant spot  
That has fallen to my lot.

Roots and berries here abound,  
Sweet and fair and luscious found.  
But I fear, should robbers come,  
They'll despoil my happy home.

The ascetic, on hearing this, to put her off till his father should return, spoke this stanza :

My father foraging for fruit is gone;  
The sun is sinking, he'll be here anon.  
When back from his fruit-gathering he is come,  
We'll start together for thy hermit-home.

Then she thought: "This boy because he has been brought up in a forest does not know that I am a woman, but his father will know it as soon as ever he sees me, and will ask me what business I have here and striking me with the end of his carrying-pole, he will break my head. I must be off before he returns and the object of my coming is already accomplished," and telling him how he was to find his way to her house she repeated another stanza :

[201] Alas! I fear I may no longer stay,  
But many a royal saint lives on the way:  
Ask one of them to point you out the road;  
He'll gladly act as guide to my abode.

When she had thus devised a plan for her escape, she left the hermitage, and bidding the youth, as he was wistfully looking after her, to stay where he was, she returned to the ministers by the same road by which she had come there, and they took her with them to their encampment and by several stages reached Benares. And Sakka that very day was so delighted that he caused rain to fall throughout the whole kingdom. But directly she had left the ascetic, Isisinga, a fever seized upon his frame and all of a tremble he entered the hut of leaves and putting on his upper robe of bark he lay there groaning. In the evening his father returned and missing his son he said, "Where in the world is he gone?" And he put down his carrying-pole and went into the hut, and when he found him lying there he said, "What ails you, my dear son?" And chafing his back he uttered three stanzas :

No wood is cut, no water fetched, no fire alight. I pray  
Tell me, thou silly lad, why thus thou dream'st the live-long day.

Until to-day the wood was ever cut,  
The fire alight, and pot thereon was put,  
My seat arranged, the water fetched. In sooth  
Thou found'st thy pleasure in the task, good youth.

To-day no wood is cleft, no water brought,  
No fire alight; cooked food in vain is sought.  
To-day no welcome hast thou given to me:  
What hast thou lost? What sorrow troubles thee?

[202] On hearing his father's words, in explaining the matter, he said:

Here, Sire, to-day a holy youth has been,  
A handsome, dapper boy, of winsome mien:  
Not over tall nor yet too short was he,  
Dark was his hair, as black as black could be.

Smooth-cheeked and beardless was this stripling wight,  
And on his neck was hung a jewel bright;  
Two lovely swellings on his fair breast lay,  
Like balls of burnished gold, of purest ray.

His face was wondrous fair, and from each ear  
A curv'd ring depending did appear;  
These and the fillet on his head gave out  
Flashes of light, whene'er he moved about.

Yet other ornaments the youth did wear,  
Or blue or red, upon his dress and hair;  
Jingling, whene'er he moved, they rang again  
Like little birds<sup>1</sup> that chirp in time of rain.

No robe of bark, sign of ascetic grim,  
No girdle made of muñja grass for him.

[203] His garments shimmer, clinging to the thigh,  
Bright as a flash of lightning in the sky.

<sup>1</sup> *ciriṭika* is found as the name of a bird in *Caraka*, i. 27. 46, p. 174 of Calcutta, 1877 edition.



Fruits of what tree beneath his waist are bound,  
 --Smooth and without or stalk or prickle found--?  
 Stitched in his robe, in order loose but thick,  
 They strike each other with a sounding 'click.'

The tresses on his head were wondrous fair,  
 Hundreds of curls perfuming all the air :  
 These locks just parted in the midst had he—  
 Dressed e'en as his would that my hair might be.

But when his locks he did perchance unbind  
 And loose in all their beauty to the wind,  
 Their fragrance filled our home midst forest trees,  
 Like scent of lotus borne along the breeze.

His very dust was fair to look upon,  
 His person quite unlike that of thy son :  
 It breathed forth odours wafted everywhere,  
 Like shrubs ablossom in the summer air.

His fruit so bright and fair, of varied hue,  
 Afar from him upon the ground he threw,  
 Yet back to him 'twould evermore return :  
 What fruit it is I fain from thee would learn.

His teeth in even rows, so pure and white,  
 Vie with the choicest pearls, a lovely sight ;  
 Whene'er he opes his lips, how charming 'tis !  
 No food like ours, roots and vile potherbs, his !

His voice so soft and smooth, yet firm and clear  
 In gentle accents fell upon the ear ;  
 [204] It pierced me to the heart : so sweet a note  
 Ne'er issued from melodious cuckoo's throat.

Its tone I thought subdued, pitched far too low  
 For one rehearsing holy lore, I trow ;  
 Howbeit—so great his kindness—I would fain  
 Renew my friendship with this youth again.

His warm arms flashing in their gold array,  
 Like gleams of lightning all around me play.  
 With down, as eye-salve soft, were they o'erspread,  
 Round were his fingers, blushing coral-red.

Smooth were his limbs, his tresses long untied,  
 Long too his nails with tips all crimson dyed :  
 With his soft arms around me clinging tight  
 The fair boy ministered to my delight.

His hands were white as cotton, gleaming bright  
 Like golden mirror that reflects the light ;  
 At their soft touch I felt a burning thrill,  
 And though he's gone, the memory fires me still.

No load of grain he brought, nor ever could  
 Be won with his own hands to chop our wood,  
 Nor would he with his axe hew down a tree  
 Nor carry a sharp stake, to pleasure me.

\* \* \* \* \*

[205] This rumpled couch with leaves of creepers made  
 Bears witness to the merry pranks we played :  
 Then in yon lake our weary limbs we lave  
 And once more seek indoors the rest we crave.

To-day no holy texts can I recite,  
 No fire for sacrifice is found alight :  
 Yea, from all roots and berries I'll abstain  
 Till I behold this pious youth again.

Tell me, dear father, for thou know'st it well,  
 Where in the world this holy youth may dwell ;  
 And thither with all speed, pray, let us fly,  
 Or at thy door my death will surely lie.

I've heard him speak of glades, with flowerets gay,  
 And thronged with birds that sing the live-long day,  
 'Tis thither with all speed I fain would fly  
 Or here at once I'll lay me down and die.

[207] The Great Being on hearing the boy talk such nonsense knew at once that through some woman he had lost his virtue, and by way of admonition he repeated six stanzas :

An ancient home for sages long has stood  
 Within the sunlit precincts of this wood ;  
 [208] In haunts of angels and of nymphs divine,  
 This feeling of unrest should ne'er be thine.

Friendships exist and then they cease to be ;  
 Each one shows love to his own family ;  
 But they poor creatures are who do not know  
 To whom their origin and love they owe.

Friendship is formed by constant intercourse ;  
 When this is broken, friendship fails perforce.

Shouldst thou set eyes upon this youth once more,  
 Or converse hold with him, as heretofore,  
 Just as a flood sweeps off the ripened corn,  
 So will the power of virtue be o'er-borne<sup>1</sup>.

Demons there be that through the wide earth run  
 In varied form disguised. Beware, my son !  
 He that is wise should not consort with such ;  
 Virtue herself is blasted<sup>2</sup> at their touch.

[209] On hearing what his father had to say the youth thought, "She was a female yakkha, he says," and he was terrified and put away the thought of her from him. Then he asked his father's pardon, saying, "Forgive me, dear father, I will not leave this spot." And his father comforted him, saying, "Come, my boy, cultivate charity, pity, sympathy and equanimity," and he proclaimed to him the attainment of the Perfect States. And the son walked accordingly therein and once more developed mystic meditation.

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The Master, having finished his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the conclusion of the Truths the back-sliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—"At that time the wife of his unregenerate days was Nalinikā, the back-sliding Brother was Isisinga, and I myself was the father."

<sup>1</sup> The fifth stanza is a repetition of the preceding one and is omitted in the English.  
 Reading *nassati*.



## No. 527.

UMMADANTĪ-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

"*Whose house is this,*" etc. This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told about a back-sliding Brother. The story runs that one day, as he was going his rounds in Sāvatti for alms, he saw a woman of surpassing beauty, magnificently attired, and fell in love with her, and on returning home to his monastery he was unable to divert his thoughts from her. From that time, as it were, pierced with love's shafts and sick with desire he became as lean as a wild deer, with his veins standing out on his body, and as sallow as sallow could be. He no longer took delight in any one of the Four Postures, or found pleasure in his own thoughts, but giving up all the services due to a teacher he abandoned the use of instruction, inquiry and meditation. His fellow-monks said, "Sir, once you were calm in mind and serene of countenance, but now it is not so. [210] What can be the cause?" they asked. "Sirs," he answered, "I have no pleasure in anything." Then they bade him be happy, saying, "To be born a Buddha is a hard matter: so also is the hearing of the True Faith, and the attaining to birth as a human being. But you have attained to this, and, yearning to put an end to sorrow, you left your weeping kinsfolk and becoming a believer adopted the ascetic life. Why then do you now fall under the sway of passion? These evil passions are common to all ignorant creatures, from live worms upwards, and such of these passions as are material in their origin, they too are insipid. Desires are full of sorrow and despair: misery in this case ever increases more and more. Desire is like a skeleton or a piece of meat. Desire is like a torch made of a wisp of hay or a light from embers. Desire vanishes like a dream or a loan, or the fruit of a tree. Desire is as biting as a sharp-pointed spear, or as a serpent's head. But you, verily, after embracing so glorious a faith as this and becoming an ascetic, have now fallen under the sway of such harmful passions." When by their admonitions they failed to make him grasp their teaching, they brought him before the Master in the Hall of Truth. And when he said, "Why, Brethren, have you brought this Brother here against his will?" they answered, "They tell us, he is a back-slider." The Master asked if it were true, and on his confessing that it was so, the Master said, "Brother, sages of old, though ruling a kingdom, whenever lust sprang up in their hearts, passed under its sway for a time, but checked their roving thoughts and were guilty of no improper conduct." And with these words he related a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the city of Aritṭhapura in the kingdom of the Siviṣi reigned a king named Sivi. The Bodhisatta came to life as the son of his chief queen, and they called him prince Sivi. His commander-in-chief also had a son born to him, and they named him Ahipāraka. The two boys grew up as friends and at the age of sixteen they went to Takkaṣilā, and, after completing their education, they returned home. The king made over his kingdom to his son, who appointed Ahipāraka to the post of

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Jātaka-Mālā*, xiii, and *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, ch. xxix, Story of Rahandama Uppalavannā.

commander-in-chief, and ruled his kingdom righteously. In that same city dwelt a rich merchant, named Tirīṭavaccha, worth eighty crores, and he had a daughter, a very fair and gracious lady, bearing on her person every mark of auspicious fortune, and on her naming-day she was called Ummadantī. When sixteen years old she was as beautiful as a heavenly nymph, of more than mortal loveliness. All worldlings who beheld her could not contain themselves, [211] but were intoxicated with passion, as it were with strong drink, and were quite unable to recover their self-control. So her father, Tirīṭavaccha, drew nigh to the king and said, "Sire, at home I have a treasure of a daughter, a fit mate even for a king. Send for your fortune-tellers, who can read the lineaments of the body, and have her tested by them and then deal with her according to your good pleasure." The king agreed and sent his brahmins, and they repaired to the merchant's house, and being received with great honour and hospitality partook of some rice-milk. At this moment Ummadantī came into their presence, magnificently attired. On catching sight of her they completely lost their self-control, just as if they were intoxicated with passion, and forgot that they had left their meal unfinished. Some of them took a morsel and thinking they would eat it put it on their heads. Some let it fall on their hips. Others threw it against the wall. Every one was beside himself. When she saw them thus, she said, "They tell me, these fellows are to test the character of my marks," and she ordered them to be taken by the scruff of their neck and thrust out. And they were sorely annoyed and returned to the palace in a great rage with Ummadantī, and they said, "Sire, this woman is no mate for you: she is a witch." The king thought, "They tell me, she is a witch," and he did not send for her. On hearing what had happened she said, "I am not taken to wife by the king, because they say I am a witch: witches forsooth are just like me. Very well, should I ever see the king, I shall know what to do." And she conceived a grudge against him. So her father gave her in marriage to Ahipāraka, and she was her husband's darling and delight. Now as the result of what act of hers had she become so beautiful? By the gift of a scarlet robe. Once upon a time, they say, she was born in a poor family in Benares and on some festal day seeing certain holy women, magnificently clad in robes dyed scarlet with safflower and disporting themselves, she told her parents that she too would like to wear a similar robe and take her pleasure. And when they said, "My dear, we are poor people: whence are we to get you such a robe?" "well then," said she, "suffer me to earn wages in a wealthy household, and as soon as they recognise my merit, they will make me a present of a robe." [212] And having gained their consent she approached a certain family and proposed to let her service to them for a scarlet robe. They said, "After you have worked three years for us, we will recognise your merits by giving you one." She



readily agreed, and set about her work. Recognising her merit before the three years had expired, they gave her together with a thick safflower-dyed robe yet another garment, and sent her off, saying, "Go with your companions, and, after bathing, dress yourself in these robes." So she went with her companions and bathed, leaving the scarlet robe on the bank. At this moment a disciple of the Kassapa Buddha, who had been robbed of his garments and had put on pieces of a broken bough to serve as outer and inner robes, arrived at this spot. On seeing him she thought, "This holy man must have been robbed of his garment. In former times I too, from not having a robe offered to me, found it difficult to procure one," and she determined to divide the garment in two and give him the half of it. So she went up out of the water and put on her old dress and saying, "Stay, holy sir," she saluted the elder, and tearing her robe in two gave the half of it to him. Then he stood on one side in a sheltered spot and, throwing away his branch-garment, he made himself with one side of the robe an inner garment and with the other side an outer garment and stepped out into the open, and his whole person by the splendour of the robe was all ablaze, like the newly-risen sun. On seeing this she thought, "This holy man at first was not radiant, but now he shines like a newly-risen sun. I will give him this too." So she gave him the other half of the robe, and put up this prayer, "Holy sir, I would fain in some future stage of existence be of such surpassing beauty, that no one who sees me may have power to control himself, and that no other woman may be more beautiful." The elder returned her his thanks and went his way. After a period of transmigration in the world of gods, she was at this time born in Aritṭhapura and was as beautiful as she was described. Now in this city they proclaimed the Kattika festival, and on the day of full moon they decorated the city. Ahipāraka, on setting out for the post he had to guard, addressing her, said, [213] "Lady Ummadantī, to-day is the Kattika festival; the king, in marching in solemn procession round the city, will first of all come to the door of this house. Be sure you do not shew yourself to him, for on seeing you he will not be able to control his thoughts." As he was leaving her, she said to him, "I will see to it." And as soon as he was off, she gave an order to her handmaid to let her know when the king came to the door. So at sunset, when the full moon had risen and torches were blazing in every quarter of the city, which was decorated as it were some city of the gods, the king arrayed in all his splendour, mounted on a magnificent car drawn by thoroughbreds and escorted by a crowd of courtiers, making a circuit of the city with great pomp, came first of all to the door of Ahipāraka's house. Now this house enclosed by a wall in colour like vermilion, furnished with gates and tower, was a beautiful and charming place. At this moment the maid brought her mistress

word of the king's arrival, and Ummadantī bade her take a basket of flowers, and standing near the window she threw the flowers over the king with all the charm of a sylph. And looking up at her the king was maddened with passion and quite unable to control his thoughts, and he failed to recognise the house as that of Ahipāraka. So addressing his charioteer, he repeated two stanzas in the form of a question :

Whose house is this, Sunanda, tell me true,  
All girt about with wall of golden hue?  
What vision fair is this, like meteor bright,  
Or sunbeam striking on some mountain height?

A daughter of the house perchance is she,  
Herself its mistress, or son's wife maybe?  
Your answer quickly in a single word—  
Is she unwed<sup>1</sup> or owns she still a lord?

[214] Then, in answering the king, he repeated two stanzas :

All that your Highness asks I know full well,  
And of her parents on both sides can tell :  
As to her husband, night and day, O king,  
He serves thy cause with zeal in everything.

A powerful minister of thine is he,  
Vast wealth he owns and great prosperity ;  
She's wife of Ahipāraka the famed,  
And at her birth was Ummadantī named.

On hearing this the king, in praising her name, repeated yet another stanza :

Alas ! how ominous a name is here  
Given to this maiden by her parents dear ;  
Since Ummadantī fixed her gaze on me,  
Lo ! *a mad haunted* man I grew to be.

On seeing how agitated he was she closed the window and went straight to her fair chamber. And from the moment when the king set eyes on her, he had no more thought of making solemn procession round the city. Addressing his charioteer he said, " Friend Sunanda, stop the chariot ; [215] this is not a festival suitable for us ; it is fit only for Ahipāraka, my commander-in-chief, and the throne also is better suited for him," and stopping the chariot he climbed up to his palace and, as he lay chattering upon the royal couch, he said,

A lily maid, with eyes soft as a doe's,  
In the full moon's clear light before me rose,  
Beholding her in robe of dove-like hue,  
Methought two moons at once came into view.

Darting one glance from her bright, lovely eyes,  
The temptress took me captive by surprise,  
Like woodland elf upon some mountain height,  
Her graceful motion won my heart at sight.

<sup>1</sup> *avāvaṭa*, i.e. *avyāvṛita*, not chosen in marriage.



So dark and tall and fair the maid, with jewels in her ears,  
Clad in a single garment, like a timid doe, appears.

With long-tressed hair and nails all stained red,  
O'er her soft arms rich sandal essence shed,  
With tapering fingers and a gracious air,  
When will she smile on me, my charmer fair?

When will Tiriti's slender-waisted maid,  
A gold adornment on her breast displayed,  
With her soft arms embracing cling to me,  
E'en as a creeper to some forest tree?

When will she stained with dye of lac so bright,  
With swelling bosom, maiden lily-white,  
Exchange a kiss with me, as oft a glass  
Will from one toper to another pass?

Soon as I saw her standing thus, so fair to outward view,  
No longer master of myself, reason away I threw.

When Ummadantī I beheld, with jewelled ear-rings bright,  
Like one amerced right heavily, I slept not day nor night.

- [216] Should Sakka grant a boon to me, my choice were quickly ta'en,  
I would be Ahipāraka one night or haply twain,  
And Ummadantī thus enjoyed, he might o'er Sivi reign.

Then those councillors told Ahipāraka, saying, "Master, the king on making a solemn procession around the city went to the door of your house [217] and then turning back climbed up to his palace." So Ahipāraka went home and addressing Ummadantī asked her if she had shown herself to the king. "My lord," she said, "a certain pot-bellied fellow with huge teeth, standing up in his chariot, came here. I do not know whether he was a king or a prince, but I was told he was a lord of some kind, and standing at the open window I threw flowers over him. Meanwhile he turned back and went off." On hearing this he said, "You have ruined me," and early next morning ascending to the king's house he stood at the door of the royal chamber and, hearing the king rambling about Ummadantī, he thought, "He has fallen in love with Ummadantī; if he does not get her, he will die: it is my duty to restore him to life, if it can be done without sin on the part of the king or myself." So he went home and summoned a stout-hearted knave of a serving-man and said, "Friend, in such and such a place is a hollow tree that is a sacred shrine. Without saying a word to anyone, go there at sunset and seat yourself inside the tree. Then I shall come and make an offering there, and in worshipping the deities I shall put up this prayer; 'O king of heaven, our king, while a festival was going on, without taking any part in it, has gone into his royal closet and lies there chattering idly; we do not know why he does so. The king has been a great benefactor of the gods and year by year has spent a thousand pieces of money in sacrifices. Tell us why the king talks thus foolishly and grant us the boon of the king's life.' Thus will



I pray and at this moment you are to remember to repeat these words, 'O commander-in-chief, your king is not sick, but he is infatuated with your wife Ummadantī. If he shall get her, he will live; otherwise he will die. If you wish him to live, give up Ummadantī to him.' This is what you are to say." And having thus schooled him he sent him away. So the servant went next day and seated himself inside the tree and when the general came to the place and put up his prayer, he repeated his lesson. The general said, "It is well," and with an obeisance to the deity he went and told the king's ministers, and entering the city he climbed up to the palace and knocked at the door of the royal closet. [218] The king having recovered his senses asked who it was. "It is I, Ahipāraka, my lord." Then he opened the king's door and going in he saluted the king and repeated a stanza:

While kneeling at a sacred shrine, O king,  
A yakkha came and told me a strange thing,  
How Ummadantī had enslaved thy will:  
Take her and so thy heart's desire fulfil.

Then the king asked, "Friend Ahipāraka, do even the yakkhas know that I have been talking foolishly owing to my infatuation for Ummadantī?" "Yes, my lord," he said. The king thought, "My vileness is known throughout the world," and he felt ashamed. And taking his stand in righteousness he uttered another stanza:

Fallen from grace no godhead shall I win,  
And all the world will hear of my great sin:  
Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,  
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

The remaining stanzas are repeated by the two alternately.

Except thyself and me, O king, no one  
In the whole world will know the deed that's done:  
Lo! Ummadantī is my gift to thee,  
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

The sinner thinks, 'No mortal man has been  
A witness of my guilty deed, I ween,'  
[219] Yet all he does will fall within the ken  
Of ghostly beings and of holy men.

Who in this world, supposing thou shouldst say,  
'I loved her not,' would any credence pay?  
Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,  
Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,  
In very sooth a well-belovéd wife;  
Yet, sire, to Ummadantī straight repair,  
E'en as a lion to his rocky lair.

The sage howe'er oppressed by his own woe,  
Will scarce an act that wins him bliss forego,  
E'en the dull fool intoxicate with bliss  
Would ne'er be guilty of a sin like this.



A fostering parent, king, I own in thee,  
 Husband and lord, yea god art thou to me,  
 Thy slaves my wife and child, and I thy thrall,  
 O Sivi, do thy pleasure with us all.

Whoso shall wrong his neighbour nor repent,  
 Saying, 'See here a lord omnipotent,'  
 Will ne'er be found to live out half his days,  
 And gods will view his conduct with dispraise.

Should righteous men accept as gift a thing  
 Freely bestowed by others, then, O king,  
 They who receive and they who grant have done  
 A deed whereby the fruit of bliss is won.

Who in this world, supposing thou shouldst say,  
 'I love her not,' would any credence pay?  
 [220] Think too how great thy grief of mind would be,  
 Shouldst thou no more thy Ummadantī see.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,  
 In very sooth a well-belovéd wife;  
 Lo! Ummadantī is my gift to thee,  
 Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

Who rids himself of pain at others' cost,  
 Rejoicing still though others' joy be lost,  
 Not he, but one that feels another's woe  
 As 'twere his own, true righteousness can know.

She was, great king, as dear to me as life,  
 In very sooth a well-belovéd wife,  
 I give what most I prize, nor give in vain,  
 They that thus give receive as much again.

I might destroy myself for fleshly appetite,  
 Yet would I never dare by wrong destroy the right.

Shouldst thou, O noble prince, thy love foreswear  
 Because she is my wife, lo! I declare  
 Henceforth she is divorced and free to all,  
 Thy slave to summon at thy beck and call.

If thou, mine Ancient<sup>1</sup>, to thy detriment,  
 Shouldst put away thy wife, though innocent,  
 Thou wouldst, methinks, have heavy blame to bear  
 And ne'er a single soul to speak thee fair.

With all such blame, my king, I could away,  
 With censure, praise, or be it what it may,  
 Let it fall on me, Sivi, as it will,  
 Only do thou thy pleasure first fulfil.

[221] He who esteem or blame regardeth not,  
 For praise or censure careth not a jot—  
 From him will glory and good fortune fly,  
 As floods subside, leaving land high and dry.

Whate'er of bliss or pain from hence may spring,  
 O'erstepping right, or fit one's heart to wring,  
 I'll welcome, if it joyous be or sad,  
 As Earth puts up with all, both good and bad.

<sup>1</sup> *Kattā*, a king's minister or officer. Cf. *Jātaka* vi. 259, 24, 268, 6, and 313, 22. The commentary explains the word as 'a doer of such things as ought to be done.' Compare the use of *εὐεργέτης* as a title of honour, Hdt. viii. 85.

I would not have another suffering  
From wrongful act that may his bosom wring,  
I'll bear the burden of my griefs alone,  
Steadfast in right, vexing the peace of none.

A meritorious act to heaven will lead,  
Be thou no obstacle to such a deed;  
I Ummadanti a free offering send,  
As kings on brahmin priests much treasure spend.

Truly to me great kindness hast thou shown,  
Thy wife and thou are both my friends, I own,  
Brahmins and gods alike would blame me sore,  
And curses rest on me for evermore.

Townsmen and countryfolk in this, I trust,  
Will ne'er, O Sivi king, call thee unjust,  
Since Ummadanti is my gift to thee,  
Thy passion sated, send her back to me.

Truly to me great kindness hast thou shown,  
Thou and thy wife are both my friends, I own,  
Good men's right acts are famed both far and wide,  
Hard to o'erstep is Right, like Ocean's tide.

Worshipful master, waiting to bestow  
Whate'er I crave, kind benefactor, thou  
[222] Repayest sevenfold all I offer thee;  
Take Ummadanti; my free gift is she.

Mine Ancient, Ahipāraka, in sooth,  
Right hast thou followed, even from thy youth;  
Who else of living men, I prithee, would  
Early and late have striven to do me good?

O noble prince, thou art of peerless fame,  
Wise, knowing right and walking in the same,  
Shielded by right, mayst thou, O king, live long,  
And, lord of right, teach me to shun the wrong.

Come, hearken, Ahipāraka, to these my words and then  
I'll teach thee ways of righteousness as practised by good men.

A king delighting in the law is blest,  
And of all men a learned one is best,  
Ne'er to betray a friend is good, I wis,  
But evil to eschew is perfect bliss.

'Neath the mild sway of righteous king,  
Like shade from sun-stroke sheltering,  
His subjects all may dwell in peace,  
Rejoicing in their wealth's increase.

No evil deed shall my approval win,  
However heedless it remains a sin:  
But such as sin 'gainst knowledge I detest;  
List to my parable; mark it and digest.

<sup>1</sup>The bull through floods a devious course will take,  
The herd of kine all straggling in his wake.  
So if a leader tortuous paths pursue,  
To base ends will he guide the vulgar crew,  
And the whole realm an age of license rue.

<sup>1</sup> These lines occur in *Jātaka*, vol. III. p. 74 (English version).



But if the bull a course direct shall steer,  
 The herd of kine straight follow in his rear.  
 So should their chief to righteous ways be true,  
 The common folk injustice will eschew,  
 And through the realm shall holy peace ensue.

[223] I would not by an unjust act e'en heaven itself attain,  
 No, not if, Ahipāraka, the whole world I should gain.

Whatever things of price 'mongst men esteeméd good,  
 Oxen and slaves and gold, garments and sandal wood,  
 Brood mares, rich treasure, jewels bright  
 And all that sun and moon watch over day and night,  
 Not for all this would I injustice do,  
 I amongst Sivi's born, a leader true.

Father and chief and guardian of our land,  
 As champion of its rights I take my stand,  
 So will I reign on righteousness intent,  
 To mine own will no more subservient.

Auspicious is thy rule, great king, mayst thou continue long  
 To guide the state with happy fate and in thy wisdom strong.

Great joy is ours, O king, that thou such zeal for right hast shown,  
 Princes of might, neglecting right, ere now have lost a crown.

<sup>1</sup>To parents dear, O warrior king, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To wife and children, warrior king, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To friends and courtiers, warrior king, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In war and travel, warrior king, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In town and village, warrior king, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

In every land and realm, O king, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To brahmins and ascetics all, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

To beasts and birds, O warrior king, do righteously; and so  
 By following a righteous line to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

Do righteously, O warrior king; from this all blessings flow;  
 By following a righteous course to heaven thou, sire, shalt go.

With watchful vigilance, O king, on paths of goodness go:  
 The brahmins, Indra, and the gods have won their godhead so.

[227] When the king had thus been taught the law by his commander-in-chief Ahipāraka, he got rid of his infatuation for Ummadanti.

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The Master, having ended his lesson, revealed the Truth, and identified the Birth. At the end of the Truths the Brother was established in the First Path. At that time Ānanda was the charioteer Sunanda, Sāriputta was Ahipāraka, Uppalavaṇṇā was Ummadanti, the followers of Buddha were the rest of the courtiers, and I myself was king Sivi.

<sup>1</sup> *Jātaka*, vol. iv. p. 263 (English version).

**No. 528.****MAHĀBODHI-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.**

“*What mean these things,*” etc. This story the Master, while residing at Jetavana, told concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. The incident will be found related in the Mahāummagga<sup>2</sup>. Now on this occasion the Master said, “Not now only, but formerly also, the Tathāgata was wise and crushed all disputants,” and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time in the reign of Brahmadatta the Bodhisatta was born at Benares in the kingdom of Kāsi, in the family of a North brahmin magnate, worth eighty crores, and they named him young Bodhi. When he came of age, he was instructed in all learning at Takkasilā, and returning home he dwelt in the midst of household cares. By and bye renouncing evil desires he retired to the Himalaya region [228] and took up the ascetic life of a wandering mendicant, and dwelt there for a long time, living on roots and wild berries. At the rainy season he came down from the Himalayas and going on his begging rounds he gradually approached Benares. There he took up his abode in the royal park, and on the following day going his round in the city for alms, in his character of a mendicant, he drew nigh to the palace gate. The king standing at his window saw him, and, being delighted with his calm demeanour, he introduced him into his palace and seated him on the royal couch. After a little friendly talk, the king listened to an exposition of the Law and then offered him a variety of dainty food. The Great Being accepted the food and thought, “Verily this king’s court is full of hatred and abounds in enemies. Who, I wonder, will rid me of a fear that has sprung up in my mind?” And observing a tawny hound, a favourite of the king’s, standing near him, he took a lump of food and made a show of wishing to give it to the dog. The king being aware of this had the dog’s dish brought and bade him take the food and give it to the dog. The Great Being did so and then finished his own meal. And the king, gaining his consent to the arrangement, had a hut of leaves built for him in the royal park within the city, and, assigning to him all that an ascetic required, he let him dwell there. And two or three times every day the king came to pay his respects to him. And at meal times the Great Being continued to

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Jātaka-Mālā*, xxiii. The Story of the Mahābodhi, and *Dīgha Nikāya*, ii. *Sāmañña-Phala* (*Dialogues of the Buddha* translated by R. Davids, p. 65).

<sup>2</sup> *Jātaka*, vol. vi. No. 546.



sit on the royal couch and to share the royal food. And so twelve years passed. Now the king had five councillors who taught him his temporal and spiritual duties. One of them denied the existence of Cause (Karma). Another believed everything was the act of a Supreme Being. A third professed the doctrine of previous actions. A fourth believed in annihilation at death. A fifth held the Kshatriya doctrine. He who denied the Cause taught the people that beings in this world were purified by rebirth. He who believed in the action of a Supreme Being taught that the world was created by him. He who believed in the consequences of previous acts taught that sorrow or joy that befalls man here is the result of some previous action. The believer in annihilation taught that no one passes hence to another world, but that this world is annihilated. He who professed the Kshatriya creed taught that one's own interest is to be desired even at the cost of killing one's parents. These men were appointed to sit in judgment in the king's court, [229] and being greedy of bribes they dispossessed the rightful owner of property. Now one day a certain man, being worsted in a false action at law, saw the Great Being go into the palace for alms, and he saluted him and poured his grievance into his ears, saying, "Holy Sir, why do you, who take your meals in the king's palace, regard with indifference<sup>1</sup> the action of his lord justices who by taking bribes ruin all men? Just now these five councillors, taking a bribe at the hands of a man who brought a false action, have wrongfully dispossessed me of my property." So the Great Being moved by pity for him went to the court, and giving a righteous judgment reinstated him in his property. The people with one consent loudly applauded his action. The king hearing the noise asked what it meant, and on being told what it was, when the Great Being had finished his meal, he took a seat beside him and asked, "Is it true, Reverend Sir, as they say, that you have decided a lawsuit?" "It is true, Sire." The king said, "It will be to the advantage of the people, if you decide cases: henceforth you are to sit in judgment." "Sire," he replied, "we are ascetics; this is not our business." "Sir, you ought to do it in pity to the people. You need not judge the whole day, but when you come here from the park, go at early dawn to the place of judgment and decide four cases; then return to the park and after partaking of food decide four more cases, and in this way the people will derive benefit." After being repeatedly importuned, he agreed to it and henceforth he acted accordingly. Those who brought fraudulent actions found no further opportunity, and the councillors not getting any bribes were in evil plight and thought, "Ever since this mendicant Bodhi began to sit in judgment, we get nothing at all." And calling him the king's enemy they said, "Come, let us slander him to the king and bring about his death." So drawing nigh to the king they said,

<sup>1</sup> *ajjhupakkhati*. Compare *Jātaka*, i. 147, *Cullavagga*, iv. 4. 8.

"Sire, the mendicant Bodhi wishes you harm." The king did not believe them and said, "Nay, he is a good and learned man; he would not do so." "Sire," they replied, "all the citizens are his creatures: [230] we are the only five people he cannot get under his thumb. If you do not believe us, when he next comes here, take note of his following." The king agreed to do so, and standing at his window he watched for his coming, and, seeing the crowd of suitors who followed Bodhi without his knowledge, the king thought they were his retinue, and being prejudiced against him he summoned his councillors and asked, "What are we to do?" "Have him arrested, Sire," they said. "Unless we see some gross offence on his part," he said, "how are we to arrest him?" "Well then diminish the honour that is usually paid to him, and when he sees this falling off of respect, being a wise mendicant, he will without saying a word to anyone run away of his own accord." The king fell in with this suggestion and gradually diminished the respect paid to him. On the first day after this they seated him on a bare couch. He noticed it and at once knew that he had been slandered to the king, and returning to the park he was minded to take his departure that very day, but he thought, "When I know for certain, I will depart," and he did not go away. So the next day when he was seated on the bare couch, they came with food prepared for the king and other food as well, and gave him a mixture of the two. On the third day they did not suffer him to approach the dais, but placing him at the head of the stairs they offered him mixed food. He took it and retiring to the park made his meal there. On the fourth day they placed him on the terrace below and gave him broth made of rice dust, and this too he took to the park and made his meal there. The king said, "Though the honours paid to him are diminished, yet Great Bodhi, the mendicant, does not go away. What are we to do?" "Sire," they said, "it is not for alms he comes here; but he is seeking sovereignty. If he were coming merely for the alms, he would have run away the very first day he was slighted." "What then are we to do?" "Have him slain tomorrow, Sire." He said, "It is well," and placing swords in the hands of these very men he said, "Tomorrow, when he comes and stands inside the door, cut off his head and make mincemeat of him, and without saying a word to anyone throw his body on a dunghill, and then take a bath and return here."

They readily agreed and said, "Tomorrow we will come and do so," [231] and having arranged matters with one another they departed to their several homes. The king too after his evening meal lay down on the royal couch and called to mind the virtues of the Great Being. Then straightway sorrow fell upon him and the sweat poured from his body, and getting no comfort in his bed he rolled about from side to side. Now his chief queen lay beside him but he exchanged not a single word with her.



So she asked him, saying, "How is it, Sire, that you do not say a word to me? Have I in any way offended you?" "No, lady," he said, "but they tell me the mendicant Bodhi has become an enemy of ours. I have ordered five of my councillors to slay him tomorrow. After killing him they will cut him in pieces and cast his body on a dunghill. But for twelve years he has taught us many a truth. No single offence in him has ever been clearly seen by me before, but at the instigation of others I have ordered him to be put to death, and this is why I grieve." Then she comforted him, saying, "If, Sire, he is your enemy, why do you grieve at killing him? Your own safety must be attended to, even if the enemy you slay is your own son. Do not take it to heart." He was reassured by her words and fell asleep. At that moment the well-bred tawny hound hearing the talk thought, "Tomorrow by my own power I must save this man's life." So early next morning the dog went down from the terrace and coming to the big door he lay with his head on the threshold, watching the road by which the Great Being came. But those councillors with swords in their hands came early in the morning and took their stand inside the door. And Bodhi duly observing the time came from the park and approached the palace door. Then the hound seeing him opened his mouth and showed his four big teeth and thought, "Why, holy Sir, do you not seek your alms elsewhere in India? Our king has posted five councillors armed with swords inside the door to slay you. Do not come accepting death as your fate<sup>1</sup>, but be off with all speed," and he gave a loud bark. From his knowledge of the meaning of all sounds Bodhi understood the matter and returned to the park [232] and took everything that was necessary for his journey. But the king standing at his window, when he found he was not coming, thought, "If this man is my enemy, he will return to the park and gather together all his forces and will be prepared for action, but if otherwise, he will certainly take all that he requires and be ready to go away. I will find out what he is about." And going to the park he found the Great Being coming out of his hut of leaves and with all his requisites at the end of his cloister walk, ready to start, and saluting him he stood on one side and uttered the first stanza:

What mean these things, umbrella, shoes, skin-robe and staff in hand?  
 What of this cloak and bowl and hook? I fain would understand  
 Why in hot haste thou wouldst depart and to what far-off land.

On hearing this the Great Being thought, "I suppose he does not understand what he has done. I will let him know." And he repeated two stanzas:

These twelve long years I've dwelt, O king, within thy royal park;  
 And never once before to-day this hound was known to bark.  
 To-day he shows his teeth so white, defiant now and proud,  
 And hearing what thou toldst the queen, to warn me, bays aloud.

<sup>1</sup> *Jātaka*, iv. 417, "with death written on the brow."



Then the king acknowledged his sin, and asking to be forgiven he repeated the fourth stanza :

[233] The sin was mine : thee, holy sir, my purpose was to slay ;  
But now I favour thee once more, and fain would have thee stay.

Hearing this the Great Being said, " Of a truth, Sire, wise men do not dwell with one who without having seen a thing with his own eyes follows the lead of others," and so saying he exposed his misconduct and spoke thus :

My food of old was pure and white, next motley 'twas in hue,  
Now it is brown as brown can be. 'Tis time that I withdrew.  
First on the dais, then upstairs and last below I dine ;  
Before I'm thrust out neck and crop, my place I will resign.  
Affect thou not a faithless friend : like a dry well is he ;  
However deep one digs it out, the stream will muddy be.  
A faithful friend aye cultivate, a faithless one eschew,  
As one athirst hastes to a pool, a faithful friend pursue.  
Cling to the friend that clings to thee, his love with love requite ;  
One who forsakes a faithful friend is deemed a sorry wight.  
Who cleaves not to a steadfast friend, nor love requites with love,  
Vilest of men is he, nor ranks the monkey tribe above.  
To meet too often is as bad as not to meet at all ;  
To ask a boon a whit too soon—this too makes love to pall.  
Visit a friend but not too oft, nor yet prolong thy stay ;  
At the right moment favours beg : so love will ne'er decay.  
Who stay too long find oftentimes that friend is changed to foe ;  
So ere I lose thy friendship I will take my leave and go.

[234] The king said :

Though I with folded hands beseech, thou wilt not lend an ear,  
Thou hast no word for us to whom thy service would be dear,  
I crave one favour : come again and pay a visit here.

The Bodhisatta said :

If nothing comes to snap our life, O king, if thou and I  
Still live, O fosterer of thy realm, perhaps I'll hither fly,  
And we may see each other yet, as days and nights go by.

[235] Thus spoke the Great Being and preached the Truth to the king, saying, " Be vigilant, O Sire." And leaving the park, after going a round for alms in a district of his own, he departed from Benares and by degrees reached a place in the Himalayas, and after dwelling some time there he descended from the hills and settled in a forest near a frontier village. As soon as he was gone, those councillors once more sat in judgment, robbing the people, and they thought, " Should Great Bodhi, the mendicant, return, we shall lose our livelihood. What are we to do to prevent his coming back ?" Then this occurred to them : " Such people as these cannot leave any object to which they are attached. What can be the object here to which he is attached ?" Then feeling sure it must be the king's



chief consort, they thought, "This is the reason why he would return here. We will be beforehand<sup>1</sup> with them and put her to death." And they repeated this to the king, saying, "Sire, to-day a certain report is current in the city." "What report?" he said. "Great Bodhi the mendicant and the queen send messages to and fro, one to the other." "With what objects?" "His message to the queen, they say, is this, 'Will you be able by your own power to put the king to death and to grant me the white umbrella?' Her message to him is, 'The king's death, verily, is my charge: you are to come quickly.'" They constantly repeated this till the king believed it and asked, "What then is to be done?" They answered, "We must put the queen to death." And without investigating the truth of the matter he said, "Well then put her to death: and cutting up her body piecemeal throw it on the dunghill." They did so, and the news of her death was noised abroad throughout the city. Then her four sons said, "Our mother though innocent has been put to death by this man," and they became the king's enemies. And the king was greatly terrified. The Great Being in due course heard what had happened and thought, "Excepting myself there is no one that can pacify these princes and induce them to forgive their father; I will save the king's life and deliver these princes from their evil purpose." So next day he entered a frontier village and after eating the flesh of a monkey given to him by the inhabitants [236] he begged for its skin which he had dried in his hermit's hut till it had lost all smell and then made it into an inner and outer robe which he laid upon his shoulder. Why did he do so? That he might say, "It is very helpful to me." Taking the skin with him he gradually made his way to Benares and drawing nigh to the young princes he said to them, "To murder one's own father is a terrible thing: you must not do this. No mortal is exempt from decay and death. I have come here to reconcile you; when I send a message, you are to come to me." After having thus exhorted the youths, he entered the park within the city and seated himself upon a stone slab, spreading the monkey-skin over it.

When the keeper of the park saw this, he went in haste to tell the king. The king on hearing it was filled with joy, and taking those councillors with him went and saluted the Great Being, and sitting down began to converse pleasantly with him. The Great Being without any exchange of friendly greeting went on stroking his monkey-skin. The king said, "Sir, without making any provision<sup>2</sup> for me you continue to rub your monkey-skin. Is this more helpful to you than I am?" "Yes, Sire, this monkey is of the greatest service to me. I travelled about sitting on its back. It carried my water-pot for me. It swept out my dwelling-

<sup>1</sup> *paṭigacc'eva*, v.l. *paṭikacc'eva*. Refer to Trenckner's *Milindapañha*, note 48<sup>32</sup>, pp. 421, 422. It has here the force of the Latin *ultra*. •

<sup>2</sup> Another reading is *akathetvā*, "without addressing a word to me."

place. It performed various duties of a minor kind for me. Through its simplicity I ate its flesh and having had its skin dried I spread it out and sit and lie on it: so it is very useful to me." Thus did he, in order to refute these heretics, attribute the acts of a monkey to the monkey-skin, and with this object he spoke as he did. From his having formerly dressed in its skin he said, "I travelled about sitting on its back." From placing it on his shoulder and from having thus carried his drinking vessel he said, "It carried my drinking vessel." From the fact of having swept the ground with the skin he said, "It sweeps out my dwelling place." When he lies down, because his back is touched by this skin, and when he steps upon it, because it touches his feet, he says, "It performed such and such various duties for me": when he was hungry, because he took and ate its flesh, he says, [237] "Being such a simple creature, I ate its flesh." On hearing this those councillors thought, "This man is guilty of murder. Consider, pray, the act of this ascetic: he says he killed a monkey, ate its flesh and goes about with its skin," and clapping their hands they ridiculed him. The Great Being, on seeing them do this, said, "These fellows do not know that I am come with this skin to refute their heresies: I will not tell them." And addressing the one that denied the Cause, he asked, saying, "Why, sir, do you blame me?" "Because you have been guilty of an act of treachery to a friend and of murder." Then the Great Being said, "If one should believe in you and in your doctrine and act accordingly, what evil has been done?" And refuting his heresy he said:

If this thy creed, 'All acts of men, or good or base,  
From natural causes spring, I hold, in every case,'  
Where in involuntary acts can sin find place?  
If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,  
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.  
Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,  
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[238] Thus did the Great Being rebuke him and reduce him to silence. The king, feeling annoyed at the rebuke before the assembly, collapsed<sup>1</sup> and sat down. And the Great Being, after refuting his heresy, addressed the one who believed that everything is brought about by a Supreme Being and said, "Why, sir, do you blame me, if you really fall back upon the doctrine that everything is the creation of a Supreme Being?" And he repeated this verse.

If there exists some Lord all powerful to fulfil  
In every creature bliss or woe, and action good or ill,  
That Lord is stained with sin. Man does but work his will.  
If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,  
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

<sup>1</sup> *pattakkhandha*, see note on p. 10.



Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,  
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

Thus did he, like one knocking down a mango with a club stick taken from the mango tree, refute the man who believed in the action of some Supreme Being by his very own doctrine, and then he thus addressed the believer in all things having happened before, saying, "Why, sir, do you blame me if you believe in the truth of the doctrine that everything has happened before?" And he repeated this verse:

From former action still both bliss and woe begin;  
This monkey pays his debt, to wit, his former sin:  
Each act's a debt discharged. Where then does guilt come in?

[239] If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,  
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,  
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

Having thus refuted the heresy of this man too, he turned to the believer in annihilation<sup>1</sup> and said, "You, sir, maintain that there is no reward and the like, believing that all mortals suffer annihilation here, and that no one goes to a future world. Why then do you blame me?" And rebuking him he said:

Each living creature's form four elements compose;  
To these component parts dissolved each body goes.

The dead exist no more, the living still live on;  
Should this world be destroyed, both wise and fools are gone:  
Amidst a ruined world guilt-stain defileth none.

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,  
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,  
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[240] Thus did he refute the heresy of this one too and then addressing him who held the Kshatriya doctrine, he said, "You, sir, maintain that a man must serve his own interests, even should he have to kill his own father and mother. Why, if you go about professing this belief, do you blame me?" And he repeated this verse:

The Kshatriyas say, poor simple fools that think themselves so wise,  
A man may kill his parents, if occasion justifies,  
Or elder brother, children, wife, should need of it arise.

Thus did he withstand the views of this man too, and to reveal his own view he said:

'From off a tree beneath whose shade a man would sit and rest,  
'Twere treachery to lop a branch. False friends we both detest.

<sup>1</sup> *ucchedavāda*. Compare *Vinaya Texts*, II. 111, *Dhamma Saṅgaṇi*, p. 268 of translation, and *Buddhist Suttas*, p. 149 (S.B.E. XI.) and *Kathā Vatthu*, *Pakarāṇa Aṭṭhakathā*, p. 6 (P. T. S. J. 1889).

But if occasion should arise, then extirpate that tree.  
That monkey then, to serve my needs, was rightly slain by me.

If such the creed thou holdst and this be doctrine true,  
Then was my action right when I that monkey slew.

Couldst thou but only see how sinful is thy creed,  
Thou wouldst no longer then with reason blame my deed.

[241] Thus did he refute the doctrine of this man too, and now that all these five heretics were dumbfounded and bewildered<sup>1</sup>, addressing the king he said, "Sire, these fellows with whom you go about are big thieves who plunder your realm. Oh! fool that you are, a man by consorting with fellows such as these both in this present world and that which is to come would meet with great sorrow," and so saying he taught the king the Truth and said :

This man avers, 'There is no cause.' Another, 'One is Lord of all.'  
Some hold, 'Each deed was done of old.' Others, 'All worlds to ruin fall.'  
These and the Kshatriya heretics are fools who think that they are wise,  
Bad men are they who sin themselves and others wickedly advise,  
Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

Now by way of illustration, enlarging on the text of his sermon, he said :

A wolf disguised as ram of old  
Drew unsuspected nigh the fold.  
The <sup>2</sup>panic-stricken flock it slew,  
Then scampered off to pastures new.  
Thus monks and brahmins often use  
A cloak, the credulous to abuse.  
Some on bare ground all dirty lie,  
Some fast, some squat in agony.

[242] Some may not drink, some eat by rule,  
As saint each poses, wicked fool.

An evil race of men are they, and fools who think that they are wise,  
All such not only sin themselves, but others wickedly advise,  
Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

Who say, 'No Force exists in anything,'  
Deny the Cause of all, disparaging  
Their own and others' acts as vanity, O king,

An evil race of men are they, and fools who think that they are wise,  
All such not only sin themselves, but others wickedly advise,  
Evil communications aye result in pains and penalties.

If Force exists not anywhere nor acts be good or ill,  
Why should a king keep artisans, to profit by their skill?

It is because Force does exist and actions good or ill,  
That kings keep ever artisans and profit by their skill.

<sup>1</sup> *nippaṭibhāna*, cf. *appaṭibhāna*, *Cullavagga*, iv. 4. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *vittāsayitvā* for *citrāsayitvā*.



If for a hundred years or more no rain or snow should fall,  
Our race, amidst a ruined world, would perish one and all.

But as rains fall and snow withal, the changing year ensures,  
That harvest ripens and our land for ages long endures.

<sup>1</sup>The bull through floods a devious course will take &c.

Who plucketh fruit before it has well ripened on the tree,  
Destroys its seed and never knows how sweet the fruit may be.

[243] So he that by unrighteous rule his country has destroyed,  
The sweets that spring from righteousness has never once enjoyed.

But he that lets the fruit he plucks first ripen on the tree,  
Preserves its seed and knows full well how sweet the fruit may be.

So he too by his righteous rule that has preserved the land,  
How sweet the fruits of justice are can fully understand.

The warrior king that o'er the land unrighteous sway shall wield  
Will suffer loss in plant and herb, whate'er the ground shall yield.

So should he spoil his citizens so apt by trade to gain,  
A failing source of revenue will his exchequer drain.

And should he vex his soldiers bold, so skilled to rule the fight,  
His army will fall off from him and shear him of his might.

So should he wrong or sage or saint, he meets his due reward,  
And through his sin, howe'er high born, from heaven will be debarred.

And should a wife by wicked king, though innocent, be slain,  
He suffers in his children and in hell is racked with pain.

Be just to town and country folk and treat thy soldiers well,  
Be kind to wife and children and let saints in safety dwell.

A monarch such as this, O Sire, if free from passion found,  
Like Indra, lord of Asuras, strikes terror all around.

[245] The Great Being having thus taught the Truth to the king summoned the four young princes and admonished them, explaining to them the king's action, and he said, "Ask the king's pardon," and having persuaded the king to forgive them, he said, "Sire, henceforth do not accept the statement of slanderers without weighing their words, and be not guilty of any similar deed of violence, and as for you young princes, act not treacherously towards the king," and he thus admonished them all. Then the king said to him, "Holy Sir, it was owing to these men that I sinned against you and the queen, and through accepting their statement I wrought this evil deed. [246] I will put all five of them to death." "Sire, you must not do this." "Then I will order their feet and hands to be cut off." "This too you must not do." The king assented, saying, "It is well," and he stript them of all their property and disgracing them in various ways, by fastening their hair into five locks<sup>2</sup>, by putting them into

<sup>1</sup> These lines are to be found in *Jātaka*, vol. III. p. 74 (English) and vol. v. p. 113.

<sup>2</sup> Compare *Kathā Sarit Sāgara*, XII. 168, Tawney's translation, vol. I. p. 80, where as a mark of disgrace a woman's head is so shaved that five locks are left. *Jātaka* VI. 135 shows that the *cūlā* was sometimes a mark of slavery. In *Jātaka* V. p. 249 a little boy of poor parents is described as wearing his hair in this fashion.

fetters and chains and by sprinkling cow-dung over them, he drove them out of his kingdom. And the Bodhisatta after staying there a few days and admonishing the king, bidding him be vigilant, set off for the Himalayas and developed supernatural power arising out of mystic meditation, and so long as he lived, cultivating the Perfect States, he became a denizen of the Brahma world.

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The Master here ended his lesson and saying, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also, the Tathāgata was wise and crushed all disputants," he thus identified the Birth: "At that time the five heretics<sup>1</sup> were Purāṇa Kassapa, Makkhali Gosāla, Pakudha Kaccāna, Ajita Kesakambali, Nigaṇṭha Nāthaputta, the tawny dog was Ānanda, and the wandering mendicant Mahābodhi was I myself.

<sup>1</sup> For these heretics see Hardy's *Manual*, p. 300, and *Vinaya Texts*, II. 111. Some of their names are found elsewhere with different forms, Pūraṇa, Kakudha Kaccāyana and Nātaputta.



## BOOK XIX. SATṬHINIPATA.

### No. 529.

#### SONAKA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

[247] "*A thousand crowns,*" etc. This is a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Renunciation. On this occasion the Bodhisatta sitting in the Hall of Truth in the midst of the Brethren, as they were singing the praises of the Perfection of Renunciation, said, "Brethren, not now only, but of old also the Tathāgata verily left the world and made the Great Renunciation," and so saying he related a story of the past.

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Once upon a time, the Magadha king reigned in Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born to his chief queen and on his naming-day they called him prince Arindama. On the very day of his birth a son was also born to the royal chaplain, and to him they gave the name of young Sonaka. The two lads grew up together and when they were of age they were exceedingly handsome, in appearance not to be distinguished one from another, and they went to Takkasilā and, after being trained in all sciences, they left that place with the intention of learning the practical uses of arts and local observances, and gradually in the course of their wanderings found their way to Benares. There they took up their abode in the royal park and next day entered the city. That very day certain men being minded to make an offering of food to brahmins provided some rice-porridge and arranged seats, and on seeing these youths approach they brought them into the house and made them sit upon the seats they had prepared. On the seat allotted to the Bodhisatta a white cloth was spread, on that assigned to Sonaka a red woollen rug. On seeing this omen Sonaka at once understood that this day his dear friend Arindama [248] would become king in Benares, and that he would offer him the post of commander-in-chief. After they had finished their meal they returned together to the park. Now it was the seventh day since the king of Benares had died and the royal house was without an heir. So the councillors and the rest after washing themselves, head and all,

<sup>1</sup> Compare the story of *Darīmukha*, No. 378, vol. III. p. 156 (English translation).

assembled together and saying, "Thou art to go to the house of the man that is worthy to be king," they started the festal car<sup>1</sup>. On leaving the city it gradually approached the park and stopping at the park gate it stood there, ready for any one to mount upon it. The Bodhisatta lay, with his outer robe wrapped about his head, on the royal slab of stone, while the lad Sonaka sat near him. On hearing the sound of musical instruments Sonaka thought, "Here comes the festal car for Arindama. To-day he will be made king and he will offer me the post of commander. But verily I have no desire for rule: when he is gone away, I will leave the world and become an ascetic," and he stood on one side in concealment. The chaplain on entering the park saw the Great Being lying there and ordered his trumpets to be sounded. The Great Being woke up and after turning over and lying for a while he rose up and sat cross-legged on the stone seat. Then the chaplain spreading out his arms in a suppliant attitude cried, "The kingdom, Sire, comes to you." "Why, is there no heir to the throne?" "Even so, Sire." "Then it is well," he said. So they sprinkled him to be king then and there. And mounting him on the car they brought him with a vast escort into the city. After a solemn procession round the city he ascended to his palace and in the greatness of his glory he forgot all about young Sonaka. But when the king was gone, Sonaka returned and sat on the stone seat, and so it was that a withered leaf of a sāl tree fell from its stalk in front of him, and on seeing it he cried, "Even as this leaf, so will my body fall into decay," and acquiring supernatural insight by reflecting on the impermanence of all things he attained to the state of a paccekabuddha, and at this very instant his characteristic as a layman vanished, and the marks of an ascetic became visible, and saying, "There is no more re-birth for me," in the utterance of this aspiration he set out for the cave of Nandamūla. And the Great Being after the lapse of forty years remembered Sonaka and said, "Where in the world can Sonaka be?" And time after time calling him to mind [249] he found no one to tell him saying, "I have heard of him or I have seen him." And sitting cross-legged on a royal throne upon a magnificent dais, surrounded by a company of minstrels and mime dancers, in the enjoyment of his glory, he said, "Whosoever shall hear from some one that Sonaka dwells in such and such a place and shall repeat it to me, to him I promise a hundred pieces of money, but whosoever shall see him with his own eyes and shall tell me, to him I promise a thousand pieces of money," and giving expression to this inspired utterance, in the form of a song, he repeated the first stanza :

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear.  
A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

<sup>1</sup> *phussaratha*, *Jātaka* III. 238, IV. 39, and especially *Mahājanaka*, VI. No. 539.



Then a nautch girl, catching it up, as it were, from his very mouth, sang the words, and then another and another took it up till the whole harem, thinking it was a favourite air of the king's, all sang it. And gradually both towns-people and country-folk sang the same song and the king too constantly sang it. At the end of fifty years the king had many sons and daughters, and the eldest son was called prince Dīghāvu. At this time the paccekabuddha Sonaka thought, "King Arindama is anxious to see me. I will go and explain to him the misery of evil desires and the blessing of Renunciation, and will show him the way to become an ascetic. And by his supernatural power he conveyed himself thither and took a seat in the park. At that moment a boy seven years old, wearing his hair in five knots, was sent there by his mother, and as he was gathering sticks in the park garden he sang over and over again this song. Sonaka called the boy to him and asked him saying, "Why, my lad, do you always sing the same song and never sing anything else? Do you not know any other song?" "I know others, holy Sir, but this is the king's favourite song, and so I constantly sing it." "Has any one been found to sing a refrain to this song?" "No, Sir." "I will teach you one and then you can go and sing the refrain before the king." "Yes, Sir." So he taught him the refrain 'A thousand crowns' and the rest of it, and when the boy had mastered it, [250] he sent him off, saying, "Go, my lad, and sing this refrain before the king and he will grant you great power. What have you to do with gathering sticks? Be off with you as quick as you can." "It is well," said the boy, and having mastered the refrain and saluted Sonaka he said, "Holy Sir, until I bring the king, do you remain here." With these words he went off as fast as he could to his mother and said to her, "Dear mother, give me a bath and dress me in my best clothes: to-day will I free you from your poverty." And when he had taken a bath and was smartly dressed, he went to the door of the palace and said, "Porter, go and tell the king and say, 'A certain lad has come and even now stands at the door, prepared to sing a song with you.'" So the porter made haste and told the king. The king summoned him to his presence and said, "Friend, would you sing a song with me?" "Yes, Sire." "Then sing it." "My lord, I will not sing it here, but have a drum beaten through the city and bid the people assemble together. I will sing before the people." The king ordered this to be done, and, taking his seat in the middle of a couch under a magnificent pavilion and assigning a suitable seat to the boy, he said, "Now then sing your song." "Sire," he said, "you sing first and then I will sing a refrain to it." Then the king sang first, repeating this stanza:

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear,  
A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

Then the Master, to make it clear that the boy with his hair dressed in five knots sang a refrain to the song begun by the king, in his Perfect Wisdom repeated two lines :

Then up and spake that little boy—five tangled locks he wore—  
 ‘The thousand give to me who saw, who heard a hundred more :  
 I’ll tell thee news of Sonaka, thy playfellow of yore.’

The verses that follow are to be taken in their obvious connexion.

[251] Pray in what country, realm, or town hast thou a-wandering been,  
 And where was Sonaka, my friend, I prithee tell me, seen ?

Within this realm, in thine own park is many a big sāl tree  
 With leaves dark green and stems so straight, a pleasant sight to see ;  
 Their branches densely interlaced, cloud-like, to heaven they rise,  
 And at their foot lo ! Sonaka in meditation lies,  
 Filled with the Arhat’s holy calm, when human passion dies.

The king then started in full force and levelling the road  
 He made his way straight to the place of Sonaka’s abode.

There wandering midst an ample grove within his pleasure ground,  
 All passionless, in saintly bliss, his friend at rest he found.

Without saluting him he sat on one side and, by reason of his being himself given up to evil passion, he fancied he was some poor wretch and addressed him in this stanza :

His parents dead, with shaven head, clad in monk’s robe I see  
 A wretched Brother in a trance, stretched here beneath this tree.

On hearing this said Sonaka, ‘He is no wretched wight  
 Who in his every action, Sire, has aye attained to right.’

[252] Nay rather wretched those who right neglect and practise ill,  
 For evil doer evil doom is destined to fulfil.’

Thus did he rebuke the Bodhisatta, and he pretending not to know he was being rebuked, talking in a friendly way with him, declared his name and family and spoke this stanza :

As king of Kāsi I am known, Arindama my name,  
 Since coming here, Sir, hast thou met with aught deserving blame ?

Then the paccekabuddha said, “Not merely while dwelling here but nowhere else have I met with any discomfort,” and he began to tell in verse the blessings of the monk :

’Mongst blessings of poor homeless monk I ever count it one,  
 In jar or maund or granary he stores has hoarded none,  
 But only craves what others leave and lives content thereon.

The next of all his blessings this is one deserving praise,  
 He free from blame enjoys his food and no one him gainsays.

Third blessing of the monk I hold is this, that all his days  
 He eats his food in happiness and no one him gainsays.

The fourth of all his blessings is that wheresoe’er he goes,  
 He wanders free throughout the realm and no Attachment knows.

Fifth blessing this that should the town, wherever he may be,  
 Perish in flames, he suffers not, for nought to burn has he.



[253] The sixth of all the blessings he may reckon to his lot,  
 That if the realm should be despoiled, he suffers not a jot.  
 The seventh of the blessings that to poverty he owes,  
 Though robbers should his path beset, and many dangerous foes,  
 With bowl and robe the holy man ever in safety goes.  
 Last blessing this that wheresoe'er our wanderer may fare,  
 Homeless and poor, he journeys on without regret or care.

[254] Thus did the paccekabuddha Sonaka tell of the eight blessings of the monk, and even beyond this he could have told of a hundred, nay a thousand immeasurable blessings, but the king being given up to sensual desires cut short his speech, saying, "I have no need of monkish blessings," and to make it clear how devoted he was to evil passions he said :

Thy many blessings thou mayst praise but what am I to do  
 Who worldly pleasures, Sonaka, so greedily pursue?

Dear are all human joys to me and heavenly joys as well,  
 But how to gain both worlds at once, to me, I prithee, tell.

Then the paccekabuddha answered him :

[255] Who greedily on pleasure bent their worldly lusts would sate,  
 Work wickedness awhile, to be re-born in woeful state.  
 But they who leave desire behind through life all fearless go,  
 And reaching concentration<sup>1</sup> pure are ne'er re-born to woe.  
 Here tell I thee a parable ; Arindama, give heed,  
 Some that are wise through parable my meaning best may read.  
 See ! borne along on Ganges' flooded tide a carcase vast,  
 A foolish crow thought to himself as it was floating past,  
 'Oh what a carriage I have found and goodly store of food,  
 Here will I stay both night and day, enjoying blissful mood.'  
 So eats he flesh of elephant and drinks from Ganges' stream,  
 And budging not sees grove and shrine pass by him in a dream.  
 Thus heedless and on carrion vile so all intent was he,  
 The Ganges swept him headlong to the perils of the sea.  
 But when with food exhausted he, poor bird, essayed a flight,  
 Nor east nor west nor south nor north was any land in sight.  
 Far out at sea, so weak was he, long ere he reached the shore,  
 Midst countless perils of the deep he fell to rise no more.  
 For crocodiles and monster fish, where our poor flutterer lay,  
 Came ravening all around and quick devoured their quivering prey.  
 So thou and all that greedily pleasures of sense pursue  
 Are deemed as wise as was this crow, till ye all lusts eschew.  
 My parable proclaims the Truth. To it, O king, give heed,  
 Thy fame for good or ill will grow according to thy deed.

[257]. Thus by means of this parable did he admonish the king and, in order to fix it firmly in his mind, he repeated this stanza :

In pity once, nay even twice, utter the warning word,  
 But keep not on repeating it, like slave before his lord.

<sup>1</sup> *ekodibhāva*, concentration of mind, see R. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* 1885, p. 32 and *Academy*, March 27, 1886.

Thus in his wisdom infinite did Sonaka the seer  
Instruct the king, and then in space straightway did disappear.

This stanza was inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

And the Bodhisatta stood gazing on him as he passed through the air, so long as he remained within the range of his vision, but when he had passed out of sight, he was greatly agitated and thought, "This brahmin, low-born<sup>1</sup> fellow that he is, after scattering the dust from his feet upon my head, though I am sprung from an unbroken line of nobles, [258] has disappeared in the sky : I must to-day renounce the world and become a religious. So in his desire to join the religious and give up his kingdom he repeated a couple of stanzas :

Where are my charioteers, despatched a worthy king to find?  
I would not longer reign ; henceforth my crown I have resigned.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

On hearing him thus abdicate his throne his councillors said :

Thou hast a son, Dīghāvu named, a goodly prince is he,  
By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he our king shall be.

Then, beginning with the stanza spoken by the king, the verses in due order are to be understood in their obvious connexion :

Then quickly bring Dīghāvu here, a goodly prince is he,  
By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he your king shall be.

When they had brought Dīghāvu there, their nursing king to be,  
His sire addressed his darling boy—an only son was he.

Full sixty thousand villages I once did claim as mine,  
Take them, my son, to thee henceforth my kingdom I resign.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo ! sixty thousand elephants with splendour all bedight,  
With girths of gold, caparisoned with trappings golden-bright,

Each ridden by his own mahout, with spiked hook in hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

[259] Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo ! sixty thousand horses here, bedecked in bright array  
—Sindh horses, all of noble breed and fleet of foot are they—

Each ridden by a henchman bold, with sword and bow in hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo ! sixty thousand cars all yoked, with banners flying free,  
With tiger skin and panther hide, a gorgeous sight to see,

<sup>1</sup> On a brahmin being called *hīna-jacco* see *Buddhist India* by R. Davids, p. 60.



Each driven by mailed charioteers, all armed with bow in hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand kine so red, with bulls on every hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Here twice eight thousand maidens fair in goodly vesture stand,  
With many a jewelled bracelet decked and rings upon each hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

<sup>1</sup>They say to me, 'Thy mother dear, alas! poor boy, is dead,'  
I cannot live without thee too. All joy from life is fled.

As close behind old elephant a young one oft is found  
Moving through mountain-pass or wood, o'er rough or level ground,  
So bowl in hand I'll follow thee, wherever thou mayst lead,  
Nor shalt thou find me burdensome or difficult to feed.

<sup>2</sup>As oft some ship of merchants seeking gain at any cost  
Is swallowed by a whirlpool<sup>3</sup> and both ship and crew are lost,  
So lest I find a stumbling-block in this accursed boy,  
Instal him in my palace there all pleasures to enjoy—

[260] With maids whose hands caressing him with gleaming gold are bright,  
Like Sakka midst his nymphs divine, he'll ever take delight.

Then brought they prince Dīghāvu to the palace, home of joy,  
And seeing him these maidens fair addressed the royal boy.

'Who art thou? Angel, minstrel-god, or Sakka known to fame,  
Dispensing alms in every town? We fain would learn thy name.'

No angel I nor minstrel-god nor Sakka known to fame,  
But heir to king of Kāsi, prince Dīghāvu is my name.  
So cherish me and happy be: each one as wife I claim.

Then thus unto Dīghāvu, their liege lord, these maidens said;  
'Where has the king a refuge gained, and whither is he fled?'

The king escaped from miry ways is safe upon dry ground,  
From thorns and jungle free at last the high road he has found.

But I am set upon a path that leads to woeful state,  
Through thorns and jungle on I press to reach an awful fate.

Welcome to us, as lion is to cubs in mountain lair,  
Bear sway henceforth, our sovereign lord, the true and rightful heir.

[261] And having so spoken they all sounded their musical instruments  
and all manner of song and dance took place, and so great was his glory  
that the prince intoxicated by it forgot all about his father, but exercising  
his rule with justice he fared according to his deeds. But the Bodhisatta

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following stanzas are spoken by the young prince.

<sup>2</sup> This and the two following stanzas are spoken by king Arindama.

<sup>3</sup> The commentary explains *vohāra* as a 'monster fish' or 'whirlpool.'

developed the supernatural faculty resulting from Meditation and passed away to the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but also of old the Tathāgata verily made the Great Renunciation," and he identified the Birth, saying, "At that time the paccekabuddha obtained Nirvāṇa, the son was the young Rāhula, and king Arindama was I myself."

## No. 530.

### SAMKICCA-JĀTAKA.

"*At sight of Brahmaddatta,*" etc. This story the Master, while dwelling in the mango grove of Jivaka<sup>1</sup>, told concerning the murder of his own father by Ajātasattu. For owing to Devadatta [262] and at his instigation he had his father put to death. But when sickness arose in the schismatic congregation following upon the division in the Order, Devadatta resolved to go and ask pardon of the Tathāgata, and, as he was journeying in a litter to Sāvatti he was swallowed up by the earth at the gate of Jetavana. On hearing this Ajātasattu thought, "Because Devadatta was an enemy of the supreme Buddha, he has disappeared into the earth and is destined to the Avīci hell. It was owing to him that I murdered my holy father, that king of Righteousness. I too shall surely be swallowed up by the earth." And he was so terrified that he found no enjoyment in his royal splendour, and thinking he would rest awhile, he had no sooner fallen asleep than he seemed to be dropped into a world of iron nine leagues thick, and beaten as it were with iron spikes and devoured by dogs continually snapping at him, and with a terrible cry he rose up. So one day at full moon<sup>2</sup> during the cāturmāsya festival, when surrounded by a great retinue of courtiers he reflected on his own glory, he bethought him that his father's glory was far greater than this, and that owing to Devadatta he had slain so excellent a king of Righteousness, and while he thought on this a fever sprang up in his limbs and his whole body was bathed in sweat. And considering who could drive away this fear from him he concluded that except Dasabala there was no one, and thinking, "I have sinned greatly against the Tathāgata: who verily will take me into his presence?" and concluding there was no one but Jivaka, he considered some way of getting him to go with him, and uttering a joyous cry, "O sir, what a lovely clear night it is," he said, "what if to-day we were to pay our respects to some priest or brahmin?" And when the virtues of Purāṇa<sup>3</sup> and other teachers had been sung by their respective disciples, without attending to what they said he cross-questioned Jivaka, and on his telling of the virtues of the Tathāgata and crying, "Let his Majesty pay his respects to the Blessed One," he ordered elephant cars to be got ready and went to the mango grove of Jivaka. And approaching the Tathāgata with an obeisance and being kindly greeted by him, he inquired of the reward of asceticism in this present life, and after listening to a sweet discourse on this topic from the Tathāgata, at the end of the sermon he announced his discipleship, and having been reconciled to the Tathāgata he went his ways. Thenceforth distributing alms and keeping the moral law he associated with the Tathāgata, and listening

<sup>1</sup> Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 244—257, and pp. 333—337.

<sup>2</sup> *Komudi*, the full moon day in the month *Kattika*.

<sup>3</sup> Instead of *purāṇa* reading *Purāṇa*, i.e. *Purāṇa Kassapa*. Cf. *Dīgha Nikāya*, II. 2, where the name appears as *Pūraṇa*.



to his sweet discourse on the Law and consorting with a virtuous friend, his fears abated and his feeling of horror disappeared, and he recovered his peace of mind and happily cultivated the four Ways of Deportment. Then one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Ajātasattu after slaying his father was terror-stricken and finding no enjoyment in his regal splendour he experienced pain in every posture. Then he went to the Tathāgata and by associating with a virtuous friend he lost his fears and enjoyed the happiness of lordship." The Master came and asked, saying, "What topic, Brethren, are you now engaged in discussing in conclave?" [263] and on their telling him what it was, he said, "Not now only, but of old too, this man, after murdering his father, through me recovered his peace of mind," and he told a story of the past.

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Once upon a time in Benares Brahmadata begat a son, prince Brahmadata. At the same time the Bodhisatta was conceived in the house of the family priest. And at his birth they named him young Samkicca. The two lads grew up together in the palace and were great friends. And when they came of age, after acquiring all learning at Takkasilā, they returned home. Then the king appointed his son to be viceroy and the Bodhisatta still lived with him. Now one day the viceroy, when his father was gone to disport himself in the pleasure garden, beheld his great glory and conceived a longing for it, thinking, "My father is more like a brother; if I shall wait for his death, I shall be an old man before I succeed to the crown. What good will it do me to get the kingdom then? I will kill my father and make myself king," and he told the Bodhisatta what he thought of doing. The Bodhisatta rejected the idea, saying, "Friend, the murder of a father is a serious matter. That way lies the road to hell. You must not do this deed. Pray do not kill him." But he spoke of it again and again and was opposed by his friend for the third time. Then he consulted with his attendants and they fell in with the idea and devised a plot to kill the king. But the Bodhisatta hearing of it thought, "I will not consort with people like these," and without taking leave of his father and mother he escaped by a house-door<sup>1</sup> and hid himself in the Himalaya country. There he embraced the ascetic life and entered upon the supernatural powers arising from ecstatic meditation, living on roots and wild berries. But the prince, when his friend was gone away, put his father to death and enjoyed great glory. Hearing it said that young Samkicca had adopted the ascetic life, many youths of good family gave up the world and were ordained by him to the ascetic life. And he dwelt there surrounded by a great company of ascetics, all of whom had already reached the Attainments. The king, after killing his father, for a very short time enjoyed the pleasure of kingship,

<sup>1</sup> Whenever any one wishes to leave the house without being observed, he goes out by the *aggadvāram*, perhaps a side or back-door, as opposed to the main entrance. Cf. *Jātaka*, vol. i. 114, vol. v. 132, Pali text.



fetters and chains and by sprinkling cow-dung over them, he drove them out of his kingdom. And the Bodhisatta after staying there a few days and admonishing the king, bidding him be vigilant, set off for the Himalayas and developed supernatural power arising out of mystic meditation, and so long as he lived, cultivating the Perfect States, he became a denizen of the Brahma world.

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The Master here ended his lesson and saying, "Not now only, Brethren, but formerly also, the Tathāgata was wise and crushed all disputants," he thus identified the Birth: "At that time the five heretics<sup>1</sup> were Purāṇa Kassapa, Makkhali Gosāla, Pakudha Kaccāna, Ajita Kesakambali, Nigaṇṭha Nāthaputta, the tawny dog was Ānanda, and the wandering mendicant Mahābodhi was I myself.

<sup>1</sup> For these heretics see Hardy's *Manual*, p. 300, and *Vinaya Texts*, II. 111. Some of their names are found elsewhere with different forms, Pūraṇa, Kakudha Kaccāyana and Nātaputta.



## BOOK XIX. SATṬHINIPĀTA.

### No. 529.

#### SONAKA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

[247] “*A thousand crowns,*” etc. This is a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Renunciation. On this occasion the Bodhisatta sitting in the Hall of Truth in the midst of the Brethren, as they were singing the praises of the Perfection of Renunciation, said, “Brethren, not now only, but of old also the Tathāgata verily left the world and made the Great Renunciation,” and so saying he related a story of the past.

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Once upon a time, the Magadha king reigned in Rājagaha. The Bodhisatta was born to his chief queen and on his naming-day they called him prince Arindama. On the very day of his birth a son was also born to the royal chaplain, and to him they gave the name of young Sonaka. The two lads grew up together and when they were of age they were exceedingly handsome, in appearance not to be distinguished one from another, and they went to Takkasilā and, after being trained in all sciences, they left that place with the intention of learning the practical uses of arts and local observances, and gradually in the course of their wanderings found their way to Benares. There they took up their abode in the royal park and next day entered the city. That very day certain men being minded to make an offering of food to brahmins provided some rice-porridge and arranged seats, and on seeing these youths approach they brought them into the house and made them sit upon the seats they had prepared. On the seat allotted to the Bodhisatta a white cloth was spread, on that assigned to Sonaka a red woollen rug. On seeing this omen Sonaka at once understood that this day his dear friend Arindama [248] would become king in Benares, and that he would offer him the post of commander-in-chief. After they had finished their meal they returned together to the park. Now it was the seventh day since the king of Benares had died and the royal house was without an heir. So the councillors and the rest after washing themselves, head and all,

<sup>1</sup> Compare the story of *Darimukha*, No. 378, vol. III. p. 156 (English translation).

assembled together and saying, "Thou art to go to the house of the man that is worthy to be king," they started the festal car<sup>1</sup>. On leaving the city it gradually approached the park and stopping at the park gate it stood there, ready for any one to mount upon it. The Bodhisatta lay, with his outer robe wrapped about his head, on the royal slab of stone, while the lad Sonaka sat near him. On hearing the sound of musical instruments Sonaka thought, "Here comes the festal car for Arindama. To-day he will be made king and he will offer me the post of commander. But verily I have no desire for rule: when he is gone away, I will leave the world and become an ascetic," and he stood on one side in concealment. The chaplain on entering the park saw the Great Being lying there and ordered his trumpets to be sounded. The Great Being woke up and after turning over and lying for a while he rose up and sat cross-legged on the stone seat. Then the chaplain spreading out his arms in a suppliant attitude cried, "The kingdom, Sire, comes to you." "Why, is there no heir to the throne?" "Even so, Sire." "Then it is well," he said. So they sprinkled him to be king then and there. And mounting him on the car they brought him with a vast escort into the city. After a solemn procession round the city he ascended to his palace and in the greatness of his glory he forgot all about young Sonaka. But when the king was gone, Sonaka returned and sat on the stone seat, and so it was that a withered leaf of a sāl tree fell from its stalk in front of him, and on seeing it he cried, "Even as this leaf, so will my body fall into decay," and acquiring supernatural insight by reflecting on the impermanence of all things he attained to the state of a paccekabuddha, and at this very instant his characteristic as a layman vanished, and the marks of an ascetic became visible, and saying, "There is no more re-birth for me," in the utterance of this aspiration he set out for the cave of Nandamūla. And the Great Being after the lapse of forty years remembered Sonaka and said, "Where in the world can Sonaka be?" And time after time calling him to mind [249] he found no one to tell him saying, "I have heard of him or I have seen him." And sitting cross-legged on a royal throne upon a magnificent dais, surrounded by a company of minstrels and mime dancers, in the enjoyment of his glory, he said, "Whosoever shall hear from some one that Sonaka dwells in such and such a place and shall repeat it to me, to him I promise a hundred pieces of money, but whosoever shall see him with his own eyes and shall tell me, to him I promise a thousand pieces of money," and giving expression to this inspired utterance, in the form of a song, he repeated the first stanza:

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear,  
A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

<sup>1</sup> *phussaratha*, *Jātaka* III. 238, IV. 39, and especially *Mahājanaka*, VI. No. 539.



Then a nautch girl, catching it up, as it were, from his very mouth, sang the words, and then another and another took it up till the whole harem, thinking it was a favourite air of the king's, all sang it. And gradually both towns-people and country-folk sang the same song and the king too constantly sang it. At the end of fifty years the king had many sons and daughters, and the eldest son was called prince Dīghāvu. At this time the paccekabuddha Sonaka thought, "King Arindama is anxious to see me. I will go and explain to him the misery of evil desires and the blessing of Renunciation, and will show him the way to become an ascetic. And by his supernatural power he conveyed himself thither and took a seat in the park. At that moment a boy seven years old, wearing his hair in five knots, was sent there by his mother, and as he was gathering sticks in the park garden he sang over and over again this song. Sonaka called the boy to him and asked him saying, "Why, my lad, do you always sing the same song and never sing anything else? Do you not know any other song?" "I know others, holy Sir, but this is the king's favourite song, and so I constantly sing it." "Has any one been found to sing a refrain to this song?" "No, Sir." "I will teach you one and then you can go and sing the refrain before the king." "Yes, Sir." So he taught him the refrain 'A thousand crowns' and the rest of it, and when the boy had mastered it, [250] he sent him off, saying, "Go, my lad, and sing this refrain before the king and he will grant you great power. What have you to do with gathering sticks? Be off with you as quick as you can." "It is well," said the boy, and having mastered the refrain and saluted Sonaka he said, "Holy Sir, until I bring the king, do you remain here." With these words he went off as fast as he could to his mother and said to her, "Dear mother, give me a bath and dress me in my best clothes: to-day will I free you from your poverty." And when he had taken a bath and was smartly dressed, he went to the door of the palace and said, "Porter, go and tell the king and say, 'A certain lad has come and even now stands at the door, prepared to sing a song with you.'" So the porter made haste and told the king. The king summoned him to his presence and said, "Friend, would you sing a song with me?" "Yes, Sire." "Then sing it." "My lord, I will not sing it here, but have a drum beaten through the city and bid the people assemble together. I will sing before the people." The king ordered this to be done, and, taking his seat in the middle of a couch under a magnificent pavilion and assigning a suitable seat to the boy, he said, "Now then sing your song." "Sire," he said, "you sing first and then I will sing a refrain to it." Then the king sang first, repeating this stanza:

A thousand crowns for one that sees my friend and playmate dear,  
A hundred lo! I give if one of Sonaka should hear.

Then the Master, to make it clear that the boy with his hair dressed in five knots sang a refrain to the song begun by the king, in his Perfect Wisdom repeated two lines :

Then up and spake that little boy—five tangled locks he wore—  
 ‘The thousand give to me who saw, who heard a hundred more :  
 I’ll tell thee news of Sonaka, thy playfellow of yore.’

The verses that follow are to be taken in their obvious connexion.

[251] Pray in what country, realm, or town hast thou a-wandering been,  
 And where was Sonaka, my friend, I prithee tell me, seen?

Within this realm, in thine own park is many a big sāl tree  
 With leaves dark green and stems so straight, a pleasant sight to see ;  
 Their branches densely interlaced, cloud-like, to heaven they rise,  
 And at their foot lo ! Sonaka in meditation lies,  
 Filled with the Arhat’s holy calm, when human passion dies.

The king then started in full force and levelling the road  
 He made his way straight to the place of Sonaka’s abode.

There wandering midst an ample grove within his pleasure ground,  
 All passionless, in saintly bliss, his friend at rest he found.

Without saluting him he sat on one side and, by reason of his being himself given up to evil passion, he fancied he was some poor wretch and addressed him in this stanza :

His parents dead, with shaven head, clad in monk’s robe I see  
 A wretched Brother in a trance, stretched here beneath this tree.  
 On hearing this said Sonaka, ‘He is no wretched wight  
 Who in his every action, Sire, has aye attained to right.

[252] Nay rather wretched those who right neglect and practise ill,  
 For evil doer evil doom is destined to fulfil.’

Thus did he rebuke the Bodhisatta, and he pretending not to know he was being rebuked, talking in a friendly way with him, declared his name and family and spoke this stanza :

As king of Kāsi I am known, Arindama my name,  
 Since coming here, Sir, hast thou met with aught deserving blame?

Then the paccekabuddha said, “Not merely while dwelling here but nowhere else have I met with any discomfort,” and he began to tell in verse the blessings of the monk :

’Mongst blessings of poor homeless monk I ever count it one,  
 In jar or maund or granary he stores has hoarded none,  
 But only craves what others leave and lives content thereon.

The next of all his blessings this is one deserving praise,  
 He free from blame enjoys his food and no one him gainsays.

Third blessing of the monk I hold is this, that all his days  
 He eats his food in happiness and no one him gainsays.

The fourth of all his blessings is that wheresoe’er he goes,  
 He wanders free throughout the realm and no Attachment knows.

Fifth blessing this that should the town, wherever he may be,  
 Perish in flames, he suffers not, for nought to burn has he.



[253] The sixth of all the blessings he may reckon to his lot,  
 That if the realm should be despoiled, he suffers not a jot.  
 The seventh of the blessings that to poverty he owes,  
 Though robbers should his path beset, and many dangerous foes,  
 With bowl and robe the holy man ever in safety goes.  
 Last blessing this that wheresoe'er our wanderer may fare,  
 Homeless and poor, he journeys on without regret or care.

[254] Thus did the paccekabuddha Sonaka tell of the eight blessings of the monk, and even beyond this he could have told of a hundred, nay a thousand immeasurable blessings, but the king being given up to sensual desires cut short his speech, saying, "I have no need of monkish blessings," and to make it clear how devoted he was to evil passions he said :

Thy many blessings thou mayst praise but what am I to do  
 Who worldly pleasures, Sonaka, so greedily pursue?

Dear are all human joys to me and heavenly joys as well,  
 But how to gain both worlds at once, to me, I prithee, tell.

Then the paccekabuddha answered him :

[255] Who greedily on pleasure bent their worldly lusts would sate,  
 Work wickedness awhile, to be re-born in woeful state.  
 But they who leave desire behind through life all fearless go,  
 And reaching concentration<sup>1</sup> pure are ne'er re-born to woe.  
 Here tell I thee a parable ; Arindama, give heed,  
 Some that are wise through parable my meaning best may read.  
 See ! borne along on Ganges' flooded tide a carcase vast,  
 A foolish crow thought to himself as it was floating past,  
 'Oh what a carriage I have found and goodly store of food,  
 Here will I stay both night and day, enjoying blissful mood.'  
 So eats he flesh of elephant and drinks from Ganges' stream,  
 And budging not sees grove and shrine pass by him in a dream.  
 Thus heedless and on carrion vile so all intent was he,  
 The Ganges swept him headlong to the perils of the sea.  
 But when with food exhausted he, poor bird, essayed a flight,  
 Nor east nor west nor south nor north was any land in sight.  
 Far out at sea, so weak was he, long ere he reached the shore,  
 Midst countless perils of the deep he fell to rise no more.  
 For crocodiles and monster fish, where our poor flutterer lay,  
 Came ravening all around and quick devoured their quivering prey.  
 So thou and all that greedily pleasures of sense pursue  
 Are deemed as wise as was this crow, till ye all lusts eschew.  
 My parable proclaims the Truth. To it, O king, give heed,  
 Thy fame for good or ill will grow according to thy deed.

[257]. Thus by means of this parable did he admonish the king and, in order to fix it firmly in his mind, he repeated this stanza :

In pity once, nay even twice, utter the warning word,  
 But keep not on repeating it, like slave before his lord.

<sup>1</sup> *ekodibhāva*, concentration of mind, see R. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* 1885, p. 32 and *Academy*, March 27, 1886.

Thus in his wisdom infinite did Sonaka the seer  
Instruct the king, and then in space straightway did disappear.

This stanza was inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

And the Bodhisatta stood gazing on him as he passed through the air, so long as he remained within the range of his vision, but when he had passed out of sight, he was greatly agitated and thought, "This brahmin, low-born<sup>1</sup> fellow that he is, after scattering the dust from his feet upon my head, though I am sprung from an unbroken line of nobles, [258] has disappeared in the sky : I must to-day renounce the world and become a religious. So in his desire to join the religious and give up his kingdom he repeated a couple of stanzas :

Where are my charioteers, despatched a worthy king to find?  
I would not longer reign ; henceforth my crown I have resigned.  
Tomorrow one may die, who knows ? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

On hearing him thus abdicate his throne his councillors said :

Thou hast a son, Dighāvu named, a goodly prince is he,  
By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he our king shall be.

Then, beginning with the stanza spoken by the king, the verses in due order are to be understood in their obvious connexion :

Then quickly bring Dighāvu here, a goodly prince is he,  
By sprinkling raise him to the throne, for he your king shall be.  
When they had brought Dighāvu there, their nursing king to be,  
His sire addressed his darling boy—an only son was he.  
Full sixty thousand villages I once did claim as mine,  
Take them, my son, to thee henceforth my kingdom I resign.  
Tomorrow one may die, who knows ? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.  
Lo ! sixty thousand elephants with splendour all bedight,  
With girths of gold, caparisoned with trappings golden-bright,  
Each ridden by his own mahout, with spiked hook in hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

[259] Tomorrow one may die, who knows ? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo ! sixty thousand horses here, bedecked in bright array  
—Sindh horses, all of noble breed and fleet of foot are they—  
Each ridden by a henchman bold, with sword and bow in hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows ? I'll be ordained to-day ;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo ! sixty thousand cars all yoked, with banners flying free,  
With tiger skin and panther hide, a gorgeous sight to see,

<sup>1</sup> On a brahmin being called *hīna-jacco* see *Buddhist India* by R. Davids, p. 60.



Each driven by mailed charioteers, all armed with bow in hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Lo! sixty thousand kine so red, with bulls on every hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

Here twice eight thousand maidens fair in goodly vesture stand,  
With many a jewelled bracelet decked and rings upon each hand,  
Take them, my son, I give them thee, as ruler of the land.

Tomorrow one may die, who knows? I'll be ordained to-day;  
Lest, like the foolish crow, I fall 'neath passion's baneful sway.

<sup>1</sup>They say to me, 'Thy mother dear, alas! poor boy, is dead,'  
I cannot live without thee too. All joy from life is fled.

As close behind old elephant a young one oft is found  
Moving through mountain-pass or wood, o'er rough or level ground,  
So bowl in hand I'll follow thee, wherever thou mayst lead,  
Nor shalt thou find me burdensome or difficult to feed.

<sup>2</sup>As oft some ship of merchants seeking gain at any cost  
Is swallowed by a whirlpool<sup>3</sup> and both ship and crew are lost,  
So lest I find a stumbling-block in this accursed boy,  
Instal him in my palace there all pleasures to enjoy—

[260] With maids whose hands caressing him with gleaming gold are bright,  
Like Sakka midst his nymphs divine, he'll ever take delight.

Then brought they prince Dighāvu to the palace, home of joy,  
And seeing him these maidens fair addressed the royal boy.

'Who art thou? Angel, minstrel-god, or Sakka known to fame,  
Dispensing alms in every town? We fain would learn thy name.'

No angel I nor minstrel-god nor Sakka known to fame,  
But heir to king of Kāsi, prince Dighāvu is my name.  
So cherish me and happy be: each one as wife I claim.

Then thus unto Dighāvu, their liege lord, these maidens said;  
'Where has the king a refuge gained, and whither is he fled?'

The king escaped from miry ways is safe upon dry ground,  
From thorns and jungle free at last the high road he has found.

But I am set upon a path that leads to woeful state,  
Through thorns and jungle on I press to reach an awful fate.

Welcome to us, as lion is to cubs in mountain lair,  
Bear sway henceforth, our sovereign lord, the true and rightful heir.

[261] And having so spoken they all sounded their musical instruments  
and all manner of song and dance took place, and so great was his glory  
that the prince intoxicated by it forgot all about his father, but exercising  
his rule with justice he fared according to his deeds. But the Bodhisatta

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following stanzas are spoken by the young prince.

<sup>2</sup> This and the two following stanzas are spoken by king Arindama.

<sup>3</sup> The commentary explains *vohāra* as a 'monster fish' or 'whirlpool.'



developed the supernatural faculty resulting from Meditation and passed away to the Brahma world.

The Master here ended his lesson and said, "Not now only, Brethren, but also of old the Tathāgata verily made the Great Renunciation," and he identified the Birth, saying, "At that time the paccekabuddha obtained Nirvāṇa, the son was the young Rāhula, and king Arindama was I myself."

## No. 530.

### SAMKICCA-JĀTAKA.

"*At sight of Brahmaddatta,*" etc. This story the Master, while dwelling in the mango grove of Jivaka<sup>1</sup>, told concerning the murder of his own father by Ajātasattu. For owing to Devadatta [262] and at his instigation he had his father put to death. But when sickness arose in the schismatic congregation following upon the division in the Order, Devadatta resolved to go and ask pardon of the Tathāgata, and, as he was journeying in a litter to Sāvatti he was swallowed up by the earth at the gate of Jetavana. On hearing this Ajātasattu thought, "Because Devadatta was an enemy of the supreme Buddha, he has disappeared into the earth and is destined to the Avīci hell. It was owing to him that I murdered my holy father, that king of Righteousness. I too shall surely be swallowed up by the earth." And he was so terrified that he found no enjoyment in his royal splendour, and thinking he would rest awhile, he had no sooner fallen asleep than he seemed to be dropped into a world of iron nine leagues thick, and beaten as it were with iron spikes and devoured by dogs continually snapping at him, and with a terrible cry he rose up. So one day at full moon<sup>2</sup> during the cāturmāsya festival, when surrounded by a great retinue of courtiers he reflected on his own glory, he bethought him that his father's glory was far greater than this, and that owing to Devadatta he had slain so excellent a king of Righteousness, and while he thought on this a fever sprang up in his limbs and his whole body was bathed in sweat. And considering who could drive away this fear from him he concluded that except Dasabala there was no one, and thinking, "I have sinned greatly against the Tathāgata: who verily will take me into his presence?" and concluding there was no one but Jivaka, he considered some way of getting him to go with him, and uttering a joyous cry, "O sir, what a lovely clear night it is," he said, "what if to-day we were to pay our respects to some priest or brahmin?" And when the virtues of Purāṇa<sup>3</sup> and other teachers had been sung by their respective disciples, without attending to what they said he cross-questioned Jivaka, and on his telling of the virtues of the Tathāgata and crying, "Let his Majesty pay his respects to the Blessed One," he ordered elephant cars to be got ready and went to the mango grove of Jivaka. And approaching the Tathāgata with an obeisance and being kindly greeted by him, he inquired of the reward of asceticism in this present life, and after listening to a sweet discourse on this topic from the Tathāgata, at the end of the sermon he announced his discipleship, and having been reconciled to the Tathāgata he went his ways. Thenceforth distributing alms and keeping the moral law he associated with the Tathāgata, and listening

<sup>1</sup> Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 244—257, and pp. 333.—337.

<sup>2</sup> *Komudi*, the full moon day in the month *Kattika*.

<sup>3</sup> Instead of *purāṇa* reading *Purāṇa*, i.e. *Purāṇa Kassapa*. Cf. *Digha Nikāya*, II. 2, where the name appears as *Pūraṇa*.



to his sweet discourse on the Law and consorting with a virtuous friend, his fears abated and his feeling of horror disappeared, and he recovered his peace of mind and happily cultivated the four Ways of Deportment. Then one day they started a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, Ajātasattu after slaying his father was terror-stricken and finding no enjoyment in his regal splendour he experienced pain in every posture. Then he went to the Tathāgata and by associating with a virtuous friend he lost his fears and enjoyed the happiness of lordship." The Master came and asked, saying, "What topic, Brethren, are you now engaged in discussing in conclave?" [263] and on their telling him what it was, he said, "Not now only, but of old too, this man, after murdering his father, through me recovered his peace of mind," and he told a story of the past.

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Once upon a time in Benares Brahmadata begat a son, prince Brahmadata. At the same time the Bodhisatta was conceived in the house of the family priest. And at his birth they named him young Saṁkicca. The two lads grew up together in the palace and were great friends. And when they came of age, after acquiring all learning at Takkasilā, they returned home. Then the king appointed his son to be viceroy and the Bodhisatta still lived with him. Now one day the viceroy, when his father was gone to disport himself in the pleasure garden, beheld his great glory and conceived a longing for it, thinking, "My father is more like a brother; if I shall wait for his death, I shall be an old man before I succeed to the crown. What good will it do me to get the kingdom then? I will kill my father and make myself king," and he told the Bodhisatta what he thought of doing. The Bodhisatta rejected the idea, saying, "Friend, the murder of a father is a serious matter. That way lies the road to hell. You must not do this deed. Pray do not kill him." But he spoke of it again and again and was opposed by his friend for the third time. Then he consulted with his attendants and they fell in with the idea and devised a plot to kill the king. But the Bodhisatta hearing of it thought, "I will not consort with people like these," and without taking leave of his father and mother he escaped by a house-door<sup>1</sup> and hid himself in the Himalaya country. There he embraced the ascetic life and entered upon the supernatural powers arising from ecstatic meditation, living on roots and wild berries. But the prince, when his friend was gone away, put his father to death and enjoyed great glory. Hearing it said that young Saṁkicca had adopted the ascetic life, many youths of good family gave up the world and were ordained by him to the ascetic life. And he dwelt there surrounded by a great company of ascetics, all of whom had already reached the Attainments. The king, after killing his father, for a very short time enjoyed the pleasure of kingship,

<sup>1</sup> Whenever any one wishes to leave the house without being observed, he goes out by the *aggadvāram*, perhaps a side or back-door, as opposed to the main entrance. Cf. *Jātaka*, vol. i. 114, vol. v. 132, Pali text.

and then was terror-stricken and lost his peace of mind and was like to one who had found his punishment<sup>1</sup> in hell. Then calling to mind the Bodhisatta he thought, "My friend tried to stop me, saying the murder of one's father was a grievous thing, but failing to persuade me he ran away to keep himself free from guilt. If he had been here, he would not have let me slay my father and he would free me from this terror. Where in the world can he be living? If I knew where he was dwelling, I would send for him. Who can tell me his place of abode?" Thenceforth both in the harem and in the court he was ever singing the praises of the Bodhisatta. A long time afterwards, when he had lived fifty years in the Himalayas, the Bodhisatta thought, "The king remembers me. I must go to him and teach him the Law and remove his fears." So attended by five hundred ascetics he passed through the air and alighted in the garden called Dāyapassa, and surrounded by his band of ascetics he seated himself on the stone slab. The keeper of the garden on seeing him asked, saying, "Holy sir, who is the leader of this company of ascetics?" And hearing it was the sage Saṃkicca and himself recognising him he said, "Sir, stay here until I bring the king. He is anxious to see you." And making an obeisance he went with haste to the palace and told the king of his friend's arrival. The king came to see him and after offering all due civility he put a question to him.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

At sight of Brahmadata thus enthroned in royal state,  
He said, 'O king, the friend for whom thou art compassionate,  
Saṃkicca, lo ! is here—of saints the chief in fame is he—  
Set out in haste and tarry not this holy sage to see.'

So quickly mounting on the car prepared at his behest,  
The king begirt with courtier friends set forth upon his quest.

The emblems five of royal pomp straight doffed the Kāsi lord,  
Umbrella, turban, yak-tail fan, with shoes and eke his sword.

Then stepping from his car the king, stripped of his bright array,  
To Dāyapassa park, where sat Saṃkicca, took his way.

The king drew nigh and greeting him with words of courtly phrase,  
Recalled the converse they had held together in old days.

And as he sat beside him, when occasion fit arose,  
A question as to sinful deeds he hastened to propose.

'Saṃkicca, lord of saintly band, great sage, whom here I see  
Sitting in Dāyapassa park, I fain would question thee.

[265] How fare transgressors after death? Born to what state are they?  
I too have erred from righteousness. Thy answer quick, I pray.'

The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

<sup>1</sup> Reading *kammakāraṇā*. Cf. Morris on this word in the *Pali Text Society Journal*, 1884, p. 76.



Samkicca thus addressed the king who ruled o'er Kāsi land,  
 Sitting in Dāyapassa glades: 'Mark, sire, and understand:  
 Shouldst thou point out the road to one gone hopelessly astray,  
 And he should follow thy advice, no thorns beset his way.  
 But he that walks in evil ways, shouldst thou direct aright,  
 And he should follow thy advice, escapes from woeful plight.'

[266] Thus did he admonish the king, and moreover taught him the Faith, saying,

Right is like the high road,  
 Wrong is but a bye-road.  
 Right to heaven aye wins its way,  
 Wrong to hell leads men astray.  
 Men that transgress the law, O sire, and live unrighteously,  
 What fate they suffer after death in hell, now hear from me.  
 Sañjīva, Kālasutta and Roruva, great and small,  
 Saṅghāta, Great Avīci, are names that may well appal,  
 With Tapana and Patāpana, eight major hells in all.  
 Escape from hence is hopeless, and of Ussadas they tell,  
<sup>1</sup>Twice eight times more in number, a kind of minor hell—  
 Dread flames here torture sinful men, all cruel deeds abound,  
 Horror, amazement, anguish, woe and terror reign around.  
 Four square with fourfold doors is each, in due proportion spaced,  
 With dome of iron 'twas o'erarched, by iron wall embraced,  
 Its base of iron wrought is such no raging flame may melt,  
 Though e'en a hundred leagues around its mighty power is felt.  
 All that have outrage done to saints or injured holy men  
 Fall headlong into hell's abyss, no more to rise again.  
 In evil plight their mangled frames, piece-meal like fish on toast,  
 For their misdeeds through countless years in hell are doomed to roast.  
 Their limbs consumed with burning heat, to torture dread a prey,  
 Though eager to escape from hell they never find a way.  
 Seeking an outlet to and fro to east or west they fly,  
 Or baffled hurry north or south, a hopeless quest to ply,  
 For gods are there to bar the way, whichever door they try.

[267] Poor souls, for many thousand years they dwell in hell's domain,  
 With arms outstretched they sore lament their overwhelming pain.

Like deadly poison-snake whose wrath 'twere fatal to arouse,  
 Shun to attack the saints that live bound by ascetic vows.

Ajjuna<sup>2</sup>, lord of Kekakās, great archer, who annoyed  
 Gotama, was despite his bulk and thousand arms destroyed.

So Daṇḍaki<sup>2</sup> defiling Kisavaccha, sinless one,  
 Like palm tree from the roots cut down, was utterly undone.

<sup>1</sup> The number of *ussada* hells is given by the scholiast as 128. Cf. *L'Enfer Indien* par M. L. Feer, *Journal Asiatique*, 1892 (viii. sér. 20), pp. 185 sqq. *Pañcagati-dīpana*, *Pali Text Soc. Journ.* 1884. Senart's *Mahāvastu*, i. 4. 12—27. 1 (summary at p. xxii). *Śikshāsamuccaya*, ed. Bendall, pp. 69—73.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. v. No. 522, *Sarabhaṅga Jātaka*, p. 72, English version.

Mejjha<sup>1</sup> for famed Mātanga's sake fell from its place of pride,  
The land became a wilderness and king and people died.

Assailing black Dīpāyana<sup>2</sup> the men of Vishṇu race  
With Andhakas<sup>3</sup> sought Yama's realm, each slain by other's mace  
Cursed by a sage, Cecca<sup>4</sup> who once could tread the air, they say,  
Was lost and swallowed by the earth on his appointed day.

The self-willed fool can never gain the approval of the wise,  
But guileless souls, equipped with truth, are slow to utter lies.

Whoso would lie in wait to catch some wise and holy man,  
Hurled down to hell will quickly learn to rue his wicked plan.

But who with treacherous cruelty shall aged saints assail,  
Shall like a dying palm tree stump, childless and heirless, fail.

Whoso some mighty sage, a priest of life austere, shall slay,  
In Kālasutta hell shall suffer torture many a day.

And if a wicked Maga king his realm should overthrow,  
He shall when dead in Tapanā like sufferings undergo.

A hundred thousand years, as gods count years, he's doomed to dwell,  
Clad in a robe of living flame, midst agonies of hell.

[268] Bright jets of fire on every side shoot from his tortured frame,  
His very limbs, hair, nails and all, serve but to feed the flame.

And as his body burns apace, racked through and through with pain,  
Like a goad-stricken elephant, poor wretch, he roars amain.

Whoso from greed or hatred shall, vile creature, slay his sire,  
In Kālasutta hell long time shall agonize in fire.

In iron cauldron boiled till he shall peel,  
The parricide is pierced with shafts of steel,  
Then blinded and on filth condemned to feed  
He's plunged in brine, to expiate his deed.

Then goblins 'twixt his jaws, lest they should close,  
Hot iron ball or ploughshare interpose,  
These fixed with cords his mouth so firmly prop,  
They into it a stream of filth can drop.

Vultures, both black and brown, and ravens too,  
And birds with iron beaks, a motley crew,  
Rending his tongue to many a fragment small,  
Devour the quivering morsel, blood and all.

The goblins flitting to and fro  
Assail the wretch with many a blow,  
On his charred breast or broken limb  
With cruel glee they buffet him.  
The joy is theirs, but woes abide  
With all that in such hell reside  
For earthly crime of parricide.

The son that slays his mother straight to Yama's realm is sent,  
In retribution for his deed to reap due punishment.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iv. No. 497, *Mātanga Jātaka*, p. 244, English version.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. iv. No. 454, *Ghata Jātaka*, p. 53—7, English version.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. v. No. 512, *Kumbha Jātaka*, p. 10, English version.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. iii. No. 422, *Cetiya Jātaka*, p. 275, English version.



There powerful demons seize upon the guilty matricide,  
And plough with iron shares his back in furrows deep and wide.

[269] The blood like molten copper from his wounds that flows they take,  
And give it to the guilty wretch, his burning thirst to slake.

He stands plunged in a crimson lake as 'twere of clotted blood,  
Breathing foul stench of carrion vile or evil smelling mud.

Enormous worms with iron mouths, piercing their victim's skin,  
Devour his flesh right greedily and suck the blood within.

In hell one hundred fathoms deep behold the victim sinks,  
While for a hundred leagues around dead carcase like he stinks.

By reason of the stench, O king, such is his sorry plight,  
Though once possessed of vision keen he suffers loss of sight.

Past out from Khuradbāra hell, grim prison house hard to flee,  
Abortion-mongers 'scape not thy dread stream, Vetaraṇī<sup>1</sup>.

Silk-cotton trees with thorns foot long of iron wrought, 'tis said,  
On either bank, Vetaraṇī, o'erhang thy gloomy bed.

All clothed in flame, one mass of fire, they stand against the sky,  
And all ablaze with brilliant light tower a full league on high.

Here fixed upon sharp thorns red-hot in hell appear to view  
Unfaithful husbands, guilty wives, the whole adulterous crew.

Beaten with stripes headlong they fall, revolving in their flight,  
And there with mangled limbs they lie awake the livelong night.

At dawn they hide themselves in Iron Cauldron<sup>2</sup>, known to fame,  
Big as a mountain 'tis and full of water like to flame.

So clad in folly like a robe these sinners night and day,  
For their ill deeds wrought long ago, fit retribution pay.

Whoso as wife bought with his gold her husband shall despise,  
Or shall regard his kith and kin with ever scornful eyes,  
Her tongue, wrenched out with hook and line, shall suffer agonies.

[270] She sees her tongue drawn out all full of worms, nor may complain,  
Silent perforce, in Tapanā enduring awful pain.

Slayers of sheep and swine and cows, and followers of the chase,  
Fishermen, robbers, cruel all, glozing as fair things base,

Assailed with swords and iron clubs, headlong, these men of blood,  
Pursued with spears and arrows fall into a briny flood.

The forger, harried night and day with club of iron forged,  
Feeds only on the filthy mess by some poor rogue disgorged.

Crows, ravens, vultures, jackals too, all armed with iron jaw,  
Entomb the struggling wretch alive in their insatiate maw.

Who shall with beast<sup>3</sup> hunt beast to death, or bird with bird shall slay,  
O'erwhelmed with sin shall sink to hell, to rue the accursed day.

[276] Thus did the king describe all these hells, and now making an  
opening in the earth he showed the king the angel-worlds and said :

<sup>1</sup> A river in Hell.

<sup>2</sup> *Jātaka*, III. p. 29 (English version).

<sup>3</sup> This would refer to hunting the deer with dogs or the chetah, or to the sport of hawking.

Through virtue stored on earth of old the good to heaven attain,  
Here Brahmas, Devas, Indra, lo ! ripe fruit of Virtue gain.

This then I say, bear righteous sway throughout thy realm, my king,  
For justice done is merit won, nor e'er regret will bring.

[277] On hearing the religious discourse of the Great Being, the king  
thenceforth was comforted. And the Bodhisatta, after staying some time  
there, returned to his own place of abode.

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The Master here ended his story and said, "Not now only, but of old also  
was he consoled by me," and he identified the Birth : "At that time Ajātasattu  
was the king, the followers of Buddha formed the company of the ascetic,  
and I myself was the sage Samkicca."



## BOOK XX. SATTATINIPATA.

### No. 531.

#### KUSA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

[278] “*This realm,*” etc. This was a tale the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told about a backsliding Brother. The story runs that he was of noble birth and lived at Sāvātthi, and on his heartily embracing the Faith he adopted the ascetic life. Now one day as he was going his rounds for alms in Sāvātthi, he met a fair lady and fell in love with her at first sight. Overcome by his passion he lived an unhappy life, and letting his nails and hair grow long and wearing soiled robes, he pined away and became quite sallow, with all his veins standing out on his body. And just as in the angel-world, such as are destined to fall from their heavenly existence manifest five well-known signs, that is to say, their garlands wither, their robes soil, their bodies grow ill-favoured, perspiration pours from their armpits, and they no longer find pleasure in their angel-home, so too in the case of worldly Brethren, who fall from the Faith, the same five signs are to be seen: the flowers of faith wither, the robes of righteousness soil, through discontent and the effects of an evil name their persons grow ill-favoured, the sweat of corruption streams from them and they no longer delight in a life of solitude at the foot of forest trees—all these signs were to be found in him. So they brought him into the presence of the Master, saying, “Holy Sir, this fellow is discontented.” The Master asked if it were true, and on his confessing that it was, he said, “Brother, be not the slave of sin. This is a wicked woman; overcome your passion for her, take pleasure in the Faith. Verily through falling in love with a woman, sages of old, mighty though they were, lost their power and came to misery and destruction.” And so saying he told a story of the past.

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Once upon a time, in the Malla kingdom, in the royal city of Kusāvatī<sup>2</sup>, king Okkāka ruled his kingdom righteously. Amongst his sixteen thousand wives [279] the chief was Sīlavatī, his queen consort. Now she had neither son nor daughter, and the men of the city and all his subjects assembled at the door of the palace, complaining that the realm would utterly perish. The king opened his window and said, “Under my rule no man worketh iniquity. Wherefore do ye reproach

<sup>1</sup> The story of Kusa may be linked with the European variants of the tale of “Beauty and the Beast.” See *Tibetan Tales*, Introduction, p. xxxvii. and 21—28, and *Kusa Jātakaya*, a Buddhist legend, rendered from the Sinhalese into English verse by Thomas Steele.

<sup>2</sup> A former name for Kusinārā.

me?" "True, Sire," they answered, "no one worketh iniquity, but no son is born to you, to perpetuate the race: a stranger will seize upon the kingdom and destroy it. Therefore pray for a son who can rule your kingdom righteously." "In my desire for a son, what am I to do?" "First of all send out into the streets for a whole week a band<sup>1</sup> of dancing women of low degree—giving the act a religious sanction—and if one of them shall give birth to a son, well and good. Otherwise send out a company of fairly good standing, and finally a band of the highest rank. Surely amongst so many one woman will be found of sufficient merit to bear a son." The king did as they bade him, and every seventh day he inquired of all such as had returned, after taking their fill of pleasure, whether any of them had conceived. And when they all answered, "No, Sire," the king was now in despair and cried, "No son will be born to me." The men of the city again reproached him as before. The king said, "Why do ye reproach me? At your bidding companies of women were exposed in the streets, and no one of them has conceived. What now am I to do?" "Sire," they answered, "these women must be immoral and void of merit. They have not sufficient merit to conceive a son. But because they do not conceive, you are not to relax your efforts. The queen consort, Sīlavatī, is a virtuous woman. Send her out into the streets. A son will be born to her." The king readily assented, and proclaimed by beat of drum that on the seventh day from that time the people were to assemble and the king would expose Sīlavatī—giving the act a religious character. And on the seventh day he had the queen magnificently arrayed and carried down from the palace and exposed in the streets. By the power of her virtue the abode of Sakka manifested signs of heat. Sakka, considering what this might mean, found that the queen was anxious for a son and thought, [280] "I must grant her a son," and, while wondering whether there was anyone in the angel-world worthy to be her son, he beheld the Bodhisatta. At this time, it is said, having passed through his existence in the heaven of the Thirty-three, he was longing to be born in a higher world. Sakka, coming to the door of his dwelling-place, summoned him forth, saying, "Sir, you are to go to the world of men, and to be conceived as the child of Okkāka's chief consort," and then he gained the consent of

<sup>1</sup> *Nāṭakam* seems to be used in this passage of a band of dancing girls, like the use of *κῶμος* of a "band of revellers." The epithets *culla*, *majjhima*, *jetṭha*, cannot well apply to the age of the women; more probably to their degrees of rank, or perhaps merit, as in the case of *culla-majjhima-mahā-silāṃ*. The women are no doubt in some way attached to the king's court or members of his harem: otherwise he could scarcely look upon a son born to any of them as his heir. As to the licentious observances connected with the desire to remove the sterility of women, the reader may consult Coleman's *Mythology of the Hindus*, p. 378, and Dubois and Beauchamp's *Hindu Manners and Customs*, Pt III. Ch. iv. p. 600.



another divine being and said, "And you too shall be her son," and that no man might make a breach in her virtue, Sakka went disguised as an aged brahmin to the door of the palace. The people, after washing and adorning themselves, each being minded to possess the queen, assembled at the royal entrance, but at the sight of Sakka they laughed, asking him why he had come. Sakka said, "Why blame me? If I am old in person, my passions are unabated, and I am come with the hope of carrying off Silavatī with me, should I get her." And with these words, by his divine power he got in front of them all, and by reason of the virtue that was in him no man could stand before him, and as the queen stepped forth from the palace, arrayed in all her glory, he took her by the hand and made off with her. Then such as stood there abused him, saying, "Fie on him, an old brahmin is gone off with a queen of peerless beauty: he knows not what is becoming to him." The queen too thought, "An old man is carrying me off." And she was vexed and angry<sup>1</sup>, nay disgusted. The king standing at the open window, looking to see who might carry off the queen, on seeing who it was, was highly displeased. Sakka, escaping with her by the city gate, miraculously caused a house to appear close at hand, with its door open and a bundle of sticks laid out ready. "Is this your abode?" she asked. "Yes, lady, hitherto I have been alone: now there are two of us. I will go my rounds and bring home some husked rice. Do you meanwhile lie down on this heap of sticks. And so saying, he gently [281] stroked her with his hand, and causing her to thrill with the divine touch, he then and there laid her down, and at his touch she lost consciousness. Then by his supernatural power he transported her to the heaven of the Thirty-three and set her down on a heavenly couch in a magnificent palace. On the seventh day waking up, she beheld this splendour and knew that this was no brahmin, but must be Sakka himself. At this moment Sakka was seated at the foot of a coral-tree, surrounded by heavenly dancers. Rising from her couch, she approached and saluted the god and stood respectfully on one side. Then Sakka said, "I give thee a boon: choose what it shall be." "Then grant me, sire, a son." "Not merely one, lady. I will grant you two. One of them shall be wise but ugly, the other shall be handsome but a fool. Which of them will you have first?" "The wise one," she answered. "Good," said he, and he presented her with a piece of kusa grass, a heavenly robe and sandal-wood, the flower of the coral-tree and a Kokanada<sup>2</sup> lute. Then he transported her into the king's bedchamber and laid her down

<sup>1</sup> *harāyati*, cf. *Mahāvagga*, I. 63 and 64, *Jātaka*, II. 143, IV. 171. Vedic *hṛīṇāyati*, *hṛīṇīte*.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps so called from the colour of the red lotus (*kokanada*), or from the country of that name. In *Jātaka*, III. 157 it occurs as the name of a palace.

on the same couch with the king, and just touched her person with his thumb, and at that moment the Bodhisatta was conceived in her womb. And Sakka straightway returned to his own abode. The wise queen knew that she had conceived. Then the king, on waking and seeing her, asked by whom she had been brought there. "By Sakka, sire." "Why! with my own eyes I saw an aged brahmin carry you off. Why do you try to deceive me?" "Believe me, sire, Sakka took me with him to the angel-world." "Lady, I do not believe you." Then she showed him the kusa grass which Sakka had given her, saying, "Now believe me." The king thought, "Kusa grass is to be got anywhere," and still disbelieved her. Then she showed him her heavenly robes. On seeing these the king believed her and said, "Dear lady, granted that Sakka carried you off, but are you with child?" "Yes, sire, I have conceived." The king was delighted and performed the ceremony due to a pregnant woman. In ten months' time she gave birth to a son. Giving him no other name, [282] they called him merely after the grass, Kusa. About the time that prince Kusa could run alone, a second heavenly being was conceived. To him they gave the name of Jayampati. The boys were brought up with great state. The Bodhisatta was so wise that, without learning aught from his teacher, he by his own ability attained to proficiency in all liberal arts. So when he was sixteen years old, the king being anxious to make over the kingdom to him, addressing the queen, said, "Lady, in making over the kingdom to your son, we would institute dramatic festivities, and in our lifetime we would see him established on the throne. If there is any king's daughter in all India you would like, on his bringing her here we will make her his queen consort. Sound him as to what king's daughter he affects." She readily agreed and sent a handmaid to report the matter to the prince and to ascertain his views. She went and told the prince the state of affairs. On hearing her the Great Being thought, "I am not well-favoured. A lovely princess, even if she is brought here as my bride, on seeing me, will say, 'What have I to do with this ugly fellow?' and will run away, and we shall be put to shame. What have I to do with household life? I will foster my parents as long as they live, and at their death I will renounce the world and become an ascetic." So he said, "What need have I of a kingdom or festivities? When my parents die, I will adopt the ascetic life." The maid returned and told the queen what he had said. The king was greatly distressed and after a few days again sent a message, but he still refused to listen to it. After thrice rejecting the proposal, on the fourth occasion he thought, "It is not fitting to be in complete opposition to one's parents: I will devise something." So he summoned the chief smith, and, giving him a quantity of gold, bade him go and make a female image. When he was gone, he took more gold



and himself fashioned it into the figure of a woman. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. This figure was beautiful beyond the power of tongue to tell. Then the Great Being had it robed in linen and placed in the royal chamber. On seeing the image brought by the chief goldsmith, he found fault with it and said, "Go and fetch the figure placed in our royal chamber." [283] The man went into the room, and on seeing it thought, "This surely must be some heavenly nymph, come to take her pleasure with the prince," and he left the room without having the courage to stretch forth his hand towards it, and he said, "Sire, standing in your royal chamber is a noble daughter of the gods: I dare not approach her." "Friend," he said, "go and fetch the golden image," and being charged a second time he brought it. The prince ordered the image that the smith had wrought to be thrown into the golden chamber, and that which he himself had made he had adorned and placed in a car and sent it to his mother, saying, "When I find a woman like this, I will take her to wife." His mother summoned her councillors and addressed them, saying, "Friends, our son is possessed of great merit and is the gift of Sakka; he must find a princess worthy of him. Do you then have this figure placed in a covered carriage and traverse the length and breadth of India, and whatsoever king's daughter you see like this image, present it to that king and say, 'King Okkāka will contract a marriage' with your daughter.' Then arrange a day for your return and come home." They said, "It is well," and took the image and set out with a vast retinue. And in their journeyings, to whatever royal city they come, there at eventide wheresoever the people gather together, after decking out this image with robes, flowers and other adornments, they mount it upon a golden car and leave it on the road leading to the ghāt, and themselves step back and stand on one side to listen to what all such as pass by had to say. The people on seeing it, not dreaming that it was a golden image, said, "This, though really only a woman, is very beautiful, like some divine nymph. Why in the world is she stationed here, and whence does she come? We have no one to compare with her in our city," and after thus praising her beauty, they went their ways. The councillors said, "If there were any girl like it here, they would say, 'This is like so and so, the king's daughter, or like so and so, the minister's daughter'; verily there is no such maiden here." And they go off with it to some other city. So in their wanderings they reach the city of Sāgala in the kingdom of Madda. Now the king of Madda had seven daughters, of extraordinary beauty, like to nymphs of heaven. The eldest of them was called Pabhāvatī. [284] From her person stream

<sup>1</sup> *āvāha* is a son's marriage as opposed to a daughter's (*vivāha*) in the 9th rock edict of Piyadasi. So *Jātaka*, i. 452, 2; iv. 316, 8, and vi. 71, 32.

forth rays of light, as it were of the newly-risen sun. When it is dark in her closet, measuring four cubits, there is no need of any lamp. The whole chamber is one blaze of light. Now she had a humpbacked nurse, who, when she had supplied Pabhāvatī with food, intending to wash her head, at eventide going forth to fetch water with eight slave-girls carrying each a waterpot, on the way to the ghāt caught sight of this image and, thinking it to be Pabhāvatī, exclaimed, "The ill-behaved girl, pretending she would have her head washed, sent us to fetch water, and, stealing a march upon us, is standing there in the road," and being in a rage she cried, "Fie, you are a disgrace to the family: there you stand, getting here before us. Should the king hear of it, he will be the death of us," and with these words she struck the image on the cheek, and a space as big as the palm of her hand was broken. Then discovering it was a golden image she burst out laughing, and going to the slave-girls said, "See what I have done. Thinking it was my foster daughter, I struck it. What is this image worth in comparison with my child? I have only hurt my hand for my pains." Then the king's emissaries took hold of her and said, "What is this story you tell us, saying that your daughter is fairer than this image?" "I mean Pabhāvatī, the Madda king's daughter. This image is not worth a sixteenth fraction of her." Glad at heart, they sought the entrance to the palace, and had themselves announced<sup>1</sup> to the king, sending in word that king Okkāka's emissaries were standing at his door. The king arose from his seat and, standing up, ordered them to be admitted. On entering they saluted the king and said, "Sire, our king inquires after your health," and meeting with a hospitable reception, when asked why they had come, they replied, "Our king has a son, the bold prince Kusa: the king is anxious to make over his kingdom to him, and has sent us to ask you to give him your daughter Pabhāvatī in marriage and to accept as a present this golden figure," and with these words they offered him the image. He gladly agreed, thinking an alliance with so noble a king would be an auspicious one. [285] Then the envoys said, "Sire, we cannot tarry here: we will go and tell our king that we have secured the hand of the princess, and then he will come and fetch her." The king agreed to this, and having hospitably entertained them let them go. On their return they made their report to the king and queen. The king with a great retinue set out from Kusāvatī and in course of time reached the city of Sāgala. The Madda king came out to meet him, brought him into the city and paid him great honour. Queen Silavatī, being a wise woman, thought, "What will be the issue of all this?" At the end of one or two days she said to the king, "We

<sup>1</sup> Skt *pratihārayati*, to have one's-self announced. Cf. *Jāt.* vi. 266, 13 and 295, 1, 2, and *Jātaka-Mālā*, xx. 12, *Śreshṭhijātaka*.



are anxious to see our daughter-in-law." He readily assented and sent for his daughter. Pabhāvatī, magnificently dressed and surrounded by a band of her attendants, came and saluted her mother-in-law. On seeing her the queen at once thought, "This maiden is very lovely and my son is ill-favoured. Should she see him, she will not stay a single day but will run away. I must devise some scheme." Addressing the Madda king she said, "My daughter-in-law is quite worthy of my son: howbeit we have an hereditary observance in our family. If she will abide by this custom, we will take her to be his bride." "What is this observance of yours?" "In our family a wife is not allowed to see her husband by daylight until she has conceived. If she will act up to this, we will take her." The king asked his daughter, "My dear, will you be able to act thus?" "Yes, dear father," she replied. Then king Okkāka bestowed much gear on the Madda king and departed with her. And the Madda king despatched his daughter with a vast retinue. Okkāka, on reaching Kusāvatī, gave orders for the city to be decorated, all prisoners to be released, and after sprinkling his son as king and creating Pabhāvatī his chief consort, he proclaimed by beat of drum the rule of king Kusa. And all the kings throughout India who had daughters sent them to the court of king Kusa, [286] and all who had sons, desiring<sup>1</sup> friendship with him, sent their sons to be his pages. The Bodhisatta had a large company of dancers and ruled with great state. But he is not allowed to see Pabhāvatī by day, nor may she see him, but at night they have free access one to another. At that time there is an extraordinary<sup>2</sup> effulgence from the person of Pabhāvatī, but the Bodhisatta leaves the royal chamber while it is still dark. After a few days he told his mother he longed to see Pabhāvatī by day. She refused his request, saying, "Let not this be thy good pleasure, but wait until she has conceived." Again and again he besought her. So she said, "Well, go to the elephant-stall and stand there disguised as an elephant-keeper. I will bring her there, so that you may have your fill of gazing at her, but see that you do not make yourself known to her." He agreed to this and went to the elephant-stall. The queen-mother proclaimed an elephant-festival and said to Pabhāvatī, "Come, we will go and see your lord's elephants." Taking her there, she pointed out this and that elephant by name. Then, as Pabhāvatī was walking behind his mother, the king struck her in the back with a lump of elephant-dung. She was enraged and said, "I will get the king to cut your hand off," and by her words she vexed the queen-mother, who appeased her by rubbing her back. A second time the king was anxious to see her, and, disguised as a groom in the horse-stable,

<sup>1</sup> Reading *ākaṃkhantā*.

<sup>2</sup> *abbohārika*, Skt *avyāvahārika*. Cf. *Jāt.* III. 309.



just as before, he struck her with a piece of horse-dirt, and then too when she was angry her mother-in-law appeased her. Again, one day Pabhāvatī told her mother-in-law she longed to see the Great Being, and when her request was refused by her mother, who said, "Nay, let not this be your pleasure," she besought her again and again, so at last she said, "Well, to-morrow my son will be making a solemn procession through the city. You can open your window and see him." And after so saying, on the next day she had the city decked out, and ordered prince Jayampati, clad in a royal robe and mounted on an elephant, to make a triumphal procession through the city. Standing at the window with Pabhāvatī, she said, "Behold the glory of your lord." She said, [287] "I have got a husband not unworthy of me," and she was highly elated. But that very day the Great Being, disguised as an elephant-keeper, was seated behind Jayampati, and gazing at Pabhāvatī as much as he would, in the joy of his heart he disported himself by gesticulating<sup>1</sup> with his hands. When the elephant had passed them, the queen-mother asked her if she had seen her husband. "Yes, lady, but seated behind him was an elephant-keeper, a very ill-conducted fellow, who gesticulated at me with his hands. Why do they let such an ugly, ill-omened creature sit behind the king?" "It is desirable, my dear, to have a guard sit behind the king." "This elephant-keeper," she thought, "is a bold fellow, and has no proper respect for the king. Can it be that he is king Kusa? No doubt he is hideous, and that is why they do not let me see him." So she whispered to her humpbacked nurse, "Go, my dear, at once and make out whether it was the king who sat in front or behind." "How am I to find this out?" "If he be the king, he will be the first to alight from the elephant: you are to know by this token." She went and stood at a distance and saw the Great Being alight first, and afterwards prince Jayampati. The Great Being looking about him, first on one side and then on the other, seeing the humpbacked old woman, knew at once why she must have come, and, sending for her, straitly charged her not to reveal his secret, and let her go. She came and told her mistress, "The one that sat in front was the first to alight," and Pabhāvatī believed her. Once more the king longed to see her and begged his mother to arrange it. She could not refuse him and said, "Well then, disguise yourself and go to the garden." He went and hid himself up to his neck in the lotus-pool, standing in the water with his head shaded by a lotus-leaf and his face covered by its flower. And his mother brought Pabhāvatī in the evening to the garden, and saying, "Look at these trees, or look at these birds or deer," thus tempted her on till she came to the bank

<sup>1</sup> *hattha-vikāra* occurs in *Mahāvagga* iv. 1. 4, but the exact meaning there is not clear.



of the lotus-pond. When she saw the pond covered with five kinds of lotus, [288] she longed to bathe and went down to the water's edge with her maidens. While disporting herself she saw that lotus and stretched forth her hand, eager to pluck it. Then the king, putting aside the lotus leaf, took her by the hand, saying, "I am king Kusa." On seeing his face she cried, "A goblin is catching hold of me," and then and there swooned away. So the king let go her hand. On recovering consciousness she thought, "King Kusa, they say, caught me by the hand, and he it was that hit me in the elephant-stall with a piece of elephant-dirt, and in the horse-stable with a piece of horse-dirt, and he it was that sat behind on the elephant and made game of me. What have I to do with such an ugly, hideous husband? If I live, I will have another husband." So she summoned the councillors who had escorted her hither and said, "Make ready my chariot. This very day I will be off." They told this to the king and he thought, "If she cannot get away, her heart will break: let her go. By my own power I will bring her back again." So he allowed her to depart, and she returned straight to her father's city. And the Great Being passed from the park into the city and climbed up to his splendid palace. Verily it was in consequence of an aspiration in a previous existence that she disapproved of the Bodhisatta, and it was owing to a former act of his that he was so ugly. Of old, they say, in a suburb of Benares, in the upper and lower street, one family had two sons and another had one daughter. Of the two sons the Bodhisatta was the younger, and the maiden was wedded to the elder son, but the younger, being unmarried<sup>1</sup>, continued to live with his brother. Now one day in this house they baked some very dainty cakes, and the Bodhisatta was away in the forest; so putting aside a cake for him they distributed and ate the rest. At that moment a paccekabuddha came to the door for alms. The Bodhisatta's sister-in-law thought she would bake another cake for young master and took and gave his cake to the paccekabuddha, and at that very instant he returned from the forest. So she said, "My lord, do not be angry, but I have given your portion to the paccekabuddha." [289] He said, "After eating your own portion you give mine away, and you will make me another cake forsooth!" And he was angry and went and took the cake from the beggar's bowl. She went to her mother's house and took some fresh-melted ghee, in colour like the champac flower, and filled the bowl with it, and it sent forth a blaze of light. On seeing this she put up a prayer: "Holy sir, wherever I am born, may my body give forth a light and may I be very lovely, and nevermore may I have to dwell in the same place with this lewd fellow." Thus as the result of this prayer of old she would have none of him. And the

<sup>1</sup> Reading *adārābharaṇe*. Another reading gives "being quite a boy."



Bodhisatta, in dropping the cake again into the bowl, put up a prayer: "Holy sir, though she should live a hundred leagues away, may I have the power to carry her off as my bride." In that he was angry and took the cake, as the result of this act of old he was born so ugly.

Kusa was so overwhelmed with sorrow when Pabhāvatī left him that the other women, though ministering to him with all kinds of service, had not the heart to look him in the face, and all his palace, bereft of Pabhāvatī, seemed as it were desolate. Then he thought, "By this time she will have reached the city Sāgala," and at break of day he sought his mother and said, "Dear mother, I will go and fetch Pabhāvatī. You are to rule my kingdom," and he uttered the first stanza:

This realm with joy and bliss untold,  
Trappings of state and wealth of gold,  
This realm, I say, rule thou for me:  
I go to seek Pabhāvatī.

His mother, on hearing what he had to say, replied, "Well, my son, you must exercise great vigilance: women, verily, are impure-minded creatures," and she filled a golden bowl with all manner of dainty food, and saying, [290] "This is for you to eat on the journey," she took leave of him. Taking the bowl and having thrice reverentially saluted his mother, he cried, "If I live, I will see you again," and so withdrew to the royal chamber. Then he girded himself with the five sorts of weapons and putting a thousand pieces of money in a bag he took his bowl of food and a Kokanada lute and leaving the city set out on his journey. Being very strong and vigorous by noon-time he had travelled fifty leagues and, after eating his food, in the remaining half-day he made up another fifty leagues, and so in the course of a single day he accomplished a journey of a hundred leagues. In the evening he bathed and then entered the city of Sāgala. No sooner did he set foot in the place than Pabhāvatī by the power of his virtue could no longer rest quietly on her couch but got out of bed and lay upon the ground. The Bodhisatta was thoroughly exhausted with his journey and being seen by a certain woman, as he was wandering about the street, was invited by her to rest in her house, and after first bathing his feet she offered him a bed. While he was asleep, she prepared him some food and then waking him up gave it him to eat. He was so pleased with her that he presented her with the thousand pieces of money and the golden bowl. Leaving there his five sorts of weapons, he said, "There is some place I must go to," and taking his lute he repaired to an elephant-stall and cried to the elephant-keepers, "Let me stay here and I will make music for you." They allowed him to do so and he went apart and lay down. When his fatigue had passed off, he rose up and unstrapping his lute he played and sang, thinking that all who dwelt in the city should hear the sound of it. Pabhāvatī, as



she lay on the ground, heard it and thought, "This sound can come from no lute but his," and felt sure that king Kusa had come on her account. The king of Madda too on hearing it thought, "He plays very sweetly. To-morrow I will send for him and make him my minstrel." The Bodhisatta thinking, "It is impossible for me to get sight of Pabhāvatī, if I stay here: this is the wrong place for me," sallied forth quite early and after taking his morning meal in an eating-house he left his lute and went to the king's potter and became his apprentice. One day after he had filled the house with potter's clay [291] he asked if he should make some vessels and when the potter answered, "Yes, do so," he placed a lump of clay on the wheel and turned<sup>1</sup> it. When once it was turned, it went on swiftly till mid-day. After moulding all manner of vessels, great and small, he began making one specially for Pabhāvatī with various figures on it. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. He resolved that only Pabhāvatī was to see these figures. When he had dried and baked his vessels, the house was full of them. The potter went to the palace with various specimens. The king on seeing them asked who had made them. "I did, sire." "I am sure you did not make them. Who did?" "My apprentice, sire." "Not your apprentice, your master rather. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth let him make vessels for my daughters." And he gave him a thousand pieces of money, saying, "Give him this, and present all these small vessels to my daughters." He took the vessels to them and said, "These are made for your amusement." They all were present to receive them. Then the potter gave Pabhāvatī the vessel which the Great Being had made specially for her. Taking it she at once recognised her own likeness and that of the humpbacked nurse and knew it could be the handiwork of no one but king Kusa, and being angry she said, "I do not want it: give it to those that wish for it." Then her sisters perceiving that she was in a rage laughed and said, "You suppose it is the work of king Kusa. It was the potter, not he, that made it. Take it." She did not tell them that he had come there and had made it. The potter gave the thousand pieces of money to the Bodhisatta and said, "My son, the king is pleased with you. Henceforth you are to make vessels for his daughters and I am to take them to them." He thought, "Although I go on living here, it is impossible for me to see Pabhāvatī," and he gave back the money to him and went to a basket maker who served the king, and becoming his apprentice he made a palm-leaf fan for Pabhāvatī, and on it he depicted a white umbrella (as an emblem of royalty) [292] and taking as his subject<sup>2</sup> a banquet-hall, amongst a variety of other forms he represented a standing figure of Pabhāvatī. The basket maker took this and other ware, the workmanship

<sup>1</sup> *āvijjhi*. Compare *Jāt.* i. 313, 8, *āvijjhivā*, whirling.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *vatthum*.



of Kusa, to the palace. The king on seeing them asked who had made them and just as before presented a thousand pieces of money to the man, saying, "Give these specimens of wicker work to my daughters." And he gave the fan that was specially made for her to Pabhāvatī, and in this case also no one recognised the figures, but Pabhāvatī on seeing them knew it was the king's handiwork and said, "Let those that wish for it take it," and being in a rage she threw it on the ground. So the others all laughed at her. The basket maker brought the money and gave it to the Bodhisatta. Thinking this was no place for him to stay in, he returned the money to the basket maker and went to the king's gardener and became his apprentice, and while making all sorts of garlands he made a special wreath for Pabhāvatī, picked out with various figures. The gardener took them to the palace. When the king saw them, he asked who had fashioned these garlands. "I did, sire." "I am sure you did not make them. Who did?" "My apprentice, sire." "He is not your apprentice, rather is he your master. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth he is to weave garlands of flowers for my daughters, and give him this thousand pieces of money"; and giving him the money he said, "Take these flowers to my daughters." And the gardener offered to Pabhāvatī the wreath that the Bodhisatta had made specially for her. Here too on seeing amongst the various figures a likeness of herself and the king she recognized Kusa's handiwork and in her rage threw the wreath on the ground. All her sisters, just as before, laughed at her. The gardener too took the thousand pieces of money and gave them to the Bodhisatta, telling him what had happened. He thought, "Neither is this the place for me," and returning the money to the gardener he went and engaged himself as an apprentice to the king's cook. Now one day the cook in taking various kinds of victuals to the king gave the Bodhisatta a bone of meat to cook for himself. He prepared it in such a way that the smell of it pervaded the whole city [293]. The king smelt it and asked if he were cooking some more meat in the kitchen. "No, sire, but I did give my apprentice a bone of meat to cook. It must be this that you smell." The king had it brought to him and placed a morsel on the tip of his tongue and it woke up and thrilled the seven thousand nerves of taste. The king was so enslaved by his appetite for dainties that he gave him a thousand pieces of money and said, "Henceforth you are to have food for me and my daughters cooked by your apprentice, and to bring mine to me yourself, but your apprentice is to bring theirs to my daughters." The cook went and told him. On hearing it he thought, "Now is my desire fulfilled: now shall I be able to see Pabhāvatī." Being pleased he returned the thousand pieces of money to the cook and next day he prepared and sent dishes of food to the king and himself climbed up to the palace where dwelt Pabhāvatī, taking the food for the king's



daughters on a carrying-pole. Pabhāvatī saw him climbing up with his load and thought, "He is doing the work of slaves and hirelings, work quite unsuitable for him. But if I hold my peace, he will think I approve of him and going nowhere else he will remain here, gazing at me. I will straightway abuse and revile him and drive him away, not allowing him to remain a moment here." So she left the door half open and, holding one hand on the panel with the other pressed up the bolt, and she repeated the second stanza :

Kusa, for thee by day and night  
To bear this burden is not right.  
Haste back, pray, to Kusāvatī;  
Thy ugly form I'm loth to see.

[294] He thought, "I have got speech of Pabhāvatī," and pleased at heart he repeated three stanzas :

Bound by thy beauty's spell, Pabhāvatī,  
My native land has little charm for me ;  
Madda's fair realm is ever my delight,  
My crown resigned, to live in thy dear sight.

O soft-eyed maiden, fair Pabhāvatī,  
What is this madness that o'ermasters me?  
Knowing full well the land that gave me birth,  
I wander half distraught o'er all the earth.

Clad in bright-coloured bark and girt with golden zone,  
Thy love, fair maid, I crave, and not an earthly throne.

When he had thus spoken, she thought, "I revile him, hoping to rouse a feeling of resentment in him, but he as it were tries to conciliate me by his words. Supposing he were to say, 'I am king Kusa,' and take me by the hand, who is there to prevent it? And somebody might hear what we had to say." So she closed the door and bolted it inside<sup>1</sup>. And he took up his carrying-pole and brought the other princesses their food. Pabhāvatī sent her humpbacked slave to bring her the food that king Kusa had cooked. She brought it and said, "Now eat." Pabhāvatī said, "I will not eat what he has cooked. Do you eat it and go and get your own supply of food and cook it and bring it here, but do not tell any one that king Kusa has come." The humpback henceforth brought and ate the portion of the princess and gave her own portion to Pabhāvatī. [295] King Kusa from that time being unable to see her thought, "I wonder whether Pabhāvatī has any affection for me or not. I will put her to the test." So after he had supplied the princesses with their food, he took his load of victuals and going out struck the floor with his feet by the door of Pabhāvatī's closet and clashing the dishes together and groaning aloud he fell all of a heap<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Literally, "fixing the pin (*sūci*) in the bolt, she remained inside." Cf. *Cullavagga*, vi. 2. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *avakuja*. Cf. *Jāt.* i. 13, 28.



and swooned away. At the sound of his groans she opened her door and seeing him crushed beneath the load he was carrying she thought, "Here is a king, the chief ruler in all India, and for my sake he suffers pain night and day, and now, being so delicately nurtured, he has fallen under the burden of the victuals he carries. I wonder if he is still alive": and stepping from her chamber she stretched forth her neck and looked at his mouth, to watch his breathing. He filled his mouth with spittle and let it drop on her person. She retired into her closet, reviling him, and standing with the door half open she repeated this stanza :

Ill luck<sup>1</sup> is his that ever craves, to find his wishes spurned,  
As thou, O king, dost fondly woo with love still unreturned.

But because he was madly in love with her, however much he was abused and reviled by her, he showed no resentment but repeated this stanza :

Whoso shall gain what he holds dear, may loved or unloved be,  
Success alone is what we praise, to lose is misery.

While he was still speaking, without at all relenting, she spoke in a firm voice, as if minded to drive him away, and repeated this stanza :

As well to dig through bed of rock with brittle wood<sup>2</sup> as spade,  
Or catch the wind within a net, as woo unwilling maid.

On hearing this the king repeated three stanzas :

Hard hearted as a stone art thou, so soft to outward view,  
No word of welcome though I've come from far thy love to sue.

[296] When thou dost frown regarding me, proud dame, with sullen look,  
Then I in royal Madda's halls am nothing but a cook.

But if, O queen, in pity thou shouldst deign to smile on me,  
No longer cook, once more am I lord of Kusāvatī.

On hearing his words she thought, "He is very pertinacious in all that he says. I must devise some lie to drive him hence," and she spoke this stanza :

If fortune tellers spoke true words, 'twas this in sooth they said,  
'Mayst thou in pieces seven be hewn, ere thou king Kusa wed.'

On hearing this the king contradicting her said, "Lady, I too consulted fortune tellers in my own kingdom and they predicted that there was no other husband for you save the lion-voiced lord, king Kusa, and through omens furnished by my own knowledge I say the same," and he repeated another stanza :

If I and other prophets here have uttered a true word,  
Save me king Kusa, thou shalt hail none other as thy lord.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *abbuddhi* for Sanskrit *avṛiddhi*. Compare *abbuta* for *avṛita*, 'undisciplined.' The commentary gives *abhūti* which in Vedic and Epic Sanskrit means 'calamity.'

<sup>2</sup> *kaṇikāra*, *pterosperrum acerifolium*.



On hearing his words she said, "One cannot shame him. What is it to me whether he runs away or not?" and shutting the door she refused to show herself. And he took up his load and went down. From that day he could not set eyes on her and he got heartily sick of his cook's work. [297] After breakfast he cut firewood, washed dishes and fetched water on his carrying-pole, and then lying down he rested on a heap<sup>1</sup> of grain. Rising early he cooked rice gruel and the like, then took and served the food and suffered all this mortification by reason of his passionate love for Pabhāvatī. One day he saw the humpback passing by the kitchen door and hailed her. For fear of Pabhāvatī she did not venture to come near him, but passed on pretending to be in a great hurry. So he hastily ran up to her crying, "Crook-back." She turned and stopped, saying, "Who is here? I cannot listen to what you have to say." Then he said, "Both you and your mistress are very obstinate. Though living near you ever so long, we cannot so much as get a report of her health." She said, "Will you give me a present?" He replied, "Supposing I do so, will you be able to soften Pabhāvatī and bring me into her presence?" On her agreeing to do so, he said, "If you can do this, I will put right your humpback, and give you an ornament for your neck," and tempting her, he spoke five stanzas :

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,  
On coming to Kusāvatī,  
If slender-limbed<sup>2</sup> Pabhāvatī  
Should only deign to look on me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,  
On coming to Kusāvatī,  
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī  
Should only deign to speak to me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,  
On coming to Kusāvatī,  
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī  
Should only deign to smile on me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,  
On coming to Kusāvatī,  
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī  
Should laugh with joy at sight of me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,  
On coming to Kusāvatī,  
If slender-limbed Pabhāvatī  
Should lay a loving hand on me.

[298] On hearing his words she said, "Get you gone, my lord: in a very few days I will put her in your power. You shall see how energetic I can be." So saying she decided on her course of action, and going to Pabhāvatī she made as if she would clean her room and not leaving a bit

<sup>1</sup> *ammaṇa*, a measure of about four bushels, *Mil.* iv. 1, 19.

<sup>2</sup> Literally 'With thighs like an elephant's trunk.'



of dirt big enough to hit one with, and removing even her shoes, she swept out the whole chamber. Then she arranged a high seat for herself in the doorway (keeping well outside the threshold) and, spreading a coverlet on a low stool for Pabhāvatī, she said, "Come, my dear, and I will search in your head for vermin," and making her sit there and place her head upon her lap, after scratching her a little and saying, "Ho! what a lot of lice we have here," she took some from her own head and put them on the head of the princess, and speaking in terms of endearment of the Great Being she sang his praises in this stanza:

This royal dame no pleasure feels Kusa once more to see,  
Though, wanting nought, he serves as cook for simple hireling's fee.

Pabhāvatī was enraged with the humpback. So the old woman took her by the neck and pushed her inside the room, and being herself outside she closed the door and stood clinging to the cord which pulled the door to<sup>1</sup>. Pabhāvatī, being unable to get at her, stood by the door, abusing her, and spoke another stanza:

[299] This humpbacked slave without a doubt,  
For speaking such a word,  
Deserves to have her tongue cut out  
With keenest sharpened sword.

So the humpback stood holding on to the rope that hung down and said, "You worthless, ill-behaved creature, what good will your fair looks do anyone? Can we live by feeding on your beauty?" and so saying she proclaimed the virtues of the Bodhisatta, shouting them aloud with the harsh voice of a humpback, in thirteen stanzas:

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Great glory his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Great wealth is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Great power is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Wide rule is his, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Great king is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Lion-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Clear-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Deep voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.  
Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Sweet-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

<sup>1</sup> For the mechanism of the Indian door cf. *Cullavagga*, vi. 2. 1; *āviñchanarajju* is read there instead of *āviñjanarajju* as here.



Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
Honey-voiced is he, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
A hundred arts are his, so do what's pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
A warrior king is he, so do what's pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhāvatī, by outward form or height,  
King Kusa 'tis, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

[300] Hearing what she said, Pabhāvatī threatened the humpback, saying, "Crook-back, you roar too loud. If I catch hold of you, I will let you know you have a mistress." She replied, "In my consideration for you, I did not let your father know of king Kusa's arrival. Well, to-day I will tell the king," and speaking in a loud voice she cowed her. And fearing anyone should hear this, Pabhāvatī pacified the hunchback. And the Bodhisatta not being able to get a sight of her, after seven months being sick of his hard bed and sorry food, thought, "What need have I of her? After living here seven months I cannot so much as get a sight of her. She is very harsh and cruel. I will go and see my father and mother." At this moment Sakka considering the matter found out how discontented Kusa was, and he thought, "After seven months he is unable even to see Pabhāvatī. I will find some way of letting him see her." So he sent messengers to seven kings as if they came from king Madda, to say, "Pabhāvatī has thrown over king Kusa and has returned home. You are to come and take her to wife." And he sent the same message to each of the seven separately. They all arrived in the city with a great following, not knowing one another's reasons for coming. They asked one the other, "Why have you come here?" And on discovering how matters stood, they were angry and said, "Will he give his daughter in marriage to seven of us? See how ill he behaves. He mocks us, saying, 'Take her to wife.' Let him either give Pabhāvatī in marriage to all seven or let him fight us." And they sent a message to him to this effect and invested the city. On hearing the message, king Madda was alarmed and took counsel with his ministers, saying, "What are we to do?" Then his ministers made answer, [301] "Sire, these seven kings have come for Pabhāvatī. If you refuse to give her, they will break down the wall and enter the city, and after destroying us they will seize your kingdom. While the wall still stands unbroken, let us send Pabhāvatī to them"; and they repeated this stanza:

Like to proud elephants they stand in coats of mail arrayed,  
Ere yet they trample down our walls, send off in haste the maid.

The king on hearing this said, "If I should send Pabhāvatī to any one of them, the rest will join battle with me. It is out of the question to give her to any one of them. After casting off the chief king in all India,



let her receive the reward due to her return home. I will slay her and cutting her body into seven pieces send one to each of the seven kings," and so saying he repeated another stanza :

In pieces seven Pabhāvatī to hack, it is my will,  
One piece for each of these seven kings, who came her sire to kill.

This saying of his was noised abroad throughout the palace. Her attendants came and told Pabhāvatī, "The king, they say, will cut you in seven pieces and send them to the seven kings." She was terrified to death and rising from her seat she went, accompanied by her sisters, to her mother's state chamber.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Comely though swart of hue uprose the queen and moved before  
Her train of handmaids, clad in silk attire and weeping sore.

---

She came into her mother's presence and saluting her broke into these lamentations :

[302] This face with powder beautified, here mirrored in a glass  
To ivory handle deftly fixed, so winsome now alas!  
With innocence and purity in every line expressed,  
By warrior princes spurned in some lone forest soon will rest.

These locks of hair so black of hue, bound up in stately coil,  
Soft to the touch and fragrant with the finest sandal oil,  
In charnel ground though covered up the vultures soon will find  
And with their talons rend and tear and scatter to the wind.

These arms whose finger tips are dyed, like copper, crimson red,  
In richest sandal oil oft bathed and with soft down o'erspread,  
Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,  
A wolf will seize and carry off where'er he's fain to hide.

My teats are like the dates that on the palms with ripeness swell,  
Fragrant with scent of sandalwood that men of Kāsi fell:  
Hanging thereon a jackal soon at them, methinks, will tug,  
Just as a little baby boy his mother's breast may hug.

These hips of mine, well-knit and broad, cast in an ample mould,  
Encircled with a cincture gay, wrought of the purest gold,  
Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,  
A wolf will seize and carry off where'er he's fain to hide.

Dogs, wolves, jackals and whatso'er are known as beasts of prey,  
If once they eat Pabhāvatī, can suffer no decay.

Should warrior kings that come from far thy daughter's body flay,  
Begging my bones, burn them with fire in some sequestered way.

Then make a garden near and plant a kaṇikāra tree,  
And when at winter's close it blooms, mother, recalling me,  
Point to the flower and say, 'Just such was dear Pabhāvatī.'



[303] Thus did she, alarmed with fear of death, idly lament before her mother. And the Madda king issued an order that the executioner should come with his axe and block<sup>1</sup>. His coming was noised abroad throughout the palace. The queen-mother, on hearing of his arrival, arose from her throne and overwhelmed with sorrow came into the presence of the king.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Seeing the sword and block set out within the fatal ring,  
All goddess-like the royal dame rose up and sought the king.

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[304] Then the queen spoke this stanza :

With this sword will the Madda king his graceful daughter slay,  
And piecemeal send her mangled limbs to rival chiefs a prey.

The king tried to pacify her and said, "Lady, what is this you say? Your daughter rejected the chief king of all India on the plea of his ugliness, and, accepting death as her fate, returned home before the prints of her feet were well wiped out on the road by which she had gone there. Now therefore let her reap the consequences of the jealousy excited by her beauty." The queen, after hearing what he had to say, went to her daughter and lamenting spoke thus :

Thou didst not hearken to my voice, when counselling thy good,  
To-day thou sink'st to Yama's realm, thy body stained with blood.

Such fate doth every man incur, or even a worse end,  
Who deaf to good advice neglects the warnings of a friend.

If thou to-day a gallant prince for thy good lord shouldst wed,  
Bedight with zone of gold and gems, in land of Kusa bred,  
Thou wouldst not, served with hosts of friends, to Yama's realms have sped.

When drums are beat and elephants' loud trumpeting resound,  
In royal halls, where in this world can greater bliss be found?

When horses neigh<sup>2</sup> and minstrels play to kings some plaintive air,  
With bliss like this in royal halls, what is there to compare?

When too courts with the peacock's and the heron's cries resound,  
And cuckoo's call, where else, I pray, can bliss like this be found?

[305] After thus talking with her in all these stanzas she thought, "If only king Kusa were here to-day, he would put to flight these seven kings and after freeing my daughter from her misery he would carry her away with him," and she repeated this stanza :

Where's he that crushes hostile realms and vanquishes his foes?  
Kusa, the noble and the wise, would free us from our woes.

<sup>1</sup> *Dhammagāṇṭhikā* or *dhammagāṇḍikā* occurs in *Jātaka*, vol. i. 150, ii. 124, iii. 41, iv. 176. Cf. *Cullavagga*, English translation by R. Davids and H. Oldenberg, *Vinaya Texts*, pt. iii, pp. 144 and 213. In Bengali *gaṇḍi* is a 'circle round a criminal,' and this meaning suits the context in some of the passages quoted above.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *himsati*, apparently equivalent to *hesati*.



Then Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother's tongue is not equal to proclaiming the praises of Kusa. I will let her know that he has been living here, occupied with the work of a cook," and she repeated this stanza :

The conqueror who crushes all his foes, lo! here is he ;  
Kusa, so noble and so wise, all foes will slay for me.

Then her mother thinking, "She is terrified with the fear of death and rambles in her talk," spoke this stanza :

Art thou gone mad, or like a fool dost speak at random thus?  
If Kusa has returned, why, pray, didst thou not tell it us?

[306] Hearing this Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother does not believe me. She does not know he has returned and been living here seven months. I will prove it to her"; and taking her mother by the hand she opened the window and stretching forth her hand and pointing to him she repeated this stanza :

Good mother, look at yonder cook, with loins girt up right well,  
He stoops to wash his pots and pans, where royal maidens dwell.

Then Kusa, they say, thought, "To-day my heart's desire will be fulfilled. Of a truth Pabhāvatī is terrified with the fear of death and will tell of my coming here. I will wash my dishes and put them away"; and he fetched water and began to wash his dishes. Then her mother upbraiding her spoke this stanza :

Art thou base-born or wouldst thou deign, a maid of royal race,  
To take a slave for thy true love, to Madda's deep disgrace?

Then Pabhāvatī thought, "My mother, methinks, does not know that it is for my sake he has been living here after this manner," and she spoke another stanza :

No low caste I, nor would I shame my royal name, I swear,  
Good luck to thee, no slave is he but king Okkāka's heir.

And now in praise of his fame she said :

He twenty thousand brahmins ever feeds, no slave, I swear,  
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

[307] He twenty thousand elephants aye yokes, no slave, I swear,  
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand horses ever yokes, no slave, I swear,  
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand chariots ever yokes, no slave, I swear,  
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand royal bulls aye yokes, no slave, I swear,  
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand royal kine aye milks, no slave, I swear,  
It is Okkāka's royal son whom thou seest standing there.



Thus was the glory of the Great Being praised by her in six stanzas. Then her mother thought, "She speaks very confidently. It must be so," and believing her she went and told the king the whole story. He came in great haste to Pabhāvatī and asked, "Is it true, what they say, that king Kusa has come?" "Yes, dear father. It is seven months to-day that he has been acting as cook to your daughters." Not believing her he questioned the hunchback and on hearing the facts of the case from her he reproached his daughter and spoke this stanza :

Like elephant as frog disguised,  
When this almighty prince came here,  
'Twas wrong of thee and ill-advised  
To hide it from thy parents dear.

Thus did he reproach his daughter and then went in haste to Kusa and after the usual greetings and formal salutation, acknowledging his offence, he repeated this stanza :

In that we failed to recognise  
Your majesty in this disguise,  
If, Sire, to thee offence we gave,  
We would forgiveness humbly crave.

On hearing this the Great Being thought, "If I should speak harshly to him, his heart would straightway break. I will speak words of comfort to him"; and standing amongst his dishes he spoke this stanza :

For me to play the scullion's part was very wrong I own,  
Be comforted, it was no fault of thine I was unknown.

The king, after being thus addressed in kindly words, climbed up to the palace and summoned Pabhāvatī, to send her to ask the king's pardon, [308] and he spoke this stanza :

Go, silly girl, thy pardon from the great king Kusa crave,  
His wrath appeased he may be pleased perhaps thy life to save.

On hearing the words of her father, she went to him, accompanied by her sisters and her handmaids. Standing just as he was in his workman's dress, he saw her coming towards him and thought, "To-day I will break down Pabhāvatī's pride and lay her low at my feet in the mud," and, pouring on the ground all the water he had brought there, he trampled on a space as big as a threshing-floor, making it one mass of mud. She drew nigh and fell at his feet and grovelling in the mud asked his forgiveness.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke this stanza :

The goddess-like Pabhāvatī obeyed her father's word:  
With lowly head she clasped the feet of Kusa, mighty lord.

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Then she spoke these stanzas :

My days and nights<sup>1</sup> apart from thee, O king, have passed away :  
Behold I stoop to kiss thy feet. From anger cease, I pray.

<sup>1</sup> For *ratyā* perhaps we should read *ratyo* as equivalent to *rattiyo* in the commentary. Cf. Müller's *Pali Gram.* p. 72.



I promise thee, if thou to me a gracious ear shouldst lend,  
Never again in aught I do will I my lord offend.

But if thou shouldst my prayer refuse, my father then will slay  
And send his daughter, limb by limb, to warrior kings a prey.

On hearing this the king thought, "If I were to tell her, 'This is for you to see to,' her heart would be broken. I will speak words of comfort to her," and he said :

I'll do thy bidding, lady fair, as far as lies in me;  
No anger feel I in my heart. Fear not, Pabhāvatī.

[309] Hearken, O royal maid, to me, I too make promise true;  
Never again will I offend in aught that I may do.

Full many a sorrow I would bear, fair maid, for love of thee,  
And slay a host of Madda chiefs to wed Pabhāvatī.

Kusa, swelling with princely pride at seeing as it were a handmaid of Sakka, king of heaven, in attendance upon him, thought, "While I am still alive, shall others come and carry off my bride?" and rousing himself, lion-like, in the palace yard, he said, "Let all who dwell in this city hear of my coming," and dancing about, shouting and clapping his hands, he cried, "Now will I take them alive, go bid them put horses to my chariots," and he repeated the following stanza :

Go, quickly yoke my well-trained steeds to many a painted car,  
And watch me boldly sally forth, to scatter foes afar.

He now bade good-bye to Pabhāvatī, saying, "The capture of thy enemies is my charge. Go thou and bathe and adorn thyself and climb up to thy palace." And the king of Madda sent his councillors to act as a guard of honour to him. And they drew a screen round about him at the door of the kitchen and provided barbers for him. And when his beard had been trimmed and his head shampooed and he was arrayed in all his splendour and surrounded by his escort, he said, "I will ascend to the palace," and looking about him thence in every direction he clapped his hands, and wheresoever he looked the earth trembled, and he cried out, "Now mark how great is my power."

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The Master, to make the matter clear, uttered the following stanza :

The ladies of king Madda's court beheld him standing there,  
Like rampant lion, as he smites with both his arms the air.

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[310] Then the Madda king sent him an elephant that had been trained to stand impassive under attack<sup>1</sup>, richly caparisoned. Kusa mounted on the back of the elephant with a white umbrella held over him and ordered Pabhāvatī to be conducted there, and seating her behind him he left the city by the east gate, escorted by a complete host of the four arms<sup>2</sup>, and as

<sup>1</sup> For *ānañjakāraṇam* cf. *Jāt.* i. 415. 15, ii. 325. 10, iv. 308. 3.

<sup>2</sup> Elephants, cavalry, chariots and infantry.



soon as he saw the forces of the enemy, he cried, "I am king Kusa : let all who value their lives lie down on their bellies," and he roared thrice with the roar of a lion and utterly crushed his foes.

The Master, explaining the matter, said :

Mounted on back of elephant, the queen behind her lord,  
Kusa descending to the fray with voice of lion roared.

All beasts, when Kusa's lion-voice thus roaring loud they hear,  
And warrior kings flee from the field, smitten with panic fear.

Life-guardsmen, soldiers, horse and foot, with many a charioteer,  
At Kusa's voice break up<sup>1</sup> and flee, all paralysed with fear.

Sakka right glad at heart looked on in forefront of the fight,  
And to king Kusa gave a gem, Verocana 'twas hight.

The battle won, king Kusa took the magic gem and then  
Mounted on back of elephant sought Madda's town again.

The kings he takes alive and bound in chains with them he goes,  
And to his royal father cries, 'Behold, my lord, thy foes.

Lo at thy mercy now they lie, in battle smitten sore,  
At thy good pleasure slay them all or set them free once more.'

[311] The king said :

These foes are rather thine than mine. They all belong to thee,  
Thou only art our sovereign lord, to slay or to set free.

Being thus spoken to, the Great Being thought, "What can I do with these men when once dead? Let not their coming here be without good result. Pabhāvatī has seven younger sisters, daughters of king Madda. I will bestow them in marriage on these seven princes," and he repeated this stanza :

These daughters seven, like heavenly nymphs, are very fair to see,  
Give them, one each, to these seven kings, thy sons-in-law to be.

Then the king said :

O'er us and them thou art supreme, thy purpose to fulfil,  
Give them—thou art our sovereign lord—according to thy will.

So he had them all beautifully attired and gave them in marriage, one to each king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke five stanzas :

So Kusa of the lion-voice king Madda's daughters gave,  
One maid to each of princes seven, fair maids to warriors brave.

Delighted with the boon received from lordly Kusa's hand,  
These princes seven returned again each one to his own land,

Taking his magic jewel bright, back to Kusāvatī,  
King Kusa, mighty hero, brought the fair Pabhāvatī.

<sup>1</sup> *khundanti*, an unique occurrence of the Pali equivalent of the Skt root *kshud*, allowed by the Skt grammarians to be optionally of the nasalized (7th) conjugation. Müller's *Pali Gram.* p. 103. This note is due to Professor Bendall.



Riding together in one car, home came the royal pair,  
Neither outshone the other, for they both alike were fair.

Mother came forth to meet her son. Husband henceforth and wife  
In realms of peace and plenty dwelt and led a happy life.

[312] The Master, ending his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth:—At the end of the Truths the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path:—“At that time the father and mother were members of the royal household, the younger brother was Ananda, the humpback was Khujjuttarā, Pabhāvatī was the mother of Rāhula, the retinue were Buddha’s followers, king Kusa was I myself.”

## No. 532.

### SONA-NANDA-JĀTAKA.

“*Angel or minstrel-god,*” etc. This was a story told by the Master, while living at Jetavana, about a Brother who supported his mother. The circumstance which led up to it was the same as that related in the Sāma<sup>1</sup> Birth. But on this occasion the Master said, “Brethren, do not take offence at this Brother. Sages of old, though they were offered rule over all India, refused to accept it and supported their parents”: and so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time the city of Benares was known as Brahmavaddhana. At that time a king named Manoja<sup>2</sup> reigned there, and a certain Brahmin magnate, possessed of eighty crores, had no heir, and his Brahmin wife at the bidding of her lord prayed for a son. Then the Bodhisatta passing from the Brahma world was conceived in her womb, and at his birth they called him young Sona. By the time that he could run alone, another Being left the Brahma world and he too was conceived by her, and when he was born they called him young Nanda. As soon as they had been taught the Vedas and had attained proficiency in the liberal arts, the Brahmin, observing how handsome the boys were, addressing his wife said, “Lady, we will unite our son, the youthful Sona, in the bonds of wedlock.” She readily assented and reported the matter to her son. [313] He said, “I have quite enough of the household life as it is. So long as you live, I will watch over you, and on your death I will withdraw to the Himalayas and become an ascetic.” She repeated this to the Brahmin, and when they had spoken to him again and again but had failed to persuade him, they addressed themselves to the young Nanda, saying, “Dear son, do you set up an establishment.” He answered, “I will not pick up what my brother has rejected, as if it were a lump of phlegm<sup>3</sup>. I too on your death will together with my brother join the ascetics.” The parents thought, “If they, though they are quite young, thus give up the lusts of the flesh, how much more should all of us adopt the ascetic life,” and they said, “Dear son,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. vi. No. 540.

<sup>2</sup> *Manoja Jātaka*, vol. iii. No. 397.

<sup>3</sup> Reading *khelam*.



why talk of becoming ascetics when we are dead? We will all take the vows." And telling their purpose to the king they disposed of all their wealth in the way of charity, making freedmen of their slaves and distributing what was right and proper amongst their kinsfolk, and then all four of them setting forth from the city of Brahmavaddhana, they built them a hermitage in the Himalaya region in a pleasant grove, near a lake covered by the five kinds of lotus, and there they dwelt as ascetics. The two brothers watched over their parents. And early in the morning they bring them pieces of stick to brush their teeth and water to rinse their mouth. They sweep out the hut, cell and all, supply them with water to drink, bring them sweet berries from the wood to eat, provide them with hot or cold water for the bath, dress their matted locks, shampooing their feet and rendering them all similar services. As time thus passed on, the sage Nanda thought, "I shall have to provide all kinds of fruit as food for my father and mother," so whatever ordinary fruit he had gathered on the spot either yesterday or even the day before that<sup>1</sup>, he would bring in the early morning and give to his parents to eat. They ate it and after rinsing their mouth they observed a fast. But the wise Sona went a long distance and gathered sweet and ripe fruit and offered it to them. Then they said, "Dear son, we ate early this morning what your younger brother brought us and we are now fasting. We have no need of this fruit now." So his fruit was not eaten but was all wasted, and the next day and so on it was just the same. [314] And thus through his possession of the five Supernatural Faculties he travelled a great distance to fetch fruit, but they refused to eat it. Then the Great Being thought, "My father and mother are very delicate, and Nanda brings all sorts of unripe or half-ripe fruit for them to eat, and this being so, they will not live long. I will stop him from doing this." So addressing him he said, "Nanda, henceforth when you bring them fruit, you are to wait<sup>2</sup> till I come, and we will both of us at the same time supply them with food." Though he was thus spoken to, desiring merit for himself only, Nanda paid no heed to his brother's words. The Great Being thought, "Nanda acts improperly in disobeying me: I will send him away<sup>3</sup>." Then thinking he would watch over his parents by himself, he said, "Nanda, you are past teaching and pay no heed to the words of the wise. I am the elder. My father and mother are my charge: I alone will watch over them. You cannot stay on here: get you

<sup>1</sup> The text is probably corrupt; perhaps *parāha* is concealed in *para(m)aho*. Cf. *pare*, *Jāt.* II. 279. 2, III. 423. 18, 'the day before yesterday,' but in *Jāt.* IV. 481. 25 it seems to mean 'the day after to-morrow,' *peren-die*. Cognate words bearing this double meaning are found both in Hindī and Bengālī.

<sup>2</sup> *patimāneti*, to wait for. Cf. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* 1884, *Jāt.* I. 258. 17, II. 288. 14, IV. 203. 27, *Mil.* I. 14 (S. B. E.).

<sup>3</sup> *paṇāmeti* to dismiss. Cf. Morris, *P. T. S. J.* for 1884, *Mil.* I. 258, *Cullavagga*, XII. 2. 3, *Jāt.* II. 28. 15.



gone elsewhere," and he snapped his fingers at him. After being thus dismissed, Nanda could no longer remain in his brother's presence, and bidding him farewell he drew nigh to his parents and told them what had happened. Then retiring into his hut of leaves, he fixed his gaze on the mystic circle and that very day he developed the five Supernatural Faculties and the eight Attainments, and he thought, "I can fetch precious sand from the foot of Mount Sineru and sprinkling it in the cell of my brother's hut I can ask his forgiveness, and should he not even so be mollified, I will fetch water from lake Anotatta and ask him to forgive me, and should he not even thus be mollified, supposing my brother should not pardon me for the sake of angelic beings, I would bring the four Great Kings and Sakka and ask his forgiveness, and should he still not be mollified, I would bring the chief king in all India, Manoja, and the rest of the kings and beg him to pardon me. And this being so, the fame of my brother's virtue would be spread throughout India and would be blazed abroad as the sun and moon." Meanwhile by his magic power he alighted in the city of Brahmavaddhana at the door of the king's palace, [315] and sent a message to the king, saying, "A certain ascetic wishes to see you." The king said, "What has an ascetic to do with seeing me? He must have come for some food." He sent him rice, but he would have none of it. Then he sent husked rice and garments and roots, but he would have none of them. At last he sent a messenger to ask why he had come, and in answer to the messenger he said, "I am come to serve the king." The king, on hearing this, sent back word, "I have plenty of servitors, bid him do his duty as an ascetic." On hearing this he said, "By my own power I will get the sovereignty over all India, and bestow it on your king." The king when he heard this thought, "Ascetics, verily, are wise: they certainly know some clever tricks." Then he summoned him to his presence, assigned him a seat and saluting him asked, "Holy sir, will you, as they tell us, gain the rule over all India and grant it to me?" "Yes, sire." "How will you manage it?" "Sire, without shedding the blood of any one, no, not even so much as a tiny fly would drink, and without wasting your treasure, by my own magic power will I gain the sovereignty and make it over to you. Only, without a moment's delay, you must sally forth this very day." The king believed his words and set out, escorted by an army corps. If it was hot for the army, the sage Nanda by his magic created a shade and made it cool. If it rained, he did not allow the rain to fall upon the army. He kept off a hot wind. He did away with stumps and thorns in the road and every kind of danger. He made the road as level as the circle used in the Kasīṇa rite, and spreading a skin he sat cross-legged upon it in the air, and so moved in front of the army. Thus first of all he came with his army to the Kosala kingdom, and, pitching his camp near the city, he sent a message to the king



of Kosala, bidding him either give battle or yield himself to his power. The king was enraged and said, "What then, am I not a king? I will fight you"; and he sallied forth at the head of his forces, [316] and the two armies engaged in battle. The sage Nanda, spreading out wide the antelope skin on which he sat between the two armies, caught up with it all the arrows shot by the combatants on both sides, and in neither army was there a single soldier wounded by a shaft, and, when all the arrows in their possession were spent, both armies stood helpless. And sage Nanda went to the Kosala king and reassured him, saying, "Great king, be not dismayed. There is no danger threatening you: the kingdom shall still be yours. Only submit to king Manoja." He believed what Nanda said and agreed to do so. Then conducting him into the presence of Manoja, Nanda said, "The king of Kosala submits to you, sire: let the kingdom still remain his." Manoja readily assented and receiving his submission, he marched with the two armies to the kingdom of Anga and took Anga, and then he took Magadha in the kingdom of that name, and by these means he made himself master of the kings of all India, and accompanied by them he marched straight back to the city of Brahmavaddhana. Now he was seven years, seven months, and seven days in taking the kingdoms of all these kings, and from each royal city he caused to be brought all manner of food, both hard and soft, and taking the kings, one hundred and one in number, for seven days he held a great carouse with them. The sage Nanda thought, "I will not show myself to the king until he has enjoyed the pleasures of sovereignty for seven days." And going his rounds for alms in the country of the Northern Kurus, he abode for the space of seven days in the Himalayas, at the entrance of the Golden Cave. And Manoja on the seventh day, after contemplating his great majesty and might, bethought him, "This glory was not given me by my father and mother nor by any one else. It originated through the ascetic Nanda and surely it is now seven days since I set eyes on him. Where in the world can be the friend that bestowed on me this glory?" and he called to mind sage Nanda. And he, knowing that he was remembered, came and stood before him in the air. The king thought, "I do not know whether this ascetic is a man or a deity. [317] If he be a man, I will give him the sovereignty over all India, but if he be a divinity, I will pay him the honour due to a god," and to prove him he spoke the first stanza:

Angel or minstrel-god art thou, or do we haply see  
Sakka, to cities bountiful, or mortal-born may be,  
With magic powers endued? Thy name we fain would learn from thee.

On hearing his words Nanda in declaring his nature repeated a second stanza:

No angel I, no minstrel-god, nor Sakka dost thou see:  
A mortal I with magic powers. The truth I tell to thee.



The king, on hearing this, thought, "He says he is a human being; even so he has been useful to me. I will satisfy him with the great honour I pay him," and he said :

Great service thou hast wrought for us, beyond all words to tell,  
Midst floods of rain no single drop upon us ever fell.

Cool shade thou didst create for us, when parching winds arose,  
From deadly shaft<sup>1</sup> thou didst us shield, amidst our countless foes.

Next many a happy realm thou mad'st own me as sovereign lord,  
Over a hundred kings became obedient to our word.

What from our treasures thou shalt choose, we cheerfully resign,  
Cars yoked to steeds or elephants, or nymphs attired so fine,  
Or if a lovely palace be thy choice, it shall be thine.

In Aṅga realms or Magadha if thou art fain to live,  
Wouldst rule Avanti, Assaka—this too we gladly give.

Yea e'en the half of all our realm we cheerfully resign,  
Say but the word, what thou wouldst have, at once it shall be thine.

[318] Hearing this, sage Nanda, explaining his wishes, said :

No kingdom do I crave, nor any town or land,  
Nor do I seek to win great riches at thy hand.

"But if thou hast any affection for me," he said, "do my bidding in this one thing."

Beneath thy sovereign sway my aged parents dwell,  
Enjoying holy calm in some lone woodland cell.

With these old sages I'm allowed no merit to acquire,  
If thou and thine would plead my cause, Sona would cease his ire.

Then the king said to him :

Gladly in this will I perform, O brahmin, thy behest,  
But who are they that I should take to further thy request?

[319] The sage Nanda said :

More than a hundred householders, rich brahmins too I name,  
And all these mighty warrior chiefs of noble birth and fame,  
With king Manoja, are enough to satisfy my claim.

Then the king said :

Go, harness steeds and elephants and yoke them to the car,  
Go, fling my banners to the wind, from carriage-pole and bar,  
I go to seek where Kosiya<sup>2</sup>, the hermit, dwells afar.

Equipped then with his fourfold host the king marched out to seek  
Where he did dwell in charming cell, a hermit mild and meek.

These verses were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

Now on the day on which the king reached the hermitage, the sage Sona reflected : "It is now more than seven years, seven months [320]

<sup>1</sup> Reading *sarattāṇam*.

<sup>2</sup> The family name of Sona and his father.



and seven days since my young brother went forth from us. Where can he possibly be now?" and looking with the divine eye he saw him and said to himself, "He is coming with a hundred and one kings and an escort of twenty-four legions to beg my pardon. These kings and their retinues have witnessed many marvellous things done by my young brother, and being ignorant of my supernatural power they say of me, 'This false ascetic overestimates his power and measures himself with our lord.' By such boasting<sup>1</sup> they will become destined to hell. I will give them a specimen of my magic-working powers," and placing a carrying-pole in the air, not touching his shoulder by an interval of four inches, he thus travelled in space, passing close by the king, to fetch water from lake Anotatta. But the sage Nanda, when he saw him coming, had not the courage to show himself, but, disappearing on the spot where he was sitting, he escaped and hid himself in the Himalayas. Howbeit king Manoja, when he saw Sona approaching in the comely guise of an ascetic, spoke this stanza :

Who goes to fetch him water through the air at such a pace,  
With wooden pole not touching him by quite four inches space?

The Great Being, being thus addressed, spoke a couple of stanzas :

I'm Sona ; from ascetic rule I never go astray :  
My parents I unweariedly support by night and day.  
Berries and roots as food for them I gather in the wood,  
Ever recalling to my mind how they once wrought me good.

Hearing this, the king wishing to make friends with him, spoke another stanza :

[321] We fain would reach the hermitage where Kosiya doth dwell,  
Show us the road, good Sona, which will lead us to his cell.

Then the Great Being by his supernatural power created a footpath leading to the hermitage and spoke this stanza :

This is the path : mark well, O king, yon clump of sombre green ;  
There midst a grove of ebon trees the hermitage is seen.

Thus did the mighty sage instruct these warrior kings, and then  
Once more he travelled through the air and hurried home again.

Next having swept the hermitage he sought his sire's retreat,  
And waking up the aged saint he offered him a seat.

'Come forth,' he cried, 'O holy sage, be seated here, I pray,  
For high-born kings of mighty fame will pass along this way.'

The old man having heard his son his presence thus implore,  
Came forth in haste from out his hut and sat him by the door.

These verses were inspired by Perfect Wisdom.

And the sage Nanda came to the king at the very moment when the Bodhisatta reached the hermitage, bringing with him water from Anotatta,

<sup>1</sup> *vambheti*, see Morris, *P. T. S. J.* for 1884, p. 95.



and Nanda pitched their camp not far from the hermitage. Then the king bathed and arrayed himself in all his splendour, and, escorted by one hundred and one kings, he came with the sage Nanda in great state and glory and entered the hermitage, to beg the Bodhisatta to forgive his brother. Then the father of the Bodhisatta, on seeing the king approach them, inquired of the Bodhisatta and he explained the matter to him.

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[322] The Master, in making this clear, said :

On seeing him all in a blaze of glory standing near,  
 Surrounded by a band of kings, thus spoke the aged seer :  
 Who marches here with tabour, conch, and beat of sounding drums,  
 Music to cheer the heart of kings ? Who here in triumph comes ?  
 Who in this blaze of glory comes, with turban-cloth of gold,  
 As lightning bright, and quiver-armed, a hero young and bold ?  
 Who comes all bright and glorious, with face of golden sheen,  
 Like embers of acacia wood, aglow in furnace seen ?  
 Who comes with his umbrella held aloft in such a way,  
 That it with ribs so clearly marked wards off the sun's fierce ray ?  
 Who is it, with a yak-tail fan stretched forth to guard his side,  
 Is seen, like some wise sage, on back of elephant to ride ?  
 Who comes in pomp and majesty of parachutes all white,  
 And mail-clad steeds of noble strain, encircling left and right ?  
 Who hither comes, surrounded by a hundred kings or more,  
 An escort of right noble kings, behind him and before ?  
 With elephants, with chariots and with horse and foot brigade,  
 Who comes with all the pomp of war, in fourfold<sup>1</sup> host arrayed ?  
 Who comes with all the legions vast that follow in his train,  
 Unbroken, limitless as are the billows of the main ?  
 It is Manoja, king of kings, with Nanda here has come,  
 As though 'twere Indra, lord of heaven, to this our hermit home.  
 His is the mighty host that comes, obedient in his train,  
 Unbroken, limitless as are the billows of the main.

[323] The Master said :

In robe of finest silk arrayed, with sandal oil bedewed,  
 These kings approach the saintly men in suppliant attitude.

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Then king Manoja with a salutation took his seat apart, and, exchanging friendly greetings, spoke a couple of stanzas :

O holy men, we trust that you are prosperous and well,  
 With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell.  
 Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,  
 Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed ?

<sup>1</sup> Elephants, cavalry, chariots and infantry.



Then these stanzas were spoken by them as question and answer :

We thank thee, king, and answer thus : We prosper and are well,  
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where we dwell.

From flies and gnats and creeping things we suffer not annoy,  
And from wild beasts of prey we here immunity enjoy.

Areca nuts for such as live as hermits here abound,  
No harmful sickness that I know has ever here been found.

Welcome<sup>1</sup>, O king, a happy chance directed thee this way,  
Mighty thou art and glorious : what errand brings thee, pray ?

[324] The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsūmārī sweet,  
And fruits like honey, take the best we have, O king, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,  
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will.

Accepted is thy offering by me and all, but pray  
Give ear to what wise Nanda here, our friend, has got to say.

For all of us in Nanda's train as suppliants come to thee,  
To beg a gracious hearing for poor Nanda's humble plea.

The sage Nanda, thus addressed, rose from his seat and saluted his  
father and mother and brother, and, conversing with his followers, said :

Let country folk, a hundred odd, and brahmins of great fame,  
And all these noble warrior chiefs, illustrious in name,  
With king Manoja, our great lord, all sanction this my claim.

Ye Yakkhas in this hermitage that are assembled here,  
And woodland spirits, old and young<sup>2</sup>, to what I say give ear.

My homage paid to these, I next this holy sage address,  
In me a brother thou didst erst as thy right hand possess.

To serve my aged parents is the boon from thee I ask :  
Cease, mighty saint, to hinder me in this my holy task.

[325] Kind service to our parents has long time been paid by thee ;  
The good approve such deeds—why not yield it in turn to me ?  
And to the merit I thus win the way to heaven is free.

Others there are that know in this the path of duty lies,  
It is the way to heaven, as thou, O sage, dost recognise.

And yet a holy man bars me from merit such as this,  
When I by service fain would bring my parents perfect bliss.

[326] Thus addressed by Nanda, the Great Being said, " You have  
heard what he had to say : now hear me," and he spoke these stanzas :

All ye that swell my brother's train, my words now hear in turn ;  
Whoso shall ancient precedent of his forefathers spurn,  
Sinning against his elders, he, reborn in hell, shall burn.

But they who skilled in holy lore the Way of Truth may know,  
Keeping the moral law, shall ne'er to World of Suffering go.

Brother and sister, parents, all by kindred tie allied,  
A charge upon the eldest son will evermore abide.

<sup>1</sup> These lines occur in No. 503, *Sattigumba Jātaka*, vol. iv. p. 270, English version.

<sup>2</sup> *bhūtabhavyāni*, fully developed and embryo deities: for *bhavya*, a class of gods, cf. *Vishṇu Purāṇa*, III. 12.



As eldest son this heavy charge I gladly undertake,  
And as a pilot guards his ship, the Right I'll ne'er forsake.

On hearing this all the kings were highly delighted and said, "To-day we learn that all the rest of a family are a charge laid upon the eldest," and they forsook the sage Nanda and became devoted to the Great Being and, singing his praises, recited two stanzas :

We have found knowledge like a flame that shines at dead of night,  
E'en so has holy Kosiya revealed to us the Right.

Just as the sun-god by his rays illumines all the sea,  
Showing the form of living things, as good or bad they be,  
So holy Kosiya reveals the Right to me and thee.

[327] Thus was it that although these kings had so long a time believed in the sage Nanda, from witnessing his wonderful works, yet did the Great Being by the power of knowledge destroy their faith in him, and, causing them to accept his words, thus make them all his most obedient servants. Then the sage Nanda thinking, "My brother is a wise and clever fellow and mighty in the scriptures. He has got the better of these kings and won them over to his side. Except him I have no other refuge. To him only will I make my supplication; and he spoke this stanza :

Since thou my suppliant attitude heed'st not, nor outstretched hand,  
Thy humble bond-slave will I be, to wait at thy command.

The Great Being naturally entertained no angry or hostile feeling towards Nanda, but he had acted as he did by way of rebuking him, in order to bring down his high stomach, when he spoke so exceeding proudly. But now on hearing what he had to say he was mightily pleased, and conceived a favour towards him, and saying, "Now I forgive you and will allow you to watch over your father and mother," and making known his virtues he said :

Nanda, thou know'st the true faith well, as saints have taught it thee,  
'Tis only noble to be good'—thou greatly pleasest me.

My worthy parents I salute : list ye to what I say,  
The charge of you as burden was ne'er felt in any way.

My parents I have tended long, their happiness to earn,  
Now Nanda comes and humbly begs to serve you in his turn.

[328] Whiche'er of you two saintly ones would Nanda's service own,  
Speak but the word and he shall come to wait on thee alone.

Then his mother, rising from her seat, said, "Dear Sona, your young brother has been long absent from his home. Now that he has at length returned, I do not venture to ask him myself, for we are altogether dependent upon you, but with your sanction I might now be allowed to take this holy youth to my arms and kiss him on the forehead," and, to make her meaning clear, she spoke this stanza :



Sona, dear son, on whom we lean, if thou allowest this,  
Embracing him once more I will the holy Nanda kiss.

Then the Great Being said to her, "Well, dear mother, I give you permission : go and embrace your son Nanda and smell and kiss his head, and soothe the sorrow in your heart. So she went to the sage Nanda and embracing him before all the assembly she smelled and kissed his head, putting an end to the sorrow in her heart, and conversing with the Great Being she spoke this verse :

Just as the tender bo-tree shoot is shaken by the blast,  
So throbs my heart with joy at sight of Nanda come at last.

Nanda, methinks, as in a dream returned I seem to see,  
Half mad and jubilant I cry, 'Nanda comes back to me.'

But if on waking I should find my Nanda gone away,  
To greater sorrow than before my soul would be a prey.

[329] Back to his parents dear to-day Nanda at last has come,  
Dear to my lord and me alike, with us he makes his home.

Though Nanda to his sire is dear, let him stay where he will,  
—Thou to thy father's wants attend—Nanda shall mine fulfil.

The Great Being assented to his mother's words, saying, "So be it," and he admonished his brother, saying, "Nanda, you have received the portion of the eldest son ; verily a mother is a great benefactress. Be careful in watching over her," and celebrating a mother's virtues he spoke two stanzas :

Kind, pitiful, our refuge she that fed us at her breast,  
A mother is the way to heaven, and thee she loveth best.

She nursed and fostered us with care ; graced with good gifts is she,  
A mother is the way to heaven, and best she loveth thee.

Thus did the Great Being in two stanzas tell of a mother's virtues, and when his mother had once more taken her seat, he said, "You, Nanda, have got a mother who has suffered things hard to be borne. Both of us have been painfully reared by our mother. Now you are carefully to watch over her and not to give her sour berries to eat," and to make it clear in the midst of the assembled people that deeds of great difficulty fell to a mother's lot, he said :

[330] Craving a child in prayer she kneels each holy shrine before,  
The changing seasons closely scans and studies astral lore.

Pregnant in course of time she feels her tender longings grow,  
And soon the unconscious babe begins a loving friend to know.

Her treasure for a year or less she guards with utmost care,  
Then brings it forth and from that day a mother's name will bear.

With milky breast and lullaby she soothes the fretting child,  
Wrapped in his comforter's warm arms his woes are soon beguiled.

Watching o'er him, poor innocent, lest wind or heat annoy,  
His fostering nurse she may be called, to cherish thus her boy.

What gear his sire and mother have she hoards for him, 'May be,'  
She thinks, 'some day, my dearest child, it all may come to thee.'



'Do this or that, my darling boy,' the worried mother cries,  
And when he's grown to man's estate, she still laments and sighs.  
He goes in reckless mood to see a neighbour's wife at night,  
She fumes and frets, 'Why will he not return while it is light?'

If one thus reared with anxious pains his mother should neglect,  
Playing her false, what doom, I pray, but hell can he expect?

If one thus reared with anxious pains his father should neglect,  
Playing him false, what doom, I pray, but hell can he expect?

Those that love wealth o'ermuch, 'tis said, their wealth will soon have lost,  
One that neglects a mother soon will rue it to his cost.

Those that love wealth o'ermuch, 'tis said, their wealth will soon have lost,  
One that neglects a father soon will rue it to his cost.

Joy, careless ease, laughter and sport, are the sure heritage  
Of him that studiously shall tend a mother in old age.

Joy, careless ease, laughter and sport, are the sure heritage  
Of him that studiously shall tend a father in old age.

Gifts<sup>1</sup>, loving speech, kind offices, together with the grace  
Of calm indifference of mind shown in due time and place—

These virtues to the world are as linch-pin to chariot wheel,  
These lacking, still a mother's name to children would appeal.

[331] A mother like the sire should be with reverent honour crowned,  
Sages approve the man in whom these virtues may be found.

Thus parents, worthy of all praise, a high position own,  
By ancient sages Brahma called. So great was their renown.

Kind parents from their children should receive all reverence due,  
He that is wise will honour them with service good and true.

He should provide them food and drink, bedding and raiment meet,  
Should bathe them and anoint with oil and duly wash their feet.

For filial services like these sages his praises sound  
Here in this world, and after death in heaven his joys abound.

[332] Thus, as though he should set Mount Sineru rolling, did the  
Great Being bring his lesson to an end. On hearing him all these kings  
with their hosts became believers. So then establishing them in the five  
moral laws and exhorting them to be diligent in almsgiving and the like  
virtues, he dismissed them, and they all, after ruling their kingdoms  
righteously, at the end of their days went to swell the host of heaven.  
The sages, Sona and Nanda, as long as they lived, ministered to their  
parents and became destined to the Brahma world.

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The Master here ended his lesson and revealing the Truths identified the  
Birth :—At the end of the Truths the Brother who cherished his mother was  
established in the fruition of the First Path :—"At that time the parents were  
members of the Great King's Court, the sage Nanda was Ānanda, king Manoja  
was Sāriputta, the hundred and one kings were eighty chief elders and certain  
others, the twenty-four complete armies were Buddha's disciples, but the sage  
Sona was I myself."

<sup>1</sup> Childers gives the four Saṅgahavatthus, appertaining to kings, as largesse, affability, beneficent rule, and impartiality.



## BOOK XXI. ASĪTINIPĀTA.

### No. 533.

#### CULLAHAMSA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

[333] “*All other birds, etc.*” This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling in the Bamboo Grove, as to how the venerable Ānanda renounced his life. For when archers were suborned to slay the Tathāgata, and the first one that was sent by Devadatta<sup>2</sup> on this errand returned and said, “Holy sir, I cannot deprive the Blessed One of life : he is possessed of great supernatural powers,” Devadatta replied, “Well, sir, you need not slay the ascetic Gotama. I myself will deprive him of life.” And as the Tathāgata was walking in the shadow cast westward<sup>3</sup> by the Vulture’s Peak, Devadatta climbed to the top of the mountain and hurled a mighty stone as if shot from a catapult, thinking, “With this stone will I slay the ascetic Gotama,” but two mountain peaks meeting together intercepted the stone, and a splinter from it flew up and struck the Blessed One on the foot and drew blood, and severe pains set in. Jīvaka, cutting open the Tathāgata’s foot with a knife, let out the bad blood and removed the proud flesh, and anointing the wound with a medicament healed it. The Master moved about just as he was wont aforetime, surrounded by his attendants, with all the great charm of a Buddha. So on seeing him Devadatta thought, “Verily no mortal beholding the excellent beauty of Gotama’s person dare approach him, but the king’s elephant Nālāgiri is a fierce and [334] savage animal and knows nothing of the virtues of the Buddha, the Law, and the Assembly. He will bring about the destruction of the ascetic.” So he went and told the matter to the king. The king readily fell in with the suggestion, and, summoning his elephant-keeper, thus addressed him ; “Sir, to-morrow you are to make Nālāgiri mad with drink, and at break of day to let him loose in the street where the ascetic Gotama walks.” And Devadatta asked the keeper how much arrack the elephant was wont to drink on ordinary days, and when he answered, “Eight pots,” he said, “To-morrow give him sixteen pots to drink, and send him in the direction of the street frequented by the ascetic Gotama.” “Very good,” said the keeper. The king had a drum beaten throughout the city and proclaimed, “To-morrow Nālāgiri will be maddened with strong drink and let loose in the city. The men of the city are to do all that they have to do in the early morning and after that no one is to venture out into the street.” And Devadatta came down

<sup>1</sup> Compare with this *Hamsa-Jātaka*, vol. iv. No. 502, and *Jātaka-Mālā*, xxii. The Story of the Holy Swans.

<sup>2</sup> For the story of Devadatta, cf. *Cullavagga*, vii.

<sup>3</sup> In the corresponding passage in *Cullavagga*, vii. 3. 8, *pacchāyūyam* (Skt *pra-cchāya*) is read instead of *pacchāchāyāya*.



from the palace and went to the elephant-stall and, addressing the keepers, said, "We are able, I tell you, from a high position to degrade a man to a lowly one and to raise a man from a low position to a high one. If you are eager for honour, early to-morrow morning give Nālāgiri sixteen pots of fiery liquor, and at the time when the ascetic Gotama comes that way, wound the elephant with spiked goads, and when in his fury he has broken down his stall, drive him in the direction of the street where Gotama is wont to walk, and so bring about the destruction of the ascetic." They readily agreed to do so. This rumour was noised abroad throughout the whole city. The lay disciples attached to the Buddha, the Law, and the Priesthood, on hearing it, drew nigh to the Master and said, "Holy sir, Devadatta has been closeted with the king and to-morrow he will have Nālāgiri let loose in the street where you walk. Do not go into the city to-morrow for alms but remain here. We will provide food in the monastery for the priests, with Buddha at their head." The Master without directly saying, "I will not enter the city to-morrow for alms," answered and said, "To-morrow I will work a miracle and tame Nālāgiri and crush the heretics. And without going my round for alms in Rājagaha I will leave the city, attended by a company of the Brethren, and go straight to the Bamboo Grove, and the people of Rājagaha shall repair thither with many a bowl of food and to-morrow there shall be a meal provided in the refectory of the monastery." In this way did the Master grant their request. And on learning that the Tathāgata had acceded to their wishes, they set out from the city, carrying bowls of food, and saying, "We will distribute our gifts in the monastery itself." And the Master in the first watch taught the Law, in the middle watch he solved hard questions, in the first part of the last watch he lay down lion-like on his right side, and the second part [335] he spent in the Attainment of Fruition, in the third part, entering into a trance of deep pity for the sufferings of humanity, he contemplated all his kinsfolk that were ripe for conversion<sup>1</sup> and seeing that as the result of his conquest of Nālāgiri eighty-four thousand beings would be brought to a clear understanding of the Law, at daybreak, after attending to his bodily necessities, he addressed Ānanda and said, "Ānanda, to-day bid all the Brethren that are in the eighteen monasteries that are round about Rājagaha to accompany me into that city." The elder did so, and all the Brethren assembled at the Bamboo Grove. The Master attended by a great company of Brethren entered Rājagaha and the elephant-keepers proceeded according to their instructions and there was a great gathering of people. The believers thought, "To-day there will be a mighty battle between the lord elephant Buddha and this elephant of the brute world. We shall witness the defeat of Nālāgiri by the incomparable skill of the Buddha," and they climbed up and stood upon the upper storeys and roofs and house-tops. But the unbelieving heretics thought, "Nālāgiri is a fierce, savage creature, and knows nothing of the merits of Buddhas and the like. To-day he will crush the glorious form of the ascetic Gotama and bring about his death. To-day we shall look upon the back of our enemy." And they took their stand on upper storeys and other high places. And the elephant, on seeing the Blessed One approach him, terrified the people by demolishing the houses and raising his trunk he crushed the waggons into powder, and, with his ears and tail erect with excitement, he ran like some towering mountain in the direction of the Blessed One. On seeing him the Brethren thus addressed the Blessed One, "This Nālāgiri, holy sir, a fierce and savage creature, and a slayer of men, is coming along this road<sup>2</sup>. Of a truth he knows nothing of the merit of Buddhas and the like. Let the Blessed One, the Auspicious One, withdraw." "Fear not, Brethren," he said, "I am able to overcome Nālāgiri." Then the venerable Sāriputta prayed the Master, saying, "Holy sir, when any service has to be rendered to a father, it is a burden laid on his eldest son. I will vanquish this creature." Then the Master said, "Sāriputta, the power of a Buddha is one thing, that of his disciples is another," and he rejected his offer,

<sup>1</sup> With *bodhaneyya* one may perhaps compare the *ol σωζόμενοι* of the N.T.

<sup>2</sup> *racchā*, Skt *rathyā*, a carriage road or street. *Jāt.* i. 346. 18.



saying, "You are to remain here." This too was the prayer of the eighty chief elders for the most part, but he refused them all. Then the venerable Ānanda by reason of his strong affection for the Master was unable to acquiesce in this and cried, "Let this elephant kill me first," and he stood before the Master, ready to sacrifice his life for the Tathāgata. So the Master said to him, "Go away, Ānanda, do not stand in front of me." The elder said, "Holy sir, this elephant [336] is fierce and savage, a slayer of men, like the flame at the beginning of a cycle. Let him first slay me and afterwards let him approach you." And though he was spoken to for the third time, the elder remained in the same spot and did not retire. Then the Blessed One by the exercise of his supernatural power made him fall back and placed him in the midst of the Brethren. At this moment a certain woman, catching sight of Nālāgiri, was terrified with the fear of death, and as she fled she dropped the child, which she was carrying on her hip, between the Tathāgata and the elephant and made her escape. The elephant, pursuing the woman, came up with the child, who uttered a loud cry. The Master thrilling with the charity that is expressly commanded<sup>1</sup>, and, uttering the honeyed accents of a voice like that of Brahma, called to Nālāgiri, saying, "Ho! Nālāgiri, those that maddened you with sixteen pots of arrack did not do this that you might attack someone else, but acted thus thinking you would attack me. Do not tire out your strength by rushing about aimlessly but come hither." On hearing the voice of the Master he opened his eyes and beheld the glorious form of the Blessed One, and he became greatly agitated and by the power of Buddha the intoxicating effects of the strong drink passed off. Dropping his trunk and shaking his ears he came and fell down at the feet of the Tathāgata. Then the Master addressing him said, Nālāgiri, you are a brute elephant, I am the Buddha elephant. Henceforth be not fierce and savage, nor a slayer of men, but cultivate thoughts of charity." So saying he stretched forth his right hand and coaxed the elephant's forehead and taught the Law to him in these words :

<sup>2</sup>This elephant shouldst thou presume to assail,  
 An awful doom thou wouldst ere long bewail.  
 To strike this elephant would destine thee  
 To state of suffering in worlds to be.  
 From mad and foolish recklessness abstain,  
 The reckless fool to heaven will ne'er attain.  
 If in the next world thou wouldst win heaven's bliss,  
 See that thou doest what is right in this.

The whole body of the elephant constantly thrilled with joy, and had he not been a mere quadruped, he would have entered on the fruition of the First Path. The people, on beholding this miracle, shouted and snapped their fingers. In their joy they cast upon him all manner of ornaments and covered therewith all the body of the elephant. [337] Thenceforth Nālāgiri was known as Dhanapālaka (keeper of treasure).—Now on the occasion of this encounter with Dhanapālaka eighty-four thousand beings drank the nectar of immortality.—And the Master established Dhanapālaka in the five moral laws. With his trunk taking up dust from the feet of the Blessed One the elephant sprinkled it on his head, and retiring with bent body he stood bowing to the Dasabala as long as he was in sight, and then he turned and entered the elephant-stall. Thenceforth he was quite tame and harmed no man. The Master, now that his desire was fulfilled, decided that the treasure should remain the property of those by whom it had been thrown upon the elephant and thinking, "To-day I have wrought a great miracle. It is not seemly that I should go my rounds for alms in this city," and after crushing the heretics, surrounded by a band of the Brethren, he sallied forth from the city like a victorious warrior chief and made

<sup>1</sup> *odissakamettā*. Cf. *Jāt.* II. 61. 9, II. 146. 13.

<sup>2</sup> These verses occur in *Cullavagga*, VII. 3. 12.



straight for the Bamboo Grove. The citizens, taking with them a quantity of boiled rice, drink, and some solid food, went to the monastery and set on foot almsgiving on a grand scale. That day at eventide, as they sat filling the Hall of Truth, the Brethren started a topic, saying, "The venerable Ānanda achieved a marvellous thing in being ready to sacrifice his life for the sake of the Tathāgata. On seeing Nālāgiri, though he was thrice forbidden by the Master to remain, he refused to go away. O sirs, of a truth the elder was the doer of a marvellous deed." The Master, thinking, "The conversation turns on the merits of Ānanda, I must be present at it," went forth from his Perfumed Chamber and came and asked them, saying, "On what subject are ye discoursing, Brethren, as ye sit here?" And when they answered, "On such and such a topic," he said, "Not now only, but formerly too, Ānanda, even when he was born in an animal form, renounced his life for my sake," and so saying he told a story of the past.

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Once upon a time in the kingdom of Mahimsaka in the city of Sakula a king named Sakula ruled his kingdom righteously. At that time not far from the city a certain fowler in a village of fowlers got his living by snaring birds and selling them in the city. Near that city was a lotus-lake called Mānusiya, twelve leagues in circumference, covered with five varieties of lotus. Thither repaired a flock of all manner of birds and the fowler set his snares there freely. At this time the king of the Dhatarattha geese, with a following of ninety-six thousand geese, dwelt in Golden Cave on mount Cittakūṭa and his commander-in-chief was named Sumukha. Now one day a flock [338] composed of some golden geese came to the lake Mānusiya, and, after browsing to their heart's content in this abundant feeding ground, they flew up to the beautiful Cittakūṭa and thus addressed the Dhatarattha king: "Sire, there is a lotus-lake called Mānusiya, a rich feeding ground lying midst the haunts of men. Thither we will go to feed." He answered, "The haunts of men are dangerous: let not this approve itself to you." And though he declined to go, yet being importuned he said, "If it be your good pleasure, we will go," and with his following he repaired to that lake. Alighting from the air he set his foot in a noose at the very moment he touched the ground. So the noose seized his foot as it were with an iron vice and caught and held him fast. Then thinking to sever the snare he tugged at it, and first the skin was broken, next the flesh was torn, and lastly the tendon, till the snare touched the bone and the blood flowed and severe pains set in. He thought, "If I should utter a cry of capture, my kinsfolk would be alarmed and without feeding would fly away famished and through weakness they would fall into the water." So he bore with the pain and when his kinsfolk had eaten their fill and were disporting themselves after the manner of geese, he uttered the loud cry of a captured bird. On hearing it these geese were frightened with the fear of death and flew off in the direction of Cittakūṭa. As soon as they were gone, Sumukha, the captain of the geese, thought, "Can it be that this means something terrible has happened to the Great King?



I will find out what it is," and flying at full speed, and not seeing the Great Being amongst those in the van of the retreating army of geese, he sought him in the main body of the birds and there too failing to find him he said, "Without all doubt something terrible has occurred," [339] and he turned back and found the Great Being caught in a snare, stained with blood and suffering great pain, lying on the muddy ground. And he alighted and sat on the ground and trying to comfort the Great Being he said, "Fear not, sire: I will release you from the snare at the sacrifice of my own life."

Then to test him the Great Being spoke the first stanza :

All other birds, heedless of me, have fled in haste away ;  
What friendship can a captive know? Be off, make no delay.

Here moreover followed these stanzas <sup>1</sup> :

Whether I go or stay with thee, I still some day must die :  
I've courted thee in weal, in woe from thee I may not fly.

I either then must die with thee, or live a life forlorn,  
Far better 'twere to die at once than live thy loss to mourn.

It is not right to leave thee, sire, in such a sorry state ;  
Nay, I am well content to share whate'er may be thy fate.

What fate for one caught in a snare except the cruel spit?  
How in thy senses and still free couldst thou to this submit?

What good for thee or me, O bird, herein dost thou descry,  
Or for the kin surviving us, if both of us should die?

Wrapt, golden-wingèd one, in night will be thy deed of worth ;  
What moral would such sacrifice, if brought to light, show forth?

That blessings follow Right, O king of birds, dost thou not see?  
Right duly honoured shows to men what their true good may be.

[340] Seeing the Right and all the Good that still from Right may spring,  
For love of thee I cheerfully my life away would fling.

If mindful of the Right one ne'er forsakes a suffering friend,  
Not e'en to save one's life, such act as Right the wise commend.

Thy duty nobly done, the while I recognise thy love,  
Depart at once, if thou wouldst do the thing I most approve.

Perhaps in time the ties that bound my kin beneath my sway,  
With fuller knowledge and control may pass to thee some day.

As thus these noble birds exchanged high thoughts, to them, behold,  
Like Death to some bedridden wretch appeared this fowler bold.

The friends in him discerning well the enemy they fear,  
Long silent sat and motionless, as he to them drew near.

Seeing the geese rise here and there and vanish into space,  
Their foe, where sat these noble birds, in haste approached the place.

And as he ran with utmost speed and reached the fated spot,  
The fowler, trembling at the thought, cried, 'Are they caught or not?'

The one he saw caught in the snare, the other bird he found  
Watching his captive friend, himself unfettered and unbound.

<sup>1</sup> In the form of a dialogue between the captive goose-king and his faithful friend Sumukha. Afterwards the fowler intervenes.



Perplexed and doubting in his mind he viewed the noble pair,  
—Full grown were they, two comely birds—and thus he spake them fair.

Granted that one caught in a snare may never fly away<sup>1</sup>,  
Why, mighty bird, dost thou, still free, resolve with him to stay?

What is this fowl to thee, that when the rest are fled and gone,  
Though free, beside the captive bird thou sittest here alone?

<sup>2</sup> O foe of birds, my friend and king, dear as my life is he;  
Forsake him—no, I never will, until Death calls for me.

[341] How was it that this bird ne'er spied the fowler's secret snare?  
Of mighty chiefs the function is of danger to be ware.

<sup>3</sup> When ruin comes upon a man and Death's hour draweth nigh,  
Though you may close upon it come, nor trap nor snare you spy.

Snares of all kinds, O holy ones, are oftentimes set in vain:  
In fatal hour at last one's caught in hidden snare and slain.

[342] Thus did he by discoursing with him soften the fowler's heart, and  
begging for the life of the Great Being he spoke this stanza:

[343] Is this the happy issue<sup>4</sup>, say, of friendly talk with thee,  
And wilt thou, prithee, spare our lives and let us both go free?

The fowler, charmed by Sumukha's sweet discourse, spoke this stanza:

No prisoner of mine art thou; begone, quick, hence away;  
I would not shed thy blood; unscathed, live on for many a day.

Then Sumukha repeated four stanzas:

I should not care to live myself, if this my friend were dead,  
Content with one, let him go free, and eat my flesh instead.

We two are much the same in age, in length and breadth of limb;  
No loss for thee, if thou shouldst take me in exchange for him.

Regard it in this light and glut thy appetite on me;  
First bind me in the snare, then let this king of birds go free.

Thus thou wouldst gain thy wish and I my heart's desire secure,  
And peace would be 'twixt geese and thee, long as life should endure.

Thus by the preaching of the Law was this fowler's heart softened,  
even as cotton dipped in oil, and in yielding up the Great Being to him, as  
a slave to his owner, he said:

Be witness all your sages, friends, servants, and kith and kin,  
Through thee alone this king of birds his liberty did win.

To few 'tis given to own a friend like thee prepared to share  
A common fate, as when thy king was caught in deadly snare.

So I release thy friend the king, to follow thee afar,  
Quick, hence away, amidst thy kin to shine fair as a star.

<sup>1</sup> *kurute disam*, to fly away. Text *desam*, scholiast *disam*, as required by the metre.

<sup>2</sup> This couplet occurs in iv. p. 265, English version.

<sup>3</sup> This couplet occurs three times before. See note on vol. iv. p. 265, English version.

<sup>4</sup> *sukkhudraya*, Jāt. iv. 451. 17, v. 389. 3, *dukkhūdraya* iv. 398. 9, *kaṭukudraya* v. 241. 14.



[344] And so saying, the fowler with kindness in his heart drew nigh to the Great Being, and cutting his bonds took him up in his arms and lifting him out of the water laid him on the bank of the lake upon the fresh grass, and with great tenderness gently loosing the snare that bound his foot threw it to a distance. Then conceiving a strong affection for the Great Being, with a heart full of love he took some water and washed away the blood from his wound, and once and again wiped it. Through the power of his charity the wound in the Bodhisatta's foot grew together, tendon uniting with tendon, flesh with flesh, skin with skin. Fresh skin formed and fresh down grew over it. The Bodhisatta was just as if his foot had never been trapped and sat rejoicing in his ordinary form. Then Sumukha, beholding how happy the Great Being was all owing to his action, in his gladness sang the praises of the fowler.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

The goose glad at the king's release, in honour of his lord,  
Thus charmed his benefactor's ear with this most pleasant word :

'Fowler, with all thy kith and kin, right happy mayst thou be,  
As I am happy to behold the king of birds set free.'

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After thus singing the fowler's praises, Sumukha said to the Bodhisatta, "Sire, this man has wrought us a great service: had he not hearkened to our words, he might have won great wealth, either by making us tame birds to be kept for pleasure and offering us to some great lords, or by killing and selling us for food. But utterly regardless of his own livelihood he hearkened to our words. [345] Let us conduct him into the king's presence and make him happy for life." The Great Being agreed to this. Then Sumukha, after conversing with the Great Being in their own language, addressed the fowler in human speech and asked him, saying, "Friend, why did you set snares?" and on his replying, "For gain," "This being the case," said Sumukha, "take us with you into the city and present us to your king, and I will persuade him to bestow on you great riches," and he spoke these stanzas:

Come, I will teach thee how thou mayst win for thyself great gain,  
Seeing the honour of this goose brooks not the slightest stain.

Quick, take us to the royal court, in body sound and whole,  
Standing, unbound, at either end of this thy carrying-pole.

And say, 'O sire, lo! here to thee two ruddy geese we bring,  
The one is captain of the host, the other is their king.'

This lord of men beholding then this royal goose will be  
So glad and overjoyed, he will great wealth bestow on thee.



When he had so spoken, the fowler replied, "Let it not be your pleasure to see the king. Verily kings are fickle-minded: they would either keep you captive for their amusement or would put you to death." Sumukha said, "Fear not, my friend. By my preaching of the Law I have softened the heart of a fierce creature like you and have brought you to my feet, a fowler whose hand is red with blood. Kings, verily, are full of goodness and wisdom, and are such as can discern between good and evil words. So make haste and bring us into the presence of your king." The fowler said, "Well, be not angry with me. As it is your good pleasure, [346] I will take you to him." So he mounted the pair of birds on his pole and went to the court and introduced them to the king, and on being questioned by him the fowler declared all the facts of the case.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

On hearing this he wrought the thing they craved in heart and soul,  
And quickly took the geese to court, in body sound and whole,  
Standing, unbound, one at each end of his long carrying-pole.

'Lo ! here,' he said, 'two ruddy geese, O sire, to thee we bring,  
One is the captain of the host, the other is their king.'

How did these winged mighty ones, fowler, become thy prey,  
How didst thou creep close up to them, nor frighten them away ?

O lord of men, in every pool behold a gin or net,  
In every <sup>1</sup>haunt of birds, methinks, a deadly snare was set.

'Twas in some hidden trap like this I caught the king of geese,  
His friend, still free, sat by his side and sought his lord's release.

This bird essayed a task beyond what vulgar souls achieve,  
Resolved his every nerve to strain, his master to relieve.

There sat he, worthy to survive, content his life to give,  
If but his lord, whose praise he sang, might be allowed to live.

Hearing his words I all at once attained to state of grace,  
Gladly set free the captive bird and bade them leave the place.

The goose, rejoiced at his release, in honour of his lord,  
Thus charmed his benefactor's ear with this most pleasant word :

'Fowler, with all thy kith and kin, right happy mayst thou be,  
As I am happy to behold the king of birds set free.

Come, I will teach thee how thou mayst win for thyself great gain,  
Seeing the honour of this goose brooks not the slightest stain.

Quick, take us to the royal court, in body sound and whole,  
Standing, unbound, at either end of this thy carrying-pole.

And say, "O sire, lo ! here to thee two ruddy geese we bring,  
The one is captain of the host, the other is their king."

This lord of men, beholding then this royal goose will be  
So glad and overjoyed, he will great wealth bestow on thee.'

<sup>1</sup> Reading *yam yad āyatanam*.



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[347] Thus at his bidding hither led by me the pair have come,  
 Although for me they both were free to seek their mountain home.  
 Such was the fate of this poor bird, though very righteous he,  
 So much that he with pity moved a fowler fierce like me.  
 This goose, O lord of men, to thee an offering bring I here,  
 Amidst the haunts of fowling men one scarce could find his peer.

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[348] Thus did he standing there proclaim the virtues of Sumukha.  
 Then the king Sakula offered to the goose-king a costly throne and to  
 Sumukha a precious golden chair, and when they had taken their seats he  
 served them with parched corn, honey, molasses, and the like, in golden  
 vessels, and, when they had finished their meal, with outstretched hands  
 he prayed the Great Being to preach the Law and took his seat upon  
 a golden chair. And at his request the goose-king held pleasant converse  
 with him.

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The Master, to make everything clear, said:

Seeing the king now seated on a lovely golden chair,  
 The goose in tones to charm the ear thus did bespeak him fair.  
 Dost thou, my lord, enjoy good health and is all well with thee?  
 I trust thy realm is flourishing and ruled in equity.  
 O king of geese, my health is good and all is well with me;  
 My realm is very flourishing and ruled in equity.  
 Hast thou true men to counsel thee, free from all stain or blame,  
 Ready to die, if need there be, for thy good cause and name?  
 I have true men to counsel me, free from all stain or blame,  
 Ready to die, if need there be, for my good cause and name.  
 Hast thou a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,  
 With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord?  
 I have a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,  
 With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord.

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[349] When the Bodhisatta had ended his words of friendly greeting,  
 the king again conversing with him said:

When some mischance delivered thee to thy most deadly foe,  
 Didst thou then at his hands, O bird, great suffering undergo?  
 Did he run up and with his stick belabour thee, I pray?  
 Of such vile creatures, as I hear, this ever is the way.  
 I never was in danger, as I gratefully recall,  
 Nor did he deal with us as foes in any way at all.  
 The fowler, trembling and amazed, to question us was fain,  
 And Sumukha, wisest of birds, made answer back again.  
 Hearing his words he all at once attained to state of grace,  
 Gladly released me from the snare, and bade us leave the place.



To come and visit thee, O king, was Sumukha's desire,  
Thinking our friend the fowler thus great riches might acquire.

You are right welcome, sirs, be sure, I'm glad to see you here,  
And let your fowler friend receive his fill of earthly gear.

[350] And so saying the king fixed his gaze upon a certain councillor and when he asked, "What is your pleasure, sire," he said, "See that this fowler has his hair and beard trimmed and that after being washed and anointed he is sumptuously arrayed and then bring him here." And when this was done and the fowler was brought back, the king presented him with a village producing annually a hundred thousand pieces of money, and moreover a house standing in a position abutting on two streets, and a splendid chariot, and much store of yellow gold.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

The king with riches manifold the fowler amply blest,  
And then in tones that charmed the ear the ruddy goose addressed.

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Then the Great Being instructed the king in the Law, and hearing his exposition he was glad at heart, and, being minded to pay some mark of respect to the preacher of the Law, he presented him with the white umbrella and made over his kingdom to him and he spoke these stanzas :

Whate'er I lawfully possess, whate'er I duly claim,  
Shall pass beneath your sway, if ye your heart's desire will name.

Whether for alms or to enjoy and use it for your own,  
To you I yield my gear and all, to you resign my throne.

Then the Great Being returned the white umbrella which the king had given to him. And the king thought, "I have heard the Law preached by the goose-king, but this Sumukha has been highly praised by the fowler, as speaking words sweet as honey, [351] I shall have to hear him also preach the Law." So holding converse with him he spake yet another stanza :

If wise and learned Sumukha would speak of his free will  
A word or two, my happiness would then be greater still.

Then Sumukha said :

I could not in your presence, with propriety, my lord,  
As though I were some Nāga prince, utter a single word.

For this the chief of ruddy geese, and thou, O mighty king,  
On many grounds may rightly claim the homages that I bring.

I a mere underling, my lord, may scarcely intervene,  
When high debate is being held your Majesties between.



The king, hearing what he said, was glad at heart and said, "The fowler praised you, and surely there cannot be any other like you, so sweet a preacher of the Law," and he repeated these stanzas :

The fowler rightly praised this bird as wise beyond its kind:  
Such prudence is not found in one undisciplined<sup>1</sup> in mind.

Of noble creatures I have seen, with highest nature blest,  
Surely this matchless bird amongst them all is far the best<sup>2</sup>.

Your noble form and sweet discourse cast o'er me such a spell,  
My only wish is that you both long time with me may dwell.

[352] Then the Great Being in praise of the king said:

Thou hast dealt with us as a man deals with his dearest friend:  
Such was the kindness, Sir, thou didst to us poor birds extend.

Yet a great void the circle of our kin has to deplore,  
And many a bird is sorely grieved to see our face no more.

To drive away their sorrow thou, O king, hast set us free,  
So humbly taking leave we fly our friends once more to see.

I'm very glad acquaintance with your Highness to have made,  
Henceforth, I trust, my friends may have less cause to be afraid.

When he had thus spoken the king suffered them to depart. And the Great Being declared to the king the misery attending the five kinds of vice and the blessing that followed virtue, and exhorted him, saying, "Keep the moral law and rule your kingdom righteously, and win the hearts of your people with the four modes of conciliation<sup>3</sup>," and forthwith he set out for Cittakūṭa.

[353] The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Thus to the lord of mortals spake the Dhatarattha king,  
Then sought these geese their kith and kin with utmost speed of wing.

Seeing their chiefs all safe and sound returned from haunts of men,  
The winged flock with noisy cries welcomed them back again.

Thus circling round their lord in whom they trust, these ruddy geese  
Paid all due honour to their king, rejoiced at his release.

While thus escorting their king these geese asked him, saying, "How, sire, did you escape?" The Great Being told them of his escape by the help of Sumukha, and of the action of the Sakula king and the fowler. On hearing this the flock of geese in their joy sang their praises, saying, "Long live Sumukha, captain of our host, and the Sakula king and the fowler. May they be happy and free from sorrow."

<sup>1</sup> *akatatta*, Skt *akṛitātman*, of. vi. 296. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *uttamasattava*, 'best of beings,' *sattava* = *satta*, i.e. *sattva*.

<sup>3</sup> *saṅgahavatthu*, see p. 174.



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The Master, to make the matter clear, repeated a final stanza :

Thus all whose hearts are full of love succeed in what they do,  
E'en as these geese back to their friends once more in safety flew.

[354] The Master here ended his story, saying, "Brethren, not now only, but of old also, Ānanda for my sake renounced his life," and he identified the Birth : "At that time Channa was the fowler, Sāriputta the king, Ānanda Sumukha, the followers of Buddha the ninety thousand geese, and I myself was the goose-king."

## No. 534.

### MAHĀHAMSA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

"*There go the birds,*" etc. This story the Master, while residing in the Bamboo Grove, told concerning the elder Ānanda's renunciation of life. The introductory story is exactly like one already given, but on this occasion the Master in telling a story of the past related the following tale.

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Once upon a time at Benares a king named Samiyama had a chief consort named Khemā. At that time the Bodhisatta with a following of ninety thousand geese dwelt on mount Cittakūṭa. Now one day at day-break queen Khemā saw a vision. Some gold-coloured geese came and perching upon the royal throne with a sweet voice preached the Law. While the queen was listening and applauding and had not yet had her fill of the exposition of the Law, it became broad daylight, and the geese finished their discourse and departed by the open window. The queen, rising in haste, cried, "Catch them, catch the geese, before they escape," and in the act of stretching forth her hand she awoke. Hearing her words her handmaids said, "Where are the geese?" and softly laughed. At this moment the queen knew that it was a dream, and thought, "I do not see the thing that is not : surely there must be golden geese in this world, but if I should say to the king, 'I am anxious to hear the preaching of the Law by golden geese,' he will say, 'We have never yet seen any golden geese ; there is no such thing as preaching by geese,' and he will take no pains in the matter : but if I say, 'It is a pregnant longing on my part,' he will search for them in every possible way and so will the desire of my

<sup>1</sup> For other versions of this story see note on *Cullahamśa-Jātaka*, p. 175 of this volume.



heart be fulfilled." So pretending to be sick [355] she gave instructions to her servants and lay down. The king, when he had taken his seat upon his throne, not seeing her at the usual time of her appearance, inquired where queen Khemā was, and, hearing she was sick, he went to her and sitting on one side of the bed he chafed her back and inquired if she were ill. "My lord," she said, "I am not ill but the longings of a pregnant woman have come upon me." "Say, lady, what you would have, and I will soon fetch it you." "Sire, I long to listen to the preaching of the Law by a golden goose, while it sits upon the royal throne, with a white umbrella spread over it, and to pay homage to it with scented wreaths and such like marks of honour, and to express my approval of it. If I should attain to this, it is well: otherwise there is no life in me." Then the king comforted her and said, "If there is such a thing in the world of men, you shall have it: do not vex yourself." And going forth from the queen's chamber he took counsel with his ministers, saying, "Mark you, queen Khemā says, 'If I can hear a golden goose preach the Law, I shall live, but otherwise I shall die'; pray, are there any golden geese?" "Sire," they answered, "we have never either seen or heard of them." "Who would know about it?" "The brahmins, sire." The king summoned the brahmins and asked them, saying, "Are there such things as golden geese who teach the Law<sup>1</sup>?" "Yes, sire, it has come down by tradition to us that fish, crabs, tortoises, deer, peacocks, geese, all these are found of a golden colour. Amongst them, they say, the family of Dhataratṭha geese are wise and learned. Including men there are seven creatures that are gold-coloured." The king was greatly pleased and asked, "Where dwell these scholarly ruddy geese?" "We do not know, sire." "Then who will know?" And when they answered, "The tribe of fowlers," he gathered together all the fowlers in his dominion and asked them, saying, "My friends, where dwell gold-coloured geese of the Dhataratṭha family?" Then a certain fowler said, "People tell us, sire, by tradition from one generation to another, that they dwell in the Himalayas, on mount Cittakūṭa." "Do you know how to catch them?" "I do not know, sire." He summoned his wise brahmins [356] and after telling them that there were golden geese on Cittakūṭa, he asked if they knew any way to catch them. They said, "Sire, what need for us to go and catch them? By a stratagem we will bring them down close to the city and catch them." "What is this stratagem?" "On the north of the city, sire, you are to have a lake dug, three leagues in extent, a safe and peaceful spot, and filling it with water, plant all manner of grain and cover the lake with the five kinds of lotus. Then hand it over to the care of a skilful fowler and suffer no one to approach it, and by means of men stationed at the four corners have it proclaimed as a sanctuary lake,

<sup>1</sup> One reading gives *Ācariyā*, "My masters, are there any golden geese?"



and on hearing this all manner of birds will alight there. And these geese, hearing one from another how safe this lake is, will visit it and then you can have them caught, trapping them with hair nooses." The king, on hearing this, had a lake such as they described formed in the place they mentioned, and summoning a skilled fowler he presented him with a thousand pieces of money and said, "Henceforth give up your occupation: I will support your wife and family. Carefully guarding this peaceful lake and driving everyone away from it, have it proclaimed at the four corners as a sanctuary, and say that all the birds that come and go are mine, and when the golden geese arrive you shall receive great honour." With these words of encouragement the king put him in charge of the sanctuary lake. From that day the fowler acted just as the king bade him and watched over the place, and as one that kept the lake in peace he came to be known as the fowler Khema (Peace). Thenceforth all manner of birds alighted there, and from its being proclaimed from one to another that the lake was peaceful and secure, different kinds of geese arrived. First of all came the grass-geese, then owing to their report came the yellow geese, followed in like manner by the scarlet geese, the white geese and the pāka geese. On their arrival Khemaka thus reported to the king: "Five kinds of geese, sire, have come, and they are continually feeding in the lake. Now that the pāka geese have arrived, in a few days the golden geese will be coming: [357] cease to be anxious, sire." The king on hearing this made proclamation in the city by beat of drum that no one was to go there, and whosoever should do so should suffer mutilation of hands and feet and spoliation of his household goods; and from that time no one went there. Now the pāka geese dwell not far from Cittakūṭa in Golden Cave. They are very powerful birds and as with the Dhataratṭha family of geese the colour of their body is distinctive, but the daughter of the king of the pāka geese is gold-coloured. So her father, thinking she was a fitting match for the Dhataratṭha king, sent her to be his wife. She was dear and precious in her lord's eyes, and owing to this the two families of geese became very friendly. Now one day the geese that were in attendance on the Bodhisatta inquired of the pāka geese, "Where are you getting your food just now?" "We are feeding near Benares, on a safe piece of water; but where are you roaming?" "To such and such a place," they answered. "Why do you not come to our sanctuary? It is a charming lake, teeming with all manner of birds, covered over with five kinds of lotus, and abounding with various grains and fruits, and buzzing with swarms of many different bees. At its four corners is a man to proclaim perpetual immunity from danger. No one is allowed to come near: much less to injure another." After this manner did they sing the praises of the peaceful lake. On hearing what the pāka geese said, they told Sumukha, saying, "They tell us, near



Benares is a peaceful lake of such and such a kind: thither the pāka geese go and feed. Do you tell the Dhataratṭha king, and, if he allows us, we too will go and feed there." Sumukha told the king, who thought, "Men, verily, are full of wiles and skilled in expedients: there must be some reason for this. All this long time past there was no such lake: it must have been made now to catch us." And he said to Sumukha, "Let not this going there meet with your approval. This lake was not constructed by them in good faith; it was made to catch us. Men surely are cruelly minded and versed in expedients: keep still in your own feeding grounds." [358] The golden geese a second time told Sumukha they were anxious to visit the Lake of Peace and he reported their wishes to the king. The Great Being thought, "My kinsfolk must not be vexed by reason of me: we will go there." So accompanied by ninety thousand geese he went and browsed there, disporting himself after the manner of geese and then returned to Cittakūṭa. Khemaka, after they had fed and taken their departure, went and reported their arrival to the king of Benares. The king was highly pleased and said, "Friend Khemaka, try and catch one or two geese and I will confer great honour on you." With these words he paid his expenses and sent him away. Returning there the fowler seated himself in a skeleton pot and watched the movements of the geese. Bodhisattas verily are free from all greed. Therefore the Great Being, starting from the spot where he alighted, went on eating the paddy in due order. All the others wandered about, eating here and there. So the fowler thought, "This goose is free from greed: this is the one I must catch." The next day before the geese had alighted on the lake, he went to the place hard by and concealing himself in the framework of his pot he remained there sitting in it and looking through a chink in the frame. At that moment the Great Being escorted by ninety thousand geese came down on the same spot where he had alighted the day before, and sitting down at the limit of yesterday's feeding ground he went on browsing. The fowler, looking through a chink in his cage and marking the extraordinary beauty of the bird, thought, "This goose is as big as a waggon, gold-coloured and with its neck encircled with three stripes of red. Three lines running down the throat pass along the middle of the belly, while other three stripes run down and mark off the back, and its body shines like a mass of gold poised on a string made of the thread of red wook. This must be their king, and this is the one I will seize." And the goose-king, after feeding over a wide field, disported himself in the water and then surrounded by his flock returned to Cittakūṭa. For six days he fed after this manner. On the seventh day Khemaka twisted a big stout cord of black horse-hair and fixed a noose upon a stick, and, knowing for certain the goose-king would alight to-morrow on the same spot, [359] he set the stick on which the snare was mounted in the water.



The next day the goose-king coming down stuck its foot, as it alighted, into the snare, which grasping the bird's foot as it were with a band of iron held it fast in its grip. The bird, thinking to sever the snare, dragged at it and struck it with all its force. First its gold-coloured skin was bruised, next its flesh of the colour of red wool was cut, then the sinew was severed and last of all its foot<sup>1</sup> would have been broken, but thinking a maimed body was unbecoming a king, it ceased to struggle. As severe pains set in, it thought, "If I should utter a cry of capture, my kinsfolk would be alarmed and without feeding properly they would fly away, and being half-starved they would drop into the water." So putting up with the pain it remained in the power of the snare, pretending to be feeding on the paddy, but when the flock had eaten their fill, and were now disporting themselves after the manner of geese, it uttered a loud cry of capture. The geese on hearing it flew away, just as previously described. Sumukha, too, considering the matter, just as related before, searched about and not finding the Great Being in the three main divisions of the geese, thought, "Verily this must be something terrible that has come upon the king," and he turned back, saying, "Fear not, sire, I will release you at the sacrifice of my own life," and sitting down on the mud he comforted the Great Being. The Great Being thought, "The ninety thousand geese have forsaken me and fled and this one alone has returned. I wonder, when the fowler comes up, whether or not Sumukha too will forsake me and flee." And by way of testing him, stained with blood as he was, and resting against the stick fastened to the snare, he repeated three stanzas:

There go the birds, the ruddy geese, all overcome with fear,  
O golden-yellow Sumukha, depart! What wouldst thou here?  
My kith and kin deserted me, away they all have flown;  
Without a thought they fly away. Why art thou left alone?  
Fly, noble bird, with prisoners what fellowship can be?  
Sumukha, fly! nor lose the chance<sup>2</sup>, while thou mayst yet be free.

[360] On hearing this, Sumukha thought, "This goose-king is ignorant of my real nature; he fancies I am a friend that speaks words of flattery. I will show him how loving I am," and he repeated four stanzas:

No, I'll not leave thee, royal goose, when trouble draweth nigh,  
But stay I will, and by thy side will either live or die.  
I will not leave thee, royal bird, when trouble draweth nigh,  
Nor join in such ignoble act with others, no, not I.  
I'm one in heart and soul with thee, playmate and friend of old,  
Of all thy host, O noble king, famed as the leader bold.

<sup>1</sup> Taking the v. l. *pādo chijjeyya*. The plural *pādā* in the text must be wrong, as the royal goose had only one foot snared.

<sup>2</sup> *mā anīghāya hāpesi*, cf. *Jāt.* iv. 424. 21. *hāpeti* is here constructed with a dative instead of the more usual accusative.



Returning to thy kith and kin what could I have to say,  
If I shall leave thee to thy fate and heedless fly away?  
Nay, I would rather die than live, so base a part to play.

When Sumukha had thus in four stanzas uttered as it were a lion's note, the Great Being, making known his merits, said :

Thy nature 'tis, O Sumukha, abiding in the Right,  
Ne'er to forsake thy lord and friend or safety seek in flight.

[361] Looking on thee no thought of fear arises in my mind,  
E'en in this sorry plight some way to save me thou wilt find.

While they were thus conversing, the fowler standing on the edge of the lake saw the geese flying off in three divisions and wondering what this could possibly mean he looked at the spot where he had set the snare and beheld the Bodhisatta leaning on the stick to which the noose was fastened. Overjoyed he girt up his loins and taking a club he hastily drew nigh and stood before the birds, like the fire at the beginning of a cycle, with head towering above them and his heel planted in the mud.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

As thus these noble birds exchanged high thoughts, to them, behold!  
All in hot haste, with staff in hand drew nigh this fowler bold.

Seeing him trusty Sumukha stood up before the king,  
His anxious lord in his distress stoutly encouraging<sup>1</sup>.

Fear not, O noble bird, for fears become not one like thee,  
An effort I will duly make with justice as my plea,  
And soon by my heroic act once more thou shalt be free.

Thus did Sumukha comfort the Great Being, and going up to the fowler and speaking with a sweet human voice he asked, "What is thy name, friend?" [362] Then he answered, "O king of the gold-coloured geese, I am called Khemaka." Sumukha said, "Do not imagine, friend, a mere ordinary<sup>2</sup> goose has been caught in the horse-hair noose you set. The chief of ninety thousand geese, the Dhatarattha king, is caught in your snare. Wise is he and virtuous and he is ranged on the side of conciliation<sup>3</sup>. He ought not to be put to death. I will do whatever he was to have done for you. I too am gold-coloured and for his sake will lay down my life. If you are anxious to take his feathers, take mine; or, if you would have anything else of his, skin, flesh, sinew or bone, take it from my body. Again, supposing you wish to make a tame bird of him, make a tame bird of me, selling me while still alive, or if you would make money, make it

<sup>1</sup> *aparibrūhayi*. For the form of the word cf. Whitney's *Skt Grammar* § 1087, for the meaning cf. *Jāt.* III. 31. 14 and 191. 5.

<sup>2</sup> For this use of *yo vā so vā* cf. *Jāt.* IV. 38. 9, V. 313. 23, VI. 31. 25.

<sup>3</sup> *saṅgūhaka*, *Jāt.* III. 262. 21, IV. 110. 20, is explained as 'conciliating by means of the four kingly virtues called the saṅgahavatthus.'



Dhataratṭha king make a big cage shaded with white lotus, and for me a small cage covered with red lotus, and put him in front and me behind, somewhat lower, and take us with all speed and present us to the king." The fowler, hearing the words of Sumukha, thought, "Sumukha, in seeing the king, must be desirous of conferring great honour on me," and being highly delighted he fashioned cages of soft osiers and covering them with lotuses set out with the birds in the way already described.

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To make the matter clear, the Master said :

The fowler grasping them with both his hands, as he was told,  
Placed in their cage these ruddy geese with skin of yellow gold.

[366] The goose-king now and Sumukha with plumage bright to see,  
Safe in their cage the fowler took and off with them marched he.

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As soon as the fowler had set off with them the Dhataratṭha goose called to mind his wife, the daughter of the pāka goose-king, and addressing Sumukha under the influence of his passion he thus lamented.

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To make the matter clear, the Master said :

The king on being carried off to Sumukha thus spake ;  
'My fair and gracious<sup>1</sup> spouse, methinks, now grieving for my sake,  
If she should hear that I am dead, her life, I fear, might take.

Like heron mourning for its mate by lonely ocean's shore,  
Suhemā—bright as gold her skin—her lord will still deplore<sup>2</sup>.'

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On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This goose, though ready to admonish others, all for a female's sake, under the sway of passion babbles just as when water is heated<sup>3</sup>, or as when (birds) rise up from a bank and devour a field of grain. What if I were by my own wisdom to make clear to him the vices of the female sex and to bring him to his senses?" and he said :

That one so great and peerless thought, a leader of his kind,  
Should grieve for bird of female sex shows little strength of mind,  
As wind will carry any scent, be it or bad or good,  
Or greedy child, as if 'twere blind. eats raw or well-cooked food,

<sup>1</sup> Literally "with auspicious marks upon the thigh."

<sup>2</sup> *rucchiti* for *rodissati*, cf. *Jāt.* vi. 80. 15.

<sup>3</sup> Foolish talk is here compared to the sound of boiling water or perhaps to the crackling of thorns beneath the pot, and also to the noise of birds swooping down upon a field of grain.



[367] Without true judgment in affairs, poor fool, thou canst not see,  
What to avoid or what to do in each emergency.

Half mad thou speakst of womankind as blest with every grace,  
Yet most as common are to men as toper's drinking place.

<sup>1</sup>Sorrow, disease, calamity, like harshest chains to bind,  
Mirage, and fraud, the snare of death deep-seated in the mind—  
Such women are: who trusts in them is vilest of his kind.

[368] Then the Dhataratṭha goose, in his infatuation for the female sex, said, "You know not the virtues of womankind, but the sages know: they are not deserving of censure." And by way of explanation he said :

Truth that sages ascertained, who is there that dares to blame?  
Women in this world are born, destined to great power and fame.

They for dalliance are formed, joys of love for them ordained,  
Seeds within them germinate, source from whence all life's sustained,  
They from whom man draws his breath scarce by man may be disdained.

Art thou, Sumukha, alone versed in ways of womankind?  
Didst thou only, moved by fear, this belated wisdom find?

Meeting danger every man bears up bravely 'midst alarm,  
In a crisis sages all strive to shelter us from harm.

Princes then to counsel them fain would have a hero brave,  
'Gainst the shock of adverse fate, apt to counsel, strong to save.

Let not royal cooks, I pray, roast our mangled limbs to-day,  
As its fruit the bamboo kills, us too golden plumes might slay.

Free thou wouldst not fly from me, captive of thy own free will,  
Cease from words in danger's hour, up, a manly part fulfil.

[369] The Great Being by singing the praises of womankind reduced Sumukha to silence<sup>2</sup>, but on seeing how distressed he was, he now, to conciliate him, repeated this stanza :

An effort make such as is due, with justice as thy plea,  
And by heroic act, dear friend, restore my life to me.

[370] Then Sumukha thought, "He is greatly terrified by fear of death; he does not know my powers. After seeing the king of Benares and having a little talk with him, I shall know what to do: meanwhile I will comfort my king," and he spoke this stanza :

Fear not, O noble bird, for fears become not one like thee,  
An effort I will duly make, with justice as my plea,  
And soon by my heroic act thou shalt once more be free.

While they were thus conversing in the language of birds, the fowler did not understand a single word they said, but carrying them on his pole he entered Benares, followed by a multitude of people, who, filled with

<sup>1</sup> These lines occur in *Jāt.* II. p. 228, English version.

<sup>2</sup> For *appaṭibhāna* in the sense of 'not ready with a reply' cf. *Jāt.* IV. 304. 16, VI. 246. 15.



wonder and amazement, stretched forth their hands in suppliant attitude. On reaching the door of the palace, the fowler had his arrival made known to the king.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

The fowler with his burden to the palace gate drew near;  
 'Announce me to the king,' he cried, 'the ruddy goose is here.'

---

The doorkeeper went and announced his arrival. The king was highly delighted and said, "Let him come hither at once," and attended by a crowd of courtiers and seated upon the throne with a white umbrella held over him he saw Khemaka ascend to the dais with his burden, and looking at the gold-coloured geese, he said, "My heart's desire is fulfilled," and he gave an order to his courtiers that all due service should be rendered to the fowler.

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To make the matter clear, the Master said :

Seeing these birds with holy looks and marks auspicious blest,  
 King Saṃyama with words like these his councillors addressed:  
 'Give to the fowler meat and drink, soft food, apparel brave,  
 And store of ruddy gold as much as heart of man can crave.'

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[371] Being highly elated with joy, he in this way showed his pleasure and said, "Go and array the fowler and bring him back to me." So the courtiers, taking him down from the palace, had his hair and beard trimmed, and when he had taken a bath and had been anointed and was sumptuously arrayed they brought him into the presence of the king. Then the king conferred on him twelve hamlets, yielding annually a hundred thousand pieces of money, a chariot yoked with thoroughbreds, a large well-equipped house and very great honour. On receiving so great honour, the fowler, to explain what he had done, said, "This, sire, is no ordinary goose that I have brought you ; this is the king of ninety thousand geese, Dhatarattha by name, and this is the chief captain, Sumukha." Then the king asked, "How, friend, did you catch them?"

---

The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Seeing the fowler highly pleased, the king of Kāsi said,  
 'If, Khemaka, on yonder lake geese in their thousands fed,  
 Amidst the throng of kindred fowl, pray, how didst thou contrive  
 To single out this lovely bird and capture him alive?'



The fowler answering him said :

<sup>1</sup>Through seven long days with anxious care in vain I marked the spot,  
Searching for that fair goose's track, concealed within a pot<sup>2</sup>.

To-day I found the feeding-ground to which the goose repaired,  
And there straightway I set a trap and lo ! he soon was snared.

[372] On hearing this the king thought, "This fellow standing at the door and telling his story spoke only of the arrival of the Dhatarattha king and now too he speaks of this one only. What can be the meaning of this ?" and he spoke this stanza :

Fowler, thou speakst of only one, yet here two birds I see ;  
'Tis some mistake, why wouldst thou bring this second bird to me ?

Then the fowler said, "There was no change of purpose on my part, nor am I anxious to present the second goose to some one else : moreover only one was caught in the snare I set," and in explanation he said :

The goose with lines like ruddy gold all running down his breast,  
Caught in my snare I hither bring, O king, at thy behest.

This splendid bird himself still free sat by the captive's side,  
The while with kindly human speech his friend to cheer he tried.

And he then after this manner proclaimed the virtues of Sumukha. "As soon as he knew that the Dhatarattha goose was caught, he stayed and consoled his friend and on my approach he came to meet me and remained poised in the air, conversing pleasantly with me in human language and telling of the virtues of the Dhatarattha, and after thus softening my heart [373] he once more took his stand in front of his friend. Then I, sire, on hearing the eloquence of Sumukha was converted and let the Dhatarattha loose. Thus was the release of Dhatarattha from the snare and my coming here with these geese all owing to Sumukha." On being told this the king was anxious to hear a sermon from Sumukha, and while the fowler was still paying honour to him, the sun set, lamps were lighted, and a crowd of warrior chiefs and others gathered together and queen Khemā with an escort of divers bands of dancers took her seat on the right of the king, and at this moment the king, desiring to persuade Sumukha to speak, uttered this stanza :

Why, Sumukha, dost hold thy tongue ? Is it from awe, I pray,  
That in my royal presence thou hast not a word to say ?

Hearing this, Sumukha, to show he was not afraid, said :

I fear not, Kāsi lord, to speak amidst thy royal train,  
Nor, should occasion fit arrive, would I from words refrain.

<sup>1</sup> The text here is unsatisfactory, giving *ādūnāni*, while the commentator's gloss gives 'feeding-ground,' as if it were *adanāni*, so *ādanesanam* perhaps should be *adanesanam*, cf. *Jāt.* rv. 223. 4, *ghāsesanam care*.

<sup>2</sup> Taking the v.l. *ghaṭassito*.



Hearing this, the king, desirous to make him speak at greater length, reviling him, said :

No archers clad in mail, no helm<sup>1</sup>, no leather shield I see,  
No escort bold of horse or foot, no cars, no infantry.

I see no yellow gold, no town with goodly buildings crowned,  
No watch tower made impregnable with moat encircling round,  
Entrenched wherein by Sumukha will nought to fear be found.

[374] When the king had in this wise asked why he was not terrified, Sumukha replied in this stanza :

No escort for a guard I want, no town or wealth need I,  
'Midst pathless air we find a way and travel through the sky.

If thou wert stablished in the truth, we fain to thee would teach  
Some useful lesson for thy good in wise and subtle speech.

But if thou art a liar, false, one of ignoble strain,  
This fowler's words of eloquence appeal to thee in vain.

On hearing this the king said, "Why speakest thou of me as lying and ignoble? What have I done?" Then Sumukha said, "Well, listen to me," and he spoke as follows :

At brahmins' bidding thou didst make this Khema, lake of fame,  
And didst to birds at twice five points immunity proclaim.

Within this peaceful pool thus fed with streams serene and pure,  
Birds ever found abundant food and lived a life secure.

Hearing this noised abroad we came to visit that fair scene,  
And snared by thee we found alas! thy promise false had been.

But under cover of a lie each act of sinful greed  
Forfeits rebirth as man or god, and straight to hell must lead.

[375] Thus did he even in the midst of his retinue put the king to shame. Then the king said to him, "I did not have you caught, Sumukha, to kill you and eat your flesh, but hearing how wise you were I was anxious to listen to your eloquence," and, making the matter clear, he said :

No sin was mine, O Sumukha, nor seized I you through greed,  
Your fame for wisdom and deep thought, 'twas this that caused the deed.

'Haply if here they may declare some true and helpful word,'  
'Twas so I bade the fowler seize and bring thee here, O bird.

On hearing this Sumukha said, "You have acted wrongly, sire," and he spoke as follows :

We could not speak the word of truth, awed by approaching death,  
Nor when in death's last agony we draw our parting breath.

<sup>2</sup> Who would a bird with bird decoy, or beast with beast pursue,  
Or with a text a preacher trap, nought base would he eschew.

<sup>1</sup> I do not find either *kīṭa* or the commentator's gloss *cāṭipāla* : it is probably some weapon or a piece of defensive armour.

<sup>2</sup> This line occurs *supra*, p. 139, where see note



And whoso utters noble words, intent on action base,  
Both here and in the next world sinks from bliss to woeful place.

Be not o'erjoyed in glory's hour, in danger not distress,  
Make good defects, in trouble strive to do thy very best.

[376] Sages arrived at life's last stage, the goal of death in view,  
After a righteous course on earth, to heaven their way pursue.

Hearing this cleave to righteousness, O sire, and straight release  
This royal Dhatarat̥ṭha bird, the paragon of geese.

Hearing this the king said :

Go, fetch ye water for their feet, and throne of solid worth,  
Lo ! from his cage I have set free the noblest bird on earth,

Together with his captain bold, so able and so wise,  
Taught with his king in weal and woe ever to sympathise.

Sure such an one right well deserves e'en as his lord to fare,  
Just as he was prepared with him both life and death to share.

Hearing the king's words they fetched seats for them and as they  
sat there they washed their feet with scented water and anointed them  
with oil an hundredfold refined.

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[377] The Master, in explaining the matter, said :

The royal bird sat on a throne, eight-footed, burnished bright,  
All solid gold, with Kāsi cloth o'erspread, a splendid sight.

And next his king sat Sumukha, his trusty captain bold,  
Upon a couch with tiger-skin o'erspread, and all of gold.

To them full many a Kāsi lord in golden bowls did bring,  
Choice gifts of dainty food to eat, the offerings of their king.

---

When this food had been thus served to them, the Kāsi king, to  
welcome them, himself took a golden bowl and offered it to them, and they  
from it ate honey and parched grain and drank sugar-water. Then the  
Great Being, taking note of the king's offering and the grace with which it  
was made, entered into friendly converse with him.

---

The Master, to clear up the matter, said :

Thinking, 'How choice the gifts this lord of Kāsi offered us,'  
The bird, skilled in the ways of kings, made his inquiries thus :

<sup>1</sup> Dost thou, my lord, enjoy good health and is all well with thee?  
I trust thy realm is flourishing and ruled in equity.

O king of geese, my health is good and all is well with me ;  
My realm is very flourishing and ruled in equity.

<sup>1</sup> The following twelve lines occur *supra*, p. 188.



Hast thou true men to counsel thee, free from all stain and blame,  
Ready to die, if need there be, for thy good cause and name?

I have true men to counsel me, free from all stain and blame,  
Ready to die, if need there be, for my good cause and name.

Hast thou a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,  
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord?

I have a wife of equal birth, obedient, kind in word,  
With children blest, good looks, fair name, compliant with her lord.

[378] And is thy realm in happy case, from all oppression free,  
Held by no arbitrary sway, but ruled with equity?

My kingdom is in happy case, from all oppression free,  
Held by no arbitrary sway, but ruled with equity.

Dost drive bad men out from the land, good men to honour raise,  
Or dost thou righteousness eschew, to follow evil ways?

I drive bad men out from the land, good men to honour raise,  
All wickedness I do eschew and follow righteous ways.

Dost mark the span of life, O king, how quickly it is sped,  
Or drunk with madness dost regard the next world free from dread?

I mark the span of life, O bird, how quickly it is sped,  
And, standing fast in virtues ten, the next world never dread.

Almsgiving, justice, penitence, meek spirit, temper mild,  
Peace, mercy, patience, charity, with morals undefiled—

These graces firmly planted in my soul are clear to see,  
Whence springs rich harvest of great joy and happiness for me.

But Sumukha though knowing nought of evil we had done,  
Right heedlessly gave vent to words in harsh and angry tone.

Things I knew not were to my charge by this bird wrongly laid,  
In language harsh. Herein, methinks, scant wisdom was displayed.

[379] On hearing this Sumukha thought, "This virtuous king is angry,  
because I upbraided him: I will win his forgiveness," and he said:

I sinned against thee, lord of men, and words of rashness spake,  
But when this royal goose was caught my heart was like to break.

As earth bears with all living things, as father with his son,  
Do thou, O mighty king, forgive the wrong that we have done.

Then the king took the bird up and embraced him and seating him  
on a golden stool he accepted his confession of error, and said:

I thank thee, bird, that thou shouldst ne'er thy nature true conceal,  
<sup>1</sup>Thou breakest down my stubborn will; upright art thou, I feel.

And with these words the king, being highly pleased with the exposition of the Law by the Great Being, and with the straightforward speech of Sumukha, thought, "When one is pleased, one ought to act so as to show one's pleasure," and yielding his royal splendour to the birds, he said:

<sup>1</sup> For the phrase *khilam pabhindati*, cf. Fausböll's edition of the *Sutta Nipāta*, 973, and the Glossary, Pt. II. p. 92.



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Whate'er of silver, gold, and pearls, rich gems and precious gear  
In Kāsi's royal town is stored within my palace here,

[380] Copper and iron, shells and pearls, and jewels numberless,  
Ivory, yellow sandal wood, deer skins and costly dress,  
This wealth and lordship over all, I give you to possess.

And with such-like words honouring both birds with the white  
umbrella he handed over to them his kingdom. Then the Great Being,  
conversing with the king, said :

Since thou art fain to honour us, be pleased, O lord of men,  
To be our Master, teaching us those royal virtues ten.

And then if thy approval and consent we haply win,  
We would take formal leave of thee, and go to see our kin.

He gave them leave to go, and, while the Bodhisatta was still preaching  
the Law, the sun arose.

---

The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

The livelong night in deepest thought the king of Kāsi spent,  
Then to that noble bird's request straight yielded his consent.

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When he had thus got his permission to depart, the Bodhisatta, saying,  
"Be vigilant and rule your kingdom in righteousness," established the  
king in the five moral laws. [381] And the king offered them parched  
corn with honey and sugar-water in golden dishes, and when they had  
finished their meal, after doing them homage with scented wreaths and  
similar offerings, the king himself lifted the Bodhisatta on high in a  
golden cage, and queen Khemā lifted Sumukha on high. Then at sunrise  
they opened the window and saying, "Sirs, begone," they let them loose.

---

The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Then as the sun began to rise and break of day was nigh<sup>1</sup>,  
Soon from their sight they vanished quite in depths of azure sky.

---

One of them, the Great Being, flying up from the golden cage,  
remained poised in the air, and saying, "O sire, be not troubled, but be  
vigilant and abide in our admonition," he thus comforted the king, and  
taking Sumukha with him he made straight for Cittakūṭa. And those  
ninety thousand geese issuing forth from the Golden Cave settled on the



high table-land, and on seeing the two birds coming they set out to meet them and escorted them home. And thus accompanied by a flock of their kinsfolk they reached the plateau of Cittakūṭa.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Seeing their chiefs all safe and sound returned from haunts of men,  
The winged flock with noisy cries welcomed them back again.

Thus circling round their lord in whom they trust, these ruddy geese  
Paid all due honour to their king, rejoiced at his release.

---

While thus escorting their king, these geese asked him, saying, "How, sire, did you escape?" The Great Being told them of his escape by the help of Sumukha, and of the action of king Saṃyama and his courtiers. On hearing this, the flock of geese in their joy sang their praises, saying, "Long live Sumukha, captain of our host, and long live the king and the fowler. May they be happy and free from sorrow."

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[382] The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Thus all whose hearts are full of love succeed in what they do,  
E'en as these geese back to their friends once more in safety flew.

This has been fully related in the Cullahaṃsa Birth.

The Master here ended his story and identified the Birth : "At that time the fowler was Channa, queen Khemā was the nun Khemā, the king was Sāriputta, the king's retinue the followers of Buddha, Sumukha was Ānanda, and the goose-king was I myself."

## No. 535.

### SUDHĀBHOJANA-JĀTAKA<sup>2</sup>.

"*No huckster I,*" etc. This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, concerning a liberally minded Brother. He was said to be a man of gentle birth, living at Sāvatti, who after hearing the Law preached by the Master was converted and adopted the religious life. Being perfected in the moral virtues and furnished with the dhuta precepts<sup>3</sup> and with a heart full of love for his fellow priests he thrice every day zealously ministered to the service of the Buddha, the Law, and the Assembly, and showed himself exemplary in con-

<sup>1</sup> Reading *ciraṃ jīvantū* for *naciraṃ jīvantū*, as in the previous story, p. 185, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> Compare vol. i. No. 78, *Illisa-Jātaka*.

<sup>3</sup> Hardy's *Eastern Monachism*, p. 9, *Jāt.* III. 483. 13,



duct and devoted to charity. Fulfilling the obligations of kindly civility<sup>1</sup>, whatever he received, so long as there were any recipients, he would give away till he was himself without food. And his liberality and charitable disposition were noised abroad in the Assembly of the Brethren. So one day the topic was started in the Hall of Truth, how that a certain Brother was so liberally minded and devoted to charity that if he received only sufficient drink to fill the hollow of the hand, free from all greed, he would give it to his fellow priests—his will being even as that of a Bodhisatta. The Master by his divine sense of hearing caught what they were saying, and issuing forth from his Perfumed Chamber drew nigh and asked what was the nature of their discussion. And when they answered, "It was so and so," he said, "This Brother of old, Brethren, was far from liberal, nay, so stingy that he would not give so much as a drop of oil on the tip of a blade of grass. So I converted and made him self-denying and by praising the fruits of charity I firmly established him in almsgiving; so that on receiving water just enough to fill the hollow of the hand he would say, 'I will not drink a drop without giving some away,' and he received a boon at my hands, and as a result of his almsgiving he became liberally minded and devoted to charity," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was king of Benares there lived a wealthy householder possessed of eighty crores and the king conferred on him the office of Treasurer. Being thus honoured by the king and highly esteemed by citizens and country folk alike, he was one day dwelling upon his worldly prosperity, and he thought, "This glory was not won by me by slothfulness and sinful acts in a former existence [383] but was attained by accomplishing deeds of virtue; it behoves me to make my salvation sure in the future." So he sought the king's presence and addressed him thus, "In my house, sire, is treasure amounting to eighty crores: accept it from me." And when the king said, "I have no need of your riches; I have abundant wealth: henceforth take and do whatever you like with it," he said, "Can I, sire, bestow my money in charity?" The king said, "Do as you please": and he had six alms-halls built, one at each of the four city gates, one in the heart of the city and one at the door of his dwelling-house, and by a daily expenditure of six hundred thousand pieces of money he set on foot almsgiving on a grand scale, and so long as he lived he dispensed alms and instructed his sons, saying, "See that you do not break away from this tradition of mine, of giving alms," and at the close of his life he was reborn as Sakka. His son, in like manner giving alms, was reborn as Canda, Canda's son as Suriya, Suriya's son as Mātali, Mātali's son as Pañcasikha. Now Pañcasikha's son, the sixth in descent, was the Treasurer named Maccharikosiya (the Millionaire Miser) and he still owned eighty crores. But he thought, "My forefathers were fools. They flung away the wealth that was so sorely scraped together, but I will guard my treasure. I will not give a penny to a soul." And he demolished and burned down the alms-hall and became a confirmed miser. So the beggars assembled at his gate and stretching forth their arms cried with a loud voice, "O Lord High Treasurer, do not away with

<sup>1</sup> *sārāṇiya*, see Senart's *Mahāvastu*, vol. i. p. 599, *Jāt.* vi. 224. 8.



the tradition of your forefathers, but give alms." On hearing this the people blamed him, saying, "Maccharikosiya has done away with the tradition of his family." Being ashamed he set a watch to prevent the beggars from standing at his gate, and being thus left utterly destitute they never again set eyes upon his door. Thenceforth he continued to roll money together<sup>1</sup>, but he neither enjoyed it himself nor shared it with his wife and children. He lived on rice with its red powder, served with sour gruel, and wore coarse garments, being merely the filaments of roots and stalks of berries, shading his head with a parasol of leaves, and he rode upon a crazy old chariot, yoked to worn-out oxen. Thus all this wicked fellow's money [384] was as it were a cocoa-nut found by a dog<sup>2</sup>. Now one day when he was going to wait upon the king he thought he would take the sub-treasurer<sup>3</sup> with him, and at the moment when he reached his house he found the sub-treasurer seated in the midst of his wife and children, and eating some rice porridge prepared with powdered sugar to sweeten it<sup>4</sup> and cooked with fresh ghee. On seeing Maccharikosiya he rose from his seat and said, "Come and sit on this couch, Lord High Treasurer, and have some rice porridge with me." When he saw the rice porridge, his mouth watered and he longed to partake of it, but the thought occurred to him, "If I should take some porridge, when the sub-treasurer comes to my house I shall have to make him some return of hospitality and in this way my money will be wasted. I will not eat it." Then on being pressed again and again he refused, saying, "I have already dined; I am sated." But while the sub-treasurer was enjoying his food, he sat looking on with his mouth watering, and when the meal was ended he repaired with him to the palace. On returning home he was overwhelmed with a craving for rice porridge, but thought, "If I should say I wanted to eat rice porridge, a lot of people would also want to eat it and a quantity of husked rice and the like would be wasted. I will not say a word to a creature." So night and day he passed his time thinking of nothing but porridge, but from fear of spending his money he told no one and kept his craving to himself. But being unable to bear with it he gradually grew paler and paler, and so through fear of wasting his substance he spoke of his craving to no one, and by and bye becoming very weak he lay down, hugging his bed. Then his wife came to see him and stroking his back with her hand she inquired, "Is my lord ill?" "Ill yourself!" he cried, "I am quite well." "My

<sup>1</sup> *saṃgharati*, *Jāt.* II. 413. 24, IV. 36. 16, and *saṃghara*, *Jāt.* V. 222. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently a proverb to denote a useless possession.

<sup>3</sup> *anuseṭṭhi* here clearly denotes some official subordinate to the Lord High Treasurer. See Fick's *Die Sociale Gliederung im nordöstlichen Indien zu Buddha's Zeit*, note on pp. 167, 168.

<sup>4</sup> For *madhura* we should perhaps read *madhu*, honey, which occurs as one of the ingredients of the porridge on the next page of the text.



lord, you have grown pale. Have you anything on your mind? Is the king displeased or have you been treated with disrespect by your children? Or have you conceived a craving for something?" "Yes, I have a craving." "Tell me what it is, my lord." "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes, I will be silent about any cravings that ought to be kept secret." [385] But even so, through fear of wasting his substance he had not the courage to tell her, but being repeatedly pressed by her he said, "My dear, one day I saw the sub-treasurer eating rice porridge prepared with ghee, honey, and powdered sugar, and from that day I have had a craving to eat the same kind of porridge." "Poor wretch, are you so badly off? I will cook porridge enough for all the inhabitants of Benares." Then he felt just as if he had been struck on the head with a stick. Being angry with her he said, "I am well aware that you are very rich. If it comes from your family, you may cook and give rice porridge to the whole city." "Well then I will make and cook enough for the dwellers in a single street." "What have you to do with them? Let them eat what belongs to them." "Then I will make enough for seven households taken at random here and there." "What are they to you?" "Then I will cook it for the attendants in this house." "What are they to you?" "Well, then, I will cook for our kinsfolk only." "What are they to you?" "Then I will cook, my lord, for you and me." "And pray who are you? It is not allowable in your case." "I will cook it for you only, my lord." "Pray do not cook it for me: if you cook it in the house, a lot of people will look for it. But just give me a measure of husked rice, a quartern of milk, a pound<sup>1</sup> of sugar, a pot of honey and a cooking vessel, and going into the forest I will there cook and eat my porridge." She did so, and bidding a slave take it all he ordered him to go and stand in such and such a place. Then sending the slave forward, all alone he made himself a veil and in this disguise he went there and by the river side at the foot of a shrub he had an oven made and firewood and water brought to him and he said to the slave, "Go and stand in yonder road and, if you see anyone, make a sign to me, and when I call you come back to me." Sending off the slave he made a fire and cooked his porridge. At that moment Sakka, king of heaven, contemplating the splendid city of the gods, ten thousand leagues in extent, [386] and the golden street sixty leagues long, and Vejayanta<sup>2</sup> reared a thousand leagues high, and Sudhammā<sup>3</sup> compassing five hundred leagues, and his throne of yellow marble, sixty leagues in extent, and his white umbrella with its golden wreath, five leagues in circumference, and his own person accompanied with a glorious array of

<sup>1</sup> *acchara* must be a weight or measure of capacity. Can it be akin to *acchera* (Maráthi) a half-sheer?

<sup>2</sup> Sakka's palace.

<sup>3</sup> Sakka's hall of justice.



twenty-five millions of heavenly nymphs—contemplating, I say, all this glory of his he thought, “What can I have done to have attained to such honour as this?” And he saw in his mind’s eye the almsgiving he had established when he was Lord High Treasurer at Benares, and then he thought, “Where are my descendants born?” and considering the matter he said, “My son Canda was born in an angel-form, and his son was Suriya.” And marking the birth of all of them, “What,” he cried, “has been the fate of the son of Pañcasikha?” And on reflection he saw that the tradition of the race had been done away with, and the thought occurred to him, “This wicked fellow being niggardly neither enjoys his wealth himself nor gives aught to others: the tradition of the race has been destroyed by him. When he dies he will be reborn in hell. By admonishing him and by re-establishing my tradition I will show him how to be reborn in the city of the gods.” So he summoned Canda and the rest and saying, “Come, we will visit the haunts of men: the tradition of our family has been abolished by Maccharikosiya, the alms-halls have been burned down and he neither enjoys wealth himself nor gives aught to others, but now being desirous of eating porridge and thinking, ‘If it is cooked in the house, the porridge will have to be given to someone else as well,’ he has gone into the forest and is cooking it all alone. We will go and convert him and teach him the fruits of almsgiving. If however he were asked by all of us at once to give us some food, he would fall dead on the spot. I will go first and when I have asked him for porridge and have taken my seat, then do you come, one after another, disguised as brahmins, and beg of him.” So saying he himself in the likeness of a brahmin approached him and cried, “Ho! which is the road to Benares?” Then Maccharikosiya said, “Have you lost your wits? Do you not even know the way to Benares? Why are you coming this way? Get you gone from hence.” Sakka, pretending not to hear what he said, came close up to him, asking him what he said. [387] Then he bawled, “I say, you deaf old brahmin, why are you coming this way? Go yonder.” Then Sakka said, “Why do you bawl so loud? Here I see smoke and a fire, and rice porridge is cooking. It must be some occasion for entertaining brahmins. I too when the brahmins are being fed will take somewhat. Why are you driving me away?” “There is no entertainment of brahmins here. Be off with you.” “Then why are you so angry? When you eat your meal, I will take a little.” He said, “I will not give you even a single lump of boiled rice. This scanty food is only just enough to keep me alive, and even this was got by begging. You go and look for your food elsewhere”—and this he said in reference to the fact of his having asked his wife for the rice—and he spoke this stanza:

<sup>1</sup> For *nicchubhati* see Pischel’s *Grammatik der Prākṛit-Sprachen*, p. 61, and Trenckner’s *Milindapañho*, p. 423. The participle *chuddha* occurs, *Jāt.* v. 302. 4.



No huckster I to buy or vend,  
 No stores are mine to give or lend :  
 This dole of rice 'twas hard to gain,  
 'Tis scarce enough to serve us twain.

On hearing this Sakka said, "I too with honey-sweet voice will repeat a stanza for you ; hearken to me," and though he tried to stop him, saying, "I do not want to hear your stanza," Sakka repeated a couple of stanzas :

From little one should little give, from moderate means likewise,  
 From much give much : of giving nought no question can arise.  
 This then I tell thee, Kosiya, give alms of that is thine :  
 Eat not alone, no bliss is his that by himself shall dine,  
 By charity thou mayst ascend the noble path divine.

[388] On hearing his words he said, "This is a gracious saying of thine, brahmin ; when the porridge is cooked, thou shalt receive a little. Pray, take a seat." Sakka sat down on one side. When he was seated, Canda in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation in the same way, though Maccharikosiya kept trying to stop him, he spoke a couple of stanzas :

Vain is thy sacrifice and vain the craving of thy heart,  
 Shouldst thou eat food and grudge to give thy guest some little part.  
 This then I tell thee, Kosiya, give alms of that is thine, etc.

On hearing his words, the miser very reluctantly said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little porridge." So he went and sat down near Sakka. Then Suriya in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation in the same way, though the miser tried to stop him, he spoke a couple of stanzas :

Real thy sacrifice nor vain the craving of thy heart,  
 Shouldst thou not eat thy food alone, but give thy guest a part.  
 This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

On hearing his words the miser with great reluctance said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." So Suriya went and sat by Canda. Then Mātali in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation, though the miser tried to stop him, spoke these stanzas :

Who offers gifts to lake or flood of Gayā's stream that laves  
 Or Timbaru or Doṇa shrine with rapid-flowing waves,  
 Herein gains fruit of sacrifice and craving of his heart,  
 If with a guest he shares his food nor sits and eats apart.  
 This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

[389] On hearing his words also, overwhelmed as it were with a mountain peak, he reluctantly said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." Mātali came and sat by Suriya. Then Pañcasikha in like manner drew nigh and starting a conversation, though the miser tried to stop him, spoke a couple of stanzas :



Like fish that swallows greedily hook fastened to a line  
Is he who with a guest at hand all by himself shall dine.

This then I tell thee, Kosiya, etc.

Maccharikosiya on hearing this, with a painful effort and groaning aloud, said, "Well, sit down, and you shall have a little." So Pañcasikha went and sat by Mātali. And when these five brahmins had just taken their seats, the porridge was cooked. Then Kosiya taking it from the oven told the brahmins to bring their leaves. Remaining seated as they were they stretched forth their hands and brought leaves of a creeper from the Himalayas. Kosiya on seeing them said, "I cannot give you any porridge in these large leaves of yours: get some leaves of the acacia and similar trees." They gathered such leaves and each one was as big as a warrior's shield. So he helped all of them to some porridge with a spoon. By the time he had helped the last of all, there was still plenty left in the pot. After serving the five brahmins he himself sat down, holding the pot. At that moment Pañcasikha rose up and putting off his natural form was changed into a dog and came and stood in front of them and made water. Each of the brahmins covered up his porridge with a leaf. A drop of the dog's water fell on the back of Kosiya's hand. [390] The brahmins fetched water in their jars and mixing it with the porridge pretended to eat it. Kosiya said, "Give me too some water and after washing my hand I will take some food." "Fetch water for yourself," they said, "and wash your hand." "I gave you porridge; give me a little water." "We do not make a business of exchanging alms<sup>1</sup>." "Well then guard this cooking pot and, after I have washed my hand, I will come back," and he descended to the river side. At that moment the dog filled the pot with urine. Kosiya on seeing him make water took a big stick and drew nigh, threatening him. The dog was now transformed into a spirited blood horse and, as it pursued him, it assumed various colours. Now it was black, now white, now gold-coloured, now dappled. At one time high, at another time low of stature. Thus in many different appearances it pursued Maccharikosiya, who frightened with the fear of death drew nigh to the brahmins, while they flew up and stood fixed in the air. On seeing their supernatural power he said:

Ye noble brahmins, standing in mid air,  
Why does this hound of yours thus strangely wear  
A thousand varied forms, though one he be,  
And tell me truly, brahmins, who are ye?

On hearing this, Sakka, the king of heaven, said:

Canda and Suriya lo! both are here,  
And Mātali the heavenly charioteer,  
I Sakka am, chief god of Thirty-Three,  
And Pañcasikha there is chasing thee.

<sup>1</sup> Any arrangement for the exchange of alms was forbidden. Cf. *Jātaka* II. notes on pp. 57 and 214, English version.



And celebrating Pañcasikha's fame Sakka spoke this stanza :

With tabour, drum, and tambourine they rouse him from his sleep,  
And as he wakes, glad music makes his heart with joy to leap.

On hearing his words Kosiya asked, "By what acts do men attain to heavenly glory such as this?" "They that do not practise charity, evil doers and misers reach not the angel-world, but are reborn in hell." And by way of showing this Sakka said :

[391] Whoe'er are miserly niggards born,  
Or priests and holy brahmins scorn,  
Their earthly frame now laid aside,  
In hell, dissolved by death, abide.

And speaking the following stanza, to show how those that are steadfast in righteousness attain to the angel-world, he said :

Steadfast in right who heaven would win  
Give alms and keep themselves from sin,  
And, with their body laid aside  
By death's decay, in heaven abide.

After these words Sakka said, "Kosiya, we have not come to you for the sake of the porridge, but from a feeling of pity and compassion for you are we come," and to make it clear to him he said :

Thou, though to us in former births akin,  
A miser art, a man of wrath and sin;  
'Tis for thy sake we have come down to earth,  
To avert from thee sin's doom—in hell rebirth.

Hearing this Kosiya thought, "They tell me they are my well-wishers; plucking me out of hell they would fain establish me in heaven." And being highly pleased he said :

In that ye thus admonish me, ye doubtless seek my good,  
I too will follow your advice, so far as understood.

Henceforth I'll cease from stingy ways, from sinful deed abstain,  
[392] Give alms of all, nor e'en a cup, unshared<sup>1</sup>, of water drain.

Thus ever giving, Sakka, soon my wealth will minished be,  
Then will I orders take, and lusts of every kind<sup>2</sup> will flee.

Sakka after converting Maccharikosiya taught him the fruits of alms-giving and made him self-denying, and when by preaching the law he had established him in the five moral virtues, together with his attendant gods he returned to the angel-city. Maccharikosiya too went into the city of Benares and having asked the king's permission he bade them take and fill all the vessels they could lay hands on with his treasure and gave it to the beggars. And now he started from the Himavat upon the right-hand side and on a spot between the Ganges and a natural lake he built a hut of leaves and becoming an ascetic he lived on roots and wild berries.

<sup>1</sup> For *datvā* reading '*datvā*, i.e. *adatvā*.

<sup>2</sup> *yathodhika*, each in its own place. Cf. *Jātaka* III. 381. 22 and IV. 437. 17.



There he dwelt a long time till he reached old age. At that time Sakka had four daughters, Hope, Faith, Glory, and Honour, who taking with them many a heavenly scented garland came to lake Anotatta, to disport themselves in the water, and after amusing themselves there seated themselves on mount Manosilā. Just at that moment Nārada, a brahmin ascetic, went to the palace of the 'Thirty-Three to rest during the heat of the day and constructed a dwelling-place for the day in the bowers of Cittakūṭa in the Nanda grove. And holding in his hand the flower of the coral tree, to serve as a sunshade, he repaired to Golden Cave, the place where he dwelt on the top of Manosilā. The nymphs on seeing this flower in his hand begged it from him.

[393] The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

In Gandhamādana's lordly height,  
 These nymphs, great Sakka's care, delight :  
 To them a saint of world-wide fame  
 With goodly bough in hand there came.  
 This bough with flowers so pure and sweet  
 Is deemed for gods and angels meet :  
 No demon, none of mortal birth  
 Can claim this flower of priceless worth.  
 Then Faith, Hope, Glory, Honour, those  
 Four maids with skins like gold, arose,  
 And, peerless 'midst all nymphs confessed,  
 The brahmin Nārada addressed,  
 'Give us, O sage, this coral flower,  
 If still to give is in thy power,  
 As Sakka's self we'll honour thee,  
 And thou in all things blest shalt be.'  
 When Nārada their prayer had heard,  
 He straight a mighty quarrel stirred :  
 'I need it not ; whom ye allow  
 To be your queen shall claim the bough.'

[394] The four nymphs on hearing what he said spoke this stanza :

O Nārada, supreme art thou,  
 On whom thou wilt the boon bestow :  
 Whom thou shalt with such gift invest,  
 Amongst us shall be counted best.

Nārada, on hearing their words, addressing them said :

Fair one<sup>1</sup>, such counsel is not right ;  
 What brahmin strife would dare excite ?  
 Take to the lord of sprites your quest,  
 If ye would know who's worst or best.

Then the Master spoke this stanza :

With pride of beauty mad and rage  
 Excited by the cunning sage,

<sup>1</sup> *sugatte*. Though addressing the four, Nārada singles out one nymph. Compare the analogous usage in the chorus of a Greek play.



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To Sakka, lord of sprites, they go,  
Who 'mongst them all is best to know.

---

[395] As they stood asking this question,

These nymphs so earnest in their quest  
Sakka with due respect addressed,  
Ye all in beauty equal are,  
Who thus with strife your peace would mar?'

Being thus addressed by him they said :

Nārada, world-traversing, a sage of might,  
Truth-piercing, steadfast ever in the right,  
Thus spake to us on Gandhamādana's height ;  
'To Sakka, lord of spirits, straightway go,  
If who is first or last ye fain would know.'

Hearing this Sakka thought, "If I shall say that one of these four daughters of mine is virtuous beyond the others, the rest will be angry. This is a case impossible for me to decide ; I will send them to Kosiya, the ascetic in the Himalayas : he shall decide the question for them." . So he said, "I cannot decide your case. In the Himalayas is an ascetic called Kosiya: to him I will send a cup of my ambrosia. He eats nothing without sharing it with another, and in giving he shows discrimination by bestowing it upon the virtuous. Whichsoever of you shall receive food at his hand, she must be the best amongst you." And so saying he repeated this stanza :

The sage that dwells in yon vast wood  
Will not unshared touch any food ;  
Kosiya with judgment gifts confers,  
To whom he gives, first place is hers.

[396] So he summoned Mātali and sent him to the ascetic, and in sending him he repeated the following stanza :

On Himavat slopes where Ganges glides  
Towards the south a saint resides :  
Ambrosia, Mātali, take to the saint,  
For food and drink he's waxing faint.

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Then the Master said :

At the god's behest went Mātali,  
On a car with a thousand steeds rode he ;  
Unseen he soon by the hermitage stood  
And offered the sage ambrosial food.

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Kosiya took it and even as he stood spoke a couple of stanzas :

A flame of sacrifice while I did raise<sup>1</sup>,  
The sun that drives away all gloom to praise,  
Sakka supreme o'er spirit-world that stands—  
Who else?—ambrosia placed within my hands.

<sup>1</sup> With *udaggihuttha* compare *udāyudha*, with uplifted weapon.



White like a pearl was it, beyond compare,  
 Fragrant and pure, and marvellously fair,  
 Never before seen by these eyes of mine;  
 What god puts in my hands this food divine?

Then Mātali said :

[397] I come, O mighty sage, by Sakka sent,  
 In haste to bring thee heavenly nutriment :  
 This best of food, pray, eat without all fear,  
 Thou seest here Mātali, heaven's charioteer.

By eating this twelve evil things are slain,  
 Thirst, hunger, discontent, fatigue, and pain,  
 Cold, heat, rage, enmity, strife, slander, sloth—  
 This heavenly essence eat thou, nothing loth.

Hearing this Kosiya, to make it clear that he had taken a vow upon him, spoke this stanza :

'Twas wrong to eat alone I thought, so took a vow one day  
 To touch no food, unless I gave some part of it away.  
 To eat alone is ne'er approved by men of noble mind,  
 Whoso with others does not share no happiness may find.

And when Mātali questioned him, saying, "Holy sir, what did you discover was wrong in eating without giving a portion to others that you took this vow upon you?" he answered :

All who commit adultery or womenkind do slay,  
 Who holy men curse and revile or friendly souls betray,  
 And misers, worst of all—that I may ne'er be ranked with such,  
 Not e'en a drop of water I unshared will ever touch.

[398] On men and women both alike my gifts shall ever flow,  
 Sages will praise all such as shall their goods in alms bestow;  
 All that are generous in this world and niggard ways eschew,  
 Approved by all, will ever be esteemed good men and true.

On hearing this Mātali stood before him in a visible form. At that moment these four heavenly nymphs stood at the four points of the compass. Glory at the east, Hope at the south, Faith at the west, Honour at the north.

The Master, to clear up the matter, said :

Four nymphs with golden forms so bright,  
 Hope, Glory, Faith, and Honour hight,  
 At Sakka's bidding earthward sent,  
 To Kosiya's cell their footsteps bent.

The maids with forms that glowed like flame  
 To each of earth's four quarters came;  
 'Fore Mātali (now god confest)  
 The sage o'erjoyed one thus addressed,

'Who art thou, nymph, like morning star,  
 Illuming Eastern skies afar?



Thy form in robe<sup>1</sup> of gold arrayed  
Tell me thy name, O heavenly maid.'

[399] 'I Glory am, man's honoured friend,  
The sinless soul prompt to defend:  
To claim this food, lo! here am I;  
With this my prayer, great sage, comply.  
I bliss confer on whom I will  
And all his heart's desire fulfil;  
High priest, my name is Glory, know,  
On me thy heavenly food bestow.'

On hearing this Kosiya said :

Men may be skilful, virtuous, wise,  
Excel in all their wits devise,  
Yet without thee they ne'er succeed;  
In this I blame thy evil deed.

Another slothful, greedy, see,  
Low-born and ugly as may be:  
Blest by thy care and rich withal  
He makes one nobly born his thrall.

Thee then as false and dull, Glory, I recognise,  
Reckless in courting fools and laying low the wise;  
No claim hast thou in sooth to seat or water-pot,  
Much less ambrosial food. Begone, I like thee not.

[400] So did she straightway vanish from sight. Then holding converse with Hope he said :

Who art thou, maiden fair, with teeth so pure and white,  
With rings of burnished gold and spangled bracelets dight,  
In robe of watered sheen and wearing on thy head  
A sprig like ruddy flame by tufts of kusa fed?  
Like a wild doe all but by hunter's arrow grazed,  
Thou lookst dull-eyed around as 'twere some creature dazed,  
O softly-glancing maid, what comrade hast thou here,  
That through lone forest glade thou strayst without a fear?

Then she spoke this stanza :

No comrade have I here; from Sakka's heavenly home  
Masakkasāra called, angelic-born I come:  
To claim ambrosial food Hope now appears to thee;  
O hearken, noble sage, and grant this boon to me.

[401] On hearing this Kosiya said, "They tell me that whosoever pleases you, to him by accomplishing the fruition of hope you grant hope, and whosoever pleases you not, to him you grant it not. Success does not come to him through you in this case, but you bring about his destruction," and by way of illustration he said :

<sup>1</sup> *velli*, which occurs also *Jat.* v. 402. 10, and 405. 2, is probably some part of dress. Compare *samvelli*, v. 306. 6, explained by the scholiast as *kacchā*. Cf. *Cullavagga*, x. 16, *Vinaya Texts Translation*, III. p. 348 (S. B. E.).



Merchants through hope seek treasure far and wide,  
And taking ship on ocean's billows ride:  
There sometimes do they sink to rise no more,  
Or else escaping their lost wealth deplore.

In hope their fields the farmers plough and till,  
Sow seeds and labour with their utmost skill;  
But should some plague, or drought afflict the soil  
No harvest will they reap for all their toil.

Ease-loving men, led on by hope, take heart  
And for their lord's sake play a manly part,  
Oppressed by foes on every side they fall  
And fighting for their lord lose life and all.

Grain-stores and wealth renouncing for their kin,  
Through hope aspiring heavenly bliss to win,  
Long time harsh penances they undergo,  
And by bad ways attain to state of woe.

Deceiver of mankind, thy suit is vain,  
Thy idle craving for this boon restrain,  
No claim hast thou to seat or water-pot:  
Much less to heavenly food. Begone, I like thee not.

[402] She too on being rejected straightway vanished from sight.  
Then holding converse with Faith he spoke this stanza:

Famed nymph in blaze of glory drest,  
Standing towards the ill-omened West,  
Thy form in robe of gold arrayed,  
Tell me thy name, illustrious maid.

Then she repeated a stanza:

My name is Faith, man's honoured friend,  
The sinless soul prompt to defend:  
To claim this food, lo! here am I;  
With this my prayer, great sage, comply.

Then Kosiya said, "Those mortals that in believing the words of first one and then another do this or that, do that which they ought not to do more often than that which they ought to do, and verily it is all done through you," and he repeated these stanzas:

Through faith at times men freely alms dispense,  
Show self-control, restraint and abstinence:  
[403] At times again through thee from grace they fall,  
Slander and lie and cheat and steal withal.

With wives, chaste, faithful, and of high degree,  
A man may circumspect and prudent be,  
May curb his passions well in such a case,  
Yet in some harlot his whole trust may place.

Through thee, O Faith, adultery is rife,  
Forsaking<sup>1</sup> good thou lead'st a sinful life.  
No claim hast thou to seat or water-pot:  
Much less ambrosial food. Begone, I like thee not.

<sup>1</sup> *riñcati*, *Jātaka* v. 146. 19.



She too straightway vanished from sight. But Kosiya holding converse with Honour, as she stood on the north side, repeated these two stanzas :

Like Dawn that gilds the skirts of hateful Night,  
 So doth thy beauty burst upon my sight;  
 [404] O heavenly nymph in form so passing fair,  
 Tell me thy name and who thou art declare.  
 Like to a tender plant<sup>1</sup> whose roots are fed  
 On soil o'er which devouring flames<sup>2</sup> have spread,  
 Its wealth of scarlet leaves by summer breezes shed,  
 Why dost thou look at me with bashful air,  
 Fain as it were to speak, yet standing silent there?

Then she uttered this stanza :

Honour am I, man's cherished friend,  
 Who aid to righteous mortals lend;  
 Lo here am I this food to claim,  
 Yet scarcely dare my wish to frame;  
 To woman suing counts as shame.

On hearing this the ascetic repeated two stanzas :

No need for thee to beg and sue,  
 Receive what is thy right and due:  
 I grant the boon thou durst not crave,  
 Accept the food thou fain wouldst have.  
 [405] Deign, nymph, all golden clad, I pray,  
 To feast within my cell this day:  
 First honouring thee with dainties rare,  
 I too this heavenly food would share.

Then follow some stanzas inspired by divine wisdom :

Thus Honour, glorious nymph, at his behest  
 In Kosiya's home was welcomed as a guest:  
 Fruits and perennial streams therein abound,  
 And thronging saints are in its precincts found.  
 Here flowering shrubs<sup>3</sup> in a dense mass we see,  
 The mango, piyal, bread-fruit, Judas-tree;  
 Here sál and bright rose-apple deck the glade,  
 There fig and banyan cast their holy shade.  
 Here many a flower with fragrance scents the wind,  
 Here peas and beans, panic and rice we find:  
 Bananas everywhere rich clusters show,  
 And bamboo reeds in thickest tangle grow.  
 On the north side, hemmed in by smooth and level bank,  
 And fed by purest streams, behold a sacred tank.  
 There happy fish<sup>4</sup> in peace disport themselves at will,  
 And 'midst abundant food enjoy to take their fill.  
 [406] There happy birds in peace enjoy abundant fare,  
 Swans, herons, ospreys too, peacocks with plumage rare,  
 Cuckoos and pheasants eke with ruddy geese are there.

<sup>1</sup> *ipomoea*.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil, *Georgics* i. 84.

<sup>3</sup> Many trees and plants only known by botanical names have been omitted.

<sup>4</sup> The names of many fish, for the most part unknown, are omitted.



Hither do lions, tigers, boars resort their thirst to slake.  
 This bears, hyenas, wolves are wont their drinking-place to make.  
 The buffalo, rhinoceros and gayal too are here,  
 With antelope, elk, herds of swine, and red and other deer,  
 And cats with ears like to a hare's in numbers vast appear.  
 The mountain slopes are gaily pranked with flowers of varied shade  
 And echo to the song of birds that haunt each forest glade.

Thus did the Blessed One sing the praises of Kosiya's hermitage. And now to show forth the manner of the goddess Honour's entrance therein he said :

[407] The fair one leaning on a branch, all clothed with foliage green,  
 Like lightning from a thunder-cloud straight flashed upon the scene.  
 For her was set a dainty couch<sup>1</sup>, rich drapings at its head,  
 All wrought of fragrant kusa grass, with deer-skin overspread.  
 And thus to Honour, heavenly nymph, the holy hermit spake :  
 'For thy delight the couch is set; be pleased a seat to take.'

The ascetic then pure water from the spring  
 In freshly gathered leaves with haste did bring,  
 And knowing what her inmost soul would crave  
 The ambrosial food to her he gladly gave.

As in her hands the welcome gift she pressed,  
 The nymph thus overjoyed the saint addressed :  
 'Worship to me and victory thou hast given,  
 Lo! now once more I'll seek my native heaven.'

The maid intoxicate with pride of fame,  
 With Kosiya's blessing, back to Indra came,  
 'And see,' she cried, 'god of the thousand eyes,  
 The ambrosia's here—to me award the prize.'

Then Sakka and his host of angels paid  
 Due honour to the peerless heavenly maid,  
 And as she sat on her new seat enthroned,  
 Her presence gods and men adoring owned.

[408] While thus honouring her this thought occurred to Sakka,  
 "What can be the reason why Kosiya refusing it to the others gave the  
 ambrosia to this one alone?" To ascertain the reason of this he again  
 sent Mātali.

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The Master, in making the matter clear, repeated this stanza :

So Sakka, lord of the Thirty-Three,  
 Once more addressing Mātali,  
 Said, 'Go and bid the saint explain  
 Why Honour should the ambrosia gain.'

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In obedience to his word Mātali, mounting the car called *Vejayanta*<sup>2</sup>,  
 departed thither.

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<sup>1</sup> For *koccha* see *Vinaya Texts*, translated by Davids and Oldenberg, i. 34, and iii. 165.

<sup>2</sup> Sakka's chariot. Cf. *Jāt.* i. 202. 23, ii. 254. 13, iv. 355. 17, vi. 103. 6. Elsewhere it is the name of Sakka's palace, as in v. 386. 1.



The Master, to explain the matter, said :

So Mātali then launched a car to voyage through the air,  
With fittings all to match itself, in splendour wondrous fair,  
Its pole of gold, gold well refined, and all its framework built  
With ornament elaborate and overlaid with gilt.

Peacocks in gold depicted were in numbers not a few,  
Horses and cows and elephants, tigers and panthers too,  
Here antelopes and deer are seen as if prepared for fight,  
Here wrought in precious stones are jays and other birds in flight.

To it they yoked a thousand royal steeds of golden hue,  
Each strong as youthful elephant, a splendid sight to view ;  
[409] Their breasts in golden network clad, with wreaths begarlanded,  
With loosened trace<sup>1</sup>, at a mere word, swift as the wind they sped.

As Mātali this lordly car ascended with a bound  
The firmament in all ten points re-echoed to the sound :  
And as he journeyed through the air, he made the world to quake,  
And sky and sea and earth with all its rocks and woods did shake.

Right soon he gained the hermitage and wishing to declare  
Due reverence for the holy man he left one shoulder bare,  
And speaking to this brahmin sage, a wise and learned man,  
Well trained in holy lore, 'twas thus that Mātali began :

Hear now, O Kosiya, the words of Indra, heavenly king,  
As to what he is fain to learn, this message, lo ! I bring,  
'While Hope and Faith and Glory's claims thou wilt not recognise,  
Pray, why should Honour at thy hands alone receive the prize?'

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[410] On hearing his words the ascetic spoke this stanza :

Glory to me, O Mātali, appears a partial jade,  
While Faith, thou charioteer of gods, proves an inconstant maid,  
Hope ever a deceiver loves its promise to betray,  
Honour alone is stablished firm in holy virtue's way.

And now in praise of her virtue he said :

Maidens that still within their homes live, ever guarded well,  
Women now past their prime, and such as still with husbands dwell,  
In one and all should fleshly lust within their heart arise,  
At Honour's voice they check the thought and sinful passion dies.

Where shafts and spears in battle's van are hurtling fast and free,  
And in the rout when comrades fall or turn them round and flee,  
At Honour's voice they check their flight e'en at the cost of life,  
<sup>2</sup>And panic-stricken as they were once more renew the strife.

Just as the shore will stem the rush of billows from the main,  
So Honour too will oft the course of wicked folk restrain.  
Then, Mātali, to Indra quick return and make it clear,  
That saints throughout the whole wide world all Honour's name revere.

<sup>1</sup> *asaṅgita*, i.e. *nissāṅga*, perhaps the Greek *σειραφόρος*.

<sup>2</sup> The scholiast would take it thus: 'And rallying round their rescued lord once more renew the strife.'



[411] On hearing this Mātali repeated this stanza :

Who was it, Kosiya, that did suggest this view to thee,  
Was it great Indra, Brahma, or Pajāpati<sup>1</sup> maybe?

This Honour, mighty sage, be sure, to Indra owes her birth,  
And in the angel-world she ranks foremost of all in worth.

While he was still speaking, at that very instant Kosiya became subject to re-birth. Then Mātali said to him, "Kosiya, thy aggregate of life<sup>2</sup> is passing from thee: thy practice of charity<sup>3</sup> is ended. What hast thou to do with the world of men? We will now go to the angel-world," and being minded to conduct him thither he spoke this stanza :

Come now, O saint, and straightway mount the car so dear to me,  
And let me lead thee to the heaven where reign the Thirty-Three.  
Indra is longing sore for thee, to Indra's self akin,  
To-day thy way to fellowship with Indra thou shalt win.

While Mātali was yet still speaking, Kosiya passing away came into existence in the ranks of the gods without the intervention of parents<sup>4</sup> and mounting up took his stand upon the celestial car. Then Mātali conducted him into the presence of Sakka. Sakka on seeing him was glad at heart and gave him his own daughter Honour to wife, as his chief consort, and conferred on him a boundless sovereignty.

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On perceiving the state of things the Master said, "It is the merit of some illustrious beings that is thus purified," and he repeated the final stanza :

'Tis thus the acts of holy men to happy issue lead,  
And evermore abides the fruit of meritorious deed.

[412] Whoso beheld the ambrosial food to Honour that was given,  
Straight passed away to fellowship with Indra, lord of heaven.

The Master here ended his discourse with these words, "Not now only, Brethren, but of old also I converted this niggardly fellow who was a confirmed miser," and so saying he identified the Birth thus: "At that time Uppalavaṇṇā was the nymph Honour, a Brother of lordly generosity was Kosiya, Anuruddha was Pañcasikha, Ānanda Mātali, Kassapa Suriya, Moggallāna Canda, Sāriputta Nārada, and I myself was Sakka.

<sup>1</sup> The same three gods occur in *Jāt.* vi. 568. Pajāpati here is clearly distinct from Brahma.

<sup>2</sup> *Jātaka* i. 106, English version.

<sup>3</sup> With *dānadhamma* compare *deyyadhamma*, the usual term in Buddhist inscriptions for a pious gift or votive offering.

<sup>4</sup> *opapātika* is a being who springs into existence without the intervention of parents and, as it were, uncaused and seeming to appear by chance, but really due to the *karma* of a being who has passed away elsewhere. *Buddhist Suttas*, p. 213 (S.B.E. xi.).



## No. 536.

KUNĀLA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

"*This is the report and the fame thereof.*" This was a story told by the Master, while dwelling beside lake Kunāla, concerning five hundred Brethren who were overwhelmed with discontent. Here follows the story in due order. The Sākiya and Koliya tribes had the river Rohinī which flows between the cities of Kapilavatthu and Koliya confined by a single dam and by means of it cultivated their crops. \* In the month Jetthamūla<sup>2</sup> when the crops began to flag and droop, the labourers from amongst the dwellers of both cities assembled together. Then the people of Koliya said, "Should this water be drawn off on both sides, it will not prove sufficient for both us and you. But our crops will thrive with a single watering; give us then the water." The people of Kapilavatthu said, "When you have filled your garners with corn, we shall hardly have the courage to come with ruddy gold, emeralds and copper coins, and with baskets and sacks in our hands, to hang about your doors. Our crops too will thrive with a single watering; give us the water." "We will not give it," they said. "Neither will we," said the others. As words thus ran high, one of them rose up and struck another a blow, and he in turn struck a third and thus it was that what with interchanging blows and spitefully touching on the origin of their princely families they increased the tumult. The Koliya labourers said, "Be off with your people of Kapilavatthu [413], men who like dogs, jackals, and such like beasts, cohabited with their own sisters. What will their elephants and horses, their shields and spears avail against us?" The Sākiya labourers replied, "Nay, do you, wretched lepers<sup>3</sup>, be off with your children, destitute and ill-conditioned fellows, who like brute beasts had their dwelling in a hollow jujube tree (*koli*). What shall their elephants and horses, their spears and shields avail against us?" So they went and told the councillors appointed to such services and they reported it to the princes of their tribes. Then the Sākiyas said, "We will show them how strong and mighty are the men who cohabited with their sisters," and they sallied forth, ready for the fray. And the Koliyas said, "We will show them how strong and mighty are they who dwelt in the hollow of a jujube tree," and they too sallied forth ready for the fight. But other teachers tell the story thus, "When the female slaves of the Sākiyas and Koliyas came to the river to fetch water, and throwing the coils of cloth that they carried on their heads upon the ground were seated and pleasantly conversing, a certain woman took another's cloth, thinking it was her own; and when owing to this a quarrel arose, each claiming the coil of cloth as hers, gradually the people of the two cities, the serfs and the labourers, the attendants, headmen, councillors and viceroys, all of them sallied forth ready for battle." But the former version being found in many commentaries and being plausible is to be accepted rather than the other. Now it was at eventide that they would be sallying forth, ready for the fray. At that time the Blessed One was dwelling at Sāvatti, and at dawn of day while contemplating the world he beheld them setting out to the fight, and on seeing them he wondered whether if he were to go there the quarrel would cease, and he made

<sup>1</sup> The text of this Birth Story is not very satisfactory, and in many places it is almost impossible to distinguish the words of the story itself from the explanations of the commentary. Compare *Jāt. i. No. 74, Rukkhadhamma-Jātaka* and *Dhammapada*, p. 851; also Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 184—140.

<sup>2</sup> May and June.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Rogers' translation of *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, Ch. xxvi., for an account of Gotama's family.



up his mind and thought, "I will go there and, to quell this feud, I will relate three Birth Stories, and after that the quarrelling will cease. Then after telling two Birth Stories, to illustrate the blessings of union, I will teach them the Attadaṇḍa<sup>1</sup> Sutta and after hearing my sermon the people of the two cities will each of them bring into my presence two hundred and fifty youths, and I shall admit them to holy orders and there will be a huge gathering." Thus after performing his toilet, he went his rounds in Sāvatti for alms, and on his return, after taking his meal, at eventide he issued forth from his Perfumed Chamber and without saying a word to any man he took his bowl and robe and went by himself and sat cross-legged in the air between the two hosts. And seeing it was an occasion to startle them, to create darkness he sat there emitting (dark-blue)<sup>2</sup> rays from his hair. Then when their hearts were troubled he revealed himself and emitted the six-coloured rays. The people of Kapilavatthu on seeing the Blessed One thought, "The Master, our noble kinsman, is come. Can he have seen the obligation laid upon us to fight?" Now that the Master has come, it is impossible for us to discharge a weapon against the person of an enemy," [414] and they threw down their arms, saying, "Let the Koliyas slay us or roast us alive." The Koliyas acted in exactly the same way. Then the Blessed One alighted and seated himself on a magnificent Buddha throne, set in a charming spot on a bed of sand, and he shone with the incomparable glory of a Buddha. The kings too saluting the Blessed One took their seats. Then the Master, though he knew it right well, asked, "Why are ye come here, mighty kings?" "Holy Sir," they answered, "we are come, neither to see this river, nor to disport ourselves, but to get up a fight." "What is the quarrel about, sires?" "About the water." "What is the water worth?" "Very little, Holy Sir." "What is the earth worth?" "It is of priceless value." "What are warrior chiefs worth?" "They too are of priceless value." "Why on account of some worthless water are you for destroying chiefs of high worth?" "Verily, there is no satisfaction in this quarrel, but owing to a feud, sire, between a certain tree-sprite and a black lion a grudge was set up, which has reached down to this present aeon," and with these words he told them the Phandana<sup>3</sup> Birth. Then he said, "There ought not to be this blind following<sup>4</sup> of one another. A host of quadrupeds in a region of the Himalayas, extending to three thousand leagues, following one another at the word of a hare, all rushed headlong into the great sea. Therefore this following one of another ought not to be," and so saying he related the Daddabha<sup>5</sup> Birth. Moreover he said, "Sometimes the feeble see the weak points of the mighty, at other times the powerful see the weak points of the feeble, and a quail, a hen-bird, once killed a royal elephant," and he related the Latukika<sup>6</sup> Birth. Thus to appease the quarrel he told three Birth Stories, and to illustrate the effects of unity he told two Birth Stories. "In the case of such as dwell together in unity, no one finds any opening for attack," and so saying he told the Rukkhadhamma<sup>7</sup> Birth. He also said, "Against such as were at unity, no one could find a loophole for attack, but when they quarrelled one with another, a certain hunter brought about their destruction and went off with them: verily there is no satisfaction in a quarrel," and with these words he related the Vaṭṭaka Birth<sup>8</sup>. After he had thus related these five Birth Stories, he finished up by reciting the Attadaṇḍa Sutta. Becoming believers the kings said, "Had not the Master come, we should have slain one another and set flowing rivers of blood. It is owing to the Master that we are alive. But if the Master had adopted the lay life, the realm of the four great island-continents, together with two thousand lesser islands, would have passed into

<sup>1</sup> *Sutta-Nipāta*, iv. 15, p. 173.

<sup>2</sup> *Jāt.* i. p. 327, *nilaramsim vissajjetvā*.

<sup>3</sup> *Jāt.* iv. No. 475.

<sup>4</sup> *parapatti*, cf. *Jāt.* iii. 77. 27.

<sup>5</sup> *Jāt.* iii. No. 322.

<sup>6</sup> *Jāt.* iii. No. 357.

<sup>7</sup> *Jāt.* i. No. 74.

<sup>8</sup> Vol. i. No. 33, *Sammodamāna-Jātaka*, is what is called *Vaṭṭaka-Jātaka* in the text.



his hands and he would have had more than a thousand sons. Moreover he would have had an escort of warrior lords. But foregoing this glory he gave up the world [415] and attained to Perfect Wisdom. Now too let him wander forth with a following of warrior lords." So the two peoples each of them offered him two hundred and fifty princes. The Blessed One after ordaining them retired to a great forest. From the next day onward, escorted by them, he goes his rounds for alms in the two cities, sometimes in Kapilavatthu, at other times in Koliya, and the people of both cities paid him great honour. Amongst these men, who were ordained not so much for their own pleasure as out of respect to the Teacher, spiritual discontent sprang up. And their former wives to stir up their discontent sent such and such messages to them, and they grew yet more dissatisfied. The Blessed One on reflection discovered how discontented they were and thought, "These Brethren, though living with a Buddha like me, are discontented. I wonder what kind of preaching would be profitable to them"; and he bethought him of the religious discourse of Kuṇāla. Then this notion struck him, "I will conduct these Brethren to the Himalayas and after illustrating the sins connected with womankind by the Kuṇāla story and removing their discontent, I will bestow upon them the first stage of Sanctification." So in the morning putting on his under garment and taking his alms bowl and robes he went his rounds in Kapilavatthu, and having returned and taken his noonday meal, when the repast was finished, he addressed these five hundred Brethren and asked, "Was the delightful region of the Himalayas ever seen by you before?" They said, "Nay, holy sir?" "Will you go on pilgrimage to the Himalayas?" "Holy sir, we have no supernatural powers; how should we go?" "But supposing some one were to take you with him, would you go?" "Yes, sire." The Master by his miraculous power caught them all up with him in the air and transported them to the Himalayas and standing in the sky he pointed out to them in a pleasant tract of the Himalayas various mountains, Golden Mount, Jewel Mount, Vermilion Mount, Collyrium Mount, Table-land Mount, Crystal Mount, and five great rivers, and the lakes, Kaṇṇamunda, Rathakāra, Sihapapāta, Chaddanta, Tiyaḡgala, Anotatta and Kuṇāla, seven lakes in all. The Himalaya is a vast region, five hundred leagues in height, three thousand leagues in breadth. This charming part of it by his mighty power did he show them, and the dwelling places that were built there, the quadrupeds too, troops of lions, tigers, elephants and so forth did he show from this place—sacred closes and other pleasancesses, flowering and fruit-bearing trees, flocks of all manner of birds, water and land plants,—on the east side of Himalaya a golden table land, on the west side a vermilion one. From the first sight of these charming regions, the passionate longing of these Brethren for their former wives passed off. Then the Master with these Brethren [416] alighting from the air on the west side of Himalaya on a rocky plateau sixty leagues in extent, in Red Valley three leagues long, beneath a sāla tree covering seven leagues and lasting a whole aeon, the Master, I say, escorted by these Brethren, emitting the six-coloured rays and stirring up the depths of Ocean and blazing like the sun took his seat, and speaking with a voice sweet as honey he thus addressed these Brethren: "Brethren, inquire of me about some marvel ye have never seen before in this Himalaya." At that moment two spotted cuckoos, seizing a stick at both ends in their mouths, in the centre of it had placed their lord. Eight cuckoos in front and eight behind, eight on the right and eight on the left, eight below and eight above, thus casting a shadow over their lord as they escorted him, were flying through the air. These Brethren on seeing this flock of birds asked the Master, "What, sir, is the meaning of these birds?" "Brethren," he said, "this is an ancient custom of our family, a tradition set up by me; in a former age they thus escorted me. Now at that time there was a vast gathering of these birds. Three thousand five hundred young hen-birds escorted me. Gradually wasting away the flock has become such as you see." "In what kind of forest did they escort you, sir?" Then the Master said, "Well, hearken, Brethren," and recalling it to mind he told a story of the past and thus taught them.



This is the report and the fame thereof: a region yielding from its soil all manner of herbs, overspread with many a tangle of flowers, ranged over by the elephant, gayal, buffalo, deer, yak, spotted antelope, rhinoceros, elk, lion, tiger, panther, bear, wolf, hyena, otter<sup>1</sup>, kadali antelope, wild cat, long-eared hare, inhabited by numberless herds of different kinds of elephants<sup>2</sup>, and frequented by various kinds of deer<sup>3</sup>, and haunted by horse-faced yakkhas, sprites, goblins and ogres, overspread with a thicket of trees blooming at the top with flowers, stalked and high-standing, and pithless<sup>4</sup>, re-echoing to the cries of hundreds of birds, all mad with joy, ospreys, partridges, elephant-birds, peacocks, pheasants, Indian cuckoos<sup>4</sup>, adorned and covered with hundreds of mineral substances, collyrium, arsenic, yellow orpiment, vermilion, gold and silver—it was in such a delightful forest lived the bird Kuṇāla [417]: very bright was it and covered with gay feathers. This Kuṇāla bird had three thousand five hundred hen-birds in attendance on him. Then two birds seizing a stick in their mouths seated the Kuṇāla bird between them and flew up, fearing lest fatigue in the course of the long distance should cause him to move from his position and he should fall. Five hundred young birds fly below, for they thought, “If this Kuṇāla bird should fall from his perch, we will catch him in our wings.” Other five hundred birds fly above him, for fear lest the heat should scorch Kuṇāla. Five hundred birds fly on either side of him, to prevent cold or heat, grass or dust, wind or dew from coming nigh him. Five hundred fly in front of him, lest cowherds or neat-herds, grass-cutters, or stick-gatherers or foresters should strike Kuṇāla with stick or potsherd, with fist or clod, with staff or knife or gravel, or lest Kuṇāla should come into collision with shrub or creeper or tree, with post or rock, or with some powerful bird. Five hundred fly behind, addressing him with gentle, kindly words, in charming, sweet tones, lest Kuṇāla should grow weary, sitting there. Five hundred birds fly hither and thither, bringing a variety of fruits from different kinds of trees, lest Kuṇāla should be distressed with hunger. Then the birds swiftly transport Kuṇāla for his satisfaction from pleasance to pleasance, from garden to garden, from one river’s bank to another, from mountain peak to mountain peak, from one mango grove to another, from rose-apple orchard to rose-apple orchard, from one bread-fruit grove to another, from one cocoa-nut plantation to another. So Kuṇāla day by day escorted by these birds thus upbraids them: [418] “Perish, ye vile creatures, yea, perish utterly, ye thievish, knavish creatures, heedless, flighty and ungrateful as ye are, like the wind going wheresoever ye list.”

<sup>1</sup> *uddārakā*. For the form compare *mārjāraka*, a cat.

<sup>2</sup> Specified in the text.

<sup>3</sup> *amajja*. For this word compare *Taittiriya Saṃhitā*, vii. 5. 12, 2.

<sup>4</sup> I have omitted the names of three birds, *parābhūta*, *celāvaka*, *bhīmākāra*, which are not found in the dictionaries.



[419] After these words the Master said, "Surely, Brethren, even when I was in an animal form, I knew well the ingratitude, the wiles, the wickedness and immorality of women-folk, and at that time so far from being in their power I kept them under my control," and when by these words he had removed the spiritual discontent of these Brethren, the Master held his peace. At this moment two black cuckoos came to this spot, raising their lord aloft on the stick, while others in flocks flew below and on every side of him. On seeing them, the Brethren asked the Master of them and he said, "Of old, Brethren, I had a friend, a royal cuckoo, named Puṇṇamukha, and such was the tradition in his family," and in answer to the Brethren's question, just as before, he said:

On the eastern side of this same Himalaya, the king of mountains, are green-flowing streams, having their source in slight and gentle mountain slopes; in a fragrant, charming, bright spot, blooming with the beauty of lotuses, blue, white, and the hundred-leaved, the white lily and the tree of paradise, [420] in a region overrun and beautified with all manner of trees<sup>1</sup> and flowering shrubs and creepers, resounding with the cries of swans, ducks and geese, inhabited by troops of monks and ascetics, and such as are possessed of magical or supernatural powers, and haunted by high angelic beings, demons, goblins, ogres, heavenly minstrels, fairies and mighty serpents—verily it was in such a charming forest-thicket that the royal cuckoo Puṇṇamukha dwelt. Very sweet was his voice, and his laughing eyes were as the eyes of one intoxicated with joy. Three thousand five hundred hen-birds followed in the train of this cuckoo Puṇṇamukha. So two birds seizing a stick in their mouths and seating Puṇṇamukha in the middle of it fly up into the air, fearing lest fatigue, &c.<sup>2</sup> [421] Then did Puṇṇamukha, escorted by these birds by day, thus sing their praises, saying, "Bravo, my sisters, this act of yours well becomes high-born ladies, in that ye do service to your lord." Then in truth the cuckoo Puṇṇamukha drew nigh to the place where sat the bird Kuṇāla, and the birds in attendance upon Kuṇāla saw him, and while he was yet afar off they drew nigh to Puṇṇamukha and thus accosted him: "Friend Puṇṇamukha, Kuṇāla here is a fierce bird and has a rough tongue. Haply by your help we may win kindly speech from him." "Haply we may, ladies," he said. And so saying, he drew nigh to Kuṇāla, and after a kindly greeting he sat respectfully on one side and thus addressed Kuṇāla: "Wherefore dost thou, friend Kuṇāla, behave so ill to these high-born ladies of rank, though they themselves are well-conducted. One ought, friend Kuṇāla, to speak pleasantly even to ladies who are themselves ungracious in speech: much more to such as are gracious." When he had so spoken, Kuṇāla abused Puṇṇamukha after this manner, saying, "Perish, vile wretch, yea, perish utterly. Who is to be found like you, won over

<sup>1</sup> The translation here omits a long list of trees, etc., known for the most part, if at all, by their botanical equivalents in Latin.

<sup>2</sup> Here follows a long passage already given *supra*, p. 222.



—I mean these harlots, wenches, and street-walkers<sup>1</sup>. They are like unto robbers with braided locks, like a poisoned drink, like merchants that sing their own praises, crooked like a deer's horn, evil-tongued like snakes, like a pit that is covered over, insatiate as hell, as hard to satisfy as a she-ogre, like the all-rapacious Yama, all-devouring like a flame, sweeping all before it as a river, like the wind going where it lists, indiscriminating like mount Neru<sup>2</sup>, fruiting perennially like a poison tree." Here too occurs a further verse :

Like poisoned draught or robber fell, crooked as horn of stag,  
Like serpent evil-tongued<sup>3</sup> are they, as merchant apt to brag,  
Murderous as covered pit, like Hell's insatiate maw are they,  
As goblin greedy or like Death that carries all away.  
Devouring like a flame are they, mighty as wind or flood,  
Like Neru's golden peak that aye confuses<sup>4</sup> bad and good,  
Pernicious as a poison-tree they fivefold ruin bring  
On household gear, wasters of wealth and every precious thing.

Once upon a time, they say, Brahmadata, king of Kāsi, owing to his having an army, seized on the kingdom of Kosala, slew its king and carried off his chief queen, who was then pregnant [426], to Benares and there made her his consort. By and bye she gave birth to a daughter, and as the king had neither son nor daughter of his own begetting, he was greatly pleased and said, "Fair lady, choose some boon at my hands." She accepted the boon but reserved her choice. Now they named the young princess Kaṇhā. So when she was grown up, her mother said, "Dear child, your father offered me a boon, which I accepted but put off my choice : do you now choose whatever you like." From the excess of her passion breaking through maidenly shame she said to her mother, "Nothing else is lacking to me; get him to hold an assembly<sup>5</sup> to choose me a husband." The mother repeated this to the king. The king said, "Let her have whatever she wishes," and he had an assembly for choosing a husband proclaimed. In the palace yard a host of men assembled, arrayed in all their splendour. Kaṇhā, who with a basket of flowers in her hand stood looking out of an upper lattice window, approved of no single one of them. Then Ajjuna, Nakula, Bhīmasena, Yudhiṭṭhila, Sahadeva, of the family of king Pāṇḍu, these five sons of king Pāṇḍu,

<sup>1</sup> The scholiast takes *gamaniyo* as equivalent to *vesiyo*.

<sup>2</sup> *Jāt.* vol. III. No. 379, *Neru-jātaka*. Like Mt Neru, reflecting a golden hue on all objects alike.

<sup>3</sup> One MS. for *dujjivha* reads *dujivha* 'double-tongued.'

<sup>4</sup> *Nāvasamākatā* can scarcely be right. The commentary gives as the epithet to Neru *nibbisesakārā*. One reading gives *nāvasamāgatā*, speeding like a ship.

<sup>5</sup> *Svayamvara* was the public choice of a husband by a princess from a number of suitors assembled for the purpose. In the *Mahābhārata* we have an account of the *Svayamvara* of Draupadī, daughter of the king of Pañcāla, afterwards the common wife of the five Pāṇḍu princes.



I say, after receiving instruction in arts at Takkasilā from a world-famed teacher, travelling about with the idea of mastering local customs, arrived at Benares, and hearing a commotion in the city and learning in answer to their inquiry what it was all about, they came and stood all five of them in a row, in appearance like so many golden statues. Kanhā on seeing them fell in love with all five, as they stood before her, and threw a wreathed coil of flowers on the head of all the five and said, "Dear mother, I choose these five men." The queen told this to the king. The king, because he had given her the choice, did not say, "You cannot do this," but was greatly vexed. On asking however what was their origin and whose sons they were, when he learned that they were sons of king Pāṇḍu, he paid them great honour and gave them his daughter to wife, and by the force of her passion she won the affection of these five princes in her seven-storied palace. Now she had as an attendant a hump-backed cripple, and when by the force of passion she had won the hearts of the five princes, as soon as they had gone forth from the palace, finding her opportunity and fired by lust she sinned with the hump-backed slave, and conversing with him she said, "There is no one dear to me like you ; I will slay these princes and have your feet smeared in the blood from their throats." And when she was in the company of the eldest of the royal brothers, she would say, "You are dearer to me than those other four. For your sake I would even sacrifice my life. At my father's death I will bestow the kingdom on you alone." But when she was in the company of the others, she acted in just the same way. They were greatly pleased with her, thinking, "She is fond of us and owing to this the sovereignty will be ours." One day she was sick, and gathering about her, one sat chafing her head, and the rest each of them a hand or foot, while the hump-back sat at her feet. To the eldest brother, prince Ajjuna, who was chafing her head, she made a sign with her head, implying, "No one is dearer to me than you are: so long as I live I shall live for you and at my father's death I will bestow the kingdom on you," and so she won his heart. To the others too she made signs with hand or foot to the same effect. But to the hump-back she made a sign with her tongue which said, "You only are dear to me: for your sake shall I live." All of them, owing to what had been said by her before, knew what was meant by this sign. But while the rest of them each recognised the sign given to himself, prince Ajjuna [427] when he saw the motions of hand, foot or tongue, thought, "As in my case, so also with the others, by this sign some token must be given, and there must be some intimacy with this hump-backed fellow"; so going outside with his brothers he asked, "Did you see the lady with five husbands making a sign with her head to me?" "Yes, we did." "Do you know the meaning of it?" "We do not." "The meaning of it was so and so: do you know what was meant by the sign given you



with hand or foot?" "Yes, we know." "In the same way she gave me too a sign. Do you know the meaning of the sign given to the hump-back by a motion of her tongue?" "We do not know." Then he told them, "With him too she has sinned." And when they did not believe him, he sent for the hump-back and asked him, and he told him all about it. When they heard what he had to say, they all lost their passionate love for her. "Ah! surely," they said, "womankind is evil and vicious. Leaving men like us, nobly born and blest by fortune, she goes wrong with a disgusting, loathsome, hump-backed fellow like this. Who that is wise will find any pleasure in consorting with women so shameless and wicked as this?" Thus censuring womenfolk in many a turn the five princes thought, "We have had enough of married life," and retired into the Himalayas, and after going through the Kasiṇa rite, at the end of their life they fared according to their deeds. Kuṇāla the bird-king was prince Ajjuna, and it was for this reason that in setting forth anything that he himself had seen, he began his story with the words "I saw." In relating other things that he had seen of old he used the same words, and here follows an explanation of an incident given in the first introductory story.

Once upon a time, they say, a white<sup>1</sup> nun named Saccatapāvī had a hut of leaves built in a cemetery near Benares, and living there she abstained from four out of five meals, and throughout the city her fame was blazed abroad like as it were that of the Moon or Sun, and natives of Benares, if they sneezed or stumbled, said, "Praise be to Saccatapāvī." Now on the first day of a festival some goldsmiths had a tent erected in a certain spot where a crowd was gathered, and bringing fish, meat, strong drink, perfumes, wreaths and the like, they started a drinking bout. Then a certain goldsmith, who was addicted to drink, in vomiting said, "Praise be to Saccatapāvī." On a certain wise man amongst them saying, "Alas! blind fool, you are paying honour to a fickle-minded woman—Oh! you are a fool," he replied, "Friend, speak not thus, nor be guilty of a deed that leads to hell." Then the wise man said, "You fool, hold your tongue. Lay a wager with me for a thousand crowns and on the seventh day from this, seated in this very spot, I will deliver into your hands Saccatapāvī in splendid apparel and made merry with strong drink [428] and I too will have a good drink myself with her: so unstable are womenkind." He said, "You will not be able to do so," and took his wager for a thousand crowns. So he told the other goldsmiths, and early next morning, disguised as an ascetic, our wise man made his way into the cemetery, and not far from her place of abode stood worshipping the Sun. She saw him as she was setting out to collect alms, and thought, "Surely this must be an ascetic with miraculous powers. I dwell on one

<sup>1</sup> *setasamaṇi*. Amongst the Jains is an order of white-robed ascetics called *śvetāmbaras*. Compare our *White Friars*.



side of the cemetery, but he in the centre of it: his heart must be full of a holy calm. I will pay my respects to him." So she drew nigh to him and saluted him, but he neither looked nor spoke. On the next day he acted in the same way. But on the third day when she saluted him, he looked down and said, "Depart." On the fourth day he spoke kindly to her and said, "Are you not tired begging for alms?" She thought, "I have had a kind greeting," and departed well pleased. On the fifth day she received a still kinder greeting and after sitting awhile she saluted him and went her ways. But on the sixth day she came and saluted him as he sat there. He said, "Sister, what in the world is this great noise of song and music in Benares to-day?" She answered, "Holy Sir, do you not know that a festival is proclaimed in the city and this is the sound of those that make merry there?" Pretending not to know he said, "Yes, this doubtless is the noise I hear." Then he asked, "How many meals, Sister, do you omit to take?" "Four, Sir," she said, "and how many do you omit?" "Seven, Sister," but in this he spoke falsely, for he used to eat all day and night. Then he asked, "How many years is it since you took religious vows?" And when she said, "Twelve, and how many since you took orders?" he answered, "This is the sixth year." Then he asked, "Sister, have you attained to a holy calm?" "I have not, Sir. Have you?" "Neither have we," he said. "We get, Sister, neither the joy of sensual pleasure, nor the bliss of renunciation. What is it to us that hell is hot? Let us follow in the way of the multitude: I will become a house-holder, and as I own the treasure which belonged to my mother, I shall come to no harm." On hearing what he said, through her want of stability she conceived a passion for him and said, "I too, sir, feel spiritual discontent: if you do not reject me, I too will keep house with you." So he said to her, "I will not reject you: you shall be my wife." Then he brought her into the city and cohabited with her. And going to the drinking booth with her he himself took strong drink and handed her over to his friends the worse for liquor. So that other fellow lost his wager of a thousand crowns, and she was blest with numerous sons and daughters by the goldsmith. At that time Kuṇāla was the goldsmith<sup>1</sup> and in telling the story he began with the words "I saw."

In the second tale is a story of the past which is told at length in the Fourth Book in the Kākāti<sup>2</sup> Birth Story. Now at this time Kuṇāla was the Garuḍa, and this is the reason why in illustrating what he had seen with his own eyes he began with the words "I saw." In the third story once upon a time Brahmadata slew the king of Kosala and seized on his kingdom. Carrying off his chief queen, who was big with child, he returned to Benares, and, though he knew her condition, he made her his queen consort. When her time was fully come she gave birth to a son like an image of gold. And the queen thought, "When he is grown up, the king

<sup>1</sup> Reading *tulāputto*.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. III. No. 327, E. V. p. 60.



of Benares will say [429], 'He is a son of my enemy: what is he to me?' and will put him to death. Nay, let not my boy perish by an enemy's hand." So she said to his nurse, "Cover this child, my dear, with a coarse cloth and go and lay him in the charnel ground." The nurse did so and after bathing returned home. The king of Kosala too after death was born in the form of a guardian angel of the boy, and by his divine power a she-goat belonging to a goat-herd, who was keeping his flock in this spot, on seeing the child conceived an affection for him and after giving him milk to suck wandered off for a bit, and then came back twice, thrice or even four times, and gave him suck. The goat-herd, on seeing what the goat was about, came to the spot, and when he saw the child conceived an affection for it and brought it to his wife. Now she was childless and therefore had no milk to give him. So the she-goat continued to give it suck. From that day two or three goats died every day. The goat-herd thought, "If this boy goes on being tended by us, all our goats will perish. What is he to us?" Then he laid him in an earthenware vessel, covering him up with another, and smeared his face all over, without leaving any chink, with the flour of beans, and dropped him into the river. The child was carried down by the stream and was found on the lower bank near the king's palace by a low-caste mender of old rubbish, who was there with his wife, washing his face. He ran up in haste pulled the vessel out of the water and laid it on the bank. "What have we here?" he thought, and uncovering the vessel found the child. His wife too was childless and she also conceived an affection for him. So she took him home and watched over him. When he was seven or eight years old, his father and mother would take him with them when they went to the palace. When he was sixteen years old, the lad often went to the palace to mend old things. And the king and queen consort had a daughter named Kuraṅgavī, a girl of extraordinary beauty. From the moment she set eyes upon him she fell in love with the youth, and not caring for any one else she constantly repaired to the place where he worked. From their repeatedly seeing one another they were mutually enamoured, and secretly within the royal precincts guilty relations were established. In course of time the servants told the king. In his rage he called his councillors together and said, "Such and such acts have been committed by this low-caste fellow: consider what must be done with him." His councillors made answer: "Great is his offence; after exacting all manner of punishment we must put him to death." At this moment the lad's father (the king of Kosala), who had become his guardian angel, took possession of the body of the youth's mother, and under the influence of the divine being she drew nigh to the king and said, "Sire, this youth is no low-caste fellow. He is the son born to me by the king of Kosala. In saying that my boy was dead, I lied to you. Knowing him to be the child of your enemy I gave him to



a nurse and had him exposed in a charnel ground. Then a goat-herd watched over him, but when his goats all began to die, he had him cast into the river, and being transported hither by the stream, he was found by the low-caste man who repairs old rubbish in our palace and fostered by him, and if you do not believe me, call for all these people and inquire of them." The king summoned all of them, beginning with the nurse, and learning on inquiry that the facts were as she stated, he was delighted to find that the youth was nobly born, and giving directions that he should take a bath and put on splendid apparel, he gave him his daughter in marriage. Now from his having brought about the death of the goats [430] they named him *Elakamāra* (Goat's Bane). Then the king assigned him a transport and an army and sent him off, saying, "Go and take possession of the kingdom that was your father's." So he set off with *Kuraṅgavī* and was established on the throne. Then the king of Benares thought, "He is quite uneducated," and to instruct him in arts he sent *Chalaṅgakumāra* to be his teacher. Accepting him as his teacher he conferred on him the post of commander-in-chief. By and bye *Kuraṅgavī* misconducted herself with him. And the commander-in-chief had an attendant named *Dhanantevāsī*, and he sent by his hand robes and other adornments to *Kuraṅgavī*, and she went wrong with him too. So vicious and immoral are wicked women, and therefore I praise them not. This the Great Being taught in telling a story of the past, for at that time he was *Chalaṅgakumāra*, and therefore the incident he related was one he saw with his own eyes.

In the fifth story once upon a time a king of Kosala seized the kingdom of Benares and made the king's chief queen, who at that time was pregnant, his queen consort, and then returned to his own city. By and bye she gave birth to a son. The king, because he had no children of his own, fondly cherished the boy and had him instructed in all learning, and when he was of age he sent him away, bidding him take possession of the kingdom which had belonged to his father. He went and reigned there. Then his mother saying she longed to see her boy took leave of the king of Kosala, and setting out for Benares with a large escort took up her abode in a town lying between the two kingdoms. In this place dwelt a certain handsome brahmin youth named *Pañcālacaṇḍa*. He brought her a present. On seeing him she fell in love and misconducted herself with him. After spending a few days there, she went to Benares and saw her son. On returning she took up her abode in the same town and, after spending several days in guilty intercourse with her lover, she departed to Kosala city. Very soon after this, giving this or that reason for visiting her son, she took leave of the king and in going and returning stayed a fortnight in the same town, misconducting herself with her lover. So wicked and false, *Sampunṇamukha*, are women. And in telling this story of the past he began with the words, "To the same effect also is this tale." [432] Here-



after, in a variety of ways exhibiting the charm with which he preached the Law, he said, "Friend Puṇṇamukha, there are four things which, if certain circumstances arise, prove injurious—these, I say, are not to be lodged in a neighbour's household—an ox, a cow, a chariot, a wife. From these four things a wise man would keep his house clear :

[433] Ox, cow, nor car to neighbours lend,  
Nor trust a wife to house of friend :  
The car they break through want of skill,  
The ox by over-driving kill.

The cow is over-milked ere long,  
The wife in kinsman's house goes wrong.

There are six things, friend Puṇṇamukha, which under certain circumstances prove injurious—a bow lacking its string, a wife living in a kinsman's family, a ship<sup>1</sup>, a car with broken axle, an absent friend, a wicked comrade, under certain circumstances, prove injurious. Verily on eight grounds, friend Puṇṇamukha, a woman despises her husband : for poverty, for sickness, for old age, for drunkenness, for stupidity, for carelessness, for attending to every kind of business, for neglecting every duty towards her—verily, on these eight grounds a woman despises her lord. Here moreover occurs this verse :

If poor or sick or old, a sot, or reckless thought,  
If dull or by his cares of business overwrought,  
Or disobliging found—such lord a wife esteems as nought.

Verily on nine grounds does a woman incur blame : if she is fond of frequenting parks, gardens, and river banks, fond of visiting the houses of kinsfolk or of strangers, given to wearing the adornment of cloth worn by gentlemen, if she is a drinker of strong drink, given to staring about her, or of standing before her door—on these nine grounds, I say, a woman incurs blame. Here moreover occurs the following verse :

A woman drest in smart cloth vest, dram-drinking, apt to roam  
In pleasance, park, by river side, to friend's or stranger's home,  
Standing before her door, to stare about with idle gaze,  
In nine such ways corrupted soon from path of virtue strays.

Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, in forty different ways a woman makes up to a man<sup>2</sup>. She draws herself up, she bends down, she frisks about, she looks coy, she presses together her finger tips, she plants one foot on the other, she scratches the ground with a stick, she dances her boy up and down, [434] she plays and makes the boy play, she kisses and makes him kiss her, she eats and gives him to eat, she either gives or begs something, whatever is done she mimics, she speaks in a high or low tone, she speaks

<sup>1</sup> This seems to require like the other nouns some qualifying epithet.

<sup>2</sup> *accāvadati*. Morris in *P. T. S. Journal* for '86, p. 100, quotes a passage from *Suttavibhaṅga* II. p. 263.



now indistinctly, now distinctly, she appeals to him with dance, song and music, with tears or coquetry, or with her finery, she laughs or stares, she shakes her dress or shifts her loin-cloth, exposes or covers up her leg, exposes her bosom, her armpit, her navel, she closes her eye, she elevates her eyebrow, she pinches her lip, makes her tongue loll out, looses or tightens her cloth dress, looses or tightens her head-gear. Verily in these forty ways she makes up to a man. Verily, friend Puṇṇamukha, a wicked woman is to be known in twenty-five different ways: she praises her lord's absence from home, she rejoices not in his return, she speaks in his dispraise, she is silent in his praise, she acts to his injury, and not to his advantage, she does whatever is harmful to him and refrains from what is serviceable, she goes to bed with her clothes on and lies with her face averted from him, she tosses about from side to side, she makes a great ado, she heaves a long-drawn sigh, she feels a pain, she frequently has to solicit nature, she acts perversely, on hearing a stranger's voice she opens her ear and listens attentively, she is a waster of her lord's goods, she is intimate with her neighbours, she gads abroad, she walks the streets, she is guilty of adultery, disregarding her husband she has wicked thoughts in her heart. Verily in these twenty-five ways, friend Puṇṇamukha, is a wicked woman to be known. Here moreover occurs this utterance:

Her husband's absence she approves nor grieves should he depart,  
Nor at the sight of his return rejoices in her heart,  
She ne'er at any time will say aught in her husband's praise,  
Such are the signs that surely mark the wicked woman's ways.

Undisciplined, against her lord some mischief she will plot,  
His interest neglects and does the thing that she ought not,  
With face averted lies she down beside him, fully dressed,  
By such like signs her wickedness is surely thus confessed.

[435] Restless she turns from side to side nor lies one moment still<sup>1</sup>,  
Or heaves a long drawn sigh and groans, pretending she is ill,  
As if at nature's call from bed she oftentimes will rise,  
By such like signs her wickedness a man may recognise.

Perverse in all her acts she does the thing she should eschew,  
And hearkens to the stranger's voice, her favours should he sue,  
Her husband's wealth is freely spent some other love to gain,  
By signs like these her wickedness to all is rendered plain.

The wealth that by her lord with toil was carefully amassed,  
The gear so painfully heaped up, behold, she squanders fast,  
With neighbours far too intimate the lady soon will grow,  
And by such signs the wickedness of women one may know.

Stepping abroad behold her how she walks about the streets,  
And with the grossest disrespect her lord and master treats:  
Nor of adultery stops short, corrupt in heart and mind—  
By such like signs how wicked are all womenfolk we find.

Often she will at her own door all decency defy,  
And shamelessly expose herself to any passing by,

<sup>1</sup> *kumkumī*, *kumkumiyajāṭā* is not found. The scholiast says *kolāhalam karoti*.



The while with troubled heart she looks around on every side—  
By such like signs the wickedness of women is descried.

As groves are made of wood, as streams in curves and windings flow,  
So, give them opportunity, all women wrong will go.

Yea give them opportunity and secrecy withal,  
And every single woman will from paths of virtue fall :  
Thus will all women wantons prove, should time and place avail,  
And e'en with humpback dwarf will sin, should other lovers fail.

Women that serve for man's delight let every one distrust,  
Fickle in heart they ever are and unrestrained in lust.  
Ladies of pleasure fitly called, the basest of the base,  
To all men such as common are as any bathing place.

[437] Moreover he said : Once upon a time at Benares was a king named Kaṇḍari who was a very handsome man, and to him daily his counsellors would bring a thousand boxes of perfume, and with this perfume they would make the house trim and neat, and then splitting up the boxes they would make scented firewood and cook the food therewith. Now his wife was a lovely woman named Kinnarā, and his chaplain Pañcālacaṇḍa was the same age as himself and full of wisdom. And in the wall near the king's palace grew a rose-apple tree and its branches hung down upon the wall, and in the shade of it dwelt a loathsome, misshapen cripple. Now one day queen Kinnarā looking out of her window saw him and conceived a passion for him. [438] And at night after winning the king's favour by her charms, as soon as he had fallen asleep, she would get up softly and putting all manner of dainty food in a golden vessel and taking it on her hips, she would let herself down through the window by means of a rope of cloth, and climbing up the rose-apple tree drop down by a branch of it and give her dainty food to the cripple and take her pleasure with him, and then ascend to the palace the same way that she had come down, and after shampooing herself all over with perfumes lie down by the king's side. In this way she would constantly misconduct herself with this cripple and the king knew nothing of it. One day the king after a solemn procession round the city was entering his palace when he saw this cripple, a pitiable object, lying in the shade of the rose-apple, and he said to his chaplain, "Just look at this ghost of a man." "Yes, sire?" "Is it possible, my friend, that any woman moved by lust would come nigh such a loathsome creature?" Hearing what he said the cripple, swelling with pride, thought, "What is it this king said? Methinks he knows nothing of his queen's coming to visit me." And stretching out his folded hands towards the rose-apple tree he cried, "O my lord, thou guardian spirit of this tree, excepting thee no one knows about this." The chaplain noticing his action thought, "Of a truth the king's chief consort by the help of this tree comes and misconducts herself with him." So he said to the king, "Sire, at night what is it like when you come into contact with the queen's person?"



"I notice nothing else," he said, "but that at the middle watch her body is cold." "Well, sire, whatever may be the case with other women, your queen Kinnarā misconducts herself with him." "What is this you say, my friend? Would such a charming lady take her pleasure with this disgusting creature?" "Well then, sire, put it to the proof." "Agreed," said the king, and after supper he lay down with her, to put it to the test. At the usual time for falling asleep, he pretended to drop off, and she acted as before. The king following in her steps took his stand in the shade of the rose-apple tree. The cripple was in a rage with the queen and said, "You are very late in coming," and struck with his hand the chain in her ear. So she said, "Be not angry, my lord; I was watching for the king to fall asleep," and so saying she acted as it were a wife's part in his house. But when he struck her, the ear-ornament, which was like a lion's head, falling from her ear dropped at the king's feet. The king thought, "Just this will be the best thing for me," and he took it away with him. And after misconducting herself with her lover she returned just as before and proceeded to lie down by the side of the king. The king rejected her advances and next day he gave an order, saying, "Let queen Kinnarā come, wearing every ornament I have given her." She said, "My lion's head jewel is with the goldsmith," and refused to come. When a second message was sent, she came with only a single ear-ornament. [439] The king asked, "Where is your ear-ring?" "With the goldsmith." He sent for the goldsmith and said, "Why do you not let the lady have her ear-ring?" "I have it not, sire." The king was enraged and said, "You wicked, vile woman, your goldsmith must be a man just like me," and so saying he threw the ear-ring down before her and said to the chaplain, "Friend, you spoke the truth; go and have her head chopped off." So he secured her in a certain quarter of the palace and came and said to the king, "Sire, be not angry with the queen Kinnarā: all women are just the same. If you are anxious to see how immoral women are, I will show you their wickedness and deceitfulness. Come, let us disguise ourselves and go into the country." The king readily agreed and, handing over his kingdom to his mother, he set out on his travels with his chaplain. When they had gone a league's journey and were seated by the high road, a certain gentleman of property, who was holding a marriage festival for his son, had seated the bride in a close carriage and was accompanying her with a large escort. On seeing this the chaplain said, "If you like, you can make this girl misconduct herself with you." "What say you, my friend? with this great escort the thing is impossible." "Well then see this, my lord?" And going forward he set up a tent-shaped screen not far from the high road and, placing the king inside the screen, himself sat down by the side of the road, weeping. Then the gentleman on seeing it asked, "Why, friend, are you weeping?" "My wife," he said, "was heavy



with child and I set out on a journey to take her to her own home, and while still on the way her pangs overtook her and she is in trouble within the screen, and she has no woman with her and I cannot go to her there. I do not know what will happen." "She ought to have a woman with her: do not weep, there are numbers of women here; one of them shall go to her." "Well then let this maiden come; it will be a happy omen for the girl." He thought, "What he says is true: it will be an auspicious thing for my daughter-in-law. She will be blest with numerous sons and daughters," and he brought her there. Passing inside the screen she fell in love at first sight with the king and misconducted herself with him, and the king gave her his signet ring. So when the deed was done and she came out of the tent they asked her, "What has she given birth to?" "A boy the colour of gold?" So the gentleman took her and went off. The chaplain came to the king and said, "You have seen, sire, even a young girl is thus wicked. How much more will other women be so? Pray, sir, did you give her anything?" "Yes, I gave her my signet ring." "I will not allow her to keep it." And he followed in haste and caught up the carriage, and when they said, "What is the meaning of this?" he said, "This girl has gone off with a ring my brahmin wife had laid on her pillow: give up the ring, lady." [440] In giving it she scratched the brahmin's hand, saying, "Take it, you rogue." Thus did the brahmin in a variety of ways show the king that many other women are guilty of misconduct, and said, "Let this suffice here; we will now go elsewhere, Sire." The king traversed all India, and they said, "All women will be just the same. What are they to us? let us turn back." So they went straight home to Benares. The chaplain said, "It is thus, Sire, with all women; so wicked is their nature. Forgive queen Kinnarā." At the prayer of his chaplain he pardoned her, but had her thrust out from the palace. And when he had ejected her from the place, he chose another queen-consort, and he had the cripple driven forth and ordered the rose-apple branch to be lopped off. At that time Kuṇāla was Pañcālacaṇḍa. So in telling the story of what he had seen with his own eyes, in illustration he spoke this stanza:

This much from tale of Kaṇḍari and Kinnarā is shown;  
All women fail to find delight in homes that are their own.  
Thus does a wife forsake her lord, though lusty he and strong,  
And will with any other man, e'en cripple vile, go wrong.

Another story is this: Once upon a time a king of Benares, Baka by name, ruled his kingdom righteously. At that time a certain poor man, who dwelt by the eastern gate of Benares, had a daughter named Pañcapāpā<sup>1</sup>. It is said that in a former birth as a poor man's daughter she was kneading clay and plastering a wall. Then a paccekabuddha

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, Ch. XIX. The Story of the Sense of Touch.



thought, "Where am I to get clay to make this mountain cave neat and trim? I can get it in Benares." So putting on his cloak, and bowl in hand, he went into the city and took his stand not far from this woman. She was angry, and, looking at him, thought, "In his wicked heart he is begging for clay as well as alms." The paccekabuddha stood without moving. So, when she saw that he remained motionless, she was converted, and, looking at him once more, she said, "Priest, you have got no clay," and she took a big lump and put it in his bowl, and with this clay he made things neat in his cave. [441] And as a reward for this lump of clay, her person became soft to the touch, but in consequence of her angry look her hands, feet, mouth, eyes and nose became hideously ugly, and so men knew her by the name of Pañcapāpā (The Five Defects). Now the king of Benares was once wandering about the city by night and came to this spot, and she was playing with the village girls, and not recognising the king she seized him by the hand. As the result of her touch he lost all control over himself, and was as it were thrilled by a heavenly touch, and inflamed by passion he caught her by the hand, though she was so hideous to look upon, and asked whose daughter she was. When she answered, "Daughter of a dweller by the gate,"<sup>1</sup> and he heard she was unmarried, he said, "I will be your husband : go and ask your parents' consent." She went to her father and mother and said, "A certain man wishes to marry me." On their assenting, and saying, "He too must be a poor, sorry creature, if he desires one like you," she came and told him that her parents consented. So he cohabited with her in that very house, and quite early in the morning sought his palace. From that day the king constantly came there in disguise, and did not care to look at any other woman. Now one day her father was attacked with a bloody flux. The remedy for his sickness was a constant supply of rice gruel prepared with milk, ghee, honey, and sugar, and this, owing to their poverty, they could not procure. Then the mother said to the daughter, "My dear, would your husband be able to procure us some rice gruel?" "Dear mother," she said, "my husband must be even poorer than we are; but even if this is so, I will ask him : do not be worried." So saying, about the time when he should return, she sat down as if in a disconsolate state. When the king came he asked why she was so sad, and on hearing what was the matter, he said, "My dear, whence shall I get this very powerful remedy?" And he thought, "I cannot continually keep coming here in this way; one must consider the risk one runs in the journey to and fro; but if I were to take her to the court, being ignorant of her possession of a soft touch, they will make a mock of me and say, 'Our king has returned with a female goblin.' But if I make all the city acquainted with her

<sup>1</sup> *dvāravāsi*, meaning perhaps an inhabitant of a poor quarter. Cf. *dvāragāma*, a village outside the city gate, a suburb.



touch, I shall do away with all reproach against myself." So he said to her, "My dear, do not vex yourself: I will bring your father some rice gruel," and so saying, after taking his pleasure with her he returned to his palace. The next day he had some rice gruel such as she described boiled for her, and, taking some leaves, made two baskets with them, and in one he put the rice gruel, and in the other he placed a jewelled diadem and fastened them up. And at night he came and said, "My dear, we are poor: I got this with great difficulty. You are to say to your father, 'To-day eat the rice gruel from this basket, and to-morrow from that.'" She did accordingly. So her father, after eating a very little of it, from its invigorating qualities was soon satisfied, and the rest she gave to her mother, and herself [442] partook of it, and all three of them felt very happy, and the basket containing the jewelled diadem they reserved for the needs of the next day. The king on reaching his palace washed his face and said, "Bring me my diadem." On their saying, "We cannot find it," he said, "Search through the whole city." They searched, but still did not find it. "Well then," he said, "search in the houses of the poor outside the city, beginning with the baskets of leaves for food." They searched and found the jewel diadem in this house, and crying out, "This woman's father and mother are thieves," they bound them and brought them to the king. Then her father said, "My lord, we are no thieves; a certain man brought us this jewel." "Who was it?" he said. "My son-in-law," he answered. When asked where he was, he said, "My daughter knows." Then he had a word with her. "My dear," he said, "you know who your husband is." "I do not know." "If this is so, we are undone." "Dear father, he comes when it is dark, and departs before it is light, so I do not know his appearance, but I can recognise him by the touch of his hand." Her father told this to the king's officers, and they told the king. The king, pretending ignorance of the whole matter, said, "Well, place the woman in a tent screen in the palace yard and cut a hole in the curtain as big as a man's hand and call the citizens together, and detect the thief by the touch of his hand." The officers did as he bade them. On going to her and seeing what she was like they were filled with loathing, and said, "She is a goblin," and in their disgust they did not dare to touch her. But they brought and placed her within a screen in the palace yard and gathered together all the citizens. Seizing hold of the hand of every one that came, as it was stretched out through the hole, she said, "This is not the man." The people were so captivated by the heavenly touch of her they could not tear themselves away. They thought, "If she be worthy of punishment, though we should have to inflict blows upon her with a stick, yet we should be ready to undergo any servile tasks for her, and to take her home as our wedded wife." Then the king's men beat them and drove them away, and all of them, beginning with the



viceroy, behaved like madmen. Then the king said, "Could I possibly be the man?" and stretched forth his hand. The woman, seizing his hand, cried aloud, "I have got the thief." The king inquired of his men, "When your hand was seized by her what did you think of it?" They told him exactly how it was with them. So the king said, "This is why I made them bring her to my house. Had they known nothing of her touch, they would have despised me. And now that all of you have learned the facts from me, say in whose house ought she to dwell as wife." They said, "In your house, Sire." So, with the ceremonious sprinkling, he recognised her as his chief consort, [443] and bestowed great power on her father and mother. Thenceforth in his infatuation he neither set on foot any inquiries about her, nor so much as looked at any other woman. The other queens sought to discover the mystery respecting her. One day she saw in a dream some indication of her being the chief queen of two kings, and she told her dream to the king. The king summoned the interpreters of dreams and asked, "What is the meaning of such and such a dream being seen by her?" Now they had received a bribe from the other women, and said, "The fact of the queen's sitting on the back of a perfectly white elephant is a token of your death, and that she touches the moon as she rides upon the elephant's back is a sign of her bringing some hostile king against you." "What then is to be done?" said he. "You cannot put her to death, Sire, but you must place her on board a ship and let her drift down the stream." The king in the night put her on board, with food, garments, and adornments and sent her adrift on the river. As she was carried down in the vessel by the stream she came face to face with king Pāvāriya, as he was disporting himself in the river. His commander-in-chief on seeing it said, "This ship belongs to me." The king said, "Its cargo is mine," and when the ship reached them and they saw the woman he said, "Who are you, so like a goblin as you are?" She, smiling, said she was the chief consort of king Baka, and told him all her story, and that she was renowned throughout India as Pañcāpāpā. Then the king, taking her by the hand, lifted her out of the vessel, and no sooner had he taken her hand than he was inflamed with passion at her touch, and in the case of his other wives ceased to regard them as worthy the name of women, and he raised her to the position of chief queen, and she was as dear as his own life to him. Baka, on hearing what had happened, said, "I will not allow him to make her his queen consort," and getting together an army, he took up his quarters in a port on the opposite side of the river, and sent a message to this effect, that Pāvāriya was either to surrender his wife or give battle. His rival was ready for battle, but the councillors of the two kings said, "For the sake of a woman there is no need to die. From his being her first husband she belongs to Baka, but from his having rescued her from the ship she



belongs to Pāvāriya. Therefore let her be for the space of seven days at a time in the house of each of them." After due deliberation they gained over the two kings to this view, and they both were highly pleased, and built cities on opposite banks of the river and took up their abode there, and the woman accepted the position of chief consort to the pair of kings, and they were both infatuated with her. Now she dwelt seven days in the house of one of them, and then crossed over in a ship to the abode of the other, and when in mid-stream she misconducted herself with the pilot who steered the vessel, a lame and bald old man. At that time Kuṇāla [444], the king of birds, was Baka, and so he spoke of this as something he had seen with his own eyes, and to illustrate it he repeated this stanza :

Wife of Pāvārika and Baka too,  
(Two kings whose lust no pause or limit knew)  
Yet sins with her devoted husband's slave;  
With what vile wretch would she not misbehave?

Yet another story: Once upon a time the wife of Brahmadata, Piṅgiyānī by name, opening her window looked out and saw a royal groom, and, when the king had fallen asleep, she got down through the window and misconducted herself with him, and then again climbed back to the palace and shampooed her person with perfumes and lay down with the king. Now one day the king thought, "I wonder why at midnight the person of the queen is always cool: I will examine into the matter." So one day he pretended to be asleep and got up and followed her and saw her committing folly with a groom. He returned and climbed up to his chamber, and she too after she had been guilty of adultery came and lay down on a truckle bed. Next day the king, in the presence of his ministers, summoned her and made known her misconduct, saying, "All women alike are sinners." And he forgave her offence, though it deserved death, imprisonment, mutilation, or cleaving asunder, but he deposed her from her high rank and made some one else his queen consort. At that time king Kuṇāla was Brahmadata, and so it was that he told this story as of something he had seen with his own eyes, and by way of illustration he repeated this stanza :

Fair Piṅgiyānī was as wife adored  
By Brahmadata, earth's all conquering lord,  
Yet sinned with her devoted husband's slave,  
And lost by lechery both king and knave.

[445] After telling of the sins of women in old-world stories, in yet another way, still speaking of their misdeeds, he said :

Poor fickle creatures women are, ungrateful, treacherous they,  
No man if not possessed would deign to credit aught they say.  
Little reck they of duty's call or plea of gratitude,  
Insensible to parents' love and ties of brotherhood,  
Transgressing every law of right, they play a shameless part,  
In all their acts obedient to the wish of their own heart.



However long they dwell with him, though kind and loving he,  
Tender of heart and dear to them as life itself may be,  
In times of trouble and distress, leave him they will and must,  
I for my part in womenfolk can never put my trust.

How often is a woman's mind like shifty monkey's found,  
Or like the shade cast by a tree on height<sup>1</sup> or depth around,  
How changeful too the purpose lodged within a woman's breast,  
Like tire of wheel revolving swift without a pause or rest.

Whene'er with due reflection they look round and see their way  
To captivate some man of wealth and make of him their prey,  
Such simpletons with words so soft and smooth they captive lead,  
E'en as Cambodian groom with herbs will catch the fiercest steed.

But if when looking round with care they fail to see their way  
To get possession of his wealth and make of him a prey,  
They drive him off, as one that now has reached the furthest shore  
And cuts adrift the ferry boat he needeth nevermore.

Like fierce devouring flame they hold him fast in their embrace,  
Or sweep him off like stream in flood that hurries on apace;  
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,  
E'en as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

They not to one or two belong, like open stall are they,  
One might as soon catch wind with net as women hold in sway.

[446] Like river, road, or drinking shed<sup>2</sup>, assembly hall or inn,  
So free to all are womenfolk, no limits check their sin.

Fell as black serpent's head are they, as ravenous as a fire,  
As kine the choicest herbage pick, they lovers rich desire.

From elephant, black serpent, and from flame that's fed on ghee,  
From man besprinkled to be king, and women we should flee.  
All these whoso is on his guard will treat as deadly foe,  
Indeed their very nature it is very hard to know.

Women who very clever are or very fair to view,  
And such as many men admire—all these one should eschew:  
A neighbour's wife and one that seeks a man of wealth for mate,  
Such kind of women, five in all, no man should cultivate.

[447] When he had thus spoken the people applauded the Great Being,  
crying, "Bravo, well said!" and after telling of the faults of women in  
these instances he held his peace. On hearing him Ānanda, the vulture  
king, said, "My friend, Kuṇāla, I too by my own powers of knowledge  
will tell of women's faults," and he began to speak of them. The Blessed  
One by way of illustration said: "Then, verily, Ānanda, the vulture king,  
marking the beginning, middle and end of what the bird Kuṇāla had to  
say, at this time uttered these stanzas:

[448] Although a man with all this world contains of golden gear  
Should her endow of womenkind his heart may count most dear,  
Yet, if occasion serves, she will dishonour him withal—  
Beware lest thou into the hands of such vile wretches fall.

<sup>1</sup> *kanna*, apparently Skt *skanna*, but one would have expected the compound to be *pakkanna*. Cf. Pischel, *Gramm. der Prakrit-Sprachen*, § 206.

<sup>2</sup> *papā*, a roadside shed where travellers are supplied with water. Cf. *Jāt.* i. 302. 3.



A manly vigour<sup>1</sup> he may show, from worldly taint be free,  
Her maiden wooer may perhaps winsome and loving be,  
In times of trouble and distress leave him she will and must,  
I for my part in womankind can never put my trust.

Let him not trust because he thinks 'she fancies me, I trow,'  
Nor let him trust because her tears oft in his presence flow;  
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,  
Just as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

Trust not a litter strewn with leaves and branches long ago<sup>2</sup>,  
Trust not thy whilom friend, perchance now grown into a foe,  
Trust not a king because thou thinkst, 'My comrade once was he,  
Trust not a woman though she has borne children ten to thee.

Women are pleasure-seekers all and unrestrained in lust,  
Transgressors of the moral law: in such put not your trust.  
A wife may feign unbounded love before her husband's face;  
Distrust her: women common are as any landing place.

Ready to mutilate or slay, from nothing do they shrink,  
And after having cut his throat they e'en his blood would drink:  
Let no man fix his love on them, creatures of passions base,  
Licentious and as common as some Ganges landing place.

In speech they no distinction make betwixt the false and true,  
As kine the choicest herbage pick, rich lovers they pursue.

One man they tempt with looks and smiles, another by their walk,  
Some they attract by strange disguise<sup>3</sup>, others by honeyed talk.

Dishonest, fierce and hard of heart, as sugar sweet their words,  
Nothing there is they do not know to cheat their wedded lords.

Surely all womenfolk are vile, no limit bounds their shame,  
Impassioned and audacious they, devouring as a flame.

Women are not so formed, this man to love and that abhor,  
They court the man they hate as much as one that they adore,  
E'en as a ship that hugs alike the near and farther shore.

[449] 'Tis not a case of love or hate with womenfolk we see,  
It is for gold they hug a man, as parasites a tree.

A man may corpses burn or e'en dead flowers from temples rake<sup>4</sup>,  
Be groom of horse or elephant, or care of oxen take,  
Yet women after such low castes wil' for money's sake.

One nobly born they leave if poor, as 'twere a low outcast,  
To such an one, like carrion vile, if rich, they hie them fast."

[450] Thus did Ānanda, the vulture king, keeping to facts within  
his own knowledge, tell of the bad qualities of women, and then held his  
peace. Nārada, too, after hearing what he had to say, keeping to what

<sup>1</sup> *uṭṭhāhaka*. See *Dhammapada* 280, *anuṭṭhahāno*, and its archaic form in the *Journal Asiatique*, ix<sup>m</sup> Sér., tome xii. p. 215, where from the verbal base *uṭṭhah* we find an analogous form *anuṭṭhahatu*.

<sup>2</sup> For fear it may harbour a snake.

<sup>3</sup> The commentator refers to the story of *Naḷinikū*, No. 526, as an instance of this.

<sup>4</sup> *pupphachaddaka*, a low-caste man who removes dead flowers from temples, *Thera-Gāthā*, v. 620, *Questions of Milinda*, v. 4, vol. II. p. 211 (S. B. E. xxxvi.).



he himself knew, spoke of their bad qualities. In illustrating this the Master said: "Then verily Nārada, hearing the beginning, middle and end of what Ānanda, the vulture king, had to say, at this point repeated these stanzas:

Four things can never sated be—list well to these my words—  
Ocean, kings, brahmins, womenkind, these four, O king of birds.  
All streams in earth that find their home will not the ocean fill,  
Though all may with its waters mix, something is lacking still.  
A brahmin cons<sup>1</sup> his Vedas and his legendary lore,  
Yet still he sacred knowledge lacks and craves for more and more.  
A king by conquest holds the world, its mountains, seas and all,  
The endless treasures it contains his very own may call,  
Yet sighs for worlds beyond the sea, for this he counts too small.  
One woman may have husbands eight, compliant to her will,  
All heroes bold, well competent love's duties to fulfil,  
Yet on a ninth her love she sets, for something lacks she still.

Women like flames devour their prey,  
Women like floods sweep all away,  
Women are pests, like thorns are they,  
Women for gold oft go astray.

That man with net might catch the breeze,  
Or single-handed bale out seas,  
Clap with one hand, who once should dare  
His thoughts let range on woman fair.

With women, clever jades, Truth aye is found a rarity,  
Their ways as much perplex as those of fishes in the sea<sup>2</sup>.

[451] Soft-speaking, ill to satisfy, as rivers hard to fill,  
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee far from them still<sup>3</sup>.  
Seducing traitresses, they tempt the holiest to his fall,  
Down—down they sink: who women know should flee afar from all.  
And whomsoever they may serve for gold or for desire,  
They burn him up as fuel burns cast in a blazing fire."

When Nārada had thus set forth the vices of women, the Great Being once more by special instances illustrated their bad qualities.

[452] To show this the Master said, "So verily the bird Kuṇāla, after learning the beginning, middle and conclusion of what Nārada had to say, repeated at this time these stanzas:

E'en a wise man may dare to exchange a word  
With goblin foe armed with sharp whetted sword;  
Fierce snake he may assail, but ne'er too bold  
Alone with woman should he converse hold.

<sup>1</sup> For the form *adhiyānaṁ* compare v. 24. 4, *khādiyānaṁ*, v. 143. 9, *anumodiyānaṁ*, v. 505. 28, *paribhuñjīyāna*. Compare Pischel, *Grammatik der Prākṛit-Sprachen*, § 592.

<sup>2</sup> These lines occur on p. 52, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. II. p. 226, vol. IV. p. 292, English version.



Man's reason is o'ercome by woman's charms,  
Speech, smiles, with dance and song, their only arms:  
Unstable souls they harass, as erewhile  
Fell demons merchants slew in goblin isle.

Given to strong drink and meat, one tries in vain  
To curb their appetite or lust restrain,  
Like to some fabled monster of the deep,  
Into their maw a man's whole wealth they sweep.

Lust's five-fold realm they own as their domain,  
Their swelling pride uncurbed none may restrain:  
As rivers all to ocean find their way,  
So careless souls to women fall a prey.

The man in whom these women take delight,  
Moved by their greed or carnal appetite,  
Yea such an one inflamed by strong desire,  
They clean consume as fuel in the fire.

If one they know is rich, on him they fall  
And off they carry him, his wealth and all,  
Round him thus fired with lust their arms they fling,  
As creepers to some forest sāl tree cling.

Like vimba<sup>1</sup> fruit red-lipped<sup>2</sup>, so bright and gay,  
'Gainst man they many a stratagem essay,  
With laughter now assailing, now with smiles,  
Like Saṁvara<sup>3</sup>, that lord of many wiles.

Women with gold and jewels rich bedecked,  
By husband's kin received with due respect,  
[453] Though strictly guarded 'gainst their lords will sin,  
Like her the demon's maw conveyed within<sup>4</sup>.

A man may very famous be and wise,  
Revered and honoured in all people's eyes,  
Yet fall'n 'neath woman's sway no more will shine  
Than moon eclipsed by Rāhu's<sup>5</sup> power malign.

The vengeance wreaked by angry foe on foe,  
Or such as tyrants to their victims show,  
Yea a worse fate than this o'ershadows all  
That through their lust 'neath woman's sway shall fall.

Threatened with person scratched or hair pulled out,  
Scourged, cudgelled, buffeted or kicked about,  
Yet woman to some low-born lover hies  
Delighting in him as in carrion flies.

Shun women in highways and lordly hall,  
In royal city or in township small,  
A man of insight, would he happy be,  
Avoids the snare thus laid by Namuci<sup>6</sup>.

He who relaxes good ascetic rule,  
To practise what is mean and base, poor fool,  
Will barter heaven for hell, like unto them  
Who change a flawless for a blemished<sup>7</sup> gem.

<sup>1</sup> *Momordica monadelpha*.

<sup>2</sup> *vimbośhṭha*.

<sup>3</sup> Saṁvara, the name of a demon.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. III. No. 436, *Samugga-Jātaka*.

<sup>5</sup> Rāhu, a Titan supposed to swallow the moon and cause an eclipse.

<sup>6</sup> A name of Māra. See Windisch, *Māra und Buddha*, p. 185.

<sup>7</sup> *chedagūmimaṇi*.



Despised is he in this world and the next  
And, willingly by evil women vexed,  
Goes stumbling recklessly, fall upon fall,  
As vicious ass runs wild with car and all.

Now in silk-cotton grove of iron spears<sup>1</sup>,  
Now in Patāpana he disappears,  
Now lodged in some brute form is seen to flit  
In ghostly realms that he may never quit.

In Nandana<sup>2</sup> love's heavenly sport and play,  
On earth the monarch's universal sway,  
Is lost through woman, and through her alas!  
All careless souls to state of suffering pass.

[454] Not hard to attain are heavenly sport and play,  
Nor upon earth the world-wide monarch's sway,  
Nymphs too in golden homes by these are won  
Who with concupiscence long since have done.

To pass from Realm of Sense with life renewed  
To World of Form, with higher powers endued,  
Is by rebirth in sphere of Arhats won  
By these who with concupiscence have done.

The bliss that doth all sense of pain transcend,  
Unwavering, unconditioned, without end,  
Is by pure souls, now in Nirvāna, won  
Who with concupiscence long since have done."

[456] Thus did the Great Being, after bringing about their attainment of the Eternal Great Nirvāna, end his lesson. And the elves and mighty serpents and the like in the Himalayas, and the angels standing in the air, all applauded, saying, "Bravo! spoken with all the charm of a Buddha." Ānanda, the vulture king, Nārada, the brahmin angel, Puṇṇamukha, the royal cuckoo, each with his own following, retired to their respective places, and the Great Being too departed to his own abode. But the others from time to time returned and received instruction at the hands of the Great Being, and abiding by his admonition became destined to Heaven.

The Master here ended his lesson and identifying the Birth repeated the final stanza :

Udāyi royal cuckoo was, Ānanda vulture king,  
Good Sāriputta Nārada, Kuṇāla I that sing.

Thus are ye to understand this Birth.

Now these Brethren, when they came, came by the supernatural power of the Master, and on returning returned by their own power. And the Master revealed to them in the Great Forest the means by which ecstasy may be induced, and that very day they attained to Arhatship. There was a mighty gathering of angelic beings, so the Blessed One declared to them the Mahāsamaya-sutta (the discourse preached to a great company).

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Samkicca-Jātaka*, p. 139, *supra*.

<sup>2</sup> Nandana, a garden in Indra's heaven.



## No. 537.

MAHĀ-SUTASOMA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

"*Master of dainty flavours,*" etc. This story the Master while dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Elder, Aṅgulimāla<sup>2</sup>. The manner of his birth and admission to the priesthood is to be understood as fully described in the Aṅgulimāla-sutta. Now from the time when by an Act of Truth he saved the life of a woman having a difficult delivery he easily obtained offerings of food and by cultivating retirement he afterwards attained to Arhatship and became recognised as one of the eighty Great Elders. At that time they started this subject in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Oh! what a miracle, sirs, was wrought by the Blessed One in that he thus peacefully and without using any violence converted and humbled such a cruel and blood-stained robber as Aṅgulimāla: Oh! Buddhas verily do mighty works!" The Master seated in the Perfumed Chamber by his divine sense of hearing caught what was said and, knowing that to-day his coming would be very helpful and that there would be an exposition of a great doctrine, with the incomparable grace of a Buddha he went to the Hall of Truth and there sitting on the seat reserved for him he asked what theme they were discussing in conclave; and when they told him what it was he said, "There is no marvel, Brethren, in my converting him now [457], when I have attained to the highest enlightenment. I also tamed him when I was living in a previous stage of existence and in a condition of only limited<sup>3</sup> knowledge," and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king named Koravya exercised a righteous rule in the city of Indapatta, in the kingdom of Kuru. The Bodhisatta came to life as the child of his chief queen, and from his fondness for pressed soma juice they called him Sutasoma. When he was come of age his father sent him to Takkasilā to be educated by a teacher of world-wide fame. So taking his teacher's fee he started on his way there. At Benares, too, prince Brahmadata, son of the king of Kāsi, was sent by his father for a like purpose and set out upon the same road. In the course of his journey Sutasoma to rest himself sat down on a bench in a hall by the city gate. Prince Brahmadata, too, came and sat down with him on the same bench. After a friendly greeting Sutasoma asked him, saying, "Friend, you are tired with your journey. Whence have you come?" On his saying "From Benares," he asked whose son he was. "The son of Brahmadata." "And what is your name?" "Prince Brahmadata." "With what object are you come?" "To be instructed in arts," he replied. Then prince

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Jātaka-Mālā*, xxxi. The Story of Sutasoma, *Jāt.* vol. v. No. 513, *Jayadisa-Jātaka*, and *Cariyā-Piṭaka*, iii. 12. p. 100 (ed. by R. Morris).

<sup>2</sup> For the story of Aṅgulimāla see *Aṅgulimālasuttam* (*Majjhima Nikāya*, No. 86, vol. ii. pt. i. p. 97) and Hardy's *Manual*, pp. 257—261.

<sup>3</sup> *padesañānam*. See *Śikshāsamuccaya*, Index, p. 385, s.v. *prādeśika*, 1. local, provincial, 2. limited, as in *prādeśikayānam*, *Mahāvvyutpatti*, § 59.



Brahmadatta said, "You too are tired with your journey," and questioned him in like manner. And Sutasoma told him all about himself. And they both thought, "We are two princes going to receive instruction in arts at the hands of the same teacher," and struck up a friendship one with another. Then entering the city they repaired to the teacher's house and saluted him, and after declaring their origin they said they had come to be instructed in arts. He readily agreed with their proposals. Offering him the fee for instruction they entered upon their studies, and not merely they, but other princes who were at that time in India, to the number of one hundred and one, received instruction from the teacher. Sutasoma being the senior pupil soon attained to proficiency in teaching, and without visiting the others [458] he thought, "This is my friend," and went to prince Brahmadatta only, and becoming his private teacher<sup>1</sup> he soon educated him, while the others only gradually acquired their learning. They, too, after zealous application to their studies bade farewell to their teacher, and forming an escort to Sutasoma set out on their return journey. Then Sutasoma standing in front of them dismissed them, saying, "After you have given a proof of your learning to your respective fathers you will be established each in your own kingdom. When so established see that you obey my instructions." "What are they, Master?" "On the days of the new and full moon<sup>2</sup> to keep Uposatha vows and to abstain from taking the life of anything." They readily agreed to this. The Bodhisatta, from his power of prognosticating from personal appearance, knew that great danger would arise with regard to the prince of Benares in the future, and thus after due admonition he dismissed them. And they all returned to their own countries, and after an exhibition of their learning to their fathers succeeded to their respective kingdoms. And to make known this fact and that they were continuing in his admonition, together with a present, they sent letters to Sutasoma. The Great Being on learning the state of affairs answered their letters, bidding them be earnest in the faith. One of them, the king of Benares, never ate his rice meal without meat, and to observe a holy day they would take his meat and put it on one side. Now one day when the meat was thus reserved, by the carelessness of the cook the well-bred dogs in the king's palace ate it. The cook not finding it took a handful of coins and going a round failed to procure any meat and said, "If I should serve a meal without meat, I am a dead man. What am I to do?" But thinking, "There is still a way," late in the evening he went to a cemetery where dead bodies are exposed and taking some flesh from the thigh of a man who had just died, he roasted it

<sup>1</sup> *piṭṭhiācariya*. This word occurs in *Jāt.* vol. II. 100. 13, and in both passages seems to mean an *assistant teacher*, supplementing the master's teaching.

<sup>2</sup> For *pakkhadivasā*, the two chief fortnightly fast-days, see *Jāt.* III. 292. 19, 342. 5 and VI. 97. 3.



thoroughly and served it up as a meal. No sooner was a bit of the meat placed on the tip of the king's tongue than it sent a thrill through the seven thousand nerves of taste and continued to create a disturbance throughout his whole body. Why was this? From his having previously resorted to this food. For it is said that as a Yakkha, in the birth immediately preceding this, he had eaten quantities of human flesh, and so it was agreeable to his taste<sup>1</sup>. [459] The king thought, "If I shall eat this in silence, he will not tell me what this meat is," so in spitting he let a piece fall to the ground. When the cook said, "You may eat it, sire; there is nothing wrong with it," he ordered all his attendants to retire and said, "I know it is all right, but what meat is it?" "What your Majesty has enjoyed on previous days." "Surely the meat had not this flavour at any other time?" "It was well cooked to-day, sire." "Surely you cooked it exactly like this before?" Then seeing him reduced to silence he said, "Either tell me the truth or you are a dead man." So he prayed for an assurance of indemnity and told the exact truth. The king said, "Do not say a word about it. You are to eat the usual roast meat and cook human flesh only for me." "Surely this is a difficult matter, sire." "Do not be afraid: there is no difficulty." "Whence shall I be able to get it continually?" "Are there not numbers of men in prison?" Thenceforth he acted on this suggestion. By and bye, when prisoners failed him, he said, "What am I to do now?" The king said, "Throw down in the high road a parcel of a thousand pieces of money and seize as a thief any one that picks it up and put him to death." He did so. By and bye, not finding a creature so much as looking at the packet of money, he said, "Now what am I to do?" "At the time when a drum sounds the night watches, the city is crowded with people. Then, taking your stand in the cleft<sup>2</sup> of a house wall or at a cross-ways, strike down a man and carry off some of his flesh." From that day he used to come with some fat flesh, and in various places dead bodies were found. A sound of lamentation was heard, "I have lost my father, I have lost my mother, or brother or sister." The men of the city were panic-stricken and said, "Surely some lion or tiger or demon has devoured these people." On examining the bodies they saw what looked like a gaping wound and said, "Why it must be a man that eats their flesh!" The people gathered together in the palace-yard and made a complaint. The king asked, "What is it, my friends?" "Sire," they said, "in this city is some man-eating robber: have him

<sup>1</sup> Throughout the Jātakas demons called yakkhas are frequently mentioned as eating human flesh. The only cases of cannibalism are those of men who have either been reared by a yakkha or such as have been yakkhas in a previous birth, as in this story. Compare an interesting paper, "*Pisāca* = 'Ἄνοράγος," contributed by Dr Grier-son to the *R. A. S. J.* 1905, on legends connected with cannibalism in the modern Pisāca country.

<sup>2</sup> With *ghurasandhi*, a hole in the wall of a house, compare *Manu*, ix. 276.



seized." "How am I to know who it is? Am I to walk round and guard the city?" The people said [460], "The king has not a care for the city: we will report it to the commander-in-chief, Kālahatthi." They told him and said, "You must search for this robber." He answered, "Wait for seven days and I will seek out the robber and hand him over to you." And dismissing the people he gave orders to his officers, saying, "My friends, they say there is a man-eating robber in this city. You are to lay an ambuscade in various places and capture him." They said, "All right," and from that day they surround the whole city. Now the cook was concealed in a hole in the wall of a house and he killed a woman and began to fill his basket with pieces of solid flesh. So the officers seized and buffeted him, and tying his arms behind him they raised a loud cry, "We have caught the man-eating robber." A crowd of people gathered around them. Then beating him soundly and fastening the basket of flesh upon his neck they brought him before the commander-in-chief. On seeing him he thought, "Can it be that this fellow eats this flesh or does he mix it with other meat and sell it, or does he kill people at the bidding of somebody else?" And inquiring into the matter he spoke the first stanza:

Master of dainty flavours, what dire need  
Has urged thee on to do this dreadful deed?  
Hast thou for food to eat or wealth to gain,  
Misguided wretch, these men and women slain?

The verses that follow are of obvious connexion and are to be understood as uttered by alternate speakers in accordance with the scripture context:

Neither for wife or child, friends, kin or pelf,  
Nor did I slay this woman for myself;  
My gracious lord, the sovereign of this land,  
Eats human flesh: I sinned at his command.  
If thus suborned to sate thy master's greed  
Thou hast been guilty of this awful deed,  
[461] Let us at early dawn seek out the king  
And in his face the accusation fling.  
O Kālahatthi, worshipful good lord,  
So will I do according to thy word,  
At early dawn will I seek out the king  
And in his face this accusation fling.

So the commander had him laid down, firmly bound, and at dawn he took counsel with his officers, and as they were unanimous he stationed guards in every direction, and having got the city well in hand he bound the basket of flesh on the cook's neck and went off with him to the palace, and the whole city was in an uproar. The king had breakfasted the day before, but had gone without his supper and had spent the whole night in a sitting posture, expecting the cook to come every moment. "To-day, too," he thought, "no cook comes, and I hear a great uproar in the city. What



can it all be about?" and looking out of the window he saw the man being dragged thither as described, and thinking everything was discovered he plucked up his courage and took his seat on his throne. And Kālahatthi drew nigh and questioned him, and the king answered him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

'Twas now sunrise and day had scarce begun to break,  
As Kāla to the court with cook his way did take,  
And drawing nigh the king words such as these he spake.

'Sire, is it true this cook was sent into the street,  
And men and women slew to furnish thee with meat?'

[462] 'Kāla, 'tis even so; 'twas done at my request:  
Why blame him then for what he did at my behest?'

On hearing this the commander-in-chief thought, "With his own mouth he confesses it; Oh, the ruffian! all this long time he has been eating men: I will stop him from this," and he said, "Sire, do not this thing; eat not the flesh of men." "Kālahatthi, what is it you say? I cannot cease from it." "Sire, if you do not cease from it, you will destroy both yourself and your realm." "Even though my realm be destroyed, I cannot possibly cease from it." Then the commander, to bring him to a better mind, told him a story by way of illustration.

Once upon a time there were six monster fishes in the ocean. Amongst them were Ānanda, Timanda, Ajjhohāra—these three were five hundred leagues in extent—Titimīti, Mīngala, Timirapīngala—these were a thousand leagues long—and all of them fed upon the rock-sevāla<sup>1</sup> weed. Of them Ānanda dwelt on one side of the ocean and many fish came to see him. One day they thought, "Amongst all bipeds and quadrupeds kings are to be found, but we have no king: we will make this fish our king." And being all of one mind they made Ānanda their king, and from that day the fish evening and morning came to pay their respects to him. Now one day Ānanda on a certain mountain was feeding on rock-sevāla and unwittingly ate a fish, thinking it to be sevāla. [463] Its flesh was pleasing to his taste, and wondering what it could be that was so very sweet, he took it out of his mouth and looking at it found it was a piece of fish. He thought, "All this long time in my ignorance I never ate this: evening and morning when the fish come to pay their respects to me, I will devour one or two of them, for if when they are being eaten I make the fact too clear to them, not a single one will come near me, but they will all scurry off." So lying in concealment he struck at any that were retreating from behind and devoured them. The fish as their numbers gradually diminished thought, "From what quarter will this peril to our

<sup>1</sup> The aquatic plant *vallisneria*.



kind be threatening us?" Then a sage amongst them thought, "I am not satisfied with what Ānanda is doing: I will investigate what he is about," and when the fish came to pay homage to Ānanda, the sage hid himself in the lobe of Ānanda's ear. Ānanda on dismissing the fish devoured those that were straggling behind. The wise fish seeing it reported it to the others and they all were panic-stricken and fled. From that day Ānanda in his greedy longing for the flavour of fish refused every other kind of food. Growing sick from hunger he thought, "Where in the world can they be gone?" and in searching for them he espied a certain mountain and thought, "From fear of me the fish, methinks, are dwelling near this mountain. I will encircle it and keep a watch over it." So encircling it with his head and tail he compassed it on both sides, thinking, "If they live here, they will be for escaping," and catching sight of his own tail as it coiled round the mountain he thought, "This fish lives near the mountain and is trying to elude me," and in his rage he seized his own tail, which was fifty leagues long, and believing he had got hold of a fish, he devoured it with a crunching sound, suffering thereby excruciating pain. At the smell of the blood the fish gathered together, and pulling bit after bit out of Ānanda's tail ate it up till they reached his head. [464] Having such a big carcase he could not turn round but then and there came to his end. And there was a heap of bones as big as a mountain. Holy ascetics, male and female, travelling through space, saw it and told men of it. And the inhabitants of all India knew of it. Kālahatthi, by way of illustration, told this story and said:

Ānanda ate of every fish and when his suite had fled,  
He his own tail right greedily devoured till he was dead.

The slave to appetite no other pleasure knows,  
Poor careless fool, so blind is he to coming woes:  
He children, kith and kin in ruin low will lay,  
Then turns and rends himself, to monstrous greed a prey.

To these my words, O king, I pray thee, hearken well,  
Eat not the flesh of men; forego thy purpose fell:  
Lest thou perchance shouldst share that fish's awful fate  
And leave, O lord of men, thy kingdom desolate.

[465] On hearing this the king said, "Kālahatthi, I too know an example as well as you," and as an instance he told an old story in illustration of his greed for human flesh and said:

Sujāta's son and heir for some rose-apples loudly cried,  
For loss of them the lad so grieved, he laid him down and died.

So, Kāla, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,  
Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

Once upon a time, they say, a landed gentleman named Sujāta at Benares lodged in his park and ministered to five hundred ascetics who had come down from the Himalayas to procure salt and vinegar. Food



was constantly set out in his house for them, but these ascetics sometimes went on a pilgrimage for alms in the country and brought back pieces of big rose-apples to eat. When they were feeding on the rose-apples they had brought, Sujāta thought, "To-day it is the third or fourth day that these holy men have not come to me here. Where in the world can they have gone?" So making his little boy take hold of his hand he went there while they were taking their repast. At that moment a novice was giving the elders water to rinse their mouths and was eating a bit of rose-apple. Sujāta saluted the ascetics and when he was seated he asked, saying, "Holy sirs, what are you eating?" "Pieces of large rose-apples, sir." The boy on hearing this felt thirsty, so the leader of the company of ascetics had a small piece given to him. The boy ate it and was so charmed with the delicate flavour that he kept on continually begging them to give him another piece. The gentleman, who was listening to the preaching of the Law, said, "Do not cry; when you get home, you shall have a piece to eat," thus deceiving the boy for fear lest the holy Brethren might be worn out by his cries. So comforting the boy he took his leave of the band of ascetics and returned home. From the moment they arrived there the boy kept up a cry of "Give me a piece." The ascetics too said, "We have stayed here a long time," and departed for the Himalayas. Not finding the boy in the park the ascetics sent him a present of pieces of mangoes, rose-apples, bread-fruit, bananas and other fruits, all mixed with powdered sugar. This mixture was no sooner placed on the tip of his tongue than it acted like a deadly poison. For seven days he took no food and then died. [466] This story the king told by way of illustration. Then Kālahatthi thought, "This king is a great glutton: I will tell him further instances," and he said, "Great king, desist from this." "It is impossible," he said. "Should you not desist, you will gradually be dropped by your family circle and deprived of your kingly glory." Once upon a time too in this very Benares there was a brahmin family which kept the five Moral Precepts. An only son was born to this family, the darling and delight of his parents, a wise lad and well seen in the Three Vedas. He used to go about in the company of a band of youths of the same age as himself. The other members of the company ate fish, meat and similar food and took strong drink. The young boy neither ate meat nor drank strong drink. The thought struck them, "This boy because he takes no strong drink does not pay his reckoning: let us devise a plan to make him drink." So when they were gathered together, they said, "My friend, let us hold a festival." He said, "You drink strong drink but I do not. You go without me." "Friend, we will take some milk for you to drink." He consented, saying, "All right." The rogues went to the garden and tied up some fiery spirit in a leaf cup and put it amongst some lotus leaves. So when they began to drink they



offered the lad some milk. One of the rogues cried, "Bring us some lotus nectar," and having had it brought to him, he cut a hole in the bottom of the leaf cup placed in the lotus, and putting it to his mouth sucked it. The others too had some brought to them and drank it. The lad asked what it was and took some strong drink, believing it to be lotus nectar. Then they offered him some broiled meat and this too he ate. And when from repeated draughts of liquor he was intoxicated, they told him, "This is no lotus nectar: it is spirit." "All this long while," he said, "I never knew what a sweet taste was. Bring me more strong drink, I say!" They brought it and once more gave it him, for he was very thirsty. [467] Then when he asked for more, they told him it was all finished. He said, "Come, I say! fetch me some more," and gave them his signet ring. After drinking with them all the day, being now quite drunk and his eyes bloodshot, trembling and babbling, he went home and lay down. Then his father finding out he had been drinking, when the effects of it had passed off, said to him, "My son, you have done very wrong, being a member of a brahmin family, to drink strong drink: never do so again." "Dear father, what is my offence?" "Drinking strong drink." "How say you, father? in all my life I never before tasted anything so sweet." The brahmin repeatedly besought him to give it up. "I cannot do it," he said. Then the brahmin thought, "If this is so, our family tradition will be destroyed and our wealth will perish," and he repeated this stanza:

A scion of a brahmin house, withal a comely boy,  
Thou must not drink the accursèd thing no brahmin<sup>r</sup> may enjoy.

And after these words he said, "My dear son, abstain from it, otherwise I shall put you out of my house and have you banished from my kingdom." The lad said, "Even so, I cannot give up strong drink," and he repeated two stanzas:

Since, father, from this best of tastes thou fain wouldst me debar,  
To get it, where it may be found I'll go however far.

Depart will I in haste and ne'er dwell with thee any more,  
For now the very sight of me, methinks, thou dost abhor.

Moreover he said, "I will not abstain from dram drinking: do what you please." Then the brahmin, saying, "Well, as you give us up, we too will give you up," repeated this stanza:

[468] Surely some other sons we'll find as heirs our wealth to claim,  
Go, rascal, where we never more may hear thy cursèd name.

Then taking his son into court he disinherited him and had him driven out of his house. This youth later on, being a poor destitute wretch, put on a coarse garment, and taking a beggar's bowl in his hand he went round begging for alms, and resting against a wall so died. Kālahatthi relating



this incident by way of a lesson to the king, said, "If, sire, you refuse to hearken to our words, they will have you banished from the kingdom," and so saying he spoke this stanza :

So hearken well, O king of men, obeying my command,  
Or like that drunken youth wilt thou be banished from the land.

Even after the instance thus adduced by Kālahatthi, the king could not desist from his habit, and to illustrate yet another story he said :

Disciple of the Perfect Saints<sup>1</sup>, Sujāta, it is said,  
Abstained from food and drink through love felt for a heavenly maid.

As dewdrop on a blade of grass to waters of the sea,  
Is human love compared with love for some divinity.

So, Kāla, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,  
Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

The story is just like the one already related.

This Sujāta, they say, on seeing that the ascetics, at the time when they ate pieces of big rose-apple did not return, thought, "I wonder why they do not come back. If they are gone anywhere, I will find it out : otherwise I will listen to their preaching." So he went to the park and heard the Law preached by the leader of the company, and when the sun set, though he was dismissed he said, "I will remain here to-day," and saluting the company of saints he went into his hut of leaves and lay down. At night Sakka, king of heaven, accompanied by a troop of angelic beings, together with his handmaids, came to pay his respects to the band of ascetics, and the whole hermitage was one blaze of light. Sujāta, wondering what this might be, rose up and looking through a chink in his hut of leaves, saw Sakka come to salute the company [469], attended by a troop of heavenly Apsarasas, and no sooner did he see them than he was fired with passion. Sakka took a seat and after listening to a sermon on the Faith departed to his own abode. The landed proprietor next day saluted the ascetics and asked, saying, "Who was it, reverend sirs, came in the night to pay his respects to you?" "Sakka, sir." "And who were those that sat round about him?" "They are called heavenly Apsarasas." Saluting the band of ascetics he went home and from the moment he got there he kept up a foolish cry of "Give me an Apsaras." His kinsmen, standing about him, wondered if he were possessed of an evil spirit, and snapped their fingers. He said, "It is not this snapping of the fingers I speak of, but of the heavenly Apsaras<sup>2</sup>." And when they dressed up and brought to him a wife or even a courtesan and said, "Here is an Apsaras," he said, "This is no Apsaras, it is a female ghou!, and went on with his

<sup>1</sup> For *bhūvitattā* compare *Dhamma Saṅgaṇi*, English translation, p. 138.

<sup>2</sup> The Pali here has a play upon the two meanings of the word *accharā*, a heavenly nymph, and a snapping of the fingers.



foolish cry, "Give me an Apsaras," and taking no food he died. On hearing this Kālahatthi said, "This king is a great glutton : I will bring him to a better mind." And he said, "The golden geese too that travel through the air perished from eating the flesh of their kin," and to illustrate this he repeated two stanzas:

Just as these dhatarattha geese that travel through the air  
All died because they lived upon a most unnatural fare,  
So too do thou, O king of men, list well to what I say,  
For eating this unlawful food, thee too they'll drive away.

Once upon a time, they say, ninety thousand geese dwelt in Golden Cave on mount Cittakūṭa. For four months in the rainy season they do not stir out. If they should do so, their wings being full of water, they would be unable to take a long flight and would fall into the sea, and therefore they do not stir out, but when the rainy season is drawing near, they gather wild paddy from a natural lake, and filling their cave with it live upon rice. But no sooner had they entered the cave than an unṇanābhi spider as big as a chariot wheel at the entrance of the cave used to spin a web every month, and each thread of it was as thick as a cow's halter. The geese give two portions of food to a young goose, thinking he will then be able to break through the web. [470] When the sky clears, this young goose being in front of them severs the web and the rest all escape by the same way. Now once the rainy season lasted five months, and the food of the geese grew short. They consulted as to what was to be done and said, "If we are to live, we must take the eggs." First they ate the eggs, then the goslings and after that the old geese. At the end of five months the rain left off, the spider had spun five webs, and the geese from eating the flesh of their kin had grown feeble. The young goose that had received a double portion of food, striking at the webs broke four of them but could not break the fifth, and stuck there. So the spider cut off his head and drank his blood. First one and then another came and struck the web, and the spider said, "Here's another of them stuck in the same place," and sucked the blood of all of them, and at that time the family of the dhatarattha geese became extinct, they say. The king was anxious to give yet another illustration, but the citizens rising up said, "My lord commander, what do you propose to do? How will you proceed now you have caught the man-eating rogue? If he does not give it up, have him expelled from his kingdom," and they would not suffer the king to say a word. Hearing the common talk of the people, the king was terrified and could say nothing more, and once again the commander said to him, "Sire, will it be possible for you to give it up?" "Impossible," he said. So the commander placed on one side all his harem, his sons and his daughters, arrayed in all their splendour, and said, "Sire, behold this circle of your kinsfolk, this band of councillors



and your royal pomp: be not undone, but cease from eating man's flesh." The king said, "All this is not dearer to me than man's flesh." "Then depart, sire, from this city and kingdom." "Kālahatthi," he said, "I do not want my kingdom; I am ready to depart, but grant me one favour; let me have my sword and my cook." So they let him take a sword, a vessel for cooking man's flesh and a basket, and giving him his cook they carried out his expulsion from the kingdom. [471] Taking his cook he set out from the city and entered a forest and made his dwelling at the foot of a banyan tree. Living there he would take his stand on the road which led through the forest, and killing men he would bring their bodies and give them to the cook, and he cooked the flesh and served it up and both of them lived after this manner. And when he sallied forth, crying, "Here am I, the man-eating robber!" no one could hold his own, and they all fell to the ground and any one of them that he fancied, he seized, heels upwards or not as it might happen, and gave him to his cook. One day, he did not find any man in the forest, and when on his return the cook said, "How is this, sire?" he told him to put the pot on the brasier. "But where is the meat, sire?" "Oh! I will find some meat," he said. Thought the cook, "I am a dead man," and all of a tremble he made a fire and put the pot on the brasier. Then the man-eater killed him with a stroke of his sword and cooked and ate his flesh. Thenceforth he was quite alone and had to cook his food himself. The rumour spread throughout all India, "The man-eater murders wayfaring men." At that time a certain wealthy brahmin who traded with five hundred waggons was travelling from the east in a westerly direction and he thought, "This man-eating robber, they say, murders men on the road. By a payment of money I will make my way through the forest." So he paid a thousand pieces of money to the people who lived at the entrance of the forest, bidding them convoy him safely through it and set out on the road with them. He placed all his caravan in front of him, and having bathed and anointed himself and put on sumptuous apparel he seated himself in an easy carriage drawn by white oxen, and escorted by his convoy he travelled last of all. The man-eater climbing up a tree was on the look out for men, but though he felt no appetite for any of the rest of the convoy, no sooner did he catch sight of the brahmin than his mouth watered through desire to eat him. When the brahmin came up to him, [472] he proclaimed his name, crying, "Here am I, the man-eating robber," and brandishing his sword, like to one filling men's eyes with sand, he leaped upon them and no man was able to stand up against him, but they all fell prone upon the ground. Seizing the brahmin as he sat in his easy carriage by the foot he slung him on his back, head downwards, and striking his head against his heels so carried him off. The men rising up cried one to another, "Ho! my man, bestir yourself. We received a thousand pieces of money from the



brahmin's hands. Who amongst us wears the semblance of a man? Let us, one and all, strong man or weakling, pursue him for a short space." They pursued him and the man-eater stopped and looked back, and not seeing anyone went slowly on. At that moment a bold fellow running at full speed came up with him. On seeing him, the robber leaping over a fence trod upon an acacia splinter<sup>1</sup> which, wounding him, came out at the top of his foot, and the robber went limping along with the blood trickling from the wound. Then his pursuer on seeing it said, "Surely I have wounded him: you just follow on behind and I will catch him." They saw how feeble he was and joined in the pursuit. When the robber saw that he was pursued he dropped the brahmin and secured his own safety. The brahmin's escort as soon as they had recovered him thought, "What have we got to do with this robber?" and turned back. But the man-eater, going to the foot of his banyan tree, lay down amongst the shoots and offered up a prayer to the spirit of the tree, saying, "My lady, nymph of the tree, if within seven days thou canst heal my wound, I will bathe thy trunk with blood from the throats of one hundred and one princes from all India, and will hang the tree all round with their inwards and offer up a sacrifice of the five sweet kinds of flesh." Now, in consequence of having nothing to eat or drink, his body wasted away, and within the seven days his wound healed. He recognised that his cure was due to the tree-nymph, and in a few days he recovered his strength by eating man's flesh and thought, "The spirit has been very helpful to me. I will discharge my vow." Taking his sword he sallied forth from the foot of the tree [473] and set out, purposing to bring the kings. Now, a Yakkha which had gone about as his comrade, eating man's flesh with him, when in a former existence he himself had been a Yakkha, caught sight of him and knowing that he had in a former existence been his friend he asked him, saying, "Do you not recognise me, friend?" "I do not," he said. Then he told him about something they had done in a former state and the man-eater recognised him and gave him a kind greeting. When asked where he had been reborn, he told him of his place of birth and how he had been banished from his kingdom and where he was now living. He told him moreover how he was wounded by a splinter and that he was now going on an expedition to redeem his promise to the tree-nymph. "I must get over this difficulty of mine by your help: we will go together, my friend," he said. "I cannot go, but there is one service I can render you. I certainly know a spell characterised by words of priceless value. It ensures strength, speed of foot, and an increase of prestige. Learn this spell." He readily agreed to

<sup>1</sup> The construction of this passage is not very clear, even if one takes *khānum* to be a nominative as *dhanum*, *Jat.* II. 88. 14. Perhaps *khānum piṭṭhipādena nikkhami* means, he got rid of the splinter by rubbing the top of the other foot against it.



this, and the goblin gave it to him and went off. The man-eater got the spell by heart, and from that time became swift as the wind and very bold. Within seven days he found a hundred and one kings on their ways to parks and other places and leaped upon them with the swiftness of the wind, proclaiming his name, and by jumping about and shouting he greatly terrified them. Then he seized them by the feet and held them head downwards, and striking their heads with his heels carried them off with the swiftness of the wind. Next he drilled holes in the palms of their hands and hung them up by a cord on the banyan tree, and the wind striking them as they just touched the ground with the tips of their toes, they hung on the tree, revolving like withered wreaths of flowers in baskets. But he thought, "Sutasoma was my private teacher: let not India be altogether desolate," and did not bring him. Being minded to make an offering to the tree he lighted a fire and sat down, sharpening a stake. The tree-nymph on seeing this thought, "He is preparing to offer sacrifice to me, but it was not I that healed his wound: [474] he will now make a great slaughter. What is to be done? I shall not be able to stop him." So she went and told the Four Great Kings of it and bade them stop him. When they said they could not do it, she approached Sakka and told him the whole story and asked him to stop him. He said, "I cannot do it, but I will tell you some one who can." She said, "Who is that?" "In the world, of men and gods," he answered, "there is no one else, but in the city of Indapatta in the Kuru kingdom is Sutasoma, prince of Kuru. He will tame and humble this man and will save the lives of these kings, and cure him of eating human flesh and will shower nectar over all India. If you are anxious to save the lives of the kings, bid him first bring Sutasoma and then offer his sacrifice to the tree." "All right," said the tree-spirit and went quickly, disguised as an ascetic, and approached close to the man-eater. At the sound of footsteps he thought, "Can one of the kings have escaped?" Looking up and seeing him he thought, "Ascetics surely are kshatriyas. If I capture him, I shall make up the full number of one hundred and one kings and offer my sacrifice<sup>1</sup>." He rose up and sword in hand pursued the ascetic, but though he chased him for three leagues he could not overtake him, and streams of sweat poured from his limbs. He thought, "I once could pursue and catch an elephant, or horse, or chariot going at full speed, but to-day though I am running with all my might I cannot catch this ascetic who is going just his natural pace. What can be the reason for this?" Then thinking, "Ascetics are accustomed to obey: if I bid him stand and he does so, I shall catch him," he cried, "Stand, holy sir." "I am standing," he answered, "do you too try and

<sup>1</sup> As Sutasoma was left behind, one more victim was still wanting to complete the number.



stand." Then he said, "Ho there! ascetics even to save their life do not tell a lie, but you speak falsely," and he repeated this stanza:

[475] Although I bid thee stand, thou still dost forward fly,  
And crying 'Lo! I stand,' methinks thou dost but lie:  
Unseemly 'tis; this sword, O priest, thou must assume  
To be a harmless shaft equipped with heron's plume<sup>1</sup>.

Then the nymph spoke a couple of stanzas:

Steadfast in righteousness am I,  
Nor change my name or family,  
Here robbers but brief moment dwell,  
Soon doomed to pass to woes of hell.

Be bold and captive here great Sutasoma bring  
And by his sacrifice shalt thou win heaven, O king.

With such words the nymph put off her disguise as an ascetic and stood revealed in her own form, blazing in the sky like the sun. The man-eater hearing what she had to say and beholding her form asked who she was, and on her replying that she had come to life as the spirit of this tree, he was delighted and thinking, "I have looked upon my tutelary divinity," he said, "O heavenly sovereign, be not troubled by reason of Sutasoma, [476] but enter once more into thine own tree." The spirit entered into the tree before his very eyes. At that moment the sun set and the moon arose. The man-eater being versed in the Vedas and their auxiliaries and acquainted with the movements of the astral bodies, looking at the sky, thought, "To-morrow it will be the Phussa asterism; Sutasoma will come to the park to bathe and then will I lay hands upon him. But as he will have a strong guard and the dwellers throughout all India will come to guard him for three leagues around, at the first watch, before the guard is posted, I will go to the Migācira park and descend into the royal tank and there take my stand." So he went down into the tank and stood there, covering his head with a lotus leaf. By reason of his great glory the fish, tortoises and the like fell back and swam about in large bodies at the water's edge. Whence, it may be asked, came this glory of his? From his devotion in a former existence. For at the time when Kassapa was Buddha, he started a distribution of milk by ticket. Owing to this he became very mighty, and having got the Assembly of the Brethren to erect a hall for a fire to dispel the cold, he provided fire, firewood and an axe to cleave the wood. As the result of this he became famous.—So now when he had gone into the garden, while it was still early dawn, they picked a guard for three leagues round about, and king Sutasoma quite early in the morning after breakfast, mounted on a richly caparisoned elephant, with a complete force of four arms, sallied from the city. At that very moment a brahmin named Nanda from Takkasilā,

<sup>1</sup> A heron's feather was fixed on an arrow.



bringing with him four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money, reached the city after a journey of one hundred and twenty leagues, and took up his abode in a suburb. At sunrise on entering the city he saw the king issuing forth by the eastern gate, and raising his hand he cried, "Victory to the king." Now the king being far-sighted, as he was riding along, saw the outstretched hand of the brahmin as he stood on some rising ground, and drawing nigh to him on his elephant he spoke after this manner :

Born in what realm and why, I pray,  
Dost hither come, O brahmin, say;  
[477] This said, to-day I grant to thee  
Thy prayer, whatever it may be.

Then the brahmin answered him :

Four verses, mighty king, to thee  
Of import deep as is the sea  
I hither bring; list to them well,  
Secrets of highest worth they tell.

"Great king," he said, "these four verses taught me by the Buddha Kassapa are worth a hundred pieces of money each, and having heard that you take pleasure in libations<sup>1</sup> of soma juice, I am come to teach you." The king was greatly pleased and said, "Master, in this you have done well, but it is impossible for me to turn back. To-day, because it is the Phussa conjunction, it is the day for bathing my head: when I return I will listen to you. Be not dissatisfied with me." And with these words he bade his councillors, saying, "Go ye and in a certain house of a brahmin prepare a couch and arrange a dining place under cover," and he retired into his park. This was girt about by a wall eighteen cubits high and guarded all round by elephants within touch of one another. Then came horses, then chariots, and finally archers and other foot-soldiers—like a mighty troubled ocean was the army that had been transported thither. The king, when he had put off his heavy adornments and had been shaved and shampooed, bathed in all his royal majesty in the lotus tank, and coming up out of the water he stood there clad in bathing garments, and they brought him scented garlands to adorn him. The man-eater thought, "When he is fully dressed, the king must be a heavy weight. I will seize him just when he is light to carry." [478] So shouting and jumping about and whirling a sword above his head as quick as lightning he proclaimed his name, crying, "Ho! here am I, the man-eating robber," and he laid his finger on his forehead<sup>2</sup> and stepped out of the water. As soon as they heard his cry, the elephant-riders with their elephants, the horsemen with their horses, and the charioteers with their chariots fell to the ground, and all the host of them dropping the weapons they held lay

<sup>1</sup> *suta*. A play upon the double meaning of the word, *juice* and *sacred literature*.

<sup>2</sup> As a mark of reverence for the Bodhisatta.



prone upon their bellies. The man-eater seized Sutasoma, holding him erect. The rest of the kings he had caught by the foot and held head downwards and had gone off with them, knocking their heads against his heels, but in coming up to the Bodhisatta he stooped down and lifting him up placed him on his shoulders. Thinking it would be a roundabout way by the gate he leaped over the wall, eighteen cubits high, at the point where it faced him, and going forward he trampled on the temples of elephants exuding the juice of rut, overthrowing them as it were mountain peaks. Next he trod on the backs of the horses—swift as the wind were they and of priceless worth—laying them also low. Then as he stepped on the fronts of the splendid chariots, he was like to one whirling a humming top<sup>1</sup> or as it were one crushing the dark green phalaka<sup>2</sup> plant or banyan leaves, and at a single burst he ran a distance of three leagues. Then wondering if anyone were following to rescue Sutasoma, he looked and seeing no one he went on slowly. Noticing the drops that fell upon him from Sutasoma's hair he thought, "There is no man living free from the fear of death : Sutasoma, too, methinks, is weeping from this fear," and he said :

Men versed in lore, in whom high thoughts arise,  
Such never weep, the learned and the wise;  
All find herein a refuge and a stay,  
That sages thus can sorrow drive away.  
Is it thy kin, wife, child, perchance thyself,  
Thy stores of grain, thy gold and silver pelf—  
[479] What, Sutasoma, caused thy tears to flow?  
Great Kuru lord, thy answer we would know.

Sutasoma said :

Nay, I no tears am shedding for myself,  
Nor for my wife or child, my realm or pelf.  
The practice of the saints of old I keep,  
And for a promise unfulfilled I weep.  
Once to a brahmin I my word did plight,  
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might;  
That plighted word I fain would keep and then,  
My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said :

I'll not believe if any one should be  
By happy chance from jaws of death set free,  
He would return to yield him to his foe;  
No more wouldst thou, if I should let thee go.  
[480] Escaped from fierce man-eater shouldst thou come,  
Full of sweet longings, to thy royal home,  
Dear life with all its charms restored to thee,  
Why in the world shouldst thou come back to me?

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Bālarāmāyana*, Act ix. Stanza 51, *bhramarakabhrāman bhrāmyate rathah*.

<sup>2</sup> *phalaka*, the plant *Mesua Roxburghii*, or it might be the seed-pods of the lotus. In *Jāt.* vol. i. 304. 26, 28, and *Jāt.* vol. ii. 68. 17, we find *phulakattharasayana*, a bed of phalaka leaves.



On hearing this the Great Being, like a lion still fearless, said :

If innocent, a man would death prefer  
To life o'erclouded with some odious slur;  
Should he, to save his life, a falsehood tell,  
It may not shield him from the woes of hell.

<sup>1</sup>The wind may sooner move some mountain high,  
Or sun and moon to earth fall from the sky,  
Yea, rivers all up stream may flow, my lord,  
Ere I be guilty of one lying word.

Though he spoke thus, the man-eater still did not believe him. So the Bodhisatta, thinking, "He does not believe me; by means of an oath I will make him believe," said, "Good Mister Man-eater, let me down from your back and I will take an oath and make you believe me." After these words he was let down by the man-eater and placed upon the ground, and in taking an oath he said :

[481] Lo! as I touch this spear and sword  
To thee I pledge my solemn word,  
Release me and I will debt-free,  
My honour saved, return to thee.

Then the man-eater thought, "This Sutasoma swears under penalty of violating kshatriya rules. What do I want with him? Well, I too am a kshatriya king. I will take blood from my own arm and make an offering to the spirit of the tree. This is a very faint-hearted fellow." And he said :

The word thou once didst to a brahmin plight,  
What time in thine own realm thou ruledst with might,  
That plighted word I bid thee keep and then,  
Thy honour saved, return to me again.

Then the Great Being said, "My friend, do not vex yourself. After I have heard the four verses, each worth a hundred pieces of money, and have made an offering to the preacher of the Law, I will return at daybreak." And he spoke this stanza :

The word I once did to a brahmin plight,  
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,  
That plighted word I first will keep and then,  
My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said : "You have taken an oath under penalty of violating the custom of kshatriyas. See that you act accordingly." "My man-eating friend," he said, "you have known me from a boy : never even in jest have I aforesaid told a lie, and now that I am established on the throne and know right and wrong, why should I lie? Trust me, [482] I will provide an offering for you." Being induced to believe him he said, "Well, sire, depart, and, if you do not return, there can be no offering and

<sup>1</sup> These verses have occurred in vol. iv. p. 286, English version.



the spirit does not agree to it without you : do not place any obstacle in the way of my offering," and he let the Great Being go. Like the moon escaped from the jaws of Rāhu and with the strength of a young elephant he speedily reached the city. And his soldiers thought, " King Sutasoma is wise and a sweet preacher of the Law. If he can have a word or two with him he will convert the man-eater and will return, like a furious elephant escaping from the lion's mouth." And thinking, "The people will chide us and say, 'After giving up your king to the man-eater are ye come back to us?'" they remained encamped outside the city walls, and when they saw him coming from afar off they went out to meet him and saluting him with a friendly greeting they asked, " Were you not, sire, heartily sick of the man-eater?" " The man-eater," he said, "did something far harder than anything my parents ever did. For being such a fierce and violent creature, after listening to my preaching of the Law, he let me go." Then they decked out the king and mounting him on an elephant escorted him into the city. On seeing him the inhabitants rejoiced, and owing to his zeal for the Law, he did not visit his parents but thinking, "I will see them by and bye," he entered his palace and took his seat upon his throne. Then he summoned the brahmin and gave orders for him to be shaved, and when his hair and beard had been trimmed and he was washed and anointed and decked out with brave apparel, they brought him to the king. And when the brahmin was presented, Sutasoma himself afterwards took a bath and ordered his own food to be given to the brahmin, and when he had eaten he himself partook of the food. Then he seated the brahmin on a costly throne and to mark his reverence for him he made offerings of scented garlands and the like to him, and seating himself on a low seat he prayed him, saying, " Master, we would hear the verses which you have brought to us."

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To throw light upon this the Master said :

Released from fierce man-eater's hand he flies  
 To brahmin friend and 'Fain would we,' he cries,  
 [483] 'Hear stanzas worth a hundred pieces each,  
 Us for our good if thou wouldst deign to teach.'

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The brahmin, when the Bodhisatta made his request, after shampooing his hands with perfumes, pulling a beautiful book out of a bag took it in both hands and said : " Well, sire, listen to my four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money ; they were taught me by Kassapa Buddha, and are destructive of passion, pride and similar vices, and procure for man the removal of desire, the cessation of the faculties, even the eternal mighty Nirvāṇa, to the decay of lust, the cutting of the circle of transmigration



and the rooting out of attachment," and with these words, looking at his book, he repeated these stanzas :

In union with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be,  
And ne'er consort with evil men and peace shall compass thee.

With holy men consorting aye, as friends such only know,  
From holy men true doctrine learn and daily better grow.

As painted cars of royalty wax dim and fade away,  
So too our bodies frail wear out and suffer swift decay.  
But Faith of holy men abides and never waxes old,  
Good men proclaim it to the good through ages yet untold.

The sky above us stretches far, far stretches earth below,  
And lands beyond the boundless sea far distant are we know,  
But greater still than all of these and wider in its reach  
Is doctrine whether good or bad that saints or sinners preach.

[484] Thus did the brahmin teach him the four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces, just as he had been taught them by Kassapa Buddha, and then remained silent. The Great Being was delighted at hearing them and said, "My journey here is not without its reward," and thinking, "These verses are not merely the words of a disciple or a saint nor the work of a poet, but were spoken by the Omniscient One; I wonder what they are worth. Though one were to give a whole world that extends to the Brahma heaven, after filling it with the seven precious things, one could not make an adequate return for these stanzas. Surely I can give him sovereignty in the city of Indapatta covering seven leagues in the realm of Kuru, which extends over three hundred leagues. Doubtless it is his merited fate to be king." But regarding him with the power he possessed of divining a man's future from his personal appearance, he found no such signs. Then he bethought him of the office of commander-in-chief and similar posts, but did not find that he was destined even to the headship of a single village. Next, considering the case of acquisition of wealth and starting from a crore of money he found he was destined to receive four thousand pieces, and thinking to honour him with just this sum he bestowed on him four purses containing a thousand pieces each and he asked him, saying, "Master, when you teach other princes these verses, how much do you receive?" "A hundred for each one, sire," he said, "so they are worth just a hundred pieces." The Great Being said, "Master, you are ignorant of the priceless value of the goods you hawk about. Henceforth let them be considered worth a thousand pieces," and so saying he repeated this stanza :

Not hundreds merely are they worth, nay thousands rather say,  
So brahmin here four thousand take and, quick, with them away.

Then he presented him with an easy carriage [485] and gave orders to his men, saying, "Convey this brahmin safely to his home," and so dismissed him. At this moment loud sounds of applause were heard and cries of "Bravo, bravo! king Sutasoma has highly honoured these verses, deeming



worth a thousand pieces what was valued at a hundred." The king's parents hearing the noise asked what it meant, and on learning the true state of things, by reason of their covetousness were angry with the Great Being, but after dismissing the brahmin he went to them and stood saluting them. Then his father said, "My son, you have escaped from the hands of one described as a fierce robber," and instead of expressing pleasure at seeing him, through his greed of money he asked, "Is it true what they say, that you gave four thousand pieces of money for hearing four stanzas," and on his confessing it was so, his father repeated this verse :

Verses may be worth eighty pieces each,  
Or e'en a hundred may in value reach,  
But, Sutasoma, thou thyself must own  
A stanza worth a thousand is unknown.

Then the Great Being, to induce him to see things in a different light, said, "Dear father, it is not increase in wealth I desire, but increase in learning," and he uttered these stanzas :

Increase in holy lore I most desire  
And to the friendship of the saints aspire ;  
No rivers can the void of ocean fill,  
So I good words imbibe, insatiate still.

As flames for wood and grass insatiate roar,  
And seas aye fed with streams crave more and more,  
E'en so do sages, mighty lord of lords,  
Insatiate hearken to well-spoken words.

If from the mouth of my own slave I e'er  
Should verses full of deepest import hear,  
[486] His words I would accept with honour due,  
Unsated still with doctrines good and true.

After having thus spoken he said, "Do not just for the sake of money blame me. I have come here, after swearing an oath that when I had heard the Truth I would return. Now then I will go back to this monster ; do you then accept this sovereignty," and handing it over to him he spoke this stanza :

This realm is thine with all its wealth of gold,  
Trappings of state and joy and bliss untold.  
Why blame, should I from sensual pleasures fly  
And at man-eater's hand go forth to die ?

At this moment the heart of the king's father grew hot within him and he said, "What, my dear Sutasoma, is this you say ? I will come with a complete host of all four arms<sup>1</sup> and will seize the robber," and he repeated this stanza :

For our defence lo ! valiant soldiers come,  
Some riding elephants, on chariots some,  
Foot-soldiers these, these horsemen armed with bow—  
Marshal our host and let us slay our foe.

<sup>1</sup> Elephants, cavalry, chariots, and infantry.



Then his father and mother, their eyes swimming with tears, besought him, saying, "Go not, my son, nay, you cannot go," and sixteen thousand dancing girls and the rest of his suite lamented and said, "Leaving us helpless, whither wouldst thou go, sire?" and no one throughout the city could restrain his feelings and they said, "He has come, they tell us, after giving a promise to the man-eater, and now [487] that he has heard four stanzas worth a hundred pieces each and has paid due honour to the preacher of the Law and bidden farewell to his parents, he will return once more to the robber," and the whole city was greatly stirred. And on hearing what his father and mother said, he repeated this stanza :

Wondrous this deed of our man-eating foe,  
To capture me alive and let me go.  
Calling to mind his friendly acts of yore  
How can I violate the oath I swore?

Comforting his parents he said, "Dear father and mother, be not anxious about me: I have wrought a virtuous action, and mastery over the desires of the six senses<sup>1</sup> is no hard matter," and bidding farewell to his parents he admonished the rest of the people and so departed.

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The Master, to make the matter clear, said :

Farewell to parents said, with counsel wise  
Townsmen and soldiers he did straight advise,  
Then true to plighted word refused to lie  
And to man-eater back again did hie.

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Then the man-eater thought, "If my friend Sutasoma wishes to return let him return, otherwise not, and let my tree-spirit [488] do whatsoever she pleases, and I will put these princes to death and make an offering of their flesh with the five sweet things." So he reared a funeral pile and kindled a fire, thinking he would wait till the coal was red hot, and while he sat and sharpened his spit Sutasoma returned. Then the man-eater at the sight of him was glad at heart and asked, saying, "My friend, have you gone and done what you wanted to do?" The Great Being said, "Yes, your majesty, I have heard the stanzas that were taught the brahmin by the Kassapa Buddha, and I paid due honour to the preacher of the Truth, and so I have come back, having done the thing I had to do." To illustrate this, he repeated this stanza :

My word I once did to a brahmin plight,  
What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,  
And now that I have kept my plighted word  
And saved my honour, have returned, my lord.  
So slay and offer me to thy tree-sprite  
Or for man's flesh sate thy fell appetite.

<sup>1</sup> See *Jātaka*, III. 234. 18.



On hearing this the man-eater thought, "This king has no fear ; he speaks with all the terrors of death dispelled. I wonder from whence comes this power. It can be nothing else. He says, 'I have heard the verses that the Kassapa Buddha taught.' This supernatural power must come from them. I will make him utter these verses in my hearing, and so will I too be free from all fear." And being so resolved he repeated this stanza :

The fire still smokes: though I somewhat delay,  
I forfeit not the right to eat my prey.  
Meat roast o'er embers clear is roasted well;  
These strains a hundred pieces worth, come, tell.

[489] The Great Being on hearing this thought, "This man-eater is a sinner: I will rebuke him somewhat and by my words I will put him to shame," and he said :

Thou, O man-eater, art a wicked wight,  
Fall'n from thy throne through carnal appetite;  
These verses do proclaim the Right to me,  
But how, I pray, can Right and Wrong agree?

To wicked robber, one whose hands are steeped in gore,  
Whence cometh Truth or Right? What profits holy lore?

Even when addressed in these words the man-eater was not angry. Why was this? It was owing to the mighty power of charity in the Great Being. So he said, "Am I only, friend Sutasoma, unrighteous?" and he repeated this stanza :

The man that hunts a beast to make him savoury meat,  
And one that slays a man, his fellow's flesh to eat,  
Both after death in guilt are counted much the same:  
Then why am I alone for wickedness to blame?

On hearing this the Great Being, in refuting his heresy, repeated this stanza :

Of five-clawed things a warrior prince all witting five may eat,  
Wicked art thou, O king, in that thou eat'st forbidden meat.

[490] On receiving this rebuke, as he saw no other means of escape, he tried to conceal his own wrong-doing and repeated this stanza :

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come  
Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,  
And then to foe entrust thy life once more?  
Well versed art thou, forsooth, in astral lore!

Then the Great Being said, "Friend, one like me must be well versed in the lore of kshatriyas. I know it well, but I do not regulate my actions accordingly," and he spoke this stanza :



All such as are in kshatriya doctrine<sup>1</sup> versed  
 In hell are mostly doomed to life accursed.  
 Therefore I have all kshatriya lore abhorred  
 And here returned, true to my plighted word :  
 Make then thy sacrifice and eat me up, dread lord.

The man-eater said :

Palatial halls, broad acres, steeds and kine,  
 Perfumes, rich robes and many a concubine,  
 All these as mighty lord thou holdst in fee—  
 In Truth what blessing, prithee, dost thou see?

[491] The Bodhisatta said :

Of all the sweets this world can yield to me  
 None sweeter than the joys of Truth I see :  
 Brahmins and priests that in the Truth abide,  
 Birth, death, escaping, reach the further side.

Thus did the Great Being discourse to him of the blessing of Truth. Then the man-eater, regarding his face, glorious as a lotus in bloom or as the full moon, thought, "This Sutasoma sees me preparing a pile of embers and sharpening a spit and yet does not show an atom of fear. Can this be the magic power in these verses that are worth a hundred pieces or does it arise from some other truth? I will ask him." And in the form of a question he repeated this stanza :

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come  
 Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,  
 And then once more return to meet thy foe?  
 Thou, surely, prince, no fear of death canst know,  
 To keep thy plighted word and worldly lusts forego.

The Great Being in answer to him said :

As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,  
 My bounteous offerings are known to fame,  
 To the next world a path I have kept clear :  
 Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

[492] As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,  
 My bounteous offerings are known to fame,  
 With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,  
 So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

My parents have I cherished with fond care,  
 My rule wins praise as eminently fair,  
 To the next world a path I have kept clear :  
 Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

My parents have I cherished with fond care,  
 My rule wins praise as eminently fair,  
 With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,  
 So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

<sup>1</sup> See *supra*, p. 123, where by kshatriya doctrine it is maintained that a man is justified in doing evil to serve his own interests.



To friends and kin due service I have done,  
My rule was just and praise from all has won,  
With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,  
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,  
Yea, priests and brahmins fully satisfied,  
To the next world a path I have kept clear:  
Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,  
Yea priests and brahmins fully satisfied,  
With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,  
So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

[493] On hearing this the man-eater thought, "This king Sutasoma is a good and wise man: supposing I were to eat him, my skull would split into seven pieces, or the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up," and being terrified he said, "My friend, you are not the sort of man that I ought to eat," and he repeated this stanza:

He knowingly would quaff a poison cup  
Or fiery snake, so fell and fierce, take up,  
Yea into fragments seven his head would fly  
That dares to eat a man that cannot lie.

Thus did he address the Great Being, saying, "You are, as it were, a deadly poison, methinks; who will eat you?" and being anxious to hear those verses he besought him to tell him them, and when in order to produce a due reverence for holy things his prayer was rejected by the Great Being, on the ground that he was no proper recipient of verse of such unexceptionable morality, he said, "In all India there is no sage like this, for when he was released from my hand he went and heard these verses, and after paying due honour to the preacher of the Law he came back again with death written on his forehead. These verses must be of transcendent excellence," and being still more filled with a reverent desire to hear them, he besought the Great Being and repeated this stanza:

Hearing the Truth men soon discern betwixt the good and ill;  
Perchance if heard these strains my heart with joy in Truth may fill.

Then the Great Being thought, "The man-eater is now eager to hear: I will reveal them to him," and he said, "Well then, my friend, listen carefully," and having gained his attention he sang the praises of these verses exactly as he was taught them by the brahmin Nanda, while the gods in the six worlds of sense all broke into one loud cry [494], and the angels in heaven shouted applause, and the Great Being thus proclaimed the Truth to the man-eater:

In union with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Here follow the four stanzas already given *supra*, p. 264.



Owing to these verses being so well delivered by the Great Being and to the fact that he himself was wise, the man-eater thought, "These stanzas are, as it were, the words of an Omniscient Buddha," and his whole body thrilled with the five kinds of joy, and he felt a tender pity for the Bodhisatta and regarded him in the light of a father that was ready to confer on him the white umbrella of royalty. And he thought, "I see no offerings of yellow gold to give to Sutasoma, but for each stanza I will grant him a boon," and he spoke this verse :

Pregnant with meaning and in accents clear  
Thy goodly words, O prince, fall on mine ear,  
So glad am I at heart, that I rejoice  
Four boons, good friend, to offer thee for choice.

Then the Great Being upbraided him and said, "What boon, forsooth, will you offer me?" and he repeated this stanza :

One his own mortal state that fails to learn,  
Or good from evil, heaven from hell discern,  
The slave of carnal appetite, how can  
A wretch like thee *kiṇa* any boon for man?  
Suppose I say 'Grant me this boon' and then  
Thou shouldst thy promised word take back again,  
Who that is wise would knowingly incur  
So clear a risk of quarrelling, good sir?

Then the man-eater said, "He does not believe me ; I will make him believe," and he repeated this stanza :

No one should claim to grant a boon and then  
His promised word, false man, take back again :  
Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose ;  
I'll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

Then the Great Being thought, "He has spoken like a brave fellow and will do what I tell him ; I will accept his offer. But if I should choose as the very first boon that he should abstain from eating human flesh, he will be very sick at heart. I will first choose three other boons, and after that I will choose this," and he said :

Who with a saint lives face to face<sup>1</sup> ever with saint agrees,  
So too a sage is ever sure a brother sage to please :  
Thus safe and sound a hundred years I pray to see thee live :  
This is the first of all the boons I fain would have thee give.

[496] The man-eater, on hearing this, thought, "This man, even though I have driven him from his sovereignty, now wishes long life for me, the noted robber that lusteth after human flesh and would do him a mischief. Ah ! he is my well-wisher." And he was glad at heart, not knowing that this boon had been chosen to cheat him to his good, and in granting the boon he uttered this stanza :

<sup>1</sup> *sakkhi*. The scholiast renders it 'friend,' apparently from the v.l. *sakhi*.



Who with a saint lives face to face ever with saint agrees,  
 So too a sage is ever sure a brother sage to please :  
 Thou fain wouldst see me safe and sound for years twice fifty live :  
 Lo ! at thy prayer this first of boons to thee I gladly give.

Then the Bodhisatta said :

These warrior chiefs held captive in thy hand,  
 By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,  
 These mighty lords of earth thou must not eat :  
 For this as second boon I next entreat.

Thus did he in choosing a second boon gain the boon of life for over a hundred kshatriyas, and the man-eater in granting the boon to him said :

These warrior chiefs held captive in my hand,  
 By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,  
 These mighty lords, I'll not eat them, I swear :  
 This second boon too grant I to thy prayer.

[497] Well, did these kings hear what they were talking about ? They did not hear it all. For when the man-eater lighted a fire, for fear of any injury to the tree from the smoke and flame, he stepped back a space from it, and the Great Being conversed with him, seated in the interval between the fire and the tree, and consequently these kings did not hear all that they said, but heard only partially, and they comforted one another, saying, " Fear not : now will Sutasoma convert the man-eater," and at this moment the Great Being spoke this stanza :

Thou captive holdst a hundred kings and more,  
 All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,  
 Restore them each to his own realm again :  
 This the third boon I would from thee obtain.

Thus did the Great Being in making his third choice choose the restoration of these kshatriyas, each to his own kingdom. Why was this ? Because the ogre, supposing he did not eat them, through fear of their hostility would either enslave them all and make them dwell in the forest, or would slay them and expose their dead bodies, or would bring them to the border country and sell them as slaves ; and therefore he made choice as his boon of their restoration to their own kingdoms, and the man-eater in granting his request spoke this stanza :

I captive hold a hundred kings and more,  
 All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,  
 All will I to their realms restore again :  
 This third boon too thou shalt from me obtain.

Now in making his fourth choice the Bodhisatta spoke this stanza :

Distracted is thy realm and sick with fright,  
 In caves much people hide them from thy sight.  
 From eating human flesh, O king, abstain :  
 This the fourth boon I would from thee obtain.

[498] When he had so spoken, the man-eater clapped his hands and laughing said, "Friend Sutasoma, what in truth is this that you say? How can I grant you this boon? If you are anxious to receive another boon, choose something else," and he uttered this stanza:

Much to my taste I surely find this food;  
 'Twas for this cause I hid within the wood.  
 How then from such delights should I abstain?  
 For thy fourth boon, good sir, pray, choose again.

Then the Great Being said, "Because you love man's flesh, you say, 'I cannot abstain from it.' He verily that does evil because it is pleasant is a fool," and he repeated this stanza:

<sup>1</sup>A king like thee should not his pleasure take  
 Nor sacrifice his life for pleasure's sake.  
 Life in its highest sense, best gift, attain  
 And future joys thou shalt by merit gain.

When these words had been spoken by the Great Being, the man-eater was overcome with fear and thought, "I can neither repudiate the choice Sutasoma has made nor abstain from human flesh. [499] What in the world am I to do?" and with his eyes swimming in tears he repeated this stanza:

I love man's flesh: thou too must know,  
 Great Sutasoma, it is so.  
 From it I never can abstain,  
 Think, sir, of something else and choose again.

Then the Bodhisatta said:

Whoso shall ever his own pleasure take  
 And sacrifice e'en life for pleasure's sake,  
 The poison cup like drunkard will he drain,  
 And so hereafter suffers endless pain.

Who knowingly shall pleasure here eschew,  
 The arduous path of duty to pursue,  
 As one in pain that drains the healing cup,  
 So he to bliss in the next world wakes up.

After he had thus spoken, the man-eater sorely lamenting repeated this stanza:

The five-fold joys that from our senses spring  
 And parents dear and all abandoning,  
 For this cause came I in this wood to live;  
 How then can I the boon thou askest give?

Then the Great Being spoke this stanza:

Sages in speech duplicity ne'er show,  
 True to their promise are good men, we know:  
 [500] 'Choose, friend, some boon' is what thou saidst to me;  
 What now thou sayst with this will scarce agree.

<sup>1</sup> These verses are repeated from *Jāt.* vol. III. p. 177, English version:



Once more, still weeping, the man-eater spoke this stanza :

Demerit, with disgrace and shame combined,  
Misconduct, lust and sin of every kind,  
All this, to eat man's flesh, I did incur :  
Why then should I this boon on thee confer ?

Then the Great Being said :

No one should claim to grant a boon and then  
His promised word, false man, take back again :  
Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose ;  
I'll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

When he had thus pointed out the stanza uttered in the first instance by the man-eater, to inspire him with courage to grant the boon, he spoke this stanza :

Good men will life give up, but never right,  
True to their word e'en in their own despite ;  
If thou shouldst promise, best of kings, a boon,  
Perfect thy work and see it done right soon<sup>1</sup>.

One who to save a limb rich treasure gave  
Would sacrifice a limb, his life to save,  
[501] Yea, wealth, limbs, life and all away would fling,  
Right and its claims alone remembering.

Thus did the Great Being by these means establish the man-eater in the Truth, and now to make clear to him his own title to respect he spoke this stanza :

One from whose lips a man the Truth may prove,  
—Yea all good men that will his doubts remove—  
A refuge sure is he, a rest, a stay ;  
The wise man's love for him should ne'er decay.

After repeating these verses he said, " My man-eating friend, it is not right that you should transgress the words of so excellent a master, and I, too, when you were young, acted as your private teacher and gave you much instruction, and now with all the charm of a Buddha I have repeated to you stanzas worth a hundred pieces each : therefore you ought to obey my words." On hearing this the man-eater thought, " Sutasoma was my teacher and a learned man, and I granted him the choice of a boon. What am I to do? Death verily is a certainty in the case of an individual existence. I will not eat human flesh but will grant him the boon he asks," and with tears streaming from his eyes he rose up and fell at king Sutasoma's feet, and in granting the boon he repeated this stanza :

[502] Sweet to my taste and pleasant is this food,  
'Twas for this cause I hid within the wood ;  
But if thou askest me to do this thing,  
This boon I'll grant to thee, my friend and king.

<sup>1</sup> *avākarohi* here and in *Jat.* vi. 280. 13, must mean 'pay, fulfil,' but *avākareyya* in *Jat.* v. 495. 6, and 500. 19, seems to mean 'not to pay.' Is it possible that for *datvāna avākareyya* we should read *datvā na avākareyya*?

Then the Great Being said, "So be it, friend ; to one firmly grounded in moral practice, verily even death is a boon. I accept, sire, the boon you have offered me. From this very day you are established in the path of a spiritual guide, and this being so I beg this favour of you : if you have any love for me, accept, sir, the five moral laws." "Very good," he answered, "teach me, friend, these moral laws." "Learn then from me, sire." So he saluted the Great Being with the five Rēsts<sup>1</sup> and took a seat apart, and the Great Being established him in the moral law. At that moment the deities that dwell on the earth gathered together and said, "There is no one else from the inhabitants of the Avīci hell to those of the highest of the Formless Worlds that by inspiring affection for the Great Being could make this man-eater abstain from eating human flesh. Oh ! a miracle has been wrought by Sutasoma," and they applauded, making the jungle re-echo with their loud cries, and hearing the tumult the Four Great Kings did likewise and there was one universal roar reaching even to the Brahma world. And the kings suspended on the tree heard this noise of applauding spirits, and the tree nymph still standing in her abode uttered a sound of applause. So the cry of the angel spirits was heard, but their form was invisible. The kings on hearing the loud applause of the spirits thought, "Owing to Sutasoma our lives are saved : Sutasoma has wrought a miracle in converting the man-eater<sup>2</sup>," and they offered up their praises to the Bodhisatta. The man-eater after bowing down to the feet of the Great Being stood apart. Then the Great Being said to him, "Friend, release these warrior princes." He thought, "I am their enemy ; if they are released by me, they will say, 'Seize him, he is an enemy of ours,' and will do me a mischief, but even if I lose my life, I cannot transgress the moral law which I have accepted at the hands of Sutasoma : I will go with him and release them and in this way I shall find safety." Then bowing to the Bodhisatta he said, "Sutasoma, we will go together and release the warrior princes," and he repeated this stanza :

[503] My teacher and my friend art thou in one,  
Behold, good sir, thy bidding I have done :  
Do thou in turn what I have bidden thee  
And straight we'll go and set these princes free.

Then the Bodhisatta said to him :

Thy teacher and thy friend am I in one,  
And thou in truth my bidding, sir, hast done :  
I too will do what thou hast bidden me  
And straight we'll go and set these princes free.

And drawing nigh to them he said :

Strung up upon this tree your tears fast flow  
Because of ogre that has wronged you so,  
Still we would fain from you a promise wring  
Never to lay a finger on this king.

<sup>1</sup> Childers, p. 327.

<sup>2</sup> The sense is clear, but the construction of *damento* is irregular.



Then they replied :

Strung up upon this tree and weeping sore  
This ogre that has wronged us we abhor,  
Yet will we all a solemn promise give  
To harm him not, if only we may live.

[504] Then the Bodhisatta said, "Well, give me this promise," and he repeated this stanza :

Just as fond parents to their children may  
A merciful and tender love display,  
E'en such a father may he ever prove  
And may ye him as children dearly love.

They, too, agreeing to this, repeated this stanza :

Just as fond parents to their children may  
A merciful and tender love display,  
E'en such a father may he ever prove  
And may we him as children dearly love.

Thus did the Great Being exact a promise from them and summoning the man-eater he said, "Come and release these princes," and the man-eater took his sword and severed the bonds of one of the kings, and as this king had been fasting for seven days and was maddened with pain, no sooner was he released by the cutting of his bonds than he fell on the ground, and the Great Being on seeing this was moved with compassion and said, "My man-eating friend, do not cut them down like this," and taking hold of a king firmly with both hands he clasped him to his breast and said, "Now cut his bonds." So the man-eater severed them with his sword and the Great Being, endowed as he was with great strength, placed him on his breast, and letting him down tenderly as though it were his own son laid him flat upon the ground. Thus did he lay them all on the ground, and after bathing their wounds he gently pulled the cords from their hands, just as it were a string from a child's ear, and washing off the clotted blood he rendered the wounds harmless. And he said to the man-eater, "My friend, pound some bark from the tree on a stone and bring it to me." And when he had got him to fetch it, he performed an Act of Truth and rubbed the palms of their hands, and at that very moment their wounds were healed. The man-eater took some husked rice and cooked it as a prophylactic [505], and the pair of them gave it to the hundred and odd warrior princes to drink as a prophylactic, and so all of them were satisfied and the sun set. On the next day at dawn and at noon and in the evening they still gave them rice water to drink, but on the third day they gave them gruel with boiled rice, and so on till they were convalescent. Then the Great Being asked them if they were strong enough to go home, and when they answered they were equal to the journey he said, "Come, my man-eating friend, let us depart to our own kingdom." But weeping he fell at the Great Being's



feet and cried, "Do you, my friend, take these kings and depart, but I will continue to live here on roots and wild berries." "What would you do here, my friend? Your kingdom is a delightful one: go and reign at Benares." "Friend, what is this you say? It is out of the question for me to go there: all the inhabitants of that city are my enemies. They will revile me and say, 'This fellow ate my mother or my father; seize this brigand,' and with a clod of earth they will deprive me of life, but if I am firmly established in the moral law by you, I could not kill anyone else, not even to save my life. I will not go. In consequence of my abstaining from eating human flesh how long shall I live? and now I shall no more set eyes on you," and he wept, saying, "Do you go." And the Great Being stroked him on the back and said, "My friend, my name is Sutasoma: I have ere now tamed just such a cruel wretch as yourself, and if you ask what story you are to tell in Benares, why I will either establish you there, or dividing my own kingdom I will hand over the half of it to you." "In your city too I have enemies," he said. Sutasoma thought, "In obeying my word this man has achieved a difficult task: by some means or other I must establish him in his former state of glory," and to tempt him he sang the praises of the great glory of his city and said:

Of beasts and birds of every kind the flesh thou once didst share,  
By skilful cooks prepared was it, in sooth a dainty fare,  
Yielding such joy as Indra felt, to taste ambrosial food—  
Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

[506] These noble dames with slender waists, magnificently dressed,  
That round about thee formerly, a thronging bevy, pressed,  
Whilst thou, like Indra midst his gods, didst step in happy mood—  
Why leave them thus, to take delight alone within this wood?

In midst of ample couch, O king, thou once at ease didst lie,  
With many a woollen coverlet around thee piled on high,  
And pillow red beneath thy head and bedding clean and white—  
Why leave it thus, within this wood alone to take delight?

There thou oft-times at dead of night the beat of drum wouldst hear,  
And sounds surpassing human strains<sup>1</sup> would strike upon the ear,  
Music and song in unison, inspiring cheerful mood—  
Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

Thou hadst a charming park wherein flowers in abundance grew,  
Migācira, so known to fame, as park and city too,  
There horses, elephants, and cars innumerable stood—  
Why leave them all, to take delight alone within this wood?

[507] The Great Being thought, "Haply this man, calling to mind the flavour of dainties he enjoyed long ago, will be eager to come with me," and so he tempted him first with food, next by appealing to his passions, thirdly by the thought of a bed, fourthly by song, dancing and music, fifthly

<sup>1</sup> *nippurisa*. The word is applied to music and means "not human," "not produced by human beings," but by *gandharvas*, or heavenly musicians. Morris, *Academy*, Feb. 25, 1888.



by remembrance of a park and a city—with all these thoughts he tempted him, saying, “Come, sire, I will go with you to Benares and firmly establish you there and afterwards return to my own kingdom; but if we shall fail in securing the kingdom of Benares, I will grant you the half of my realm. What have you to do with a forest life? Only do what I tell you.” The man-eater after hearing his words was eager to go with him and he thought, “Sutasoma is anxious for my well-being and is a merciful man. He first established me in virtue and now says he will restore me to my former glory, and he will be able to do so. I ought to go with him. What have I to do with a forest?” And being glad at heart he was eager by reason of his merit to sing Sutasoma’s praises, and he said, “Friend Sutasoma, there is nothing better than consorting with a virtuous friend, nothing worse than consorting with a wicked one,” and he repeated these verses:

As in the dark half of the month the moon wanes day by day,  
So friendship with the bad, O king, will suffer like decay;

Thus I consorting with that cook, the lowest of the low,  
Wrought evil deeds, for which in time to hell I’m doomed to go.

As in the month’s clear half the moon aye waxes day by day,  
So friendship with the good, O king, will suffer no decay:

Thus with thee, Sutasoma, I consorting, thou must know,  
Shall after working righteousness to heaven all blissful go.

As copious floods when shed upon dry ground  
Are ever fleeting, transitory found,  
[508] E’en so is union of bad men, O king,  
Like water on dry land, a fleeting thing.

But copious floods when shed upon the sea  
Enduring long are ever found to be,  
E’en such is union of good men, O king,  
Like water in the sea, a lasting thing.

No transient thing is union of the good,  
As long as life endures such brotherhood,  
But union of the bad soon falls away,  
From virtue’s course bad men go far astray.

Thus did that man-eater in seven stanzas sing the praises of the Great Being. But he took the man-eater and those kings and went to a frontier village, and the inhabitants on seeing the Great Being went to the city and reported it, and the king’s ministers came with an army and escorted the Great Being, and with this escort he came to the kingdom of Benares. And on his way there the country people brought presents and followed in his train, and a great company reached Benares with him. At that time the man-eater’s son was the king and Kālahatthi was still commander-in-chief, and the people of the city reported it to the king, saying, “Sutasoma, they tell us, sire, has tamed the man-eater and is come here with him: we will not allow him to enter the city,” and they hastily closed the city gates and stood by with arms in their hands. The Great Being, when he discovered



that the gate was closed, left the man-eater and the hundred and odd kings and coming with a few of his counsellors he cried, "I am king Sutasoma, open ye the gate," and the officers went and told the king, and he ordered them to open the gate with all speed, and the Great Being entered the city. And the king and Kālahatthi came out to meet him [509] and took him up with them to the tower of the palace. The Great Being seating himself on the royal throne summoned the man-eater's chief consort and the rest of his counsellors, and addressing Kālahatthi said, "Why, Kālahatthi, do you not suffer the king to enter the city?" He answered, "The wicked wretch that he was, while he was ruling as king in this city, devoured many men and did that which is not lawful for kshatriyas to do, and rent asunder all India: that is the reason why we act thus." "Do not suppose," he answered, "that he will act after this sort now. I have converted him and established him in the moral law. Not even to save his life will he do anyone an injury: you are in no danger from him; act not after this manner. Verily children ought to watch over their parents: they who cherish their father and mother go to heaven, the others go to hell." Thus did he admonish the king's son, as he sat by him on a low seat. And he instructed the commander-in-chief and said, "Kālahatthi, you are a friend and follower of the king, and were firmly established by him in great power; you too ought to act in the king's interests." And admonishing the queen he said, "You, O queen, came from a noble stock and from his hand acquired the position of chief consort and were blest with many sons and daughters by him; you too ought to act in his interests." And, to bring this matter to a head, in teaching the law he said:

No king should conquer one who aye inviolate<sup>1</sup> should be,  
 No friend should get the better of a friend by treachery;  
 She of her lord that stands in fear is no true wife, I hold,  
 Nor children they that nourish not a father when he's old.

No council-hall is that wherein the wise do not appear,  
 Nor wise are they that do not preach the Truth both far and near.  
 The wise are they that lust and hate and error lay aside,  
 And never fail to preach the Truth to mortals far and wide.

The sage midst fools if silent none at once discern as wise,  
 He speaks and all a Teacher of Nirvāna recognise.

Preach, glorify the Truth, and lift the sages' flag on high,  
 Emblem of saints is goodly speech, Truth is the flag they fly.

[510] The king and the commander-in-chief on hearing his exposition of the Truth were highly pleased and said, "Let us go and bring the great king here," and having made proclamation in the city by beat of drum, they called together the inhabitants and said, "Be not afraid; the king, they tell us, is established in righteousness: let us conduct him hither." So with a great multitude and with the Great Being at their head they went and

<sup>1</sup> The commentator explains this to be a man's father or mother.

saluted the king. And they provided barbers and when his hair and beard had been shorn and he had taken a bath and put on goodly raiment, they placed him on a pile of precious stones and besprinkled him and then conducted him into the city. The man-eating king paid great honour to the hundred and more kshatriyas and the Great Being, and there was great excitement throughout all India at the report that Sutasoma, lord of men, had converted the man-eater and re-established him on the throne. And the inhabitants of the city Indapatta sent a message bidding the kings return. The Great Being stayed there just a month and admonished the king, saying, "Friend, we will be going; see that you are zealous in good works and have five alms-halls erected at the city gates and at your palace door, and observe the ten royal virtues and guard against evil courses." And from a hundred and more royal cities a numerous army [511] assembled together, and with this escort he went forth from Benares. The man-eater too going forth with him halted midway on the road. The Great Being presented horses to ride to such as had them not and then dismissed them all. And they exchanged friendly greetings with him, and then after fitting salutations and embraces they returned each to his own people. The Great Being too on reaching Indapatta with great majesty entered the city, which its inhabitants had decorated like as it were a city of the gods. After paying his respects to his parents and expressing his pleasure at seeing them he ascended the palace tower. While exercising just rule in his kingdom the thought occurred to him, "The tree-spirit was very helpful to me; I will see that it receives a religious offering." So he had a vast lake constructed near the banyan tree and transported thither many families and founded a village. It grew into a big place supplied with eighty thousand shops. And starting from the farthest limits of its branches he levelled the ground about the roots of the tree and surrounded it with a balustrade<sup>1</sup> furnished with arches and gates; and the spirit of the tree was propitiated. And owing to the fact of the village having been settled on the spot where the ogre was converted, the place grew into the town of Kammāsadamma. And all the kings, abiding in the admonition of the Great Being, performed good works such as alms-giving and the like, and attained to heaven.

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The Master here ended his religious instruction and said, "Not now only, Brethren, do I convert Aṅgulimāla, in former times too was he converted by me and he identified the Birth": "At that time the man-eating king was Aṅgulimāla, Kālahatthi was Sāriputta, the brahmin Nanda was Ānanda, the tree-sprite was Kassapa, Sakka was Anuruddha, the rest of the kings were the followers of Buddha, the king's father and mother were members of the great king's household, and king Sutasoma, it is said, was I myself."

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<sup>1</sup> *vedikā*. This word is discussed in Senart's *Mahāvastu*, I. pp. 529 and 544, and in *Vinaya Texts*, III. 104 and 162.



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THE JĀTAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS



THE JĀTAKA  
OR  
STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S  
FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PĀLI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF  
PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. VI.

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## PREFACE.

WHEN I returned to Cambridge in 1902, Professor Cowell asked me to revise with him the translation of this volume. We accordingly went through the first three stories, before his death took place: his manuscripts were then handed over to me, and I have supplied what he left undone. The translation was completed down to page 338, excepting no. 541 and a few small gaps elsewhere; my portion of the work therefore consists of no. 541 and page 338 to the end, together with the shorter omissions which are indicated each in its place, being altogether about half the book. I have also revised that part of Professor Cowell's translation which we were unable to do together. I have not felt at liberty to make any alterations in his text, excepting very rarely, where there was some obvious mistake or oversight. These are all indicated in the notes; and any additions of my own to that part have been enclosed in square brackets.

Since the proportion of verse is very large in this book, and the verse is often obscure, scholars must be prepared to find a certain number of difficulties which I have been unable to solve. The remarks on the text accordingly are more numerous than usual: the doubtful points are indicated in the notes.

I have to thank Mr H. T. Francis for help kindly given in many places.

I have a peculiar satisfaction in completing this labour, because in 1888 I first suggested the work to Professor Cowell. I had originally intended to carry it through myself; but circumstances modified this plan to the great advantage of the work.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

*September 1907.*

## ERRATA.

- p. 1, l. 4. *Read* Jetavana.
- p. 13, l. 5 from bottom. *Read* transcendent.
- p. 75, l. 2. *Read* Selā.
- „ l. 27. *Read* Canda's.
- p. 83, l. 25. *Add note*: Compare the trick of Brer Rabbit and the briar patch.
- p. 126, l. 12. *Read* Sunakkhatta.
- p. 131, l. 23. *Read* Kimpurusa.
- p. 160, last line. *Read* maṃsaṃ.
- p. 164, l. 12. *Read* Goḷakāḷa.
- p. 167, footnotes <sup>1,2</sup>. *Read* Sinhalese for Burmese. (So also pp. 181<sup>1</sup>, 213<sup>1</sup>, 218<sup>1</sup>, 219<sup>1</sup>, 231<sup>1,4,6</sup>, 236, 243<sup>1</sup>, 249<sup>2</sup>, 251<sup>1</sup>, 280<sup>3</sup>, 283<sup>2</sup>, 285<sup>2</sup>, 287<sup>2</sup>.)

## VOL. IV.

- p. 304, l. 12 f. *Omit* those *and read*: in the company of the K. Birth, of the M. Birth, of the C. Birth, of the A. Birth, and of the H. Birth: these were called the late comers. *Compare* vi p. 30 (p. 17 of the translation).



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| <p>A prince devoted to giving gifts falls into disrepute through giving a magical elephant. He is banished with his family into the forest where he gives away everything he has left, including his two children. Ultimately the children are set free and all ends well.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |



## BOOK XXII. MAHANIPĀTA.

### No. 538.

#### MŪGA-PAKKHA JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

[1] "*Shew no intelligence,*" etc. This story the Master told at Jatavana concerning the great renunciation. One day the Brethren seated in the Hall of Truth were discussing the praises of the Blessed One's great renunciation. When the Master came and inquired of the Brethren what was the topic which they were discussing as they sat there, on hearing what it was, he said, "No, Brethren, this my renunciation of the world, after leaving my kingdom, was not wonderful, when I had fully exercised the perfections; for before, even when my wisdom was still immature, and while I was still attaining the perfections, I left my kingdom and renounced the world." And at their request he told them a story of the past.

---

Once upon a time a king Kāsirājā ruled justly in Benares. He had sixteen thousand wives, but not one among them conceived either son or daughter. The citizens assembled as in the Kusa Jātaka<sup>2</sup>, saying, "Our king has no son to keep up his line"; and they begged the king to pray for a son. The king commanded his sixteen thousand wives to pray for sons; but though they worshipped the moon and the other deities and prayed, they obtained none. Now his chief queen Candādevī, the daughter of the king of the Maddas, was devoted to good works, and he asked her also to pray for a son. So on the day of the full moon she took upon herself the Uposatha vows, and while lying on a little bed, as she reflected on her virtuous life, she made an Act of Truth in these terms, "If I have never broken the commandments, by the truth of this my protestation [2] may a son be borne to me." Through the power of her piety, Sakka's dwelling became hot. Sakka, having considered and ascertained the cause, said, "Candādevī asks for a son, I will give her one"; so, as he looked for a suitable son, he saw the Bodhisatta. Now the Bodhisatta, after having reigned twenty years in Benares, had been reborn in the Ussada hell

<sup>1</sup> The story of the deaf cripple.

<sup>2</sup> No. 531, transl. v. p. 141.



where he had suffered for eighty thousand years, and had then been born in the world of the thirty-three gods, and after having stayed there his allotted period, he had passed away therefrom and was desirous of going to the world of the higher gods. Sakka went up to him and said, "Friend, if you are born in the world of men you will fully exercise the perfections and the mass of mankind will be advantaged; now this chief queen of Kāsirājā, Candā, is praying for a son, do you be born in her womb." He consented, and came attended by five hundred deities, and was himself conceived in her womb, while the other deities were conceived in the wombs of the wives of the king's ministers. The queen's womb seemed to be full of diamond; when she became aware of it, she told it to the king, who caused every care to be taken for the safety of the unborn child; and at last she brought forth a son endued with auspicious marks. On the same day five hundred young nobles were born in the ministers' houses. At that moment the king was seated on his royal dais, surrounded by his ministers, when it was announced, "A son is born to thee, O king"; at hearing it, paternal affection arose, and piercing through his skin reached to the marrow in his bones; joy sprang up within him and his heart became refreshed. He asked his ministers, "Are you glad at the birth of my son?" "What art thou saying, Sire?" they answered, "we were before helpless, now we have a help, we have obtained a lord." The king gave orders to his chief general, "A retinue must be prepared for my son, find out how many young nobles have been born to-day in the ministers' houses." He saw the five hundred and went and told it to the king. The king sent princely dresses of honour for the five hundred young nobles, and he also sent five hundred nurses. He gave moreover sixty-four nurses for the Bodhisatta, all free from the faults of being too tall, &c., [3] with their breasts not hanging down, and full of sweet milk. If a child drinks milk, sitting on the hip of a nurse who is too tall, its neck will become too long; if it sits on the hip of one too short, its shoulder-bone will be compressed; if the nurse be too thin, the babe's thighs will ache; if too stout, the babe will become bow-legged<sup>1</sup>; the body<sup>2</sup> of a very dark nurse is too cold, of one very white, is too hot; the children who drink the milk of a nurse with hanging breasts, have the ends of their noses flattened; some nurses have their milk sour, others have it bitter, &c. Therefore, avoiding all these faults, he provided sixty-four nurses all possessed of sweet milk and without any of these faults; and after paying the Bodhisatta great honour, he also gave the queen a boon. She accepted it and kept it in her mind. On the day of naming the child they paid great honour to the brahmans who read the different marks, and inquired if there was any danger threatening. They, beholding the excellence of his marks, replied, "O king, the prince

<sup>1</sup> *Khalamkapādo?*

<sup>2</sup> There is another reading, 'the milk.'

possesses every mark of future good fortune, he is able to rule not one continent only but all the four,—there is no danger visible.” The king, being pleased, when he fixed the boy’s name, gave him the name Temiyakumāro, since it had rained all over the kingdom of Kāsī on the day of his birth and he had been born wet.

When he was one month old, they adorned him and brought him to the king, and the king having looked at his dear child, embraced him and placed him on his hip and sat playing with him. Now at that time four robbers were brought before him; one of them he sentenced to receive a thousand strokes from whips barbed with thorns, another to be imprisoned in chains, a third to be smitten with a spear, the fourth to be impaled. The Bodhisatta, on hearing his father’s words, was terrified and thought to himself, “Ah! my father through his being a king, is becoming guilty of a grievous action which brings men to hell.” The next day they laid him on a sumptuous bed under a white umbrella, and he woke after a short sleep and opening his eyes beheld the white umbrella and the royal pomp, and his fear increased all the more; [4] and as he pondered “from whence have I come into this palace?” by his recollection of his former births, he remembered that he had once come from the world of the gods and that after that he had suffered in hell, and that then he had been a king in that very city. While he pondered to himself, “I was a king for twenty years and then I suffered eighty thousand years in the Ussada hell, and now again I am born in this house of robbers, and my father, when four robbers were brought before him, uttered such a cruel speech as must lead to hell; if I become a king I shall be born again in hell and suffer great pain there,” he became greatly alarmed, his golden body became pale and faded like a lotus crushed by the hand, and he lay thinking how he could escape from that house of robbers. Then a goddess who dwelt in the umbrella, and who in a certain previous birth had been his mother, comforted him, “Fear not, my child Temiya; if you really desire to escape, then pretend to be a cripple, although not really one; though not deaf, pretend to be deaf, and, though not dumb, pretend to be dumb. Putting on these characteristics, shew no signs of intelligence.” So she uttered the first stanza,

“Shew no intelligence, my child, be as a fool in all men’s eyes,  
Content to be the scorn of all, thus shalt thou gain at last the prize.”

Being comforted by her words he uttered the second stanza,

“O goddess, I will do thy will,—what thou commandest me is best,  
Mother, thou wishest for my weal, thou longest but to see me blest,”

and so he practised these three characteristics. The king, in order that his son might lose his melancholy, had the five hundred young nobles brought near him; the children began crying for their milk, but the



Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, reflected that to die of thirst would be better than to reign, and did not cry. The nurses told this [5] to Queen Candā and she told it to the king; he sent for some brahmans skilled in signs and omens and consulted them. They replied, "Sire, you must give the prince his milk after the proper time has passed; he will then cry and seize the breast eagerly and drink of his own accord." So they gave him his milk after letting the proper time pass by, and sometimes they let it pass by for once, and sometimes they did not give it to him all through the day. But he, stung by fear of hell, even though thirsty, would not cry for milk. Then the mother or the nurses gave him milk, though he did not cry for it, saying, "The boy is famished." The other children cried when they did not get their milk, but he neither cried nor slept nor doubled up his hands nor feet, nor would he hear a sound. Then his nurses reflected, "The hands and feet of cripples are not like his, the formation of the jaws of the dumb is not like his, the structure of the ears of the deaf is not like his; there must be some reason for all this, let us examine into it"; so they determined to try him with milk, and so for one whole day they gave him no milk; but, though parched, he uttered no sound for milk. Then his mother said, "My boy is famished, give him milk," and she made them give him milk. Thus giving him milk at intervals they spent a year in trying him, but they did not discover his weak point. Then saying, "The other children are fond of cakes and dainties, we will try him with them"; they set the five hundred children near him and brought various dainties and placed them close by him, and, telling them to take what they liked, they hid themselves. The other children quarrelled and struck one another and seized the cakes and ate them, but the Bodhisatta said to himself, "O Temiya, eat the cakes and dainties if you wish for hell," and so in his fear of hell he would not look at them. Thus even though they tried him with cakes and dainties for a whole year they discovered not his weak point. Then they said, "Children are fond of different kinds of fruit," and they brought all sorts of fruit and tried him; [6] the other children fought for them and ate them, but he would not look at them, and thus for a whole year they tried him with various kinds of fruit. Then they said, "Other children are fond of playthings"; so they set golden and other figures of elephants, &c., near him; the rest of the children seized them as if they were spoil, but the Bodhisatta would not look at them, and thus for a whole year they tried him with playthings. Then they said, "There is a special food for children four years old, we will try him with that"; so they brought all sorts of food; the other children broke them in pieces and ate them; but the Bodhisatta said to himself, "O Temiya, there is no counting of the past births when you did not obtain food," and for fear of hell he did not look at them; until at last his mother, with her heart well nigh rent, fed him with her

own hand<sup>1</sup>. Then they said, "Children five years old are afraid of the fire, we will try him with that"; so, having had a large house made with many doors, and having covered it over with palmleaves, they set him in the middle surrounded by the other children and set fire to it. The others ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta said to himself that it was better than the torture in hell, and remained motionless as if perfectly apathetic, and when the fire came near him they took him away. Then they said, "Children six years old are afraid of a wild elephant"; so they had a well-trained elephant taught, and, when they had seated the Bodhisatta with the other children in the palace-court, they let it loose. On it came trumpeting and striking the ground with its trunk and spreading terror; the other children fled in all directions in fear for their lives, but the Bodhisatta, being afraid of hell, sat where he was, and the well-trained animal took him and lifted him up and down, and went away without hurting him. When he was seven years old, as he was sitting surrounded by his companions, they let loose some serpents with their teeth extracted and their mouths bound; the other children ran away shrieking, but the Bodhisatta, remembering the fear of hell, remained motionless, saying, "It is better to perish by the mouth of a fierce serpent"; then the serpents enveloped his whole body and they spread their hoods on his head, but still he remained motionless. Thus though they tried him again and again, they still could not discover his weak point. [7] Then they said, "Boys are fond of social gatherings"; so, having set him in the palace-court with the five hundred boys, they caused an assembly of mimes to be gathered together; the other boys, seeing the mimes, shouted 'bravo' and laughed loudly, but the Bodhisatta, saying to himself that if he were born in hell there would never be a moment's laughter or joy, remained motionless as he pondered on hell, and never looked at the dancing. Thus trying him again and again they discovered no weak point in him. Then they said, "We will try him with the sword"; so they placed him with the other boys in the palace-court, and while they were playing, a man rushed upon them, brandishing a sword like crystal and shouting and jumping, saying, "Where is this devil's-child of the King of Kāsī? I will cut off his head." The others fled, shrieking in terror at the sight of him, but the Bodhisatta, having pondered on the fear of hell, sat as if unconscious. The man, although he rubbed the sword on his head and threatened to cut it off, could not frighten him and at last went away. Thus though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point. When he was ten years old, in order to try whether he was really deaf, they hung a curtain round a bed and made holes in the four sides and placed conch-blowers underneath it without letting him see them. All at once they blew the conchs,—there was one burst of sound; but the ministers,

<sup>1</sup> I have followed B d here.



though they stood at the four sides and watched by the holes in the curtain, could not through a whole day detect in him any confusion of thought or any disturbance of hand or foot, or even a single start. So after a year had past, they tried him for another year with drums; but even thus, though they tried him again and again, they could not discover his weak point. Then they said, "We will try him with a lamp"; so in the night-time in order to see whether he moved hand or foot in the darkness, they lighted some lamps in jars, and having extinguished all the other lamps, they put these down for a while in the darkness, and then suddenly lifting the lamps in the jars, created all at once a blaze, and watched his behaviour; but though they thus tried him again and again for a whole year, they never saw him start even once. [8] Then they said, "We will try him with molasses"; so they smeared all his body with molasses and laid him in a place infested with flies and stirred the flies up; these covered his whole body and bit it as if they were piercing it with needles, but he remained motionless as if perfectly apathetic; thus they tried him for a year, but they discovered no weak point in him. Then when he was fourteen years old, they said, "This youth now he is grown up loves what is clean and abhors what is unclean,—we will try him with what is unclean"; so from that time they did not let him bathe or rinse his mouth or perform any bodily ablutions, until he was reduced to a miserable plight, and he looked like a released prisoner. As he lay, covered with flies, the people came round and reviled him, saying, "O Temiya, you are grown up now, who is to wait on you? are you not ashamed? why are you lying there? rise up and cleanse yourself." But he, remembering the torments of the hell Gūtha, lay quietly in his squalor; and though they tried him again and again for a year, they discovered no weak point in him. Then they put pans of fire in the bed under him, saying, "When he is distressed by the heat, he will perhaps be unable to bear the pain and will shew some signs of writhing"; boils seemed to break out on his body, but the Bodhisatta resigned himself, saying, "The fire of the hell Avīci flames up a hundred leagues,—this heat is a hundred, a thousand times preferable to that," so he remained motionless. Then his parents, with breaking hearts, made the men come back, and took him out of the fire, and implored him, saying, "O prince Temiya, we know that thou art not in any way crippled by birth, for cripples have not such feet, face, or ears as thou hast; we gained thee as our child after many prayers, do not now destroy us, but deliver us from the blame of all the kings of Jambudīpa"; but, though thus entreated by them, he lay still motionless, as if he heard them not. Then his parents went away weeping; [9] and sometimes his father or his mother came back alone, and implored him; and thus they tried him again and again for a whole year, but they discovered no weak point in him. Then when he was sixteen years old they

considered, "Whether it be a cripple or deaf and dumb, still there are none, who when they are grown up, do not delight in what is enjoyable and dislike what is disagreeable; this is all natural in the proper time like the opening of flowers. We will have dramas acted before him and will thus try him." So they summoned some women full of all graces, and as beautiful as the daughters of the gods, and they promised that whichever of them could make the prince laugh, or could entangle him in sinful thoughts should become his principal queen. Then they had the prince bathed in perfumed water and adorned like a son of the gods, and laid on a royal bed prepared in a suite of royal chambers like the dwellings of the gods, and having filled his inner chamber with a mingled fragrance of perfumed wreaths, wreaths of flowers, incense, unguents, spirituous liquor, and the like, they retired. Meanwhile the women surrounded him and tried hard to delight him with dancing and singing and all sorts of pleasant words; but he looked at them in his perfect wisdom and stopped his inhalations and exhalations in fear lest they should touch his body, so that his body became quite rigid. They, being unable to touch him, said to his parents, "His body is all rigid, he is not a man, but must be a goblin." Thus his parents, though they tried him again and again, discovered no weak point in him. Thus, though they tried him for sixteen years with the sixteen great tests and many smaller ones, they were not able to detect a weak point in him. Then the king, being full of vexation, summoned the fortune-tellers and said, "When the prince was born ye said that he has fortunate and auspicious marks, he has no threatening obstacle; but he is born a cripple and deaf and dumb; your words do not answer to the facts." "Great king," they replied, "nothing is unseen by your teachers, but we knew how grieved you would be if we told you that the child of so many royal prayers [10] would be all Ill-luck; so we did not utter it." "What must be done now?" "O king, if this prince remains in this house, three dangers are threatened, viz. to your life or your royal power, or the queen; therefore it will be best to have some unlucky horses yoked to an unlucky chariot, and, placing him therein, to convey him by the western gate and bury him in the charnel-ground<sup>1</sup>." The king assented, being frightened at the threatened dangers. When the queen Candādevī heard the news she came to the king, "My lord, you gave me a boon and I have kept it unclaimed, give it to me now." "Take it, O queen." "Give the kingdom to my son." "I cannot, O queen; thy son is all Ill-luck." "Then if you will not give it for his life, give it to him for seven years." "I cannot, O queen." "Then give it to him for six years,—for five, four, three, two, one year. Give it to him for seven months, for six, five, four, three, two months, one month, for half a month." "I cannot, O queen." "Then give

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Vol. I., transl., p. 215.



it to him for seven days." "Well," said the king, "take your boon." So she had her son adorned, and, the city being gaily decorated, a proclamation was made to the beat of a drum, "This is the reign of prince Temiya," and he was seated upon an elephant and led triumphantly rightwise round the city, with a white umbrella held over his head. When he returned, and was laid on his royal bed she implored him all the night, "O my child, prince Temiya, on thy account for sixteen years I have wept and taken no sleep: and my eyes are parched up, and my heart is pierced with sorrow; I know that thou art not really a cripple or deaf and dumb,—do not make me utterly destitute." In this manner she implored him day after day for five days. On the sixth day the king summoned the charioteer Sunanda and said to him, "To-morrow morning early yoke some ill-omened horses to an ill-omened chariot, and having set the prince in it, take him out by the western gate and dig a hole with four sides in the charnel-ground; throw him into it, and break his head with the back of the spade and kill him, then scatter dust over him and make a heap of earth above, [11] and after bathing yourself come hither." That sixth night the queen implored the prince, "O my child, the King of Kāsī has given orders that you are to be buried to-morrow in the charnel-ground,—to-morrow you will certainly die, my son." When the Bodhisatta heard this, he thought to himself, "O Temiya, your sixteen years' labour has reached its end," and he was glad; but his mother's heart was as it were cleft in twain. Still he would not speak to her lest his desire should not attain its end. At the end of that night, in the early morning, Sunanda the charioteer yoked the chariot and made it stand at the gate, and entering the royal bedchamber he said, "O queen, be not angry, it is the king's command." So saying, as the queen lay embracing her son he pushed her away with the back of his hand, and lifted up the prince like a bundle of flowers and came down from the palace. The queen was left in the chamber smiting her breast and lamenting with a loud cry. Then the Bodhisatta looked at her and considered, "If I do not speak she will die of a broken heart," but though he desired to speak, he reflected, "If I speak, my efforts for sixteen years will be rendered fruitless; but if I do not speak, I shall be the saving<sup>1</sup> of myself and my parents." Then the charioteer lifted him into the chariot and saying, "I will drive the chariot to the western gate," he drove it to the eastern gate, and the wheel struck against the threshold. The Bodhisatta, hearing the sound, said, "My desire has attained its end," and he became still more glad at heart. When the chariot had gone out of the city, it went a space of three leagues by the power of the gods, and there the end of a forest

<sup>1</sup> [Prof. Cowell translates as follows: 'I shall be the death of my father and mother as well as of myself,' adding a note: "I have doubtfully translated *paccayo* as if it were the opposite of the phrase *εργον τινος ειναι*."]

appeared to the charioteer as if it were a charnel-ground; so thinking it to be a suitable place, he turned the chariot out of the road, and stopping it by the roadside he alighted and took off all the Bodhisatta's ornaments and made them into a bundle and laid them down, and then taking a spade began to dig a hole. Then the Bodhisatta thought, "This is my time for effort; for sixteen years I have never moved hands nor feet, are they in my power or not?" So he rose and rubbed his right hand with his left, and his left hand with his right, [12] and his feet with both his hands, and resolved to alight from the chariot. When his foot came down, the earth rose up like a leather bag filled with air and touched the hinder end of the chariot; when he had alighted, and had walked backwards and forwards several times, he felt that he had strength to go a hundred leagues in this manner in one day. Then he reflected, "If the charioteer were to set against me, should I have the power to contend with him?" So he seized hold of the hinder end of the chariot and lifted it up as if it were a toy-cart for children, and said to himself that he had power to contend with him; and as he perceived it, a desire arose to adorn himself. At that moment Sakka's palace became hot. Sakka, having perceived the reason, said, "Prince Temiya's desire has attained its end, he desires to be adorned, what has he to do with human adornment?" and he commanded Vissakamma to take heavenly decorations and to go and adorn the son of the King of Kāśī. So he went and wrapt the prince with ten thousand pieces of cloth and adorned him like Sakka with heavenly and human ornaments. The prince, decked with all the bravery of the King of the gods, went up to the hole as the charioteer was digging, and standing at the edge, uttered the third stanza:

"Why in such haste, O charioteer? and wherefore do you dig that pit?

Answer my question truthfully,—what do you want to do with it?"

The charioteer went on digging the hole without looking up and spoke the fourth stanza:

"Our king has found his only son crippled and dumb,—an idiot quite;  
And I am sent to dig this hole and bury him far out of sight."

The Bodhisatta replied:

"I am not deaf nor dumb, my friend, no cripple, not e'en lame am I;  
If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt thereby.

[13] Behold these arms and legs of mine, and hear my voice and what I say;  
If in this wood you bury me, you will incur great guilt to-day."

Then the charioteer said, "Who is this? It is only since I came here that he has become as he describes himself." So he left off digging the hole and looked up; and beholding his glorious beauty and not knowing whether he was a god or a man, he spoke this stanza:

"A heavenly minstrel or a god, or art thou Sakka, lord of all?

Who art thou, pray; whose son art thou? what shall we name thee when we call?"



Then the Bodhisatta spoke, revealing himself and declaring the law,  
 “No heavenly minstrel nor a god, nor Sakka, lord of all, am I<sup>1</sup>;  
 I am the King of Kāśī’s son whom you would bury ruthlessly.  
 I am the son of that same king under whose sway you serve and thrive,—  
 You will incur great guilt to-day if here you bury me alive.  
 If ’neath a tree I sit and rest while it its shade and shelter lends<sup>2</sup>,  
 I would not break a single branch,—only the sinner harms his friends.  
 The sheltering tree—it is the king—; I am the branch that tree has spread;  
 And you the traveller, charioteer, who sits and rests beneath its shade;  
 If in this wood you bury me, great guilt will fall upon your head.”

[14] But though the Bodhisatta said this, the man did not believe him. Then the Bodhisatta resolved to convince him, and he made the woods resound with his own voice and the applause of the gods, as he commenced these ten gāthās in honour of friends<sup>3</sup>.

“He who is faithful to his friends may wander far and wide,—  
 Many will gladly wait on him, his food shall be supplied.

Whatever lands he wanders through, in city or in town,  
 He who is faithful to his friends finds honour and renown.

No robbers dare to injure him, no warriors him despise;  
 He who is faithful to his friends escapes all enemies.

Welcomed by all he home returns,—no cares corrode his breast,  
 He who is faithful to his friends is of all kin the best.

He honours and is honoured too,—respect he takes and gives;  
 He who is faithful to his friends full meed from all receives.

He is by others honoured who to them due honour pays,  
 He who is faithful to his friends wins himself fame and praise.

Like fire he blazes brightly forth, and sheds a light divine,  
 He who is faithful to his friends will with fresh splendour shine.

His oxen surely multiply, his seed unfailing grows,  
 He who is faithful to his friends reaps surely all he sows.

If from a mountain-top he falls or from a tree or grot,  
 He who is faithful to his friends finds a sure resting spot.

The banyan tree defies the wind, girt with its branches rooted round,—  
 He who is faithful to his friends doth all the rage of foes confound.”

[15] Even though he thus discoursed, Sunanda did not recognise him and asked who he was; but as he approached the chariot, even before he saw the chariot and the ornaments which the prince wore, he recognised him as he looked at him, and falling at his feet and folding his hands spoke this stanza:

“Come, I will take thee back, O prince, to thine own proper home;  
 Sit on the throne and act the king,—why in this forest roam?”

<sup>1</sup> Petavatthu, p. 24.

<sup>2</sup> *Jāt.* v. 340 (p. 180 of the translation), Petavatthu, p. 23.

<sup>3</sup> See Feer in the *Journ. Asiatique*, 1871, xviii. p. 248.

The Great Being replied :

“I do not want that throne or wealth, I want not friends nor kin,  
Since 'tis by evil acts alone that I that throne could win.”

The charioteer spoke :

“A brimful cup of welcome, prince, will be prepared for thee ;  
And thy two parents in their joy great gifts will give to me.  
The royal wives, the princes all, Vesiya and brahmans both,  
Great presents in their full content will give me, nothing loth.  
Those who ride elephants and cars, foot-soldiers, royal guards,  
When thou returnest home again, will give me sure rewards.  
The country folk and city folk will gather joyously,  
And when they see their prince returned will presents give to me.”

[16] The Great Being spoke :

“By parents I was left forlorn, by city and by town,  
The princes left me to my fate,—I have no home my own.  
My mother gave me leave to go, my father me forsook,—  
Here in this forest-wild alone the ascetic's vow I took.”

As the Great Being called to mind his own virtues, delight arose in his mind and in his ecstasy he uttered a hymn of triumph :

“Even to those who hurry not, th' heart's longing wins success ;  
Know, charioteer, that I to-day have gained ripe holiness<sup>1</sup>.  
• Even by those who hurry not, the highest end is won ;  
Crowned with ripe holiness I go, perfect and fearing none.”

The charioteer replied :

“Thy words, my lord, are pleasant words, open thy speech and clear ;  
Why wast thou dumb, when thou didst see father and mother near ?”

The Great Being spoke :

“No cripple I for lack of joints, nor deaf for lack of ears,  
I am not dumb for want of tongue as plainly now appears.  
In an old birth I played the king, as I remember well,  
But when I fell from that estate I found myself in hell.  
Some twenty years of luxury I passed upon that throne,  
But eighty thousand years in hell did for that guilt atone.  
[17] My former taste of royalty filled all my heart with fear ;  
Thence was I dumb, although I saw father and mother near.  
My father took me on his lap, but midst his fondling play,  
I heard the stern commands he gave, ‘At once this miscreant slay,  
Saw *him* in sunder,—go, that wretch impale without delay.’  
Hearing such threats well might I try crippled and dumb to be,  
And wallow helplessly in filth, an idiot willingly.  
Knowing that life is short at best and filled with miseries,  
Who 'gainst another for its sake would let his anger rise ?  
Who on another for its sake would let his vengeance light,  
Through want of power to grasp the truth and blindness to the right ?”

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. I. p. 30.

<sup>2</sup> The four lines of triumph are here repeated.



[18] Then Sunanda reflected, "This prince, abandoning all his royal pomp as if it were carrion, has entered into the wood, unwavering in his resolve to become an ascetic,—what have I to do with this miserable life? I too will become an ascetic with him"; so he spoke this stanza:

"I too would choose th' ascetic's life with thee;  
Call me, O prince,—for I as thou would be."

When thus requested, the Great Being reflected, "If I at once admit him to the ascetic life, my father and mother will not come here and thus they will suffer loss, and the horses and chariot and ornaments will perish, and blame will accrue to me, for men will say, 'He is a goblin,—has he devoured the charioteer?'" So wishing to save himself from blame and to provide for his parents' welfare, he entrusted the horses and chariot and ornaments to him and spoke this stanza:

"Restore the chariot first, thou'rt not a free man now;  
First pay thy debts, they say,—then take the ascetic's vow."

The charioteer thought to himself, "If I went to the city and he meanwhile departed elsewhere his father and mother on hearing my news of him would come back with me to see him; and if they found him not they would punish me; so I will tell him the circumstances in which I find myself and will get his promise to remain here"; so he spoke two stanzas:

"Since I have done thy bidding, prince, I pray,  
Do thou be pleased to do what I shall say.  
Stay till I fetch the king,—stay here of grace,  
He will be joyful when he sees thy face."

[19] The Great Being replied:

"Well, be it as thou sayest, charioteer;  
I too would gladly see my father here.  
Go and salute my kindred all, and take  
A special message for my parents' sake."

The man took the commands:

He clasped his feet and, all due honours paid,  
Started to journey as his Master bade.

At that moment Candādevī opened her lattice and, as she wondered whether there were any tidings of her son and looked on the road by which the charioteer would return, she saw him coming alone and burst into lamentation.

The Master has thus described it:

"Seeing the empty car and lonely charioteer,  
The mother's eyes were filled with tears, her breast with fear:  
'The charioteer comes back,—my son is slain;  
Yonder he lies, earth mixed with earth again.  
Our bitterest foes may well rejoice, alack!  
Seeing his murderer come safely back."

Dumb, crippled,—say, could he not give one cry,  
 As on the ground he struggled helplessly?  
 Could not his hands and feet force thee away,  
 Though dumb and maimed, while on the ground he lay?"

[20] The charioteer spoke :

"Promise me pardon, lady, for my word,  
 And I will tell thee all I saw and heard."

The queen answered :

"Pardon I promise you for every word;  
 Tell me in full whate'er you saw or heard."

Then the charioteer spoke :

"No cripple he, he is not deaf,—his utterance clear and free;  
 He played fictitious parts at home, through dread of royalty.  
 In an old birth he played the king as he remembers well,  
 But when he fell from that estate he found himself in hell.  
 Some twenty years of luxury he passed upon that throne,  
 But eighty thousand years in hell did for that guilt atone.  
 His former taste of royalty filled all his heart with fear;  
 Hence was he dumb although he saw father and mother near.  
 Perfectly sound in all his limbs, faultlessly tall and broad,  
 His utterance clear, his wits undimmed, he treads salvation's road.  
 If you desire to see your son, then come at once with me,  
 You shall behold prince Temiya, perfectly calm and free."

[21] But when the prince had sent the charioteer away, he desired to take the ascetic vow. Knowing his desire, Sakka sent Vissakamma, saying, "Prince Temiya wishes to take the ascetic vow, go and make a hut of leaves for him and the requisite articles for an ascetic." He hastened accordingly, and in a grove of trees three leagues in extent he built a hermitage furnished with an apartment for the night and another for the day, a tank, a pit, and fruit-trees, and he prepared all the requisites for an ascetic and then returned to his own place. When the Bodhisatta saw it, he knew that it was Sakka's gift; so he entered into the hut and took off his clothes and put on the red bark garments, both the upper and under, and threw the black antelope-skin on one shoulder, and tied up his matted hair, and, having taken a carrying pole on his shoulder and a walking staff in his hand, he went out of the hut. Then he walked repeatedly up and down, displaying the full dress of an ascetic, and having shouted triumphantly "O the bliss, O the bliss," returned to the hut; and sitting down on the ragged mat<sup>1</sup> he entered upon the five transcended faculties. Then going out at evening and gathering some leaves from a *kāra*<sup>2</sup> tree near by, he soaked them in a vessel supplied by Sakka in water without salt or

<sup>1</sup> *Kaṭṭhattharake* [in iv. 58<sup>24</sup> *attharo* is a 'rug,'

<sup>2</sup> *Canthium parviflorum*.



buttermilk or spice, and ate them as if they were ambrosia, and then, as he pondered on the four perfect states, he resolved to take up his abode there.

Meanwhile the King of Kāsī, having heard Sunanda's words, summoned his chief general and ordered him to make preparation for the journey, saying :

“The horses to the chariots yoke,—bind girths on elephants and come ;  
Sound conch and tabour far and wide, and wake the loud-voiced kettledrum.  
Let the hoarse tomtom fill the air, let rattling drums raise echoes sweet,—  
Bid all this city follow me,—I go my son once more to greet.  
Let palace-ladies, every prince, vesiyas and brahmans every one,  
All have their chariot-horses yoked,—I go to welcome back my son.  
Let elephant-riders, royal guards, horsemen and footmen every one,  
Let all alike prepare to go, I go to welcome back my son.  
Let country folk and city folk gather in crowds in every street,  
Let all alike prepare to go, I go once more my son to greet.”

[22] The charioteers thus ordered yoked the horses, and having brought the chariots to the palace-gates informed the king.

The Master has thus described it :

“Sindh horses of the noblest breed stood harnessed at the palace gates ;  
The charioteers the tidings bring, ‘The train, my lord, thy presence waits.’”

The king spoke :

“‘Leave all the clumsy horses out, no weaklings in our cavalcade,’  
(They told the charioteer, ‘Be sure not to bring horses of that kind,’)

Such were the royal orders given, and such the charioteers obeyed.”

The king, when he went to his son, assembled the four castes, the eighteen guilds, and his whole army, and three days were spent in the assembling of the host. On the fourth day, having taken all that was to be taken in the procession, he proceeded to the hermitage and there was greeted by his son and gave him the due greeting in return.

The Master has thus described it<sup>1</sup> :

“His royal chariot then prepared, the king without delay  
Got in, and cried out to his wives—‘Come with me all away !’  
With yakstail fan and turban crest, and royal white sunshade,  
He mounted in the royal car<sup>2</sup>, with finest gold arrayed.  
Then did the king set forth at once, his charioteer beside,  
And quickly came where Temiya all tranquil did abide.

[23] When Temiya beheld him come all brilliant and ablaze,  
Surrounded by attendant bands of warriors, thus he says :

<sup>1</sup> [This passage, down to the end of p. 23, was omitted by Prof. Cowell.]

<sup>2</sup> *upādhiratham*: Schol. *suvaṇṇapādukāratham āruyhanu, ime tayo pāde puttassa tatth’ eva abhisekakaraṇatthāya pañca rājakakudhabhaṇḍāni ganhathā ti.*

'Father, I hope 'tis well with thee, thou hast good news to tell,  
I hope that all the royal queens, my mothers, too, are well?'

'Yes, it is well with me, my son, I have good news to tell,  
And all the royal queens indeed, thy mothers, all are well.'

'I hope thou drinkest no strong drink, all spirit dost eschew,  
To righteous deeds and almsgiving thy mind is ever true?'

'Oh yes, strong drink I never touch, all spirit I eschew,  
To righteous deeds and almsgiving my mind is ever true.'

'The horses and the elephants I hope are well and strong,  
No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing wrong?'

'Oh yes, the elephants are well, the horses well and strong,  
No painful bodily disease, no weakness, nothing wrong.'

'The frontiers, as the central part, all populous, at peace,  
The treasures and the treasuries quite full—say, what of these?

Now welcome to thee, royal Sir, O welcome now to thee!  
Let them set out a couch, that here seated the king may be.'"

The king, out of respect for the Great Being, would not sit upon the couch<sup>1</sup>.

[24] The Great Being said, "If he does not sit on his royal seat, let a couch of leaves be spread for him," so he spoke a stanza:

"Be seated on this bed of leaves spread for thee as is meet,  
They will take water from this spot and duly wash thy feet."

The king in his respect would not accept even the seat of leaves but sat on the ground. Then the Bodhisatta entered the hut of leaves, and, taking out a kāra leaf<sup>2</sup>, and inviting the king, he spoke a stanza:

"No salt have I, this leaf alone is what I live upon, O king;  
Thou art come here a guest of mine,—be pleased to accept the fare I bring."

The king replied:

"No leaves for me, that's not my fare; give me a bowl of pure hill rico,  
Cooked with a subtil flavouring of meat<sup>3</sup> to make the pottage nice."

At that moment the queen Candādevī, surrounded by the royal ladies, came up, and after clasping her dear son's feet and saluting him, sat on one side with her eyes full of tears. The king said to her, "Lady, see what thy son's food is," and put some of the leaves into her hand and also gave a little to the other ladies, who took it, saying, "O my lord, dost thou indeed eat such food? thou endurest great hardship," and sat down. Then the king said, "O my son, this appears wonderful to me," and he spoke a stanza:

"Most strange indeed it seems to me that thou thus left alone  
Livest on such mean food and yet thy colour is not gone."

<sup>1</sup> These words, printed in the Comm. on p. 23, should be put in the text. Read: *pallamke na nisīdi*; and so on p. 24<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> A leaf of the tree *Canthium parviflorum*.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *supra*, III. 29<sup>n</sup>.



[25] The prince thus replied :

“Upon this bed of leaves strewn here I lie indeed alone,—  
 A pleasant bed it is and so my colour is not gone ;  
 Girt with their swords no cruel guards stand sternly looking on,—  
 A pleasant bed it is and so my colour is not gone ;  
 Over the past I do not mourn nor for the future weep,—  
 I meet the present as it comes, and so my colour keep.  
 Mourning about the hopeless past or some uncertain future need,—  
 This dries a young man’s vigour up as when you cut a fresh green reed.”

The king thought to himself, “I will inaugurate him as king and carry him away with me” ; so he spoke these stanzas inviting him to share the kingdom :

“My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,  
 And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.  
 My queen’s apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,  
 Thou shalt be sole king over us,—there shall be none beside.  
 Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood  
 Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy,—why linger in this wood ?  
 The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but to wait on thee ;  
 When they have borne thee sons, then go an anchorite to be.  
 Come, O my first-born and my heir, in the first glory of thine age,  
 Enjoy thy kingdom to the full,—what dost thou in this hermitage ?”

The Bodhisatta spoke :

“No, let the young man leave the world and fly its vanities,  
 The ascetic’s life best suits the young,—thus counsel all the wise.  
 [26] No, let the young man leave the world, a hermit and alone ;  
 I will embrace the hermit’s life, I need no pomp nor throne.  
 I watch the boy,—with childish lips ; he ‘father,’ ‘mother,’ cries,—  
 Himself begets a son, and then he too grows old and dies.  
 So the young daughter in her flower grows blithe and fair to see,  
 But she soon fades cut down by death like the green bamboo tree.  
 Men, women all, however young, soon perish,—who in sooth  
 Would put his trust in mortal life, cheated by fancied youth ?  
 As night by night gives place to dawn life still contracts its span ;  
 Like fish in water which dries up,—what means the youth of man ?  
 This world of ours is smitten sore, is ever watched by one,  
 They pass and pass with purpose fell,—why talk of crown or throne ?  
 ‘Who sorely smites this world of ours ? who watches grimly by ?  
 And who thus pass with purpose fell ? Tell me the mystery.’  
 ‘Tis death who smites this world, old age who watches at our gate,  
 And ’tis the nights which pass and win their purpose soon or late.  
 As when the lady at her loom sits weaving all the day,  
 Her task grows ever less and less,—so waste our lives away.  
 As speeds the hurrying river’s course, on with no backward flow,  
 So in its course the life of men doth ever forward go ;  
 And as the river sweeps away trees from its banks uptorn,  
 So are we men by age and death in headlong ruin borne.”



[27] The king, as he listened to the Great Being's discourse, became disgusted at a life spent in a house, and longed to leave the world; and he exclaimed, "I will not go back to the city, I will become an ascetic here; if my son will go to the city I will give him the white umbrella,"—so to try him he once more invited him to take his kingdom:

"My elephants, my chariots, horsemen, and infantry,  
And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

My queen's apartments too I give, with all their pomp and pride,  
Thou shalt be sole king over us,—there shall be none beside.

Fair women skilled in dance and song and trained for every mood  
Shall lap thy soul in ease and joy, why linger in this wood?

The daughters of thy foes shall come proud but to wait on thee;  
When they have borne thee sons, then go an anchorite to be.

My treasures and my treasures, footmen and cavalry,  
And all my pleasant palaces, dear son, I give to thee.

With troops of slaves to wait on thee, and queens to be embraced,  
Enjoy thy throne, all health to thee, why linger in this waste?"

But the Great Being replied by shewing how little he wanted a kingdom.

"Why seek for wealth,—it will not last; why woo a wife,—she soon will die;  
Why think of youth, 'twill soon be past; and threatening age stands ever nigh.

What are the joys that life can bring? beauty, sport, wealth, or royal fare?  
What is a wife or child to me? I am set free from every snare.

This thing I know,—where'er I go, Fate watching never slumbereth;  
Of what avail is wealth or joy to one who feels the grasp of death?"<sup>1</sup>

[28] Do what thou hast to do to-day, who can ensure the morrow's sun?  
Death is the Master-general who gives his guarantee to none.

Thieves ever watch to steal our wealth,—I am set free from every chain;  
Go back and take thy crown away; what want I with a king's domain?"

The Great Being's discourse with its application came to an end, and when they heard it not only the king and the queen Candā but the sixteen thousand royal wives all desired to embrace the ascetic life. The king ordered a proclamation to be made in the city by beat of drum, that all who wished to become ascetics with his son should do so; [29] he caused the doors of his treasuries to be thrown open, and he had an inscription written on a golden plate, and fixed on a great bamboo as a pillar, that his treasure-jars would be exposed in certain places and that all who pleased might take of them. The citizens also left their houses with the doors open as if it were an open market, and flocked round the king. The king and the multitude took the ascetic vow together before the Great Being. An hermitage erected by Sakka extended for three leagues. The Great Being went through the huts made of branches and leaves, and he appointed those in the centre for the women as they were naturally timid, while those on the outside were for the men. All of them on the fast-day

<sup>1</sup> Four lines are here repeated from Vol. iv. transl. p. 81, ll. 11—14.



stood on the ground, and gathered and ate the fruits of the trees which Vissakamma had created, and followed the rules of the ascetic life. The Great Being, knowing the mind of every one, whether he indulged thoughts of lust or malevolence or cruelty, sat down in the air and taught the law to each, and as they listened they speedily developed the Faculties and the Attainments.

A neighbouring king, hearing that Kāsirājā had become an ascetic, resolved to establish his rule in Benares, so he entered the city, and seeing it all adorned he went up into the palace, and, beholding the seven kinds of precious stones there, he thought to himself that some kind of danger must gather round all this wealth; so he sent for some drunken revellers and asked them by which gate the king had gone out. They told him "by the eastern gate"; so he went out himself by that gate and proceeded along the bank of the river. The Great Being knew of his coming, and having gone to meet him, sat in the air and taught the law. Then the invader took the ascetic vow with all his company; and the same thing happened also to another king. In this way three kingdoms were abandoned; the elephants and horses were left to roam wild in the woods, the chariots dropped to pieces in the woods, and the money in the treasuries, being counted as mere sand, was scattered about in the hermitage. All the residents there attained to the eight Ecstatic Meditations; and at the end of their lives became destined for the world of Brahma. Yea the very animals, as the elephants and horses, having their minds calmed by the sight of the sages, were eventually reborn in the six heavens of the gods.

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The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, said, "Not now only but formerly also did I leave a kingdom and become an ascetic." Then he identified the Birth: "the goddess in the umbrella was Uppalavaṇṇā, [30] the charioteer was Sāriputta, the father and mother were the royal family, the court was the Buddha's congregation, and the wise Mūgapakkha was myself<sup>1</sup>."

After they had come to the island of Ceylon, Elder Khuddakatissa, a native of Maṅgaṇa, Elder Mahāvamsaka, Elder Phussadeva, who dwelt at Kaṭakandhakāra<sup>2</sup>, Elder Mahārakkhita, a native of Uparimaṇḍakamāla, Elder Mahātissa, a native of Bhaggari, Elder Mahāsiva, a native of Vāmattapabbhāra, Elder Mahāmaliyadeva, a native of Kāḷavela,—all these elders are called the late comers in the assembly of the Kuddālaka birth<sup>3</sup>, the Mūgapakkha birth<sup>4</sup>, the Ayoghara birth<sup>5</sup>, and the Hatthipāla birth<sup>6</sup>. Moreover Elder Mahānāga, a native of Maddha, and Elder Mali-

<sup>1</sup> A later addition here describes how certain priests were later than the others in adopting the ascetic life, in this birth, cf. *Jāt.* iv. 490.

<sup>2</sup> See Sum. 190.

<sup>3</sup> No. 70, i. p. 311.

<sup>4</sup> No. 538, vi. p. 1.

<sup>5</sup> No. 510, iv. p. 304.

<sup>6</sup> No. 509, iv. p. 293.

yamakādeva, remarked on the day of parinibbāna, "Sir, the assembly of the Mūgapakkha birth is to-day extinct." "Wherefore?" "I was then passionately addicted to spirituous drink, and when I could not bring those with me who used to drink liquor with me I was the last of all to give up the world and become an ascetic."

## No. 539.

### MAHĀJANAKA-JĀTAKA.

"*Who art thou, striving,*" etc. This story the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told concerning the great Renunciation. One day the Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth discussing the Tathāgata's great Renunciation. The Master came and found that this was their subject; so he said "This is not the first time that the Tathāgata performed the great Renunciation,—he performed it also formerly." And herewith he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time there was a king named Mahājanaka reigning in Mithilā in the kingdom of Videha. He had two sons, Ariṭṭhajanaka and Polajanaka; the elder he made viceroy and the younger commander-in-chief. Afterwards, when Mahājanaka died, Ariṭṭhajanaka, having become king, gave the viceroyalty to his brother. One day a slave went to the king and told him that the viceroy was desirous to kill him. The king, after repeatedly hearing the same story, became suspicious, and had Polajanaka thrown into chains and imprisoned with a guard in a certain house not far from the palace. The prince made a solemn asseveration, "If I am my brother's enemy, let not my chains be unloosed nor the door become opened; but otherwise, may my chains be unloosed and the door become opened," and thereupon [31] the chains broke into pieces and the door flew open. He went out and, going to a frontier village, took up his abode there, and the inhabitants, having recognised him, waited upon him; and the king was unable to have him arrested. In course of time he became master of the frontier district, and, having now a large following, he said to himself, "If I was not my brother's enemy before, I am indeed his enemy now," and he went to Mithilā with a large host, and encamped in the outskirts of the city. The inhabitants heard that Prince Polajanaka was come, and most of them joined him with their elephants and other riding animals, and the inhabitants of other towns also gathered with them. So he sent a message to his brother, "I was not your enemy before but I am indeed your enemy now; give the royal umbrella up to me or give battle." As the king went to give battle, he bade farewell to



his principal queen. "Lady," he said, "victory and defeat in a battle cannot be foretold,—if any fatal accident befalls me, do you carefully preserve the child in your womb": so saying he departed; and the soldiers of Polajanaka ere long took his life in battle. The news of the king's death caused a universal confusion in the whole city. The queen, having learned that he was dead, quickly put her gold and choicest treasures into a basket and spread a cloth on the top and strewed some husked rice over that; and having put on some soiled clothes and disfigured her person, she set the basket on her head and went out at an unusual time of the day, and no one recognised her. She went out by the northern gate; but she did not know the way, as she had never gone anywhere before and was unable to fix the points of the compass; so since she had only heard that there was such a city as Kālacampā, she sat down and kept asking whether there were any people going to Kālacampā city. Now it was no common child in her womb, but it was the Great Being re-born, after he had accomplished the Perfections, and all Sakka's world shook with his majesty. Sakka considered what the cause could be, and he reflected that a being of great merit must have been conceived in her womb, and that he must go and see it; so he created a covered carriage and prepared a bed in it and stood at the door of the house where she was sitting, as if he were an old man driving the carriage, and he asked if any one wanted to go to Kālacampā. "I want to go there, father." [32] "Then mount up into this carriage, lady, and take your seat." "Father, I am far gone with child, and I cannot climb up; I will follow behind, but give me room for this my basket." "What are you talking about, mother? there is no one who knows how to drive a carriage like me; fear not, but climb up and sit down." By his divine power he caused the earth to rise as she was climbing up, and made it touch the hinder end of the carriage. She climbed up and lay down in the bed, and she knew that it must be a god. As soon as she lay down on the divine bed she fell asleep. Sakka at the end of thirty leagues came to a river, and he woke her, saying, "Mother, get down and bathe in the river; at the head of the bed there is a cloak, put it on; and in the carriage there is a cake to eat, eat it." She did so and lay down again and at evening time, when she reached Campā and saw the gate, the watch-tower and the walls, she asked what city it was. He replied, "Campā city, mother." "What sayest thou, father? Is it not sixty leagues from our city to Campā?" "It is so, mother, but I know the straight road." He then made her alight at the southern gate; "Mother, my village lies further on,—do you enter the city," so saying Sakka went on, and vanishing, departed to his own place.

The queen sat down in a certain hall. At that time a certain Brahmin, a reciter of hymns, who dwelt at Campā, was going with his five hundred disciples to bathe, and as he looked he saw her sitting there so fair and

comely, and, by the power of the being in her womb, immediately as he saw her he conceived an affection for her as for a youngest sister, and making his pupils stay outside he went alone into the hall and asked her, "Sister, in what village dost thou dwell?" "I am the chief queen of King Aritṭhajanaka in Mithilā," she said. "Why art thou come here?" "The king has been killed by Polajanaka, and I in fear have come here to save my unborn child." "Is there any kinsman of thine in this city?" "There is none, father." "Do not be anxious; I am a Northern Brahmin of a great family, a teacher famed far and wide, I will watch over you as if you were my sister,—call me your brother and clasp my feet and make a loud lamentation." [33] She made a great wailing and fell at his feet and they each condoled with the other. His pupils came running up and asked him what it all meant. "This is my youngest sister, who was born at such a time when I was away." "O teacher, do not grieve, now that you have seen her at last." He caused a grand covered carriage to be brought and made her sit down in it and sent her to his own house, bidding them tell his wife that it was his sister and that she was to do everything that was necessary. His Brahmin wife gave her a hot water bath and prepared a bed for her and made her lie down. The Brahmin bathed and came home; and at the time of the meal he bade them call his sister and ate with her, and watched over her in the house. Soon after she brought forth a son, and they called him after his grandfather's name Prince Mahājanaka. As he grew up and played with the lads,—when they used to provoke him with their own pure Khattiya birth, he would strike them roughly from his own superior strength and stoutness of heart. When they made a loud outcry and were asked who had struck them, they would reply "The widow's son." The prince reflected "They always call me the widow's son,—I will ask my mother about it"; so one day he asked her, "Mother, whose son am I?" She deceived him, saying that the Brahmin was his father. When he beat them another day and they called him the widow's son, he replied that the Brahmin was his father; and when they retorted "What is the Brahmin to you?" he pondered, "These lads say to me 'What is the Brahmin to you?' My mother will not explain the matter to me, she will not tell me the truth for her own honour's sake,—come, I will make her tell it to me." So when he was sucking her milk he bit her breast and said to her, "Tell me who my father is,—if you do not tell me I will cut your breast off." She, being unable to deceive him, said, "My child, you are the son of King Aritṭhajanaka of Mithilā; thy father was killed by Polajanaka, and I came to this city in my care to save thee, and the Brahmin has treated me as his sister and taken care of me." From that time he was no longer angry when he was called the widow's son: and before he was sixteen years old he had learned the three vedas and all the sciences; [34] and by the time he was sixteen,



he had become very handsome in his person. Then he thought to himself, "I will seize the kingdom that belonged to my father"; so he asked his mother "Have you any money in hand? If not, I will carry on trade and make money and seize my father's kingdom." "Son, I did not come empty-handed, I have a store of pearls and jewels and diamonds sufficient for gaining the kingdom—take them and seize the throne; do not carry on trade." "Mother," he said, "give that wealth to me, but I will only take half of it, and I will go to Suvannabhūmi and get great riches there, and will then seize the kingdom." He made her bring him the half, and having got together his stock-in-trade he put it on board a ship with some merchants bound for Suvannabhūmi, and bade his mother farewell, telling her that he was sailing for that country. "My son," she said, "the sea has few chances of success and many dangers,—do not go,—you have ample money for seizing the kingdom." But he told his mother that he would go,—so he bade her adieu and embarked on board. That very day a disease broke out in Polajanaka's body and he could not rise from his bed. There were seven caravans with their beasts<sup>1</sup> embarked on board; in seven days the ship made seven hundred leagues, but having gone too violently in its course it could not hold out:—its planks gave way, the water rose higher and higher, the ship began to sink in the middle of the ocean while the crew wept and lamented and invoked their different gods. But the Great Being never wept nor lamented nor invoked any deities, but knowing that the vessel was doomed he rubbed some sugar and ghee, and, having eaten his belly-full, he smeared his two clean garments with oil and put them tightly round him and stood leaning against the mast. When the vessel sank the mast stood upright. The crowd on board became food for the fishes and tortoises, and the water all round assumed the colour of blood; but the Great Being, standing on the mast, having determined the direction in which Mithilā lay, flew up from the top of the mast, and by his strength passing beyond the fishes and tortoises fell at the distance of 140 cubits from the ship. That very day Polajanaka died. After that the Great Being crossed through the jewel-coloured waves, making his way like a mass of gold, [35] he passed a week as if it had been a day, and when he saw the shore again he washed his mouth with salt water<sup>2</sup> and kept the fast. Now at that time a daughter of the gods named Maṇimekhalā had been appointed guardian of the sea by the four guardians of the world. They said to her, "Those beings who possess such virtues as reverence for their mothers and the like do not deserve to fall into the sea,—look out for such"; but for those seven days she had not looked at the sea, for they say that her memory had become bewildered in her enjoyment of her

<sup>1</sup> I would read *sattajaṃghasatthāni* (cf. Text, iii. 283, 18). The text *-satāni* would mean "700 legs," i.e. 350 men (?).

<sup>2</sup> Reading *lonodakena* as Dr Fausbøll proposes.

divine happiness, and others even say that she had gone to be present at a divine assembly; at last however she had looked, saying to herself, "This is the seventh day that I have not looked at the sea,—who is making his way yonder?" As she saw the Great Being she thought to herself, "If Prince Mahājanaka had perished in the sea I should [not] have kept<sup>1</sup> my entry into the divine assembly!" so assuming an adorned form she stood in the air not far from the Bodhisatta and uttered the first stanza, as she thus tested his powers:

"Who art thou, striving manfully here in mid-ocean far from land?  
Who is the friend thou trustest in, to lend to thee a helping hand?"

The Bodhisatta replied, "This is my seventh day here in the ocean, I have not seen a second living being beside myself,—who can it be that speaks to me?" so, looking into the air, he uttered the second stanza:

"Knowing my duty in the world, to strive, O goddess, while I can,  
Here in mid-ocean far from land I do my utmost like a man."

Desirous to hear sound doctrine, she uttered to him the third stanza:

"Here in this deep and boundless waste where shore is none to meet the eye,  
Thy utmost strivings are in vain,—here in mid-ocean thou must die."

The Bodhisatta replied, "Why dost thou speak thus? if I perish while I make my best efforts, I shall at all events escape from blame," and he spoke a stanza: [36]

"He who does all a man can do is free from guilt towards his kin,  
The lord of heaven acquits him too and he feels no remorse within."

Then the goddess spoke a stanza:

"What use in strivings such as these, where barren toil is all the gain,  
Where there is no reward to win, and only death for all thy pain?"

Then the Bodhisatta uttered these stanzas to shew to her her want of discernment:

"He who thinks there is nought to win and will not battle while he may,—  
Be his the blame whate'er the loss,—'twas his faint heart that lost the day.

Men in this world devise their plans, and do their business as seems best,—  
The plans may prosper or may fail,—the unknown future shows the rest.

Seest thou not, goddess, here to-day 'tis our own actions which decide;  
Drowned are the others,—I am saved, and thou art standing by my side.

So I will ever do my best to fight through ocean to the shore;  
While strength holds out I still will strive, nor yield till I can strive no more."

[37] The goddess, on hearing his stout words, uttered a stanza of praise:

"Thou who thus bravely fightest on amidst this fierce unbounded sea  
Nor shrinkest from the appointed task, striving where duty calleth thee,  
Go where thy heart would have thee go, nor let nor hindrance shall there be."

<sup>1</sup> [Prof. Cowell adds on the margin of his text: "na, or is it a question?"]



Then she asked him whither she should carry him, and on his answering "to the city of Mithilā," she threw him up like a garland and seizing him in both arms and making him lie on her bosom, she took him as if he was her dear child and sprang up in the air. For seven days the Bodhisatta slept, his body wet with the salt spray and thrilled with the heavenly contact. Then she brought him to Mithilā and laid him on his right side on the ceremonial stone in a mango grove, and, leaving him in the care of the goddesses of the garden, departed to her own abode. Now Polajanaka had no son: he had left only one daughter, wise and learned, named Sīvalīdevī. They had asked him on his death-bed, "O king, to whom shall we give the kingdom when thou art become a god?" and he had said, "Give it to him who can please the princess, my daughter Sīvalī, or who knows which is the head of the square bed, or who can string the bow which requires the strength of a thousand men, or who can draw out the sixteen great treasures." "O king, tell us the list of the treasures." Then the king repeated it:

"The treasure of the rising sun, the treasure at his setting seen,  
The treasure outside, that within, and that not outside nor within, [38]  
At th' mounting, at the dismounting, *sāl*-pillars four, the *yojana* round,  
The end of th' teeth, the end of th' tail, the *kebuka*, th' ends of the trees,—  
The sixteen precious treasures these, and these remain, where these are found,  
The bow that tasks a thousand men, the bed, the lady's heart to please."

The king, besides these treasures, repeated also a list of others. After his death the ministers performed his obsequies, and on the seventh day they assembled and deliberated: "The king said that we were to give the kingdom to him who is able to please his daughter, but who will be able to please her?" They said, "The general is a favourite," so they sent a command to him. He at once came to the royal gate and signified to the princess that he was standing there. She, knowing why he had come, and intending to try whether he had the wisdom to bear the royal umbrella, gave command that he should come. On hearing the command and being desirous to please her, he ran up quickly from the foot of the staircase and stood by her. Then to try him, she said, "Run quickly on the level ground." He sprang forward, thinking that he was pleasing the princess. She said to him, "Come hither." He came up with all speed. She saw his want of wisdom and said, "Come and rub my feet." In order to please her, he sat down and rubbed her feet. Then she struck him on the breast with her foot and made him fall on his back, and she made a sign to her female attendants, "Beat this blind and senseless fool and seize him by the throat and thrust him out"; and they did so. "Well, general?" they said; he replied, "Do not mention it, she is not a human being." Then the treasurer went, but she put him also in the same way to shame. So too the cashier, the keeper of the umbrella, the sword-



bearer: she put them all to shame. Then the multitude deliberated and said, "No one can please the princess: give her to him who is able to string the bow which requires the strength of a thousand men." But no one could string it. Then they said, "Give her to him who knows which is the head of the square bed." But no one knew it. "Then give her to him who is able to draw out the sixteen great treasures." But no one could draw them out. [39] Then they consulted together, "The kingdom cannot be preserved without a king; what is to be done?" Then the family priest said to them, "Be not anxious; we must send out the festive carriage, the king who is obtained by the festal carriage will be able to rule over all India." So they agreed, and having decorated the city and yoked four lotus-coloured horses to the festive chariot and spread a coverlet over them and fixed the five ensigns of royalty, they surrounded them with an army of four hosts. Now musical instruments are sounded in front of a chariot which contains a rider, but behind one which contains none; so the family priest, having bid them sound the musical instruments behind, and having sprinkled the strap of the car and the goad with a golden ewer, bade the chariot proceed to him who has merit sufficient to rule the kingdom. The car went solemnly round the palace and proceeded up the kettle-drum road. The general and the other officers of state each thought that the car was coming up to him, but it passed by the houses of them all, and having gone solemnly round the city it went out by the eastern gate and passed onwards to the park. When they saw it going along so quickly, they thought to stop it; but when the family priest said, "Stop it not; let it go a hundred leagues if it pleases," the car entered the park and went solemnly round the ceremonial stone and stopped as ready to be mounted. The family priest beheld the Bodhisatta lying there and addressed the ministers, "Sirs, I see someone lying on the stone; we know not whether he has wisdom worthy of the white umbrella or not; if he is a being of holy merit he will not look at us, but if he is a creature of ill omen he will start up in alarm and look at us trembling; sound forthwith all the musical instruments." Forthwith they sounded the hundreds of instruments,—it was like the noise of the sea. The Great Being awoke at the noise, and having uncovered his head and looked round, beheld the great multitude; and having perceived that it must be the white umbrella which had come to him he again wrapped his head and turned round and lay on his left side. The family priest uncovered his feet and, beholding the marks, said, "Not to mention one continent, he is able to rule all the four," so he bade them sound the musical instruments again.

[40] The Bodhisatta uncovered his face, and having turned round lay on his right side and looked at the crowd. The family priest, having comforted the people, folded his hands and bent down and said, "Rise, my lord, the kingdom belongs to thee." "Where is the king?" he replied.



“He is dead.” “Has he left no son or brother?” “None, my lord.” “Well, I will take the kingdom”; so he rose and sat down cross-legged on the stone slab. Then they anointed him there and then; and he was called King Mahājanaka. He then mounted the chariot, and, having entered the city with royal magnificence, went up to the palace and mounted the dais, having arranged the different positions for the general and the other officers. Now the princess, wishing to prove him by his first behaviour, sent a man to him, saying, “Go to the king and tell him, ‘the princess Sīvalī summons thee, go quickly to her’.” The wise king as if he did not hear his words, went on with his description of the palace,—“Thus and thus will it be well.” Being unable to attract his attention he went away and told the princess, “Lady, the king heard thy words but he only keeps on describing the palace and utterly disregards thee.” She said to herself, “He must be a man of a lofty soul,” and sent a second and even a third messenger. The king at last ascended the palace walking at his own pleasure at his usual pace yawning like a lion. As he drew near, the princess could not stand still before his majestic bearing; and coming up she gave him her hand to lean on. He caught hold of her hand and ascended the dais, and having seated himself on the royal couch beneath the white umbrella, he inquired of the ministers, “When the king died, did he leave any instructions with you?” Then they told him that the kingdom was to be given to him who could please the princess Sīvalī. “The princess Sīvalī gave me her hand to lean on as I came near: I have therefore succeeded in pleasing her; tell me something else.” “He said that the kingdom was to be given to him who could decide which was the head of the square bed.” The king replied, “This is hard to tell, but it can be known by a contrivance,” so he took out a golden needle from his head and gave it into the princess’ hand, saying, “Put this in its place.” [41] She took it and put it in the head of the bed. Thus they also say in the proverb ‘She gave him a sword’.<sup>1</sup> By that indication he knew which was the head, and, as if he had not heard it before, he asked what they were saying, and when they repeated it, he replied, “It is not a wonderful thing for one to know which is the head”; and so saying, he asked if there were any other test. “Sire, he commanded us to give the kingdom to him who could string the bow which required the strength of a thousand men.” When they had brought it at his order, he strung it while sitting on the bed as if it were only a woman’s bow for carding cotton<sup>2</sup>. “Tell me something else,” he said. “He commanded us to give the kingdom to him who could draw out the sixteen great treasures.” “Is there a list?” and

<sup>1</sup> So in the *Kathāsaritsāgara*, § 72, 47, 54, the snake-maiden gives the hero a sword and horse.

<sup>2</sup> See Grierson’s *Bihār Peasant Life*, pp. 64, 98.

they repeated the before-mentioned list. As he listened the meaning became clear to him like the moon in the sky. "There is not time to-day, we will take the treasure to-morrow." The next day he assembled the ministers and asked them, "Did your king feed pacceka-buddhas?" When they answered in the affirmative, he thought to himself, "'The sun' cannot be this sun, but pacceka-buddhas are called suns from their likeness thereto; the treasure must be where he used to go and meet them." Then he asked them, "When the pacceka-buddhas came, where did he use to go and meet them?" They told him of such and such a place; so he bade them dig that spot and draw out the treasure from thence, and they did so. "When he followed them as they departed, where did he stand as he bade them farewell?" They told him, and he bade them draw out the treasure from thence, and they did so. The great multitude uttered thousands of shouts and expressed their joy and gladness of heart, saying, "When they heard before of the rising of the sun, they used to wander about, digging in the direction of the actual sunrise, and when they heard of his setting, they used to go digging in the direction of the actual sunset, but here are the real riches, here is the true marvel." When they said, "The treasure within" he drew out the treasure of the threshold within the great gate of the palace; "The treasure outside,"—he drew out the treasure of the threshold outside; "Neither within nor without,"—he drew out the treasure from below the threshold; [42] "At the mounting,"—he drew out the treasure from the place where they planted the golden ladder for mounting the royal state elephant; "At the dismounting,"—he drew out the treasure from the place where they dismounted from the royal elephant's shoulders; "The four great *sāl*-pillars,"—there were four great feet, made of *sāl*-wood, of the royal couch where the courtiers made their prostrations on the ground, and from under them he brought out four jars full of treasure; "A *yojana* round,"—now a *yojana* is the yoke of a chariot, so he dug round the royal couch for the length of a yoke and brought out jars of treasure from thence; "The treasure at the end of the teeth,"—in the place where the royal elephant stood, he brought out two treasures from the spot in front of 'his two tusks'; "At the end of his tail,"—at the place where the royal horse stood, he brought out jars from the place opposite his tail; "In the *kebuka*"; now water is called *kebuka*; so he had the water of the royal lake drawn off and there revealed a treasure; "The treasure at the ends of the trees,"—he drew out the jars of treasure buried within the circle of shade thrown at midday under the great *sāl*-trees in the royal garden. Having thus brought out the sixteen treasures, he asked if there was anything more, and they answered "No." The multitude were delighted. The king said, "I will throw this wealth in the mouth of charity"; so he had five halls for alms erected in the middle of the city and at the four gates, and made a great distribution. Then he



sent for his mother and the Brahmin from Kālacampā, and paid them great honour.

In the early days of his reign, King Mahājanaka, the son of Ariṭṭha-janaka, ruled over all the kingdoms of Videha. "The king, they say, is wise, we will see him," so the whole city was in a stir to see him, and they came from different parts with presents; they prepared a great festival in the city, covered the walls of the palace with plastered impressions of their hands<sup>1</sup>, hung perfumes and flower-wreaths, darkened the air as they threw fried grain, flowers, perfumes and incense, and got ready all sorts of food to eat and drink. In order to present offerings to the king they gathered round and stood, bringing food hard and soft, and all kinds of drinks and fruits [43], while the crowd of the king's ministers sat on one side, on another a host of brahmins, on another the wealthy merchants and the like, on another the most beautiful dancing-girls; brahmin panegyrists, skilled in festive songs, sang their cheerful odes with loud voices, hundreds of musical instruments were played, the king's palace was filled with one vast sound as if it were in the centre of the Yugandhara ocean<sup>2</sup>;—every place which he looked upon trembled. The Bodhisatta as he sat under the white umbrella, beheld the great pomp of glory like Sakka's magnificence, and he remembered his own struggles in the great ocean; "Courage is the right thing to put forth,—if I had not shewn courage in the great ocean, should I ever have attained this glory?" and joy arose in his mind as he remembered it, and he burst into a triumphant utterance<sup>3</sup>. [44] He after that fulfilled the ten royal duties and ruled righteously and waited on the pacceka-buddhas. In course of time Queen Sīvalī brought forth a son endowed with all auspicious marks and they called his name Dīghāvu-kumāra. When he grew up his father made him viceroy. One day when various sorts of fruits and flowers were brought to the king by the gardener, he was pleased when he saw them, and shewed him honour, and told him to adorn the garden and he would pay it a visit. The gardener carried out these instructions and told the king, and he, seated on a royal elephant and surrounded by his retinue, entered at the garden-gate. Now near it stood two bright green mango trees, the one without fruit, the other full of very sweet fruit. As the king had not eaten of the fruit no one ventured to gather any, and the king, as he rode on his elephant, gathered a fruit and ate it. The moment the mango touched the end of his tongue, a divine flavour seemed to arise and he thought to himself, "When I return I will eat several more"; but when once it was known that the king had eaten of the first fruit of the

<sup>1</sup> *Haṭṭhattharādihi*, cf. *piṣṭapañcāṅgula Harṣac.* 63, 13, and 157, l. 1.

<sup>2</sup> This is one of the seas between the seven concentric circles of rock round Meru. Hardy, p. 12.

<sup>3</sup> The six stanzas which follow in the Pali were translated in Vol. iv. p. 171.



tree, everybody from the viceroy to the elephant-keepers gathered and ate some, and those who did not take the fruit broke the boughs with sticks and stripped off the leaves till that tree stood all broken and battered, while the other one stood as beautiful as a mountain of gems. As the king came out of the garden, he saw it and asked his ministers about it. "The crowd saw that your majesty had eaten the first fruit and they have plundered it," they replied. "But this other tree has not lost a leaf or a colour." "It has not lost them because it had no fruit." The king was greatly moved, "This tree [45] keeps its bright green because it has no fruit, while its fellow is broken and battered because of its fruit. This kingdom is like the fruitful tree, but the ascetic life is like the barren tree; it is the possessor of property who has fears, not he who is without anything of his own. Far from being like the fruitful tree I will be like the barren one,—leaving all my glory behind, I will give up the world and become an ascetic." Having made this firm resolution, he entered the city, and standing at the door of the palace, sent for his commander-in-chief, and said to him, "O general, from this day forth let none see my face except one servant to bring my food and another to give me water for my mouth and a toothbrush, and do you take my old chief judges and with their help govern my kingdom: I will henceforth live the life of a Buddhist priest on the top of the palace." So saying he went up to the top of the palace alone, and lived as a Buddhist priest. As time passed on the people assembled in the courtyard, and when they saw not the Bodhisatta they said, "He is not like our old king," and they repeated two stanzas:

"Our king, the lord of all the earth, is changed from what he was of old,  
He heeds no joyous song to-day nor cares the dancers to behold;

The deer, the garden, and the swans fail to attract his absent eye,—  
Silent he sits as stricken dumb and lets the cares of state pass by."

They asked the butler and the attendant, "Does the king ever talk to you?" "Never," they replied. Then they related how the king, with his mind plunged in abstraction, and detached from all desires, had remembered his old friends the pacceka-buddhas, and saying to himself, "Who will show me the dwelling-place of those beings free from all attachments and possessed of all virtues?" had uttered aloud his intense feelings in three stanzas:

"Hid from all sight, intent on bliss, freed from all bonds and mortal fears,  
In whose fair garden, old and young, together dwell those heavenly seers?

[46] They have left all desires behind,—those happy glorious saints I bless,  
Amidst a world by passion tost they roam at peace and passionless.

They have all burst the net of death, and the deceiver's outspread snare,—  
Freed from all ties, they roam at will,—O who will guide me where they  
are?"



Four months passed as he thus led an ascetic's life on the palace, and at last his mind turned intently towards giving up the world: his own home seemed like one of the hells between the sets of worlds<sup>1</sup>, and the three modes of existence<sup>2</sup> presented themselves to him as all on fire. In this frame of mind he burst into a description of Mithilā, as he thought, "When will the time come that I shall be able to leave this Mithilā, adorned and decked out like Sakka's palace, and go to Himavat and there put on the ascetic's dress?"

"When<sup>3</sup> shall I leave this Mithilā, spacious and splendid though it be,  
By architects with rule and line laid out in order fair to see,  
With walls and gates and battlements,—traversed by streets on every side,  
With horses, cows, and chariots thronged, [47] with tanks and gardens  
    beautified,  
Videha's far-famed capital, gay with its knights and warrior swarms,  
Clad in their robes of tiger-skins, with banners spread and flashing arms,  
Its brahmins dressed in Kāñi cloth, perfumed with sandal, decked with  
    gems,—  
Its palaces and all their queens with robes of state and diadems!  
When shall I leave them and go forth, the ascetic's lonely bliss to win,—  
Carrying my rags and water-pot,—when will that happy life begin?  
When shall I wander through the woods, eating their hospitable fruit,  
Tuning my heart in solitude as one might tune a seven-stringed lute<sup>4</sup>,  
Cutting my spirit free from hope of present or of future gain,  
As the cobbler<sup>5</sup> when he shapes his shoe cuts off rough ends and leaves it  
    plain<sup>6</sup>."

[52] Now he had been born at a time when men lived to the age of 10,000 years; so after reigning 7,000 years he became an ascetic while 3,000 years still remained of his life: and when he had embraced the ascetic life, he still dwelt in a house four months from the day of his seeing the mango tree; but thinking to himself that an ascetic's house would be better than the palace, he secretly instructed his attendant to have some yellow robes and an earthen vessel brought to him from the market. He then sent for a barber and made him cut his hair and beard; he put on one yellow robe as the under dress, another as the upper, and the third he wrapped over his shoulder, and, having put his vessel in a bag, he hung it on his shoulder; then, taking his walking-stick, he walked several times backwards and forwards on the top-story with the triumphant step of a pacceka-buddha. That day he continued to dwell there, but the next day at sunrise he began to go down. The queen Sīvalī sent for seven hundred favourite concubines, and said to them, "It is a long time,

<sup>1</sup> See Hardy, *Budhism*, p. 27.

<sup>2</sup> Sc. the Kāmaloka, the Rūpabrahmaloka, and the Arūpabrahmaloka.

<sup>3</sup> A long description, full of repetitions, is here much condensed.

<sup>4</sup> See *Mahāvagga*, v. 1. 16.

<sup>5</sup> The use of the word *rathakāro* might suggest 'wooden shoes,' but these were forbidden by Buddha, see *Mahāvagga*, v. 6.

<sup>6</sup> Cf. Vol. iv. p. 172 (text).



four full months, since we last beheld the king, we shall see him to-day, do you all adorn yourselves and put forth your graces and blandishments and try to entangle him in the snares of passion." Attended by them all arrayed and adorned, she ascended the palace to see the king; [53] but although she met him coming down, she knew him not, and thinking that it was a pacceka-buddha come to instruct the king she made a salutation and stood on one side; and the Bodhisatta came down from the palace. But the queen, after she had ascended the palace, and beheld the king's locks, of the colour of bees, lying on the royal bed, and the articles of his toilet lying on the royal bed, exclaimed, "That was no pacceka-buddha, it must have been our own dear lord, we will implore him to come back"; so having gone down from the top-story and reached the palace yard, she and all the attendant queens unloosed their hair and let it fall on their backs and smote their breasts with their hands, and followed the king, wailing plaintively, "Why dost thou do this thing, O great king?" The whole city was disturbed, and all the people followed the king weeping, "Our king, they say, has become an ascetic, how shall we ever find such a just ruler again?"

Then the Master, as he described the women's weeping, and how the king left them all and went on, uttered these stanzas:

"There stood the seven hundred queens, stretching their arms in pleading woe,  
Arrayed in all their ornaments,—'Great king, why dost thou leave us so?'  
But leaving those seven hundred queens, fair, tender, gracious,—the great king  
Followed the guidance of his vow, with stern resolve unfaltering.  
Leaving the inaugurating cup<sup>1</sup>, the old sign of royal pomp and state,  
He takes his earthen pot to-day, a new career to inaugurate."

[54] The weeping Sīvalī, finding herself unable to stop the king, as a fresh resource sent for the commander-in-chief and bade him kindle a fire before the king among the old houses and ruins which lay in the direction where he was going, and to heap up grass and leaves and make a great smoke in different places. He did so. Then she went to the king and, falling at his feet, told him in two stanzas that Mithilā was in flames.

"Terrible are the raging fires, the stores and treasures burn,  
The silver, gold, gems, shells, and pearls, are all consumed in turn;  
Rich garments, ivory, copper, skins,—all meet one ruthless fate;  
Turn back, O king, and save thy wealth before it be too late."

The Bodhisatta replied, "What sayest thou, O queen? the possessions of those who have can be burned, but I have nothing;

"We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh;  
Mithilā's palaces may burn, but naught of mine is burned thereby<sup>2</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> For the golden jars used at a king's inauguration see Rāmāy. II. 15, Kathāsarits. xv. 77.

<sup>2</sup> These lines seem proverbial in various shapes, cf. Dhammapada, 200; Mahābh. xii. 9917, 529, 6641.



[55] So saying he went out by the northern gate, and his queens also went out. The queen Sīvalī bade them shew him how the villages were being destroyed and the land wasted; so they pointed out to him how armed men were running about and plundering in different directions, while others, daubed with red lac, were being carried as wounded or dead on boards. The people shouted, "O king, while you guard the kingdom, they spoil and kill your subjects." Then the queen repeated a stanza, imploring the king to return:

"Wild foresters lay waste the land,—return, and save us all;  
Let not thy kingdom, left by thee, in hopeless ruin fall."

The king reflected, "No robbers can rise up to spoil the kingdom while I am ruling,—this must be Sīvalīdevī's invention," so he repeated these stanzas as not understanding her:

"We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh,  
The kingdom may lie desolate, but naught of mine is harmed thereby.  
We who have nothing of our own may live without a care or sigh,—  
Feasting on joy in perfect bliss like an Ābhassara deity<sup>1</sup>."

Even after he had thus spoken the people still followed. Then he said to himself, "They do not wish to return,—I will make them go back"; so when he had gone about half a mile he turned back, and standing in the high road, he asked his ministers, "Whose kingdom is this?" [56] "Thine, O king." "Then punish whosoever passes over this line," so saying he drew a line across with his staff. No one was able to violate that line; and the people, standing behind that line, made loud lamentation. The queen also being unable to cross that line, and beholding the king going on with his back turned towards her, could not restrain her grief, and beat her breast, and, falling across, forced her way over the line. The people cried, "The line-guardians have broken the line," and they followed where the queen led. The Great Being went towards the Northern Himavat. The queen also went with him, taking all the army and the animals for riding. The king, being unable to stop the multitude, journeyed on for sixty leagues. Now at that time an ascetic, named Nārada, dwelt in the Golden Cave in Himavat who possessed the five supernatural faculties; after passing seven days in an ecstasy, he had risen from his trance and was shouting triumphantly, "O the bliss, O the bliss!" and while gazing with his divine eye to see if there was anyone in India who was seeking for this bliss, he beheld Mahājanaka the potential Buddha. He thought, "The king has made the great renunciation, but he cannot turn the people back who follow headed by the queen Sīvalī,—they may put a hindrance in his way, and I will give him an exhortation to confirm his purpose still more"; so by his divine power

<sup>1</sup> For these heavenly beings, 'the Radiant ones,' see Burnouf, *Introd.* p. 611.



he stood in the air in front of the king and thus spoke, to strengthen his resolve:

“Wherefore is all this noise and din, as of a village holiday?  
Why is this ‘crowd assembled here? will the ascetic kindly say?”

The king replied:

“I’ve crossed the bound and left the world, ’tis this has brought these hosts of  
men;  
I leave them with a joyous heart: thou know’st it all,—why ask me then?”

[57] Then the ascetic repeated a stanza to confirm his resolve:

“Think not thou hast already crossed, while with this body still beset;  
There are still many foes in front,—thou hast not won thy victory yet.”

The Great Being exclaimed:

“Nor pleasures known nor those unknown have power my steadfast soul to  
bend,  
What foe can stay me in my course as I press onwards to the end?”

Then he repeated a stanza, declaring the hindrances:

“Sleep, sloth, loose thoughts to pleasure turned, surfeit, a discontented mind—  
The body brings these bosom-guests,—many a hindrance shalt thou find.”

[58] The Great Being then praised him in this stanza:

“Wise, Brahmin, are thy warning words, I thank thee, stranger, for the same;  
Answer my question if thou wilt; who art thou, say, and what thy name.”

Nārada replied:

“Know I am Nārada by name,—a kassapa<sup>1</sup>; my heavenly rest  
I have just left to tell thee this,—to associate with the wise is best.  
The four perfections exercise,—find in this path thy highest joy;  
Whate’er it be thou lackest yet, by patience and by calm supply;  
High thoughts of self, low thoughts of self,—nor this, nor that befits the sage;  
Be virtue, knowledge, and the law the guardians of thy pilgrimage.”

Nārada then returned through the sky to his own abode. After he was gone, another ascetic, named Migājina, who had just arisen from an ecstatic trance, beheld the Great Being and resolved to utter an exhortation to him that he might send the multitude away; so he appeared above him in the air and thus spoke:

[59] “Horses and elephants, and they who in city or in country dwell,—  
Thou hast left them all, O Janaka: an earthen bowl contents thee well.  
Say, have thy subjects or thy friends, thy ministers or kinsmen dear,  
Wounded thy heart by treachery that thou hast chosen this refuge here?”

The Bodhisatta replied:

“Never, O seer, at any time, in any place, on any plea,  
Have I done wrong to any friend nor any friend done wrong to me.

<sup>1</sup> Nārada is sometimes called the son of the Muni Kaçyapa; see Wilson, *Viṣṇu Purāna*, Vol. II. p. 19.



I saw the world devoured by pain, darkened with misery and with sin;  
I watched its victims bound and slain, caught helplessly its toils within;  
I drew the warning to myself and here the ascetic's life begin."

[60] The ascetic, wishing to hear more, asked him:

"None chooses the ascetic's life unless some teacher point the way,  
By practice or by theory: who was thy holy teacher, say."

The Great Being replied:

"Never at any time, O seer, have I heard words that touched my heart  
From Brahman or ascetic lips, bidding me choose the ascetic's part."

He then told him at length why he had left the world:

"I wandered through my royal park one summer's day in all my pride,  
With songs and tuneful instruments filling the air on every side,  
And there I saw a Mango-tree, which near the wall had taken root,—  
It stood all broken and despoiled by the rude crowds that sought its fruit.  
Startled I left my royal pomp and stopped to gaze with curious eye,  
Contrasting with this fruitful tree a barren one which grew close by.  
The fruitful tree stood there forlorn, its leaves all stripped, its branches bare,  
The barren tree stood green and strong, its foliage waving in the air."

[61] We kings are like that fruitful tree, with many a foe to lay us low,  
And rob us of the pleasant fruit which for a little while we show.

The elephant for ivory, the panther for his skin is slain,  
Houseless and friendless at the last the wealthy find their wealth their bane;  
That pair of trees my teachers were,—from them my lesson did I gain."

Migājina, having heard the king, exhorted him to be earnest and  
returned to his own abode.

When he was gone, Queen Sīvalī fell at the king's feet, and said:

"In chariots or on elephants, footmen or horsemen, all as one,  
Thy subjects raise a common wail, 'Our king has left us and is gone!'

O comfort first their stricken hearts and crown thy son to rule instead;  
Then, if thou wilt, forsake the world the pilgrim's lonely path to tread."

The Bodhisatta replied:

"I've left behind my subjects all, friends, kinsmen, home and native land;  
[62] But th' nobles of Videha race, Dīghāvu trained to bear command,—  
Fear not, O queen of Mithilā, they will be near to uphold thy hand."

The queen exclaimed, "O king, thou hast become an ascetic, what am  
I to do?" Then he said to her, "I will counsel thee, carry out my  
words"; so he addressed her thus:

"If thou would'st teach my son to rule, sinning in thought, and word and deed,  
An evil ending will be thine—this is the destiny decreed;  
A beggar's portion, gained as alms, so say the wise, is all our need."

Thus he counselled her, and while they went on, talking together, the  
sun set.

The queen encamped in a suitable place, while the king went to the  
root of a tree and passed the night there, and the next day, after perform-



ing his ablutions, went on his way. The queen gave orders that the army should come after, and followed him. At the time for going the round for alms they reached a city called Thūṇā. At that time a man in the city had bought a large piece of flesh at a slaughter-house and, after frying it on a prong with some coals, had placed it on a board to grow cool; but while he was busied about something else a dog ran off with it. The man pursued it as far as the southern gate of the city, but stopped there, being tired. The king and queen were coming up separately in front of the dog, [63] which in alarm at seeing them dropped the meat and made off. The Great Being saw this, and reflected, "He has dropped it and gone off, disregarding it, the real owner is unknown, there is not another piece of offal alms so good as this: I will eat it"; so taking out his own earthen dish and seizing the meat he wiped it, and, putting it on the dish, went to a pleasant spot where there was some water and ate it. The queen thought to herself, "If the king were worthy of the kingdom he would not eat the dusty leavings of a dog, he is not really my husband"; and she said aloud, "O great king, dost thou eat such a disgusting morsel?" "It is your own blind folly," he replied, "which prevents your seeing the especial value of this piece of alms"; so he carefully examined the spot where it had been dropped, and ate it as if it were ambrosia, and then washed his mouth and his hands and feet.

Then the queen addressed him in words of blame:

"Should the fourth eating-time come round, a man will die if still he fast;  
Yet for all that the noble soul would loathe so foul a mess to taste;

This is not right which thou hast done,—shame on thee, shame, I say, O king;  
Eating the leavings of a dog, thou hast done a most unworthy thing."

The Great Being replied:

"Leavings of householder or dog are not forbidden food, I ween;  
[64] If it be gained by lawful means, all food is pure and lawful, queen."

As they thus talked together they reached the city-gate. Some boys were playing there; and a girl was shaking some sand in a small winnowing-basket. On one of her hands there was a single bracelet, and on the other two; these two jangled together, the other one was noiseless. The king saw the incident, and thought to himself, "Sivalī keeps following me; a wife is the ascetic's bane, and men blame me and say that even when I have left the world I cannot leave my wife; if this girl is wise, she will be able to tell Sivalī the reason why she should turn back and leave me. I will hear her story and send Sivalī away." So he said to her:

"Nestling beneath thy mother's care, girl, with those trinkets on thee bound,  
Why is one arm so musical while the other never makes a sound?"

The girl replied:

"Ascetic, on this hand I wear two bracelets fast instead of one,  
'Tis from their contact that they sound,—'tis by the second this is done."



But mark this other hand of mine: a single bracelet it doth wear,  
That keeps its place and makes no sound, silent because no other's there.

The second jangles and makes jars, that which is single cannot jar;  
Would'st thou be happy? be alone; only the lonely happy are."

[65] Having heard the girl's words, he took up the idea and addressed the queen:

"Hear what she says; this servant girl would overwhelm my head with shame  
Were I to yield to thy request; it is the second brings the blame.

Here are two paths: do thou take one, the other by myself take I;  
Call me not husband from henceforth, thou art no more my wife: goodbye."

The queen, on hearing him, bade him take the better path to the right, while she chose the left; but after going a little way, being unable to restrain her grief, she again came to him, and she and the king entered the city together.

Explaining this, the Master said: "With these words on their lips they entered the city of Thūṇā."

[66] After they had entered, the Bodhisatta went on his begging-round and reached the door of the house of a maker of arrows, while Sīvalī stood on one side. Now at that time the arrow-maker had heated an arrow in a pan of coals and had wetted it with some sour rice-gruel, and, closing one eye, was looking with the other while he made the arrow straight. The Bodhisatta reflected, "If this man is wise, he will be able to explain the incident,—I will ask him"; so he went up to him:

The Master described what had happened in a stanza:

"To a fletcher's house he came for alms; the man with one eye closed did stand,  
And with the other sideways looked to shape the arrow in his hand."

Then the Great Being said to him:

"One eye thou closest and dost gaze with the other sideways,—is this right?  
I pray, explain thy attitude; thinkest thou, it improves thy sight?"

He replied:

"The wide horizon of both eyes serves only to distract the view;  
But if you get a single line, your aim is fixed, your vision true.  
It is the second that makes jars, that which is single cannot jar;  
Would'st thou be happy? be alone; only the lonely happy are."

[67] After these words of advice, he was silent. The Great Being proceeded on his round, and, having collected some food of various sorts, went out of the city, and sat down in a spot pleasant with water; and having done all he had to do, he put away his bowl in his bag and addressed Sīvalī:

"Thou hear'st the fletcher: like the girl, he would o'erwhelm my head with  
shame

Were I to yield to thy request; it is the second brings the blame.

Here are two paths: do thou take one, the other by myself take I;  
Call me not husband from henceforth, thou art no more my wife: goodbye."



She still continued to follow him even after this speech; but she could not persuade the king to turn back, and the people followed her. Now there was a forest not far off and the Great Being saw a dark tract of trees. He was wishing to make the queen turn back, and he saw some muñja grass near the road; so he cut a stalk of it, and said to her, "See, Sīvalī, this stalk cannot be joined again, so our intercourse can never be joined again"; and he repeated this half stanza; "Like to a muñja reed full-grown, live on, O Sīvalī, alone." When she heard him, she said, "I am henceforth to have no intercourse with King Mahājanaka"; and being unable to control her grief, she beat her breast with both hands and fell senseless [68] on the road. The Bodhisatta, perceiving that she was unconscious, plunged into the wood, carefully obliterating his footsteps. His ministers came and sprinkled her body with water and rubbed her hands and feet, and at last she recovered consciousness. She asked, "Where is the king?" "Do you not know?" they said. "Search for him," she cried. But though they ran hither and thither they saw him not. So she made a great lamentation, and after erecting a tope where he had stood, she offered worship with flowers and perfumes, and returned. The Bodhisatta entered into the region of Himavat, and in the course of seven days he perfected the Faculties and the Attainments, and he returned no more to the land of men. The queen also erected topes on the spots where he had conversed with the arrow-maker, and with the girl, and where he had eaten the meat, and where he had conversed with Migājina and with Nārada, and offered worship with flowers and perfumes; and then, surrounded by the army, she entered Mithilā and had her son's coronation performed in the mango-garden, and made him enter with the army into the city. But she herself, having adopted the ascetic life of a rishi, dwelt in that garden and practised the preparatory rites for producing mystic meditation until at last she attained absorption and became destined to birth in the Brahma world.

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The Master, his lesson ended, said, "This is not the first time that the Tathāgata performed the great Renunciation; he performed it also formerly." So saying he identified the Birth: "At that time the sea-goddess was Uppalavannā, Nārada was Sāriputta, Migājina was Moggallāna, the girl was the princess Kheṇā, the maker of arrows was Ānanda, Sīvalī was the mother of Rāhula, Prince Dīghāvu was Rāhula, the parents were the members of the royal family, and I myself was the king Mahājanaka."



## No. 540.

## SĀMA-JĀTAKA.

*"Who, as I filled," etc.* This story the Master told at Jetavana, about a certain priest who supported his mother. They say that there was a wealthy merchant at Sāvatti, who was worth eighteen crores; and he had a son who was very dear and winning to his father and mother. One day the youth went upon the terrace of the house, and opened a window and looked down on the street; and when he saw the great crowd going to Jetavana with perfumes and garlands in their hands to hear the law preached, [69] he exclaimed that he would go too. So having ordered perfumes and garlands to be brought, he went to the monastery, and having distributed dresses, medicines, drinks, etc. to the assembly and honoured the Blessed One with perfumes and garlands, he sat down on one side. After hearing the law, and perceiving the evil consequences of desire and the blessings arising from adopting the religious life, when the assembly broke up he asked the Blessed One for ordination, but he was told that the Tathāgatas do not ordain anyone who has not obtained the permission of his parents; so he went away, and lived a week without food, and having at last obtained his parents' consent, he returned and begged for ordination. The Master sent a priest who ordained him; and after he was ordained he obtained great honour and gain; he won the favour of his teachers and preceptors, and having received full orders he mastered the law in five years. Then he thought to himself, "I live here distracted,—it is not suitable for me," and he became anxious to reach the goal of mystic insight; so having obtained instruction in meditation from his teacher, he departed to a frontier village and dwelt in the forest, and there having entered a course of spiritual insight, he failed, however much he laboured and strove for twelve years, to attain any special idea. His parents also, as time went on, became poor, for those who hired their land or carried on merchandise for them, finding out that there was no son or brother in the family to enforce the payment, seized what they could lay their hands upon and ran away as they pleased, and the servants and labourers in the house seized the gold and coin and made off therewith, so that at the end the two were reduced to an evil plight and had not even an ewer for pouring water; and at last they sold their dwelling, and finding themselves homeless, and in extreme misery, they wandered begging for alms, clothed in rags and carrying potsherds in their hands. Now at that time a Brother came from Jetavana to the son's place of abode; he performed the duties of hospitality and, as he sat quietly, he first asked whence he was come; and learning that he was come from Jetavana he asked after the health of the Teacher and the principal disciples and then asked for news of his parents, "Tell me, Sir, about the welfare of such and such a merchant's family in Sāvatti." "O friend, don't ask for news of that family." "Why not, Sir?" "They say that there was one son in that family, but he has become an ascetic under the law, and since he left the world that family has gone to ruin; and at the present time the two old people are reduced to a most lamentable state and beg for alms." When he heard the other's words he could not remain unmoved, but began to weep with his eyes full of tears, and when the other asked him why he wept, "O Sir," he replied, "they are my own father and mother, I am their son." "O friend, thy father and mother have come to ruin through thee,—do thou go and take care of them." "For twelve years," he thought to himself, "I have laboured and striven but never been able to attain the path or the fruit: [70] I must be incompetent; what have I to do with the ascetic life? I will become a householder and will support my parents and give away my wealth, and will thus eventually become destined for



heaven." So having determined he gave up his abode in the forest to the elder, and the next day departed and by successive stages reached the monastery at the back of Jetavana which is not far from Sāvātthi. There he found two roads, one leading to Jetavana, the other to Sāvātthi. As he stood there, he thought, "Shall I see my parents first or the Buddha?" Then he said to himself, "In old days I saw my parents for a long time, from henceforth I shall rarely have the chance of seeing the Buddha; I will see the perfectly Enlightened One to-day and hear the law, and then to-morrow morning I will see my parents." So he left the road to Sāvātthi and in the evening arrived at Jetavana. Now that very day at daybreak, the Master, as he looked upon the world, had seen the potentialities of this young man, and when he came to visit him he praised the virtues of parents in the Mātuposaka-sutta<sup>1</sup>. As he stood at the end of the assembly of elders and listened, he thought, "If I become a householder I can support my parents; but the Master also says, 'A son who has become an ascetic can be helpful'; I went away before without seeing the Master, and I failed in such an imperfect ordination; I will now support my parents while still remaining an ascetic without becoming a householder." So he took his ticket and his ticket-food and gruel, and felt as if he had committed a sin deserving expulsion after a solitary abode of twelve years in the forest. In the morning he went to Sāvātthi and he thought to himself, "Shall I first get the gruel or see my parents?" He reflected that it would not be right to visit them in their poverty empty-handed; so he first got the gruel and then went to the door of their old house. When he saw them sitting by the opposite wall after having gone their round for the alms given in broth, he stood not far from them in a sudden burst of sorrow with his eyes full of tears. They saw him but knew him not; then his mother, thinking that it was someone standing for alms, said to him, "We have nothing fit to be given to you, be pleased to pass on." When he heard her, he repressed the grief which filled his heart and remained still standing as before with his eyes full of tears, and when he was addressed a second and a third time he still continued standing. At last the father said to the mother, "Go to him; can this be thy son<sup>2</sup>?" She rose and went to him and, recognising him, fell at his feet and lamented, and the father also joined his lamentations, and there was a loud outburst of sorrow. To see his parents he could not control himself, but burst into tears; then, after yielding to his feelings, he said, "Do not grieve, I will [71] support you"; so having comforted them and made them drink some gruel, and sit down on one side, he went again and begged for some food and gave it to them, and then went and asked for alms for himself, and having finished his meal, took up his abode at a short distance off. From that day forward he watched over his parents in this manner; he gave them all the alms he received for himself, even those at the fortnightly distributions, and he went on separate expeditions for his own alms, and ate them; and whatever food he received as provision for the rainy season he gave to them, while he took their worn-out garments and dyed them with the doors fast closed and used them himself: but the days were few when he gained alms and there were many when he failed to win anything, and his inner and outer clothing became very rough. As he watched over his parents he gradually grew very pale and thin and his friends and intimates said to him, "Your complexion used to be bright, but now you have become very pale,—has some illness come upon you?" He replied, "No illness has come upon me, but a hindrance has befallen me," and he told them the history. "Sir," they replied, "the Master does not allow us to waste the offerings of the faithful, you do an unlawful act in giving to laymen the offerings of the faithful." When he heard this he shrank ashamed. But not satisfied with this they went and told it to the Master, saying, "So and so, Sir, has wasted the offerings of the faithful and used them to feed laymen." The Master sent for the young man of family and said to him, "Is it true that you, an ascetic, take the

<sup>1</sup> Query Brāhmaṇa-saṃyutta, II. 9.

<sup>2</sup> [Reading *kho* for *ko*. Prof. Cowell, omitting *gaccha*, translates: 'Who is this who is as a son of your own?']



offerings of the faithful and support laymen with them?" He confessed that it was true. Then the Master, wishing to praise what he had done and to declare an old action of his own, said, "When you support laymen whom do you support?" "My parents," he answered. Then the Master, wishing to encourage him still more said, "Well done, well done" three times; "You are in a path which I have traversed before you: I in old time, while going the round for alms, supported my parents." The ascetic was encouraged thereby. At the request of the Brethren the Master, to make known his former actions, told them a legend of the olden time.

Once on a time, not far from Benares on the near bank of the river, there was a village of hunters, and another village on the further side; five hundred families dwelt in each. Now two hunter chiefs dwelt in the two villages who were fast friends; and they had made a compact in their youth, that if one of them had a daughter and the other a son, they would wed the pair together. In course of time [72] a son was born to the chief in the near village and a daughter to the one in the further; the name Dukūlaka was given to the first as he was taken up when he was born in a wrapping of fine cloth<sup>1</sup>, while the second was named Pārikā because she was born on the further side of the river. They were both fair to look at and of a complexion like gold; and though they were born in a village of hunters they never injured any living creature. When he was sixteen years old his parents said to Dukūlaka, "O son, we will bring you a bride"; but he, a pure being newly come from the Brahma world, closed both his ears, saying, "I do not want to dwell in a house, do not mention such a thing"; and though they spoke three times to the same effect, he shewed no inclination for it. Pārikā also, when her parents said to her, "Our friend's son is handsome and with a complexion like gold, we are going to give you to him," made the same answer and closed her ears, for she too had come from the Brahma world. Dukūlaka privately sent her a message, "If you wish to live as a wife with her husband, go into some other family, for I have no wish for such a thing," and she too sent a similar message to him. But however unwilling they were, the parents would celebrate the marriage. But both of them lived apart like the Archangel Brahman, without descending into the ocean of carnal passion. Dukūlaka never killed fish or deer, he never even sold fish which was brought to him. At last his parents said to him, "Though you are born in a family of hunters you do not like to dwell in a house, nor kill any living creature; what will you do?" "If you will give me leave," he replied, "I will become an ascetic this very day." They gave them both leave at once. Having bid them farewell, they went out along the shore of the Ganges and entered the Himavat region, where the river Migasammata flows down from the mountain and enters the Ganges; then, leaving the Ganges, they went up

<sup>1</sup> *dukūla*.



along the Migasammata. Now at that moment Sakka's palace grew hot. Sakka, having ascertained the reason, commanded Vissakamma, "O Vissakamma, two great beings have left the world and entered Himavat, we must find an abode for them,—go and build them [73] a hut of leaves and provide all the necessities of an ascetic's life a quarter of a mile from the river Migasammata and come back hither." So he went and prepared everything as it is described in the Mūgapakkha Birth<sup>1</sup>, and returned to his own home, after having driven away all beasts that caused unpleasant noises, and having made a footpath near. They saw the footpath and followed it to the hermitage. When Dukūlaka went into the hermitage and saw all the necessities for an ascetic's life, he exclaimed, "This is a gift to us from Sakka"; so having taken off his outer garment and put on a robe of red bark and thrown a black antelope-hide over his shoulder and twisted his hair in a knot, and assumed the garb of an anchorite, and having also given ordination to Pārīkā, he took up his abode there with her, exercising all the feelings of benevolence which belong to the world of sensual pleasure<sup>2</sup>. Through the influence of their benevolent feelings all the birds and beasts felt only kindly feelings towards each other,—not one of them did harm to any other. Pārī brings water and food, sweeps the hermitage, and does all that has to be done, and both collect various kinds of fruits and eat them, and then they enter their respective huts of leaves and live there fulfilling the rules of the ascetic life. Sakka ministers to their wants. One day he foresaw that a danger threatened them, "They will lose their sight," so he went to Dukūlaka; and having sat on one side, after saluting him, he said, "Sir, I foresee a danger which threatens you,—you must have a son to take care of you: follow the way of the world." "O Sakka, why dost thou mention such a thing? Even when we lived in a house we shrank in disgust from all carnal intercourse; can we practise it now when we have come into the forest and are living an anchorite life here?" "Well, if you will not do as I say,—then at the proper season touch Pārī's navel with your hand." This he promised to do; and Sakka, after saluting him, returned to his own abode. The Great Being told the matter to Pārī, and at the proper time he touched her navel with his hand. Then the Bodhisatta descended from the heavenly world and entered her womb and was conceived there. [74] At the end of the tenth month she bore a son of golden hue, and they called his name accordingly Suvāṇṇasāma. (Now the Kinnarī nymphs in another mountain had nursed Pārī.) The parents washed the babe and laid it down in the hut of leaves and went out to collect different sorts of fruit. While they were gone the Kinnaras took the child and washed it in their caves,

<sup>1</sup> [No. 530 in Westergaard's Catalogue, but no such title occurs in our collection. Vissakamma however performs this duty in other Births: see iv. 303, v. 98 (trans.).]

<sup>2</sup> As opposed to the Brahmaloṇa.



and, going up to the top of the mountain, they adorned it with various flowers, and made the sectarial marks with yellow orpiment, red arsenic, and other paints, and then brought it back to its bed in the hut; and when Pārī came home she gave the child suck. They cherished him as he grew up year after year, and when he was about sixteen they used to leave him in the hut and go out to collect forest roots and fruits. The Bodhisatta considered, "Some danger will one day happen"; he used to watch the path by which they went. One day they were returning home at evening time after collecting roots and fruits, and not far from the hermitage a great cloud rose up. They took shelter in the roots of a tree and stood on an ant-hill; and in this ant-hill a snake lived. Now water dropped from their bodies, which carried the smell of sweat to the snake's nostrils, and, being angry, it puffed out its breath and smote them as they stood there, and they both were struck blind and neither could see the other. Dukūlaka called out to Pārī, "My eyes are gone, I cannot see you"; and she too made the same complaint. "We have no life left," they said, and they wandered about, lamenting and unable to find the path. "What former sin can we have committed?" they thought. Now in former times they had been born in a doctor's family, and the doctor had treated a rich man for a disease of his eyes, but the patient had given him no fee; and being angry he had said to his wife, "What shall we do?" She, being also angry, had said, "We do not want his money; make some preparation and call it a medicine and blind one of his eyes with it." He agreed and acted on her advice, and for this sin the two eyes of both of them now became blind.

Then the Great Being reflected, "On other days [15] my parents have always returned at this hour, I know not what has happened to them, I will go and meet them"; so he went to meet them and made a sound. They recognised the sound, and making an answering noise they said, in their affection for the boy, "O Sāma, there is a danger here, do not come near." So he held out to them a long pole and told them to lay hold of the end of it, and they, seizing hold of it, came up to him. Then he said to them, "How have you lost your sight?" "When it rained we took shelter in the roots of a tree and stood on an ant-hill, and that made us blind." When he heard it, he knew what had happened. "There must have been a snake there, and in his anger he emitted a poisonous breath"; and as he looked at them he wept and also laughed. Then they asked him why he wept and also laughed. "I wept because your sight is gone while you are still young, but I laughed to think that I shall now take care of you; do not grieve, I will take care of you." So he led them back to the hermitage and he tied ropes in all directions, to distinguish the day and the night apartments, the cloisters, and all the different rooms; and from that day forwards he made them keep within, while he himself collected the forest roots and fruits, and in the morning swept their apartments, and fetched



water from the Migasammata river, and prepared their food and the water for washing and brushes for their teeth, and gave them all sorts of sweet fruits, and after they had washed their mouths he ate his own meal. After eating his meal he saluted his parents and surrounded by a troop of deer went into the forest to gather fruit. Having gathered fruit with a band of Kinnaras in the mountain he returned at evening time, and having taken water in a pot and heated it, he let them bathe and wash their feet as they chose, then he brought a potsherd full of hot coals and steamed their limbs, and gave them all sorts of fruits when they were seated, and at the end ate his own meal and put by what was left. In this way he took care of his parents.

Now at that time a king named Piliyakkha reigned in Benares. He in his great desire for venison had entrusted the kingdom to his mother, and armed with the five kinds of weapons had come into the region of Himavat, and while there had gone on killing deer and eating their flesh, [76] till he came to the river Migasammata, and at last reached the spot where Sāma used to come and draw water. Seeing there the footsteps of deer he erected his shelter with boughs of the colour of gems, and taking his bow and fitting a poisoned arrow on the string he lay there in ambush. In the evening the Great Being having collected his fruits and put them in the hermitage made his salutation to his parents, and saying, "I will bathe and go and fetch some water," took his pot, and surrounded by his train of deer, singled out two deer from the herd surrounding, and putting the jar on their backs, leading them with his hand, went to the bathing-place. The king in his shelter saw him coming, and said to himself, "All the time that I have been wandering here I have never seen a man before; is he a god or a nāga? Now if I go up and ask him, he will fly up into heaven if he is a god, and he will sink into the earth if he is a nāga. But I shall not always live here in Himavat, and one day I shall go back to Benares, and my ministers will ask me whether I have not seen some new marvel in the course of my rambles in Himavat. If I tell them that I have seen such and such a creature, and they proceed to ask me what its name was, they will blame me if I have to answer that I do not know; so I will wound it and disable it, and then ask it." In the meantime the animals went down first and drank the water and came up from the bathing-place; and then the Bodhisatta went slowly down into the water like a great elder who was perfectly versed in the rules, and, being intent on obtaining absolute calm, put on his bark garment and threw his deer-skin on one shoulder and, lifting up his water-jar, filled it and set it on his left shoulder. At this moment the king, seeing that it was the time to shoot, let fly a poisoned arrow and wounded the Great Being in the right side, and the arrow went out at the left side. The troop of deer, seeing that he was wounded, fled in terror, but Suvāṇṇasāma, although wounded, balanced



the water-jar as well as he could, and, recovering his recollection, slowly went up out of the water. He dug out the sand and heaped it on one side and, placing his head in the direction of his parents' hut, [77] he laid himself down like a golden image on the sand which was in colour like a silver plate. Then recalling his memory he considered all the circumstances; "I have no enemies in this district of Himavat, and I have no enmity against anyone." As he said these words, blood poured out of his mouth and, without seeing the king, he addressed this stanza to him:

"Who, as I filled my water-jar, has from his ambush wounded me,—  
Brahman or Khattiya, Vessa,—who can my unknown assailant be?"

Then he added another stanza to shew the worthlessness of his flesh as food:

"Thou canst not take my flesh for food, thou canst not turn to use my skin;  
Why couldst thou think me worth thine aim; what was the gain thou  
thought'st to win!"

And again another asking him his name, &c.:

"Who art thou, say,—whose son art thou? and what name shall I call thee by?  
Why dost thou lie in ambush there? Answer my questions truthfully."

When the king heard this, he thought to himself, "Though he has fallen wounded by my poisoned arrow, yet he neither reviles me nor blames me; he speaks to me gently as if soothing my heart,—I will go up to him"; so he went and stood near him, saying:

"I of the Kāsis am the lord, King Piliyakkha named; and here,  
Leaving my throne for greed of flesh, I roam to hunt the forest deer.  
Skilled in the archer's craft am I, stout is my heart nor given to change;  
No Nāga can escape my shaft if once he comes within my range."

[78] Thus praising his own merits, he proceeded to ask the other his name and family:

"But who art thou? Whose son art thou? How art thou called? Thy  
name make known;  
Thy father's name and family,—tell me thy father's and thine own."

The Great Being reflected, "If I told him that I belonged to the gods or the Kinnaras, or that I was a Khattiya or of similar race, he would believe me; but one must only speak the truth," so he said:

"They called me Sāma while I lived,—an outcast hunter's son am I;  
But here stretched out upon the ground in woful plight thou see'st me lie.  
Pierced by that poisoned shaft of thine, I helpless lie like any deer,  
The victim of thy fatal skill, bathed in my blood I wallow here.  
Thy shaft has pierced my body through, I vomit blood with every breath,—  
Yet, faint and weak, I ask thee still, why from thy ambush seek my death?  
Thou canst not take my flesh for food, thou canst not turn to use my skin;  
Why could'st thou think me worth thy aim; what was the gain thou  
thought'st to win?"



When the king heard this, he did not tell the real truth, but made up a false story and said :

“A deer had come within my range, I thought that it my prize would be,  
But seeing thee it fled in fright,—I had no angry thought for thee.”

[79] Then the Great Being replied, “What say'st thou, O king? In all this Himavat there is not a deer which flies when he sees me” :

“Since my first years of thought began, as far as memory reaches back,  
No quiet deer or beast of prey has fled in fear to cross my track.

Since I first donned my dress of bark and left behind my childish days  
No quiet deer or beast of prey has fled to see me cross their ways.

Nay, the grim goblins are my friends, who roam with me this forest's shade,—  
Why should this deer then, as you say, at seeing me have fled afraid?”

When the king heard him, he thought to himself, “I have wounded this innocent being and told a lie,—I will now confess the truth.” So he said :

“Sāma, no deer beheld thee there, why should I tell a needless lie?  
I was o'ercome by wrath and greed and shot that arrow,—it was I.”

Then he thought again, “Suvannasāma cannot be dwelling alone in this forest, his relations no doubt live here; I will ask him about them.” So he uttered a stanza :

“Whence didst thou come this morning, friend,—who bade thee take thy  
water-jar  
And fill it from the river's bank and bear the burden back so far?”

[80] When he heard this, he felt a great pang and uttered a stanza, as the blood poured from his mouth :

“My parents live in yonder wood, blind and dependent on my care,—  
For their sakes to the river's bank I came to fill my water-jar.”

Then he went on, bewailing their condition :

“Their life is but a flickering spark<sup>1</sup>, their food at most a week's supply,—  
Without this water which I bring blind, weak, and helpless they will die.

I reckon not of the pain of death, that is the common fate of all;  
Ne'er more to see my father's face—'tis this which doth my heart appal<sup>2</sup>.

Long, long, a sad and weary time my mother there will nurse her woe,  
At midnight and at early morn her tears will like a river flow<sup>3</sup>.

Long, long, a sad and weary time my father there will nurse his woe,  
At midnight and at early morn his tears will like a river flow.

They will go wandering through the wood and of their tarrying son complain,  
Expecting still to hear my step or feel my soothing touch—in vain.

This thought is as a second shaft which pierces deeper than before,  
That I, alas! lie dying here, fated to see their face no more.”

<sup>1</sup> The Schol. explains *usā* as ‘food,’—I have taken it as = *ushmā*. [This is also given as an alternative by the Scholiast. This word however occurs in Pali as *usmā* or *usumā*.]

<sup>2</sup> [This stanza is twice said.]

<sup>3</sup> Lit. they will only grow dry as a river does.



[81] The king, on hearing his lamentation, thought to himself, "This man has been fostering his parents in his excessive piety and devotion to duty, and even now amidst all his pain he only thinks of them,—I have done evil to such a holy being,—how can I comfort him? When I find myself in hell what good will my kingdom do me? I will watch over his father and mother as he watched over them; thus his death will be counteracted to them." Then he uttered his resolution in the following stanzas :

"O Sāma of auspicious face, let not despair thy soul oppress,  
Lo I myself will wait upon thy parents in their lone distress.

I am well practised with the bow,—my promise is a surety good,—  
I'll be a substitute for thee and nurse thy parents in the wood.

I'll search for leavings of the deer, and roots and fruits to meet their need;  
I'll wait myself upon them both, their household slave in very deed.

Which is the forest where they are? Tell me, O Sāma, for I vow  
I will protect and foster them as thou thyself hast done till now."

The Great Being replied, "It is well, O king, then do thou foster them," so he pointed out the road to him :

"Where my head lies there runs a path two hundred bow lengths through  
the trees,

'Twill lead thee to my parents' hut,—go, nurse them there if so thou please."

[82] Having thus shewn the path and borne the great pain patiently in his love for his parents, he folded his hands respectfully, and made his last request that he would take care of them :

"Honour to thee, O Kāsi king, as thus thou goest upon thy way;  
Helpless my parents are and blind,—O guard and nurse them both, I pray.

Honour to thee, O Kāsi king,—I fold my hands respectfully,  
Bear to my parents in my name the message I have given to thee."

The king accepted the trust, and the Great Being, having thus delivered his final message, became unconscious. Explaining this, the Master said :

"When Sāma of auspicious face thus to the king these words had said,  
Faint with the poison of the shaft he lay unconscious as if dead."

Up to this point when he uttered his words he had spoken as one out of breath; but here his speech was interrupted, as his form, heart, thoughts, and vital powers were successively affected by the violence of the poison<sup>1</sup>, his mouth and his eyes closed, his hands and feet became stiffened, and his whole body was wet with blood. The king exclaimed, "Till just this moment he was talking to me, what has suddenly stopped his inhaling and exhaling his breath? These functions have now ceased, his body has become stiff, surely Sāma is now dead"; and being unable to control his sorrow, he smote his head with his hands and bewailed in a loud voice.

<sup>1</sup> Should we not read *upattitabhavaṅga* &c.?



Here the Master, to make the matter clearer, spoke these stanzas:

“Bitterly did the king lament, ‘I knew not until this befell .

That I should e’er grow old or die,—I know it now, alas! too well.

All men are mortal, now I see; for even Sāma had to die,

Who gave good counsel to the last, yea in his dying agony;

[83] Hell is my sure and certain doom,—that murdered saint lies speechless there;  
In every village all I meet will with one voice my guilt declare.

But in this lone unpeopled wood who will there be to know my name?

Here in this desert solitude who will remind me of my shame?’”

Now at this time a daughter of the gods, named Bahusodari, who dwelt in the Gandhamādana mountain and who had been a mother to the Great Being in his seventh existence before this one, was continually thinking of him with a mother’s affection; but on that day in the enjoyment of her divine bliss she did not remember him as usual; and her friends only said that she had gone to the assembly of the gods [and so remained silent]. Suddenly thinking of him at the very moment when he became unconscious, she said to herself, “What has become of my son?” and then she saw that King Piliyakkha had wounded him with a poisoned arrow on the bank of the Migasammata and that he was lying on a sandbank, while the king was loudly lamenting. “If I do not go to him, my son Suvāṇṇasāma will perish there and the king’s heart will break, and Sāma’s parents will die of hunger and thirst. But if I go there, the king will carry the jar of water and go to his parents, and after hearing their words, [84] will take them to their son, and I and they will make a solemn asseveration which shall overpower the poison in Sāma’s body, and my son shall then regain his life and his parents their sight, and the king, after hearing Sāma’s instruction, will go and distribute great gifts of charity and become destined for heaven; so I will go there at once.” So she went, and standing unseen in the sky, by the bank of the river Migasammata, she discoursed with the king.

Here the Master, to make the matter clearer, spoke these stanzas:

“The goddess, hidden out of sight upon the Gandhamādan mount,

Uttered these verses in his ears, by pity moved on his account;

‘A wicked action hast thou done,—heavy the guilt which rests on thee;

Parents and son all innocent, thy single shaft hath slain the three;

Come, I will tell thee how to find a refuge from thy guilt and rest;

Nurse the blind pair in yonder wood, so shall thy sinful soul be blest.’”

When he heard her words, he believed what she said,—that, if he went and supported the father and mother, he would attain to heaven; so he made a resolve, “What have I to do with a kingdom? I will go and devote myself to nursing them.” After an outburst of weeping he conquered his sorrow, and thinking that Sāma was indeed dead, he paid homage to his body with all kinds of flowers and sprinkled it with water, and thrice went round it, turning his right side towards it, and made his



obeisance at the four several points. Then he took the jar which had been consecrated by him, he turned his face to the south and went on his way with a heavy heart.

Here the Master added this verse of explanation:

“After a burst of bitter tears, lamenting for the hapless youth,  
The king took up the water-jar and turned his face towards the south.”

[85] Strong as he was by nature, the king took up the water-jar and resolutely forced his way to the hermitage and at last reached the door of wise Dukūla's hut. The wise man, seated inside, heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and, as he pondered doubtfully, he uttered these two lines:

“Whose are these footsteps which I hear? someone approaches by this way;  
’Tis not the sound of Sāma's steps,—who art thou,—tell me, Sir, I pray.”

When the king heard him, he thought to himself, “If I tell him that I have killed his son and do not reveal my royal character, they will be angry and speak roughly to me, and then my anger will be roused against them and I shall do them some outrage, and this would be sinful; but there is no one who does not feel afraid when he hears that it is a king, I will therefore make myself known to them”; so he placed the jar in the enclosure where the water-jar should be put, and standing in the doorway of the hut, exclaimed:

“I of the Kāsis am the lord, King Piliyakkha named; and here,  
Leaving my throne for greed of flesh, I roam to hunt the forest deer.  
Skilled in the archer's craft am I, stout is my heart nor given to change;  
No Nāga can escape my shaft if once he comes within my range.”

The wise man gave him a friendly greeting, and replied<sup>1</sup>:

“Welcome, O king, a happy chance directed thee this way:  
Mighty thou art and glorious: what errand brings thee, pray?  
The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsūmārī sweet,  
Though few and little, take the best we have, O king, and eat.  
And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,  
O mighty monarch, take of it, drink if it be thy will.”

[86] When the king heard his welcome he thought to himself, “It would not be right to address him at once with the bare statement that I have just killed his son; I will begin to talk with him as if I knew nothing about it and then tell him”; so he said to him:

“How can a blind man roam the woods? These fruits,—who brought them  
to your door?  
He must have had good eyes y-wis, who gathered such a varied store.”

The old man repeated two stanzas to shew the king that he and his wife did not gather the fruit, but that their son had brought it to them:

<sup>1</sup> Repeating the four stanzas given in Vol. iv. p. 270, Vol. v. p. 171.



"Sāma our son is young in years, not very tall but fair to the eye,  
The long black hair that crowns his head curls like a dog's tail<sup>1</sup> naturally.  
He brought the fruit, and then went off, hastening to fill our water-jar;  
He will be back here presently,—the way to the river is not far."

The king replied :

"Sāma, that duteous son of yours, whom you describe so fair, so good,—  
I have slain him : those black curls of his are lying yonder, drenched in  
blood."

Pārikā's hut of leaves was close by, and as she sat there she heard the  
king's voice, and went out anxious to learn what had happened, [87] and,  
having gone near Dukūla by the aid of a rope, she exclaimed :

"Tell me, Dukūla, who is this who says that Sāma has been slain?  
'Our Sāma slain,'—such evil news seem to have cleft my heart in twain.  
Like a young tender pēpul shoot torn by the blast from off the tree,—  
Our Sāma slain,—to hear such news my heart is pierced with agony."

The old man gave her words of counsel :

"It is the king of Kāsi land,—his cruel bow has slain, I wot,  
Our Sāma by the river's bank, but let us pause and curse him not."

Pārikā replied :

"Our darling son, our life's sole stay, longed for and waited for so long,—  
How shall my heart contain its wrath against the man who did this wrong?"

The old man exclaimed :

"A darling son, our life's sole stay, longed for and waited for so long!  
But all the wise forbid our wrath against the doer of the wrong."

Then they both uttered their laments, beating their breasts and praising  
the Bodhisatta's virtues. Then the king tried to comfort them :

"Weep not, I pray you, overmuch, for your loved Sāma's hapless fate;  
Lo I will wait upon you both,—mourn not as wholly desolate;  
I am well practised with the bow, my promise is a surety good,  
Lo I will wait upon you both and nurse you in this lonely wood.  
I'll search for leavings of the deer, and roots and fruits for all your need;  
Lo I will wait upon you both, your household slave in very deed."

[88] They remonstrated with him :

"This is not right, O king of men, this would be utterly unmeet;  
Thou art our lord and rightful king: here we pay homage to thy feet."

When the king heard this he was glad. "A wonderful thing," he  
thought, "they do not utter one harsh word against me who have committed  
such a sin, they only receive me kindly"; and he uttered this stanza :

"Ye foresters, proclaim the right, this welcome is true piety;  
Thou art a father from henceforth, and thou a mother unto me."

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Hitop, II. 135. "Even whilst being raised to honour, a bad man invariably  
reverts to his natural habit; as a dog's tail, after all the expedients of sudorifics and  
unguents, remains curled." I read *sunagga*-.



They respectfully raised their hands and made their petition, "We have no need of any act of service from thee, but guide us, holding out the end of a staff, and show us our Sāma," and they uttered this couplet of stanzas :

"Glory to thee, O Kāsi-king who art thy realm's prosperity,  
Take us and lead us to the spot where Sāma, our loved son, doth lie.  
There fallen prostrate at his feet, touching his face, eyes, every limb<sup>1</sup>,  
We will await the approach of death, patient so long as near to him."

[89] While they were thus speaking, the sun set. Then the king thought, "If I take them there now, their hearts will break at the sight; and if three persons thus die through me I shall certainly lie down in hell, —therefore I will not let them go thither"; so he said these stanzas :

"A region full of beasts of prey, as though the world's extremest bound,—  
'Tis there where Sāma lies, as if the moon had fallen on the ground.  
A region full of beasts of prey, as though the world's extremest bound,—  
'Tis there where Sāma lies, as if the sun had fallen on the ground.  
At the world's furthest end he lies, covered with dust and stained with blood;  
Stay rather in your cottage here nor tempt the dangers of the wood."

They answered in this stanza to shew their fearlessness :

"Let the wild creatures do their worst,—by thousands, millions, let them swarm,  
We have no fear of beasts of prey, they cannot do us aught of harm."

So the king, being unable to stop them, took them by the hand and led them there.

[90] When he had brought them near, he said to them, "This is your son." Then his father clasped his head to his bosom and his mother his feet, and they sat down and lamented.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke these stanzas<sup>2</sup>:

"Covered with dust and pierced to th' heart, beholding thus their Sāma lie  
Prostrate as if a sun or moon had fallen earthward from the sky,  
The parents lifted up their arms, lamenting with a bitter cry.  
'O Sāma, art thou fast asleep? art angry? or are we forgot?  
Or say, has something vexed thy mind, that thou liest still and answerest not?  
Who will now dress our matted locks and wipe the dirt and dust away,  
When Sāma is no longer here, the poor blind couple's only stay?  
Who now will sweep the floor for us, or bring us water, hot or cold?  
Who fetch us forest roots and fruits, as we sit helpless, blind, and old?'"

<sup>1</sup> If I follow the schol. who seems to connect *bhuja* with *bhuñjati*. But could the words mean "beating our faces, arms and eyes"? *Sumh*, *sumbh* mean 'to strike.' Cf.

शुभ् 'to hurt.' [The rendering in the text is clearly right; 'his' not 'our': but there is nothing to give a clue to the sense of *samsumbhamānā* except the scholiast's note 'vattentā.']

<sup>2</sup> I have omitted some of these stanzas, as they are full of repetitions,



[91] After long lamentation the mother smote her bosom with her hand, and considering her sorrow carefully, she said to herself, "This is all mere grief for my son,—he has swooned through the violence of the poison, I will perform a solemn asseveration of truth to take the poison from him"; so she performed an act of truth and repeated the following stanzas :

"If it be true that in old days Sāma lived always virtuously,  
Then may this poison in his veins lose its fell force and harmless be.  
If in old days he spoke the truth and nursed his parents night and day,  
Then may this poison in his veins be overpowered and ebb away.  
Whatever merit we have gained in former days, his sire and I,  
May it o'erpower the poison's strength and may our darling son not die<sup>1</sup>."

[92] When his mother had thus made the solemn asseveration, Sāma turned as he lay there. Then his father also made his solemn asseveration in the same words ; and while he was still speaking, Sāma turned round and lay on the other side<sup>2</sup>.

Then the goddess made her solemn asseveration. The Master in explanation uttered these stanzas :

"The goddess hidden out of sight upon the Gandhamādan mount  
Performed a solemn act of truth, by pity moved on Sāma's count ;  
'Here in this Gandhamādan mount long have I passed my life alone,  
In forest depths where every tree beareth a perfume of its own,  
And none of earth's inhabitants is dearer to my inmost heart,—  
As this is true so from his veins may all the poison's power depart.'  
While thus in turn by pity moved they all their solemn witness bore,  
Lo—in their sight up Sāma sprang, young, fair, and vigorous as before."

Thus the Great Being's recovery from his wound, the restoration of both his parents' sight, and the appearance of dawn,—[93] all these four marvels were produced in the hermitage at the same moment by the goddess's supernatural power. The father and mother were beyond measure delighted to find that they had regained their sight and that Sāma was restored to health. Then Sāma uttered these stanzas :

"I am your Sāma, safe and well,—see me before you and rejoice:  
Dry up your tears and weep no more, but greet me with a happy voice.  
Welcome to thee too, mighty king, may fortune wait on thy commands ;  
Thou art our monarch: let us know what thou desirest at our hands.  
Tindukas, piyals, madhukas, our choicest fruits we bring our guest,—  
Fruits sweet as honey to the taste,—eat whatsoe'er may please thee best.  
Here is cold water, gracious lord, brought from the caves in yonder hill,  
The mountain-stream best quenches thirst,—if thou art thirsty, drink thy fill<sup>3</sup>."

The king also beholding this miracle exclaimed :

"I am bewildered and amazed, which way to turn I cannot tell,  
An hour ago I saw thee dead,—who now stand here alive and well !"

<sup>1</sup> [Here eight stanzas have been compressed into three.]

<sup>2</sup> [The prose narrative is often repeated in verse, as it is here. Such repetitions have generally been omitted.]

<sup>3</sup> [See above, p. 48.]



Sāma thought to himself, "This king looked upon me as dead, I will explain to him my being alive"; so he said:

"A man possessed of all his powers, with not one thought or feeling fled,  
Because a swoon has stopped their play, that living man they think is dead."

Them being desirous to lead the king into the real meaning of the whole matter, he added two stanzas to teach him the Law:

[94] "Those mortals who obey the Law and nurse their parents in distress,  
The gods observe their piety and come to heal their sicknesses.

Those mortals who obey the Law and nurse their parents in distress,  
The gods in this world praise their deed and in the next with heaven them bless."

The king, on hearing this, thought to himself, "This is a wonderful miracle: even the gods heal him who cherishes his parents when he falls into sickness; this Sāma is exceeding glorious"; then he said:

"I am bewildered more and more, which way to turn I cannot see,  
Sāma, to thee I fly for help, Sāma, do thou my refuge be."

Then the Great Being said, "O king, if thou wishest to reach the world of the gods and enjoy divine happiness there, thou must practise these ten duties," and he uttered these stanzas concerning them:

"Towards thy parents first of all fulfil thy duty, warrior king;  
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring<sup>1</sup>.

Towards thy children and thy wife, fulfil thy duty, warrior king;  
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring.

Duty to friends and ministers, thy soldiers with their different arms,  
To townships and to villages, thy realm with all its subject swarms,

To ascetics, Brahman holy men, duty to birds and beasts, O king,  
Duty fulfilled in this life here to heaven hereafter thee shall bring.

Duty fulfilled brings happiness,—yea Indra, Brahma, all their host,  
By following duty won their bliss: duty pursue at any cost."

[95] The Great Being, having thus declared to him the ten duties of a king, gave him some still further instruction, and taught him the five precepts. The king accepted the teaching with bended head, and, having reverentially taken his leave, went to Benares, and, after giving many gifts and performing many other virtuous actions, passed away with his court to swell the host of heaven. The Bodhisatta also, with his parents, having attained the supernatural faculties and the various degrees of ecstatic meditation, went to the Brahma world.

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After the lesson, the Master said, "O Brethren, it is an immemorial custom with the wise to support their parents." He then declared the truths (after which the Brother attained to the Fruit of the First Path) and identified the Birth: "At that time the king was Ānanda, the goddess was Uppalavaṇṇā, Sakka was Anuruddha, the father was Kassapa, the mother was Bhaddakāpilāni, and Suvāṇṇasāma was I myself."

<sup>1</sup> [See Vol. v. p. 123 (text), Mahāvagga, i. 281.]



No. 541<sup>1</sup>.

## NIMI-JĀTAKA.

*“Lo these grey hairs,” etc.* This story the Master told while dwelling in Makhādeva’s mango park, near Mithilā, about a smile. One day at eventide, the Master with a large company of Brethren was walking up and down in this mango park, when he espied a pleasant spot. Being desirous of telling his behaviour in former times, he allowed a smile to be seen on his face. When asked by the Reverend Ānanda why he smiled, he answered, “In yonder spot, Ānanda, I once dwelt, deep in ecstatic meditation, in the time of King Makhādeva.” Then at his request, he sat down upon an offered seat, and told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Videha, and in the city of Mithilā, a certain Makhādeva was king<sup>2</sup>. Four and eighty thousand years he took his pleasure as a young man, four and eighty thousand years he was viceroy, eighty and four thousand years he was king.

Now he told his barber to be sure to inform him as soon as ever he should see grey hairs on his head. When by and by the barber saw grey hairs, and told him, he made the man pull them out with a pair of tongs, and to lay them upon his hand, and seeing death as it were clinging to his forehead, [96] “now,” thinks he, “is the time for me to leave the world.” So he gave the barber his choice of a village, and sending for his eldest son, he told him to undertake the government, since he was himself about to renounce the world. “Why, my lord?” asked he. The king replied:

“Lo these grey hairs that on my head appear  
Take of my life in passing year by year:  
They are God’s messengers, which bring to mind  
The time I must renounce the world is near.”

With these words he made his son king with the ceremonial sprinkling, and leaving him directions to act thus and thus, he left the city; and embracing the life of a Brother, through eighty-four thousand years he fostered the Four Excellencies, and he was then reborn in Brahma’s heaven.

His son also, in like manner, renounced the world, and became destined to Brahma’s heaven. So also his son again; and so one royal prince after another, to the number of eighty and four thousand less two—each as he saw a white hair in his head became an ascetic in this mango park, and fostered the Four Excellencies, and was born in Brahma’s

<sup>1</sup> No. 541 was not amongst Prof. Cowell’s MSS.

<sup>2</sup> See No. 9, Vol. I. p. 137 (trans. p. 30). See also note I. 32 trans.



heaven. The first of all this line to be there born, King Makhādeva, standing in Brahma's heaven looked down upon the fortunes of his family, and was glad at heart to see that four and eighty thousand princes less two had renounced the world. He pondered: "Will there be nirvana now, or not?" Seeing that there would not, he resolved that he and no other must round off his family. Accordingly, he came from thence and was conceived in the womb of the king's consort in Mithilā city. On his name-day, the soothsayers looking at his marks, said, "Great king, this prince is born to round off your family. This your family of hermits will go no further." Hearing this, the king said, "The boy is born to round off my family like the hoop of a chariot-wheel!" so he gave him the name of Nemi<sup>1</sup>-Kumāra, or Prince Hoop.

From his childhood upwards, the boy was devoted to giving, to virtue, to keeping the sabbath vow. Then his father, as usual, saw a white hair, gave a village to his barber, made his son king, became a hermit in the mango park, and was destined for Brahma's heaven. King Nimi, in his devotion to almsgiving, made five almshalls, one at each of the four gates of the city, and one in the midst of it, and [97] distributed great gifts: in each of the almshalls he distributed a hundred thousand pieces of money, that is five hundred thousand each day; continually he kept the Five Precepts; on the moon-days<sup>2</sup> he observed the sabbath; he encouraged the multitude in almsgiving and good works; he pointed out the road to heaven, and affrighted them with the fear of death, and preached the Law. They abiding by his admonitions, giving gifts and doing good, passed away one after another and were born in the world of gods: that world became full, hell was as it were empty. Then in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, the company of gods assembled in Sudhammā the divine hall of assembly, crying aloud—"Hail to our teacher, King Nimi! By his doing, by the knowledge of a Buddha, we have attained to this divine enjoyment infinite!" Thus they sang the virtues of the Great Being. Even in the world of men that sound of praise was spread, as oil spreads over the surface of the great deep.

The Master explained this to the assembled Brethren in the following lines:

"It was a marvel in the world how good men did arise  
In the days of good King Nimi, the worthy and the wise.  
Alms gave Videha's monarch, the conqueror of his foes;  
And as he gave in charity, this thought in him arose:  
'Which is more fruitful—holy life or giving alms? who knows<sup>3</sup>?'"

At that moment Sakka's throne became hot. Sakka pondering the

<sup>1</sup> *Sic*, but below, Nimi.

<sup>2</sup> *pakkhadivasesu*.

<sup>3</sup> The scholiast says that this doubt occurred to him in the night, and that he could not decide.



reason, saw him reflecting there. [98] "I will solve the question," he said; and going about, and swiftly, he made the palace one blaze of light, and entering the chamber, stood there glowing; and at the king's request, made all clear.

To explain this, the Master said:

"The mighty monarch of the gods, he of the thousand eyes,  
Perceives his thought; before his light away the darkness flies.

Great Nimi spake to Vāsava, and all his flesh did creep:

'Who art thou? or a demigod or Sakka's self must be:  
For I have never seen or heard such glory as I see.'

Then Vāsava to Nimi spake, knowing his flesh did creep:

'Sakka, the king of gods, I am; to visit you I'm here;  
Ask what you will, O king, and let your flesh not creep for fear.'

Then Nimi spake to Vāsava, this invitation made:

'Most puissant lord of all that breathe, this question solve for me:  
Holy to live, or alms to give, which should more fruitful be?'

Then Vāsava to Nimi spake, solving his question so,  
And told the fruit of holy life to him who did not know:

'He's born a Khattiya, who lives holy in the third degree:  
A god, the middle; and the first brings perfect purity.'

Not easy are these states to win by any charity,  
Which hermits who have left the world win by austerity."

[99] By these verses he illustrated the great fruitfulness of a holy life, and then recited others, naming the kings who in times past had been unable to get beyond the domain of sense by giving great gifts:

"Dudīpa, Sāgara, Sela, Mucalinda, Bhagīrasa,  
Usinara and Atthaka, Assaka, and Puthujjana,  
Yea, kings and brahmins, Khattiya chiefs, many and many a one,  
For all their sacrifice, beyond the Peta world came none."

Having thus explained how much greater was the fruitfulness of holy life than that of almsgiving, he described those ascetics who by the holy life had passed the Peta world to be born in Brahma's heaven, and said: .

"These holy hermits who had left the world,  
Seven sages, passed beyond: Yāmahanu,  
Somayāga, Manojava, Samudda,  
Māgha, and Bharata, and Kālikara:  
Four others: Kassapa, Āṅgīrasa,  
Akitti, Kisavaccha, these besides."

[100] So far, he described by tradition the great fruit of a holy life; but now he went on, declaring what he had himself seen:

"Sīdā's a river in the north, unnavigable<sup>1</sup>, deep:  
About it, like a fire of reeds, blaze golden mountains steep,

<sup>1</sup> "Because," quoth the scholiast, "the water is so delicate, that even a peacock's feather will not float, but sinks to the bottom."



With creepers filled and fragrant plants river and hills as well.  
Thereby ten thousand eremites once on a time did dwell.

Noble am I, who kept the vow of temperance, self-control,  
Almsgiving: solitary then tended<sup>1</sup> each stedfast soul.

Caste or no caste, the upright man I would attend at need:  
For every mortal man is bound by his own act and deed.

Apart from righteousness, all castes are sure to sink to hell:  
All castes are purified if they are righteous and act well."

[102] After this, he said: "But, great king, although holy living is more fruitful by far than almsgiving, yet both these are the thoughts of great men: do you be watchful in both, give alms and follow virtue." With this advice, he went to his own place.

Then the company of gods said: "Sire, we have not seen you lately; where have you been?" "Sirs, a doubt arose in the mind of King Nimi at Mithilā, and I went to resolve the question, and to place him beyond doubt." And then he described the occurrence in verse:

"Listen to me, Sirs, one and all that here assembled be:  
Men who are righteous differ much in caste and quality.

There is King Nimi, wise and good, the better part who chose—  
King of Videha, gave great gifts, that conqueror of his foes;

And as these bounteous gifts he gave, behold this doubt arose:  
'Which is more fruitful—holy life or giving alms? who knows?'"

[103] So he spoke, without omission, telling the king's quality. This made the deities long to see that king; and they said, "Sire, King Nimi is our teacher; by following his admonitions, by his means, we have attained to the joy of godhood. We wish to see him—send for him, Sire, and show him to us!" Sakka consented, and sent Mātali: "Friend Mātali, yoke my royal car, go to Mithilā, place King Nimi in the divine chariot and bring him here." Mātali obeyed and departed. Whilst Sakka was talking with the gods, and giving his orders to Mātali, and sending his chariot, one month had past by men's reckoning. So it was the holy day of the full moon: King Nimi opening the eastern window was sitting on the upper floor, surrounded by his courtiers, contemplating virtue; and just as the moon's disk rose in the east this chariot appeared. The people had eaten their evening meal, and sat at their doors talking comfortably together. "Why, there are two moons to-day!" they cried. As they gossiped, the chariot became plain to their view. "No, it is no moon," they said, "but a chariot!" In due course there appeared Mātali's team of a thousand thoroughbreds, and the car of Sakka, and they wondered whom that could be for? Ah, their king was righteous; for him Sakka's divine

<sup>1</sup> The scholiast adds *upatthahim* to complete the construction. He adds a long dull story to explain how this came about. This stanza is quite as abrupt in the original.



car must be sent ; Sakka must wish to see their king. So in delight they cried out :

“A marvel in the world, to make one shiver with delight :  
For glorious Videha comes the car divine in sight !”

As the people talked and talked, swift as the wind came Mātali, who turned the chariot, and brought it to rest out of the way by the sill of the window, and called on the king to enter.

[104] Explaining this, the Master said :

“The mighty Mātali, the charioteer  
Of heaven, summoned now Videha’s king  
Who lived in Mithilā : ‘Come, noble king,  
Lord of the world, upon this chariot mount :  
Indra and all the gods, the Thirty-three,  
Would see you, waiting in Sudhammā Hall.’”

The king thought, “I shall see the gods’ dwelling-place, which I never have seen ; and I shall be showing kindness to Mātali,” so he addressed his women and all the people, and said—“In a short time I shall return : you must be watchful, do good and give alms.” Then he got into the car.

The Master said, to explain this<sup>1</sup>:

“Then with all speed, Videha’s king arose,  
And went towards the chariot, and got in.  
When he was in it, Mātali thus spoke :  
‘By which road shall I take you, noble king ? -  
Where dwell the wicked, or where dwell the good ?’”

At this the king thought—“I have never seen either of these places before, and I should like to see both.” He answered :

“Mātali, charioteer divine, both places I would see :  
Both where the righteous men abide, and where the wicked be.”

Mātali thinking, “One cannot see both at once ; I will question him,” recited a stanza :

“Which first, great monarch, noble king—which place first would you see,  
That where the righteous men abide, or where the wicked be ?”

[105] Then the king, thinking that go to heaven he would in any case, and that he might as well choose to see hell<sup>2</sup>, recited the next stanza :

“I’d see the place of sinful men ; please let me go to hell ;  
Where they who once did cruel deeds and where the wicked dwell.”

Then he just showed him Vetaraṇī<sup>3</sup>, the river of hell.

To explain this, the Master said :

“Mātali showed the king Vetaraṇī,  
A river stinking, full of corrosive brine,  
Hot, covered all with burning flames of fire.”

<sup>1</sup> The composite character of the following episode is clear.

<sup>2</sup> With the description of hell compare Vol. v. p. 266 ff. (translation, p. 137 ff.), Mahāvastu, i. 9 ff., 16 ff., Çikṣāsamuccaya, p. 75 ff.

<sup>3</sup> The scholiast gives a long description of the horrors of this region.



The king was terrified when he saw creatures thus sorely tormented in Vetaraṇī, and he asked Mātali what sins they had done. Mātali told him. This the Master explained:

“Then Nimi, when he saw the people fall  
In this deep river-flood, asked Mātali  
[106] ‘Fear comes on me to see it, charioteer :  
Tell me, what is the sin these mortals did  
Who are cast in the river?’ He replied,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
‘Who in the world of life are strong themselves,  
Yet hurt the weak, oppress them, doing sin,  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Are cast into the stream Vetaraṇī.’”

Thus did Mātali answer his question. And when the king had seen the hell Vetaraṇī, he caused this place to disappear, and driving the chariot onwards showed him the place where they are torn by dogs and other beasts. He answered the king's question as follows.

This the Master explained:

“‘Black dogs and speckled vultures, flocks of crows  
Most horrid, prey upon them. When I look,  
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Mātali,  
What sin have these committed, charioteer,  
Whom ravens prey on?’ Mātali replied,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
‘These are the churls, the misers, foul of tongue  
To brahmins and ascetics, that do hurt ;  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Are those you see of ravens here the prey.’”

[107] His other questions are answered in the same way.

“‘Their bodies all ablaze they lie prostrate,  
Pounded with red-hot lumps : when I behold,  
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Mātali,  
What sins have these committed, charioteer,  
Who lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps?’  
Then Mātali the charioteer replied,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
‘These in the world of life were sinful men,  
Who hurt and did torment those without sin,  
Both men and women, sinful as they were.  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Now lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps.’  
‘Others lie struggling in a pit of coals,  
Roaring, their bodies charred : when I behold,  
[108] Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
What sin have these committed, charioteer,  
Who lie there struggling in the fiery pit?’  
Then Mātali the charioteer replied,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
‘These are they who before a crowd of men  
Suborned a witness and forswore a debt ;  
And thus destroying people, mighty king,  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Lie there now struggling in the pit of coals.’



‘Blazing and flaming, all one mass of fire,  
 I see an iron cauldron, huge and great :  
 Fear comes upon me, as I look upon it.  
 Mātali, tell me, charioteer divine—  
 What sin these mortals did, that here headfirst  
 They’re cast into the iron cauldron huge?’  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
 ‘Whoso has hurt a brahmin or ascetic,  
 Foul men of sin, and he a virtuous man,  
 Those cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
 Now headlong fall into the iron bowl.’

- [109] ‘They wring them by the neck and cast them in,  
 Filling the cauldron full of boiling water !  
 Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
 What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
 That with their heads all battered, there they lie?’  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
 ‘These are the wicked men who in the world  
 Caught birds, and did destroy them, mighty king ;  
 And thus, destroying other creatures, they  
 By these their cruel acts gave rise to sin,  
 And they lie yonder, with their own necks wrung.’

- ‘There flows a river, deep, with shallow banks,  
 Easy of access : thither go the men,  
 Scorcht with the heat, and drink : but as they drink,  
 The water turns to chaff<sup>1</sup> ; which when I see,  
 Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Mātali,  
 What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
 That as they drink, the water turns to chaff?’  
 [110] Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
 ‘These men are they who mixt good grain with chaff,  
 And sold it to a buyer, doing ill ;  
 Therefore now scorcht with heat and parcht with thirst,  
 Even as they drink, the water turns to chaff.’

‘With spikes and spears and arrowheads they pierce  
 Those loudly-wailing folk on either side :  
 Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
 What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
 That they lie yonder riddled with the spears?’  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
 ‘These in the world of life were wicked men  
 Who took what was not theirs, and lived upon it—  
 Goats, sheep, kine, bulls, corn, treasure, silver, gold :  
 These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
 Now yonder lie all riddled with the spears.’

- [111] ‘Who are these fastened by the neck I see,  
 Some cut to pieces, others all to-torn :  
 Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
 What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
 That they lie yonder torn in little bits?’

<sup>1</sup> “And all blazes up” : schol.



Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
'Fishers and butchers, hunters of the boar,  
Slayers of cattle, bulls, and goats, who slew  
And laid the corpses in the slaughter-house,  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Are lying yonder torn in little bits.'

'Yon lake of filth and ordure, stinking foul,  
With evil scent unclean, where starving men  
Eat of the contents ! this when I behold,  
Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
Whom there I see devouring dirt and filth ?'

Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
'These are malicious persons<sup>1</sup>, who, for hurt  
Of others, lived with them, and harmed their friends :  
[112] These cruel creatures begat sin, and now,  
Poor fools, they have ordure and filth to eat.'

'Yon lake is full of blood, and stinking foul,  
With evil scent unclean, where scorcht with heat  
Men drink the contents ! which when I behold,  
Fear seizes on me ; tell me, Mātali,  
What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
That they must now drink of the draught of blood ?'

Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
'They who have slain a mother or a father,  
Whom they should reverence ; excommunicate  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Are those who yonder drink the draught of blood.'

'That tongue see, pierced with a hook, like as a shield  
Stuck with a hundred barbs ; and who are those  
[113] Who struggle leaping like a fish on land,  
And roaring, drabble spittle ? when I see it,  
Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
Whom I see yonder swallowing the hook ?'

Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
'These men are they who in the market-place  
Haggling and cheapening from their greed of gain  
Have practised knavery, and thought it hidden,  
Like one that hooks a fish : but for the knave  
There is no safety, dogged by all his deeds :  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Are lying yonder swallowing the hook.'

'Yon women, bent and broken, stretching their arms  
And wailing, wretched, smeared with stains of blood,  
Like cattle in the shambles, stand waist-deep  
Buried in earth, the upper trunk ablaze !  
[114] Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
What sin has been committed by those women,  
That now they stand all buried in the earth  
Waist-deep, the upper trunk a mass of flame ?'

<sup>1</sup> *kāraṇikā* : 'kāraṇakārakā.' The small St Petersburg Dictionary gives 'Lehrer' as one meaning of it. There is nothing more to guide us.



Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
'They were of noble birth when in the world,  
Lived lives unclean, did deeds of wickedness,  
Were traitors, left their husbands, and besides  
Did other things to satisfy their lust ;  
They spent their lives in dalliance ; therefore now  
Stand blazing, waist-deep buried in the earth.'

'Why do they seize yon persons by the legs  
And cast them headlong into Naraka<sup>1</sup>?  
Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
[115] What sin has been committed by those men,  
That they are so hurled headlong into Naraka?'  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
'These in the world did evil, did seduce  
Another's wife, stole his most precious thing,  
So now are headlong cast in Naraka.  
They suffer misery for countless years  
In hell ; there is no safety for the sinner,  
But he is ever dogged by his own deeds.  
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they  
Are now cast headlong into Naraka.'"

With these words, Mātali the charioteer made this hell to disappear also, and driving the chariot onwards, showed him the hell of torment for heretics. On request he explained it to him.

"Many and various causes I have seen  
Most terrible, amongst these hells : to see them  
Fear seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
What sin has been committed by those mortals,  
Why they must suffer this excessive pain,  
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable?'  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit :  
'Who in the world were wicked heretics,  
Who put their faith in false delusion,  
Made proselytes of others to their heresy,  
[116] They by their heresy begetting sin  
Must therefore suffer this excessive pain,  
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable.'"

Now in heaven the gods were sitting in Sudhammā Hall, looking for the king's coming. "Mātali is a long time away," thought Sakka ; and he perceived the reason, so he said, "Mātali is going the round as guide, showing all the different hells to the king and telling him what sin led to each hell. So calling to him a young god, very swift, he said to him—  
"Go tell Mātali to bring the king quickly hither. He is using up King Nimi's life ; he must not go round all the hells." With speed the young god went, and gave his message. When Mātali heard it, he said, "We must not delay" ; then showing to the king at one flash all the great hells in the four quarters, he recited a stanza :

<sup>1</sup> "An abyss full of blazing coals" : schol.



“Now, mighty monarch, thou hast seen the place  
Of sinners, and where cruel men are sent,  
And where the wicked go : now, royal sage,  
Come let us hasten to the king of heaven.”

With this speech he turned the chariot towards heaven. As the king went towards heaven he beheld [117] in the air the mansion of a goddess, Bīraṇī, with pinnacles of jewels and gold, ornamented in great magnificence, having a park and a lake covered with lilies, and surrounded with trees worthy of the place : and there was this goddess seated upon a divan in a gabled chamber towards the front, and attended by a thousand nymphs, looking out through an open window. He asked Mātali who she was, and Mātali explained it to him.

“Behold yon mansion with five pinnacles :  
There, deckt with garlands, lies upon a couch  
A most puissant woman, who assumes  
All kinds of majesty and wondrous power.  
Joy comes on me to see it, charioteer :  
But tell me, Mātali, what her good deeds,  
That she is happy in this heavenly mansion.’  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit :  
‘Heard you ever in the world of Bīraṇī ?  
A brahmin’s home-born slave, who once received  
A guest at the right moment, welcomed him  
As mother might her son ; and therefore now,  
Generous and chaste, lives happy in this mansion.’”

[118] With these words, Mātali drove the chariot onwards and showed him the seven golden mansions of the god Soṇadinna. The other, when he saw these and the glory of the god, asked an explanation, which Mātali gave.

“There are seven mansions, shining clear and bright,  
Where dwells a mighty being, richly dight,  
Who with his wives inhabits them. Delight  
Moves me, to see it : tell me, Mātali,  
What is the good this mortal did, that he  
Dwells happy in this mansion heavenly ?’  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Declaring how good ripens and bears fruit :  
‘This once was Soṇadinna, one who gave  
With royal bounty, and for hermits wrought  
Seven hermitages : all their needs did crave  
He faithfully provided. Food he brought,  
Bedding to lie on, clothes to wear, and light,  
Contented with those men of life upright,  
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight  
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days ;  
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways<sup>1</sup>,  
So now dwells in this mansion of delight.’”

[119] Thus he described the deeds of Soṇadinna ; then driving onwards his chariot, he showed a mansion of crystal : in height it was five and

<sup>1</sup> See iv. 320<sup>19</sup> ff., translation iv. 202 with note 1.



twenty leagues, it had hundreds of columns made of the seven precious things, hundreds of pinnacles, it was set about with lattices and little bells, a banner of gold and silver flew, beside it was a park and grove full of many bright flowers, with a lovely lake of lilies, nymphs cunning to sing and to make music were there in plenty. Then the king seeing this asked what were the deeds of these nymphs, and the other told him.

“‘Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,  
With pinnacles uplifted in the height,  
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng  
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song!  
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,  
What good these women did, that now in heaven  
They dwell within this palace of delight?’  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:  
‘These women ever walked in holy ways,  
Faithful lay sisters, kept the holy days,  
Generous, controlled, and watchful, heart-serene,  
Now happy in the mansion you have seen.’”

He drove the chariot on, and showed a mansion of gems: it stood on a level spot, lofty, like a mountain of gems, bright shining, full of gods that played and sang divine music. Seeing this, the king asked what were the deeds of these gods, and the other replied.

[120] “‘Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,  
Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,  
Where in divinest melody around,  
Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:  
I never have beheld a sight so fair,  
Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!  
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,  
What good these mortals did, that now I see  
Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight?’  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:  
‘These were lay Brethren in the world of men:  
Provided parks and wells, or water drew  
In the well-shed, and tranquil saints did feed,  
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,  
Contented with these men of life upright,  
Who kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight  
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;  
Generous, controlled, they walked in holy ways,  
And now dwell in this mansion of delight.’”

Thus having described the deeds of these persons, he drove on and showed him another crystal mansion: with many a pinnacle, and all manner of flowers all about, and fine trees, echoing with the songs of birds of all kinds, by which flowed a river of pure water, [121] become the dwelling-place of a virtuous person surrounded by a company of nymphs. Seeing this the king asked what his deeds were; and the other told him.

“‘Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,  
Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,



With food and drink in plenty, and a throng  
 Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,  
 And rivers, fringed with many a flower and tree—  
 Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,  
 What good this mortal did in life, that he  
 Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:  
 ‘At Kimbilā a householder was he,  
 Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully  
 Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,  
 Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,  
 Contented with these men of life upright,  
 He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight  
 The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;  
 Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,  
 And now dwells in this mansion of delight.’”

Thus he described the deeds of this man, and drove on. Then he showed another crystal mansion: this even more than the last was grown about with all manner of fruit and flowers and clumps of trees. This seen, the king asked what were the deeds of this man who was so fortunate, and the other told him.

“‘Yon mansion, built of jewels, shining bright,  
 Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,  
 With food and drink in plenty, and a throng  
 [122] Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,  
 And rivers, fringed with many a tree and flower,  
 Royal and elephant trees, and mango, sāl,  
 Roseapple sweet, and tindook, piyal bower,  
 And orchard-trees fruit-bearing one and all—  
 Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,  
 What good this mortal did in life, that he  
 Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:  
 ‘At Mithilā a householder was he,  
 Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully  
 Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,  
 Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,  
 Contented with these men of life upright,  
 He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight  
 The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;  
 Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,  
 And now dwells in this mansion of delight.’”

Thus he described the deeds of this man also, and drove on. Then he showed another mansion of jewels, like the first, and at the king's request told him the deeds of a god who was happy there.

“‘Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,  
 Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,  
 Where in divinest melody around,  
 Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:  
 I never have beheld a sight so fair,  
 Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!



[123] Joy seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
 What good these mortals did, whom now I see  
 Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight ?'  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how good ripens and bears fruit :  
 'Once a Benares householder was he,  
 Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully  
 Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,  
 Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,  
 Contented with these men of life upright,  
 He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight  
 The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days ;  
 Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,  
 And now dwells in this mansion of delight.'"

Again driving on, he showed a mansion of gold, like the sun in his strength, and at the king's request told him the deeds of the god who dwelt there.

"Behold yon mansion made of flaming fire,  
 Red like the sun whereas he riseth higher !  
 Joy seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
 What good this mortal did in life, that he  
 Rejoices in this mansion heavenly ?'  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how good ripens and bears fruit :  
 'Once a Sāvatti householder was he,  
 Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully  
 Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,  
 Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,  
 Contented with these men of life upright,  
 He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight  
 The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days ;  
 Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,  
 And now dwells in this mansion of delight.'"

[124] As he thus described these eight mansions, Sakka, king of the gods, thinking that Mātali was a long time in coming, sent another swift god with a message. Mātali, on hearing the message, saw that there must be no more delay ; so at one flash he showed many mansions, and described to the king what were the deeds of those who dwelt in them.

"See many fiery mansions in the air,  
 As in a bank of cloud the lightning's flare !  
 Joy seizes on me : tell me, Mātali,  
 What good these mortals did, whom now I see  
 Rejoicing in the heavenly mansion there ?'  
 Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
 Describing how good ripens and bears fruit :  
 'Good-living, well-instructed, full of faith,  
 They acted as the Master's teaching saith ;  
 By living as the Allwise Buddha told  
 They came to these abodes you now behold.'"

Having thus shown him these mansions in the sky, he set out to come before Sakka with these words :

"Thou'st seen the places of the good and wicked in the air ;  
 Unto the monarch of the gods come let us now repair."



[125] With these words he drove on, and showed him the seven hills which make a ring about Sineru; to explain how the king questioned Mātali on seeing these, the Master said:

“As the king journeyed on his way in the celestial car  
Drawn by a thousand steeds, he saw the mountain peaks afar  
In Sīdā ocean, and he asked, ‘Tell me what hills these are.’”

At this question of Nimi the god Mātali replied:

“The mighty hills Sudassara, Karavīka, Īsadhara,  
Yugandhara, Nemindhara, Vinataka, Assakaṇṇa.  
These hills are in Sīdantara, in order there they be,  
Which high-upstanding in the air thou, mighty king, dost see.”

Thus he showed the Heaven of the Four Great Kings, and drove on until he could show the statues of Indra which stood around the great Cittakūṭa gateway of the Heaven of the Thirty-three. At this sight the king asked, and the other answered.

“‘This place so fine, elaborate, adorned,  
Set round with Indra’s statues, as it were  
By tigers guarded—[126] as I see this sight,  
Joy comes upon me: tell me, Mātali,  
What is the name of this that I behold?’  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:  
‘This place is Cittakūṭa which you see,  
The entrance to the place of heaven’s king,  
The doorway of the Mountain Beautiful:  
Elaborate, adorned, and set about  
With Indra’s statues, as by tigers guarded.  
Enter, wise king! enter this spotless place.’”

With these words Mātali led the king within; so it is said—

“Journeying in the car celestial,  
Drawn by a thousand steeds, the mighty king  
Beheld the place where all the gods assemble.”

And as he passed along, standing in the car still, he saw the place of the gods’ assemblage in Sudhammā, and questioned Mātali, who replied.

“‘As in the autumn is the sky all blue,  
So is that jewelled mansion to the view.  
Joy comes upon me: tell me, Mātali,  
What is this mansion which I now behold?’  
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,  
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:  
[127] ‘This is Sudhammā, where the gods assemble,  
Supported by fair columns, finely wrought,  
Eight-sided, made of gems and jewels rare,  
Where dwell the Three-and-thirty, with their chief,  
Lord Indra, thinking of the happiness  
Of gods and men: enter this lovely place,  
O mighty monarch, where the gods abide!’”

The gods on their part sat watching for his arrival; and when they heard that the king was come, they went out to meet him with divine



flowers and perfumes as far as the great Cittakūṭa gateway; and presenting him with their flowers and perfumes they brought him to Sudhammā Hall. The king dismounting from the car entered the hall of the gods, and the gods offered him a seat, Sakka the like and all pleasures too.

Explaining this, the Master said<sup>1</sup>:

“The gods beheld the king arrive: and then, their guest to greet,  
Cried—‘Welcome, mighty monarch, whom we are so glad to meet!  
O king! beside the king of gods we pray you take a seat.’

And Sakka welcomed Vedeha, the king of Mithilā town,  
Ay, Vāsava offered him all joys and prayed him to sit down.

‘Amid the rulers of the world O welcome to our land:  
Dwell with the gods, O king! who have all wishes at command,  
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the ‘Three-and-thirty stand.’”

Thus Sakka offered him celestial pleasures; and the king declining made answer<sup>2</sup>:

“As when a chariot, or when goods are given on demand,  
So is it to enjoy a bliss given by another’s hand.

[128] I care not blessings to receive given by another’s hand,  
My goods are mine and mine alone when on my deeds I stand.

I’ll go and do much good to men, give alms throughout the land,  
Will follow virtue, exercise control and self-command:  
He that so acts is happy, and fears no remorse at hand.”

Thus did the Great Being discourse to the gods with honeyed sound; and discoursing he stayed seven days by men’s reckoning, and gave delight to the company of the gods. And standing in the midst of the gods he described the virtue of Mātali:

“A most obliging personage is Mātali the charioteer,  
The places where the good abide and where the bad, he showed me clear.”

Then the king took leave of Sakka, saying that he wished to go to the world of men. Then Sakka said, “Friend Mātali, take King Nimi at once to Mithilā.” He got ready the chariot; the king exchanged friendly greetings with the company of gods, left them and entered the car. Mātali drove the car eastwards to Mithilā. There the crowd, seeing the chariot, were delighted to know that their king was returning. Mātali passed round the city of Mithilā rightwise, and put down the Great Being at the same window, took leave, and returned to his own place. A great number of people surrounded the king, and asked him what the gods’ world was like. The king, describing the happiness of the gods and of Sakka their king, exhorted them to give alms and do good, for so they should be born in that divine place.

Afterwards, when his barber found a white hair and told him, he

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iv. p. 356 (iv. 225 of the translation).

<sup>2</sup> Vol. iv. p. 358 (iv. 225 of the translation); and ii. 257.



made the barber put aside that white hair; [129] then he gave a village to the barber, and desiring to renounce the world, made his son king in his place. So when asked why he wished to renounce the world, he recited the stanza, "Lo, these grey hairs"; and like the former kings he renounced the world, and dwelt in the same mango grove, developing the Four Excellencies, and became destined to Brahma's heaven.

It is his renouncing of the world which is described by the Master in the last stanza :

"Thus spake King Nimi, lord of Mithilā,  
And having made a mighty-sacrifice,  
Entered upon the path of self-control."

And his son, named Kalāra-janaka, also renounced the world, and brought his line to an end.

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When the Master had finished this discourse, he said—"So, Brethren, this is not the first time the Tathāgata left the world; he did the same before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time, Anuruddha was Sakka, Ānanda was Mātali, the eighty-four kings were the Buddha's followers, and King Nimi was I myself."

## No. 542.

### THE KHAṆḌAHĀLA-JĀTAKA.

"*In Pupphavatī once there reigned,*" etc. The Teacher, while dwelling on the Gijjhakūṭa mountain, related this story concerning Devadatta. Its substance is contained in the section relating to the sin of causing schisms in the community; it is to be fully known by studying the Tathāgata's conduct from his first becoming an ascetic down to the murder of King Bimbisāra. As soon as he had caused him to be killed, Devadatta went to Ajātasattu and said to him, "O king, thy desire has attained its end, but mine has not yet attained it." He replied, "What is your desire?" "I wish to have Dasabala killed and then myself become Buddha." "Well, what have we to do?" "We must collect some archers together." The king assented and collected five hundred archers, all able to shoot as quick as the lightning, and of these he chose out one-and-thirty [130] and sent them to wait on Devadatta, telling them to carry out his commands. He called the chief one amongst them and said to him, "My friend, the ascetic Gotama lives on the Gijjhakūṭa mountain: at a certain time he walks up and down in his place of retirement during the day; do you go there and wound him with a poisoned arrow, and when you have killed him return hither by such a road." Then he sent two archers by that road, and said to them, "You will meet a man coming by your road,—kill him and return by such a road." Then he sent four archers by that road with the same instructions, and after that similarly eight and sixteen. If you ask why he did this, he did it to conceal his own wickedness. So this chief man among the archers bound his sword on his left side and his quiver on his back; and taking his bow made of a



ram's horn went to the Tathāgata; but after he had strung his bow to wound him, and fixed the arrow, and pulled the string, he could not discharge it. His whole body became stiff as if it were crushed, and he stood terrified with the fear of death. When the Teacher saw him he spoke in a gentle voice, "Fear not, come hither." He at once threw down his weapons and fell with his head on the Blessed One's feet, saying, "My lord, sin has overpowered me like a child or a fool or a sinner; I knew not thy virtues, and I came here at the command of that blind dotard Devadatta, to take away thy life: forgive me, I pray." He gained his pardon and sat down on one side. Then the Teacher revealed the Truths to him and caused him to attain the first grade of sanctification. Then he told him to return by another road than that ordered by Devadatta; and himself came down from his covered walk and sat at the foot of a tree. As the first archer did not return, the two others came along the road to meet him, and wondered why he delayed so long, until at last they saw the Buddha, when they went up to him, and after saluting him sat down on one side of him. Then he revealed the Truths to them also and made them attain the first grade of sanctification, and told them to return by another road than that ordered by Devadatta. In the same way, as the others came up and successively sat down, he established them also in the first grade of sanctification and sent them away by another road. Then the archer who first returned [131] went to Devadatta and said to him, "Master, I was not able to kill the Allwise One, he is the Mighty One, the Blessed One of supernatural powers." Thus they all recognised that they had saved their lives only through the Allwise One, and they embraced the ascetic life under him, and became arhats. This incident became known in the assembly of the Brotherhood, and one day they began to talk of it in the hall of truth; "Brethren, have you heard how Devadatta, in his enmity against one person, the Blessed One, has tried hard to deprive many people of their lives, and how they all saved their lives through the Teacher?" In came the Master and asked, "Brethren, what are you talking of as you sit here?" and when they told him, "This is not the first time," said he; "he tried before this to deprive many people of their lives in his enmity against me"; and he told them a story of the past.

In the olden time this Benares was called Pupphavatī. The son of King Vasavatti reigned there, named Ekarājā, and his son Candakumāra was viceroy. A brahmin named Khaṇḍahāla was the family priest: he gave the king counsel in temporal and spiritual matters, and the king, having a high opinion of his wisdom, made him a judge. But he, being fond of bribes, used to take bribes and dispossess the real owners and put the wrong owners in possession. One day a man who had lost his suit went out of the judgment hall loudly complaining, and, as he saw Candakumāra passing by to visit the king, he threw himself at his feet. The prince asked him what was the matter. "My lord, Khaṇḍahāla robs the suitors when he judges: I have lost my cause, although I gave him a bribe." The prince told him to cease his fears, and, having taken him to court, made him the owner of the disputed property. The people loudly shouted their applause. When the king heard it and asked the reason, they replied, "Candakumāra has rightly decided a suit which was determined wrongly by Khaṇḍahāla: this is why there was such shouting." When the prince came and had paid his homage, the king said to him, "My son, they say you have just judged a case." "Yes, Sire." He gave the office of judge to the prince and told him thenceforth to determine all



suits. Khaṇḍahāla's income began to fall off, and from that time he conceived a hatred against the prince and watched for some fault in him. Now the king had little religious insight; and one day at dawn, at the end of his sleep he saw the heaven of the Thirty-three gods with its ornamented portico, and its walls made of the seven precious things, sixty [132] yojanas in extent, with golden streets, a thousand yojanas in height, adorned with the Vejayanta and other palaces, with all the glories of the Nandana and other forests and the Nandā and other lakes and filled everywhere with heavenly beings. He longed to enter into it and he thought, "when the teacher Khaṇḍahāla comes I will ask him the way to the world of the gods, and I will enter it by the road which he points out." Khaṇḍahāla came to the palace in the early morning, and asked whether the king had passed a happy night. Then the king commanded that a seat should be given him and asked his question. The Teacher has thus narrated it :

"In Pupphavatī once there reigned a wicked king who in his need  
 Asked Khaṇḍahāla, his base priest, brahmin in name but not in deed ;  
 Thou art a seer to whom, they say, all sacred learning has been given,—  
 Tell me the road whose travellers rise by their good merits up to heaven."

Now this was a question which, in default of an all-knowing Buddha or his disciples, one must ask of a Bodhisatta, but which the king asked of Khaṇḍahāla; just as a man who for seven days had lost his way might ask guidance of another who had lost his way for a fortnight. He thought to himself, "Now is the time to see my enemy's back, now I will kill Candakumāra and fulfil my desire." So he addressed the king:

"Exceeding many gifts bestow, those who deserve not death destroy,—  
 Thus men surpassing merit win and reach at last to heaven's joy."

The king asked :

"What are th' exceeding many gifts? and who deserve not to be slain?  
 I'll give the gifts, the victims slay, if you but make your meaning plain."

[133] Then he explained his meaning:

"Thy sons, thy queens must offered be, thy merchant princes too must fall,  
 Thy choicest bulls, thy noblest steeds,—yea the four kinds of victims all";

And thus, being asked the road to heaven, in answer to the question he declared the road to hell.

He said to himself, "If I take Candakumāra alone they will think that I have done it through enmity to him"; so he put him in with a number of people. When the matter came to be talked about, the ladies of the royal palace, hearing the rumour, were filled with alarm, and at once raised a loud cry. Explaining this, the Master recited a stanza:

"The royal ladies heard the news: 'Princes and queens are doomed,' they cried,  
 And a wild cry of sudden fear rose up to heaven on every side."



The entire royal family were agitated like a grove of sāl trees shaken by the wind at the world's end; even the brahmin asked the king whether or not it was possible for him to offer the sacrifice. "What dost thou mean, O teacher? If I offer it I shall go to the world of the gods." "O king, those who are timid and weak of purpose cannot offer this sacrifice. Do thou assemble them all here, and I will make the offering in the sacrificial pit." So he took sufficient forces and went out of the city, and ordered a sacrificial pit to be dug with a level floor, and surrounded it with a fence; for ancient brahmins had enjoined that this surrounding fence should be made, lest some righteous ascetic or brahmin might come and stop the rite.

[134] The king also caused a proclamation to be made, "By sacrificing my sons and daughters and my wives I shall go to the world of the gods, do you go and announce this to them and bring them all here"; and he at once ordered them to bring his sons:

"Warn Canda, Suriya<sup>1</sup> of my will, then Bhaddasena in his turn, Sūra and Vāmagotta next,—they must all die: my will is stern."

So they went first to Candakumāra and said, "O prince, thy father desires to kill thee and go to heaven; he has sent us to seize thee." "By whose instructions has he ordered me to be seized?" "By those of Khaṇḍahāla." "Does he wish to have me alone seized or others also with me?" "Others also with thee, for he desires to offer a sacrifice of the four kinds of victims." He thought to himself, "He has no enmity against others, but he intends to put many to death in his enmity against me alone, because I prevent him from committing robbery by his unjust judgment; it is my duty to obtain an interview with my father and gain from him the release of all the rest." So he said to them, "Carry out my father's commands." They took him to the palace yard and placed him by himself, and then they brought the other three<sup>2</sup> and when they had set them near they informed the king. Then he bade them bring his daughters and place them near the others:

"Upasenī and Kokilā, Muditā, Nandā, each in turn,  
Tell the princesses of their doom,—they must all die: my will is stern."

So they went and brought them weeping and wailing, and placed them near their brothers. Then the king uttered a stanza to order that his wives should be seized:

"Tell Vijayā, first of all my queens, Sunandā, Kesinī, each in turn,—  
With all their beauty and their charms, they must all die: my will is stern."

[135] Then they brought them also, loudly wailing, and placed them

<sup>1</sup> The scholiast adds that these were the sons of Queen Gotamā, but perhaps Canda-Suriya is only one name; see afterwards. Two princes are especially mentioned and identified at the final summary.

<sup>2</sup> Should it not be 'four'?



near the princes. Then the king uttered a stanza ordering them to seize his four merchants:

“Punṇamukha and Bhaddiya, Siṅgāla, Vaddha, each in turn,  
Bear to my merchants my command,—they all must die: my will is stern.”

The king's officers went and brought them. When the king's sons and wives were brought the citizens uttered not a word; but the merchants had a widely-spread kindred, and the whole city was troubled when they were seized, and loudly protested against their being sacrificed, and went with their relatives into the king's presence. Then the merchants surrounded by their kindred begged the king to spare their lives. Explaining this, the Master said:

“The merchants raised a bitter cry, surrounded by their sons and wives,  
‘Leave but the topknot, shave our heads,—make us thy slaves, but spare our lives.’”

Still however much they entreated, they could not find mercy. The king's officers at last forced the rest to retire and dragged the merchants to stand near the princes.

Then the king ordered the elephants and the other animals to be brought:

“Bring hither all my elephants, of matchless might, and costly price,  
My best of horses and of mules, let them all be the sacrifice;  
[136] My bulls the leaders of the herd,—a noble offering they shall be;  
And all the officiating priests shall have their gifts accordingly.  
Make ready for the sacrifice against to-morrow's dawning light;  
And bid the princes feast their fill, enjoying now their life's last night.”

The king's father and mother were still living, so men went and told them of their son's purposed offering. In consternation they took their hearts in their hands and went weeping before him, “Is it true, O son, that thou purposest such a sacrifice?”

The Teacher thus described it:

“The mother left her royal home, ‘My son, what means this monstrous thing?  
Must thy four sons be put to death to swell thy cruel offering?’”

The king answered:

“When I lose Canda I lose all; but him and them will I resign,  
For by this costly sacrifice a heavenly dwelling will be mine.”

His mother said:

“To sacrifice thy sons, my child, can never lead to heaven's bliss;  
Give ear to no such lying words; the road to hell and night is this.”  
[137] Take thou the well-proved royal road: let all thy wealth in alms be given,  
And hurt no living thing on earth—this is the certain path to heaven.”

The king replied:

“I must obey my teacher's words,—my sons alas! must all be slain,—  
’Tis hard indeed to part with them, but heaven's the prize which I shall gain.”



So the mother went away, being unable to convince him by her words. Then the father heard the tidings and came to remonstrate.

The Teacher describes what happened:

“The father Vasavatti came: ‘Strange tidings fill my soul with fright!  
Must thy four sons be put to death to crown to the full thy monstrous rite?’”

The same dialogue is repeated [138] and the old king, unable to turn his son, goes away repeating as his parting words:

“Give all thou canst and never harm a living thing of thine own will;  
And with thy sons as body-guard shield thou thy land from every ill.”

Then Candakumāra thought within himself, “All this sorrow has befallen so many people on my single account, I will entreat my father and so deliver them all from the pain of death”; so he thus spoke to his father:

“Let us be Khaṇḍahāla’s slaves, but spare our lives and do not kill,  
His horses and his elephants we’ll watch in chains, if such his will.  
Let us be Khaṇḍahāla’s slaves, but spare our lives and do not kill,  
We’ll sweep his stables and his yards, and work in chains, if such his will.  
Give us as slaves to whom thou wilt,—we are as bondsmen in thy hands;  
Or banish us from thy domains to beg our bread in foreign lands.”

The king listened to his lamentations, and felt his heart broken; and his eyes filled with tears, and he ordered them all to be set free: “No one,” he said, “shall kill my sons, I have no need of the world of the gods.”

“These piteous pleadings for their lives do break my heart,—go set them free,  
Release the princes, let them go: no more of sacrifice for me.”

On hearing the king’s words they set the whole multitude at liberty, beginning with the princes and ending with the birds. Khaṇḍahāla [139] was busily engaged in the sacrificial pit, and a man said to him, “You villain Khaṇḍahāla, the king has released the princes; do you go and kill your own sons and offer a sacrifice with their throats’ blood.” “What has the king been doing?” he cried, and he rushed in haste and said to him:

“I warned thee that this sacrifice would prove a hard and toilsome one;  
Why interfere to stop the rite when it is all so well begun?  
They who give offerings such as these go by a certain road to heaven;  
Or those who heartily approve, seeing the same by others given.”

The blinded king, hearing the words of the incensed brahmin, and having his thoughts fixed on religion, ordered his sons to be recaptured. Then Candakumāra reasoned with his father:

“Why did the brahmin at our birth utter vain blessings on our path,  
When ’twas our fate that we should die innocent victims of thy wrath?  
Why didst thou spare us while still babes, too young as yet to feel the blow?  
We are to die to-day instead, now that the joys of youth we know.  
Think of us riding clothed in mail on horse or elephant to the fight,  
And then as victims butchered here in sacrifice—can this be right?  
In battle ’gainst a rebel chief or in a forest such as I  
Are wont to serve: whom now thou slay’st without a cause or reason why.



See the wild birds who build their nests and sing amidst the trees all day,  
They love their young and tend them well—and thou, would'st thou thy  
children slay?

[140] Nor think thy treacherous brahmin friend will spare thy life when I  
am gone;

Thy turn, O king, will follow next: I shall not perish all alone.

Kings give these brahmins villages, choice cities are their appanage,  
On every family they feed and gain a goodly heritage;

And 'tis these benefactors, sire, whom they most readily betray;  
The brahmin order, take my word, are faithless and ingrate always<sup>1</sup>.

[141] The king exclaimed, on hearing his son's reproach:

"These piteous pleadings for their lives do break my heart,—go set them free,  
Release the princes and the rest, no more of sacrifice for me."

Khaṇḍahāla again rushed up as before and repeated his former expostulations; and the prince again reasoned with his father:

"If they who sacrifice their sons are, when they die, all glorified,  
Then let the brahmin offer his: the king shall follow him as guide.

If they who sacrifice their sons go straight to heaven when they die,  
Why does the brahmin offer not himself and all his family?

Nay rather, they who offer up such victims all shall go to hell,  
And those who dare to approve the deed shall perish at the last as well."

When the prince, as he uttered these words, found that he could not convince his father, he turned to the multitude who surrounded the king and thus addressed them:

[142] "How can the fathers, mothers, here stand silent, looking on, and none,  
Loving their children as they do, forbids the king to slay his son?

I love the welfare of the king, I love to see your hearts rejoice,  
And is there none among you found to utter one protesting voice?"

But not one spoke a word. Then the prince bade his wives go and implore the king to show pity:

"Go, noble ladies, with your prayers, implore the king, implore his priest,  
To spare these guiltless sons of his, well-proved in battle's sternest test;  
Implore the king, implore the priest, to spare these sons unstained by crime,  
Whose names are blazoned through the world, the glory of their land and  
time."

They went and implored him to show mercy; but the king paid no regard. Then the prince feeling himself helpless began to lament:

"O had I but been born from courts aloof,  
Under some cobbler's, sweeper's, outcast's roof,  
I should have lived my days to the end in peace,  
Nor died a victim to a king's caprice."

Then he exclaimed:

"Go, all ye women in a band,—low before Khaṇḍahāla fall,  
And tell him ye have wronged him not, that ye are guiltless one and all."

<sup>1</sup> He then repeats the six stanzas "Let us be Khaṇḍahāla's slaves," &c. from p. 73.



[143] These are the Teacher's words:

"Loudly wails Sela when she sees her brothers sentenced by the king,  
'My father longs for heaven, they say, and this forsooth his offering.'"

But the king paid no regard to her either. Then the prince's son Vāsula, seeing his father's grief, said, "I will entreat my grandfather, I will make him grant me my father's life," and he fell at the king's feet and lamented.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Then Vāsula with uncertain steps went this way, that way to the throne,  
'O spare our father, children we,—leave us not helpless and alone.'"

The king heard his lament, and his heart being as it were cleft in twain, he embraced the boy with tears in his eyes and said to him, "Be comforted, my child, I will give thy father up to thee," and he uttered his orders:

"Here is thy father, Vāsula; thy words o'erpower me,—he is free;  
Release the princes, let them go,—no more of sacrifice for me."

Then again Khaṇḍahāla rushed up with his old expostulations, [144] and again the king blindly yielded to his words and ordered his sons to be recaptured.

Then Khaṇḍahāla thought to himself, "This tender-hearted king now seizes his sons and now releases them: he will now again release them through the words of his children; I will take him into the sacrificial pit." So he repeated a verse to urge him to go thither:

"The sacrifice has been prepared, the costliest treasures have been given:  
Go forth, O king, to offer it, and claim the choicest joys of heaven."

When they took the Bodhisatta into the sacrificial pit the royal ladies went out in a body.

The Teacher has described it:

"Prince Chanda's seven hundred queens, radiant in all their youthful bloom,  
With hair dishevelled, weeping eyes, followed the hero to his doom;  
And other ladies joined the train like beings from heaven's firmament,  
With hair dishevelled, weeping eyes, following the hero as he went."

Then they all raised their lamentations:

"With earrings, aloes, sandal-wood, in Kāsī silk of costly price,  
See Canda, Suriya<sup>1</sup> yonder led as victims to the sacrifice.  
Piercing their mother's heart with woe, filling the citizens with gloom,  
See Canda, Suriya yonder led as victims to their cruel doom.  
Bathed and perfumed with richest scents and with white robes of Kāsī drest,  
See Canda, Suriya yonder led as victims at the king's behest.

[145] They who once rode on elephants, a gallant sight for every eye,  
Our Canda, Suriya yonder see, toiling along on foot to die.

They who in chariots wont to ride, or mules, or horses gold-bedight,  
Our Canda, Suriya<sup>1</sup> yonder see, toiling on foot to die ere night."

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to observe that the prose throughout has only one prince, but the verses seem to have two.



While the queens were thus lamenting, the officers carried the Bodhisatta out of the city. The whole city went out with him in great agitation. But as the vast multitude went out, the gates were not wide enough to give them room; and the brahmin apprehensive of what might happen, ordered the gates to be stopped up. The multitude were thus unable to find an outlet; but there was a garden near the inner gate, and they gathered there and lamented the prince's fate with a loud cry; and at the sound a great concourse of birds gathered in the sky. The citizens raised a general wailing and thus addressed the birds:

“Birds, would ye feast on flesh? then fly to Pupphavati's eastern gate,  
There the mad king is offering up his four brave sons in blinded hate.  
Birds, would ye feast on flesh? then fly to Pupphavati's eastern gate,  
There the mad king is offering up four daughters in his blinded hate<sup>1</sup>.”

[146] Thus did the multitude lament in the garden. Then they went to the Bodhisatta's house, going round it in solemn procession and uttering their lamentations as they gazed on the queens' apartments, the towers and gardens, [147] the groves and lakes, and the elephants' stables<sup>2</sup>:

“Villages uninhabited turn to a forest solitude;  
So will our capital lie waste, if once our princes shed their blood.”

[148] Unable to find a way out of the city, they wandered about lamenting within its walls.

In the meantime the Bodhisatta was led to the sacrificial pit. Then his mother, Queen Gotamī, threw herself prostrate at the king's feet, begging with tears and cries that he would spare her son's life:

“I shall go crazy in my grief, covered with dust, undone, forlorn,  
If my son Canda<sup>3</sup> has to die, my breath will choke me as I mourn.”

When she got no answer from the king, she embraced the prince's four wives and said to them, “My son must have gone away from you in displeasure, why do you not persuade him to turn back?”

“Why do you not talk lovingly each to the other as ye stand,  
And dance around him cheerfully, clasping each other hand in hand,  
Until his melancholy flies and leaves him cured at your command,  
For who can dance, indeed, like you, although they search through all the land?”

Then seeing nothing else that could be done she ceased to lament with the royal ladies and began to curse Khaṇḍabāla:

“Now may thy mother, cruel priest, feel all the bitter agony  
Which tears my heart when I behold my precious Canda led to die<sup>4</sup>.”

<sup>1</sup> Six stanzas are omitted here about the *four* queens, householders, elephants, horses, bulls, and the complete sacrifice of four kinds of victims. See Morris, *Pali Text S. Journ.* 1864, p. 80.

<sup>2</sup> Some 15 stanzas are here omitted, as they only repeat what has been said before.

<sup>3</sup> This verse is repeated with the name Suriya instead of Canda.

<sup>4</sup> Cp. iv. 285<sup>12</sup>.



[149] Now may thy wife, O cruel priest, feel all the bitter agony  
Which tears my soul when I behold my precious Suriya led to die ;  
May she see sons and husband slain, for thou, O cruel priest, to-day  
The pride and glory of the world, those guiltless lion-hearts wouldst slay."

Then the Bodhisatta entreated his father in the sacrificial pit<sup>1</sup> :

[150] "Some women long and beg for sons and offer prayers and gifts to heaven,  
They long for sons and grandsons too, but none to cheer their homes are  
given ;

O slay us not thus recklessly, though given in answer unto prayer,  
Nor offer us a sacrifice in spite of all our mother's care."

When he received no reply from his father, he fell lamenting at his  
mother's feet :

"Tenderly hast thou nursed thy son, hard is the lot which falls to thee ;  
I bow before thy sacred feet : all blessings on my father be.

Give me thy feet to kiss once more, embrace me, mother, ere we part,  
'Tis a long journey which I go, a bitter sorrow to thy heart."

[151] Then his mother uttered her stanzas of wailing :

"Bind on your head, my darling son, a diadem of lotus leaves,  
With campak flowers,—such coronal thy manly beauty well receives.

For the last time anoint thyself with all those unguents rich and rare  
Which in old days before the king in court festivities thou didst wear.

For the last time put on, my boy, bright Kāsī silk in fine array,  
And wear the jewels and the pearls which thou shouldst wear on gala day."

Then his chief queen, named Candā, fell at his feet and bitterly lamented :

"This lord of lands, this sovereign king, whose will in all his realm is done,  
Sole heir of all his country's wealth, has no affection for his son."

When the king heard her he replied :

"My sons are dear, myself is dear, and ye, my queens, are dear as well ;  
I sacrifice my son, because I wish to go to heaven, not hell."

[152] Candā exclaimed :

"O king, in mercy slay me first, nor let the anguish rend my heart,  
Thy boy is garlanded for both, he is complete in every part.

Slay us together on the pile, and let me go where Canda goes :  
Infinite merit will be thine, two souls will rise to heaven's repose."

The king answered :

"Wish not for death before its time ; gallant brothers-in-law hast thou ;  
They will console thee, large-eyed one, for the dear prince thou lovest now."

Then she beat her breast with her hands, and threatened to drink  
poison, and at length she burst into loud lamentations :

"No friends or counsellors surround this king,  
Who dare to warn him not to do this thing,

<sup>1</sup> I omit the eight lines repeated from p. 74.



He has no faithful ministers, not one,  
Who dares persuade him not to slay his son.

[153] His other sons wear all their bravery,  
Let them be offered and set Canda free.

Cut me in pieces, offer me,—but spare my eldest son, my knight,  
Him whom the world doth reverence, the lion-hearted in the fight.”

Having thus mourned out her soul and found no comfort, she went up to the Bodhisatta and stood weeping by his side, until he said to her, “O Candā, during my lifetime many various pearls and gems have been given by me to thee in times of social unbending ; now to-day I give thee this last ornament from my body ; pray accept it.”

Candā burst into tears, uttering the following stanzas:

“His shoulders once were bright with flowers, which hung down as his diadem,—  
To-day the cruel sharp bright sword spreads its dark shadow over them.

Soon will the sword come sweeping down upon that guiltless royal neck,—  
Ah ! iron bands must bind my heart,—or else what could it do but break ?

[154] With aloes and with sandal decked, wearing rich silks and many a ring,  
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, befitting offering for the king.

With aloes and with sandal-wood, with silken robes and gems of price,  
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, the great king's worthy sacrifice.

Bathed for the offering, waiting there in silk and gems the impending blow,  
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, filling the people's hearts with woe.”

While she thus lamented, all the preparations were completed in the sacrificial pit. They brought the prince and placed him in his proper position with his neck bent forward. Khaṇḍahāla held the golden bowl close and took the sword and stood up, saying, “I will cut his neck.” When the queen Candā saw this, she said to herself, “I have no other refuge, I will bless my lord with all my power of truth,” and she clasped her hands, and, walking amidst the assembly, performed a solemn asseveration of truth.

The Teacher thus described it :

“When all is ready for the rite and Canda sits and waits the blow,  
The daughter of the Pañcāl king went through the assembly, high and low :

‘As truly as the brahmin here works a vile purpose by his guile,  
So may I gain my dear-loved lord restored me in a little while.

May all the spirits in this place—ghosts, goblins, fairies—hear my word,  
Do my commission loyally and reunite me to my lord.

[155] Oh all ye gods who fill this place, lo ! prostrate at your feet I fall,  
Protect me in my helplessness, hear me in mercy as I call.’”



Sakka, the king of the gods, having heard her cry<sup>1</sup> and seen what had happened, took a blazing mass of iron and frightened the king, and dispersed the assembly.

The Teacher has described the scene:

“A heavenly being heard the cry and came to earth to help the right,  
Whirling a blazing iron mass, filling the tyrant's heart with fright,  
‘Know me, O tyrant, who I am; mark well the weapon which I wield,  
Harm not thy guiltless eldest son, the lion of the battlefield.  
Where has earth seen a crime like this,—thy sons, their wives, to slaughter  
given,  
With all thy noblest citizens, worthy to fill my highest heaven?’  
The tyrant and his minister then set the guiltless victims free,  
And all the crowd seized sticks and stones, and in a fit of frenzied glee  
Made Khandahāla there and then pay forfeit for his cruelty.”

[156] When they had killed the minister, the great crowd sought to put the king himself to death; but Sakka embraced him and would not allow them to kill him. The multitude decided that they would spare his life, “but we will not give him rule or dwelling in this city,—we will make him an outcast and appoint his dwelling outside this city.” So they stripped him of his royal garments and made him wear a yellow dress, and put a yellow cloth on his head, and having made him an outcast sent him away to an outcast-settlement. And all who had helped in any way in the sacrifice or approved of it went to hell as their portion.

The Teacher uttered this stanza:

“All who had done so vile a deed passed straight to hell,—none could attain  
An afterbirth in any heaven, who bore the trace of such a stain.”

The great multitude, having caused the two monsters of wickedness to be removed out of sight, brought the materials for the coronation and anointed Prince Canda as king.

“When all the captives were released, a vast assembly gathering  
With solemn pomp and festival anointed Canda to be king;  
A vast assembly, gods and men, waved cloths and flags and sang his praise,  
Starting a new and happy reign of plenty, peace and halcyon days.  
Men, women, gods and goddesses joined in one great festivity,  
Comfort and peace filled every home and every captive was set free.”

[157] The Bodhisatta caused all his father's wants to be attended to, but he was not allowed to enter within the city; and when all his allowance was spent, he used to go up to the Bodhisatta, when the latter went to join in the amusements of the public gardens or other public spectacles. At these times he did not use to join his hands to salute his son, for he said to himself, “I am the true king,” but he addressed him, “Live

<sup>1</sup> I read *tassū*.



long, O Master"; and when he was asked what he wanted, he mentioned it, and the Bodhisatta ordered the sum to be given to him.

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When the Master had ended his discourse, he added, "Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has sought to kill many persons on my sole account; he did the same before." Then he identified the Birth: "At that time Devadatta was Khaṇḍahāla, Mahāmāyā was Queen Gotamā, Rāhula's mother was Candā, Rāhula was Vāsula, Uppalavaṇṇā was Selā, Kassapa of the Vāma family was Sūra, Moggallāna was Candasena, Sāriputta was Prince Suriya and I myself was Candarāja."

## No. 543.

### BHŪRIDATTA-JĀTAKA.

"*Whatever jewels there may be,*" etc. This story the Master told, while dwelling at Sāvatti, about some lay-brethren who kept the fast-days. On a fast-day, it is said, they rose early in the morning, took upon them the fasting vows, gave alms, and after their meal took perfumes and garlands in their hands and went to Jetavana, and at the time of hearing the Law seated themselves on one side. The Master, coming to the Hall of Truth, having sat down in the adorned Buddha-seat, looked upon the assembly of the brethren. [158] Now the Tathāgatas like to converse with those among the brethren or others, in reference to whom a religious discourse takes its rise; therefore on the present occasion, as he knew that a religious discourse concerning former teachers would arise in connection with these lay-brethren, while he was conversing with them, he asked them, "O lay-brethren, do you keep the fast-day?" On their replying in the affirmative, he said, "It is right and well done of you, O lay-brethren; but yet it is no matter for wonder that you who have a Buddha teacher like me should keep the fast-day,—sages of old who were without any teacher forsook great glory and kept the fast-day." And so saying, he told at their request an old legend of the past.

### I.

Once upon a time, Brahmadata, when he was reigning in Benares, had made his son viceroy; but when he saw his great glory, he became suspicious lest he should also seize the kingdom. So he said to him, "Do you depart hence and dwell for the present where you please, and at my death take the hereditary kingdom." The prince complied, and after saluting his father, went out and proceeding to the Yamunā built a hut of leaves between the river and the sea and dwelt there, living on roots and fruits. Now at that time a young Nāga female in the Nāga-world beneath the ocean who had lost her husband, and on account of her carnal passions



when she saw the happiness of the other Nāgas who had husbands living she had left the Nāga-world, was wandering by the seashore, when she observed the prince's foot-prints, and following the track saw the hut of leaves. Now the prince happened to be away, having gone out in search of various kinds of fruit. She entered into the hut, and as she saw the wooden bedstead and the rest of the furniture she thought to herself, "This is the dwelling-place of some ascetic, I will prove him, whether he is an ascetic from faith or not. If he is an ascetic from faith and bent upon self-abnegation he will not accept my adorned bed; but if he is at heart a lover of pleasure and not an ascetic from faith he will lie down on my bed; then I will take him and make him my husband and dwell here." So she went back to the Nāga-world and collected divine flowers and perfumes and prepared a bed of flowers, and having made an offering of flowers and scattered perfumed powder about and adorned the hut, she departed to the abode of the Nāgas. When the prince returned at evening time and entered the hut, and saw what she had done, he said, "Who has prepared [159] this bed?" And when he ate the various fruits, he exclaimed, "Oh these sweet-scented flowers, this bed has been pleasantly arranged," and being filled with pleasure as he was not a true ascetic at heart, he lay down on the couch of flowers and fell fast asleep. The next day he rose at sunrise and went off to collect fruits, without sweeping his hut of leaves. At that moment the female Nāga came up and seeing the withered flowers knew at once, "This man is a lover of pleasure and not an ascetic from faith, I shall be able to capture him"; so she took away the old flowers and brought others and spread a fresh bed and adorned the hut of leaves and strewed flowers etc. in the covered walk and then returned to the Nāga-world. He rested that night also on that bed of flowers and the next day he thought to himself, "Who can it be that adorns this hut?" So he did not go out to gather fruits, but remained concealed not far from the hut. The Nāga woman, having collected perfumes and flowers, came along the path to the hermitage. The prince, having beheld the Nāga in all her great beauty, at once fell in love with her, and, without letting himself be seen, entered the hut as she was preparing the couch and asked her who she was. "My lord, I am a Nāga woman." "Hast thou a husband or not?" "I am a widow without a husband; and where dost thou dwell?" "I am Brahmadattakumāra, the son of the king of Benares; but why dost thou wander about, leaving the abode of the Nāgas?" "My lord, as I beheld the happiness of the other Nāga women who had husbands I became discontented on account of carnal passion and I came away and go wandering about, seeking for a husband." "I also am not an ascetic from faith, but I have come to dwell here because my father drove me away; vex not thyself, I will be thy husband and we will dwell here in concord." She at once consented;



and from that time they lived harmoniously together there. By her magic power she made a costly house and brought a costly couch and spread a bed. Thenceforth he ate no roots or fruits but feasted on divine meat and drink. After a while she conceived and brought forth a son whom they called Sāgara-Brahmadatta. [160] When the child was able to walk, she brought forth a daughter, and as she was born on the seashore they called her Samuddajā. Now a forester who lived in Benares came to that place, and on giving him greeting recognised the prince, and after he had stayed there a few days, he said, "My lord, I will tell the king's family that you are dwelling here," and he accordingly departed and went to the city. Now just then the king died, and after the ministers had buried him they met together on the seventh day, and they deliberated together, "a kingdom without a king cannot stand; we know not where the prince dwells nor whether he is alive or dead,—we will send forth the festal car and so get a king." At that time the forester came to the city, and having heard the news went to the ministers and told them that before he came there he had been staying three or four days near the prince. The ministers paid him respect and went there under his guidance, and after a friendly greeting told the prince that the king was dead and asked him to assume the kingdom. He thought to himself, "I will learn what the Nāga woman thinks"; so he went to her and said, "Lady, my father is dead and his ministers have come to raise the royal umbrella over me; let us go and we will both reign in Benares which is twelve yojanas in extent, and you shall be the chief among the sixteen thousand queens." "My lord, I cannot go." "Why?" "We possess deadly poison and we are easily displeased for a trifling matter; and the anger of a co-wife is a serious thing; if I see or hear anything and cast an angry glance thereon, it will be instantly scattered like a handful of chaff; therefore I cannot go." The prince asked her again the next day; and then she said to him, "I myself will on no account go, but these my sons are not young Nāgas; as they are your children they are of the race of men; if you love me watch over them. But as they are of a watery nature and therefore delicate, they would die if they went by the road and bore the burden of the wind and sunshine; so I will hollow out a boat and fill it with water, and you shall let them play in the water and when you have brought them to the city [161] you shall have a lake prepared in the precincts of the palace; in this way they will not suffer." With these words, having saluted the prince and walked round him respectfully, she embraced her sons and folded them between her breasts and kissed their heads, and entrusted them to him, and with many tears and sobs at once vanished and departed to the Nāga-world. The prince also, overcome with sorrow, his eyes filled with tears, went out of the house, and, after wiping his eyes, proceeded to the ministers, who at once besprinkled him and said, "Sire, let us go to



our city." He commanded them to hollow out a ship and put it on a cart and fill it with water. "Strew all sorts of flowers of various colours and scents on the surface of the water, for my sons have a watery nature and they will go along joyfully playing there"; and the ministers did so. When the king came to Benares he entered the city which was all adorned, and he seated himself on the terrace, surrounded by sixteen thousand dancing girls and his ministers and other officers; and having held a great drinking feast for seven days, he caused a lake to be prepared for his sons, where they sported continually. But one day when the water was let into the lake, a tortoise entered, and not seeing any way of exit it floated on the surface of the water; and while the lads were playing about, it rose out of the water and putting out its head looked at them and then sank down in the water. When they saw it they were frightened and ran to their father, and said to him, "O father, a yakkha has frightened us in the lake." The king ordered some men to go and seize it, and they threw a net and caught the tortoise and shewed it to the king. When the princes saw it, they cried out, "O father, it is a demon." The king through love of his sons was angry with the tortoise, and ordered the attendants to punish it. Some said, "It is an enemy to the king, it should be pounded to powder with a pestle and mortar," others said, "Let us cook it three times over and eat it," others, "Bake it upon hot coals," others, "It must be baked in a jar"; but one minister who was afraid of the water, said, "It should be thrown into the whirlpool of the Yamunā, it will be utterly destroyed there, there is no punishment for it like that." The tortoise, as he heard his words, [162] thrust out his head and said, "Friend, what sin have I committed that you are discussing such a punishment for me? The other punishments I can bear, but this last is excessively cruel, do not even mention it." When the king heard him, he said, "This is the one to carry into action," so he ordered him to be thrown into the whirlpool of the Yamunā; there he found a current which led to the dwelling of the Nāgas, and went by it to their place. Now at that time some young sons of the Nāga king Dhataratṭha<sup>1</sup> were sporting in that stream, and when they saw they cried, "Seize that slave." The tortoise thought, "I have escaped from the hand of the king of Benares to fall into the hands of these fierce Nāgas; by what means shall I get away?" Then he thought of a plan, and, making up a false story, he said to them, "Why do you speak in this way who belong to the court of King Dhataratṭha? I am a tortoise named Cittacūḷa, and I am come to Dhataratṭha as a messenger from the king of Benares; our king has sent me as he wishes to give his daughter to King Dhataratṭha, shew me to him," and they well pleased took him, and going to the king related the whole matter. The king ordered them to bring him; but being displeased when he

<sup>1</sup> The Nāga king.



saw him, he said, "Those who have such mean bodies cannot act as messengers." The tortoise, when he heard this, replied by telling his own good qualities, "Why should the king need messengers as tall as a palm tree? a small body or a big body is of no matter,—the real matter is the power to carry out the errand where you are sent. Now our king, O monarch, has many messengers; men do his business on the dry land, birds in the air, and I in the water, for I am a favourite of the king's named Cittacūḷa and I have a particular post, do not scoff at me." Then King Dhataratṭha asked him why he was sent by the king, and he made answer, "The king said to me that he had made friendship with all the kings of Jambudīpa, and that he now wished to give his daughter Samuddajā in order to make friendship with the Nāga king Dhataratṭha; with these words he sent me, and do you make no delay but send a company at once with me and name the day and receive the maiden." Being highly pleased [163] the king paid him great honour and sent four Nāga youths with him, bidding them go and fix a day after hearing the king's words, and then return, and they, having taken the tortoise with them, departed from the abode of the Nāgas. The tortoise saw a lotus-pond between the Yamunā and Benares, and wishing to escape by some device he said, "O Nāga youths, our king and his queen and son saw me coming out of the water as I went to the king's palace, and they asked me to give them some lotuses and lotus roots; I will gather some for them; do you let me go here, and, if you do not see me, go forward to the king,—I will meet you there." They believed him and let him go, and he hid himself; and the others, as they could not see him, thought that he must have gone on to the king, and so proceeded to the palace in the guise of young men. The king received them with honour and asked them from whence they had come. "From Dhataratṭha, your majesty." "Wherefore?" "O king, we are his messengers; Dhataratṭha asks after your health and he will give you whatever you desire; and he asks you to give us your daughter Samuddajā as his queen." To explain this they repeated the first stanza:

"Whatever jewels there may be in Dhataratṭha's palace stored,  
They all are yours, his royal boon; give us your daughter for our lord."

When the king heard it he replied in the second stanza:

"Ne'er has a man been known to wed his daughter to a Nāga king;  
Such match were utterly unfit,—how could we think of such a thing?"

The youths made answer, "If an alliance with Dhataratṭha seems so improper to you, then why did you send your attendant the tortoise Cittacūḷa to our king, offering to give your daughter Samuddajā? [164] Since after sending such a message you now shew scorn to our king, we shall know how to deal with you as you deserve." So saying they uttered two stanzas by way of threat:



“You sacrifice your life, O king,—your throne and kingdom what are they?  
Before a Nāga in his wrath all mortal glory fades away;  
You a poor mortal standing there, who, by your vanity undone,  
Would look with scorn on Yamuna, king Varuṇa’s imperial son<sup>1</sup>.”

Then the king repeated two stanzas:

“I do not scorn that king of yours, Dhataratṭha of wide renown,  
Of many Nāgas is he king, he wears by right a royal crown;  
But great and noble though he be, sprung from Videha’s khattiya line,  
My daughter is of purer blood,—let him not dream of child of mine.”

Although the Nāga youths wished to kill him on the spot by the blast of their breath, yet they reflected that as they had been sent to fix the marriage day it would not be right to go away and leave the man dead; so they vanished at once out of sight, saying, “we will depart and tell the king.” Their king asked them whether they had brought the princess. They being angry replied, “O king, why dost thou send us about hither and thither without cause? If thou wishest to kill us, then slay us here at once. [165] He reviles and defames thee, and sets his daughter on a pinnacle in his pride of birth,”—in this way repeating things said and unsaid, they roused the king’s wrath. He ordered them to assemble his army, saying:

“Assataras and Kambalas<sup>2</sup>,—summon the Nāgas one and all;  
Towards Benares let them flock, but do no harm to great or small.”

Then the Nāgas answered, “If no man is to be harmed, then what shall we do, if we go there?” He uttered two stanzas to tell them what they were to do and what he himself would do:

“Over the tanks and palaces, the public roads and tops of trees,  
Over the gateways twined in wreaths let them hang dangling in the breeze;  
While with white body and white hoods I will the city all invest,  
And drawing close my lines of siege with terror fill each Kāsi breast.”

The Nāgas did so. [166] The Teacher thus described what happened:

“Seeing the snakes on every side, the women throng, a trembling crowd,  
And as the monsters swell their hoods in fear they shriek and wail aloud;  
Benares city prostrate lay before these wild invading bands,  
Raising their arms all begged and prayed, ‘Give him the daughter he demands.’”

While the king lay in bed he heard the wailing of his own wives and those of the citizens, and being afraid of death from the threats of the four youths, he thrice exclaimed, “I will give to Dhataratṭha my daughter Samuddajā”; and all the Nāga kings, when they heard it, retired for the distance of a league, and, fixing their camp there, built a very city of the gods and despatched a complimentary present, saying, “Let him send his

<sup>1</sup> Varuṇa is called a Nāga rāja in *Lalita Vistara*, p. 249, 13. These lines seem to be a quotation from another poem.

<sup>2</sup> Names of Nāga tribes.



daughter as he says.” [167] The king, having received the proffered present, dismissed those who brought it, saying, “Do you depart, I will send my daughter by the hands of my ministers.” Then he sent for his daughter and, taking her upon the terrace, he opened a window and said to her, “Daughter, behold this adorned city; they say that you are to be the chief queen of a king there,—the city is not far off, you can come back when you feel a home-longing,—but you must go there now.” Then he made the attendants wash her head and adorn her with all kinds of ornaments and set her in a covered carriage and sent her off in the care of his ministers. The Nāga kings came to meet her and paid her great honour. The ministers entered the city and gave her up and returned with much wealth. The princess was taken up into the palace and made to lie on a divinely decked bed; and the young Nāga women, assuming humpbacked and other deformed appearances, waited on her as if they were human attendants. As soon as she lay down on the heavenly bed she felt a divinely soft touch and fell asleep. Dhataratṭha, having received her, vanished instantly with all his host and appeared in the world of the Nāgas. When the princess awoke and saw the adorned heavenly bed and the golden and jewelled palaces, etc., and the gardens and tanks and the Nāga-world, itself like an adorned city of the gods, she asked the humpbacked and other female attendants, “This city is magnificently adorned, it is not like our city; whose is it?” “O lady, it belongs to your lord,—it is not those of scanty merits who win such glory as this,—you have obtained it by reason of your great merits.” Then Dhataratṭha ordered the drums to be carried about the Nāga city, which was five hundred yojanas in extent, with a proclamation that whoever betrayed any signs of his snake-nature to Samuddajā should be punished; therefore not one dared to appear as a snake before her. So she lived affectionately and harmoniously with him under the idea that it was a world of men<sup>1</sup>.

## II.

In course of time Dhataratṭha's queen conceived and brought forth a son, and from his fair appearance they named him Sudassana; then again she bore a second whom they called Datta, [168]—now he was a Bodhisatta. Then she bore another whom they called Subhaga, and a fourth whom they called Aritṭha. Yet even though she had borne these four sons, she knew not that it was the world of the Nāgas. But one day they said to Aritṭha, “Your mother is a woman, not a Nāga.” Aritṭha said to himself, “I will prove her,” so one day while drinking his mother's breast, he assumed a serpent's form and struck the back of her

<sup>1</sup> [‘Nagara-khaṇḍam nitṭhitam.’]



foot with his tail. When she saw his serpent-form she uttered a great cry in her terror and threw him on the ground, and struck his eye with her nail so that the blood poured forth. The king, hearing her cry, asked why she screamed, and when he learned what Aritṭha had done, he came up, with threats, "Seize the slave and put him to death." The princess, knowing his passionate nature, exclaimed in her love for her son, "My lord, I struck my son's eye, forgive him." The king, when she said this, replied, "What can I do?" and forgave him. That very day she learned that it was the dwelling of the Nāgas, and thenceforth Aritṭha was always called Kānāritṭha (or one-eyed Aritṭha).

Now the four princes grew up to years of discretion. Then their father gave them each a kingdom a hundred yojanas square; they possessed great glory, and each was attended by sixteen thousand Nāga maidens. Now their father's kingdom was only a hundred yojanas square, and the three sons went every month to visit their parents. But the Bodhisatta went every fortnight, and he used to propound some question which had arisen in the Nāga realm and then go with his father to visit the great king Virūpakkha<sup>1</sup>, when he would discuss the question with him. Now one day when Virūpakkha had gone with the Nāga assembly to the world of the gods, and were sitting there waiting upon Sakka, a question arose among the gods and none could answer it, but the Great Being who was seated on a noble throne answered it. Then the king of the gods honoured him with divine flowers and fruits, and addressed him, "O Datta, thou art endued with a wisdom as broad as the earth; henceforth be thou called Bhūridatta," and he gave him this name.

[169] From that time forth he used to go to pay his homage to Sakka, and when he saw the exceedingly delightful splendour of his court with its heavenly nymphs he longed for the heavenly world, "What have I to do with this frog-eating snake-nature? I will return to the snake-world and keep the fast and follow the observances by which one may be born among the gods." With these thoughts he asked his parents on his return to the abode of the snakes, "O my father and mother, I will keep the fast." "By all means, O son, keep it; but when you keep it do not go outside, but keep it within this one empty palace in the Nāga realm, for there is great fear of the Nāgas outside." He consented; so he kept the fast only in the parks and gardens of the empty palace. But the snake maidens kept waiting on him with their musical instruments, and he thought to himself, "If I dwell here my observance of the fast will never come to its completion,—I will go to the haunts of men and keep the fast there." So in his fear of being hindered he said to his wife, without telling it to his parents, "Lady, if I go to the haunts of men there is a banyan tree on the bank of the Yamunā,—I will fold up my body in the

<sup>1</sup> I read this by conjecture for Virukkha.



top of an ant-hill near by and undertake the fast with its four divisions<sup>1</sup>, and I will lie down there and observe the fast; and when I have lain there all night and kept the fast let ten of your women come every time at dawn with musical instruments in their hands, and after decking me with perfumes and flowers let them conduct me back with song and dance to the abode of the Nāgas." With these words he went and folded his body on the top of an ant-hill, and saying aloud, "Let who will take my skin or muscles or bones or blood," he undertook the fast with its four divisions and lay down, after assuming a body which only consisted of a head and a tail, and kept the fast. At daybreak the Nāga girls came, and having done as they were ordered, conducted him to the Nāga abode; and while he observed the fast in this fashion, [170] a long period of time elapsed<sup>2</sup>.

### III.

Now at that time a Brahmin<sup>3</sup> who dwelt in a village near the gate of Benares used to go into the forest with his son Somadatta and set snares and nets and stakes and kill wild animals, and carrying the flesh on a pole sold it and so made a livelihood. One day he failed to catch even a young lizard, and he said to his son, "If we go home empty-handed your mother will be angry, let us catch something at any rate"; so he went towards the ant-hill where the Bodhisatta was lying, and observing the footsteps of the deer who went down to the Yamunā to drink, he said, "My son, this is a haunt of deer, do you return and wait, while I will wound some deer that has come to drink"; so taking his bow he stood watching for deer at the foot of a tree. Now at evening time a deer came to drink,—he wounded it; it did not however fall at once, but spurred on by the force of the arrow it fled with the blood flowing down, and the father and son pursuing it to the spot where it fell took its flesh and, going out of the wood, reached that banyan as the sun set. "It is a bad time, we cannot go on, we will stay here," so saying they laid the flesh on one side and climbing the tree lay among the branches. The Brahmin woke at dawn, and was listening to hear the sound of the deer, when the Nāga maidens came up and prepared the flowery couch for the Bodhisatta. He laid aside his snake's body and assuming a divine body adorned with all kinds of ornaments sat on his flower-bed with all the glory of a Sakka.

<sup>1</sup> [In i. 390<sup>12</sup> we read *caturaṅgasamannāgataṃ brahmacariyavāsaṃ vasiṃ*, which by the light of ii. 190 ff. we may interpret "free from jealousy, drunkenness, desire, and wrath." (But compare *Maj. Nik.* i. 77.) I do not find it however in connexion with the Uposatha vow; although eight divisions of this are recognised in iv. 318<sup>6</sup>, trans. p. 200. The *Catuposatha Jātaka*, No. 441, would have thrown light on this subject; but its name only is mentioned in its proper place, a reference being given to another which has not been identified.]

<sup>2</sup> ['Uposatha-khaṇḍaṃ niṭṭhitaṃ.']

<sup>3</sup> He is called later on Alambāyana, see p. 95.



The Nāga maidens honoured him with perfumes and garlands and played their heavenly instruments and performed their dance and song. When the Brahmin heard the sound he said, "Who is this? I will find out"; and he called to his son, but though he called he could not wake him. "Let him sleep on," he said, "he is tired, I will go myself alone"; so he came down from the tree and approached, but the Nāga maidens when they saw him sank into the earth with all their instruments and departed to the abode of the Nāgas, [171] and the Bodhisatta was left alone. The Brahmin, standing near, questioned him in these two stanzas:

"What youth is this, red-eyed, who here is seen,  
His shoulders broad with ample space between,—  
And what ten maidens these who guard him round  
Clad in fair robes, with golden bracelets bound?  
Who art thou 'midst this forest greenery,  
Bright like a fire just newly dressed with ghee?  
Art thou a Sakka or a yakkha, say,  
Or some famed Nāga prince of potent sway?"

When the Great Being heard him he thought, "If I say that I am one of the Sakkas he will believe me, for he is a Brahmin; but I must speak only the truth to-day," so he thus declared his Nāga birth:

"I am a Nāga great in power, invincible with poisonous breath,  
A prosperous land with all its sons my angry bite could smite with death;  
My mother is Samuddajā, Dhatarattha as sire I claim,  
Sudassan's youngest brother I, and Bhūridatta is my name."

But when the Great Being said this, he reflected, "This Brahmin is fierce and cruel, he may betray me to a snake-charmer, and so hinder my performance of the fast; what if I were to take him to the Nāga kingdom and give him great honour there, and thus carry on my fast without a break?" So he said [172] to him, "O Brahmin, I will give thee great honour, come to the pleasant home of the Nāgas, let us go at once thither." "My lord, I have a son, I will go if he comes too." The Bodhisatta replied, "Go, Brahmin, and fetch him," and he thus described to him his own dwelling:

"Awful and dark is yonder lake, incessant storms its waters toss,  
That is my home: my subjects there all hear and none my bidding cross;  
Plunge thou beneath the dark blue waves,—the peacocks and the herons  
call,—  
Plunge and enjoy the bliss there stored for those who keep the precepts all."

The Brahmin went and told this to his son and brought him, and the Great Being took them both and went to the bank of the Yamunā, and, standing there, said:

"Fear not, O Brahmin with thy son,—follow my words and thou shalt live  
Honoured and happy in my home with all the pleasures I can give."

So saying the Great Being by his power brought the father and son to



the dwelling of the Nāgas, where they obtained a divine condition ; and he bestowed on them divine prosperity and gave to each of them four hundred Nāga maidens, and great was the prosperity they enjoyed. The Bodhisatta continued to practise his fast diligently, and every fortnight he went to pay honour to his parents and discoursed on the law ; and then going to the Brahmin he inquired concerning his health, and said to him, "Tell me anything that you want, enjoy yourself without discontent" ; and, after giving a kindly greeting also to Somadatta, he proceeded to his own home. The Brahmin, after dwelling a year in the Nāga realm, through his lack of previous merit began to grow discontented [173] and longed to return to the world of men ; the dwelling-place of the Nāgas seemed like a hell to him, the adorned palace like a prison, the Nāga maidens with their ornaments like female yakkhas. He thought to himself, "I am discontented, I will learn what Somadatta thinks" ; so he went to him and said, "Art thou not discontented, my son?" "Why should I be discontented? let us not feel any such feeling. Are you discontented, father?" "Yes, my son?" "Why so?" "Because I do not see your mother and your brothers and sisters ; come, my son, let us go." He answered that he would not go, but, being repeatedly entreated by his father, he at last consented. The Brahmin reflected, "I have won my son's consent, but if I tell Bhūridatta that I am discontented, he will heap more honour upon me, and I shall not be able to go. My object can only be attained in one way. I will describe his prosperity and then ask him, 'why do you leave all this glory and go to the world of men to practise the observance of the fast?' When he answers, 'for the sake of obtaining heaven,' I will tell him, 'far more then should we do so, who have made our livelihood by slaughtering living creatures. I too will go to the world of men, and see my kindred, and will then leave the world and follow the law of the ascetics,' and then he will let me depart." Having thus determined, one day when the other came up to him and asked him whether he was discontented, he assured him that nothing was wanting that he could supply, and, without making any mention of his intended departure, at first he only described the other's prosperity in the following stanzas :

"Level the ground on every side, with *tagara* blossoms whitened o'er,  
 Red with the cochineal insect-swarms, the brightest verdure for its floor,  
 With sacred shrines in every wood, and swan-filled lakes which charm the eye,  
 While strewn the fallen lotus leaves as carpets on the surface lie,—  
 The thousand-columned palaces with halls where heavenly maidens dance,  
 Their columns all of jewels wrought, whose angles in the sunshine glance ;—

[174] Thou hast indeed a glorious home, won by thy merits as thine own,  
 When all desires are gratified as soon as each new wish is known ;—

Thou enviest not great Sakka's halls,—what are his stateliest courts to thine?  
 Thy palaces more glorious are and with more dazzling splendours shine."



The Great Being replied, "Say not so, Brahmin; our glory compared to Sakka's seems only as a mustard-seed beside Mount Meru,—we are not even equal to his attendants," and he repeated a stanza:

"Our highest thoughts cannot conceive the imperial pomp round Sakka's throne,  
Or the four Regents<sup>1</sup> in his court, each in his own appointed zone."

When he heard him repeat his words "this palace of yours is Sakka's palace," he said, "I have had this in my mind, and it is through my desire to obtain Vejayanta<sup>2</sup> that I practise the observance of the fast,"—then he repeated a stanza, describing his own earnest wish:

"I long intensely for the home of the immortal saints on high,  
Therefore upon that ant-hill top I keep the fast unceasingly."

[175] The Brahmin, on hearing this, thought to himself, "Now I have gained my opportunity," and filled with joy he repeated two stanzas, begging leave to depart:

"I too sought deer when with my son into that forest glade I sped;  
The friends I left at home know not whether I am alive or dead;  
O Bhūridatta, let us go, thou glorious lord of Kāsi race,  
Let us depart and see once more our kindred in their native place."

The Bodhisatta answered:

"'Tis my desire that you should dwell with us, and here pass happy hours;  
Where in the upper world of men will you find haunts of peace like ours!  
But would you dwell awhile elsewhere and yet enjoy our pleasures still,  
Then take my leave,—go, see your friends, and be as happy as you will."

And thinking to himself "if he obtains this happiness through me he will be sure not to tell it to anyone else,—I will give him my jewel which grants all desires," he gave him the jewel and said:

"The bearer of this heavenly gem beholds his children and his farm;  
Take it, O Brahmin, and begone,—its bearer never comes to harm."

The Brahmin replied:

"I understand thy words too well, I am grown old as thou canst see,  
I will adopt the ascetic life, what are life's pleasures now to me?"

The Bodhisatta said:

"If thou shouldst fail and break thy vow then seek life's common joys once  
more,  
And come and find me out again and I will give thee ample store."

[176] The Brahmin answered:

"O Bhūridatta, I accept with thanks the offer thou hast made;  
Should the occasion come to me I will return to claim thy aid."

<sup>1</sup> The four lokapālas.

<sup>2</sup> Sakka's heaven.



The Great Being perceived that he had no desire to abide there, so he commanded some young Nāgas to take him to the world of men. The Master thus described what happened :

“Then Bhūridatta gave commands to four of his young Nāgas, ‘Go, Take ye this Brahmin in your charge and lead him where he wants to go.’

The four attendants heard the words,—at once their lord’s command was done :

They brought the Brahmin to the place and leaving him returned alone.”

Then the Brahmin, as he went along, said to his son, “Somadatta, we wounded a deer in this place and a boar in that,” and seeing a lake on the way he exclaimed, “Somadatta, let us bathe”; so they both took off their divine ornaments and clothes, and wrapping them up in a bundle laid them on the bank and bathed. At that very moment the ornaments vanished and returned to the Nāga-world, and their former poor yellow clothes were wrapped round their bodies, and their bows, arrows, and spears came back as they were before. “We are undone, father,” bewailed Somadatta; but his father comforted him, “Fear not; as long as there are deer we shall make a livelihood by killing deer in the forest.” Somadatta’s mother heard of their coming, and having gone to meet them she brought them home and she satisfied them with food and drink. When the Brahmin had eaten and fallen asleep she asked her son, [177] “Where have you been all this time?” “O mother, we were carried by the Nāga king Bhūridatta to the great Nāga realm, and we have now come back, as we were discontented.” “Have you brought any jewels?” “None, mother.” “Why did he not give any to you?” “Mother, Bhūridatta gave to my father a jewel which grants all desires, but he would not accept it.” “Wherefore?” “He is going, they say, to become an ascetic.” “What, after leaving me so long with the burden of the children and dwelling in the Nāga realm, he is now going to become an ascetic?” so flying into a passion she struck his back with the spoon which she used for frying the rice and upbraided him, saying, “Thou wicked Brahmin, why didst say that thou wast going to become an ascetic and so refuse the precious jewel, and why didst thou come here and not take the ascetic’s vow? Depart from my house directly.” But he said to her, “Good lady, be not angry, as long as there are deer in the forest I will support you and your children.” So the next day he went with his son into the forest and followed there the same livelihood as before<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> [‘Vanappavesana-khaṇḍam nitthitam.’]



## IV.

Now at that time a garuḷa bird which dwelt in a silk-cotton tree in Himavat in a region of the great southern ocean swept up the water with the wind of its wings, and swooping down on the Nāga region seized a Nāga king by the head; but this was the period when the garuḷas did not know how to seize the Nāgas,—they learned how in the Paṇḍara Jātaka<sup>1</sup>. So although he seized it by the head, without scattering the water, he carried it dangling to the summit of Himavat. A Brahmin, an old inhabitant of Kāsi, who was following the life of an anchorite in the region of Himavat, was dwelling in a hut of leaves which he had built, and there was a great banyan tree at the end of his covered walk, and he had made his abode by day at its root. The garuḷa carried the Nāga to the top of the banyan, and the Nāga as it hung down in its effort to escape twined its tail round a branch. The garuḷa, being unaware of it, flew up to heaven by dint of his great strength and carried up the banyan tree without its roots<sup>2</sup>. The bird then bore the Nāga to the silk-cotton tree and struck it with his beak and split open its belly, and having eaten [178] the fat dropped the body into the middle of the sea. The banyan tree as it fell made a great noise, and the bird, wondering what noise it could be, looked down, and seeing the tree thought to himself, “From whence did I carry that off?” and recognising that it was the banyan at the end of the anchorite’s covered walk, he considered, “This tree was of great service to him,—is an evil consequence following me or not? I will ask him and learn.” So he went to him in the guise of a young pupil; now at that moment the ascetic was smoothing the earth down. So the king of the garuḷas, having saluted him and sat down on one side, asked him, as if he were himself ignorant of the fact, what had once grown in that spot. He replied, “A garuḷa was carrying off a Nāga for his food, which twined its tail round a branch of a banyan tree in order to escape; but the bird by its great strength made a spring upwards and flew off, and so the tree was torn up; this is the place out of which it was torn.” “What demerit accrued to the bird?” “If he did it not knowing what he did, it was only ignorance, not a sin.” “What was the case with the Nāga?” “He did not seize the tree with an intent to hurt it, therefore he also has no demerit.” The garuḷa was pleased with the ascetic and said, “My friend, I am that king of the garuḷas, and I am pleased with your explanation of my question. Now you live here in the forest and I know the Ālambāyana spell of

<sup>1</sup> *Jāt.* 518, Vol. v. p. 43 (trans.).

<sup>2</sup> [*B<sup>d</sup> samūlo*, ‘roots and all,’ which suits the context better.]



priceless value. I will give it to you as my fee for your lesson,—be pleased to accept it.” “I know enough about spells,—you can be going.” But he continued to press him and at last he persuaded him to accept it, so he gave him the spell and shewed him the simples and departed.

Now at that time a poor Brahmin in Benares had got deeply into debt, and being pressed by his creditors he said to himself, “Why should I go on living here? I am sure it will be better to go into the forest and die.” So having gone from his home he went by successive journeys till he came to that hermitage. He entered it and pleased the ascetic by his diligent discharge of his duties. The ascetic said to himself, “This Brahmin is very helpful to me, I will give him the divine spell which the king of garuḷas gave to me.” So he said to him, “O Brahmin, I know the Ālambāyana spell, I will give it to you, do you take it.” The other replied, “Peace, good friend, I do not want any spell,” [179] but the other pressed him again and again and at last persuaded him; so he gave him the spell and shewed him the simples necessary for it and described the entire method of using it.

The Brahmin said to himself, “I have gained a means of livelihood”; so after staying there a few days, he made the excuse of an attack of rheumatism, and after begging the ascetic’s forgiveness he took his respectful leave of him and departed from the forest, and by successive stages reached the bank of the Yamunā, from whence he went along the high road repeating the spell. Now at that very time a thousand Nāga youths who waited on Bhūridatta were carrying that jewel which grants all desires. They had come out of the Nāga-world and had stopped and placed it on a hillock of sand, and there, after playing all night in the water by its radiance, they had put on all their ornaments at the approach of morning, and, causing the jewel to contract its splendour<sup>1</sup>, had sat down, guarding it. The Brahmin reached the spot while he was repeating his charm, and they, on hearing the charm, seized with terror lest it should be the garuḷa king, plunged into the earth without staying to take the jewel and fled to the Nāga-world. The Brahmin, when he saw the jewel, exclaimed, “My spell has at once succeeded”; and he joyfully seized the jewel and went on his way. Now at that very time the outcast Brahmin was entering the forest with his son Somadatta to kill deer, and when he saw the jewel on the other’s hand he said to his son, “Is not this the jewel which Bhūridatta gave to us?” “Yes,” said his son, “it is the very same.” “Well, I will tell him its evil qualities and so deceive him and get the jewel for my own.” “O father, you did not keep the jewel before when Bhūridatta gave it to you: this Brahmin will assuredly cheat you,—be silent about it.” “Let

<sup>1</sup> Or perhaps “causing bringing its splendour amongst them.”



be, my son; you shall see which can cheat best, he or I." So he went to Ālambāyana and addressed him:

"Where did you get that gem of yours, bringing good luck and fair to th' eye;  
But having certain signs and marks, which I can recognise it by?"

[180] Ālambāyana answered in the following stanza:

"This morning as I walked along I saw the jewel where it lay,  
Its thousand red-eyed guards all fled and left it there to be my prey."

The outcast's son, wishing to cheat him, proceeded in three stanzas to tell him the jewel's evil qualities, desiring to secure it himself:

"Carefully tended, honoured well, and worn or stowed away with care,  
It brings its owner all good things, however large his wishes are;  
But if he shews it disrespect and wears or stows it heedlessly,  
Sore will he rue the finding it,—'twill only bring him misery.  
Do you have nought to do therewith,—you have no skill such ware to hold:  
Give it to me and take instead a hundred pounds of yellow gold."

Then Ālambāyana spoke a stanza in reply:

"I will not sell this gem of mine, though cows or jewels offered be;  
Its signs and marks I know full well, and it shall ne'er be bought from me."

[181] The Brahmin said:

"If cows or jewels will not buy from you that jewel which you wear,  
What is the price you'll sell it for? come, a true answer let me hear."

Ālambāyana answered:

"He who can tell me where to find the mighty Nāga in his pride,  
To him this jewel will I give, flashing its rays on every side."

The Brahmin said:

"Is this perchance the Garuḍ King, come in a Brahmin's guise to-day,  
Seeking, while on the track for food, to seize the Nāga as his prey?"

Ālambāyana answered:

"No bird-king I,—a garuḍ bird ne'er came across these eyes of mine,—  
I am a Brahmin doctor, friend, and snakes and snake-bites are my line."

The Brahmin said:

"What special power do you possess, or have you learned some subtil skill  
Which gives you this immunity to handle snakes whose fangs can kill?"

He replied, thus describing his power:

"The hermit Kosiya in the wood kept a long painful penance well,  
And at the end a Garuḍa revealed to him the serpent-spell.  
That holiest sage, who dwelt retired upon a lonely mountain height,  
I waited on with earnest zeal and served unwearied day and night;  
And at the last to recompense my years of faithful ministry  
My blessed teacher did reveal the heavenly secret unto me.

[182] Trusting in this all-powerful spell, the fiercest snakes I do not fear;  
I counteract their deadliest bites, I Ālambāyana the seer."



As he heard him, the outcast Brahmin thought to himself, "This Ālambāyana is ready to give the pearl of gems to anyone who shews him the Nāga; I will shew him Bhūridatta and so secure the gem"; so he uttered this stanza as he consulted with his son:

"Let us secure this gem, my son; come, Somadatta, let's be quick,  
Nor lose our luck as did the fool<sup>1</sup> who smashed his meal-dish with his stick."

Somadatta replied:

"All honour due he shewed to you, when you came in that stranger's way;  
And would you turn and rob him now, his kindly welcome to repay?  
If you want wealth, go seek for it from Bhūridatta as before;  
Ask him and he will gladly give all that your heart desires, and more."

The Brahmin said:

"That which, by lucky fortune brought, in bowl or hand all ready lies,  
Eat it at once nor questions ask, lest thou shouldst lose the offered prize."

Somadatta replied:

[183] "Earth yawns for him, hell's fiercest fires await the traitor at the end,  
Or, with fell hunger gnawed, he pines a living death, who cheats his friend.

Ask Bhūridatta,—he will give, if you want wealth, the wished-for boon;  
But if you sin, I fear the sin will find you out and that right soon."

The Brahmin said:

"But, through a costly sacrifice Brahmins may sin and yet be clean;  
Great sacrifices we will bring and, so made pure, escape the sin."

Somadatta said:

"Cease your vile talk, I will not stay,—this very moment I depart,  
I will not go one step with you, this baseness rankling in your heart."

So saying, the wise youth, rejecting his father's counsel, exclaimed with a loud voice which startled the deities in the neighbourhood, "I will not go with such a sinner," and fled away as his father stood looking on; and, plunging into the recesses of Himavat, there became an ascetic, and, having practised the Faculties and the Attainments and become perfected in mystic meditation, he was born in the Brahma world. The Teacher explained this in the following stanza:

"The noble Somadatta thus rebuked his father where he stood,  
Startling the spirits of the place, and turned and hurried from the wood."

The outcast Brahmin thought to himself, "Whither will Somadatta go except to his own home?" and when he saw that Ālambāyana was a little vexed, [184] he said to him, "Do not mind, Ālambāyana, I will introduce you to Bhūridatta." So he took him and went to the place where the snake king kept the fast-day; and when he saw him lying on

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Hitopad. iv., story 8.



the top of the ant-hill with his hoods contracted he stood a little way off, and holding out his hand uttered two stanzas :

“Seize this King-serpent where he lies and snatch forthwith that priceless gem,  
Which bright-red like a lady-bird glows on his head a diadem.

On yonder ant-heap see ! he lies, stretched out without a thought of fear,—  
Spread like a heap of cotton there,—seize him before he knows you're near.”

The Great Being opened his eyes, and, seeing the outcast, he pondered, “I took this fellow to my Nāga home and settled him in high prosperity, but he would not accept the jewel which I gave him, and now he is come here with a snake-charmer. But if I were angry with him for his treachery, my moral character would be injured. Now my first of all duties is to keep the fast-day in its four periods,—that must remain inviolate ; so whether Ālambāyana cut me in pieces or cook me or fix me on a spit, I must at all events not be angry with him.” So closing his eyes and following the highest ideal of Resolution he placed his head between his hoods and lay perfectly motionless<sup>1</sup>.

## V.

Then the outcast Brahmin exclaimed, “O Ālambāyana, do you seize this Nāga and give me the gem.” Ālambāyana, being delighted at seeing the Nāga, and not caring the least for the gem, threw it into his hand, saying, “Take it, Brahmin”; but the jewel slipped out of his hand, and as soon as it fell it went into the ground and was lost in the Nāga-world. The Brahmin found himself bereft of the three things, the priceless gem, Bhūridatta's friendship, and his son, and went off to his home, loudly lamenting, “I have lost everything, I would not follow my son's words.” But Ālambāyana, [185] having first anointed his body with divine drugs and eaten a little and so fortified himself within, uttered the divine spell, and, going up to the Bodhisatta, seized him by the tail, and, holding him fast, opened his mouth and, having himself eaten a drug, spat into it. The pure-natured Nāga king did not allow himself to feel any anger through fear of violating the moral precepts, and though he opened his eyes did not open them to the full<sup>2</sup>. After he had made the snake full of the magic drug, and, holding him by the tail with his head downwards, had shaken him and made him vomit the food he had swallowed, he stretched him out at full length on the ground. Then pressing him like a pillow with his hands he crushed his bones to pieces, and then, seizing his tail, pounded him as if he were beating cloth. The Great Being felt no anger even though he suffered such pain.

<sup>1</sup> [‘Sila-khandam nitthitam.’]

<sup>2</sup> Would their full gaze have made the offender blind?



The Teacher described this in the following stanza :

“By dint of drugs of magic power and muttering spells with evil skill,  
He seized and held him without fear and made him subject to his will.”

Having thus made the Great Being helpless, he prepared a basket of creepers and threw him into it ; at first his huge body would not go into it, but after kicking it with his heels he forced it to enter. Then, going to a certain village, he set the basket down in the middle of it and shouted aloud, “Let all come here who wish to see a snake dance” ; and all the villagers crowded round. Then he called to the Nāga king to come out, and the Great Being reflected, “It will be best for me to please the crowd and dance to-day ; perhaps he will gain plenty of money and in his content will let me go ; whatever he makes me do, I will do it.” So when Ālambāyana took him out of the basket and told him to swell out he assumed his full size ; and so when he told him to become small or round or heaped up like a bank<sup>1</sup>, or to assume one hood or two hoods or three or four or five or ten or twenty or any number up to a hundred, or to become high or low, or to make his body visible or invisible, or to become blue or yellow or red or white or pink, or to emit water, or to emit water and smoke, [186] he made himself assume all these various appearances as he was commanded and exhibited his dancing powers. No one who witnessed it could keep back his tears and the people brought gold coin, gold, garments, ornaments, and the like, so that he received a hundred thousand pieces in that village alone.

Now at first, after he had captured the Great Being, he had intended to let him go when he had gained a thousand pieces ; but when he had made such a harvest, he said, “I have gained all this money in one little village,—what a fortune I shall get in a city !” So, after settling his family there, he made a basket all covered with jewels, and having thrown the Great Being into it, he mounted a luxurious carriage and started with a great train of attendants. He made him dance in every village and town which they passed, and at last they reached Benares. He gave the snake-king honey and fried grain, and killed frogs for him to eat ; but he would not take the food, through fear of not being released from his captivity<sup>2</sup> ; but even though he did not take his food, the other made him shew his sports, and began with the four villages at the gates of the city, where he spent a month. Then on the fast-day of the fifteenth he announced to the king that he would that day exhibit the snake’s dancing powers before him. The king in consequence made a proclamation by beat of drum and collected a large crowd, and tiers of scaffolding were erected in the courtyard of the palace<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> B\* *vappito*, from *vappo*? [The text reads *vippito*.]

<sup>2</sup> Through the guilt which he would incur through eating.

<sup>3</sup> [Kilana-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitam.]



## VI.

But on the day when the Bodhisatta was seized by Ālambāna, the Great Being's mother saw in a dream that a black man with red eyes had cut off her arm with a sword and was carrying it away, streaming with blood. She sprang up in terror, but on feeling her right arm she recognised it to be only a dream. Then she considered in herself, "I have seen an evil frightful dream; it portends some misfortune either to my four sons or to King Dhataratṭha or to myself." But presently she fixed her thoughts especially on the Bodhisatta: "Now all the others are dwelling in the Nāga-world, but he has gone into the world of men resolved to keep the precepts and under a vow to observe the fast-day; therefore I wonder whether some snake-charmer or garuḷa is seizing him." So she thought of him more and more, and at last at the end of a fortnight she became quite dejected, saying, "My son could not live a whole fortnight without me,—surely [187] some evil must have befallen him." After a month had passed there was no limit to the tears which flowed from her eyes in her distress, and she sat watching the road by which he would come back, continually saying, "Surely he will now be coming home,—surely he will now be coming home." Then her eldest son Sudassana came with a great retinue to pay a visit to his parents at the end of a month's absence, and having left his attendants outside he ascended the palace, and after saluting his mother stood on one side; but she said nothing to him as she kept sorrowing for Bhūridatta. He thought to himself, "Whenever I have returned before my mother has always been pleased and given me a kind welcome, but to-day she is in deep distress; what can be the reason?" So he asked her, saying:

"You see me come with all success, my every wish has hit the mark;  
And yet you shew no signs of joy, and your whole countenance is dark,—  
Dark as a lotus rudely plucked which droops and withers in the hand;  
Is this the welcome which you give when I come back from foreign land?"

Even at these words of his she still said nothing. Then Sudassana thought, "Can she have been abused or slandered by someone?" So he uttered another stanza, questioning her:

"Has anyone upbraided you or are you racked with secret pain,  
That thus your countenance is dark, e'en when you see me back again?"

She replied as follows:

"I saw an evil dream, my son, a month ago this very day;  
[188] There came a man who lopped my arm as on my bed I sleeping lay,  
And carried off the bleeding limb,—no tears of mine his hand could stay.  
Blank terror overpowers my heart, and since I saw that cruel sight  
A moment's peace or happiness I have not known by day or night."



When she had said this she burst out lamenting, "I cannot see anywhere my darling son your youngest brother; some evil must have happened to him," and she exclaimed:

"He whom fair maidens in their bloom used to be proud to wait upon,  
Their hair adorned with golden nets,—Bhūridatta,—alas! is gone;  
He whom stout soldiers used to guard, with their drawn swords, a gallant train,  
Flashing like kaṇikāra flowers,—alas! I look for him in vain!  
I must pursue your brother's track and find where he has fixed to dwell,  
Fulfilling his ascetic vow, and learn myself if all be well."

Having uttered these words she set out with his retinue as well as her own.

Now Bhūridatta's wives had not felt anxious when they did not find him on the top of the ant-hill, as they said that he was no doubt gone to his mother's home; but when they heard that she was coming weeping because she could nowhere see her son, they went to meet her and fell at her feet, making a loud lamentation, "O lady, it is a month to-day since we last saw your son."

The Teacher described this as follows:

"The wives of Bhūridatta there beheld his mother drawing nigh,  
And putting out their arms they wept with an exceeding bitter cry;  
'Bhūridatta, thy son, went hence a month ago, we know not where;  
Whether he be alive or dead we cannot tell in our despair.'"

[189] The mother joined with her daughters-in-law in their lamentations in the middle of the road and then went up with them into the palace, and there her grief burst forth as she looked on her son's bed:

"Like a lone bird whose brood is slain, when it beholds its empty nest,  
So sorrow, when I look in vain for Bhūridatta, fills my breast.  
Deep in my heart my grief for him burns with a fierce and steady glow  
Just like the furnace which a smith carries where'er he is called to go."

As she thus wept, Bhūridatta's house seemed to be filled with one continuous sound like the hollow roar of the ocean. No one could remain unmoved, and the whole dwelling was like a sāl-forest smitten by the storm of doom's-day.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Like sāl-trees prostrate in a storm, their branches broken, roots upturned,  
So mother, wives, and children, lay in that lone dwelling-place forlorn."

Ariṭṭha and Subhaga also, the brothers, who had come to visit their parents, heard the noise and entered Bhūridatta's dwelling and tried to comfort their mother.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Ariṭṭha then and Subhaga, eager to help and comfort, come,  
Hearing the sounds of wild lament which rose in Bhūridatta's home;  
'Mother, be calm, thy wailings end,—this is the lot of all who live;  
They all must pass from birth to birth: change rules in all things,—do not grieve.'"



[190] Samuddajā<sup>1</sup> replied :

“My son, I know it but too well, this is the lot of all who live,  
But now no common loss is mine,—left thus forlorn I can but grieve ;  
Verily if I see him not, my jewel and my soul's delight,  
My Bhūridatta, I will end my wretched life this very night.”

Her sons answered :

“Mourn not, dear mother, still your grief,—we'll bring our brother back ;  
Through the wide earth on every side we will pursue his track  
O'er hill and dale, through village, town and city, till he's found,—  
Within ten days we promise you to bring him safe and sound.”

Then Sudassana thought, “If we all three go in one direction there will be much delay: we must go to three different places,—one to the world of the gods, one to Himavat, and one to the world of men. But if Kāṇāriṭṭha<sup>2</sup> goes to the land of men he will set that village or town on fire where he shall happen to see Bhūridatta, for he is cruel-natured,—it will not do to send him” ; so he said to him, “Do thou go to the world of the gods ; if the gods have carried him to their world in order to learn the law from him, then do thou bring him thence.” But he said to Subhaga, “Do thou go to Himavat and search for Bhūridatta in the five rivers and come back.” But as he was resolving to go himself to the world of men, he reflected, “If I go as a young man people will revile<sup>3</sup> me ; I must go as an ascetic, for ascetics are dear and welcome to men.” So he took the garb of an ascetic and, after bidding his mother farewell, set out.

Now the Bodhisatta had a sister, born of another mother, named Accimukhī, who had a very great love for the Bodhisatta. When she saw Subhaga setting out, she said to him, [191] “Brother, I am greatly troubled, I will go with you.” “Sister,” he replied, “you cannot go with me, for I have assumed an ascetic's dress.” “I will become a little frog and I will go inside your matted hair.” On his consenting, she became a young frog and lay down in his matted hair. Subhaga resolved that he would search for him from the very commencement, so asked his wife where he spent the fast-day and went there first of all. When he saw there the blood on the spot where the Great Being had been seized by Ālambāna and the place where the latter had made the basket of creeping plants, he felt sure that the Bodhisatta had been seized by a snake-charmer and being overcome with grief, and having his eyes filled with tears, he followed Ālambāna's track. When he came to the village where he had first displayed the dancing, he asked the people whether a snake-charmer had shewn his tricks there with such and such a kind of snake. “Yes, Ālambāna shewed these tricks a month ago.” “Did he gain anything thereby?” “Yes, he gained a hundred thousand pieces in this one

<sup>1</sup> See *supra*, p. 85.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 87.

<sup>3</sup> I read *osapissanti* (√*avaçap*).



place." "Where has he gone now?" "To such and such a village." He went off and, asking his way as he went, he at last arrived at the palace-gate. Now at that very moment Ālambāna had come there, just bathed and anointed, and wearing a tunic of fine cloth<sup>1</sup>, and making his attendant carry his jewelled basket. A great crowd collected, a seat was placed for the king, and he, while he was still within the palace, sent a message, "I am coming, let him make the king of snakes play." Then Ālambāna placed the jewelled basket on a variegated rug, and gave the sign, saying, "Come hither, O snake-king." At that moment Sudassana was standing at the edge of the crowd, while the Great Being put out his head and looked round surveying the people. Now Nāgas look at a crowd for two reasons, to see whether any garuḍa is near or any actors; if they see any garuḍas, they do not dance for fear,—if any actors, they do not dance for shame. The Great Being, as he looked, beheld his brother in another part of the crowd, and, repressing the tears which filled his eyes, he came out of the basket and went up to his brother. The crowd, seeing him approach, retreated in fear and Sudassana was left alone; so he went up to him and laid his head on his foot and wept; and Sudassana also wept. The Great Being at last stopped weeping and went into the basket. Ālambāna said to himself, "This Nāga must have bitten yonder ascetic, I must comfort him"; so he went up to him and said:

[192] "It slipped out of my hand and seized your foot with all its might;  
Did it chance bite you? never fear,—there's no harm in its bite."

Sudassana wished to have some talk with him, so he answered:

"This snake of yours can harm me not,  
I am a match for him, I wot;  
Search where you will, you will not see  
One who can charm a snake like me."

Ālambāna did not know who it was, so he answered angrily:

"This lout dressed out in Brahmin guise challenges me to-day,—  
Let all the assembly hear my words and give us both fair play."

Then Sudassana uttered a stanza in answer:

"A frog shall be my champion, and let a snake be yours,  
Five thousand pieces be the stake, and let us shew our powers."

Ālambāna rejoined:

"I am a man well-backed with means, and you a bankrupt clown;  
Who will stand surety on your side, and where's the money down?  
There is my surety, there's the stake in case I lose the bet;  
Five thousand coins will shew my powers,—your challenge, see, is met."

[193] Sadassana heard him and said, "Well, let us shew our powers

<sup>1</sup> Read *maṭṭasātakaṃ*, cf. p. 34, l. 23, text.



for five thousand pieces"; and so undismayed he went up into the royal palace and, going up to the king his father-in-law, he said this stanza :

"O noble monarch, hear my words,—ne'er may good luck thy steps forsake;  
Wilt thou be surety in my name? Five thousand pieces is the stake."

The king thought to himself, "This ascetic asks for a very large sum, what can it mean?" so he replied :

"Is it some debt your father left or is it all your own,  
That you should come and ask from me such an unheard-of loan?"

Sudassana repeated two stanzas :

"Ālambāna would beat me with his snake;  
I with my frog his Brahmin pride will break.  
Come forth, O king, with all thy train appear,  
And see the beating which awaits him here."

The king consented and went out with the ascetic. When Ālambāna saw him, he thought, "This ascetic has gone and got the king on his side, he must be some friend of the royal family"; so he grew frightened and began to follow him, saying :

"I do not want to humble thee, I will not boast at all;  
But you despise this snake too much, and pride may have a fall."

[194] Sudassana uttered two stanzas :

"I do not seek to humble thee, a Brahmin, or despise thy skill;  
But wherefore thus cajole the crowd with harmless snakes that cannot kill?  
If people knew your real worth as well as I can see it plain,—  
Why talk of gold?—a little meal would be the limit of your gain."

Ālambāna grew angry and said :

"You mendicant in ass's skin, uncombed and squalid to the sight,  
You dare to scorn this snake of mine, and say forsooth it cannot bite;  
Come near and try what it can do,—learn by experience if you must;  
I warrant you its harmless bite will make of you a heap of dust."

Then Sudassana uttered a stanza, mocking him :

"A rat or water-snake perchance may bite  
And leave its poison if you anger it;  
But your red-headed snake is harmless quite,  
It will not bite, however much it spit."

Ālambāna replied in two stanzas :

"I have been told by holy saints who practised penance ceaselessly,—  
Those who in this life give their alms will go to heaven when they die;  
I counsel you to give at once if you have anything to give,—  
This snake will turn you into dust,—you have but little time to live."

Sudassana said :

"I too have heard from holy saints, those who give alms will go to heaven;  
Give you your alms while yet you may, if you have aught that can be given."



[195] This is no common snake of mine, she'll make you lower your boastful tone;  
 A daughter of the Nāga king, and a half-sister of my own,—  
 Accimukhī,—her mouth shoots flames; her poison's of the deadliest known."

Then he called to her in the middle of the crowd, "O Accimukhī, come out of my matted locks and stand on my hand"; and he put out his hand; and when she heard his voice she uttered a cry like a frog three times, while she was lying in his hair, and then came out and sat on his shoulder, and springing up dropped three drops of poison on the palm of his hand and then entered again into his matted locks. Sudassana stood holding the poison and exclaimed three times, "This country will be destroyed, this country will be wholly destroyed"; the sound filled all Benares with its extent of twelve leagues. The king asked what should destroy it. "O king, I see no place where I can drop this poison." "This earth is big enough, drop it there." "That is not possible," he answered, and he repeated a stanza:

"If I should drop it on the ground,—listen, O king, to me,—  
 The grass and creeping plants and herbs would parched and blasted be."

"Well then, throw it into the sky." "That also is not possible," he said, and he repeated a stanza:

"If I should do thy hest, O king, and throw it in the sky,  
 No rain nor snow will fall from heaven till seven long years roll by."

"Then throw it into the water." "That is not possible," he said, and he repeated a stanza:

[196] "If in the water it were dropped,—listen, O king, to me,—  
 Fishes and tortoises would die and all that lives i' the sea."

Then the king exclaimed, "I am utterly at a loss,—do you tell us some way to prevent the land being destroyed." "O king, cause three holes to be dug here in succession." The king did so. Sudassana filled the middle hole with drugs, the second with cowdung, the third with heavenly medicines; then he let fall the drops of poison into the middle hole. A flame, which filled the hole with smoke, burst out; this spread and caught the hole with the cowdung, and then bursting out again it caught the hole filled with the heavenly plants and consumed them all, and then itself became extinguished. Ālambāyana was standing near that hole, and the heat of the poison smote him,—the colour of his skin at once vanished and he became a white leper. Filled with terror, he exclaimed three times, "I will set the snake-king free." On hearing him the Bodhisatta came out of the jewelled basket, and assuming a form radiant with all kinds of ornaments, he stood with all the glory of Indra. Sudassana also and Accimukhī stood by. Then Sudassana said to the king, "Dost thou not know whose children these are?" "I know not." "Thou dost not know us, but thou knowest that the king of Kāsi gave



his daughter Samuddajā to Dhataratṭha." "I know it well, for she was my youngest sister." "We are her sons, and you are our uncle." Then the king embraced them and kissed their heads and wept, and brought them up into the palace, and paid them great honour. While he was shewing all kindness to Bhūridatta he asked him how Ālambāna had caught him, when he possessed such a terrible poison. Sudassana related the whole story and then said, "O great monarch, a king ought to rule his kingdom in this way," and he taught his uncle the Law. Then he said, "O uncle, our mother is pining for want of seeing Bhūridatta, we cannot stay longer away from her." "It is right, you shall go; but I too want to see my sister; how can I see her?" "O uncle, where is our grandfather, the king of Kāsi?" [197] "He could not bear to live without my sister, so he left his kingdom and became an ascetic, and is now dwelling in such and such a forest." "Uncle, my mother is longing to see you and my grandfather; we will take her and go to our grandfather's hermitage, and then you too will see him." So they fixed a day and departed from the palace; and the king, after parting with his sister's sons, returned weeping; and they sank into the earth and went to the Nāga-world<sup>1</sup>.

## VII.

When the Great Being thus came among them, the city became filled with one universal lamentation. He himself was tired out with his month's residence in the basket and took to a sick-bed; and there was no limit to the number of Nāgas who came to visit him, and he tired himself out, talking to them. In the meantime Kāṇārītṭha, who had gone to the world of the gods<sup>2</sup> and did not find the Great Being there, was the first to come back; so they made him the doorkeeper of the Great Being's sick residence, for they said that he was passionate and could keep away the crowd of Nāgas. Subhaga also, after searching all Himavat and after that the great ocean and the other rivers, came in the course of his wanderings to search the Yamunā. But when the outcast Brahmin saw that Ālambāna had become a leper, he thought to himself, "He has become a leper because he worried Bhūridatta; now I too, through lust of the jewel, betrayed him, although he had been my benefactor, to Ālambāna, and this crime will come upon me. Before it comes, I will go to the Yamunā and will wash away the guilt in the sacred bathing-place." So he went down into the water, saying that he would wash away the sin of his treachery. At that moment Subhaga came to the spot, and, hearing his words, said to himself, "This evil wretch for the sake of a gem-charm

<sup>1</sup> [Nagara-pavesana-khaṇḍam niṭṭhitam.]

<sup>2</sup> Cf. p. 100.



betrayed my brother, who had given him such a means of enriching himself, to Ālambāna; I will not spare his life." So, twisting his tail round his feet and dragging him into the water, he held him down; then when he was breathless he let him remain quiet a while, [198] and when the other lifted his head up he dragged him in again and held him down; this he repeated several times, until at last the outcast Brahmin lifted his head and said:

"I'm bathing at this sacred spot here in Payāga's holy flood;  
My limbs are wet with sacred drops,—what cruel demon seeks my blood?"

Subhaga answered him in the following stanza:

"He who, men say, in ancient days to this proud Kāsi wrathful came,  
And wrapped it round with his strong coils, that serpent-king of glorious  
fame,  
His son am I, who hold thee now: Subhaga, Brahmin, is my name."

The Brahmin thought, "Bhūridatta's brother will not spare my life,—but what if I were to move him to tender-heartedness by reciting the praises of his father and mother, and then beg my life?" So he recited this stanza:

"Scion of Kāsi's<sup>1</sup> royal race divine,  
Thy mother born from that illustrious line,  
Thou wouldst not leave the meanest Brahmin's slave  
To perish drowned beneath the ruthless wave."

[199] Subhaga thought, "This wicked Brahmin thinks to deceive me and persuade me to let him go, but I will not give him his life"; so he answered, reminding him of his old deeds:

"A thirsty deer approached to drink—from your tree-porch your shaft flew  
down:  
In fear and pain your victim fled, spurred by an impulse not its own;  
Deep in the wood you saw it fall and bore it on your carrying-pole  
To where a banyan's shoots grew thick, clustering around the parent bole;  
The parrots sported in the boughs, the kokil's song melodious rose,  
Green spread the grassy sward below,—evening invited to repose;  
But there your cruel eye perceived my brother, who the boughs among  
In summer pomp of colour drest sported with his attendant throng.  
He in his joyance harmed you not, but you in malice lid him slay,  
An innocent victim,—lo that crime comes back on your own head to-day,  
I will not spare your life an hour,—my utmost vengeance you shall pay."

Then the Brahmin thought, "He will not give me my life, but I must try my best to escape"; so he uttered the following stanza:

"Study, the offering of prayers, libations in the sacred fire,  
These three things make a Brahmin's life inviolate to mortal's ire."

[200] Subhaga, when he heard this, began to hesitate and he thought

<sup>1</sup> [The text reads *Kamsassa*, 'another name for the king of Kāsi' (Schol.).]



to himself, "I will carry him to the Nāga-world and ask my brothers about this"; so he repeated two stanzas:

"Beneath the Yamunā's sacred stream, stretching to far Himālaya's feet,  
Lies deep the Nāga capital where Dhataratṭha holds his seat;  
There all my hero brethren dwell, to them will I refer thy plea,  
And as their judgment shall decide, so shall thy final sentence be."

He then seized him by the neck, and, shaking him with loud abuse and revilings, carried him to the gate of the Great Being's palace<sup>1</sup>.

### VIII.

Kāṇāritṭha who had become the doorkeeper was sitting there, and when he saw that the other was being dragged along so roughly he went to meet them, and said, "Subhaga, do not hurt him; all Brahmins are the sons of the great spirit Brahman; if he learned that we were hurting his son he would be angry and would destroy all our Nāga-world. In the world Brahmins rank as the highest and possess great dignity; thou dost not know what their dignity is, but I do." For they say that Kāṇāritṭha in the birth immediately preceding this had been born as a sacrificing Brahmin, and therefore he spoke so positively. Moreover being skilled in sacrificial lore from his former experiences, he said to Subhaga,



The giant Ajjun too who wrought such woe,  
Round whose huge bulk a thousand arms once grew,  
Each several pair with its own threatening bow,  
Heaped on the sacred flame the offerings due."

[202] Then he went on describing the glory of the Brahmins and how the best gifts are to be given to them.

"That ancient king who feasted them so well  
Became at last a god, old stories tell.  
King Mujalinda long the fire adored,  
Glutting its thirst with all the ghee he poured;  
And at the last the earned reward it brought,  
He found the pathway to the heaven he sought."

He also repeated these stanzas to illustrate this lesson :

[203] "Dujīpa lived a thousand years in all,  
Chariots and hosts unnumbered at his call;  
But an ascetic's life was his at last,  
And from his hermitage to heaven he past.  
Sāgara all the earth in triumph crost,  
And raised a golden sacrificial post;  
None worshipped fire more zealously than he,  
And he too rose to be a deity.  
The milk and curds which Aṅga, Kāsi's lord,  
In his long offerings so profusely poured,  
Swelled Gaṅgā to an ocean by their flood,  
Until at last in Sakka's courts he stood.  
Great Sakka's general on the heavenly plain,  
By soma-offerings did the honour gain;

[204] He who now marshals the immortal powers  
Rose from a mortal sin-stained lot like ours.  
Brahma the great Creator, he who made  
The mountains landmarks in his altar yard,  
Whose hest the Ganges in its path obeyed,  
By sacrifice attained his great reward."

Then he said to him, "Brother, know you how this sea became salt and undrinkable?" "I know not, Aritṭha." "You only know how to injure Brahmins,—listen to me." Then he repeated a stanza :

"A hermit student, versed in prayer and spell,  
Once stood upon the shore, as I've heard tell;  
[205] He touched the sea,—it forthwith swallowed him,  
And since that day has been undrinkable."

"These Brahmins are all like this"; and he uttered another stanza :

"When Sakka first attained his royal throne,  
His special favour upon Brahmins shone;  
East, west, north, south, they made their ritual known,  
And found at last a Veda of their own."

Thus Aritṭha described the Brahmins and their sacrifices and Vedas.

When they heard his words, many Nāgas came to visit the Bodhisatta's sick-bed, and they said to one another, "He is telling a legend of the past,"



and they seemed to be in danger of accepting false doctrine. Now the Bodhisatta heard it all as he lay in his bed, and the Nāgas told him about it; then the Bodhisatta reflected, "Ariṭṭha is telling a false legend,—I will interrupt his discourse, and put true views into the assembly." So he rose and bathed, and put on all his ornaments, and sat down in the pulpit and gathered all the Nāga multitude together. Then he sent for Ariṭṭha and said to him, "Ariṭṭha, you have spoken falsely when you describe the Brahmins and the Vedas, for the sacrifice of victims by all these ceremonies of the Vedas is not held to be desirable and it does not lead to heaven,—see what unreality there is in your words"; so he repeated these gāthās describing the various kinds of sacrifice:

[206] "These Veda studies are the wise man's toils,  
 The lure which tempts the victims whom he spoils;  
 A mirage formed to catch the careless eye,  
 But which the prudent passes safely by.  
 The Vedas have no hidden power to save  
 The traitor or the coward or the knave;  
 The fire, though tended well for long years past,  
 Leaves his base master without hope at last.  
 Though all earth's trees in one vast heap were piled  
 To satisfy the fire's insatiate child,  
 Still would it crave for more, insatiate still,—  
 How could a Nāga hope that maw to fill?  
 Milk ever changes,—thus where milk has been  
 Butter and curds in natural course are seen;  
 And the same thirst for change pervades the fire,  
 Once stirred to life it mounts still higher and higher.  
 Fire bursts not forth in wood that's dry or new,  
 Fire needs an effort ere it leaps to view;  
 If dry fresh timber of itself could burn,  
 Spontaneous would each forest blaze in turn.  
 If he wins merit who to feed the flame  
 Piles wood and straw, the merit is the same  
 When cooks light fires or blacksmiths at their trade  
 Or those who burn the corpses of the dead.

[207] But none, however zealously he prays  
 Or heaps the fuel round to feed the blaze,  
 Gains any merit by his mummeries,—  
 The fire for all its crest of smoke soon dies.  
 Were Fire the honoured being that you think,  
 Would it thus dwell with refuse and with stink,  
 Feeding on carrion with a foul delight,  
 Where men in horror hasten from the sight?  
 Some worship as a god the crested flame,  
 Barbarians give to water that high name;  
 But both alike have wandered from their road:  
 Neither is worthy to be called a god.



To worship fire, the common drudge of all,  
 Senseless and blind and deaf to every call,  
 And then one's self to live a life of sin,—  
 How could one dream that this a heaven could win?  
 These Brahmins all a livelihood require,  
 And so they tell us Brahma worships fire;  
 Why should the increate who all things planned  
 Worship himself the creature of his hand?  
 Doctrines and rules of their own, absurd and vain,  
 Our sires imagined wealth and power to gain;  
 'Brahmins he made for study, for command  
 He made the Khattiyas; Vessas plough the land;  
 Suddas he servants made to obey the rest;  
 Thus from the first went forth his high behest<sup>1</sup>.'

- [208] We see these rules enforced before our eyes,  
 None but the Brahmins offer sacrifice,  
 None but the Khattiya exercises sway,  
 The Vessas plough, the Suddas must obey.  
 These greedy liars propagate deceit,  
 And fools believe the fictions they repeat;  
 He who has eyes can see the sickening sight;  
 Why does not Brahma set his creatures right?  
 If his wide power no limits can restrain,  
 Why is his hand so rarely spread to bless?  
 Why are his creatures all condemned to pain?  
 Why does he not to all give happiness?  
 Why do fraud, lies, and ignorance prevail?  
 Why triumphs falsehood,—truth and justice fail?  
 I count your Brahma one th' unjust among,  
 Who made a world in which to shelter wrong.  
 Those men are counted pure who only kill  
 Frogs, worms, bees, snakes or insects as they will,—  
 These are your savage customs which I hate,—  
 Such as Kamboja<sup>2</sup> hordes might emulate.
- [210] If he who kills is counted innocent  
 And if the victim safe to heaven is sent,
- [211] Let Brahmins Brahmins kill—so all were well—  
 And those who listen to the words they tell.  
 We see no cattle asking to be slain  
 That they a new and better life may gain,—  
 Rather they go unwilling to their death  
 And in vain struggles yield their latest breath.  
 To veil the post, the victim and the blow  
 The Brahmins let their choicest rhetoric flow;  
 'The post shall as a cow of plenty be  
 Securing all thy heart's desires to thee';  
 But if the wood thus round the victim spread  
 Had been as full of treasure as they said,

<sup>1</sup> See p. 106.

<sup>2</sup> The Kambojas were a north-western tribe who were supposed to have lost their original Aryan customs and to have become barbarous, see *Manu*, x. 44.



- As full of silver, gold and gems for us,  
 With heaven's unknown delights as overplus,  
 They would have offered for themselves alone  
 And kept the rich reversion as their own.  
 These cruel cheats, as ignorant as vile,  
 Weave their long frauds the simple to beguile,  
 'Offer thy wealth, cut nails and beard and hair,  
 And thou shalt have thy bosom's fondest prayer.'  
 The offerer, simple to their hearts' content,  
 Comes with his purse, they gather round him fast,  
 Like crows around an owl, on mischief bent,  
 [212] And leave him bankrupt and stripped bare at last,  
 The solid coin which he erewhile possessed,  
 Exchanged for promises which none can test.  
 Like grasping strangers<sup>1</sup> sent by those who reign  
 The cultivators' earnings to distrain,  
 These rob where'er they prowl with evil eye,—  
 No law condemns them, yet they ought to die.  
 The priests a shoot of Butea must hold  
 As part o' the rite sacred from days of old ;  
 Indra's right arm 'tis called ; but were it so,  
 Would Indra triumph o'er his demon foe ?  
 Indra's own arm can give him better aid,  
 'Twas no vain sham which made hell's hosts afraid.  
 'Each mountain-range which now some kingdom guards  
 Was once a heap in ancient altar-yards,  
 And pious worshippers with patient hands  
 Piled up the mound at some great lord's commands.'  
 So Brahmins say,—fie on the idle boast,  
 Mountains are heaved aloft at other cost ;  
 And the brick mound, search as you may, contains  
 No veins of iron for the miner's pains.  
 [213] A holy seer well known in ancient days,  
 On the seashore was praying, legend says ;  
 There was he drowned and since this fate befell  
 The ocean's waves have been undrinkable.  
 Rivers have drowned their learned men at will  
 By hundreds and have kept their waters still ;  
 Their streams flow on and never taste the worse,  
 Why should the sea alone incur the curse ?  
 And the salt-streams which run upon the land  
 Spring from no curse but own the digger's hand.  
 At first there were no women and no men ;  
 'Twas mind first brought mankind to light,—and then,  
 Though they all started equal in the race,  
<sup>2</sup>Their various failures made them soon change place ;  
 It was no lack of merit in the past,  
 But present faults which made them first or last.

<sup>1</sup> *A-kāsiyā*.<sup>2</sup> *Vossaggavibhaṅgam* may mean 'difference of occupation.'



A clever low-caste lad would use his wit,  
And read the hymns nor find his head-piece split ;  
The Brahmins made the Vedas to their cost  
When others gained the knowledge which they lost.

Thus sentences are made and learned by rote  
In metric forms not easily forgot,—

The obscurity but tempts the foolish mind,  
They swallow all they're told with impulse blind.

Brahmins are not like violent beasts of prey,  
No tigers, lions of the woods are they ;

They are to cows and oxen near akin,  
Differing outside they are as dull within.

[214] If the victorious king would cease to fight  
And live in peace with his friends and follow right,  
Conquering those passions which his bosom rend,  
What happy lives would all his subjects spend !

The Brahmin's Veda, Khattiya's policy,  
Both arbitrary and delusive be,

They blindly grope their way along a road  
By some huge inundation overflowed.

In Brahmin's Veda, Khattiya's policy,  
One secret meaning we alike can see ;

For after all, loss, gain and glory, and shame  
Touch the four castes alike, to all the same.

As householders to gain a livelihood  
Count all pursuits legitimate and good,

So Brahmins now in our degenerate day  
Will gain a livelihood in any way.

The householder is led by love of gain,  
Blindly he follows, dragged in pleasure's train,

Trying all trades, deceitful and a fool,  
Fallen alas ! how far from wisdom's rule."

[217] The Great Being, having thus confuted their arguments, established his own doctrine, and when they heard his exposition the assembly of Nāgas was filled with joy. The Great Being delivered the outcast Brahmin from the Nāga-world and did not wound him with a single contemptuous speech. Sāgara-brahmadatta also did not let the appointed day pass, but went with his complete army to his father's dwelling-place. The Great Being also, having proclaimed by beat of drum that he would visit his maternal uncle and grandfather, crossed over from the Yamunā and went first to that hermitage with great pomp and magnificence, and his remaining brothers and his father and mother came afterwards. At that moment Sāgara-brahmadatta, not recognising the Great Being, as he approached with his great retinue, asked his father<sup>1</sup>:

"Whose drums are these? whose tabours, conchs, and what those instruments,  
whose voice  
Swells with deep concert through the air and makes the monarch's heart rejoice?

<sup>1</sup> See v. p. 322<sup>4</sup>.



Who is this youth who marches there, with quiver and with bow arrayed,  
Wearing a golden coronet that shines like lightning round his head?

Who is it that approaches there, whose youthful countenance shines bright,  
Like an acacia brand which glows in a smith's forge with steady light?

[218] Whose bright umbrella, golden-hued, o'erpowers the sun in noonday's  
pride,

While deftly hangs a fly-flapper ready for action by his side?

See peacocks' tails on golden sticks wave by his face with colours blent<sup>1</sup>,  
While his bright ear-rings deck his brow as lightning wreaths the firmament.

What hero owns that long large eye, that tuft of wool between the brows,  
Those teeth as white as buds or shells, their line so faultless and so even,  
Those lac-dyed hands, those bimba lips,—he shines forth like the sun in heaven;

Like some tall sāl-tree full of bloom, upon a mountain peak alone,  
Indra in his triumphant dress with every demon foe o'erthrown.

Who is it bursts upon our view, drawing from out its sheath his brand,  
Its jewelled handle and rich work radiant with splendour in his hand,

Who now takes off his golden shoes, richly inwrought with varied thread,  
And, bending with obeisance low, pours honour on the Sage's head?"

[219] Being thus asked by his son Sāgara-brahmadatta, the ascetic,  
possessed of transcendent knowledge and supernatural power, replied,  
"O my son, these are the sons of King Dhataratṭha, the Nāga sons of thy  
sister"; and he repeated this gāthā:

"These are all Dhataratṭha's sons glorious in power and great in fame,—  
They all revere Samuddajā and her as common mother claim."

While they were thus talking, the host of Nāgas came up and saluted  
the ascetic's feet and then sat down on one side. Samuddajā also saluted  
her father, and then after weeping returned with the Nāgas to the Nāga-  
world. Sāgara-brahmadatta stayed there for a few days and then went  
to Benares, and Samuddajā died in the Nāga-world. The Bodhisatta,  
having kept the precepts all his life and performed all the duties of the  
fast-day, at the end of his life went with the host of Nāgas to fill the  
seats of heaven.

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After the lesson the Teacher exclaimed, "Thus pious disciples, wise men of  
former times before the Buddha was born, gave up the glory of the Nāga state  
and rigorously fulfilled the duties of the fast-day"; and he then identified the  
birth: "At that time the family of the great King were my father and mother,  
Devadatta was the outcast Brahmin, Ānanda was Somadatta, Uppalavannā was  
Accimukhī, Sāriputta was Sudassana, Moggallāna was Subhaga, Sunakkhatta  
was Kāṇāritṭha, and I myself was Bhūridatta."

<sup>1</sup> Does this refer to his whiskers? or is it to be taken literally?



## No. 544.

## MAHĀNĀRADAKASSAPA-JĀTAKA.

"*There was a king of the Videhas,*" etc. This story was told by the Master, while dwelling in the Latthivana pleasure garden, in relation to the conversion of Uruvela-Kassapa. Now the Teacher by whom the glorious reign of law was begun, [220] after converting the ascetics Uruvela-Kassapa and the rest, came to the pleasure garden of Latthivana, surrounded by the thousand bhikkhus who had before been ascetics, in order to persuade the King of Magadha to give his promise<sup>1</sup>; and at that time, when the Magadha king, who had come with an attending company of twelve myriads, had seated himself after saluting the Buddha, a dispute arose among the Brahmans and householders of his train, "Has Uruvela-Kassapa placed himself under the spiritual guidance of the great Samana, or has the great Samana placed himself under the spiritual guidance of Uruvela-Kassapa?" Then the Blessed One thought to himself, "I will shew them that Kassapa has placed himself under my spiritual guidance," and he uttered this stanza:

"What was it that you saw, O inhabitant of Uruvelā, that you, renowned for your asceticism<sup>2</sup>, abandoned your sacred fire? I ask you, Kassapa, this question,—how is it that your fire sacrifice has been deserted?"

Then the elder, who understood the Buddha's purport, replied in this stanza:

"The sacrifices only speak of forms and sounds and tastes, and sensual pleasures and women; and knowing that all these things, being found in the elements of material existence, are filth, I took no more delight in sacrifices or offerings."

And in order to shew that he was a disciple, he laid his head upon the Buddha's feet and said, "The Blessed One is my teacher, and I am his disciple." So saying he rose into the air seven times, to the height of a palm tree, two palm trees, and so on to seven palm trees, and then having come down and saluted the Blessed One, he sat down on one side. The great multitude when they saw that miracle uttered the glories of the Teacher, saying, "O great is the power of Buddha; though filled with such a firm conviction of his own, and though he believed himself to be a saint, Uruvela-Kassapa burst the bonds of error and was converted by the Tathāgata." The Teacher said, "It is not wonderful that I who have now attained omniscience should have converted him; in olden time when I was the Brahma named Nārada and still subject to passion, I burst this man's bonds of error and made him humble"; and so saying he told the following, at the request of the audience:

In the olden time at Mithilā in the kingdom of Videha there ruled a just king of righteousness named Aṅgati. Now in the womb of his chief queen there was conceived a fair and gracious daughter, named Rujā,

<sup>1</sup> He gave the Veluvana pleasure garden to the fraternity, *Mahāv.* i. 22. Cf. this introduction with the whole chapter.

<sup>2</sup> Or perhaps "you, an ascetic and a teacher." See Rhys David's note *Vinaya*, trans., i. p. 138. [See *Jāt.* i. p. 83, *Vin.* i. p. 36.]



possessing great merit, and one who had offered prayer for a hundred thousand ages. All his other sixteen thousand wives were barren. This daughter became very dear and engaging to him. Every day he used to send her five and twenty baskets full of various flowers and delicate raiment, bidding her adorn herself with them; [221] and he used to send her a thousand pieces, bidding her give away alms every fortnight as there was abundance of food and drink. Now he had three ministers, Vijaya, Sunāma and Alāta; and one day when the feast came round on the full moon of the fourth month, and the city and the palace were adorned like the city of the gods, having properly bathed and anointed himself and put on all sorts of ornaments, as he stood with his ministers on a terrace at an open window and saw the round moon mounting up into the clear sky, he asked his ministers, "Pleasant indeed is this clear night,—with what amusement shall we divert ourselves?"

The Teacher thus explained the matter :

"There was a Khattiya king of the Videhas named Aṅgati, possessing many carriages, wealthy and with an innumerable army. One day on the fifteenth night of the fortnight, ere the first watch was over, on the full moon of the fourth month of the rains, he gathered his ministers together,—Vijaya, and Sunāma, and the general Alātaka, all wise, fathers of sons, wearing a smile, and full of experience. The Videha king questioned them, 'Let each of you utter his wish, this is the full moon of the fourth month, it is moonlight without any darkness; with what diversion to-night shall we pass the time away?'"

Thus asked by the king, each spoke in accordance with the desire of his heart.

The Teacher thus explained the matter :

"Then the general Alāta thus spoke to the king: 'Let us gather a gay gallant army together; [222] let us go forth to battle, with a countless host of men; let us bring under thy power those who have kept themselves independent; this is my opinion, let us conquer what is still unconquered.' Hearing the words of Alāta, Sunāma spoke thus, 'All your enemies, O king, are met together here,—they have laid aside their strength and behave themselves with submission; to-day is the chief festival; war pleases me not. Let them forthwith bring to us meat and drink and all kinds of food: O king, enjoy thy pleasure in dance and song and music.' Hearing the words of Sunāma, Vijaya spoke thus, 'All pleasures, O great king, are always ready at thy side; these are not hard to find, so as to rejoice in all thy desires: but even if they are always attained, this resolution is not approved by me. Let us wait on some Samana or Brahmin learned in sacred lore, one who versed in the text and its meaning may remove our doubt to-day as to the object of our desire<sup>1</sup>.' Having heard the words of Vijaya, the king Aṅgati said, 'This saying of Vijaya is what pleases me also. Let us wait on some Samana or Brahmin learned in sacred lore, one who versed in the sacred text and its meaning may remove our doubt to-day as to the object of our desire. Do ye all carry out this resolution; on what teacher shall we wait? Who, to-day, versed in the sacred text and its meaning, will remove our doubt as to the object of our desire?' Having heard the words of Videha, Alāta replied, 'There is yonder naked ascetic in the deer-park, approved by all as wise, Guṇa of the Kassapa family, famous, a man of varied discourse, and with a large following of disciples; wait on him, O king, he will remove our

<sup>1</sup> *ise.*



doubt.' Having heard the words of Alāta, the king commanded his charioteer, 'We will go to the deer-park, bring hither the chariot yoked.'

[223] Then they yoked his chariot made of ivory and with silver decorations, having its equipage all bright and clean, white and spotless like a clear night<sup>1</sup> in its appearance. Four Sindh horses were yoked therein, white as lilies, swift as the wind, well-trained, wearing golden wreaths,—white the umbrella, white the car, white the horses and white the fan. The Videha king as he set out with his counsellors shone like the moon. Many wise and strong men armed with spears and swords, mounted on horses, followed the king of heroes. Having traversed the distance, as it were, in a moment, and alighted from the chariot, the Videha with his ministers approached Guṇa on foot; and even the Brahmins and wealthy men who were already gathered at the place the king did not order to be removed, though they left him no room."

[224] Surrounded by that mixed assembly the king sat on one side and made his greeting.

The Teacher thus explained the matter :

"Then the king sat down on one side on a soft mattress, covered with soft variegated squirrel-skins and with a soft cushion put over them. The king, being seated, addressed him with the compliments of friendship and civility, 'Are your bodily needs provided for? are your vital airs not wasted? is your mode of life comfortable? do you get your due supply of alms? are your movements unimpeded? is your sight unimpaired?' Guṇa courteously answered the Videha who was so attentive to his duties, 'All my wants are provided for, and those two last-mentioned points are as I would wish them. You too,—are your neighbours not too strong for you? have you such good health as you need? does your chariot carry you well? have you none of the sicknesses which afflict the body?' The king, seeking to know the law, having received this kindly greeting, next proceeded to ask him concerning the meaning and text of the law and the rules of right conduct. 'How, O Kassapa, should a mortal fulfil the law towards his parents, how towards his teacher, and how towards his wife and children? how should he behave towards the aged, how towards Samanas and Brahmins, how should he deal with his army, how with the people in the country? How should he practise the law and so eventually attain to heaven? and how do some on account of unrighteousness fall down into hell?'"

[225] Through the lack of some one who was preeminent among omniscient buddhas, paccekabuddhas, buddhist disciples, or sages, the king asked his successive royal questions well deserving to be asked, of a poor naked mendicant who knew nothing and was as blind as a child; and he, being thus asked, giving no proper answer to the question but seizing the opportunity with a "Hear, O king," declared his own false doctrine, like one who strikes an ox when it is going along or throws refuse into another's food-vessel.

The Teacher thus explained the matter :

"Having heard the Videha king's words, Kassapa thus replied: 'Hear, O king, a true unerring utterance. There is no fruit, good or evil, in following the law; there is no other world, O king,—who has ever come back hither from thence? There are no ancestors,—how can there be father or mother? There is no teacher,—who will tame what cannot be tamed? All beings are equal and alike, there are none who should receive or pay honour; there is no such thing as strength or courage,—how can there be vigour or heroism?

<sup>1</sup> *Dosinā.*



All beings are predestined, just as the stern-rope must follow the ship. Every mortal gets what he is to get, what then is the use of giving? There is no use, O king, in giving,—the giver is helpless and weak; gifts are enjoined by fools and accepted by the wise; weak fools who think themselves wise give to the prudent.’”

[226] Having thus described the uselessness of giving, he went on to describe the powerlessness of sin to produce consequences hereafter :

“‘There are seven aggregates indestructible and uninjuring,—fire, earth, water, air, pleasure, and pain, and the soul; of these seven there is none that can destroy or divide, nor are they ever to be destroyed; weapons pass harmless amongst these aggregates. He who carries off another’s head with a sharp sword does not divide these aggregates: how then should there be any consequence from evil doing? All beings become pure by passing through eighty-four great æons; till that period arrives not even the self-restrained becomes pure. Till that period arrives, however much they have followed virtue, they do not become pure, and even if they commit many sins they do not go beyond that limit. One by one we are purified through the eighty-four great æons: we cannot go beyond our destiny any more than the sea beyond its shore.’”

[227] Thus did the advocate of annihilation enforce his own doctrine by his vehemence without appealing to any precedent<sup>1</sup>:

“Having heard Kassapa’s words, Alāta thus replied: ‘What you say approves itself also to me. I too remember having gone through a former birth. I was a cow-killing huntsman named Piṅgala in a city. Many a sin did I commit in wealthy Benares,—many living creatures I slew, buffaloes, hogs, and goats. Passing from that birth, I was then born in the prosperous family of a general; verily there are no evil consequences for sin, I did not have to go to hell.’

Now there happened to be a slave clothed in rags, named Bijaka, who was keeping the fast, and who had come to listen to Guṇa; when he heard Kassapa’s words and Alāta’s reply, he drew many a hot sigh and burst into tears. The Videha king asked him, ‘Why dost thou weep? what hast thou seen or heard? why dost thou shew me thy pain?’

[228] Bijaka replied, ‘I have no pain to vex me: listen to me, O king. I too remember my former birth, a happy one; I was one Bhavasetthi in the city of Sāketa, devoted to virtue, pure, given to alms, and esteemed by Brahmins and rich men; and I remember no single evil deed that I committed. But when I passed from that life I was conceived in the womb of a poor prostitute, and was born to a miserable life. But miserable as I am I keep my tranquil mind, and I give the half of my food to whosoever desires it. I fast every fourteenth and fifteenth day, and I never hurt living creatures, and I abstain from theft. But all the good deeds which I do produce no fruit; as Alāta says, I think that virtue is useless. I lose my game in life as an unskilful dice-player; Alāta wins as he has done, just like a skilled player; I see no door by which I may go to heaven; it is for this that I weep when I heard what Kassapa said.’

[229] Having heard Bijaka’s words, King Aṅgati said, ‘There is no door to heaven: only wait on destiny. Whether thy lot be happiness or misery, it is only gained through destiny: all will at last reach deliverance from transmigration; be not eager for the future. I too have been fortunate in former births and devoted to Brahmins and rich men, but while I was busy administering the laws I myself had meanwhile no enjoyment.’”

Thus having spoken he took his leave: “O venerable Kassapa, all this long time I have been heedless, but now at last I have found a teacher,

<sup>1</sup> ? *nippadesato*. See *St Petersburg Dict.*, *pradeṣa*.



and from henceforth, following your teaching, I will take my delight only in pleasure, and not even hearing discourses on virtue shall hinder me. Stay where you are, I will now depart; we may yet see one another again and meet hereafter."

So saying the King of Videha went to his home.

[230] When the king first visited Guṇa he saluted him respectfully and then asked his question; but when he went away, he went without any salutation: because Guṇa was untrue to his name, through his own unworthiness<sup>1</sup>, he received no salutation, still less did he get alms. So after the night was passed and the next day had come, the king gathered his ministers together and said to them, "Prepare all the elements of enjoyment, henceforth I will only follow the pursuit of pleasure, no other business is to be mentioned before me, let such and such a one carry on the administration of justice," and he gave himself up accordingly to enjoyment.

The Teacher thus explained the matter :

"When the night turned to day Aṅgati summoned his ministers into his presence and thus addressed them: 'In the Candaka palace let them always provide pleasures ready for me, let no one come with messages concerning public or secret matters. Let Vijaya, Sunāma, and the general Alātaka, all three well skilled in law, sit in judgment on these matters.' So the king, having said this, thought only of pleasure and busied himself no more in the company of Brahmins and wealthy men.

Then on the fourteenth night the dear daughter of the king, named Rujā, said to her nurse-mother, 'Adorn me quickly with my jewels, let my female companions wait on me; to-morrow is the sacred fifteenth day, I will go into the royal presence.' They brought her a garland and precious sandal wood, gems, shells, pearls, and precious things and garments of various dyes; and her many attendants, surrounding her as she sat on a golden chair, adorned her, shining in her beauty.

[231] Then in the midst of her train, blazing with all kinds of ornaments, Rujā entered the palace Candaka as lightning enters a cloud. Having drawn near the king and saluted him, with all due respect<sup>2</sup>, she sat down on one side on a chair inlaid with gold.

[232] The king, when he beheld her surrounded by her train as if a company of heavenly nymphs had visited him, thus addressed her: 'Do you enjoy yourself in the tank within the precincts of the palace? do they always bring you all sorts of delicate food? Do you and your maidens gather all kinds of garlands and build bowers for yourselves continually, intent upon sport? Is anything wanting to you? Let them bring it forthwith,—ask what you will, impetuous<sup>3</sup> one, even though it be as hard to get as the moon.'

Hearing his words Rujā answered her father :

'O king, in my lord's presence every desire of mine is gained. To-morrow is the sacred fifteenth day,—let them bring me a thousand pieces, that I may give it all as a gift to the mendicants.'

<sup>1</sup> [There is a play upon the words *Guṇo attano aguṇatāya*.]

<sup>2</sup> *Vinaye ratam* seems used adverbially.

<sup>3</sup> [Prof. Cowell has written in the margin, 'cp. चण्डी'; but the scholiast explains *kudḍamukhi* as referring to mustard-paste (*sāsapakudḍena...sāsapakakkena*) used by women for the face.]



Hearing Rujā's words King Aṅgati replied :

'Much wealth has been wasted by you idly and without fruit. You keep the fast-days and neither eat nor drink; this idea of the duty of fasting comes from destiny,—there is no merit because you abstain. [233]<sup>1</sup> While you live with us, Rujā, put not food away; there is no other world than this,—why vex thyself for nought?'

Then Rujā bright in her beauty, when she heard his words, thus answered him, knowing as she did the past and the future law: 'I have heard in time past and I have seen it with mine own eyes,—he who follows children becomes himself a child. The fool who associates with fools plunges deep into folly. It is fitting for Alāta and Bijaka to be deceived; [234] but thou art a king full of learning, wise and skilled in the conduct of affairs; how hast thou fallen into such a low theory, worthy of children? If a man is purified by the mere course of existence, then Guṇa's own asceticism is useless; like a moth flying into the lighted candle, the idiot has adopted a naked mendicant's life. Having accepted the idea that all will at last be purified through transmigration, in their great ignorance many corrupt their actions; and being fast caught in the effects of former sins they find it hard to escape, as the fish from the hook.

I will tell thee a parable, O king, for thy case; the wise sometimes learn the truth by a parable. As the ship of the merchants, heavy through taking in too large a cargo, sinks overladen into the sea, so a man, accumulating sin little by little, sinks overladen into hell. Alāta's present cargo, O king, is not what he is collecting now; for that which he is now taking on board he will hereafter sink to hell. Formerly Alāta's deeds were righteous, and it is as their result that he enjoys this prosperity. That merit of his is being spent, for he is all intent upon vice; having forsaken the straight road, he is running headlong in a crooked path.

[235] As the balance properly hung in the weighing-house<sup>2</sup> causes the end to swing up when the weight is put in, so does a man cause his fate at last to rise if he gathers together every piece of merit little by little, like that slave Bijaka intent on merit and thinking too much of heaven.

In the sorrow which the slave Bijaka now suffers he receives the fruit of sins which he formerly committed. That sin is melting away since he is devoted to moral virtue, but let him not enter into Kassapa's devious paths.'

Then she proceeded to shew the evil of practising sin and the good results of following worthy friends<sup>3</sup>:

'Whatever friend a king honours, whether he be good or evil, devoted to vice or to virtue, the king falls into his power. As is the friend whom he chooses for himself and follows, such he himself becomes,—such is the power of intimacy. [236] One in constant intercourse affects his fellow, a close comrade his associate, just as a poisoned arrow defiles a pure quiver. Let not the wise become the friend of the wicked for fear of contamination. If a man ties up stinking fish with a band of kusa grass, the grass will acquire a putrid smell, so is intimacy with a fool; but if a man binds up myrrh in a common leaf, it will acquire a pleasant odour, so is intimacy with the wise. Therefore, knowing the maturity of his own actions like the ripeness of a basket of fruit, let not the wise man follow the wicked but follow the good, for the wicked lead to hell, while the good bring us to heaven.'

The princess, having discoursed on righteousness in these six stanzas, declared the sorrows which she had undergone in her past births:

<sup>1</sup> [A couplet has here been omitted, referring to Bijaka, and almost the same as the lines on p. 227<sup>28</sup> ff.: "B. wept to hear what Kassapa said." Obviously they do not belong to this place.]

<sup>2</sup> Obscure.

<sup>3</sup> [Cp. iv. 435<sup>21</sup>, trans., p. 270.]



'I too remember seven births which I have experienced, and when I go from my present life I shall yet pass through seven future ones. My seventh former birth, O king, was as the son of a smith in the city Rājagaha in Magadha. I had an evil companion and I committed much evil; we went about corrupting other men's wives as if we had been immortal. Those actions remained laid up like fire covered with ashes. By the effect of other actions I was born in the land of Vamsa [237] in a merchant's family in Kosambī, great and prosperous and wealthy: I was an only son, continually fostered and honoured. There I followed a friend who was devoted to good works, wise and full of sacred learning, and he grounded me in what was good. I fasted through many a fourteenth and fifteenth night; and that action remained laid up like a treasure in water. But the fruit of the evil deeds which I had done in Magadha came round to me at last like a noxious poison. I passed from thence for a long time, O king, into the Roruva hell, I endured the effects of my own works; when I remember it grieves me still. After spending there a wretched time through a long series of years, I became a castrated goat in Bhennākata. [238] I carried the sons of the wealthy on my back and in a carriage; it was the fated consequence of my going after other men's wives.

After that I was born in the womb of a monkey in a forest; and on the day of my birth they shewed me to the leader of the herd, who exclaimed, "Bring my son to me," and violently seized my testicles with his teeth and bit them off in spite of my cries.' She explained this in verse.

'Passing from this birth, O king, I was born as a monkey in a great forest; I was mutilated by the fierce leader of the herd: this was the fated consequence of my going after other men's wives.'

Then she went on to describe the other births:

'I was next born, O king, as an ox among the Dasannas, castrated but swift and fair to look at, and I long drew a carriage: this was the fatal consequence of my going after other men's wives. When I passed from that birth I was born in a family among the Vajjī people<sup>1</sup>; but I was neither man nor woman, for it is a very hard thing to attain the being born as a man;—this was the fatal consequence of my going after other men's wives. Next, O king, I was born in the Nandana wood,—a nymph of a lovely complexion in the heaven of the Thirty-three, dressed in garments and ornaments of various hues and wearing jewelled earrings, skilled in dance and song, an attendant in Sakka's court. While I stayed there I remembered all these births and also the seven future births which I shall experience when I go from hence. The good which I did in Kosambī has come round in its turn, and when I pass from this birth I shall be born only among gods or men. For seven births, O king, I shall be honoured and worshipped, but till the sixth is past I shall not be free from my female sex. [239] But there is my seventh birth, O king,—a prosperous son of the gods, I shall be born at last as a male deity in a divine body. Even to-day they are gathering garlands from the heavenly tree in Nandana, and there is a son of the gods, named Java, who is seeking a garland for me. These sixteen years of my present life are only as one moment in heaven,—a hundred mortal autumns are only as one heavenly day and night. Thus do our actions follow us even through countless births, bringing good or evil,—no action is ever lost.'

[240] Then she declared the supreme Law:

'He who desires to rise continually from birth to birth, let him avoid another's wife as a man with washed feet the mire. He who desires to rise continually from birth to birth, let him worship the Lord as his attendants worship Indra. He who wishes for heavenly enjoyments, a heavenly life, glory, and happiness, let him avoid sins and follow the threefold law. Watchful and wise in body, word and thought, he follows his own highest good, be he born as a woman or a man. Whosoever are born glorious in the world and nursed in all

<sup>1</sup> They live on the northern shores of the Ganges, opposite to Magadha.



pleasures, without doubt in former time they had lived a virtuous life ; all beings separately abide by their own deserts. Dost thou thyself think, O king, what caused thee to own these wives of thine like heavenly nymphs, beautifully adorned and dressed with golden nets ?”

[241] Thus she counselled her father. The Teacher thus explained the matter :

“Thus did the maiden Rujā please her father, she taught the bewildered one the true road, and devoutly declared to him the law.”

Having proclaimed the law to her father all night from early morning, she said to him, “O king, listen not to the words of a naked heretic, but receive the words of some good friend<sup>1</sup> like me, who tells thee that there is this world and there is another world, and that there are fated consequences to every good or evil action,—rush not on by a wrong road.” Still she was not able to deliver her father from his false doctrine : he was only pleased when he heard her sweet words, for all parents naturally love their dear children’s speech, but they do not give up their old opinions. So too there arose a stir in the city, “The king’s daughter Rujā is trying to drive away heretical views by teaching the law,” and the multitude were well-pleased, “The wise princess will set him free from false teaching to-day and will inaugurate prosperity for the citizens.” But though she could not make her father understand she did not lose heart, but resolving that by some means or other she would bring her father true happiness, she placed her joined hands on her head and after having made her obeisance in the ten directions, she offered worship, saying, “In this world there are righteous Samanas and Brahmins who support the world, there are the presiding deities, there are the great Brahma deities,—let them come and cause my father to give up his heresy ; [242] and if they have no power in themselves, then let them come by my power and virtue and drive away this heresy and bring about the welfare of the whole world.” Now the Great Brahma of that time was a Bodhisatta named Nārada ; and the Bodhisattas in their mercy, compassion, and sovereignty, cast their eyes over the world from time to time to behold the righteous and the wicked beings. As he was that day looking over the world he saw the princess worshipping the presiding deities in her desire to deliver her father from heresy, and he thought to himself, “Except me, none other can drive away false teaching, I must come to-day and shew kindness to the princess and bring happiness to the king and his people. In what garb shall I go ? Ascetics are dear and venerable to men and their words are counted worthy to be received ; I will go in the garb of an ascetic.” So he assumed a pleasing human form, having a complexion like gold, with his hair matted and a golden needle thrust into the tangle ; and having put on a tattered dress red outside and within, and having hung

<sup>1</sup> [The Good Friend is a *locus communis* of Buddhism. See *Çikṣā*, 41° etc.]



over one shoulder a black antelope's hide made of silver and decorated with golden stars, and having taken a golden begging bowl hung with a string of pearls, and having laid on his shoulders a golden carrying pole curved in three places<sup>1</sup>, and taken up a coral water-pot by a string of pearls, he went with this garb through the heavens shining like the moon in the firmament, and having entered the terrace of the Canda palace he stood in the sky in front of the king.

The Teacher thus explained it :

"Then Nārada came down to men from the Brahma-world, and surveying Jambudīpa he beheld King Aṅgati. Then he stood on the palace before the king, and Rujā, having beheld him, saluted the divine sage who had come."

[243] Then the king, being rebuked by the Brahma's glory, could not remain on his throne, but came down and stood on the ground and asked him the cause of his coming and his name and family.

The Master thus explained it :

"Then the king, alarmed in his mind, having come down from his seat spoke thus to Nārada, making his inquiries : 'Whence comest thou, of heavenly aspect, like the moon illumining the night ; tell me in answer thy name and family, how do they call thee in the world of men?'"

Then he thought to himself, "This king does not believe in another world, I will tell him about another world," so he uttered a verse :

"I come now from the gods like the moon illumining the night,—I tell thee my name and family as thou askest : they know me as Nārada and Kassapa."

Then the king thought to himself, "By and bye I will ask him about another world ; I will now ask him as to the purpose of this miracle."

"In that thou goest and standest in this marvellous fashion, I ask thee, O Nārada, what does it mean ; for what reason is this miracle wrought?"

[244] Nārada replied :

"Truth, righteousness, self-command, and liberality,—these were in old days my notorious virtues ; by these same virtues diligently followed I go swift as thought wherever I desire."

Even while he was thus speaking the king, unable to believe in another world from the inveteracy of his evil doctrines, exclaimed, "Is there such a thing as recompense for good actions?" and repeated a stanza :

"Thou utterest a marvel when thou talkest of the might brought by good actions ; if these things are as thou sayest, Nārada, this question, being asked, do thou answer me truly."

Nārada replied :

"Ask me, O king ; this is thy business ; this doubt of thine which thou feelest, I will assuredly solve it for thee by reasoning, by logic, and by proofs."

<sup>1</sup> To fit neck and shoulders?



[245] The king said :

“I ask thee this matter, O Nārada ; give me not a false answer to my question ; are there really gods or ancestors,—is there another world as people say ?”

Nārada answered :

“There are indeed gods and ancestors, there is another world as people say ; but men being greedy and infatuated for pleasure know not of another world in their illusion.”

When the king heard this he laughed and uttered a verse :

“If thou believest, Nārada, that there is in another world a dwelling-place for the dead, then give me here five hundred pieces, and I will give thee a thousand in the next world.”

Then the Great Being replied, reproving him in the midst of the assembly :

“I would give thee the five hundred if I knew that thou wast virtuous and generous ; but who would press thee for the thousand in the next world, if thou, the merciless one, wast dwelling in hell ? Here when a man is averse to virtue, a lover of sin, idle, and cruel,—wise men do not entrust a loan to him : there is no return from such a debtor. [246] When men know that another is skilful, active, virtuous and generous, they invite him to borrow by the advantages they hold out ; when he has done his business, he will bring back what he has borrowed.”

The king, thus rebuked, was not ready with an answer.

The multitude, being delighted, shouted, “O princess, thou art a being of miraculous power, thou wilt deliver the king this day from his false doctrines,” and the whole city was filled with excitement. Then by the power of the Great Being there was not a person within the range of the seven leagues over which Mithilā extends who did not hear his teaching of the law. Then the Great Being reflected, “This king has grasped his false doctrines very firmly ; I will frighten him with the fear of hell and make him give them up, and then I will comfort him with some heaven of the gods” ; so he said to him, “O king, if thou dost not give up these doctrines, thou wilt go to hell with its endless torments,” and he began to give an account of the different hells :

“When thou goest hence thou wilt see thyself dragged by flocks of ravens and devoured by them as thou livest in hell, and by crows, vultures, and hawks, with thy body torn and dripping blood : who would press thee for a thousand pieces in the next world ?”

[247] Having described the raven hell, he said, “If thou dost not dwell there, thou wilt dwell in a hell in the space between three spheres,” and he uttered a stanza to describe it :

“Blind darkness is there, and no moon or sun, a hell evermore tumultuous and dreadful ; it is not known as either night or day : who would wander seeking money in such a place ?”



Then having described that intermediate hell at full length, he said, "O king, if thou abandonest not thy false doctrines, thou wilt suffer not only this but other torments as well," and he uttered a stanza :

"Two dogs Sabala and Sāma of giant size, mighty and strong, devour with their iron teeth him who is driven hence and goes to another world."

A similar rule applies to the subsequent hells; therefore all these worlds, together with their guardians, are to be described in a pregnant prose version of the various gāthās as in the preceding narrative.

"As he lives in hell thus devoured by cruel beasts of torture, with his body torn and dripping blood, who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world ?

[248] With arrows and well-sharpened spears the Kālūpakālas as enemies smite and wound him in hell who before committed evil.

As he wanders in hell thus smitten in belly and side, and with his entrails mangled, his body torn and dripping blood,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world ?

Heaven rains down these spears, arrows, javelins and spikes and various weapons, flames fall like burning coals, it rains missiles of rock on the cruel man.

An intolerable hot wind blows in hell, not even a transient pleasure is felt there; rushing about, sick, with no refuge,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world ?

Hurrying along yoked in chariots, treading along the fiery ground, [249] urged on with goads and sticks,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world ?

As he climbs a fearful blazing mountain studded with razors, his body gashed and dripping with blood,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world ?

As he climbs a dreadful blazing heap of burning coals like a mountain, with his body all burned, and miserable, and weeping,—who would press him for a thousand pieces in the next world ?

There are lofty thickets like heaps of clouds, full of thorns, with sharp iron spikes which drink the blood of men,—women and men who go after other people's wives have to climb it, driven on by the servants of Yama bearing spears in their hands.

As he climbs the infernal silk-cotton tree all covered with blood, his body gashed and flayed, sick and racked with pain, panting with deep hot sighs and thus expiating his former crimes,—who would ask him for his old debt ?

[250] There are lofty forests like heaps of clouds, covered with swords for leaves, armed with iron knives which drink the blood of men; as he climbs the tree with iron leaves, cut with sharp swords, his body gashed and dripping blood,—who would press him for the thousand pieces in the next world ?

When he escapes from that hell of iron leaves and falls into the river Vetaraṇī, who would ask him for his old debt ?

On flows the river Vetaraṇī, cruel<sup>1</sup> with boiling water and covered with iron lotuses and sharp leaves; as he is hurried along covered with blood and with his limbs all cut, in the stream of Vetaraṇī where there is nothing to rest upon,—who would ask him for his debt ?"

<sup>1</sup> *khara* might mean 'solid.'



When the king heard this description of hell from the Great Being, bewildered in heart and seeking a refuge, he thus addressed him :

"I tremble like a tree which is being cut down ; confused in mind, I know not which way to turn ; I am tormented with terror, great is my fear, when I hear these verses uttered by thee. As when a thing burning is plunged in the water, or like an island in a stormy ocean, or like a lamp in the darkness, thou art my refuge, O sage.

[251] Teach me, O seer, the sacred text and its meaning ; verily the past has been all sin ; teach me, Nārada, the path of purity, so that I may not fall into hell."

Then the Great Being to teach him the path of purity told him by way of example of various former kings who had followed righteousness :

"Dhatarattha Vessāmittha and Atthaka, Yāmataggi and Usinnara and King Sivi, these and other kings, waiting diligently on Brahmins and Samanas, all went to Sakka's heaven ; do thou, O king, avoid unrighteousness and follow righteousness. Let them proclaim in thy palace, bearing food in their hands, 'Who is hungry or thirsty ? Who wants a garland or ointment ? What naked man would put on garments decked with various jewels ? Who would take an umbrella for his journey, and soft delicate shoes ?' Thus let them proclaim aloud in thy city evening and morning. Put not to labour the aged man nor the aged ox and horse : give to each the due honour still ; when he was strong he fulfilled his position of trust."

[252] Thus the Great Being, having discoursed to him concerning liberality and good conduct, seeing that the king would be pleased at being compared to a chariot, proceeded to instruct him in the law under the figure of a chariot which brings every desire :

"Thy body is called a chariot, swift and provided with the mind as a charioteer : having the abstinence from all injury as its axle, liberality as its covering, a careful walk with the feet as the circumference of the wheel, a careful handling with the hands as the side of the carriage ; watchfulness over the belly is the name of the wheel, watchfulness over the tongue is the prevention of the wheel's rattling. Its parts are all complete through truthful speech, it is well fastened together by the absence of slander, its frame is all smooth with friendly words and joined well<sup>1</sup> with well-measured speech ; well-constructed with faith and the absence of covetousness, with the respectful salutation of humility as the carriage-pole, with the shaft of gentleness and meekness, with the rope of self-restraint, according to the five moral precepts, and the key (?) of absence of anger, and the white umbrella of righteousness, driven with a thorough knowledge of the proper seasons, having the three sticks<sup>2</sup> prepared in his assured confidence, having humble speech as the thong, and with the absence of vain-glory as the yoke, with the cushion of unattached thoughts, following wisdom and free from dust,—let memory be thy goad, and the ready application of firmness thy reins ; mind pursues the path of self-control with its steeds all equally trained, desire and lust are an evil path, but self-control is the straight road. [253] As the steed rushes along after forms and sounds and smells, intellect uses the scourge and the soul is the charioteer. If one goes with his chariot, if this calmness and firmness be steadfast, he will attain all desires, O king,—he will never go to hell.

[254] Thus, O king, I have described to thee in various ways that path to happiness which I begged Nārada to tell me that I might not fall into hell<sup>3</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> *silesito* ?

<sup>2</sup> [The ascetic carried a *tidanḍam*, three sticks in a bundle, but the reference is obscure.]

<sup>3</sup> Some of the phrases here are obscure. I leave the line 1131 *b* untranslated.



Having thus instructed him in the law and taken away his false doctrines, and established him in the moral precepts, he commanded him henceforth to eschew evil friends and to follow virtuous friends and to take heed how he walked; then he praised the virtues of the princess and [255] exhorted the royal court and the royal wives, and then passed in their sight to the world of Brahma with great majesty.

The Master, having ended his lesson, exclaimed, "Not now only, but formerly also, Brethren, I converted Uruvela-Kassapa and cut the net of heresy which bound him"; so saying, he identified the Birth, and uttered these stanzas at the end:

"Devadatta was Alāta, Bhaddaji was Sunāma, Sāriputta was Vijaya, Mogallāna Bījaka, the Licchavi prince Sunakkhalta the naked ascetic Guṇa; Ananda was Rujā who converted the king, and Uruvela-Kassapa the king who held false doctrines, and the Bodhisatta<sup>1</sup> was the great Brahmā; thus ye hold the story of the birth."

## No. 545.

### VIDHURAPANDITA-JĀTAKA.

"*Thou art pale and thin and weak,*" etc. The Master told this tale while dwelling in Jetavana, concerning the Perfection of Wisdom. One day the Brethren raised a discussion in the Hall of Truth, saying, "Sirs, the Master has great and wide wisdom, he is ready and quick-witted, he is sharp and keen-witted and able to crush the arguments of his opponents, by the power of his wisdom he overthrows the subtil questions propounded by Khattiya sages and reduces them to silence, and having established them in the three Refuges and the moral precepts, causes them to enter on the path which leads to immortality." The Master came and asked what was the topic which the Brethren were debating as they sat together; and on hearing what it was he said, "It is not wonderful, Brethren, that the Tathāgata, having attained the Perfection of Wisdom, should overthrow the arguments of his opponents and convert Khattiyas and others. For in the earlier ages, when he was still seeking for supreme knowledge, he was wise and able to crush the arguments of his opponents. Yea verily in the time of Vidhurakumāra, on the summit of the Black Mountain which is sixty leagues in height, by the force of my wisdom I converted the Yakkha general, Puṇṇaka, and reduced him to silence and made him give his own life as a gift"; and so saying he told a story of the past.

#### I.

Once upon a time in the Kuru kingdom in the city of Indapatta a king ruled named Dhanañjaya-korabba. He had a minister named Vidhurapandita who gave his instructions concerning temporal and spiritual matters; and having a sweet tongue and great eloquence in discoursing of the law, he bewitched all the kings of Jambudīpa by his

<sup>1</sup> Sc. himself at that time.



sweet discourses concerning the law as elephants are fascinated by a favourite lute<sup>1</sup>, [256] nor did he suffer them to depart to their own kingdoms, but dwelt in that city in great glory, teaching the law to the people with all a Buddha's power. Now there were four rich Brahmin householders in Benares, friends, who, having seen the misery of desires, went into the Himalaya and embraced the ascetic life, and having entered upon the transcendental faculties and the mystical meditations, continued to dwell a long time there, feeding on the forest roots and fruits, and then, as they went their rounds to procure salt and sour condiments, came to beg in the city Kālacampā in the kingdom of Aṅga. There four householders who were friends, being pleased with their deportment, having paid them respect and taken their begging vessels, waited upon them with choice food, each in his own house, and taking their promise arranged a home for them in their garden. So the four ascetics having taken their food in the houses of the four householders, went away to pass the day, one going to the heaven of the Thirty-three, another to the world of the Nāgas, another to the world of the Supaṇṇas, and the fourth to the park Migācira belonging to the Koravya king. Now he who spent his day in the world of the gods, after beholding Sakka's glory, described it in full to his attendant, and so too did he who spent his day in the Nāga and Supaṇṇa world, and so too he who spent his day in the park of the Koravya king Dhanañjaya; each described in full the glory of that respective king. So these four attendants desired these heavenly abodes, and having performed gifts and other works of merit, at the end of their lives, one was born as Sakka, another was born with a wife and child in the Nāga world, another was born as the Supaṇṇa king in the palace of the Simbali lake, and the fourth was conceived by the chief queen of King Dhanañjaya; while the four ascetics were born in the Brahma world. The Koravya prince grew up, and on his father's death assumed his kingdom and ruled in righteousness, but he was famed for his skill in dice. He listened to the instruction of Vidhura-paṇḍita and gave alms and kept the moral law and observed the fast. One day when he had undertaken the fast, he went into the garden, determining to practise pious meditation, [257] and, having seated himself in a pleasant spot, he performed the duties of an ascetic. Sakka also, having undertaken to keep the fast, found that there were obstacles in the world of the gods, so he went into that very garden in the world of men, and, having seated himself in a pleasant spot, performed the duties of an ascetic. Varuṇa also, the Nāga king, having undertaken to keep the fast, found that there were obstacles in the Nāga world, so he went into that same garden, and, having seated himself in a pleasant place, performed the duties of an ascetic. The Supaṇṇa king also, having

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Kathāsaritsāgara (Tawney's transl., Vol. i. p. 67).



undertaken to keep the fast, found that there were obstacles in the Supanna world, so he went into that same garden, and, having seated himself in a pleasant spot, performed the duties of an ascetic. Then these four, having risen from their places at evening time, as they stood on the bank of the royal lake, came together and looked at one another, and, being filled with their old kindly affection, they woke up their former friendship and sat down with a pleasant greeting. Sakka sat down on a royal seat, and the others seated themselves as befitted the dignity of each. Then Sakka said to them, "We are all four kings,—now what is the pre-eminent virtue of each?" Then Varuna the Nāga king replied, "My virtue is superior to that of you three," and when they inquired why, he said, "This Supanna king is our enemy, whether before or after we are born, yet even when I see him such a destructive enemy of our race I never feel any anger; therefore my virtue is superior"; and he then uttered the first stanza of the Catuposatha-jātaka<sup>1</sup>:

"The good man who feels no anger towards one who merits anger and who never lets anger arise within him, he who even when angered does not allow it to be seen,—him they indeed call an ascetic.

[258] "These are my qualities; therefore my virtue is superior."

The Supanna king, hearing this, said, "This Nāga is my chief food; but since, even though I see such food at hand, I endure my hunger and do not commit evil for the sake of food, my virtue is superior," and he uttered this stanza:

"He who bears hunger with a pinched belly, a self-restrained hermit who eats and drinks by rule, and commits no evil for the sake of food,—him they indeed call an ascetic."

Then Sakka the king of the gods said, "I left behind various kinds of heavenly glory, all immediate sources of happiness, and came to the world of mankind in order to maintain my virtue,—therefore my virtue is superior"; and he uttered this stanza:

"Having abandoned all sport and pleasure, he utters no false word in the world, he is averse to all outward pomp and carnal desire,—such a man they indeed call an ascetic."

Thus did Sakka describe his own virtue.

Then King Dhanañjaya said, "I to-day have abandoned my court and my seraglio with sixteen thousand dancing girls, and I practise an ascetic's duties in a garden; therefore my virtue is superior"; and he added this stanza:

[259] "Those who with full knowledge abandon all that they call their own and all the workings of lust, he who is self-restrained, resolute, unselfish, and free from desire,—him they indeed call an ascetic."

<sup>1</sup> Sc. the jātika concerning the four vows for keeping the fast; cf. Vol. iv. *Jāt.* No. 441. [The Birth is not there given, but only a reference to the *Puṇṇaka* Birth which has not been identified.]



Thus they each declared their own virtue as superior, and then they asked Dhanañjaya, "O king, is there any wise man in thy court who could solve this doubt?" "Yes, O kings, I have Vidhura-paṇḍita, who fills a post of unequalled responsibility and declares civil and ecclesiastical law, he will solve our doubt, we will go to him." They at once consented. So they all went out of the garden and proceeded to the hall for religious assemblies, and, having ordered it to be adorned, they seated the Bodhisatta on a high seat, and, having offered him a friendly greeting, sat down on one side and said, "O wise sir! a doubt has risen in our minds, do thou solve it for us :

"We ask thee the minister of lofty wisdom: a dispute has arisen in our utterances,—do thou consider<sup>1</sup> and solve our perplexities to-day, let us through thee to-day escape from our doubt."

[260] The wise man, having heard their words, replied, "O kings, how shall I know what you said well or ill concerning your virtue, as you uttered the stanzas in your dispute?" and he added this stanza :

"Those wise men who know the real state of things and who speak wisely at the proper time,—how shall they, however wise, draw out the meaning of verses which have not been uttered to them? How does the Nāga king speak, how Garuḷa, the son of Vinatā? Or what says the king of the Gandhabbas? Or how speaks the most noble king of the Kurus?"

Then they uttered this stanza to him :

"The Nāga king preaches forbearance, Garuḷa the son of Vinatā gentleness, the king of the Gandhabbas abstinence from carnal lust, and the most noble king of the Kurus freedom from all hindrances to religious perfection."

Then the Great Being, having heard their words, uttered this stanza :

"All these sayings are well spoken,—there is nothing here uttered amiss ; and he in whom these are properly fitted [261] like the spokes in the nave of a wheel,—he, who is endowed with these four virtues, is called an ascetic indeed."

Thus the Great Being declared the virtue of each of them to be one and the same. Then the four, when they heard him, were well pleased, and uttered this stanza in his praise :

"Thou art the best, thou art incomparable, thou art wise, a guardian and knower of the law: having grasped the problem by thy wisdom, thou cuttest the doubts in thy skill as the ivory-workman the ivory with his saw."

Thus all the four were pleased with his explanation of their question. Then Sakka rewarded him with a robe of heavenly silk, Garuḷa with a golden garland, Varuṇa the Nāga king with a jewel, and King Dhanañjaya with a thousand cows, etc.; then Dhanañjaya addressed him in this stanza :

"I give thee a thousand cows and a bull and an elephant, and these ten chariots drawn with thoroughbred horses, and sixteen excellent villages, being well pleased with thy solution of the question<sup>2</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> [Prof. Cowell takes *kaṃkham* in line 26 as a participle—the verb occurs on p. 229<sup>8</sup>: but the schol. takes it as a noun with asyndeton. So 261<sup>14</sup>.]

<sup>2</sup> ['*Catuposatha-khaṇḍam nitthitam*.']



[262] Then Sakka and the rest, having paid all honour to the Great Being, departed to their own abodes. Here ends the section of the four-fold fast.

## II.

Now the queen of the Nāga king was the lady Vimalā ; and when she saw that no jewelled ornament was on his neck, she asked him where it was. He replied, "I was pleased at hearing the moral discourse of Vidhura-paṇḍita the son of the Brahmin Canda, and I presented the jewel to him, and not only I, but Sakka honoured him with a robe of heavenly silk, the Supaṇṇa king gave him a golden garland, and King Dhanañjaya a thousand oxen and many other things besides." "He is, I suppose, eloquent in the law." "Lady, what are you talking about? It is as if a Buddha had appeared in Jambudīpa! a hundred kings in all Jambudīpa, being caught in his sweet words, do not return to their own kingdoms, but remain like wild elephants fascinated by the sound of their favourite lute,—this is the character of his eloquence!" When she heard the account of his preeminence she longed to hear him discourse on the law, and she thought in herself, "If I tell the king that I long to hear him discourse on the law, and ask him to bring him here, he will not bring him to me; what if I were to pretend to be ill and complained of a sick woman's longing?" So she gave a sign to her attendants and took to her bed. When the king did not see her when he paid his visit to her, he asked the attendants where Vimalā was. They replied that she was sick, and when he went to see her he sat on the side of her bed and rubbed her body as he repeated a stanza :

"Pale and thin and weak,—your colour and form was not like this before,—O Vimalā, answer my question, what is this pain of the body which has come upon you?"

She told him in the following :

[263] "There is an affection in women,—it is called a longing, O king; O monarch of the Nāgas, I desire Vidhura's heart brought here without guile."

He replied to her :

"Thou longest for the moon or the sun or the wind; the very sight of Vidhura is hard to get: who will be able to bring him here?"

When she heard his words, she exclaimed, "I shall die if I do not obtain it," so she turned round in her bed and showed her back and covered her face with the end of her robe. The Nāga king went to his own chamber and sat on his bed and pondered how bent Vimalā was on obtaining Vidhura's heart; "She will die if she does not obtain the flesh of his heart; how can I get it for her?" Now his daughter Irandatī, a Nāga



princess, came in all her beauty and ornaments to pay her respects to her father, and, having saluted him, she stood on one side. She saw that his countenance was troubled, and she said to him, "You are greatly distressed,—what is the reason?"

"O father, why are you full of care, why is your face like a lotus plucked by the hand? [264] Why are you woe-begone, O king? Do not grieve, O conqueror of enemies."

Hearing his daughter's words, the Nāga king answered:

"Thy mother, O Irandatī, desires Vidhura's heart, the very sight of Vidhura is hard to get,—who will be able to bring him here?"

Then he said to her, "Daughter, there is no one in my court who can bring Vidhura here; do thou give life to thy mother, and seek out some husband who can bring Vidhura."

So he dismissed her with a half-stanza, suggesting improper thoughts to his daughter:

"Seek thou for a husband, who shall bring Vidhura here."

And when she heard her father's words, she went forth in the night and gave free course to her passionate desire."

[265] As she went she gathered all the flowers in the Himālaya which had colour, scent, or taste, and, having adorned the entire mountain like a precious jewel, she spread a couch of flowers upon it, and, having executed a pleasant dance, she sang a sweet song:

"What gandhabba or demon, what Nāga, kimpurasa or man, or what sage, able to grant all desires, will be my husband the livelong night?"

Now at that time the nephew of the great king Vessavana<sup>1</sup>, named Punṇaka, the Yakkha general, as he was riding on a magic Sindh horse, three leagues in length, and hastening over the red arsenic surface of the Black Mountain to a gathering of the Yakkhas, heard that song of hers, and the voice of the woman which he had heard in his last previous life pierced his skin and nerves and penetrated to his very bones; and, being fascinated by it, he turned back, seated as he was on his Sindh horse, and thus addressed her, comforting her, "O lady, I can bring you Vidhura's heart by my knowledge, holiness, and calmness,—do not be anxious about it," and he added this verse:

"Be comforted, I will be thy husband, I will be thy husband, O thou of faultless eyes: verily my knowledge is such, be comforted, you shall be my wife."

Then Irandatī answered, with her thoughts following the old experience of a wooing in a former birth, [266] "Come, let us go to my father, he will explain this matter to thee."

Adorned, clad in bright raiment, wearing garlands, and anointed with sandal, she seized the Yakkha by the hand and went into her father's presence.

<sup>1</sup> Kuvera.



And Puṇṇaka, having taken her back, went to her father the Nāga king and asked for her as his wife :

“O Nāga chief, hear my words, receive a fitting present for thy daughter ; I ask for Irandatī : give her to me as my possession. A hundred elephants, a hundred horses, a hundred mules and chariots, a hundred complete waggons<sup>1</sup> filled with all sorts of gems,—take thou all these, O Nāga king, and give me thy daughter Irandatī.”

Then the Nāga king replied :

“Wait while I consult my kinsmen, my friends, and acquaintances ; a business done without consultation leads afterwards to regret.”

[267] Then the Nāga king, having entered his palace, spoke these words as he consulted his wife, “This Puṇṇaka the Yakkha asks me for Irandatī ; shall we give her to him in exchange for much wealth ?”

Vimalā answered :

“Our Irandatī is not to be won by wealth or treasure ; if he obtains by his own worth and brings here the sage’s heart, the princess shall be won by that wealth,—we ask no further treasure.”

Then the Nāga Varuṇa went out from his palace, and, consulting with Puṇṇaka, thus addressed him :

“Our Irandatī is not to be won by wealth or treasure ; if thou obtainest by thine own worth and bringest here the sage’s heart, the princess shall be won by that wealth,—we ask no further treasure.”

Puṇṇaka replied :

“Him whom some people call a sage, others will call a fool ; tell me, for they utter different opinions about the matter, who is he whom thou callest a sage, O Nāga ?”

[268] The Nāga king answered :

“If thou hast heard of Vidhura the minister of the Koravya king Dhanañjaya, bring that sage here, and let Irandatī be thy lawful wife.”

Hearing these words of Varuṇa, the Yakkha sprang up greatly pleased ; just as he was, he said at once to his attendant, “Bring me here my thoroughbred ready harnessed.”

With ears of gold and hoofs of ruby, and mail-armour of molten gold.

The man brought the Sindh horse thus caparisoned ; and Puṇṇaka, having mounted him, went through the sky to Vessavana and told him of the adventure, thus describing the Nāga world ; this is described as follows :

“Puṇṇaka, having mounted his horse, a charger fit for bearing the gods, himself richly adorned and with his beard and hair trimmed, went through the sky.

Puṇṇaka, greedy with the passion of desire, longing to win the Nāga maiden Irandatī, [269] having gone to the glorious king, thus addressed Vessavana Kuvera :

“There is the palace Bhogavatī called the Golden Home, the capital of the snake kingdom erected in its golden city.

Watch-towers which mimic lips and necks, with rubies and cat’s eye jewels, palaces built of marble and rich with gold, and covered with jewels inlaid with gold.

<sup>1</sup> *Valabhi* may mean a tent or shed.



Mangoes, tilaka-trees and rose-apples, sattapaṇṇas, mucalindas and ketakas, piyakas, uddālakas and sahas, and śīnduvāritas with their wealth of blossom above,

Champacs, nāgamālikās, bhaginīmālās, and jujube trees,—all these different trees bending with their boughs, lend their beauty to the Nāga palace.

There is a huge date palm made of precious stones with golden blossoms that fade not, and there dwells the Nāga king Varuṇa, endowed with magical powers and born of supernatural birth.

There dwells his queen Vimalā with a body like a golden creeper, tall like a young kālā plant, fair to see with her breasts like nimba fruits.

Fair-skinned and painted with lac dye, like a kaṇikāra tree blossoming in a sheltered spot, like a nymph dwelling in the deva world, like lightning flashing from a thick cloud.

[270] Bewildered and full of a strange longing, she desires Vidhura's heart. I will give it to them, O king,—they will give me for it Irandatī."

As he dared not go without Vessavana's permission, he repeated these stanzas to inform him about it. But Vessavana did not listen to him, as he was busy settling some dispute about a palace between two sons of the gods. Puṇṇaka, knowing that his words were not listened to, [271] remained near that one of the two disputants who proved victorious in the contest. Vessavana, having decided the dispute, took no thought of the defeated candidate, but said to the other, "Go thou and dwell in thy palace." Directly the words were said "go thou," Puṇṇaka called some sons of the gods as witnesses, saying, "Ye see that I am sent by my uncle," and at once ordered his steed to be brought and mounted it and set out.

The Teacher thus described what took place :

"Puṇṇaka, having bidden farewell to Vessavana Kuvera the glorious lord of beings, thus gave his command to his servant standing there, 'Bring hither my thoroughbred harnessed.' With ears of gold, hoofs of ruby, and mail-armour of molten gold. Puṇṇaka, having mounted the god-bearing steed, well-adorned and with his beard and hair well-trimmed, went through space in the sky."

As he went through the air he pondered, "Vidhura-paṇḍita has a great retinue and he cannot be taken by force, but Dhanañjaya Koravya is renowned for his skill in gambling. I will conquer him in play and so seize Vidhura-paṇḍita. Now there are many jewels in his house: he will not play for any poor sum; I shall have to bring a jewel of great value, the king will not accept a common jewel. Now there is a precious jewel of price belonging to the universal monarch, in the Vepulla Mountain near the city Rājagaha; I will take that and entice the king to play and so conquer him." He did so.

The Teacher declared the whole story :

"He went to pleasant Rājagaha, the far-off city of Aṅga, rich in provisions and abounding with food and drink. Like Masakkasāra, Indra's capital, [272] filled with the notes of peacocks and herons, resonant, full of beautiful courts, and with every kind of bird like the mountain Himavat covered with flowers. So Puṇṇaka climbed Mount Vepulla, with its heaps of rocks inhabited by kim-purisas, seeking for the glorious jewel, and at last he saw it in the middle of the mountain.



When he saw the glorious precious gem thus flashing light, gleaming so splendidly with its beauty, shining like lightning in the sky,—he at once seized the precious lapis lazuli, the jewel of priceless value, and mounted on his peerless steed, himself of noble beauty, he rushed through space in the sky.

He went to the city Indapatta, and he alighted in the court of the Kurus; [273] the fearless Yakkha summoned the hundred warriors who were gathered there.

‘Who wishes to conquer from us the prize of kings? or whom shall we conquer in the contest of worth? what peerless jewel shall we win? or who shall win our best of treasures?’

Thus in four lines he praised Koravya. Then the king thought to himself, “I have never before seen a hero like this who uttered such words; who can it be?” and he asked him in this stanza:

“In what kingdom is thy birthplace? these are not the words of a Koravya: thou surpassest us all in thy form and appearance; tell me thy name and kindred.”

The other reflected, “This king asks my name: now it is the servant Puṇṇaka; but if I tell him that I am Puṇṇaka, he will say, ‘He is a servant, why does he speak to me so audaciously?’ and he will despise me; I will tell him my name in my last past birth.” So he uttered a stanza:

“I am a youth named Kaccāyana, O king; they call me one of no mean name; [274] my kindred and friends are in Aṅga; I have come here for the sake of play.”

Then the king asked him, “What wilt thou give if thou art conquered in play? what hast thou got?” and he uttered this stanza:

“What jewels has the youth, which the gamester who conquers him may win? A king has many jewels,—how canst thou, a poor man, challenge them?”

Then Puṇṇaka answered:

“This is a fascinating jewel of mine, it is a glorious jewel which brings wealth; and the gamester who conquers me shall win this peerless steed which plagues all enemies.”

When the king heard him, he replied:

“What will one jewel do, O youth? and what will one thoroughbred avail? Many precious jewels belong to a king, and many peerless steeds swift like the wind<sup>1</sup>.”

### III.

[275] When he heard the king’s speech, he said, “O king, why dost thou say this? there is one horse, and there are also a thousand and a hundred thousand horses; there is one jewel, and there are also a thousand jewels; but all the horses put together are not equal to this one, see what its swiftness is.” So saying, he mounted the horse and

<sup>1</sup> [*Dohala-khaṇḍam.*]



galloped it along the top of a wall, and the city wall seven leagues in length was as it were surrounded by horses striking neck against neck, and then in course of time neither horse nor Yakkha could be distinguished, and a single strip of red cloth tied on his belly seemed to be spread out all round the wall. Then he alighted from the horse, and, telling him that he had now seen the steed's swiftness, he bade him next mark something new: and lo he made the horse gallop within the city garden on the surface of the water, and he leapt without wetting his hoofs; then he made him walk on the leaves of the lotus beds, and when he clapped his hand and stretched out his arm the horse came and stood upon the palm of his hand. Then he said, "This is indeed a jewel of a horse, O king." "It is indeed, O youth." "Well, let the jewel of a horse be put on one side for a while,—see now the power of the precious jewel."

"O greatest of men, behold this peerless jewel of mine; in it are the bodies of women and the bodies of men; the bodies of beasts are in it and the bodies of birds, the Nāga kings and supaṇṇas,—all are created in this jewel.

"An elephant host, a chariot host, horses, foot-soldiers, and banners,—behold this complete army created in the jewel; elephant-riders, the king's body-guard, warriors fighting from chariots, warriors fighting on foot, and troops in battle array,—behold all created in this jewel.

[276] "Behold created in this jewel a city furnished with solid foundations and with many gateways and walls, and with many pleasant spots where four roads meet. Pillars and trenches, bars and bolts, watch-towers and gates,—behold all created in the jewel.

"See<sup>1</sup> various troops of birds in the roads under the gateways, geese, herons, peacocks, ruddy geese and ospreys; cuckoos, spotted birds, peacocks, jīvajīvakas,—birds of every sort behold gathered together and created in the jewel.

"See a marvellous city with grand walls, making the hair stand erect with wonder, pleasant with banners upraised, and with its sands all of gold,—see the hermitages divided regularly in blocks, and the different houses and their yards, with streets and blind lanes between.

"Behold the drinking shops and taverns, the slaughter-houses and cooks' shops, and the harlots and wantons, created in the jewel. The garland-weavers, the washermen, the astrologers, the cloth merchants, the gold workers, the jewellers—behold created in the jewel.

[277] "See drums and tabours, conchs, tambours and tambourines and all kinds of cymbals, created in the jewel.

"Cymbals, and lutes, dance and song well executed, musical instruments and gongs, behold created in the jewel.

"Jumpers and wrestlers too are here, and a sight of jugglers, and royal bards and barbers, behold created in the jewel.

"Crowds are gathered here of men and women, see the seats tiers beyond tiers created in the jewel.

"See the wrestlers in the crowd striking their doubled arms, see the strikers and the stricken, created in the jewel.

"See on the slopes of the mountains troops of various deer, lions, tigers, boars, bears, wolves, and hyenas; rhinoceroses, gayals, buffaloes, red deer, rurus, antelopes, wild boars, nirkas and hogs, spotted kadali-deer, cats, rabbits, all kinds of hosts of beasts, created in the jewel.

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. Vol. v. p. 406<sup>2</sup>, trans., p. 215.]



[278] “Rivers well-situated, paved with golden sand, clear with flowing waters and filled with quantities of fishes; crocodiles, sea-monsters are here and porpoises and tortoises, pāṭhīnas, pāvusas, vālaṃṣas, and muñjarohitas.

“Behold created in the jewel all kinds of trees, filled with various birds, and a forest with its branches made of lapis lazuli.

“See too lakes well-distributed in the four quarters, filled with quantities of birds and abounding with fish with broad scales. See the earth surrounded by the sea, abounding with water everywhere, and diversified with trees,—all created in the jewel.

“See the Videhas in front, the Goyānīyas behind, the Kurus and Jambudīpa all created in the jewel.

“See the sun and the moon, shining on the four sides, as they go round Mount Sineru,—created in the jewel.

“See Sineru and Himavat and the miraculous sea and the four guardians of the world,—created in the jewel.

“See parks and forests, crags and mountains, pleasant to look at and full of strange monsters,—all created in the jewel.

“Indra’s gardens Phārusaka, Cittalatā, Missaka, and Nandana, and his palace Veṇṇayanta,—behold all created in the jewel.

“Indra’s palace Sudhamma, the heaven of the Thirty-three, the heavenly tree Pāricchatta in full flower, and Indra’s elephant Erāvaṇa,—behold created in the jewel. See here the maidens of the gods risen like lightning in the air, wandering about in the Nandana,—all created in the jewel.

[279] “See the heavenly maidens bewitching the sons of heaven, and the sons of heaven wandering about, all created in the jewel.

“Behold more than a thousand palaces covered with lapis lazuli, all created with brilliant colours in the jewel. And the beings of the Tāvātimsa heaven and the Yāma heaven and the Tusita heaven, and those of the Paranimmita heaven all created in the jewel. See here pure lakes with transparent water covered with heavenly coral trees and lotuses and water-lilies.

“In this jewel are ten white lines and ten beautiful lines dark blue; twenty-one brown, and fourteen yellow. Twenty golden lines, twenty silver, and thirty appear of a red colour. Sixteen are black, twenty-five are of the colour of madder,—these are mixed with bandhuka flowers and variegated with blue lotuses.

“O king, best of men, look at this bright flame-like jewel, perfect in all its parts,—this is the destined prize<sup>1</sup> for him who wins<sup>2</sup>.”

#### IV.

[280] Puṇṇaka, having thus spoken, went on to say, “O great king, if I am overcome by thee in play I will give thee this precious jewel, but what wilt thou give me?” “Except my body and white umbrella let all that I have be the prize.” “Then my lord, do not delay—I have come from a far distance—let the gaming room be got ready.” So the king gave orders to his ministers and they quickly got the hall ready and prepared a carpet of the finest fibre-cloth<sup>3</sup> for the king and seats for the other kings, and having appointed a suitable seat for Puṇṇaka, they told

<sup>1</sup> *odhisuṇṇikam?*

<sup>2</sup> [*Maṇi-khaṇḍam.*]

<sup>3</sup> *varapothakattharaṇam?*



the king that the time was come. Then Puṇṇaka addressed the king in a verse :

“O king, proceed to the appointed goal,—thou hast not such a jewel: let us conquer by fair dealing, and by the absence of violence, and when thou art conquered pay down thy stake.”

Then the king replied, “O youth, do not be afraid of me as the king, our several victory or defeat shall be by fair dealing and by the absence of violence.” Then Puṇṇaka uttered a verse as calling the other kings to witness that the victory was to be gained by fair dealing only :

“O lofty Pañcāla and Surasena, O Macchas, and Maddas, with the Kekakas,—let them all see that the contest is without treachery, no one is to interfere in our assembly.”

[281] Then the king attended by a hundred kings took Puṇṇaka and went into the gaming hall, and they all sat down on suitable seats, and placed the golden dice on the silver board. Then Puṇṇaka said quickly, “O king, there are twenty-four throws in playing with dice, they are called *mālīka*, *sāvata*, *bahula*, *santi*, *bhadra*<sup>1</sup>, &c.; choose thou whichever pleases thee.” The king assented and chose the *bahula*, Puṇṇaka chose that called *sāvata*. Then the king said, “O youth, do thou play the dice first.” “O king, the first throw does not fall to me, do thou play.” The king consented. Now his mother in his last existence but one before this was his guardian deity and by her power the king wins in play. She was standing close by, and the king remembering the goddess sang the song of play<sup>2</sup> and turned the dice in his hand and threw them up into the air. By Puṇṇaka’s power the dice fall so as to conquer the king. The king by his skill in play recognised that the dice were falling against him [282] and seizing them and mixing them together in the air he threw them again in the air but he detected that they were again falling against him and seized them as they were. Then Puṇṇaka thought to himself, “This king, though he is playing with a Yakkha like me, mixes the dice as they fall and so takes them up, what can be the reason of this?” Then, having recognised the power of the guardian goddess, he opened his eyes wide as if he were angry and looked at her and she being frightened fled and took refuge trembling in the top of the Cakkavāla mountain. The king, when he threw the dice a third time, although he knew that they would fall against him could not put out his hand and seize them in consequence of Puṇṇaka’s power and they fell against the king. Then Puṇṇaka threw the dice and they fell favourable to him. Then knowing that he had won he clapped his hands with a loud noise, saying three times, “I have won,

<sup>1</sup> These terms are obscure. Cf. the scene of Darduraka in ‘The Toycart,’ Act II., and the *Comm. on the Chāndogya-upanishad*, IV. 1. 4.

<sup>2</sup> [B d here adds six corrupt stanzas.]



I have won," and that sound thrilled through all Jambudīpa. The Teacher described the event as follows :

"The king of the Kurus and the Yakkha Puṇṇaka entered wild with the intoxication of play ; the king played the losing throw and the Yakkha Puṇṇaka the winning throw. They two met there in contest in the presence of the kings and amidst the witnesses,—the Yakkha conquered the mightiest of men and loud was the tumult which arose there."

The king was displeased at being conquered, and Puṇṇaka repeated a verse to comfort him :

[283] "Victory and defeat belong to one or another of the contending parties, O king ; O king, thou hast lost the great prize ; being worsted, pay down the price forthwith."

Then he bade him take it in the following verse :

"Elephants, oxen, horses, jewels and earrings, whatever gems I have in the earth, take the best of wealth, O Kaccāna,—take it and go where thou wishest."

Puṇṇaka answered :

"Elephants, oxen, horses, jewels and earrings, whatever gems thou hast in the earth, Vidhura the minister is the best of them all,—he has been won by me, pay him down to me."

The king said :

"He is my minister, my refuge and help, my shelter, my fortress and my defence,—that minister of mine is not to be weighed against wealth, that minister of mine is like my life."

Puṇṇaka answered :

"There would be a long contest between thee and me, let us go to him and ask him what he wishes, [284] let him decide this matter between us, let then what he determines be the judgment of us both."

The king replied :

"Verily thou speakest truth ; O youth, thou utterest no injustice, let us go at once and ask him : in this way we shall both be satisfied."

So saying the king took the hundred kings and Puṇṇaka went gladly in haste to the court of justice ; and the sage rose from his seat and saluted the king and sat on one side. Then Puṇṇaka addressed the Great Being and said, "O wise man, thou art firm in justice, thou wilt not utter a falsehood, even for the sake of life ; such is the echo of thy fame which has spread through the whole world. I shall know to-day whether thou art really firm in justice," and so saying he uttered a verse :

"Have the gods truly set thee among the Kurus as the councillor Vidhura firm in justice ! Art thou the slave or the kinsman of the king ? What is thy value in the world, Vidhura ?"

Then the Great Being thought to himself, "This man asks this question of me ; but I cannot tell him whether I am a kinsman of the king or whether I am superior to the king or whether I am nothing to the king."



In this world there is no protection like the truth ; [285] one must speak the truth." So he uttered two verses to show that he was no kinsman to the king nor his superior, but only one of his four slaves :

"Some are slaves from their mothers, others are slaves bought for money, some come of their own will as slaves, others are slaves driven by fear. These are the four sorts of slaves among men. I verily am a slave from my birth: my weal and my woe come from the king, I am the king's slave even if I go to another,—he may give me by right to thee, O young man."

Punṇaka, on hearing this, being excessively pleased, clapped his hands and said :

"This is my second victory to-day, thy minister when asked has answered thy question ; verily the best of kings is unjust ; it has been well decided, but thou dost not give it to me."

Hearing this the king was angry with the Great Being and said, "Not regarding one who can confer honour like me thou regardest this young man who catches thine eye"; then turning to Punṇaka, and saying, "If he is a slave take him and go," he uttered the following stanza :

[286] "If he has thus answered our question, saying, 'I am a slave and not a kinsman,' then take, O Kaccāna, this best of treasures, take it and go whither thou wilt."

But when the king had thus spoken, he reflected, "The young man will take the sage and go where he pleases, and after he is once gone I shall find it hard to get any sweet converse about holy things ; what if I were to set him in his proper place and ask him some question in reference to a householder's life ?" So he said to him, "O sage, after thou art gone I shall find it hard to get any sweet converse about holy things ; wilt thou sit down in a well-decorated pulpit and taking thy proper position expound to me a question relating to the householder's life ?" He assented, and having sat down in a well-decorated pulpit he expounded the question which the king asked ; and this was the question :

"O Vidhura, how shall there be a prosperous life to him who lives as a householder in his own house ? how shall there be for him kind favour among his own people ? how shall he be free from suffering ? and how shall the young man who speaks truth escape all sorrow when he reaches the next world ?" Then Vidhura, full of wisdom and insight, he who sees the real aim and presses steadily onward, he who knows all doctrines, uttered these words :

"Let him not have a wife in common with another ; let him not eat a dainty meal alone ; let him not deal in vain conversation, for this increases not wisdom. Virtuous, faithful to his duties, not careless, quick to discern, humble-minded, not hard-hearted, compassionate, affectionate, gentle, [287] skilled in winning friends, ready to distribute, prudent in arranging in accordance with the season,—let him continually satisfy the monks and Brahmins with food and drink. Let him long for righteousness and be a pillar of the sacred text, ever ready to ask questions and let him reverentially attend to the virtuous learned. Thus shall there be a prosperous life to one who lives as a householder in his own house, thus shall there be for him kind favour among his own people ; thus shall he be free from suffering ; and thus the youth who speaks truth shall escape all sorrow when he reaches the next world."



The Great Being, having thus expounded the question relating to the householder's life, came down from his seat and made his salutation to the king. The king also, having paid him great respect, went away to his own abode, surrounded by the hundred kings<sup>1</sup>.

[288] When the Great Being returned, Puṇṇaka said to him :

"Come, I will now depart,—you were given to me by the king ; attend only to this duty—this is the ancient law."

The sage Vidhura replied :

"I know it, O youth ; I was won by thee ; I was given by the king to thee ; let me lodge thee for three days in my home while I exhort my sons."

When Puṇṇaka heard this, he thought within himself, "The sage has spoken the truth ; this will be a great benefit to me ; if he had asked leave to lodge me there for seven days or even for a fortnight, I ought at once to have assented " ; so he answered :

"Let that advantage be for me too, let us dwell there three days ; do, Sir, whatever needs to be done in thy home ; instruct to-day thy sons and thy wife, that they may be happy after thou art gone."

So saying, Puṇṇaka went with the Great Being to his home.

[289] The Teacher thus described the incident :

"Gladly assenting and eagerly longing, the Yakkha went with Vidhura ; and the best of the holy ones introduced him into his home, attended by elephants and thoroughbred steeds."

Now the Great Being had three palaces for the three seasons,—one of them was called Koṇca, another Mayūra, and the third Piyaketa ; this verse was uttered about them :

"He went there to Koṇca, Mayūra, and Piyaketa, each of most pleasant aspect, furnished with abundance of food and plenty to eat and to drink, like Indra's own palace Masakkasāra."

After his arrival, he had a sleeping-chamber, and a raised platform in the seventh story of the decorated palace, and having had a royal couch spread and every kind of dainty to eat and drink set out, he presented to him five hundred women like daughters of the gods, saying, "Let these be your attendants, stay here without a care," and then went to his own abode. When he was gone, these women took their different musical instruments and performed all kinds of dances as they attended on Puṇṇaka.

The Teacher has thus described it :

"These women adorned like nymphs among the gods dance and sing and address him, each better in her turn<sup>2</sup>.

The guardian of the law, having given him food and drink and fair women, [290] next, thinking only of his highest good, brought him into the presence of his wife.

<sup>1</sup> [*Gharāvāsa-pañham.*']

<sup>2</sup> *varāvaram?*



Then he said to his wife, who was adorned with sandal and liquid perfumes and stood like an ornament of purest gold, 'Come, listen, lady ; call thy sons here, O fair one with eyes of the hue of copper.'

Anujjā, hearing her husband's words, spoke to her daughter-in-law, fair-eyed and with nails like copper, 'O Cetā, who wearest thy bracelets as an armour, and art like a blue water-lily, go, call my sons hither.'"

Having uttered her assent and traversed the whole length of the palace she assembled all the friends as well as the sons and daughters, saying, "Your father wishes to give you an exhortation, this will be your last sight of him." When the young prince Dhammapāla-kumāra heard this he began to weep, and went before his father surrounded by his younger brothers. When the father saw them, unable to maintain his tranquillity, he embraced them with eyes full of tears, and kissed their heads and pressed his eldest son for a moment to his heart. Then, raising him up from his bosom and going out of the royal chamber, he sat down in the middle of the couch on the raised platform and delivered his address to his thousand sons.

[291] The Teacher has thus described it:

"The guardian of the law, without trembling, kissed his sons on their foreheads when they drew near, and having addressed them uttered these words, 'I have been given by the king to this young man. I am subject to him, but to-day I was free to seek my own pleasure, he will now take me and go whither he will, and I am come to admonish you, for how could I go if I had not given you salvation? If Janasandha, the king who dwells in Kurukhetta, should very earnestly ask you, 'What do you reckon as having been ancient even in ancient time? what did your father teach first and foremost?' and if he were then to say, 'Ye are all of an equal position with me,—which of you here is not more than a king?'<sup>1</sup> do you make a respectful salutation and reply to him, 'Say not so, O monarch, this is not the law ; how shall the baseborn jackal be of equal position with the royal tiger?'"

[292] Having heard this discourse of his the sons and daughters and all the kinsmen, friends, servants, and common folk were unable to maintain their tranquillity and uttered a loud cry; and the Great Being consoled them<sup>2</sup>.

## V.

Then having come to all those kinsmen and seeing that they were silent, he said, "Children, do not grieve, all material things are impermanent, honour ends in misfortune; nevertheless I will tell you of a means of obtaining honour, namely, a king's court; listen to it with your minds earnestly intent." Then through the Buddha's magic power he made them enter into a royal court.

<sup>1</sup> I read the line as *ko na idha rañño abbhadhiko*; the scholiast explains it as *Ko nu*.

<sup>2</sup> [*Lakkha-khaṇḍam*.']



The Teacher thus described it:

"Then Vidhura thus addressed his friends and his enemies, his kindred, and his intimates, with his mind and will detached from all things, "Come, dear ones, sit down and listen to me as I tell of a royal dwelling, how a man who enters a king's court may attain to honour. When he enters a king's court he does not win honour while he is unknown, nor does one ever win it who is a coward, nor the foolish man, nor the thoughtless. When the king finds out his moral qualities, his wisdom and his purity of heart, then he learns to trust him and hides not his secrets from him.

When he is asked to carry out some business, like a well-fixed balance, with a level beam, and evenly poised, he must not hesitate; if like the balance, he is ready to undertake every burden, he may dwell in a king's court.

[293] Whether by day or by night, the wiser man should not hesitate when set upon the king's business; such an one may dwell in a king's court. The wise man who, when set upon the king's business, whether by day or by night, undertakes every commission,—he is the one who may dwell in a king's court.

He who sees a path made for the king and carefully put in order for him, and refrains from entering himself therein, though advised to do so,—he is the one who may dwell in a king's court. Let him on no account ever enjoy the same pleasures as the king, let him follow behind in everything,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him not put on a garment like the king's nor garlands nor ointment like his; let him not wear similar ornaments or practise a tone of voice like his; let him always wear a different attire,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. If the king sports with his ministers or surrounded by his wives, let not the minister make any allusion to the royal ladies. He who is not lifted up, nor fickle, who is prudent and keeps his senses under control, he who is possessed of insight and resolution,—such an one may dwell in a king's court.

[294] Let him not sport with the king's wives nor talk with them privately; let him not take money from his treasury,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him not think too much of sleep, nor drink strong drink to excess, nor kill the deer in the king's forest,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him not seat himself on the king's chair or couch or seat or elephant or chariot; as thinking himself a privileged person,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him prudently keep not too far from the king nor yet too near to him, and let him stand ready before him, telling something for his lord to hear. The king does not count as a common person, the king must not be paired with anyone else; kings are easily vexed, as the eye is hurt if touched by a barley-awn. Let not the wise man, thinking himself to be held in honour, ever venture to speak roughly to the suspicious king. If he gets his opportunity, let him take it; but let him not trust in kings; let him be on his guard as in the case of fire<sup>1</sup>,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. If the ruler favours his son or his brother with a gift of some villages or towns or some people in his kingdom as clients, let him quietly wait in silence, nor speak of him as prudent or faulty.

[295] If the king increases the pay of his elephant-driver or his life-guardsmen, his chariot-soldier or his foot-soldier, through hearing some story of their exploits, let him not interfere to hinder it,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. The wise man will keep his belly small like the bow<sup>2</sup>, but he will bend easily like the bamboo; let him not go contrary to the king<sup>3</sup>, so he may dwell in a king's court. Let him keep his belly small like the bow, and let him have no tongue like the fish; let him be moderate in eating, brave and prudent; such an one may dwell in a king's court.

<sup>1</sup> This line is obscure.

<sup>2</sup> The bow must not be kept bent into too great a curve.

<sup>3</sup> Or "let him not go contrary to other people."



Let him not visit a woman too often, fearing the loss of his strength; the foolish man is a victim to cough, asthma, bodily pain and childishness. Let him not laugh too much, nor keep always silent; he should utter, when the due season comes, a concise and measured speech. Not given to anger, not ready to take offence, truthful, gentle, no slanderer, let him not speak foolish words,—such an one may dwell in a king's court.

[296] Trained, educated, self-controlled, experienced in business<sup>1</sup>, temperate, gentle, careful, pure, skilful,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Humble in behaviour towards the old, ready to obey, and full of respect, compassionate, and pleasant to live with,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him keep at a distance from a spy sent by a foreign king to intermeddle<sup>2</sup>; let him look to his own lord alone, and own no other king.

Let him pay respect to monks and Brahmins who are virtuous and learned; let him carefully wait on them; such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him satisfy virtuous and learned monks and Brahmins with food and drink,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him draw near and devotedly attend on virtuous and learned monks and Brahmins,—desiring thereby his own real good.

Let him not seek to deprive monks or Brahmins of any gift previously bestowed on them, and let him in no way hinder mendicants at a time of distributing alms. One who is righteous, endowed with wisdom, and skilled in all business arrangements, and well-versed in times and seasons,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. [297] One who is energetic in business, careful and skilful, and able to conduct his affairs successfully,—such an one may dwell in a king's court.

Visiting repeatedly the threshingfloor, the house, the cattle and the field, he should have the corn carefully measured and stored in his granaries, and he should have it carefully measured for cooking in his home. [Let him not employ or promote<sup>3</sup>] a son or a brother who is not steadfast in virtue; such children are no true members of one's own body, they are to be counted as if they were dead; let him cause clothing and food for sustenance to be given to them and let them sit while they take it. Let him employ in offices of authority servants and agents who are established in virtue and are skilful in business and can rise to an emergency.

One who is virtuous and free from greed and devoted to his king, never absent from him<sup>4</sup> and seeking his interest,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. Let him know the king's wish, and hold fast to his thoughts, and let his action be never contrary to him,—such an one may dwell in a king's court. [298] He will rub him with perfumes and bathe him, he will bend his head low when washing his feet; when smitten he will not be angry; such an one may dwell in a king's court.

He will make his salutation to a jar full of water, or offer his reverential greeting to a crow, yea, he will give to all petitioners and be ever prudent and preeminent,—he will give away his bed, his garment, his carriage, his house, his home, and shower down blessings like a cloud on all beings. This, Sirs, is the way to dwell in a king's court, this is how a man is to behave himself and so to conciliate the king's favour, and to obtain honour from his rulers<sup>5</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> katatto=kataṭṭo (*kṛtārtha*?).

<sup>2</sup> So the scholiast seems to explain it.

<sup>3</sup> Some line to this effect seems to have dropped from the text.

<sup>4</sup> I would read *aviraho*.

<sup>5</sup> [*Rājavasati-khaṇḍam*.]



## VI.

Three days went by as he thus discoursed to his sons, wives, friends and others. Then, knowing that the time was accomplished, early in the morning, after having eaten his meal of various dainties, he said, "I will take my leave of the king and depart with the young man"; so he went to the king's palace surrounded by a company of kinsmen and saluted the king and stood on one side, and uttered his words of wise practical counsel.

The Teacher has thus described it :

"Having thus counselled the company of his kindred, the wise one, surrounded by his friends, went up to the king. [299] Having saluted his feet with his head and made a reverential homage, Vidhura with his hands clasped thus addressed the king, 'This youth, wishing to employ me according to his will, is leading me away; I will speak for the sake of my kindred,—hear what I say, O enemy-conqueror. Wilt thou be pleased to look to my sons and whatever property I may have besides in my house, so that when I am gone my company of kinsmen may not hereafter perish? As when the earth trembles that which is upon it likewise trembles, and as when the earth is firm it all remains firm<sup>1</sup>, so I see that my kindred fall in my fall; this I perceive was my error.'"

When the king heard this, he said, "O sage, thy going pleases me not; do not go; I will send for the young man on some pretext, then we will kill him and hush it up"; and in illustration of this he repeated a stanza :

"Thou canst not go, this is my resolve; having smitten and slain this Kātiya<sup>2</sup> fellow, do thou dwell here,—this is what seems best to me; do not go hence, O thou possessed of such vast wisdom."

When the Great Being heard this he exclaimed, "Such an intention is not worthy of thee," and then he added,

"Do not set thy mind on unrighteousness, be thou devoted to temporal and spiritual good<sup>3</sup>; shame on an action which is ignoble and sinful, which when a man has done, he goes afterwards to hell.

[300] This is not righteousness, this is not what ought to be done; a king, O lord of men, is the supreme authority of a poor slave, which sets him to kill or to burn or kills by its own act; I have no wrath against him and I depart."

So saying the Great Being respectfully saluted the king and exhorted the king's wives and his officers; and then went out from the palace while they, unable to retain their fortitude, burst out into a bitter cry; and all the inhabitants of the city exclaimed, "The sage is going with the young man, come, we will see him as he goes," and they gazed upon him in the king's court. Then they too said to one another, "Sorrow not for it, all material things are transitory, be zealous in almsgiving and other good works," and then they returned and went each to his own house.

<sup>1</sup> This line is very obscure.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *kaccāna*, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> Or "the sacred text and its inner meaning."



The Teacher has thus described it:

“Having embraced his eldest son and controlled the anguish in his heart, with eyes filled with tears he entered the palace.”

Now in the palace there were a thousand sons, a thousand daughters, a thousand wives, and seven hundred courtezans, and with these and the other servants and attendants and relations and friends lying prostrate everywhere the palace appeared like a sāl grove with its trees strewn about by the fury of the great wind which heralds the end of the world.

The Teacher has thus described it:

“The sons and wives of Vidhura lie prostrate in the palace like sāl-trees shaken and shattered by the wind.

[301] A thousand wives, and seven hundred female slaves wailed stretching out their arms, in the palace of Vidhura. The ladies of the harem and the princes, the Vesiya and Brahmins wailed stretching out their arms in the palace of Vidhura. Elephant-drivers, the soldiers of the body-guard, chariot-riders and foot-soldiers wailed stretching out their arms in the palace of Vidhura. The people of the country and the towns collected together wailed stretching out their arms in the palace of Vidhura.”

The Great Being, having comforted the vast assembly and performed all that remained to be done and exhorted the ladies of the harem and pointed out all that needed to be told, went to Puṇṇaka and announced to him that he had done everything that was to be done.

The Teacher has thus described it:

“Having done all that was to be done within the house and having instructed all the people, his friends and counsellors and companions, his wives, sons and relations, and having arranged the outside work which demanded attention and informed them of the stores in the house, the treasure and the debts that were to be paid, he thus spoke to Puṇṇaka, ‘Thou hast dwelt three days in my house, I have done all that needed to be done in my home, I have instructed my sons and my wives, let us now act according to thy will, O Kaccāna<sup>1</sup>.’”

[302] Puṇṇaka replied:

“If, O thou who actest of thine own will<sup>2</sup>, thou hast instructed thy sons, thy wives, and thy dependents, then alas! thou standest here as one about to cross: this is a long journey before thee. Take hold, without fear, of the tail of thy noble steed, this is thy last sight of the world of the living.”

Then the Great Being said to him:

“Of whom shall I be afraid, when I have done no evil to him by body, speech or thought, whereby I could come to misfortune?”

So the Great Being, uttering a loud shout, fearless like an undismayed lion, said, “This is my robe—put it not off without my permission”; and then, guided by his own perfect resolution, and having girt his robes tightly, he disentangled the horse’s tail and seizing it firmly with both hands, he pressed the horse’s thighs with his two feet and said to him,

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere *Kāṭiyāna*.

<sup>2</sup> Is *katte* a vocative for *katta*?



“I have seized the tail, proceed, O youth, as thou wilt.” At that moment Puṇṇaka gave a signal to the horse who was endowed with reason, and he forthwith bounded into the sky, carrying the seer.

The Teacher has thus described it:

“The prince of horses bearing Vidhura went up into the sky and soon reached the Black Mountain<sup>1</sup> without coming in contact with the boughs of trees or the rocks.”

[303] While Puṇṇaka thus went off carrying the Great Being with him, the seer's sons and the other spectators went to Puṇṇaka's dwelling; but when they found not the Great Being, they lamented with loud and repeated cries, falling down as if their feet had been cut off<sup>2</sup>.

When they thus had seen and heard the Great Being, as he went up without any cause into the sky, and had thus uttered their lamentations, they all went wailing to the king's gate, accompanied by all the citizens. The king, hearing the loud sound of lamentation, opened his window and asked why they lamented. They replied, “O sire, that was no Brahmin youth, but a Yakkha who has come in the guise of a Brahmin and carried off the seer; [304] without him there is no life for us; if he does not return on the seventh day from this, we will collect timber in hundreds, yea, thousands of carts and will all enter the fire<sup>3</sup>.”

When the king heard their words, he replied, “The sage with his honied speech will soon beguile the youth by his religious discourse and will make him fall down at his feet, and will ere long come back and bring smiles to your tearful faces,—sorrow not”; and he repeated a stanza:

“The seer is wise, and learned, and skilful; he will soon set himself free; fear not, he will come back.”

Meantime Puṇṇaka, after he had set the Great Being on the top of the Black Mountain, thought to himself, “As long as this man lives there is no chance of prosperity for me; I will kill him, and take his heart's flesh and I will then go to the Nāga world and give it to Vimalā<sup>3</sup>, and having thus obtained his daughter Irandatī I shall rise to the world of the gods.”

The Teacher has thus described it:

“When he had gone there he thought to himself, ‘Rational beings exist in various gradations; I have no possible use for his life,—I will kill him and take his heart.’”

[305] Then again he thought, “What if without killing him by my own hand I were to cause him to perish by shewing him some frightful

<sup>1</sup> Is this *Kālagiri* the same as the *Kālapabbata*, a peak of the Himālaya?

<sup>2</sup> [Here a verse paraphrase of the above has been omitted.]

<sup>3</sup> This Nāga is called Varuṇa afterwards.



shape?" So having assumed the form of a frightful demon, he went up to him and threw him down, and seizing him in his mouth made as if he were about to devour him; but not a hair of the Great Being stood on end. Then he came up in the shape of a lion and of a furious elephant, he threatened to attack him with teeth and tusks; and when the other still shewed no fear, he assumed the appearance of a great serpent as big as a great trough-shaped canoe, and coming up to him hissing and coiling his body round him it covered his head with its hood, but the other shewed no signs of alarm. Then he said, "As he stands on the top of a mountain and falls down, I will shatter him into fragments by the fall,"—so he raised up a mighty wind; but it stirred not the end of one of his hairs. Then he set him on the top of a mountain and himself standing in the form of an elephant, he made it shake to and fro like a wild date palm tree, but even then he could not stir one hair of his head from its place. Then he said, "I will make his heart burst by terror at some frightful sound"; so he entered the inside of the mountain, and uttering a tremendous roar filled heaven and earth with one mighty sound; but still the Great Being shewed no alarm; for he knew that he who had thus come in the form of a Yakkha and a lion and an elephant and a Nāga, and had shaken the mountain with the wind and rain, and had entered into the mountain and uttered the great roar, was still only a man and nothing else. Then the Yakkha thought to himself, "I shall not be able to kill him by external attacks, I shall only destroy him by my own hand." So he set the Great Being on the top of a mountain and himself going to the mountain's foot rose up from the centre of the mountain as though he were inserting a white thread into a perforated gem, and with a roar he seized the Great Being violently and whirled him round, and flung him head downwards into the sky where there was nothing that he could lay hold of. It has thus been described:

[306] "Having gone thither and entered within the mountain Kātiyāna of evil mind held him with his head downwards in the open expanse of the world<sup>1</sup>. While he hung there as on the precipice of hell frightful to see and most difficult to traverse, he the best of all the Kurus in action thus addressed Puṇṇaka undismayed: 'Thou art base in thy nature, though thou assumest for a time a noble form, utterly licentious though wearing the guise of one restrained, thou art doing a cruel and monstrous deed,—there is nothing good in thy nature. What is thy reason for killing me, when thou wishest to see me thrown down this precipice? Thy appearance bespeaks thee as something superhuman, tell me what kind of a god thou art.'"

[307] Puṇṇaka answered:

"Thou hast heard perchance of the Yakkha Puṇṇaka,—he is the minister of King Kuvera. There is an earth-ruling Nāga called Varuṇa, mighty, pure, and endowed with beauty and strength; I desire his younger sister, the Nāga maiden named Irandatī; for the love of that fair damsel I have set my mind on killing thee, O sage."

<sup>1</sup> So, the sky.



The Great Being reflected, "This world is ruined by a thing being misunderstood, why should a wooer of a Nāga maiden want my death? I will learn the whole truth of the matter," so he uttered a stanza :

"Be not deceived, O Yakkha ; many people are destroyed by a thing being misunderstood ; what has thy love for that fair maiden to do with my death? Come, let us hear the whole."

Then Puṇṇaka said to him, "In my love for the daughter of that mighty Nāga I consulted her kinsfolk, and when I sought her hand my father-in-law told me that they knew that I was moved by an honourable passion. 'We will give thee the damsel endowed with beautiful body and eyes, fair-smiling and with her limbs perfumed with sandal wood, if thou bringest to me the sage's heart won in fair fight ; [308] the maiden is to be won by this prize, we ask no other gift besides.' Thus I am not deceived,—listen, O thou doer of right actions ; there is nothing misunderstood by me ; the Nāgas will give me the Nāga maiden Irandatī for thy heart won in fair fight. It is for this that I am set on killing thee, it is in this way that I have need of thy death. If I threw thee hence down into hell I would kill thee and take thy heart."

When the Great Being heard this he reflected, "Vimalā<sup>1</sup> has no need of my heart. Varuṇa, after he had heard the discourse on the law and honoured me with his jewel must have gone home and described my power in discoursing concerning the law, and Vimalā must have felt a great longing to hear my words. Puṇṇaka must have been ordered by Varuṇa through a misconception, and he influenced by this his own misconception has brought about all this calamity. Now my character as a sage consists in my power to bring to light and to discover absolute truths. If Puṇṇaka kills me, what good will it do? Come, I will say to him, 'Young man, I know the law as followed by good men ; before I die, set me on the top of the mountain and hear the law of good men from me ; and afterwards do what thou wilt' ; and after having declared to him the law of good men I will let him take my life." So he uttered this stanza as he hung with his head downwards :

"Hold me up forthwith, O Kātiyāna, if thou needest my heart ; [309] I will declare to thee this day all the laws of the good man."

Then Puṇṇaka reflected, "This law will never have been declared before to gods or men ; I will forthwith hold him up and hear the law of good men" ; so he lifted the Great Being up and set him on the summit of the mountain.

The Teacher has thus described it :

"Puṇṇaka, having quickly placed the best of the performers of good actions among the Kurus upon the mountain's summit, asked the Teacher of lofty wisdom, as he sat looking at a pipul tree, 'I have brought thee up from the precipice, I have need of thy heart this day,—tell me then to-day all the laws of the good man.'"

The Great Being said :

"I am saved by thee from the precipice ; if thou needest my heart, I will declare to thee this day all the laws of the good man."

<sup>1</sup> The wife of Kuvera.



Then the Great Being said, "My body is dirty, I will bathe." The Yakkha consented, so he brought some water, and when he was bathing, he gave the Great Being some heavenly cloth and perfumes, &c., and after he was adorned and drest he gave him some heavenly food. When he had eaten, the Great Being caused the top of the Black Mountain to be covered with adornment, and prepared a richly decorated seat, and being seated thereon uttered a stanza, describing in it the duty of the good man with a Buddha's triumphant mastery :

"O youth, follow thou the path already traversed ; put away from thee the soiled hand<sup>1</sup>; [310] be not ever treacherous to thy friends, nor fall into the power of unchaste women."

The Yakkha, being unable to comprehend these four rules expressed so concisely, asked in detail :

"How does one follow the path already traversed? How does one burn the wet hand? Who is the unchaste woman? Who is treacherous to his friend? Tell me the meaning at my request."

The Great Being replied :

"Let a man follow *his* actions, who invites him even to a seat, when he comes as a stranger and never seen before ; him the wise call one who follows in the path already traversed.

In whosoever house a man dwells even for one night, and receives there food and drink, let him not conceive an evil thought against him in his mind ; he who is treacherous to his friend burns the innocent hand<sup>2</sup>. Let not a man break a bough of that tree under whose shadow he sits or lies,—the wretch is treacherous to his friend. Let a man give this earth filled with riches to the woman whom he has chosen, yet she will despise him if she gets the opportunity ; let him not fall into the power of unchaste women. Thus does a man follow the path already traversed ; thus does he burn the wet hand ; this is the unchaste woman ; this is one that is treacherous to his friend ; such a man is righteous, abandon thou unrighteousness."

[311] Thus did the Great Being declare to the Yakkha with a Buddha's triumphant mastery the four duties of a good man, and when he heard them Punṇaka reflected, "In these four propositions the sage is only asking his own life ; for he verily welcomed me though I was before unknown ; I dwelt in his house three days, receiving great honour from him ; I, doing him this wrong, do it for a woman's sake ; I am moreover in every way treacherous to my friends ; if I shall do injury to the sage, I shall not follow the duty of a good man ; what need have I of the Nāga maiden? I will carry him forthwith to Indapatta and gladden the weeping faces of its inhabitants and I will seat him in the convocation hall there." Then he spoke aloud :

<sup>1</sup> [This line seems corrupt and does not agree with the comm., which explains it: "do not burn the wet hand." In the verses *addo* is translated here both 'soiled' and 'wet'; *adubbha-* is the word used for 'innocent.']

<sup>2</sup> I.e. the hand which had given him food?



"I dwelt three days in thy house, I was served with food and drink, thou wast my friend, I will let thee go, O seer of excellent wisdom, thou shalt depart at thy will to thine own home. [312] Yea, let all that concerns the Nāga race perish, I have had enough of the Nāga maiden; by thine own well-spoken words thou art set free, O seer, from my threatened blow to-day."

The Great Being replied, "O youth, send me not away to my own home but carry me to the Nāga dwelling," and he uttered this stanza:

"Come, Yakkha, carry me to thy father-in-law, and act as is best towards me; I will shew to him a royal Nāga palace which he has never seen before.

Puṇṇaka said:

"The wise man should not look on that which is not for a man's well-being; why then, O seer of excellent wisdom, dost thou wish to go amongst thy enemies?"

The Great Being answered:

"Verily I know it all; the wise man ought not to look upon it; but I have never at any time committed evil, and therefore I fear not the coming of death."

[313] "Moreover by my discourse concerning the law such a cruel being as thyself was won over and softened, and now thou sayest, 'I have had enough of the Nāga maiden, go thou to thine own home'; it is now my task to soften the Nāga king, carry me thither forthwith." When he heard this, Puṇṇaka consented, saying:

"Come, thou shalt see with me that world of unequalled glory where the Nāga king dwells amidst dance and song like King Vessavana<sup>1</sup> in Nalinī. Filled with troops of Nāga maidens, gladdened constantly with their sports day and night, abounding with garlands and covered with flowers, it shines like the lightning in the sky. Filled with food and with drink, with dance and song and instruments of music; filled with maidens richly attired, it shines with dresses and ornaments."

Then Puṇṇaka placed him, the best doer of good actions among the Kurus, on a seat behind him and carried the illustrious sage to the palace of the Nāga king. When he reached that place of unrivalled glory, the sage stood behind Puṇṇaka; and the Nāga king, beholding the concord between them, thus addressed his son-in-law as he had done before.

[314] "Thou didst go before to the world of men, seeking for the sage's heart; hast thou returned here with success, bringing the sage of unequalled wisdom?"

Puṇṇaka replied:

"He whom thou desirest is come, he is my guardian in duty, won by righteous means; behold him as he speaks before thee,—intercourse with the good brings happiness."

The Nāga king uttered a stanza as he saw the Great Being:

"This mortal, beholding me whom he had never seen before and pierced with the fear of death, does not speak to me in his terror; this is not like a wise man."

The Great Being thus addressed the Nāga king while he conceived this idea, even though he had not directly said that he would not pay him

<sup>1</sup> Kuvera.



respect,—as the Great Being knew by his omniscience how best to deal with all creatures:

[315] “I am not terrified, O Nāga, nor am I pierced with the fear of death; the victim should not address his executioner, nor should the latter ask his victim to address him<sup>1</sup>.”

Then the Nāga king uttered a stanza in the Great Being's praise:

“It is as thou sayest, O sage,—thou speakest the truth; the victim should not address his executioner nor should the latter ask his victim to address him<sup>1</sup>.”

Then the Great Being spoke kindly to the Nāga king:

“This splendour and glory and this might and Nāga birth of thine, are subject to death and not immortal; I ask thee this question, O Nāga king, how didst thou obtain this palace? Was it gained without a cause or as the development of a previous condition? was it made by thyself or given by the gods? Explain to me this matter, O Nāga king, how thou didst win this palace<sup>2</sup>.”

[316] The Nāga king replied:

“It was not gained without a cause, nor was it the development of a previous condition; it was not made by myself nor given by the gods; this palace of mine was gained by my own virtuous deeds<sup>3</sup>.”

The Great Being answered:

“What holy vow was it, what practice of sanctity? Of what good action was this the fruit,—this splendour and glory and might and Nāga birth of thine and this great palace, O Nāga<sup>3</sup>?”

The Nāga king replied<sup>4</sup>:

“I and my wife in the world of men were both full of faith and bountiful; my house was made into a drinking-hall, and priests and Brahmins were cheered there. Garlands and perfumes and ointments, lamps and couches and resting-places, raiment and beds and food and drink, I virtuously gave away there as free gifts. That was my vow and practice of sanctity, this is the fruit of that good conduct, this splendour and glory and Nāga birth and this great palace, O seer.”

[317] The Great Being said:

“If thou hast thus gained this palace, thou knowest about the fruit of holy actions and rebirth; therefore practise virtue with all diligence that thou mayest live again in a palace.”

The Nāga king replied:

“There are no priests or Brahmins here to whom we may give food and drink, O holy one; tell me this thing I pray, how may I again live in a palace?”

The Great Being said:

“There are snakes who have been born here, sons and wives and dependents; commit no sin towards them in word or deed at any time. Thus follow thou, O Nāga, innocence in word and deed,—so shalt thou dwell here all thy life in a palace and then depart hence to the world of the gods.”

<sup>1</sup> [The same thought is repeated in different words after this passage.]

<sup>2</sup> [See v. 171<sup>9</sup> = trans., p. 79.]

<sup>3</sup> [See v. 171<sup>22</sup> = trans., p. 79.]

<sup>4</sup> [See v. 171 foll. = trans., p. 79, *Sumaṅg.-Vil.* i. 177.]



[318] The Nāga king, having heard the religious discourse of the Great Being, thought to himself, "The sage cannot stay long away from his home; I will shew him to Vimalā and let her hear his good words, and so calm her longing desire, and I will gratify King Dhanañjaya and then it will be right to send the sage home"; so he said:

"Verily that best of kings is mourning in thy absence, whose intimate minister thou art; having once regained thee, though now distressed and sick, a man will regain happiness."

The Great Being praised the Nāga:

"Thou dost indeed utter the holy words of the good, a peerless piece of right doctrine; in such crises of life as these the character of men like me is made known."

Then the Nāga king still more delighted uttered a stanza:

"Say, wast thou taken for nothing? Say, did he conquer thee in the game? He says that he won thee fairly—how didst thou come into his power?"

The Great Being replied:

"Punnaka conquered in the game with dice him who was my lord and king; [319] he being conquered gave me to the other; so I was won fairly and not by wrong."

The great Nāga, delighted and overjoyed, when he heard these noble words of the sage, seized the lord of lofty wisdom by the hand and thus went into the presence of his wife, "He for whom, O Vimalā, you grew pale and food lost its savour in your eyes, this sun, for the sake of whose heart this trouble came upon you,—listen well to his words, you will never see him again."

Vimalā, when she saw the lord of great wisdom, folded the ten fingers of her hands in reverence, and thus addressed the best of the Kurus with her whole soul full of delight:

"This mortal, beholding me whom he had never seen before and pierced with the fear of death, does not speak to me in his terror; this is not like a wise man."

"I am not terrified, O Nāgī, nor am I pierced with the fear of death; the victim should not address his executioner, nor should the latter ask his victim to address him<sup>1</sup>."

\* \* \* \* \*

[322] Thus the Nāga maiden asked the sage the same question which the Nāga Varuṇa had asked him before; and the sage by his answer satisfied her as he had before satisfied Varuṇa.

The sage, seeing that the Nāga king and the Nāga maiden were both pleased with his answers, undaunted in soul and with not one hair erect with fear, thus addressed Varuṇa: "Fear not, O Nāga, here I am; whatever use this body may be to thee, whatever it can do by its heart and its flesh, I myself will carry out according to thy will."

The Nāga king replied:

"The heart of sages is their wisdom,—we are delighted to-day with thy wisdom; let him whose name implies perfection<sup>2</sup> take his bride to-day and let him put thee in possession to-day of the Kurus."

<sup>1</sup> The same dialogue is here repeated, with the gender altered to suit Vimalā.

<sup>2</sup> *anūnanāmo*? in allusion to his name Punnaka from *punṇa* 'full.'



[323] Having thus spoken, Varuṇa gave Irandatī to Puṇṇaka and he in his joy poured out his heart to the Great Being.

The Great Being has thus described the matter :

“Puṇṇaka, delighted and overjoyed, having won the Nāga maiden Irandatī, with his whole soul full of joy, thus addressed him who was the best of the Kurus in action : ‘Thou hast made me possessed of a wife, I will do what is due to thee, O Vidhura ; I give this pearl of jewels and I will put thee to-day in possession of the Kurus.’”

Then the Great Being praised him in another stanza :

“May thy friendship with thy loved wife be indissoluble, and do thou in thy joy with a happy heart give me the jewel and carry me to Indapatta.” Then Puṇṇaka placed the best of the Kurus in action on a seat before him and carried him, the lord of supreme wisdom, to the city Indapatta. Swift as the mind of man may travel, his speed was even swifter still ; and Puṇṇaka bore the best of the Kurus to the city Indapatta.

[324] Then he said to him : “Behold before thee the city Indapatta and its pleasant mango groves and districts ; I am possessed of a wife, and thou hast obtained thine own home.”

Now on that very day at morning-tide the king saw a dream, and this was what he saw. At the door of the king's palace there stood a great tree whose trunk was wisdom, and whose branches and boughs were like the virtues, and its fruits the five sacred products of the cow<sup>1</sup>, and it was covered with elephants and horses richly caparisoned ; and a great multitude with folded hands were worshipping it with all reverence. Then a black man, clothed with red cloth, and wearing earrings of red flowers, and bearing weapons in his hand, came up and cut the tree down by the roots in spite of the expostulations of the multitude, and dragged it off and went away, and then came back and planted it again in its old place and departed. Then the king as he comprehended the dream said to himself, “The sage Vidhura and no one else is like the great tree ; that youth and no other, who carried off the sage, is like the man who cut the tree down by the roots in spite of the expostulations of the multitude ; and verily he will come back and set him at the door of the Hall of Truth and depart. We shall behold the seer again to-day.” So he joyfully ordered the whole city to be decorated and the Hall of Truth to be got ready and a pulpit in a pavilion adorned with jewels ; and himself surrounded by a hundred kings, with their counsellors, and a multitude of citizens and country people, he consoled them all by saying, “Fear not, you will see the sage again to-day” ; and he seated himself in the Hall of Truth, looking for the sage's return. Then Puṇṇaka brought the sage down and seated him in the middle of the assembly at the door of the Hall of Truth, and then departed with Irandatī to his own celestial city.

<sup>1</sup> Milk, ghee, curds, buttermilk, and butter.



[325] The Teacher has thus described it :

“Puṇṇaka of noble race, having set down him, the best of the Kurus in action, in the middle of the religious assembly, mounted his own noble steed and sped in the sky through the air. When the king beheld him, he, filled with delight, sprang up and embraced him with his arms, and without a moment's fear seated him on a throne before him in the midst of the congregation.”

Then after exchanging friendly greeting with him he welcomed him affectionately and uttered a stanza :

“Thou guidest us like a ready-furnished chariot, the Kurus rejoice at seeing thee; answer me and tell me this,—how was it that that young man let thee go?”

The Great Being replied :

“He whom thou callest a young man, O great king, is no common man, O best of heroes; if thou hast ever heard of the Yakkha Puṇṇaka, it was he, the minister of King Kuvera. There is a Nāga king named Varuṇa, mighty, endowed with strength and a noble presence,—now Puṇṇaka loves his younger daughter, the Nāga maiden Irandatī. [326] He laid his plan for my death for the sake of that fair maiden whom he loved,—he thus obtained his wife, and I was allowed to depart and the jewel was won.

“The Nāga king, being pleased with my solution of his question as to the four ends of men, paid me the honour of giving me a jewel; and when he returned to the Nāga world, his queen Vimalā asked him where the jewel was. He described my skill in discoursing concerning the law, and she, being desirous of hearing such a discourse, feigned a longing for my heart. The Nāga king, not understanding her real wish, said to his daughter Irandatī, “Thy mother has a longing for Vidhura's heart, find out a noble who is able to bring it for her.” As she was seeking one, she saw the Yakkha Puṇṇaka who was the son of Vessavana's<sup>1</sup> sister, and, as she knew that he was in love with her, she sent him to her father, who said to him, ‘If thou art able to bring me Vidhura's heart thou shalt obtain her.’ So he, having brought from the mountain Vepulla the gem which might well belong to a universal monarch, played dice with me and having won me by his play he remained three days in my house. Then he made me lay hold of his horse's tail, and dashed me against the trees and mountains in Himavat, but he could not kill me. Then he rushed forward on a whirlwind in the seventh sphere of the winds and he set me on the top of the Black Mountain sixty leagues high; there he assailed me as a lion and in other shapes, but he could not kill me. Then at last at his request I told him how I could be killed. Then I proceeded to tell him the duties of the good man, and when he heard them he was highly pleased and wished to bring me hither. Then I took him and went to the Nāga world and I told the law to the king and to Vimalā, and all the court was highly pleased; and after I had stayed

<sup>1</sup> Kuvera.



there six days the king [327] gave Irandatī to Pūṇṇaka. He was delighted when he gained her, and honoured me with many jewels as his present. Then at the king's command he mounted me on a magic horse created by his will, and seating himself in the middle seat and Irandatī behind, he brought me here and put me down in the middle of the court, and then went away with Irandatī to his own city. Thus, O king, for the sake of that fair maiden whom he loved he laid his plan for my death and thus through me he obtained his wife. When the king had heard my discourse on the law, he was pleased and let me depart and I received from Pūṇṇaka this jewel which grants all desires and which is worthy of a universal emperor; accept it, O monarch," and so saying he gave the jewel to the king. Then the king, in the morning, being desirous to tell the citizens the dream which he had seen, related to them the history as follows:

"There grew a tree before my gates, its trunk was wisdom and its boughs the moral virtues; it ripened into all that was natural and developed, its fruits were the five products of the cow, and it was covered with elephants and cattle. But while it resounded with dance, song, and musical instruments a man came and cut it up from the roots and carried it away; it then came to this palace of ours,—pay your homage to this tree.

Let all who are joyful by my means shew it to-day by their actions; bring your presents in abundance, and pay your homage to this tree.

Whatever captives there may be in my realm, let them set them all loose from their captivity; as this tree has been delivered from its captivity, so let them release others from bondage.

[328] Let them spend this month in holiday, hanging up their ploughs; let them feast the Brahmins with flesh and rice; let them drink in private, and still seem total abstainers, with their full cups flowing over. Let them invite their friends on the highway, and keep a strict watch in the kingdom so that none may injure his neighbour,—pay your homage to this tree."

When he had thus spoken,

"The queens, the princes, the Vesiyas, and the Brahmins brought to the sage much food and drink.

"Riders on elephants, body-guards, riders in chariots, foot-soldiers, brought to the sage much food and drink. [329] The people of the country and the city gathered together in crowds brought to the sage much food and drink. The vast assembly were filled with joy, beholding the seer after he had come: when the sage had come a triumphant waving of cloths took place."

After a month the festival came to an end: the Great Being, as fulfilling a Buddha's duties, taught the great assembly the law, counselled the king and so fulfilled his span of life and so became destined for heaven. Abiding in his teaching, and following their king all the inhabitants of the Kuru kingdom gave gifts and performed good works and at the end of their lives went to swell the hosts of heaven.



The Master, having brought his lesson to an end, said, "Not now only but formerly also did the Buddha, having obtained complete wisdom, shew himself skilful in adapting means to ends. Then he identified the Birth: "At that time the sage's father and mother were the royal family, the eldest queen was Rāhula's mother, the eldest son was Rāhula, Varuṇa the Nāga king was Sāriputta, the garuḍa king was Moggallāna, Sakka was Anuruddha, the king Dhanañjaya was Ānanda, and the wise Vidhura was myself."

## No. 546.

### THE MAHĀ-UMMAGGA-JĀTAKA<sup>1</sup>.

"*King Brahmadata of Pañcāla,*" etc. The Teacher, while dwelling at Jetavana, told this about the perfection of knowledge. One day the Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth and described the Buddha's perfection of knowledge: "Brethren, the omniscient Buddha whose wisdom is vast, ready, swift, sharp, crushing heretical doctrines, after having converted, by the power of his own knowledge, the Brahmins Kūṭadanta and the rest, the ascetics Sabhiya and the rest, the thieves Aṅgulimāla &c., the yakkhas Ālavaka &c., the gods Sakka and the rest, and the Brahmins Baka &c., made them humble, and ordained a vast multitude as ascetics and established them in the fruition of the paths of sanctification." The Teacher came up and asked what they were discoursing about, and when they told him, he replied, [330] "Not now only is the Buddha omniscient,—in past time also, before his knowledge was fully mature, he was full of all wisdom, as he went about for the sake of wisdom and knowledge," and then he told a story of the past.

In days gone by, a king named Vedeha ruled in Mithilā, and he had four sages who instructed him in the law, named Senaka, Pukkusa, Kāvinda, and Devinda. Now when the Bodhisatta was conceived in his mother's womb the king saw at dawn the following dream: four columns of fire blazed up in the four corners of the royal court as high as the great wall, and in the midst of them rose a flame of the size of a fire-fly, and at that moment it suddenly exceeded the four columns of fire and rose up as high as the Brahma world and illumined the whole world; even a grain of mustard-seed lying on the ground is distinctly seen. The world of men with the world of gods worshipped it with garlands and incense; a vast multitude passed through this flame but not even a hair of their skin was singed. The king when he saw this vision started up in terror and sat pondering what was going to happen, and waited for the dawn. The four wise men also when they came in the morning asked him whether he had

<sup>1</sup> [There is an English translation of the Sinhalese version of this story: Ummagga-Jātaka (The Story of the Tunnel), translated from the Sinhalese by T. B. Yatawara; Luzac, 1898.]



slept well. "How could I sleep well," he replied, "when I have seen such a dream?" Then Pandit Senaka replied, "Fear not, O king, it is an auspicious dream, thou wilt be prosperous," and when he was asked to explain, he went on, "O king, a fifth sage will be born who will surpass us four; we four are like the four columns of fire, but in the midst of us there will arise as it were a fifth column of fire, one who is unparalleled and fills a post which is unequalled in the world of gods or of men." "Where is he at this moment?" "O king, he will either assume a body or come out of his mother's womb"; thus did he by his science what he had seen by his divine eye and the king from that time forward remembered his words. Now at the four gates of Mithilā there were four market towns, called the East town, the South town, the West town, and the North town<sup>1</sup>; [331] and in the East town there dwelt a certain rich man named Sirivaddhaka, and his wife was named Sumanādevī. Now on that day when the king saw the vision, the Great Being went from the heaven of the Thirty-three and was conceived in her womb; and a thousand other sons of the gods went from that heaven and were conceived in the families of various wealthy merchants in that village, and at the end of the tenth month the lady Sumanā brought forth a child of the colour of gold. Now at that moment Sakka, as he looked over the world of mankind, beheld the Great Being's birth; and saying to himself that he ought to make known in the world of gods and men that this Buddha-shoot had sprung into being, he came up in a visible form as the child was being born and placed a piece of a medicinal herb in its hand, and then returned to his own dwelling. The Great Being seized it firmly in his closed hand; and as he came from his mother's womb she did not feel the slightest pain, but he passed out as easily as water from a sacred water-pot. When his mother saw the piece of the medicinal herb in his hand, she said to him, "My child, what is this which you have got?" He replied, "It is a medicinal plant, mother," and he placed it in her hand and told her to take it and give it to all who are afflicted with any sickness. Full of joy she told it to the merchant Sirivaddhaka, who had suffered for seven years from a pain in his head. Full of joy he said to himself, "This child came out of his mother's womb holding a medicinal plant and as soon as he was born he talked with his mother; a medicine given by a being of such surpassing merit must possess great efficacy"; so he rubbed it on a grindstone and smeared a little of it on his forehead, and the pain in his head which had lasted seven years passed away at once like water from a lotus leaf. Transported with joy he exclaimed, "This is a medicine of marvellous efficacy"; the news spread on every side that the Great Being had been born with a medicine in his hand, and all who were sick crowded to the merchant's house and begged for the medicine. They gave a little to all who came, having

<sup>1</sup> In the Pali, *Pācīnayavamaññhaka*, *Dakkhiṇayavamaññhaka*, &c.



rubbed some of it on a grindstone and mixed it with water, and as soon as the affected body was touched with the divine medicine all diseases were cured, and the delighted patients went away proclaiming the marvellous virtues of the medicine in the house of the merchant Sirivaddhaka. [332] On the day of naming the child the merchant thought to himself, "My child need not be called after one of his ancestors; let him bear the name of the medicine," so he gave him the name Osadha Kumāra. Then he thought again, "My son possesses great merit, he will not be born alone, many other children will be born at the same time"; so hearing from his inquiries that thousands of other boys were born with him, he sent them all nurses and gave them clothes, and resolving that they should be his son's attendants he celebrated a festival for them with the Great Being and adorned the boys and brought them every day to wait upon him. The Great Being grew up playing with them, and when he was seven years old he was as beautiful as a golden statue. As he was playing with them in the village some elephants and other animals passed by and disturbed their games, and sometimes the children were distressed by the rain and the heat. Now one day as they played, an unseasonable rainstorm came on, and when the Great Being who was as strong as an elephant saw it, he ran into a house, and as the other children ran after him they fell over one another's feet and bruised their knees and other limbs. Then he thought to himself, "A hall for play ought to be built here, we will not play in this way," and he said to the boys, "Let us build a hall here where we can stand, sit, or lie in time of wind, hot sunshine, or rain,—let each one of you bring his piece of money." The thousand boys all did so and the Great Being sent for a master-carpenter and gave him the money, telling him to build a hall in that place. He took the money, and levelled the ground and cut posts and spread out the measuring line, but he did not grasp the Great Being's idea; so he told the carpenter how he was to stretch out his line so as to do it properly. He replied, "I have stretched it out according to my practical experience, I cannot do it in any other way." "If you do not know even so much as this how can you take our money and build a hall? Take the line, I will measure and shew you," so he made him take the line and himself drew out the plan, and it was done as if Vissakamma had done it. [333] Then he said to the carpenter, "Will you be able to draw out the plan in this way?" "I shall not be able, Sir." "Will you be able to do it by my instructions?" "I shall be able, Sir." Then the Great Being so arranged the hall that there was in one part a place for ordinary strangers, in another a lodging for the destitute, in another a place for the lying-in of destitute women, in another a lodging for stranger Buddhist priests and Brahmins, in another a lodging for other sorts of men, in another a place where foreign merchants should stow their goods, and all these apartments had doors opening



outside. There also he had a public place erected for sports, and a court of justice, and a hall for religious assemblies. When the work was completed he summoned painters, and having himself examined them set them to work at painting beautiful pictures, so that the hall became like Sakka's heavenly palace Sudhammā. Still he thought that the palace was not yet complete, "I must have a tank constructed as well,"—so he ordered the ground to be dug for an architect and having discussed it with him and given him money he made him construct a tank with a thousand bends in the bank and a hundred bathing ghāts. The water was covered with the five kinds of lotuses and was as beautiful as the lake in the heavenly garden Nandana. On its bank he planted various trees and had a park made like Nandana. And near this hall he established a public distribution of alms to holy men whether Buddhists or Brahmins, and for strangers and for people from the neighbouring villages.

These actions of his were blazed abroad everywhere and crowds gathered to the place, and the Great Being used to sit in the hall and discuss the right and the wrong of the good or evil circumstances of all the petitioners who resorted there and gave his judgment on each, and it became like the happy time when a Buddha makes his appearance in the world.

Now at that time, when seven years had expired, King Vedeha remembered how the four sages had said that a fifth sage should be born who would surpass them in wisdom, and he said to himself, "Where is he now?" and he sent out his four councillors by the four gates of the city, bidding them to find out where he was. When they went out by the other three gates they saw no sign of the Great Being, but when they went out by the eastern gate they saw the hall and its various buildings and they felt sure at once that only a wise man could have built this palace or caused it to be built, [334] and they asked the people, "What architect built this hall?" They replied, "This palace was not built by any architect by his own power, but by the direction of Mahosadha Pandit, the son of the merchant Sirivaddha." "How old is he?" "He has just completed his seventh year." The councillor reckoned up all the events from the day on which the king saw the dream and he said to himself, "This being fulfils the king's dream," and he sent a messenger with this message to the king: "Mahosadha, the son of the merchant Sirivaddha in the East market town, who is now seven years old, has caused such a hall and tank and park to be made,—shall I bring him into thy presence or not?" When the king heard this he was highly delighted and sent for Senaka, and after relating the account he asked him whether he should send for this sage. But he, being envious of the title, replied, "O king, a man is not to be called a sage merely because he has caused halls and such things to be made; anyone can cause



these things to be made, this is but a little matter." When the king heard his words he said to himself, "There must be some secret reason for all this," and was silent. Then he sent back the messenger with a command that the councillor should remain for a time in the place and carefully examine the sage. The councillor remained there and carefully investigated the sage's actions, and this is the series of the tests or cases of examination<sup>1</sup>:

1. "The piece of meat<sup>2</sup>." One day when the Great Being was going to the play-hall, a hawk carried off a piece of flesh from the slab of a slaughterhouse and flew up into the air; some lads, seeing it, determined to make him drop it and pursued him. The hawk flew in different directions, and they, looking up, followed behind and wearied themselves, flinging stones and other missiles and stumbling over one another. Then the sage said to them, "I will make him drop it," and they begged him to do so. He told them to look; and then himself with looking up he ran with the swiftness of the wind and trod upon the hawk's shadow and then clapping his hands uttered a loud shout. By his energy that shout seemed to pierce the bird's belly through and through and in its terror he dropped the flesh; and the Great Being, knowing by watching the shadow that it was dropped, [335] caught it in the air before it reached the ground. The people seeing the marvel, made a great noise, shouting and clapping their hands. The minister, hearing of it, sent an account to the king telling him how the sage had by this means made the bird drop the flesh. The king, when he heard of it, asked Senaka whether he should summon him to the court. Senaka reflected, "From the time of his coming I shall lose all my glory and the king will forget my existence, —I must not let him bring him here"; so in envy he said, "He is not a sage for such an action as this, this is only a small matter"; and the king being impartial, sent word that the minister should test him further where he was.

2. "The cattle<sup>3</sup>." A certain man who dwelt in the village of Yavamajjhaka bought some cattle from another village and brought them home. The next day he took them to a field of grass to graze and rode on the back of one of the cattle. Being tired he got down and sat on the ground and fell asleep, and meanwhile a thief came and carried off the cattle. When he woke he saw not his cattle, but as he gazed on every side he beheld the thief running away. Jumping up he shouted, "Where are you taking my cattle?" "They are my cattle, and I am carrying them to the place which I wish." A great crowd collected as they heard the dispute. When the sage heard the noise as they passed by the door of the hall, he sent for them both. When he saw their behaviour

<sup>1</sup> [Three verses are here given containing a list of the Tests for committing to memory.]

<sup>2</sup> ['*Mainsain*.']

<sup>3</sup> ['*Goṇo*.']



he at once knew which was the thief and which the real owner. But though he felt sure, he asked them what they were quarrelling about. The owner said, "I bought these cattle from a certain person in such a village, and I brought them home and put them in a field of grass. This thief saw that I was not watching and came and carried them off. Looking in all directions I caught sight of him and pursued and caught him. The people of such a village know that I bought the cattle and took them." The thief replied, "This man speaks falsely, they were born in my house." The sage said, "I will decide your case fairly; will you abide by my decision?" and they promised so to abide. Then thinking to himself that he must win the hearts of the people he first asked the thief, "What have you fed these cattle with, and what have you given them to drink?" "They have drunk rice gruel and have been fed on sesame flour and kidney beans." Then he asked the real owner, who said, "My lord, how could a poor man like me get rice gruel and the rest? I fed them on grass." The pandit caused an assembly to be brought together and ordered panic seeds to be brought and ground in a mortar and moistened with water and given to the cattle, and they forthwith vomited only grass. He shewed this to the assembly, and then asked the thief, "Art thou the thief or not?" He confessed that he was the thief. He said to him, "Then do not commit such a sin henceforth." But the Bodhisatta's attendants carried the man away and cut off his hands and feet and made him helpless. Then the sage addressed him with words of good counsel, "This suffering has come upon thee only in this present life, but in the future life thou wilt suffer great torment in the different hells, therefore henceforth abandon such practices"; he taught him the five commandments. The minister sent an account of the incident to the king, who asked Senaka, but he advised him to wait, "It is only an affair about cattle and anybody could decide it." The king, being impartial, sent the same command. (This is to be understood in all the subsequent cases,—we shall give each in order according to the list.)

3. "The necklace of thread<sup>1</sup>." A certain poor woman had tied together several threads of different colours and made them into a necklace, which she took off from her neck and placed on her clothes as she went down to bathe in a tank which the pandit had caused to be made. A young woman who saw this conceived a longing for it, took it up and said to her, "Mother, this is a very beautiful necklace, how much did it cost to make? [336] I will make such a one for myself. May I put it on my own neck and ascertain its size?" The other gave her leave, and she put it on her neck and ran off. The elder woman seeing it came quickly out of the water, and putting on her clothes ran after her and seized hold of her dress, crying, "You are running away with a necklace which I made."

<sup>1</sup> ['*Gañhi*.']



The other replied, "I am not taking anything of yours, it is the necklace which I wear on my neck"; and a great crowd collected as they heard this. The sage, while he played with the boys, heard them quarrelling as they passed by the door of the hall and asked what the noise was about. When he heard the cause of the quarrel he sent for them both, and having known at once by her countenance which was the thief, he asked them whether they would abide by his decision. On their both agreeing to do so, he asked the thief, "What scent do you use for this necklace?" She replied, "I always use *sabbasamhāraka*<sup>1</sup> to scent it with." Then he asked the other, who replied, "How shall a poor woman like me get *sabbasamhāraka*? I always scent it with perfume made of *piyaṅgu* flowers." Then the sage had a vessel of water brought and put the necklace in it. Then he sent for a perfume-seller and told him to smell the vessel and find out what it smelt of. He directly recognised the smell of the *piyaṅgu* flower, and quoted the stanza which has been already given in the first book<sup>2</sup>:

"No omnigatherum it is; only the *kaṅgu* smells;  
Yon wicked woman told a lie; the truth the gammer tells."

The Great Being told the bystanders all the circumstances and asked each of them respectively, "Art thou the thief? Art thou not the thief?" and made the guilty one confess, and from that time his wisdom became known to the people.

4. "The cotton thread." A certain woman who used to watch cotton fields was watching one day and she took some clean cotton and spun some fine thread and made it into a ball and placed it in her lap. As she went home she thought to herself, "I will bathe in the great sage's tank," so she placed the ball on her dress and went down into the tank to bathe. Another woman saw it, and conceiving a longing for it took it up, saying, "This is a beautiful ball of thread; pray did you make it yourself?" So she lightly snapped her fingers and put it in her lap as if to examine it more closely, and walked off with it. (This is to be told at full as before.) The sage asked the thief, "When you made the ball what did you put inside<sup>3</sup>?" She replied, "A cotton seed." Then he asked the other, and she replied, "A timbaru seed." When the crowd had heard what each said, he untwisted the ball of cotton and found a timbaru seed inside and forced the thief to confess her guilt. The great multitude were highly pleased and shouted their applause at the way in which the case had been decided.

<sup>1</sup> A perfume compounded of many different scents.

<sup>2</sup> [No. 110, Vol. I. p. 424 (trans., p. 254). The verse is not there given, but only alluded to. Prof. Cowell does not translate it.]

<sup>3</sup> To roll it round.



5. "The son." A certain woman took her son and went down to the sage's tank to wash her face. After she had bathed her son she laid him in her dress and having washed her own face went to bathe. At that moment a female goblin saw the child and wished to eat it, so she took hold of the dress and said, "My friend, this is a fine child, is he your son?" Then she asked if she might give him suck, and on obtaining the mother's consent, she took him and played with him for a while and then tried to run off with him. The other ran after her and seized hold of her, shouting, "Whither are you carrying my child?" The goblin replied, "Why do you touch the child? he is mine." As they wrangled they passed by the door of the hall, and the sage, hearing the noise, sent for them and asked what was the matter. When he heard the story, [337] although he knew at once by her red unwinking eyes that one of them was a goblin, he asked them whether they would abide by his decision. On their promising to do so, he drew a line and laid the child in the middle of the line and bade the goblin seize the child by the hands and the mother by the feet. Then he said to them, "Lay hold of it and pull; the child is hers who can pull it over." They both pulled, and the child, being pained while it was pulled, uttered a loud cry. Then the mother, with a heart which seemed ready to burst, let the child go and stood weeping. The sage asked the multitude, "Is it the heart of the mother which is tender towards the child or the heart of her who is not the mother?" They answered, "The mother's heart." "Is she the mother who kept hold of the child or she who let it go?" They replied, "She who let it go." "Do you know who she is who stole the child?" "We do not know, O sage." "She is a goblin,—she seized it in order to eat it." When they asked how he knew that he replied, "I knew her by her unwinking and red eyes and by her casting no shadow and by her fearlessness and want of mercy." Then he asked her what she was, and she confessed that she was a goblin. "Why did you seize the child?" "To eat it." "You blind fool," he said, "you committed sin in old time and so were born as a goblin; and now you still go on committing sin, blind fool that you are." Then he exhorted her and established her in the five precepts and sent her away; and the mother blessed him, and saying, "May'st thou live long, my lord," took her son and went her way.

6. "The black ball." There was a certain man who was called *Goḷakāḷa*,—now he got the name *gola* 'ball' from his dwarfish size, and *kāḷa* from his black colour. He worked in a certain house for seven years and obtained a wife, and she was named *Dīghatālā*. One day he said to her, "Wife, cook some sweetmeats and food, we will pay a visit to your parents." At first she opposed the plan, saying, "What have I to do with parents now?" but after the third time of asking he induced her to cook some cakes, and having taken some provisions and a present he



set out on the journey with her. In the course of the journey he came to a stream which was not really deep, but they, being both afraid of water, dared not cross it and stood on the bank. Now a poor man named Dīghapitṭhi came to that place as he walked along the bank, and when they saw him they asked him whether the river was deep or shallow. Seeing that they were afraid of the water he told them that it was very deep and full of voracious fish. "How then will you go across it?" "I have struck up a friendship with the crocodiles and monsters that live here, and therefore they do not hurt me." "Do take us with you," they said. When he consented they gave him some meat and drink; and when he finished his meal he asked them which he should carry over first. "Take your sister first and then take me," said Golakālā. Then the man placed her on his shoulders and took the provisions and the present and went down into the stream. When he had gone a little way, he crouched down and walked along in a bent posture. Golakālā, as he stood on the bank, thought to himself, "This stream must indeed be very deep; if it is so difficult for even such a man as Dīghapitṭhi, it must be impassable for me." When the other had carried the woman to the middle of the stream, he said to her, "Lady, I will cherish you, and you shall live bravely arrayed with fine dresses and ornaments and men-servants and maid-servants; what will this poor dwarf do for you? listen to what I tell you." She listened to his words and ceased to love her husband, and being at once infatuated with the stranger, she consented, saying, "If you will not abandon me, I will do as you say." So when they reached the opposite bank, they amused themselves and left Golakālā, bidding him stay where he was. While he stood there looking on, they ate up the meat and drink and departed. When he saw it, he exclaimed, "They have struck up a friendship and are running away, leaving me here." [338] As he ran backwards and forwards he went a little way into the water and then drew back again in fear, and then in his anger at their conduct, he made a desperate leap, saying, "Let me live or die," and when once fairly in, he discovered how shallow the water was. So he crossed it and pursued him and shouted, "You wicked thief, whither are you carrying my wife?" The other replied, "How is she your wife? she is mine"; and he seized him by the neck and whirled him round and threw him off. The other laid hold of Dīghatālā's hand and shouted, "Stop, where are you going? you are my wife whom I got after working for seven years in a house"; and as he thus disputed he came near the hall. A great crowd collected. The Great Being asked what the noise was about, and having sent for them and heard what each said he asked whether they would abide by his decision. On their both agreeing to do so, he sent for Dīghapitṭhi and asked him his name. Then he asked his wife's name, but he, not knowing what it was, mentioned some other name.



Then he asked him the names of his parents and he told them, but when he asked him the names of his wife's parents he, not knowing, mentioned some other names. The Great Being put his story together and had him removed. Then he sent for the other and asked him the names of all in the same way. He, knowing the truth, gave them correctly. Then he had him removed and sent for Dīghatālā and asked her what her name was and she gave it. Then he asked her her husband's name and she, not knowing, gave a wrong name. Then he asked her her parents' names and she gave them correctly, but when he asked her the names of her husband's parents' names, she talked at random and gave wrong names. Then the sage sent for the other two and asked the multitude, "Does the woman's story agree with Dīghapitṭhi or Goḷakāḷa." They replied, "With Goḷakāḷa." Then he pronounced his sentence, "This man is her husband, the other is a thief"; and when he asked him he made him confess that he had acted as the thief.

7. "The chariot." A certain man, who was sitting in a chariot, alighted from it to wash his face. At that moment Sakka was considering and as he beheld the sage he resolved that he would make known the power and wisdom of Mahosadha the embryo Buddha. So he came down in the form of a man<sup>1</sup>, and followed the chariot holding on behind. The man who sat in the chariot asked, "Why have you come?" He replied, "To serve you." The man agreed, and dismounting from the chariot went aside at a call of nature. Immediately Sakka mounted in the chariot and went off at speed. The owner of the chariot, his business done, returned; and when he saw Sakka hurrying away with the chariot, he ran quickly behind, crying, "Stop, stop, where are you taking my chariot?" Sakka replied, "Your chariot must be another, this is mine." Thus wrangling they came to the gate of the hall. The sage asked, "What is this?" and sent for him: as he came, by his fearlessness and his eyes which winked not, the sage knew that this was Sakka and the other was the owner. Nevertheless he enquired the cause of the quarrel, and asked them, "Will you abide by my decision?" They said, "Yes." He went on, "I will cause the chariot to be driven, and you must both hold on behind: the owner will not let go, the other will." Then he told a man to drive the chariot, and he did so, the others holding on behind. The owner<sup>2</sup> went a little way, then being unable to run further he let go, but Sakka went on running with the chariot. When he had recalled the chariot, the sage said to the people: "This man ran a little way [339] and let go; the other ran out with the chariot and came back with it, yet there is not a drop of sweat on his body, no panting, he is fearless, his eyes wink not—

<sup>1</sup> [Here Prof. Cowell's MS. comes to an end, and the mark remains in his copy of the text.]

<sup>2</sup> Read °sāmiko.



this is Sakka, king of the gods." Then he asked, "Are you king of the gods?" "Yes." "Why did you come here?" "To spread the fame of your wisdom, O sage!" "Then," said he, "don't do that kind of thing again." Now Sakka revealed his power by standing poised in the air, and praised the sage, saying, "A wise judgment this!" So he went to his own place. Then the minister unsummoned went to the king, and said, "O great king, thus was the Chariot Question resolved: and even Sakka was subdued by him; why do you not recognise superiority in men?" The king asked Senaka, "What say you, Senaka, shall we bring the sage here?" Senaka replied, "That is not all that makes a sage. Wait awhile: I will test him and find out."

8. "The pole." So one day, with a view of testing the sage, they fetcht an acacia pole, and cutting off about a span, they had it nicely smoothed by a turner, and sent it to the East Market-town, with this message: "The people of the Market-town have a name for wisdom. Let them find out then which end is the top and which the root of this stick. If they cannot, there is a fine of a thousand pieces." The people gathered together but could not find it out, and they said to their foreman, "Perhaps Mahosadha the sage would know; send and ask him." The foreman sent for the sage from his playground, and told him the matter, how they could not find it out but perhaps he could. The sage thought in himself, "The king can gain nothing from knowing which is the top and which is the root; no doubt it is sent to test me." He said, "Bring it here, my friends, I will find out." Holding it in his hand, he knew which was the top and which the root; yet to please the heart of the people, he sent for a pot of water, and tied a string round the middle of the stick, and holding it by the end of the string he let it down to the surface of the water. The root being heavier sank first. Then he asked the people, "Is the root of a tree heavier, or the top?" "The root, wise sir!" "See then, this part sinks first, and this is therefore the root." By this mark he distinguished the root from the top. The people sent it back to the king, distinguishing which was the root and which was the top. The king was pleased, and asked, who had found it out? They said, "The sage Mahosadha, son of foreman Sirivaddhi." "Senaka, shall we send for him?" he asked. "Wait, my lord," he replied, "let us try him in another way."

9. "The head." One day, two heads were brought, one a woman's and one a man's; these were sent to be distinguished, with a fine of a thousand pieces in case of failure. The villagers could not decide and asked the Great Being. He recognised them at sight, because, they say, the sutures in a man's head are straight, and in a woman's head they are crooked. By this mark he told which was which; and they sent back to the king. The rest is as before.



10. "The snake." One day a male and a female snake were brought, and sent for the villagers to decide which was which. They asked the sage, and he knew at once when he saw them; for the tail of the male snake is thick, that of the female is thin; the male snake's head is thick, the female's is long; the eyes of the male are big, of the female small, the head<sup>1</sup> of the male is rounded, that of the female cut short. By these signs [340] he distinguished male from female. The rest is as before.

11. "The cock." One day a message was sent to the people of the East Market-town to this effect: "Send us a bull white all over, with horns on his legs, and a hump on the head, which utters his voice at three times<sup>2</sup> unfailingly; otherwise there is a fine of a thousand pieces." Not knowing one, they asked the sage. He said: "The king means you to send him a cock. This creature has horns on his feet, the spurs; a hump on his head, the crest; and crowing thrice" utters his voice at three times unfailingly. Then send him a cock such as he describes." They sent one.

12. "The gem." The gem which Sakka gave to King Kusa was octagonal. Its thread was broken, and no one could remove the old thread and put in a new. One day they sent this gem, with directions to take out the old thread and to put in a new; the villagers could do neither the one nor the other, and in their difficulty they told the sage. He bade them fear nothing, and asked for a lump of honey. With this he smeared the two holes in the gem, and twisting a thread of wool, he smeared the end of this also with honey, he pushed it a little way into the hole, and put it in a place where ants were passing. The ants smelling the honey came out of their hole, and eating away the old thread bit hold of the end of the woollen thread and pulled it out at the other end. When he saw that it had passed through, he bade them present it to the king, who was pleased when he heard how the thread had been put in.

13. "The calving." The royal bull was fed up for some months, so that his belly swelled out, his horns were washed, he was anointed with oil, and bathed with turmeric, and then they sent him to the East Market-town, with this message: "You have a name for wisdom. Here is the king's royal bull, in calf; deliver him and send him back with the calf, or else there is a fine of a thousand pieces." The villagers, perplexed what to do, applied to the sage; who thought fit to meet one question with another, and asked, "Can you find a bold man able to speak to the king?" "That is no hard matter," they replied. So they summoned him, and the Great Being said—"Go, my good man, let your hair down loose over your shoulders, and go to the palace gate weeping and lamenting sore. Answer

<sup>1</sup> *savatthiko*? I follow the Burmese version.

<sup>2</sup> The Burmese version has "three notes":—"when it crows it gives forth clearly three notes—one short, one middling, and one long."



none but the king, only lament ; and if the king sends for you to ask why you lament, say, This seven days my son is in labour and cannot bring forth ; O help me ! tell me how I may deliver him ! Then the king will say, What madness ! this is impossible ; men do not bear children. Then you must say, If that be true, how can the people of the East Market-town deliver your royal bull of a calf ? ” As he was bidden, so he did. The king asked who thought of that counter-quip ; and on hearing that it was the sage Mahosadha he was pleased.

14. “The boiled rice.” Another day, to test the sage, this message was sent : “The people of the East Market-town must send us some boiled rice cooked under eight conditions, and these are—[341] without rice, without water, without a pot, without an oven, without fire, without firewood, without being sent along a road either by woman or man. If they cannot do it, there is a fine of a thousand pieces.” The people perplexed applied to the sage ; who said, “Be not troubled. Take some broken rice<sup>1</sup>, for that is not rice ; snow, for that is not water ; an earthen bowl, which is no pot ; chop up some wood-blocks, which are no oven ; kindle fire by rubbing, instead of a proper fire ; take leaves instead of firewood ; cook your sour rice, put it in a new vessel, press it well down, put it on the head of a eunuch, who is neither man nor woman, leave the main road and go along a footpath, and take it to the king.” They did so ; and the king was pleased when he heard by whom the question had been solved.

15. “The sand.” Another day, to test the sage, they sent this message to the villagers : “The king wishes to amuse himself in a swing, and the old rope is broken ; you are to make a rope of sand, or else pay a fine of a thousand pieces.” They knew not what to do, and appealed to the sage, who saw that this was the place for a counter-question. He reassured the people ; and sending for two or three clever speakers, he bade them go tell the king : “My lord, the villagers do not know whether the sand-rope is to be thick or thin ; send them a bit of the old rope, a span long or four fingers ; this they will look at and twist a rope of the same size.” If the king replied, “Sand-rope there never was in my house,” they were to reply, “If your majesty cannot make a sand-rope, how can the villagers do so ? ” They did so ; and the king was pleased on hearing that the sage had thought of this counter-quip.

16. “The tank.” Another day, the message was : “The king desires to disport him in the water ; you must send me a new tank covered with water lilies of all five kinds, otherwise there is a fine of a thousand pieces.” They told the sage, who saw that a counter-quip was wanted. He sent for several men clever at speaking, and said to them : “Go and play in the water till your eyes are red, go to the palace door with wet hair and wet

<sup>1</sup> *kaṇike*.



garments and your bodies all over mud, holding in your hands ropes, staves, and clods; send word to the king of your coming, and when you are admitted say to him, Sire, inasmuch as your majesty has ordered the people of the East Market-town to send you a tank, we brought a great tank to suit your taste; but she being used to a life in the forest, no sooner saw the town with its walls, moats, and watch-towers, than she took fright and broke the ropes and off into the forest: we pelted her with clods and beat her with sticks but could not make her come back. Give us then the old tank which your majesty is said to have brought from the forest, and we will yoke them together and bring the other back. The king will say, I never had a tank brought in from the forest, [342] and never send a tank there to be yoked and bring in another! Then you must say, If that is so, how can the villagers send you a tank?" They did so; and the king was pleased to hear that the sage had thought of this.

17. "The park." Again on a day the king sent a message: "I wish to disport me in the park, and my park is old. The people of the East Market-town must send me a new park, filled with trees and flowers." The sage reassured them as before, and sent men to speak in the same manner as above.

18. Then the king was pleased, and said to Senaka: "Well, Senaka, shall we send for the sage?" But he, grudging the other's prosperity, said, "That is not all that makes a sage; wait." On hearing this the king thought, "The sage Mahosadha was wise even as a child, and took my fancy. In all these mysterious tests and counter-quipps he has given answers like a Buddha. Yet such a wise man as this Senaka will not let me summon him to my side. What care I for Senaka? I will bring the man here." So with a great following he set out for the village, mounted upon his royal horse. But as he went the horse put his foot into a hole and broke his leg; so the king turned back from that place to the town. Then Senaka entered the presence and said: "Sire, did you go to the East Market-town to bring the sage back?" "Yes, sir," said the king. "Sire," said Senaka, "you make me as one of no account. I begged you to wait awhile; but off you went in a hurry, and at the outset your royal horse broke his leg." The king had nothing to say to this. Again on a day he asked Senaka, "Shall we send for the sage, Senaka?" "If so, your majesty, don't go yourself but send a messenger, saying, O sage! as I was on my way to fetch you my horse broke his leg: send us a better horse and a more excellent one<sup>1</sup>. If he takes the first alternative he will come himself, if the second he will send his father. Then will be a problem to test him." The king sent a messenger with this message. The sage on hearing it recognised that the king wished to see himself and

<sup>1</sup> *assataran no pesetu seṭṭhatarāṇ ca*. There is a play on the words; *assatara* may mean a mule, or a calf.



his father. So he went to his father, and said greeting him, "Father, the king wishes to see you and me. You go first with a thousand merchants in attendance; and when you go, go not empty-handed, but take a sandalwood casket filled with fresh ghee. The king will speak kindly to you, and offer you a householder's seat; take it and sit down. When you are seated, I will come; the king will speak kindly to me and offer me such another seat. Then I will look at you; take the cue and say, rising from your seat, Son Mahosadha the wise, take this seat. Then the question will be ripe for solution." He did so. On arriving at the palace door he caused his arrival to be made known to the king, and on the king's invitation, he entered, and greeted the king, and stood on one side. The king spoke to him kindly, and asked where was his son the wise Mahosadha. "Coming after me, my lord." The king was pleased to hear of his coming, and bade the father sit in a suitable place. He found a place and sat there. [343] Meanwhile the Great Being drest himself in all his splendour, and attended by the thousand youths he came seated in a magnificent chariot. As he entered the town he beheld an ass by the side of a ditch, and he directed some stout fellows to fasten up the mouth of the ass so that it should make no noise, to put him in a bag and carry him on their shoulders. They did so; the Bodhisat entered the city with his great company. The people could not praise him enough. "This," they cried, "is the wise Mahosadha, the merchant Sirivaddhaka's son; this they say is he, who was born holding a herb of virtue in his hand; he it is who knew the answers to so many problems set to test him." On arriving before the palace he sent in word of his coming. The king was pleased to hear it and said, "Let my son the wise Mahosadha make haste to come in." So with his attendants he entered the palace and saluted the king and stood on one side. The king delighted to see him spoke to him very sweetly, and bade him find a fit seat and sit down. He looked at his father, and his father at this cue uprose from his seat and invited him to sit there, which he did. Thereupon the foolish men who were there, Senaka, Pukkusa, Kāvinda, Devinda, and others, seeing him sit there, clapt their hands and laughed loudly and cried, "This is the blind fool they call wise! He has made his father rise from his seat, and sits there himself! Wise he should not be called surely." The king also was crestfallen. Then the Great Being said, "Why, my lord! are you sad?" "Yes, wise sir, I am sad. I was glad to hear of you, but to see you I am not glad." "Why so?" "Because you have made your father rise from his seat, and sit there yourself." "What, my lord! do you think that in all cases the sire is better than the sons?" "Yes, sir." "Did you not send word to me to bring you the better horse or the more excellent horse?" So saying he rose up and looking towards the young fellows, said, "Bring in the ass you have brought." Placing this ass



before the king he went on, "Sire, what is the price of this ass?" The king said, "If it be serviceable, it is worth eight rupees." "But if he get a mule colt out of a thorobred Sindh mare, what will the price of it be?" "It will be priceless." "Why do you say that, my lord? Have you not just said that in all cases the sire is better than the sons? By your own saying the ass is worth more than the mule colt. Now have not your wise men clapt their hands and laughed at me because they did not know that? What wisdom is this of your wise men! where did you get them?" And in contempt for all four of them he addrest the king in this stanza of the First Book<sup>1</sup>:

"Thinkst thou that the sire is always better than the son, O excellent king? Then is yon creature better than the mule; the ass is the mule's sire<sup>2</sup>."

After this said, [344] he went on, "My lord, if the sire is better than the son, take my sire into your service; if the son is better than the sire, take me." The king was delighted; and all the company cried out applauding and praising a thousand times—"Well indeed has the wise man solved the question." There was cracking of fingers and waving of a thousand scarves: the four were crestfallen.

Now no one knows better than the Bodhisat the value of parents. If one ask then, why he did so: it was not to throw contempt on his father, but when the king sent the message, send the better horse or the more excellent horse," he did thus in order to solve that problem, and to make his wisdom to be recognised, and to take the shine out of the four sages<sup>3</sup>.

The king was pleased; and taking the golden vase filled with scented water, poured the water upon the merchant's hand, saying, "Enjoy the East Market-town as a gift from the king.—Let the other merchants," he went on, "be subordinate to this." This done he sent to the mother of the Bodhisat all kinds of ornaments. Delighted as he was at the Bodhisat's solution of the Ass Question, he wished to make the Bodhisat as his own son, and to the father said, "Good sir, give me the Great Being to be my son." He replied, "Sire, very young is he still; even yet his mouth smells of milk: but when he is old, he shall be with you." The king said however, "Good sir, henceforth you must give up your attachment to the boy; from this day he is my son. I can support my son, so go your ways." Then he sent him away. He did obeisance to the king, and embraced his son, and throwing his arms about him kissed him upon the head, and gave him good counsel. The boy also bade his father farewell, and begged him not to be anxious, and sent him away.

The king then asked the sage, whether he would take his meals inside the palace or without it. He thinking that with so large a retinue it

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I. p. 474 (trans., p. 254); cf. I. p. 53. See also *Milinda*, 205.

<sup>2</sup> The metre shews corruption; I do not understand *ham̐si*.

<sup>3</sup> 'Gadṛabha-pañho niṭṭhito.'



were best to have his meals outside the palace, replied to that effect. Then the king gave him a suitable house, and providing for the maintenance of the thousand youths and all, gave him all that was needful. From that time the sage attended upon the king. /

19. Now the king desired to test the sage. At that time there was a precious jewel in a crow's nest on a palm-tree which stood on the bank of a lake near the southern gate, and the image of this jewel was to be seen reflected upon the lake. They told the king that there was a jewel in the lake. He sent for Senaka, [345] saying, "They tell me there is a jewel in the lake; how are we to get it?" Senaka said, "The best way is to drain out the water." The king instructed him to do so; and he collected a number of men, and got out the water and mud, and dug up the soil at the bottom—but no jewel could he see. But when the lake was again full, there was the reflexion of the jewel to be seen once more. Again Senaka did the same thing, and found no jewel. Then the king sent for the sage, and said, "A jewel has been seen in the lake, and Senaka has taken out the water and mud and dug up the earth without finding it, but no sooner is the lake full than it appears again. Can you get hold of it?" He replied, "That is no hard task, sire, I will get it for you." The king was pleased at this promise, and with a great following he went to the lake, ready to see the might of the sage's knowledge. The Great Being stood on the bank, and looked. He perceived that the jewel was not in the lake, but must be in the tree, and he said aloud, "Sire, there is no jewel in the tank." "What! is it not visible in the water?" So he sent for a pail of water, and said, "Now my lord, see—is not this jewel visible both in the pail and the lake?" "Then where can the jewel be?" "Sire, it is the reflexion which is visible both in the lake and in the pail, but the jewel is in a crow's nest in this palm-tree: send up a man and have it brought down." The king did so: the man brought down the jewel, and the sage put it into the king's hand. All the people applauded the sage and mocked at Senaka—"Here's a precious jewel in a crow's nest up a tree, and Senaka makes strong men dig out the lake! Surely a wise man should be like Mahosadha<sup>1</sup>." Thus they praised the Great Being; and the king being delighted with him, gave him a necklace of pearls from his own neck, and strings of pearls to the thousand boys, and to him and his retinue he granted the right to wait upon him without ceremony<sup>2</sup>.

Again, on a day the king went with the sage into the park; [346] when a chameleon, which lived on the top of the arched gateway, saw the king approach and came down and lay flat upon the ground. The king seeing this asked, "What is he doing, wise sir?" "Paying respect to

<sup>1</sup> There is no need to add *na*, as the editor suggests.

<sup>2</sup> 'Ekūnavisati-pañho niṭṭhito'; end of the Nineteen Problems.



you, sire." "If so, let not his service be without reward; give him a largess." "Sire, a largess is of no use to him; all he wants is something to eat." "And what does he eat?" "Meat, sire." "How much ought he to have?" "A farthing's worth, sire." "A farthing's worth is no gift from a king," said the king, and he sent a man with orders to bring regularly and give to the chameleon a half-anna's worth of meat. This was done thereafter. But on a fast day, when there is no killing, the man could find no meat; so he bored a hole through the half-anna piece, and strung it upon a thread, and tied it upon the chameleon's neck. This made the creature proud. That day the king again went into the park; but the chameleon as he saw the king draw near, in pride of wealth made himself equal to the king, thinking within himself—"You may be very rich, Vedeha, but so am I." So he did not come down, but lay still on the archway, stroking his head. The king seeing this said, "Wise sir, this creature does not come down to-day as usual; what is the reason?" and he recited the first stanza:

"Yon chameleon used not to climb upon the archway: explain, Mahosadha, why the chameleon has become stiff-necked."

The sage perceived that the man must have been unable to find meat on this fast day when there was no killing, and that the creature must have become proud because of the coin hung about his neck; so he recited this stanza:

"The chameleon has got what he never had before, a half-anna piece; hence he despises Vedeha lord of Mithilā."

[347] The king sent for the man and questioned him, and he told him all about it truly. Then he was more than ever pleased with the sage, who (it seemed) knew the idea of the chameleon, without asking any questions, with a wisdom like the supreme wisdom of a Buddha; so he gave him the revenue taken at the four gates. Being angry with the chameleon, he thought of discontinuing the gift, but the sage told him that it was unfitting and dissuaded him<sup>1</sup>.

Now a lad Piṅguttara living in Mithilā came to Takkasilā, and studied under a famous teacher, and soon completed his education; then after diligent study he proposed to take leave of his teacher and go. But in this teacher's family there was a custom, that if there should be a daughter ripe for marriage she should be given to the eldest pupil. This teacher had a daughter beautiful as a nymph divine, so he said, "My son, I will give you my daughter and you shall take her with you." Now this lad was unfortunate and unlucky, but the girl was very lucky. When he saw her he did not care for her; but though he said so, he agreed, not wishing to disregard his master's words, and the brahmin married the

<sup>1</sup> 'Kakantaka-pañho niṣṭhito.' Here endeth the Chameleon Question.



daughter to him. Night came, when he lay upon the prepared bed; no sooner had she got into the bed than up he got groaning and lay down upon the floor. She got out and lay beside him, then he got up and went to bed again; when she came into the bed again he got out—for ill luck cannot mate with good luck. So the girl stayed in bed and he stayed on the ground. Thus they spent seven days. Then he took leave of his teacher and departed taking her with him. On the road there was not so much as an exchange of talk between them. Both unhappy they came to Mithilā. Not far from the town, Piṅguttara saw a fig-tree covered with fruit, and being hungry he climbed up and ate some of the figs. The girl also being hungry came to the foot of the tree and called out—"Throw down some fruit for me too." "What!" says he, "have you no hands or feet? Climb up and get it yourself." She climbed up also and ate. No sooner did he see that she had climbed than he came down quickly, [348] and piled thorns around the tree, and made off saying to himself—"I have got rid of the miserable woman at last." She could not get down, but remained sitting where she was. Now the king, who had been amusing himself in the forest, was coming back to town on his elephant in the evening time when he saw her, and fell in love; so he sent to ask had she a husband or no. She replied, "Yes, I have a husband to whom my family gave me; but he has gone away and left me here alone." The courtier told this tale to the king, who said, "Treasure trove belongs to the Crown." She was brought down and placed on the elephant and conveyed to the palace, where she was sprinkled with the water of consecration as his queen consort. Dear and darling she was to him; and the name Udumbarā or Queen Fig was given to her because he first saw her upon a fig-tree.

One day after this, they who dwelt by the city gate had to clean the road for the king to go disporting into his park; and Piṅguttara, who had to earn his living, tucked up his clothes and set to work clearing the road with a hoe. Before the road was clean the king with Queen Udumbarā came along in a chariot; and the queen seeing the wretch clearing the road could not restrain her triumph, but smiled to see the wretch there. The king was angry to see her smile, and asked why she did so. "My lord," she said, "that road-cleaner fellow is my former husband, who made me climb up the fig-tree and then piled thorns about it and left me; when I saw him I could not help feeling triumphant at my good fortune, and smiled to see the wretch there." The king said, "You lie, you laughed at someone else, and I will kill you!" And he drew his sword. She was alarmed and said, "Sire, pray ask your wise men!" The king asked Senaka whether he believed her. "No, my lord, I do not," said Senaka, "for who would leave such a woman if he once possessed her?" When she heard this she was more frightened than ever. But the king



thought, "What does Senaka know about it? I will ask the sage"; and asked him reciting this stanza<sup>1</sup>:

"Should a woman be virtuous and fair, and a man not desire her—do you believe it Mahosadha?"

[349] The sage replied:

"O king, I do believe it: the man would be an unlucky wretch; good luck and ill luck never can mate together."

These words allayed the king's anger, and his heart was calmed, and much pleased he said, "O wise man! if you had not been here, I should have trusted the words of that fool Senaka and lost this precious woman: you have saved me my queen." He recompensed the sage with a thousand pieces of money. Then the queen said to the king respectfully, "Sire, it is all through this wise man that my life has been saved; grant me the boon, that I may treat him as my youngest brother." "Yes, my queen, I consent, the boon is granted." "Then, my lord, from this day I will eat no dainties without my brother, from this day in season and out of season my door shall be open to send him sweet food—this boon I crave." "You may have this boon also, my lady," quoth the king. Here endeth the Question of Good and Bad Luck<sup>2</sup>.

Another day, the king after breakfast was walking up and down in the long walk when he saw through a doorway a goat and a dog making friends. Now this goat was in the habit of eating the grass thrown to the elephants beside their stable before they touched it; the elephant-keepers beat it and drove it away; and as it ran away bleating, one man ran quickly after and struck it on the back with a stick. The goat with its back humped in pain went and lay down by the great wall of the palace, on a bench. Now there was a dog which had fed all its days upon the bones, skin, and refuse of the royal kitchen. That same day the cook had finished preparing the food, and had dished it up, and while he was wiping the sweat off his body the dog could no longer bear the smell of the meat and fish, and entered the kitchen, pushed off the cover [350] and began eating the meat. But the cook hearing the noise of the dishes ran in and saw the dog: he clapt to the door and beat it with sticks and stones. The dog dropt the meat from his mouth and ran off yelping; and the cook seeing him run, ran after and struck him full on the back with a stick. The dog humping his back and holding up one leg came to the place where the goat was lying. Then the goat said, "Friend, why do you hump your back? Are you suffering from colic?" The dog replied, "You are humping your back too, have you an attack of colic?" He told his tale. Then the goat added, "Well, can you ever go to the kitchen again?" "No, it is as

<sup>1</sup> See Vol. II. p. 115.

<sup>2</sup> 'Sirikāḷakaṇṇi-pañho niṭṭhito.'



much as my life's worth.—Can you go to the stable again?" "No more than you, 'tis as much as my life's worth." Well, they began to wonder how they could live. Then the goat said, "If we could manage to live together I have an idea." "Pray tell it." "Well, sir, you must go to the stable; the elephant-keepers will take no notice of you, for (think they) he eats no grass; and you must bring me my grass. I will go to the kitchen, and the cook will take no notice of me, thinking that I eat no meat, so I will bring you your meat." "That's a good plan," said the other, and they made a bargain of it: the dog went to the stable and brought a bundle of grass in his teeth and laid it beside the great wall; the other went to the kitchen and brought away a great lump of meat in his mouth to the same place. The dog ate the meat and the goat ate the grass; and so by this device they lived together in harmony by the great wall. When the king saw their friendship he thought—"Never have I seen such a thing before. Here are two natural enemies living in friendship together. I will put this in the form of a question to my wise men; those who cannot understand it I will banish from the realm, and if anyone guesses it [351] I will declare him the sage incomparable and shew him all honour. There is no time to-day; but to-morrow when they come to wait upon me I will ask them the question. So next day when the wise men had come to wait upon him, he put his question in these words:

"Two natural enemies, who never before in the world could come within seven paces of each other, have become friends and go inseparable. What is the reason?"

After this he added another stanza:

"If this day before noon you cannot solve me this question, I will banish you all. I have no need of ignorant men."

Now Senaka was seated in the first seat, the sage in the last; and thought the sage to himself, "This king is too slow of wit to have thought out this question by himself, he must have seen something. If I can get one day's grace I will solve the riddle. Senaka is sure to find some means to postpone it for a day." And the other four wise men could see nothing, being like men in a dark room: Senaka looked at the Bodhisat to see what he would do, the Bodhisat looked at Senaka. By the way Mahosadha looked Senaka perceived his state of mind; he sees that even this wise man does not understand the question, he cannot answer it to-day but wants a day's grace; he would fulfil this wish. So he laughed loudly in a reassuring manner and said, "What, sire, you will banish us all if we cannot answer your question?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, you know that it is a knotty question, and we cannot solve it; do but wait a little. A knotty question cannot be solved in a crowd. We will think it over,



and afterwards [352] explain it to you. So let us have a chance." So he said relying on the Great Being, and then recited these two stanzas :

"In a great crowd, where is a great din of people assembled, our minds are distracted, our thoughts cannot concentrate, and we cannot solve the question. But alone, calm in thought, apart they will go and ponder on the matter, in solitude grappling with it firmly, then they will solve it for thee, O lord of men."

The king, exasperated though he was at his speech, said, threatening them, "Very well, think it over and tell me; if you do not, I will banish you." The four wise men left the palace, and Senaka said to the others, "Friends, a delicate question this which the king has put; if we cannot solve it there is great fear for us. So take a good meal and reflect carefully." After this they went each to his own house. The sage on his part rose and sought out Queen Udumbarā, and to her he said, "O queen, where was the king most of to-day and yesterday?" "Walking up and down the long walk, good sir, and looking out of the window." "Ah," thought the Bodhisat, "he must have seen something there." So he went to the place and looked out and saw the doings of the goat and the dog. "The king's question is solved!" he concluded, and home he went. The three others found out nothing, and came to Senaka, who asked, "Have you found out the question?" "No, master." "If so, the king will banish you, and what will you do?" "But you have found it out?" "Indeed no, not I." "If you cannot find it out, how can we? We roared like lions before the king, and said, Let us think and we will solve it; and now if we cannot, he will be angry. What are we to do?" "This question is not for us to solve: [353] no doubt the sage has solved it in a hundred ways." "Then let us go to him." So they came all four to the Bodhisat's door, and sent to announce their coming, and entering spoke politely to him; then standing on one side they asked the Great Being, "Well, sir, have you thought out the question?" "If I have not, who will? Of course I have." "Then tell us too." He thought to himself, "If I do not tell them, the king will banish them, and will honour me with the seven precious things. But let not these fools perish—I will tell them." So he made them sit down on low seats, and to uplift their hands in salutation, and without telling them what the king had really seen, he composed four stanzas, and taught them one each in the Pāli language, to recite when the king should ask them, and sent them away. Next day they went to wait on the king, and sat where they were told to sit, and the king asked Senaka, "Have you solved the question, Senaka?" "Sire, if I do not know it who can?" "Tell me, then." "Listen, my lord," and he recited a stanza as he had been taught :

"Young beggars and young princes like and delight in ram's<sup>1</sup> flesh; dog's flesh they do not eat. Yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

<sup>1</sup> The words *meṇḍo* and *urabbho* mean 'ram,' and I have translated them literally in the following stanzas, reserving 'goat' for *eḷaka*.



Although Senaka recited the stanza he did not know its meaning ; but the king did because he had seen the thing. "Senaka has found it out," he thought ; and then turned to Pukkusa and asked him. "What? am not I a wise man?" asked Pukkusa, and recited his stanza as he had been taught :

"They take off a goatskin to cover the horse's back withal, but a dogskin they do not use for covering : yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

[354] Neither did he understand the matter, but the king thought he did because he had seen the thing. Then he asked Kāvinda and he also recited his stanza :

"Twisted horns hath a ram, the dog hath none at all ; one eateth grass, one flesh : yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

"He has found it out too," thought the king, and passed on to Devinda ; who with the others recited his stanza as he had been taught :

"Grass and leaves doth the ram eat, the dog neither grass nor leaves ; the dog would take a hare or a cat : yet there might be friendship betwixt ram and dog."

Next the king questioned the sage : "My son, do you understand this question ?" "Sire, who else can understand it from Avīci to Bhavagga, from lowest hell to highest heaven?" "Tell me, then." "Listen, sire"; and he made clear his knowledge of the fact by reciting these two stanzas :

"The ram, with eight half-feet on his four feet, and eight hooves, unobserved, brings meat for the other, and he brings grass for him<sup>1</sup>. The chief of Videha, the lord of men, on his terrace beheld with his own eyes the interchange of food given by each to the other, between bow-wow and full-mouth."

[355] The king, not knowing that the others had their knowledge through the Bodhisat, was delighted to think that all five had found out the riddle each by his own wisdom, and recited this stanza :

"No small gain is it that I have men so wise in my house. A matter profound and subtile they have penetrated with noble speech, the clever men !"

So he said to them, "One good turn deserves another," and made his return in the following stanza :

"To each I give a chariot and a she-mule, to each a rich village, very choice, these I give to all the wise men, delighted at their noble speech."

All this he gave. Here endeth the Question of the Goat in the Twelfth Book<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> I have transposed the two last lines, to suit the obvious sense; the grammar is incorrect as they stand. One might almost suppose that Senaka was reciting his verse learnt by rote.

<sup>2</sup> *Meṇḍaka-paṇḥo* : see iv. 186 (trans., p. 115).



But Queen Udumbarā knew that the others had got their knowledge of the question through the sage; and thought she, "The king has given the same reward to all five, like a man who makes no difference between peas and beans. Surely my brother should have had a special reward." So she went and asked the king, "Who discovered the riddle for you, sir?" "The five wise men, madam." "But my lord, through whom did the four get their knowledge?" "I do not know, madam." "Sire, what do those men know! It was the sage—who wished that these fools should not be ruined through him, and taught them the problem. [356] Then you give the same reward to them all. That is not right; you should make a distinction for the sage." The king was pleased that the sage had not revealed that they had their knowledge through him, and being desirous of giving him an exceeding great reward, he thought, "Never mind: I will ask my son another question, and when he replies, I will give him a great reward." Thinking of this he hit on the Question of Poor and Rich.

One day, when the five wise men had come to wait upon him, and when they were comfortably seated, the king said, "Senaka, I will ask a question." "Do, sire." Then he recited the first stanza in the Question of Poor and Rich:

"Endowed with wisdom and bereft of wealth, or wealthy and without wisdom—I ask you this question, Senaka: Which of these two do clever men call the better?"

Now this question had been handed down from generation to generation in Senaka's family, so he replied at once:

"Verily, O king, wise men and fools, men educated or uneducated, do service to the wealthy, although they be high-born and he be base-born. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, and the wealthy is better."

The king listened to this answer; then without asking the other three, he said to the sage Mahosadha who sat by:

"Thee also I ask, lofty in wisdom, Mahosadha, who knowest all the Law: A fool with wealth or a wise man with small store, which of the two do clever men call the better?"

[357] Then the Great Being replied, "Hear, O king:

"The fool commits sinful acts, thinking 'In this world I am the better'; he looks at this world and not at the next, and gets the worst of it in both. Beholding this I say: The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

This said, the king looked at Senaka: "Well, you see Mahosadha says the wise man is the best." Senaka said, "Your majesty, Mahosadha is a child; even now his mouth smells of milk. What can he know?" and he recited this stanza:

"Science does not give riches, nor does family or personal beauty. Look at that idiot Gorimanda greatly prospering, because Luck favours the wretch<sup>1</sup>. Beholding this I say: The wise is mean, the wealthy is better."

<sup>1</sup> Read *siri hīnam* as two words.



[358] Hearing this the king said, "What now, Mahosadha my son?" He answered, "My lord, what does Senaka know? He is like a crow where rice is scattered, like a dog trying to lap up milk : sees himself but sees not the stick which is ready to fall upon his head. Listen, my lord," and he recited this stanza :

"He that is small of wit, when he gets wealth, is intoxicated : struck by misfortune he becomes stupefied : struck by ill luck or good luck as chance may come, he writhes like a fish in the hot sun. Beholding this I say : The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

"Now then, master!" said the king on hearing this. Senaka said, "My lord, what does he know? Not to speak of men, it is the fine tree full of fruit which the birds go after," and he recited this stanza :

"As in the forest, the birds gather from all quarters to the tree which has sweet fruit, so to the rich man who has treasure and wealth crowds flock together for their profit. Beholding this I say : The wise is mean, the wealthy is the better."

"Well, my son, what now?" the king asked. The sage answered, "What does that pot-belly know? Listen, my lord," and he recited this stanza :

"The powerful fool does not well to win treasure by violence ; roar loud as he will, they<sup>1</sup> drag the simpleton off to hell. [359] Beholding this I say : The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

Again the king said, "Well, Senaka?" to which Senaka replied :

"Whatsoever streams pour themselves into the Ganges, all these lose name and kind. The Ganges falling into the sea, is no longer to be distinguished. So the world is devoted to wealth. Beholding this I say : The wise is mean, the rich is better."

Again the king said, "Well, sage?" and he answered, "Hear, O king!" with a couple of stanzas :

"This mighty ocean of which he spoke, whereinto always flow rivers innumerable, this sea beating incessantly on the shore can never pass over it, mighty ocean though it be. So it is with the chatterings of the fool : his prosperity cannot overpass the wise. Beholding this I say : The wise is better than the prosperous fool."

[360] "Well, Senaka?" said the king. "Hear, O king!" said he, and recited this stanza :

"A wealthy man in high position may lack all self-control, but if he says anything to others, his word has weight in the midst of his kinsfolk ; but wisdom has not that effect for the man without wealth. Beholding this I say : The wise is mean, the rich is better."

"Well, my son?" said the king again. "Listen, sire ! what does that stupid Senaka know?" and he recited this stanza :

"For another's sake or his own the fool and small of wit speaks falsely ; he is put to shame in the midst of company, and hereafter he goeth to misery. Beholding this I say : The wise is better than the wealthy fool."

<sup>1</sup> I.e. '*nirayapālā*,' the guardians of hell.



Then Senaka recited a stanza :

“Even if one be of great wisdom, but without rice<sup>1</sup> or grain, and needy, should he say anything, his word has no weight in the midst of his kinsfolk, [361] and prosperity does not come to a man for his knowledge. Beholding this I say : The wise is mean, the rich is better.”

Again the king said, “What say you to that, my son?” And the sage replied, “What does Senaka know? he looks at this world, not the next,” and he recited this stanza :

“Not for his own sake nor another’s does the man of great wisdom speak a lie ; he is honoured in the midst of the assembly, and hereafter he goes to happiness. Beholding this I say : The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

Then Senaka recited a stanza :

“Elephants, kine, horses, jewelled earrings, women, are found in rich families ; these all are for the enjoyment of the rich man without supernatural power. Beholding this I say : The wise is mean, the rich is better.”

The sage said, “What does he know?” and continuing to explain the matter he recited this stanza :

“The fool, who does thoughtless acts and speaks foolish words, the unwise, is cast off by Fortune as a snake casts the old skin. Beholding this I say : The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

[362] “What now?” asked the king then ; and Senaka said, “My lord, what can this little boy know ? Listen!” and he recited this stanza, thinking that he would silence the sage :

“We are five wise men, venerable sir, all waiting upon you with gestures of respect ; and you are our lord and master, like Sakka, lord of all creatures, king of the gods. Beholding this I say : The wise is mean, the rich is better.”

When the king heard this he thought, “That was neatly said of Senaka ; I wonder whether my son will be able to refute it and to say something else.” So he asked him, “Well, wise sir, what now?” But this argument of Senaka’s there was none able to refute except the Bodhisat ; so the Great Being refuted it by saying, “Sire, what does this fool know? He only looks at himself and knows not the excellence of wisdom. Listen, sire,” and he recited this stanza :

“The wealthy fool is but the slave of a wise man, when questions of this kind arise ; when the sage solves it cleverly, then the fool falls into confusion. Beholding this I say : The wise is better than the wealthy fool.”

As if he drew forth golden sand from the foot of Sineru, as though he bought the full moon up in the sky, so did he set forth this argument, so did the Great Being shew his wisdom. Then the king said to Senaka, “Well, Senaka, cap that if you can!” But like one who had used up all the corn in his granary, he sat without answer, disturbed, [363] grieving.

<sup>1</sup> *anālayo*. Following the Burmese version I derive this from *nāli*, a measure (of rice, &c.).



If he could have produced another argument, even a thousand stanzas would not<sup>1</sup> have finished this Birth. But when he remained without an answer, the Great Being went on with this stanza in praise of wisdom, as though he poured out a deep flood :

“Verily wisdom is esteemed of the good ; wealth is beloved because men are devoted to enjoyment. The knowledge of the Buddhas is incomparable, and wealth never surpasses wisdom.”

Hearing this the king was so pleased with the Great Being’s solution of the question, that he rewarded him with riches in a great shower, and recited a stanza :

“Whatsoever I asked he has answered me, Mahosadha<sup>2</sup> the only preacher of the Law. A thousand kine, a bull and an elephant, and ten chariots drawn by thorobreds, and sixteen excellent villages, here I give thee, pleased with thy answer to the question<sup>3</sup>.”

Here endeth the Question of Rich and Poor (Book xx).

From that day the Bodhisat’s glory was great, and Queen Udumbarā managed it all. When he was sixteen she thought : “My young brother has grown up, and great is his glory ; we must find a wife for him.” This she said to the king, and the king was well pleased. “Very good,” said he, “tell him.” [364] She told him, and he agreed, and she said, “Then let us find you a bride, my son.” The Great Being thought, “I should never be satisfied if they choose me a wife ; I will find one for myself.” And he said, “Madam, do not tell the king for a few days, and I will go seek a wife to suit my taste, and then I will tell you.” “Do so, my son,” she replied. He took leave of the queen, and went to his house, and informed his companions. Then he got by some means the outfit of a tailor, and alone went out by the northern gate into North Town. Now in that place was an ancient and decayed merchant-family, and in this family was a daughter, the lady Amarā, a beautiful girl, wise, and with all the marks of good luck. That morning early, this girl had set out to the place where her father was plowing, to bring him rice-gruel which she had cooked, and it so happened that she went by the same road. When the Great Being saw her coming he thought, “A woman with all lucky marks ! If she is unwed she must be my wife.” She also when she beheld him thought, “If I could live in the house of such a man, I might restore my family.” The Great Being thought, “Whether she be wed or not I do not know : I will ask her by hand-gesture, and if she be wise she will understand.” So standing afar off he clenched his fist. She understood that he was asking whether she had a husband, and spread out her hand. Then he went up to her, and asked her name. She said, “My

<sup>1</sup> *na* seems to be wanted before *niṭṭhapeyya*.

<sup>2</sup> I translate as though *Mahosadho* ; I cannot understand the syntax of the text.

<sup>3</sup> *Sirimanda-pañho niṭṭhito*.



name is that which neither is, nor was, nor ever shall be." "Madam, there is nothing in the world immortal, and your name must be Amarā, the Immortal." "Even so, master." "For whom, madam, do you carry that gruel?" "For the god of old time." "Gods of old time are one's parents<sup>1</sup>, and no doubt you mean your father." "So it must be, master." "What does your father do?" "He makes two out of one." Now the making two out of one is plowing. "He is plowing, madam." [365] "Even so, master." "And where is your father plowing?" "Where those who go come not again." "The place whence those who go come not again is the cemetery: he is plowing then near a cemetery." "Even so, master." "Will you<sup>2</sup> come again to-day, madam?" "If a come I will not come<sup>3</sup>, if a come not I will come." "Your father, methinks, madam, is plowing by a riverside, and if the flood come you will not come, if it come not you will." After this interchange of talk, the lady Amarā offered him a drink of the gruel. The Great Being, thinking it ungracious to refuse, said he would like some. Then she put down the jar of gruel; and the Great Being thought, "If she offer it to me without first washing the pot and giving me water to wash my hands, I will leave her and go." But she took up water in the pot and offered him water for washing, placed the pot empty upon the ground not in his hands, stirred up the gruel in the jar, filled the pot with it. But there was not much rice in it, and the Great Being said, "Why, madam, there is very little rice here!" "We got no water, master." "You mean when your field was in growth, you got no water upon it." "Even so, master." So she kept some gruel for her father, and gave some to the Bodhisat. He drank, and gargled his mouth, and said, "Madam, I will go to your house; kindly shew me the way." She did so by reciting a stanza which is given in the First Book:

"By the way of the cakes and gruel, and the double-leaf tree in flower, by the hand wherewith I eat I bid thee go, not by that wherewith I eat not: that is the way to the market-town, that secret path you must find<sup>4</sup>."

Here endeth the Question of the Secret Path.

[366] He reached the house by the way indicated; and Amarā's mother saw him and gave him a seat. "May I offer you some gruel, master?" she asked. "Thank you, mother—sister Amarā gave me a little." She at once recognized that he must have come on her daughter's account.

<sup>1</sup> *pubbadevatā nāma mātāpitaro*.

<sup>2</sup> Reading with B<sup>d</sup> *essasiti*, or C<sup>k</sup> *essathā ti*.

<sup>3</sup> *essati* in the original, having no subject, might refer to the father, "if he come." This increases the subtlety of the riddle.

<sup>4</sup> The scholiast explains thus: "Entering the village you will see a cake-shop and then a gruel-shop, further on an ebony tree in flower (*koviḷāro*, *Bauhinia Variegata*): take a path to the right (south)." —*Channapatha-pañho niṭṭhito*.



The Great Being, when he saw their poverty, said, "Mother, I am a tailor: have you anything to mend?" "Yes, master, but nothing to pay." "There is no need to pay, mother; bring the things and I will mend them." She brought him some old clothes, and each as she brought it the Bodhisat mended. The wise man's business always goes well, you know. He said then, "Go tell the people in the street." She published it abroad in the village; and in one day by his tailoring the Great Being earned a thousand pieces of money. The old dame cooked him a midday meal, and in the evening asked how much she should cook. "Enough, mother, for all those who live in this house." She cooked a quantity of rice with some curry and condiments.

Now Amarā in the evening came back from the forest, bearing a faggot of wood upon her head and leaves on her hip. She threw down the wood before the front door and came in by the back door. Her father returned later. The Great Being ate of a tasteful meal; the girl served her parents before herself eating, washed their feet and the Bodhisat's feet. For several days he lived there watching her. Then one day to test her, he said, "My dear Amarā, take half a measure of rice and with it make me gruel, a cake, and boiled rice." She agreed at once; and husked the rice; with the big grains she made gruel, the middling grains she boiled, and made a cake with the little ones, adding the suitable condiments. She gave the gruel with its condiments to the Great Being; [367] he no sooner took a mouthful of it than he felt its choice flavour thrill through him: nevertheless to test her he said, "Madam, if you don't know how to cook why did you spoil my rice?" and spat it out on the ground. But she was not angry; only gave him the cake, saying, "If the gruel is not good eat the cake." He did the same with that, and again rejecting the boiled rice, said, "If you don't know how to cook why did you waste my property?" As though angry he mixed all three together and smeared them all over her body from the head downwards, and told her to sit at the door. "Very good, master," she said, not angry at all, and did so. Finding that there was no pride in her he said, "Come here, madam." At the first word she came.

When the Great Being came, he had brought with him a thousand rupees and a dress in his betel-nut-bag. Now he took out this dress and placed it in her hands, saying, "Madam, bathe with your companions and put on this dress and come to me." She did so. The sage gave her parents all the money he had brought or earned, and comforted them, and took her back to the town with him. There to test her he made her sit down in the gatekeeper's house, and telling the gatekeeper's wife of his plans, went to his own house. Then he sent for some of his men, and said, "I have left a woman in such and such a house; take a thousand pieces of money with you and test her." He gave them the money and sent them



away. They did as they were bid. She refused, saying, "That is not worth the dust on my master's feet." The men came back and told the result. He sent them again, and a third time; and the fourth time he bade them drag her away by force. They did so, and when she saw the Great Being in all his glory she did not know him, but smiled and wept at the same time as she looked at him. He asked her why she did this. She replied, "Master, I smiled when I beheld your magnificence, and thought that this magnificence was not given you without cause, but for some good deed in a former life: see the fruit of goodness! I thought, and I smiled. But I wept to think that now you would sin against the property which another watched and tended, [368] and would go to hell: in pity for that I wept." After this test he knew her chastity, and sent her back to the same place. Putting on his tailor's disguise, he went back to her and there spent the night.

Next morning he repaired to the palace and told Queen Udumbarā all about it; she informed the king, and adorning Amarā with all kinds of ornaments, and seated her in a great chariot, and with great honour brought her to the Great Being's house, and made a gala day. The king sent the Bodhisat a gift worth a thousand pieces of money: all the people of the town sent gifts from the doorkeepers onwards. Lady Amarā divided the gifts sent by the king into halves, and sent one portion back to the king; in the same way she divided all the gifts sent to her by the citizens, and returned half, thus winning the hearts of the people. From that time the Great Being lived with her in happiness, and instructed the king in things temporal and spiritual.

One day Senaka said to the other three who had come to see him, "Friends, we are not enough for this common man's son Mahosadha; and now he has gotten him a wife cleverer than himself. Can we find a means to make a breach between him and the king?" "What do we know, sir teacher—you must decide." "Well, never mind, there is a way. I will steal the jewel from the royal crest; you, Pukkusa, take his golden necklace; you, Kāvinda, take his woollen robe; you, Devinda, his golden slipper." They all four found a way to do these things. Then Senaka said, "We must now get them into the fellow's house without his knowledge." So Senaka put the jewel in a pot of dates and sent it by a slave-girl, saying, "If anyone else wants to have this pot of dates, refuse, but give them pot and all to the people in Mahosadha's house." She took it and went to the sage's house, and walked up and down crying, "D'ye lack dates?" But the lady Amarā standing by the door saw this: she noticed that the girl went nowhere else, there must be something behind it; so making a sign for her servants to approach, she cried herself to the girl, "Come here, girl, I will take the dates." [369] When she came, the mistress called for her servants, but none answered, so she sent the girl to



fetch them. While she was gone Amarā put her hand into the pot and found the jewel. When the girl returned Amarā asked her, "Whose servant are you, girl?" "Pandit Senaka's maid." Then she enquired her name and her mother's name and said, "Well, give me some dates." "If you want it, mother, take it pot and all—I want no payment." "You may go, then," said Amarā, and sent her away. Then she wrote down on a leaf, "On such a day of such a month the teacher Senaka sent a jewel from the king's crest for a present by the hand of such and such a girl." Pukkusa sent the golden necklet hidden in a casket of jasmine flowers; Kāvinda sent the robe in a basket of vegetables; Devinda sent the golden slipper in a bundle of straw. She received them all and put down names and all on a leaf, which she put away, telling the Great Being about it. Then those four men went to the palace, and said, "Why, my lord! won't you wear your jewelled crest?" "Yes, I will—fetch it," said the king. But they could not find the jewel or the other things. Then the four said, "My lord, your ornaments are in Mahosadha's house, and he uses them: that common man's son is your enemy!" So they slandered him. Then his well-wishers went and told Mahosadha; and he said, "I will go to the king and find out." He waited upon the king, who was angry and said, "I know him not! what does he want here?" He would not grant him an audience. When the sage learnt that the king was angry he returned home. The king sent to seize him; which the sage hearing from well-wishers indicated to Amarā that it was time he departed. So he escaped out of the city in disguise to South Town where he plied the trade of a potter in a potter's house. All the city was full of the news that he had run away. Senaka and the other three hearing that he was gone, each unknown to the rest sent a letter to the lady Amarā, to this effect: "Never mind: are we not wise men?" [370] She took all four letters, and answered to each that he should come at such a time. When they came, she had them clean shaven with razors, and threw them into the jakes, and tormented them sore, and wrapping them up in rolls of matting sent word to the king. Taking them and the four precious things together she went to the king's courtyard and there greeting him said: "My lord, the wise Mahosadha is no thief; here are the thieves. Senaka stole the jewel, Pukkusa stole the golden necklace, Devinda stole the golden slipper: on such a day of such a month by the hand of such and such a slave-girl these four were sent as presents. Look at this leaf. Take what is yours, and cast out the thieves." And thus heaping contumely on these four persons she returned home. But the king was perplexed about this, and since the Bodhisat had gone and there were no other wise men he said nothing, but told them to bathe and go home.

Now the deity that dwelt in the royal parasol no longer hearing the voice of the Bodhisat's discourse wondered what might be the cause, and



when she had found it out determined to bring the sage back. So at night she appeared through a hole in the circuit of the parasol, and asked the king four questions which are found in the Questions of the Goddess, Book IV<sup>1</sup>, the verses beginning "He strikes with hands and feet." The king could not answer, and said so, but offered to ask his wise men, asking a day's delay. Next day he sent a message summoning them, but they replied, "We are ashamed to shew ourselves in the street, shaven as we are." So he sent them four skullcaps to wear on their heads. (That is the origin of these caps, so they say.) Then they came, and sat where they were invited to go, and the king said, "Senaka, last night the deity that dwells in my parasol asked me four questions, which I could not solve but said I would ask my wise men. Pray solve them for me." And then he recited the first stanza :

"He strikes with hands and feet, and beats on the face; yet, O king, he is dear, and grows dearer than a husband<sup>2</sup>."

Senaka stammered out whatever came first, "Strikes how, strikes whom," [371] and could make neither head nor tail of it; the others were all dumb. The king was full of distress. When again at night the goddess asked whether he had found out the riddle, he said, "I asked my four wise men, and not even they could say." She replied, "What do they know? Save wise Mahosadha there is none can solve it. If you do not send for him and get him to solve these questions, I will cleave your head with this fiery blade." After thus frightening him she went on: "O king, when you want fire don't blow a firefly, and when you want milk don't milk a horn." Then she repeated the Firefly Question<sup>3</sup> of the Fifth Book:

"When light is extinguished, who that goes in search of fire ever thinks a firefly to be fire, if he sees it at night? If he crumbles over it cow-dung and grass, it is a foolish idea; he cannot make it burn. So also a beast gets no benefit by wrong means, if it milks a cow by the horn where milk will not flow. By many means men obtain benefit, by punishment of enemies and kindness shewn to friends. By winning over the chiefs of the army, and by the counsel of friends, the lords of the earth possess the earth and the fulness thereof."

[372] "They are not like you, blowing at a firefly in the belief that it is a fire: you are like one blowing at a firefly when fire is at hand, like one who throws down the balance and weighs with the hand, like one who wants milk and milks the horn, when you ask deep questions of Senaka and the like of him. What do they know? Like fireflies are they, like a great flaming fire is Mahosadha blazing with wisdom. If you do not find out this question, you are a dead man." Having thus terrified the king, she disappeared<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. III. p. 152 alludes to this.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *kantena*.

<sup>3</sup> *Khajjopanaka-pañho*: III. 197.

<sup>4</sup> *Khajjopanaka-pañho nitthito*. Here endeth the Firefly Question.



Hereat the king, smitten with mortal fear, sent out the next day four of his courtiers, with orders to mount each in a chariot, and to go forth from the four gates of the city, and wheresoever they should find his son, the wise Mahosadha, to shew him all honour and speedily to bring him back. Three of these found not the sage; but the fourth who went out by south gate found the Great Being in the South Town, who, after fetching clay and turning his master's wheel, sat all clay-besmeared on a bundle of straw eating balls of rice dipt in a little soup. Now the reason why he did so was this: he thought that the king might suspect him of desiring to grasp the sovereign power, but if he heard that he was living by the craft of a potter this suspicion would be put away. When he perceived the courtier he knew that the man had come for himself; he understood that his prosperity would be restored, and he should eat all manner of choice food prepared by the lady Amarā: so he dropt the ball of rice which he held, stood up, and rinsed his mouth. At that moment up came the courtier: now this was one of Senaka's faction, so he addrest him rudely as follows: "Wise Teacher, what Senaka said was useful information. Your prosperity gone, all your wisdom was unavailing; and now there you sit all besmeared with clay on a truss of straw, eating food like that!" and he recited this stanza from the Bhūri-pañha or Question of Wisdom, Book x<sup>1</sup>:

[373] "Is it true, as they say, that you are one of profound wisdom? So great prosperity, cleverness, and intelligence does not serve you, thus brought to insignificance, while you eat a little soup like that."

Then the Great Being said, "Blind fool! By power of my wisdom when I want to restore that prosperity I will do it"; and he recited a couple of stanzas.

"I make weal ripen by woe, I discriminate between seasonable and unseasonable times, hiding at my own will; I unlock the doors of profit; therefore I am content with boiled rice. When I perceive the time for an effort, maturing my profit by my designs, I will bear myself valiantly like a lion, and by that mighty power you shall see me again."

Then the courtier said: "Wise sir, the deity who lives in the parasol has put a question to the king, and the king asked the four wise men,—not a wise man of them could solve it! Therefore the king has sent me for you." [374] "In that case," said the Great Being, "do you not see the power of wisdom? At such a time prosperity is of no use, but only one who is wise." Thus he praised wisdom. Then the courtier handed over to the Great Being the thousand pieces of money and the suit of clothes provided by the king, that he might bathe him and dress at once. The potter was terrified to think that Mahosadha the sage had been his workman, but the Great Being consoled him, saying, "Fear not, my master,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iv. p. 72.



you have been of great help to me." Then he gave him a thousand pieces; and with the mud-stains yet upon him mounted in the chariot and went to town. The courtier told the king of his arrival. "Where did you find the sage, my son?" "My lord, he was earning his livelihood as a potter in the South Town; but as soon as he heard that you had sent for him, without bathing, the mud yet staining his body, he came." The king thought, "If he were my enemy he would have come with pomp and retinue; he is not my enemy." Then he gave orders to take him to his house, and bathe him, and adorn him, and to bid him come back with the pomp that should be provided. This was done. He returned, and entered, and gave the king greeting, and stood on one side. The king spoke kindly to him, then to test him said this stanza:

"Some do no sin because they are wealthy, but others do no sin for fear of the taint of blame. You are able, if your mind desired much wealth. Why do you not do me harm?"

The Bodhisat said:

"Wise men do not sinful deeds for the sake of the pleasure that wealth gives. [375] Good men, even though struck by misfortune and brought low, neither for friendship nor for enmity will renounce the right."

Again the king recited this stanza, the mysterious saying of a Khattiya<sup>1</sup>:

"He who for any cause, small or great, should upraise himself from a low place, thereafter would walk in righteousness."

And the Great Being recited this stanza with an illustration of a tree:

"From off a tree beneath whose shade a man should sit and rest,  
'Twere treachery to lop a branch. False friends we do detest<sup>2</sup>."

Then he went on: "Sire, if it is treachery to lop a branch from a tree which one has used, what are we to say of one who kills a man? Your majesty has given my father great wealth, and has shewn me great favour: how could I be so treacherous as to injure you?" Thus having demonstrated altogether his loyalty he reproached the king for his fault:

"When any man has disclosed the right to any, or has cleared his doubts, the other becomes his protection and refuge; and a wise man will not destroy this friendship."

Now admonishing the king he said these two stanzas<sup>3</sup>:

"The idle sensual layman I detest,  
The false ascetic is a rogue confest.

A bad king will a case unheard decide;  
Wrath in the sage can ne'er be justified.

[376] The warrior prince takes careful thought, and well-weighed verdict gives,  
When kings their judgment ponder well, their fame for ever lives<sup>4</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> *khattiyamāyā*: cf. Dhp. p. 155.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. v. p. 240 = trans., p. 123.

<sup>3</sup> See III. 105, 154 = trans., pp. 70, 103, IV. 451 = trans., p. 279.

<sup>4</sup> *Bhūripaṇho nitṭhito*.



When he had thus said, the king caused the Great Being to sit on the royal throne under the white parasol outspread, and himself sitting on a low seat he said : “ Wise sir, the deity who dwells in the white parasol asked me four questions. I consulted the four wise men and they could not find them out : solve me the questions, my son ! ” “ Sire, be it the deity of the parasol, or be they the four great kings, or be they who they may ; let who will ask a question and I will answer it. ” So the king put the question as the goddess had done, and said :

“ He strikes with hands and feet, he beats the face ; and he, O king, is dearer than a husband. ”

When the Great Being had heard the question, the meaning became as clear as though the moon had risen in the sky. “ Listen, O king ! ” he said, “ When a child on the mother’s lap happy and playful beats his mother with hands and feet, pulls her hair, beats her face with his fist, she says, Little rogue, why do you beat me ? And in love she presses him close to her breast unable to restrain her affection, and kisses him ; and at such a time he is dearer to her than his father. ” Thus did he make clear this question, as though he made the sun rise in the sky ; and hearing this the goddess shewed half her body from the aperture in the royal parasol, and said in a sweet voice, “ The question is well solved ! ” Then she presented the Great Being with a precious casket full of divine perfumes and flowers, and disappeared. The king also [377] presented him with flowers and so forth, and asked him the second question, reciting the second stanza :

“ She abuses him roundly, yet wishes him to be near : and he, O king, is dearer than a husband. ”

The Great Being said, “ Sire, the child of seven years, who can now do his mother’s bidding, when he is told to go to the field or to the bazaar, says, If you will give me this or that sweetmeat I will go ; she says, Here my son, and gives them ; then he eats them and says, Yes, you sit in the cool shade of the house and I am to go out on your business ! He makes a grimace, or mocks her with gestures, and won’t go. She is angry, picks up a stick and cries—You eat what I give you and then won’t do anything for me in the field ! She scares him, off he runs at full speed ; she cannot follow and cries—Get out, may the thieves chop you up into little bits ! So she abuses him roundly as much as she will ; but what her mouth speaks she does not wish at all, and so she wishes him to be near. He plays about the livelong day, and at evening not daring to come home he goes to the house of some kinsman. The mother watches the road for his coming, and sees him not, and thinking that he durst not return has her heart full of pain ; with tears streaming from her eyes she searches the houses of her kinsfolk, and when she sees her son she hugs and kisses



him and squeezes him tight with both arms, and loves him more than ever, as she cries, Did you take my words in earnest? Thus, sire, a mother ever loves her son more in the hour of anger." Thus he explained the second question: the goddess made him the same offering as before and so did the king. Then the king asked him the third question in another stanza:

"She *réviles* him without cause, and without reason reproaches; yet he, O king, is dearer than a husband."

The Great Being said, "Sire, when a pair of lovers in secret [378] enjoy their love's delights, and one says to the other, You don't care for me, your heart is elsewhere I know! all false and without reason, chiding and reproaching each other, then they grow dearer to each other. That is the meaning of the question." The goddess made the same offering as before, and so did the king; who then asked him another question, reciting the fourth stanza:

"One takes food and drink, clothes and lodging,—verily the good men carry them off: yet they, O king, are dearer than a husband."

He replied, "Sire, this question has reference to righteous mendicant brahmins. Pious families that believe in this world and the next give to them and delight in giving: when they see such brahmins receiving what is given and eating it, and think, It is to us they came to beg, our own food which they eat—they increase affection towards them. Thus verily they take the things, and wearing on the shoulder what has been given, they become dear." When this question had been answered the goddess expressed her approval by the same offering as before, and laid before the Great Being's feet a precious casket full of the seven precious things, praying him to accept it; the king also delighted made him Commander in Chief. Henceforward great was the glory of the Great Being. Here endeth the Question of the Goddess<sup>1</sup>.

Again these four said, "This common fellow is waxen greater: what are we to do?" Senaka said to them, "All right, I know a plan. Let us go to the fellow and ask him, To whom is it right to tell a secret? If he says, To no one, we will speak against him to the king and say that he is a traitor." So the four went to the wise man's house, and greeted him, and said, "Wise sir, we want to ask you a question." "Ask away," said he. Senaka said, "Wise sir, wherein should a man be firmly established?" "In the truth." "That done, [379] what is the next thing to do?" "He must make wealth." "What next after that?" "He must learn good counsel." "After that what next?" "He must tell no man his own secret." "Thank you, sir," they said, and went away happy, thinking, "This day we shall see the fellow's back!" Then they entered the king's presence and said to him, "Sire, the fellow is a traitor to you!"

<sup>1</sup> *Devātāpucchita-pañho niṭṭhito.*



The king replied, "I do not believe you, he will never be traitor to me." "Believe it, sire, for it is true ! but if you do not believe, then ask him to whom a secret ought to be told ; if he is no traitor, he will say, To so and so ; but if he is a traitor he will say, A secret should be told to no one ; when your desire is fulfilled, then you may speak. Then believe us, and be suspicious no longer." Accordingly one day when all were seated together he recited the first stanza of the Wise Man's Question, Book xx<sup>1</sup>:

"The five wise men are now together, and a question occurs to me : listen. To whom should a secret be revealed, whether good or bad ?"

This said, Senaka, thinking to bring the king over to their side, repeated this stanza :

"Do thou declare thy mind, O lord of the earth ! thou art our supporter and bearest our burdens. The five clever men will understand thy wish and pleasure, and will then speak, O master of men !"

Then the king in his human infirmity recited this stanza :

"If a woman be virtuous, and faithful, subservient to her husband's wish and will, affectionate, [380] a secret should be told whether good or bad to the wife."

"Now the king is on my side !" thought Senaka, and pleased he repeated a stanza, explaining his own course of conduct :

"He who protects a sick man in distress and who is his refuge and support, may reveal to his friend a secret whether good or bad."

Then the king asked Pukkusa : "How does it seem to you, Pukkusa ? to whom should a secret be told ?" and Pukkusa recited this stanza :

"Old or young or betwixt, if a brother be virtuous and trusty, to such a brother a secret may be told whether good or bad."

Next the king asked Kāvinda, and he recited this stanza :

"When a son is obedient to his father's heart, a true son, of lofty wisdom, to that son a secret may be revealed whether good or bad."

And then the king asked Devinda, who recited this stanza :

"O lord of men ! if a mother cherishes her son with loving fondness, to his mother he may reveal a secret whether good or bad."

[381] After asking them the king asked, "How do you look upon it, wise sir ?" and he recited this stanza :

"Good is the secrecy of a secret, the revealing of a secret is not to be praised. The clever man should keep it to himself whilst it is not accomplished ; but after it is done he may speak when he will."

When the sage had said this the king was displeased : then the king looked at Senaka and Senaka looked at the king. This the Bodhisat saw, and recognized the fact, that these four had once before slandered him to

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iv. p. 473, trans., p. 293.



the king, and that this question must have been put to test him. Now whilst they were talking the sun had set, and lamps had been lit. "Hard are the ways of kings," thought he, "what will happen no one can tell; I must depart with speed." So he rose from his seat, and greeted the king, and went away thinking, "Of these four, one said it should be told to a friend, one to a brother, one to a son, one to a mother: they must have done or seen something; or I think, they have heard others tell what they have seen. Well, well, I shall find out to-day." Such was his thought. Now on other days, these four on coming out of the palace used to sit on a trough at the palace door, and talk of their plans before going home: so the sage thought that if he should hide beneath that trough he might learn their secrets. Lifting the trough accordingly, he caused a rug to be spread beneath it and crept in, giving directions to his men to fetch him when the four wise men had gone away after their talk. The men promised and departed. Meanwhile Senaka was saying to the king, "Sire, you do not believe us, [382] now what do you think?" The king accepted the word of these breedbates without investigation, and asked in terror, "What are we to do now, wise Senaka?" "Sire, without delay, without a word to anyone, he must be killed." "O Senaka, no one cares for my interests but you. Take you your friends with you and wait at the door, and in the morning when the fellow comes to wait upon me, cleave his head with a sword." So saying he gave them his own precious sword. "Very good, my lord, fear nothing, we will kill him." They went out saying, "We have seen the back of our enemy!" and sat down on the trough. Then Senaka said, "Friends, who shall strike the fellow?" The others said, "You, our teacher," laying the task on him. Then Senaka said, "You said, friends, that a secret ought to be told to such and such a person: was it something you had done, or seen, or heard?" "Never mind that, teacher: when you said that a secret might be told to a friend, was that something which you had done?" "What does that matter to you?" he asked. "Pray tell us, teacher," they repeated. He said, "If the king come to know this secret, my life would be forfeit." "Do not fear, teacher, there's no one here to betray your secret, tell us, teacher." Then, tapping upon the trough, Senaka said, "What if that clodhopper is under this!" "O teacher! the fellow in all his glory would not creep into such a place as this! He must be intoxicated with his prosperity. Come, tell us." Senaka told his secret and said, "Do you know such and such a harlot in this city?" "Yes, teacher." "Is she now to be seen?" "No, teacher." "In the sāl-grove I lay with her, and afterwards killed her to get her ornaments, which I tied up in a bundle and took to my house and hung up on an elephant's tusk in such a room of such a storey: but use them [383] I cannot until it has blown over. This



crime I have disclosed to a friend, and he has not told a soul ; and that is why I said a secret may be told to a friend." The sage heard this secret of Senaka's and bore it in mind. Then Pukkusa told his secret. "On my thigh is a spot of leprosy. In the morning my young brother washes it, puts a salve on it and a bandage, and never tells a soul. When the king's heart is soft he cries, Come here, Pukkusa, and he often lays his head on my thigh. But if he knew he would kill me. No one knows this except my young brother ; and that is why I said, A secret may be told to a brother." Kāvinda told his secret. "As for me, in the dark fortnight on the fast-day a goblin named Naradeva takes possession of me, and I bark like a mad dog. I told my son of this ; and he, when he sees me to be possessed, fastens me up indoors, and then he leaves me shutting the door, and to hide my noises he gathers a party of people. That is why I said that a secret might be told to a son." Then they all three asked Devinda, and he told his secret. "I am inspector of the king's jewels ; and I stole a wonderful lucky gem, the gift of Sakka to King Kusa, and gave it to my mother. When I go to Court she hands it to me, without a word to anyone ; and by reason of that gem I am pervaded with the spirit of good fortune when I enter the palace. The king speaks to me first before any of you, and gives me each day to spend eight rupees, or sixteen, or thirty-two, or sixty-four. If the king knew of my having that gem concealed I'm a dead man ! That is why I said that a secret might be told to a mother."

The Great Being took careful note of all their secrets ; [384] but they, after disclosing their secrets as if they had ript up their bellies and let the entrails out, rose up from the seat and departed, saying, "Be sure to come early and we will kill the churl."

When they were gone the sage's men came and turned up the trough and took the Great Being home. He washed and drest and ate ; and knowing that his sister Queen Udumbarī would that day send him a message from the palace, he placed a trusty man on the look-out, bidding him send in at once anyone coming from the palace. Then he lay down on his bed.

At that time the king also was lying upon his bed and remembering the virtue of the sage. "The sage Mahosadha has served me since he was seven years old, and never done me wrong. When the goddess asked me her questions but for the sage I had been a dead man. To accept the words of revengeful enemies, to give them a sword and bid them slay a peerless sage, this I ought never to have done. After to-morrow I shall see him no more !" He grieved, sweat poured from his body, possessed with grief his heart had no peace. Queen Udumbarī, who was with him on his couch, seeing him in this frame, asked, "Have I done any offence



against you? or has any other thing caused grief to my lord?" and she repeated this stanza:

"Why art thou perplexed, O king? we hear not the voice of the lord of men! What dost thou ponder thus downcast? there is no offence from me, my lord."

Then the king repeated a stanza:

"They said, 'the wise Mahosadha must be slain'; and condemned by me to death is the most wise one. As I think on this I am downcast. There is no fault in thee, my queen."

[385] When she heard this, grief crushed her like a rock for the Great Being; and she thought, "I know a plan to console the king: when he goes to sleep I will send a message to my brother." Then she said to him, "Sire, it is your doing that the churl's son was raised to great power; you made him commander-in-chief. Now they say he has become your enemy. No enemy is insignificant; killed he must be, so do not grieve." Thus she consoled the king; his grief waned and he fell asleep. Then up rose the queen and went to her chamber, and wrote a letter to this effect. "Mahosadha, the four wise men have slandered you; the king is angry, and to-morrow has commanded that you be slain in the gate. Do not come to the palace to-morrow morning; or if you do come, come with power to hold the city in your hand." She put the letter within a sweetmeat, and tied it up with a thread, and put it in a new jar, perfumed it, sealed it up, and gave it to a handmaid, saying, "Take this sweetmeat and give it to my brother." She did so. You must not wonder how she got out in the night; for the king had erewhiles given this boon to the queen, and therefore no one hindered her. The Bodhisat received the present and dismissed the woman, who returned and reported that she had delivered it. Then the queen went and lay down by the king. The Bodhisat opened the sweetmeat, and read the letter, and understood it, and after deliberating what should be done went to rest.

Early in the morning, the other four wise men sword in hand stood by the gate, but not seeing the sage they became downcast, and went in to the king. "Well," said he, "is the clodhopper killed?" They replied, "We have not seen him, sire." And the Great Being at sunrise got the whole city into his power, set guards here and there, and in a chariot with a great host of men and great magnificence came to the palace gates. The king stood looking out of an open window. Then the Great Being got down from his chariot and saluted him; and the king thought, "If he were my enemy, [386] he would not salute me." Then the king sent for him, and sat upon his throne. The Great Being came in and sat on one side: the four wise men also sat down there. Then the king made as if he knew nothing and said, "My son, yesterday you left us and now you come



again; why do you treat me thus negligently?" and he repeated this stanza :

"At evening you went, now you come. What have you heard? what doth your mind fear? Who commanded you, O most wise? Come, we are listening for the word : tell me."

The Great Being replied, "Sire, you listened to the four wisemen and commanded my death, that is why I did not come," and reproaching him repeated this stanza :

"The wise Mahosadha must be slain': if you told this last night secretly to your wife, your secret was disclosed and I heard it."

When the king heard this he looked angrily at his wife thinking that she must have sent word of it on the instant. Observing this the Great Being said, "Why are you angry with the queen, my lord? I know all the past, present, and future. Suppose the queen did tell your secret: who told me the secrets of master Senaka, and Pukkusa, and the rest of them? But I know all their secrets"; and he told Senaka's secret in this stanza :

"The sinful and wicked deed which Senaka did in the sāl-grove [387] he told to a friend in secret, that secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

Looking at Senaka, the king asked, "Is it true?" "Sire, it is true," he replied, and the king ordered him to be cast into prison. Then the sage told Pukkusa's secret in this stanza :

"In the man Pukkusa, O king of men, there is a disease unfit for a king's touching: he told it in secret to his brother. That secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

The king looking upon him asked, "Is it true?" "Yes, my lord," said he; and the king sent him also to prison. Then the sage told Kāvinda's secret in this stanza :

"Diseased is yon man, of evil nature, possest of Naradeva. He told it in secret to his son: this secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

[388] "Is it true, Kāvinda?" the king asked; and he answered, "It is true." Then the king sent him also to prison. The sage now told Devinda's secret in this stanza :

"The noble and precious gem of eight facets, which Sakka gave to your grandfather, that is now in Devinda's hands, and he told it to his mother in secret. That secret has been disclosed and I have heard it."

"Is it true, Devinda?" the king asked; and he answered, "It is true." So he sent him also to prison. Thus they who had plotted to slay the Bodhisat were all in bonds together. And the Bodhisat said, "This is why I say, a man should tell his secret to no one; those who



said that a secret ought to be told, have all come to utter ruin." And he recited these stanzas, proclaiming a higher doctrine :

"The secrecy of a secret is always good, nor is it well to divulge a secret. When a thing is not accomplished the wise man should keep it to himself: when he has accomplished his aim let him speak as he will. One should not disclose a secret thing, but should guard it like a treasure; for a secret thing is not well revealed by the prudent. Not to a woman would the wise man tell a secret, not to a foe, nor to one who can be enticed by self-interest, nor for affection's sake. He who discloses a secret thing unknown, through fear of broken confidence must endure to be the other's slave. As many as are those who know a man's secret, so many are his anxieties: therefore one should not disclose a secret. Go apart to tell a secret by day; by night in a soft whisper: [389] for listeners hear the words, therefore the words soon come out<sup>1</sup>."

When the king heard the Great Being speak he was angry, and thought he, "These men, traitors themselves to their king, make out that the wise man is traitor to me!" Then he said, "Go drive them out of the town, and impale them or cleave their heads!" So they bound their hands behind them, at every street corner gave them a hundred blows. But as they were dragged along, the sage said, "My lord, these are your ancient ministers, pardon them their fault!" The king consented, and gave them to be his slaves. He set them free at once. Then the king said, "Well, they shall not live in my dominion," and ordered that they should be banished. But the sage begged him to pardon their blind folly, and appeased him, and persuaded him to restore their positions. The king was much pleased with the sage: if this were his tender mercy towards his foes, what must it be to others! Thenceforward the four wise men, like snakes with their teeth drawn and their poison gone, could not find a word to say, we are told.

Here endeth the Question of the Five Wise Men, and likewise the Story of Calumny<sup>2</sup>.

After this time he used to instruct the king in things temporal and spiritual: and he thought, "I am indeed the king's white parasol; it is I manage the kingdom: [390] vigilant I must therefore be." He caused a great rampart to be built for the city. Along the rampart were watch-towers at the gates, and between the watch-towers he dug three moats—a water-moat, a mud-moat, and a dry-moat. Within the city he caused all the old houses to be restored: large banks were dug and made reservoirs for water; all the storehouses were filled with corn. All the confidential priests had to bring down from Himavat mud and edible lily-seeds. The water conduits were cleaned out, and the old houses outside were also restored. This was done as a defence against future dangers. Merchants who came from one place or another were asked whence they came; and on their replying, they were asked what their king liked; when this was

<sup>1</sup> See v. 81 (trans., p. 45).

<sup>2</sup> *Pañcapañḍita-pañho: Paribhindana-kathā.*



told, they were kindly treated before they went away. Then he sent for a hundred and one soldiers and said to them, "My men, take these gifts to the hundred and one royal cities, and give them to their several kings to please them: live there in their service, listen to their actions and plans, and send me word. I will care for your wives and children." And he sent with them earrings for some, and golden slippers for others, and golden necklets for others, with letters engraved upon them, which he appointed to reveal themselves when it should suit his purpose. The men went this way and that, and gave these gifts to the kings, saying that they were come to live in their service. When asked whence they came, they told the names of other places than that from which they had really come. Their offer accepted, they remained there in attendance, and made themselves to be trusted.

Now in the kingdom of Ekabala was a king named Saṅkhapāla, who was collecting arms and assembling an army. The man who had come to him sent a message to the sage, saying, "This is the news here, but what he intends I know not; send and find out the truth of the matter." Then the Great Being called a parrot and said, "Friend, go and find out what King Saṅkhapāla is doing in Ekabala, [391] then travel over all India and bring me the news." He fed it with honey and grain, and gave it sweet water to drink, anointed the joints of the wings with oil a hundred and a thousand times refined, stood by the eastern window, and let it go. The parrot went to the man aforesaid and found out the truth. As he passed back through India he came to Uttarapañcāla city in the kingdom of Kampilla. There was reigning a king named Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, who had for spiritual and temporal adviser a brahmin Kevaṭṭa, wise and learned. The brahmin one morning awoke at dawn, and looking by the light of the lamp upon his magnificent chamber, as he regarded its splendour, thought, "To whom does this splendour belong? To no one but to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta. A king who gives splendour like this ought to be the chief king in all India, and I will be his chaplain-in-chief." And so early in the morning he went to the king, and when he had enquired whether he had slept well, he said, "My lord, there is something I wish to say." "Say on, teacher." "My lord, a secret cannot be told in the town, let us go into the park." "Very well, teacher." The king went to the park with him, and left the retinue without, and set a guard, and entered the park with the brahmin, and sat down upon the royal seat. The parrot, seeing this, thought that there must be something afoot; "To-day I shall hear something which must be sent to my wise master." So he flew into the park, and perched amid the leaves of the royal sāl-tree. The king said, "Speak on, teacher." He said, "Sire, bend your ear this way; this is a plan for four ears only. If, sire, you will do what I advise, I will make you chief king in all India." The king heard him greedily, and answered



well pleased, "Tell me, my teacher, and I will do it." "My lord, let us raise an army, and first besiege a small city. Then I will enter the city by a postern gate, and will say to the king, Sire, there is no use in your fighting: just be our man; your kingdom you may keep, but if you fight with our mighty force, [392] you will be utterly conquered. If he does<sup>1</sup> what I advise, we will receive him; if not, we will fight and kill him, and with two armies go and take another city, and then another, and in this way we shall gain dominion over all India and drink the cup of victory. Then we will bring the hundred and one kings to our city, and make a drinking booth in the park, and seat them there, and provide them with poisoned liquor, and so kill them all and cast them into the Ganges. Thus we will get the hundred and one royal capitals into our hands, and you will become chief king of all India." "Very well, my teacher," said he, "I will do so." "Sire, this plan is for four ears only, no one else must know of it. Make no delay but set forth at once." The king was pleased with this advice and resolved to do so. The parrot which had overheard all their conversation let fall on Kevaṭṭa's head a lump of dung as though it dropt from a twig. "What's that?" cried he, looking upwards with mouth gaping wide: whereupon the bird dropt another into his mouth and flew off crying out, "Cree cree! O Kevaṭṭa, you think your plan is for four ears only, but now it is for six; by and by it will be for eight ears and for hundreds of them!" "Catch him, catch him!" they cried; but swift as the wind he flew to Mithilā and entered the wise man's house. Now the parrot's custom was this: If news from any place was for the sage's ears alone, he would perch on his shoulder; if Queen Amarā was also to hear it, he perched on his lap; if the company might hear it, upon the ground. This time he perched on the shoulder, and at that sign the company retired, knowing it to be secret. The sage took him up to the top storey and asked him, "Well, my dear, what have you seen, what have you heard?" He said, "My lord, in no other king of all India have I seen any danger; but only Kevaṭṭa, chaplain to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta in the city of Uttarapañcāla, took his king into the park and told him a plan for their four ears: I was sitting amidst the branches and dropt a ball of dung in his mouth, and here I am!" Then he told the sage all he had seen and heard. [393] "Did the king agree to it?" asked he. "Yes, he did," said the parrot. So the sage tended the bird as was fitting, and put him in his golden cage strewn with soft rugs. He thought to himself, "Kevaṭṭa methinks does not know that I am the wise Maho-sadha. I will not allow him to accomplish his plan." Then he removed outside all the poor people who lived in the city, and he brought from all the kingdom, the country side, and the suburb villages, and settled within

<sup>1</sup> Reading *karissati*.



the city the rich families of the powerful, and he gathered great quantities of corn.

And Cūḷani-Brahmadatta did as Kevaṭṭa had proposed : he went with his army and laid siege to a city. Kevaṭṭa, as he had suggested, went into the city and explained matters to the king and won him over. Then joining the two armies Cūḷani-Brahmadatta followed Kevaṭṭa's advice and went on to another kingdom, until he had brought all the kings of India under his power except King Vedeha. The men provided by the Bodhisat kept on sending messages to say, "Brahmadatta has taken such and such towns, be on your guard": to which he replied, "I am on my guard here, be watchful yourselves without remissness." In seven years and seven months and seven days Brahmadatta gained possession of all India, excepting Vedeha. Then he said to Kevaṭṭa: "Teacher, let us seize the empire of Vedeha at Mithilā!" "Sire," he said, "we shall never be able to get possession of the city where wise Mahosadha lives: he is full of this sort of skill, very clever in device." Then he expatiated on the virtue of the Great Being, as though he drew it on the disk of the moon. Now he was himself very skilful in device, so he said, "The kingdom of Mithilā is very small, and the dominion of all India is enough for us." Thus he consoled the king; but the other princes said, "No, we will take the kingdom of Mithilā and drink the cup of victory!" Kevaṭṭa would have stayed them, saying, "What good will it be to take Vedeha's kingdom? That king is our man already. Come back." Such was his counsel: they listened to him and turned back. The Great Being's men sent him word that Brahmadatta with a hundred and one kings on his way to Mithilā turned back [394] and went to his own city. He sent word in answer, that they were to observe what he did.

Now Brahmadatta deliberated with Kevaṭṭa what was next to do. Hoping to drink the cup of victory, they adorned the park, and told the servants to set out wine in thousands of jars, to prepare fish and flesh of all sorts. This news also the sage's men sent to him. Now they did not know of the plan to poison the kings, but the Great Being knew it from what the parrot had told him; he sent a message to them accordingly, that they should inform him of the day fixt for this festival, and they did so. Then he thought, "It is not right that so many kings should be killed while a wise man like myself lives. I will help them." He sent for ten thousand warriors, his birth-fellows, and said, "Friends, on such a day Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, they tell me, wishes to adorn his park and to drink wine with the hundred and one kings. Go ye thither, and before anyone sits on the seats provided for the kings, take possession of the seat of honour next to Cūḷani-Brahmadatta, saying, This is for our king. When they ask whose men you are, tell them King Vedeha's. They will make a great outcry and say, What! for seven years and seven months



and seven days we have been conquering kingdoms, and not once did we see your king Vedeha! What king is he? Go find him a seat at the end! You must then squabble and say, Except Brahmadata, no king is above our king! If we cannot get even a seat for our king we will not let you eat or drink now! So shouting and jumping about, terrify them with the noise, break all the pots with your great clubs, scatter the food, and make it unfit to eat, rush amongst the crowd at the top of your speed, and make a din like titans invading the city of the gods, calling aloud, We are the wise Mahosadha's men of Mithilā city: catch us if you can! Thus shew them that you are there, and then return to me." They promised to obey, [395] and took their leave; and, armed with the five weapons, set off. They entered the decorated park like Nandana Grove, and beheld all its magnificent array, the seats placed for the hundred and one kings, the white parasols outspread, and all the rest. They did all as directed by the Great Being, and after causing confusion amongst the crowd they returned to Mithilā.

The king's men told him what had happened: Brahmadata was angry, that such a fine plan to poison the princes had failed; whilst the princes were angry, because they had been deprived of the cup of victory; and the soldiers were angry, because they had lost the chance of free drink. So Brahmadata said to the princes, "Come, friends, let us go to Mithilā, and cut off King Vedeha's head with the sword, and trample it underfoot, and then come back and drink the cup of victory! Go tell your armies to get them ready." Then going apart with Kevaṭṭa, he told him about it, saying, "See, we shall capture the enemy who has threatened this fine plan. With the hundred and one princes and the eighteen complete armies we shall assail that town. Come, my teacher!" But the brahmin was wise enough to know that they could never capture the sage Mahosadha, but all they would get would be disgrace; the king must be dissuaded. So he said: "Sire! this king of Vedeha has no strength; the management is in the hands of the sage Mahosadha, and he is very powerful. Guarded by him, as a lion guards his den, Mithilā can be taken by none. We shall only be disgraced: do not think of going." But the king, mad with soldier's pride and the intoxication of empire, cried out, "What will he do!" and departed, with the hundred and one princes and the eighteen complete armies<sup>1</sup>. Kevaṭṭa, unable to persuade him to take his advice, and thinking that it was of no use to thwart him, went with him.

But those warriors came to Mithilā in one night, and told the sage all that had passed. And the men whom he had before sent into service sent him word, that Cūlaṇi-Brahmadatta was on his way with the hundred and one kings to take King Vedeha; he must be vigilant. The messages

<sup>1</sup> "Eighteen akkhohinī's," each being 10,000,000.



came one after another: "To-day he is in such a place, [396] to-day in such a place, to-day he will reach the city." On hearing this the Great Being redoubled his care. And King Vedeha heard it noised about on all sides that Brahmadata was on his way to take the city. Now Brahmadata in the early evening surrounded the city by the light of a hundred thousand torches. He girdled it with fences of elephants and of chariots and of horses, and at regular intervals placed a mass of soldiers: there stood the men, shouting, snapping their fingers, roaring, dancing, crying aloud. With the light of the torches and the sheen of the armour the whole city of Mithilā in its seven leagues was one blaze of light, the noise of elephants and horses, of chariots, and men made the very earth to crack. The four wise men, hearing the waves of sound and not knowing what it should be, went to the king and said, "Sire, there is a great din, and we know not what it is: will the king enquire?" Hereat the king thought, "No doubt Brahmadata is come"; and he opened a window, and looked out. When he saw that he was indeed come, the king was dismayed, and said to them, "We are dead men! to-morrow he will kill us all doubtless!" So they sat talking together. But when the Great Being saw that he had come, fearless as a lion he set guards in all the city, and then went up into the palace to encourage the king. Greeting him, he stood on one side. The king was encouraged to see him, and thought, "There is no one can save me from this trouble except the wise Mahosadha!" and he addressed him as follows:

"Brahmadatta of Pañcāla has come with all his host; this army of Pañcāla is infinite, O Mahosadha! Men with burdens on their backs<sup>1</sup>, foot-soldiers, men skilful in fight, men ready to destroy, a great din, the noise of drums and conchs, here is all skill in the use of steel weapons, here are banners and knights in mail, accomplished warriors and heroes! Ten sages are here, profound in wisdom, secret in stratagem, and eleventh, the mother of the king<sup>2</sup> encouraging

<sup>1</sup> *piṭṭhimatī* (fem.): explained by schol. as containing a force of carpenters laden with all necessary materials.

<sup>2</sup> To explain this, the scholiast tells the following story.—Amongst those wise men the king's mother, they say, was still more wise. One day a man set out to cross over a river, holding a bundle of husked rice, a meal of boiled rice wrapt in a leaf, and a thousand rupees. When he came to the mid-river he could get no further, and so he called out to the men on the bank—"See, I have in my hand a bundle of husked rice, a leaf of boiled rice, and a thousand rupees; I will give whichever of these I like if anyone will take me across." Then a strong man girt up his loins and dived in, caught the man by the hands and pulled him across. "Now," quoth he, "give me my due." "You may have the husked rice or the boiled rice," said the man. [398] "What!" said he, "I saved you without thinking of my own life! That is not what I want—give me the money." "I told you that I would give you what I liked, and now what I like I give you. Take it if you will." The other told a bystander, and he also said, "The man gives you what he likes; then take it." "Not I!" said the other, and complained before the judges of court. They all said the same. The man discontented with this sentence complained to the king, who sent



the host of Pañcāla. [397] Here are a hundred and one warrior-princes in attendance, their kingdoms reft from them, terror-stricken and overcome by the men of Pañcāla. What they profess that they do for the king;—will they nill they speak fair they must; with Pañcāla they go perforce, being in his power. Mithilā the royal city is surrounded by this host arrayed with three intervals<sup>1</sup>, digging about it on all sides. It is surrounded as it were by stars on all sides. Think, Mahosadha! How shall deliverance come?"

[398] When the Great Being heard this, he thought, "This king is terribly in fear of his life. The sick man's refuge is the physician, [399] the hungry man's is food, and drink the thirsty man's, but I and I alone am his refuge. I will console him." Then, like a lion roaring upon the Vermilion uplands<sup>2</sup>, he cried, "Fear not, sire, but enjoy your royal power. As I would scare a crow with a clod, or a monkey with a bow, I will scatter that mighty host, and leave them not so much as a waistcloth of their own." And he recited this stanza:

"Stretch out your feet, eat and be merry: Brahmadata shall leave the host of Pañcāla and flee away."

After encouraging the king, the wise man came out and caused the drums of festival to beat about the city, with a proclamation—"Oyez! Have no fear. Procure garlands, scents, and perfumes, food and drink, and keep seven days' holiday. Let the people stay where they will, drink deep, sing and dance and make merry, shout and cheer and snap their fingers: all be at my cost. I am the wise Mahosadha: behold my power!" Thus he encouraged the townsfolk. They did so: and those without heard the sound of singing and musick. Men came in by the postern gate. Now it was not their way to arrest strangers at sight, except a foe; so the access was not closed. These men therefore saw the people taken up with merrymaking. And Cūlani-Brahmadatta heard the noise in the town, and said to his courtiers: "Look ye, we have encompassed this city with eighteen great hosts, and the people shew neither

for the judges and heard both sides, and knowing no better decision gave it against the man who had risked his life. At this moment the king's mother, Queen Talatā, who sat near, hearing the king's mistaken award, asked him if he had carefully considered his sentence. He replied, "Mother, that is the best I can do; decide it better if you can." "And so I will," said she. Then she said to the man: "Friend, put down on the ground the three things which you held in your hand; put them in order. And tell me, when you were in the water what did you say?" He told her. "Now then," said she, "take which you like." He took up the money. As he began to go away she asked him, "So you like the money?" "Yes." "And did you, or did you not say to the man, that you would give him which you liked?" "Yes, I did say so." "Then you must give him the money." He gave it weeping and wailing. Then king and courtiers applauded in great delight; and after this her wisdom became noised abroad everywhere.

<sup>1</sup> One between each of the encircling bands and the wall.

<sup>2</sup> *Manosilātalanī*, in the Himalaya.



fear nor anxiety : but full of delight and happiness they snap fingers, they make merry, they leap and sing. What is the meaning of this ?” Then the men sent aforetime to foreign service spoke falsely as follows : “My lord, we entered the city by the postern on some business, and seeing the people all taken up in merrymaking we asked, [400] Why are you so careless when all the kings of India are here besieging your city ? And they replied, When our king was a boy he had a wish to hold festival when all the kings of India should have besieged the city ; and now that wish is fulfilled : therefore he sent round a proclamation, and himself keeps festival in the palace.” This made the king angry ; and he sent out a division of his army with these orders : “Disperse all about the city, fill up the trenches, break down the walls, raze the gate-towers, enter the city, use the people’s heads like pumpkins cast on a cart, and bring me here the head of King Vedeha.” Then the mighty warriors, armed with all manner of weapons, marched up to the gate, assisted by the sage’s men with red-hot missiles<sup>1</sup>, showers of mud, and stones thrown upon them. When they were in the ditch attempting to destroy the wall, the men in the gate-towers dealt havoc with arrows, javelins, and spears. The sage’s men mocked and jeered at the men of Brahmadata, with gestures and signs of the hands, and crying, “If you can’t take us, have a bite or a sup, do !” and holding out bowls of toddy and skewers with meat or fish, which they ate and drank themselves, and promenaded the walls. The others quite unsuccessful returned to Cūlani-Brahmadatta, and said, “My lord, no one but a magician could get in.” The king waited four or five days, not seeing how to take what he wanted to take. Then he asked Kevaṭṭa : “Teacher, take the city we cannot, not a man can get near it ! What’s to be done ?” “Never mind, your majesty. The city gets water from outside, we will cut off the water and so take it. They will be worn out for want of water, and will open the gates.” “That is the plan,” said the king. After that, they hindered the people from getting near the water. The wise man’s spies wrote on a leaf, and fastened it on an arrow, and so sent word to him. Now he had already given orders, that whosoever sees a leaf fastened upon an arrow [401] was to bring it to him. A man saw this, and took it to the sage, who read the message. “He knows not that I am the sage Mahosadha,” he thought. Procuring bamboo poles sixty cubits long, he had them split in two, the knots removed, and then joined again, covered over with leather, and smeared with mud. He then sent for the soil and lily-seed brought from Himavat by the hermits, he planted the seed in the mud by the edge of the tank, and placed the bamboo over it, and filled it with water. In one night it grew up and flowered, rising a fathom above the top of the

<sup>1</sup> I do not understand *mūla*, and the variety of readings suggests a corruption here. Some sort of missile is wanted, sand perhaps, or red-hot metal. *Pakka* is red-hot.



bamboo. Then he pulled it up and gave it to his men with orders to take it to Brahmadata. They rolled up the stalk, and threw it over the wall, crying out, "Ho servants of Brahmadata! don't starve for want of food. Here you are, wear the flower and fill your bellies with the stalk!" One of the wise man's spies picked it up, and brought it to the king, and said, "See, your majesty, the stalk of this lily: never was so long a stalk seen before!" "Measure it," said the king. They measured it and made it out to be eighty fathoms instead of sixty. The king asked, "Where did that grow?" One replied with a made-up tale: "One day, my lord, being thirsty for a little toddy, I went into the city by the postern, and I saw the great tanks made for the people to play in. There was a number of people in a boat plucking flowers. That was where this grew by the edge of the tank; but those which grew in the deep water would be a hundred cubits high." Hearing this the king said to Kevatta, "Teacher, we cannot take them by cutting off the water; make an end of that attempt." "Well," said he, "then we will take them by cutting off their food; the city gets its food from outside." "Very good, teacher." The sage learnt this as before, and thought, "He does not know that I am the sage Mahosadha!" Along the rampart he laid mud and there planted rice. Now the wishes of the Bodhisats always do succeed: in one night the rice sprang up and shewed over the top of the rampart. [402] This Brahmadata saw, and asked, "Friend, what is that which shews green above the rampart?" A scout of the sage's replied, as though catching the words from the king's lips, "My lord, Mahosadha the farmer's son, foreseeing danger to come, collected from all the realm grain with which he filled his granaries, throwing out the residue upon the ramparts. No doubt this rice, warmed with the heat and soaked in the rain, grew up there into plants. I myself one day went in by the postern on some business, and picked up a handful of this rice from a heap on the rampart, and dropt it in the street; whereupon the people laughed at me, and cried, "You're hungry, it seems! tie up some of it in the corner of your robe, take it home, and cook it and eat it." Hearing this, the king said to Kevatta, "Teacher, by cutting off the grain we shall not take this place; that is not the way." "Then, my lord, we will take it by cutting off the supply of wood, which the city gets from without." "So be it, teacher." The Bodhisat as before got to know of it; and he built a heap of firewood which shewed beyond the rice. The people laughed at the Brahmadata's men, and said, "If you are hungry, here is something to cook your food with," throwing down great logs of wood as they said it. The king asked, "What is this firewood shewing above the rampart?" The scouts said, "The farmer's son, foreseeing danger to come, collected firewood, and stored it in the sheds behind the houses; what was over he stacked by the rampart side." Then the king said to Kevatta, "Teacher, we cannot take



the place by cutting off the wood ; enough of that plan." "Never mind, sire, I have another plan." "What is that plan, teacher? I see no end to your plans. Videha we cannot take ; let us go back to our city." "My lord, if it is said that Cūlaṇi-Brahmadatta with a hundred and one princes could not take Videha, we shall be disgraced. Mahosadha is not the only wise man, for I am another : I will use a stratagem." "What stratagem, teacher?" "We will have a Battle of the Law." [403] "What do you mean by that?" "Sire, no army shall fight. The two sages of the two kings shall appear in one place, and of these whichever shall salute the other shall be conquered. Mahosadha does not know this idea. I am older and he is younger, and when he sees me he will salute me. Thus we shall conquer Videha, and this done we will return home. So we shall not be disgraced. That is what is meant by a Battle of the Law." But the Bodhisat learnt this secret as before. "If I let Kevaṭṭa conquer me thus," he thought, "I am no sage." Brahmadatta said, "A capital plan": and he wrote a letter and sent it to Videha by the postern, to this effect : "To-morrow there shall be a Battle of the Law between the two sages ; and he who shall refuse to fight shall be accounted vanquished." On receipt of this Videha sent for the sage and told him. He answered, "Good, my lord : send word to prepare a place for the Battle of the Law by the western gate, and there to assemble. So he gave a letter to the messenger, and next day they prepared the place for the Battle of the Law to see the defeat of Kevaṭṭa. But the hundred and one princes, not knowing what might befall, surrounded Kevaṭṭa to protect him. These princes went to the place prepared, and stood looking towards the east, and there also was the sage Kevaṭṭa. But early in the morning, the Bodhisat bathed in sweet-scented water, and clothed himself in a Kāsi robe worth a hundred thousand pieces, and adorned himself fully, and after a dainty breakfast went with a great following to the palace-gate. Bidden to enter, he did so, and greeted the king, and sat down on one side. "Well, sage Mahosadha?" said the king. "I am going to the place of the Battle." "And what am I to do?" "My lord, I wish to conquer Kevaṭṭa with a gem ; I must have the eight-sided gem." "Take it, my son." He took it, and took his leave, and surrounded by the thousand warriors, his birthmates, [404] he entered the noble chariot drawn by a team of white thorobreds, worth ninety thousand pieces of money, and at the time of the mid-day meal he came to the gate.

Kevaṭṭa stood watching for his arrival, and saying, "Now he comes, now he comes," craning his neck till it seemed to be lengthened, and sweating in the heat of the sun. The Great Being, with his retinue, like an inundating sea, like a roused lion, fearless and unruffled, caused the gate to be opened and came forth from the city ; descending from his



chariot like a lion aroused, he went forward. The hundred and one princes beholding his majesty, acclaimed him with thousands of cries, "Here is the sage Mahosadha, son of Sirivaddha, who hath no peer for wisdom in all India!" And he like Sakka surrounded with his troop of gods, in glory and grandeur unparalleled, holding in his hand the precious gem, stood before Kevaṭṭa. And Kevaṭṭa at first sight of him had not force to stand still, but advanced to meet him, and said, "Sage Mahosadha, we are sages both, and although I have been dwelling near you all this time, you have never yet sent me so much as a gift. Why is this?" The Great Being said, "Wise sir, I was looking for a gift which should be not unworthy of you, and to-day I have found this gem. Pray take it; there is not its like in the world." The other seeing the gem ablaze in his hand, thought that he must be desiring to offer it, and said, "Give it me then," holding out his hand. "Take it," said the Great Being, and dropt it upon the tips of the fingers of his outstretched hand. But the brahmin could not support the weight of the gem in his fingers, and it slipt down and rolled to the Bodhisat's feet; the brahmin in his greed to get it, stooped down to the other's feet. Then the Great Being would not let him rise, but with one hand held his shoulderblades and with the other his loins, as he cried, "Rise teacher, rise, I am younger than you, young enough to be your grandson; do no obeisance to me." As he said this again and again, he rubbed his face and forehead against the ground, till it was all bloody, then with the words "Blind fool, did you think to have an obeisance from me?" [405] he caught him by the throat and threw him away from himself. He fell twenty fathoms away; then got up and ran off. Then the Great Being's men picked up the gem, but the echo of the Bodhisat's words, "Rise up, rise, do no obeisance to me!" rose above the din of the crowd. All the people shouted aloud with one voice, "Brahmin Kevaṭṭa did obeisance to the sage's feet!" And the kings, Brahmadata and all, saw Kevaṭṭa bowed before the feet of the Great Being. "Our sage," they thought, "has done obeisance to the Great Being; now we are conquered! he will make an end of us all"; and each mounting his horse they began to flee away to Uttarapañcāla. The Bodhisat's men seeing them flee, again made a clamour, crying, "Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta is in flight with his hundred and one princes!" Hearing this, the princes terrified more and more, ran on and scattered the great host; while the Bodhisat's men, shouting and yelling, made a yet louder din. The Great Being with his retinue returned to the city; while Brahmadata's army ran in rout for three leagues. Kevaṭṭa mounted upon a horse came up with the army wiping off the blood from his forehead, and cried, "Ho there, do not run! I did not bow to the churl! Stop, stop!" But the army would not stop, and made mock of Kevaṭṭa, reviling him, "Man of sin! villain brahmin! You would make a Battle of the Law, and then



bow before a stripling young enough to be your grandson ! Is not this a thing most unmeet for you ! ” They would not listen to him, but went on. He dashed on into the army, and cried, “ Ho you, you must believe me, I did not bow to him, he tricked me with a gem ! ” So by one means or another, he convinced the princes and made them believe him, and rallied the broken army.

Now so great was this host, that if each man of them had taken a clod or a handful of earth and thrown it into the moat, they could have filled the moat and made a heap as high as the rampart. But we know that the intentions of the Bodhisats are fulfilled; and there was not one who threw a clod or a handful of earth towards the city. They all returned back to their position. [406] Then the king asked Kevaṭṭa, “ What are we to do, teacher ? ” “ My lord, let no one come out from the postern, and cut off all access. The people unable to come out will be discouraged and will open the gate. Thus we shall capture our enemies.” The sage was informed as before of the matter, and thought: “ If they stay here long we shall have no peace; a way must be found to get rid of them. I will devise a stratagem to make them go.” So he searched for a man clever in such things, and found one named Anukevaṭṭa. To him he said, “ Teacher, I have a thing which I want you to carry out.” “ What am I to do, wise sir ? Tell me.” “ Stand on the rampart, and when you see our men incautious, immediately let down cakes, fish, meat, and other food to Brahmadata’s men, and say, Here, eat this and this, don’t be downhearted; try to stay here a few days longer; before long the people will be like hens in a coop and will open the gate of themselves, and then you will be able to capture Vedeha and that villain of a farmer’s son. Our men when they hear this, with harsh upbraiding, will bind you hand and foot in the sight of Brahmadata’s army, and will pretend to beat you with bamboos, and pull you down, and tying your hair in five knots<sup>1</sup> will daub you with brickdust, put a garland of kanavera<sup>2</sup> upon you, belabour you soundly until weals rise on your back, take you up on the rampart, tie you up, and let you down by a rope to Brahmadata’s men, crying out, Go, traitor ! Then you will be taken before Brahmadata, and he will ask your offence; you must say to him, Great king, once I was held in great honour, but the farmer’s son denounced me to my king for a traitor and robbed me of all. I wished to make the man shorter by a head who had ruined me, and in pity for the despondency of your men [407] I gave them food and drink. For that, with the old grudge in his heart, he brought this destruction upon me. Your own men, O king, know all about it. Thus by one means or another you must win the king’s confidence, and then say to him: Sire, now you have me, trouble

<sup>1</sup> See v. 246<sup>4</sup>, trans., v. p. 125, note 2.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps Sanscr. *karavira*. See iv. 119, note 1 (trans.).



no more. Now Vedeha and the farmer's son are dead men! I know the strong places and the weak places of the ramparts in this city. I know where crocodiles are in the moat and where they are not; before long I will bring the city into your hands. The king will believe you and do you honour, and will place the army in your charge. Then you must bring down the army into the places infested by snakes and crocodiles; the army in fear of the crocodiles will refuse to go down. You must then say to the king, Your army, my lord, has been corrupted by the farmer's son; there is not a man of them, not even teacher Kevaṭṭa and the princes, who has not been bribed. They just walk about guarding you, they are all the creatures of the farmer's son, and I alone am your man. If you do not believe me, order the kings to come before you in full dress; then examine their dresses, their ornaments, their swords, all given them by the farmer's son and inscribed with his name, and assure yourself. He will do so, and make sure, and in fear will dismiss the princes. Then he will ask you what is to be done? and you must reply, My lord, the farmer's son is full of resource, and if you stay here a few days he will gain over all the army and capture yourself. Make no delay, but this very night in the middle watch let us take horse and depart, that we die not in the enemy's hands. He will follow your advice; and while he flees away you must return and tell my people." Thereupon Anukevaṭṭa replied, "Good, wise sir, I will do your bidding." "Well then, you must put up with a few blows." [408] "Wise sir, do what you will with my body, only spare my life and my limbs."

Then after shewing all respect to Anukevaṭṭa's family, he caused him to be roughly handled in this manner and handed him over to Brahmadata's men. The king tested him, and trusted him, honoured him and gave him charge of the army; he brought the army down to the places which were infested by snakes and crocodiles; and the men terrified by the crocodiles, and wounded by arrows, spears, and lances cast by soldiers who stood upon the battlements, thus perished, after which none were so brave as to approach. Then Anukevaṭṭa approached the king, and said to him, "O great king, there is not a man to fight for you: all have been bribed. If you do not believe me, send for the princes, and see the inscriptions upon their garments and accoutrements." This the king did; and seeing inscriptions upon all their garments and accoutrements, he felt sure that indeed these had taken bribes. "Teacher," he said, "what's to be done now?" "My lord, there's nothing to be done; if you delay, the farmer's son will capture you. Sire, if the teacher Kevaṭṭa does walk about with a sore on his forehead, yet he also has taken his bribe; he accepted that precious gem, and made you run in rout for three leagues, and then won your confidence again and made you return. He is a traitor! I would not obey him a single night; this very night in the



middle watch you should escape. You have not a friend but me.” “Then, teacher, get my horse and chariot ready yourself.” Finding that the king was assuredly bent on escape, he encouraged him and bade him fear nothing; then he went out and told the scouts that the king was to escape that night, let them not think of sleep. He next prepared the king’s horse, arranging the reins so that the more he pulled the faster the horse would go; and at midnight he said, “My lord, your horse is ready; see, it is time.” The king mounted the horse and fled. Anukevaṭṭa also got on horseback, as though to go with him, but after going a little way he turned back; and the king’s horse, by the arrangement of its reins, [409] pull as the king would, went on. Then Anukevaṭṭa came amongst the army, and shouted with a loud voice, “Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta has fled!” The scouts and their attendants cried out too. The other princes, hearing the noise, thought in their terror, “Sage Mahosadha must have opened the gate and come out; we shall all be dead men!” Giving but a look at all the materials of their use and enjoyment<sup>1</sup>, away they ran. The men shouted the louder, “The princes are in rout!” Hearing the noise, all the others who stood at the gate and on the towers shouted and clapt their hands. Then the whole city within and without was one great roar, as though the earth cleft asunder, or the great deep were broken up, whilst the innumerable myriads of that mighty host in mortal terror, without refuge or defence, cried aloud, “Brahmadatta is taken by Mahosadha with the hundred and one kings!” Away they ran in rout, throwing down even their waistclothes. The camp was empty. Cūlaṇī-Brahmadatta entered his own city with the hundred and one chiefs.

Next morning, the soldiers opened the city gates and went forth, and seeing the great booty, reported it to the Great Being, asking what they were to do. He said, “The goods which they have left are ours. Give to our king that which belonged to the princes, and bring to me that which belonged to Kevaṭṭa and the other private persons; all the rest let the citizens take.” It took half a month to remove the jewels of price and valuable goods, four months for the rest. The Great Being gave great honour to Anukevaṭṭa. From that day the citizens of Mithilā had plenty of gold.

Now Brahmadatta and those kings had been a year in the city of Uttarapañcālā; when one day, Kevaṭṭa, looking upon his face in a mirror, saw the scar on his forehead and thought, “That is the doing of the farmer’s son: he made me a laughingstock before all those kings!” Anger arose in him. “How can I manage to see his back?” he thought. “Ah, here is a plan. Our king’s daughter, Pañcālacaṇḍī [410] is peerless in beauty, like a divine nymph; I will shew her to King Vedeha. He

<sup>1</sup> *upabhoguparibhoga*:- this compound occurs in *Jāt.* II. 431<sup>25</sup>, and in Buddhist Sanskrit: *Çikṣāsamuccaya* 64<sup>8</sup>, 68<sup>21</sup>, 89<sup>12</sup>.



will be caught by desire like a fish that has swallowed the hook: I will land him and Mahosadha with him, and kill them both, and drink the cup of victory!" With this resolve, he approached the king. "My lord," said he, "I have an idea." "Yes, teacher, your idea left me once without a rag to cover me. What will you do now? Hold your peace." "Sire, there never was a plan equal to this." "Speak on, then." "Sire, we two must be alone." "So be it." The brahmin took him into an upper storey, and said, "Great king! I will attract King Vedeha by desire, to bring him here, and kill him." "A good plan, teacher, but how are we to arouse his desire?" "Sire, your daughter Pañcālacaṇḍī is peerless in beauty; we will have her charms and accomplishments celebrated in verse by poets, and have those poems sung in Mithilā. When we find that he is saying to himself, If the mighty monarch Vedeha cannot get this pearl of maidens, what is his kingdom to him? and that he is caught in the attraction of the idea, I will go and fix a day; on the day fixt by me he will come, like a fish that has swallowed the hook, and the farmer's son with him; then we will kill them." This pleased the king, and he agreed: "A fine plan that, my teacher! so we will do."

But a maynah bird, that watched the king's bed, took note of it.

And so the king sent for clever poets, and paid them richly, and shewed them his daughter, bidding them make a poem on her beauty; and they made songs of exceeding great sweetness, and recited them to the king. He rewarded them richly. Musicians learnt these songs from the poets, and sang them in public, and thus they were spread abroad. When they had been spread abroad, the king sent for the singers, and said, "My children, climb into the trees by night with some birds, sit there and sing, and, in the morning, [411] tie bells about their necks, let them fly, and come down." This he did that the world might say, the very gods sing the beauty of the King of Pañcāla's daughter. Again the king sent for these poets, and said to them, "My children, make poems to this effect, that such a princess is not for any king in all India save Vedeha King of Mithilā, praising the king's majesty and the girl's beauty." They did so, and reported it; the king paid them well, and told them to go to Mithilā and sing in the same way. They went to Mithilā, singing these songs on the way, and there sang them in public. Crowds of people heard the songs, and amidst loud applause paid them well. At night they would climb into the trees and sing, and, in the morning, tied bells about the birds' necks before they came down. People heard the sound of the bells in the air, and all the city rang with the news, that the very gods were singing the beauty of the king's daughter. The king hearing of it sent for the poets, and made an audience in his palace. He was to think that they wanted to give him the peerless daughter of King Cūlani. So he paid them well, and they came back and



told Brahmadata. Then Kevaṭṭa said to him, "Now, sire, 'tis time for me to go and settle the day." "Very good, teacher, what must you take with you?" "A little present." He gave it. The other went with it, accompanied by a large following, to Videha's kingdom. On his arrival being made known, all the city was in an uproar: "King Cūlani and Videha, they say, will strike a friendship; Cūlani will give his daughter to our king, and Kevaṭṭa, they say, is coming to fix a day." King Videha also heard this; and the Great Being heard it, and thought, "I like not his coming; I must find out about it exactly." So he sent word to spies that lived with Cūlani. They replied, "We do not quite understand this business. The king and Kevaṭṭa were sitting and talking in the royal bedchamber; but the maynah which watches the bedchamber will know about it." On hearing this, the Great Being thought: [412] "That our enemies may not have an advantage, I will parcel out the whole city and decorate it, and not allow Kevaṭṭa to see it." So from the city gate to the palace, and from the palace to his own house, on both sides of the road he erected lattice-work, and covered all over with mats, covered all with pictures, scattered flowers upon the ground, set jars full of water in place, hung flags and banners. Kevaṭṭa as he entered the city could not see its arrangements; he thought the king had decorated it for his sake, and did not understand that it had been done that he might not see. When he came before the king, he offered his gift, and with a courteous greeting sat down on one side. Then after an honourable reception, he recited two stanzas, to announce the reason of his arrival:

"A king who wishes for thy friendship sends thee these precious things: now let worthy sweet-spoken ambassadors come from that place; let them utter gentle words which shall give pleasure, and let the people of Pañcāla and Videha be one."

"Sire," he went on, "he would have sent another in place of me, but me he sent, feeling sure that no other could tell the tale so pleasantly as I should do. Go, teacher, quoth he, win over the king to look favourably upon it, and bring him back with you. Now, sire, go, and you shall receive an excellent and beautiful princess, and there shall be friendship established between our king and you." The king was pleased at this proposal; he was attracted by the idea that he should receive a princess of peerless beauty, and replied, "Teacher, there was a quarrel between you and the wise Mahosadha at the Battle of the Law. Now go and see my son; [413] you two wise men must make up your differences; and after a talk together, come back." Kevaṭṭa promised to go and see the sage, and he went.

Now the Great Being that day, determined to avoid talking with this man of sin, in the morning drank a little ghee; they smeared the floor



with wet cow-dung, and smeared the pillars with oil; all chairs and seats they removed except one narrow couch on which he lay. To his servants he gave orders as follows: "When the brahmin begins to talk, say, Brahmin, do not talk with the sage; he has taken a dose of ghee to-day. And when I make as though to talk with him, stop me, saying, My lord, you have taken a dose of ghee—do not talk." After these instructions the Great Being covered himself with a red robe, and lay down on his couch, after posting men at the seven gate-towers<sup>1</sup>. Kevatta, reaching the first gate, asked where the wise man was? Then the servants answered, "Brahmin, do not make much noise; if you wish to go in, go silently. To-day the sage has taken ghee, and he cannot stand a noise." At the other gates they told him the same thing. When he came to the seventh gate, he entered the presence of the sage, and the sage made as though to speak: but they said, "My lord, do not talk; you have taken a strong dose of ghee—why should you talk with this wretched brahmin?" So they stayed him. The other came in, but could not find where to sit, nor a place to stand by the bed. He passed over the wet cow-dung and stood. Then one looked at him and rubbed his eyes, one lifted his eyebrow, one scratched his elbow. When he saw this, he was annoyed, and said, "Wise sir, I am going." Another said, "Ha, wretched brahmin, don't make a noise! If you do, I'll break your bones for you!" Terrified he looked back, when another struck him on the back with a bamboo stick, another caught him by the throat and pushed him, another slapt him on the back, until he departed in fear, like a fawn from the panther's mouth, and returned to the palace.

Now the king thought: [414] "To-day my son will be pleased to hear the news. What a talking there will be between the two wise men about the Law! To-day they will be reconciled together, and I shall be the gainer." So when he saw Kevatta, he recited a stanza, asking about their conversation together:

"How did your meeting with Mahosadha come off, Kevatta? Pray tell me that. Was Mahosadha reconciled, was he pleased?"

To this Kevatta replied, "Sire, you think that is a wise man, but there is not another man less good," and he recited a stanza:

"He is a man ignoble of nature, lord of men! disagreeable, obstinate, wicked in disposition, like one dumb or deaf: he said not a word."

This displeased the king, but he found no fault. He provided Kevatta and his attendants with all that they needed and a house to live in, and bade him go and rest. After he had sent him away the king thought

<sup>1</sup> *sattamesu* means seventh; there seems to be a confusion of two versions, one of which is represented by the Burmese story, "He lay down in the innermost of the seven closets on the ground floor." So C\*.



to himself, "My son is wise, and knows well how to be courteous; yet he would not speak courteously to this man and did not want to see him. Surely he must have seen cause for some apprehension in the future!" and he composed a stanza of his own:

"Verily this resolution is very hard to understand; a clear issue has been foreseen by this strong man. Therefore my body is shaken: who shall lose his own and fall into the hands of his foe?"

[415] "No doubt my son saw some mischief in the brahmin's visit. He will have come here for no friendly purpose. He must have wished to attract me by desire, and make me go to his city, and there capture me. The sage must have foreseen some danger to come." As he was turning over these thoughts in his mind, with alarm, the four wise men came in. The king said to Senaka, "Well, Senaka, do you think I ought to go to the city of Uttarapañcāla and marry King Cūḷanī's daughter?" He replied, "O sire, what is this you say! When luck comes your way, who would drive it off with blows? If you go there and marry her, you will have no equal save Cūḷanī-Brahmadatta in all India, because you will have married the daughter of the chief king. The king knows that the other princes are his men, and Vedeḥa alone is his peer, and so desires to give you his peerless daughter. Do as he says and we also shall receive dresses and ornaments." When the king asked the others, they all said the same. And as they were thus conversing, Brahmin Kevaṭṭa came from his lodging to take his leave of the king, and go; and he said, "Sire, I cannot linger here, I would go, prince of men!" The king shewed him respect, and let him go.

When the Great Being heard of his departure, he bathed and dressed and went to wait on the king, and saluting him sat on one side. Thought the king: "Wise Mahosadha my son is great and full of resource, he knows past, present and future; he will know whether I ought to go or not"; yet befooled by passion he did not keep to his first resolve, but asked his question in a stanza:

"All six have one opinion, and they are sages supreme in wisdom. To go or not to go, to abide here—Mahosadha, tell me your opinion also."

[416] At this the sage thought, "This king is exceedingly greedy in desire: blind and foolish he listens to the words of these four. I will tell him the mischief of going and dissuade him." So he repeated four stanzas:

"Do you know, great king: mighty and strong is King Cūḷanī-Brahmadatta, and he wants you to kill, as a hunter catches the deer by decoy. As a fish greedy for food does not recognize the hook hidden in the bait, or a mortal his death, so you O king, greedy in desire, do not recognize Cūḷanī's daughter, you, mortal, your own death. Go to Pañcāla, and in a little time you will destroy yourself, as a deer caught on the road comes into great danger."



[417] At this heavy rebuke<sup>1</sup>, the king was angry. "The man thinks I am his slave," he thought, "he forgets I am a king. He knows that the chief king has sent to offer me his daughter, and says not a word of good wishes, but foretells that I shall be caught and killed like a silly deer or a fish that swallows the hook or a deer caught on the road!" and immediately he recited a stanza :

"I was foolish, I was deaf and dumb, to consult you on high matters. How can you understand things like other men, when you grew up hanging on to the plow-tail?"

With these opprobrious words, he said, "This clodhopper is hindering my good luck! away with him!" and to get rid of him he uttered this stanza :

"Take this fellow by the neck and rid my kingdom of him, who speaks to hinder my getting a jewel."

But he, seeing the king's anger, thought, "If any one at the bidding of this king seize me by hand or by neck, or touch me, I shall be disgraced to my dying day; therefore I will go of myself." [418] So he saluted the king and went to his house. Now the king had merely spoken in anger: but out of respect for the Bodhisat he did not command any one to carry out his words. Then the Great Being thought, "This king is a fool, he knows not his own profit or unprofit. He is in love; and determined to get that princess, he does not perceive the danger to come; he will go to his ruin. I ought not to let his words lie in my mind. He is my great benefactor, and has done me much honour. I must have confidence in him. But first I will send the parrot and find out the facts, then I will go myself." So he sent the parrot.

To explain this the Master said :

"Then he went out of Vedeha's presence, and spake to his messenger, Māṭhara [*sic*] the clever parrot: 'Come, my green parrot, do a service for me. The king of Pañcāla has a maynah that watches his bed: ask him in full, for he knows all, knows all the secret of the king and Kosiya.' Matṭhara [*sic*] the clever parrot listened, and went—the green parrot—to the maynah bird. Then this clever parrot Māṭhara spake to the sweet-voiced maynah in her fine cage: 'Is all well with you in your fine cage? is all happy, O Vessā<sup>2</sup>? Do they give you parched honey-corn in your fine cage?' 'All is well with me, sir, indeed, all is happy, they do give me parched honey-corn, O clever parrot. Why have you come, sir, and why were you sent? I never saw you or heard of you before.'"

[419] On hearing this, he thought: "If I say, I am come from Mithilā, for her life she will never trust me. On my way I noticed the town Aritṭhāpura in this kingdom of Sivi; so I will make up a false tale, how the king of Sivi has sent me hither," and he said—

"I was King Sivi's chamberlain in his palace, and from thence that righteous king set the prisoners free from bondage."

<sup>1</sup> Reading, as Fausbøll suggests, *atiniggaṇhante* for *-to*.

<sup>2</sup> *sālikā kira sakuṇesu vessajātikā nāma*. Schol.



[420] Then the maynah gave him the honey-corn and honey-water which stood ready for her in a golden dish, and said, "Sir, you have come a long way: what has brought you?" He made up a tale, desirous to learn the secret, and said,

"I once had to wife a sweet-voiced maynah, and a hawk killed her before my eyes."

Then she asked, "But how did the hawk kill your wife?" He told her this story. "Listen, madam. One day our king invited me to join him at a water-party. My wife and I went with him, and amused ourselves. In the evening we returned with him to the palace. To dry our feathers, my wife and I flew out of a window and sat on the top of a pinnacle. At that moment a hawk swooped down to catch us as we were leaving the pinnacle. In fear of my life I flew swiftly off; but she was heavy then, and could not fly fast; hence before my eyes he killed her and carried her off. The king saw me weeping for her loss, and asked me the reason. On hearing what had occurred, he said, 'Enough, friend, do not weep, but look for another wife.' I replied, 'What need I, my lord, to wed another, wicked and vicious? Better to live alone.' He said, 'Friend, I know a bird virtuous like your wife; King Cūḷani's chamberlain is a maynah like her. Go and ask her will, and let her reply, and if she likes you come and tell me; then I or my queen will go with great pomp and bring her back.' With these words he sent me, and that is why I am come." And he said:

"Full of love for her I am come to you: if you give me leave we might dwell together."

[421] These words pleased her exceedingly; but without shewing her feelings she said, as though unwilling:

"Parrot should love parrot, and maynah maynah: how can there be union between parrot and maynah?"

The other hearing this thought, "She does not reject me; she is only making much of herself. Indeed she loves me doubtless. I will find some parables to make her trust me." So he said—

"Whomsoever the lover loves, be it a low Caṇḍālī, all are alike: in love there is no unlikeness."

This said, he went on, to shew the measure of the differences in the birth of men,

"The mother of the king of Sivi is named Jambāvatī, and she was the beloved queen consort of Vāsudeva the Kaṇha."

Now the king of Sivi's mother, Jambāvatī, was of the Caṇḍāla caste, and she was the beloved queen consort of Vāsudeva, one of the Kaṇhāgana clan, the eldest of ten brothers. The story goes, that he one day went out from Dvāravati into the park; and on his way he espied a very beautiful



girl, standing by the way, as she journeyed on some business from her Caṇḍāla village to town. He fell in love, and asked her birth; and on hearing that she was a Caṇḍālī, he was distressed. Finding that she was unmarried, he turned back at once, and took her home, surrounded her with precious things, and made her his chief queen. She brought forth a son Sivi, who ruled in Dvāravatī at his father's death.

[422] After giving this example, he went on: "Thus even a prince such as he mated with a Caṇḍāla woman; and what of us, who are but of the animal kingdom? If we like to mate together, there is no more to be said." And he gave another example as follows:

"Rathavatī, a fairy, also loved Vaccha, and the man loved the animal. In love there is no unlikeness.

"Vaccha was a hermit of that name, and the way she loved him was this. In times gone by, a brahmin, who had seen the evil of the passions, left great wealth to follow the ascetic life, and lived in Himavat in a hut of leaves which he made him. Not far from this hut in a cave lived a number of fairies, and in the same place lived a spider. This spider used to spin his web, and crack the heads of these creatures, and drink their blood. Now the fairies were weak and timid, the spider was mighty and very poisonous: they could do nothing against him, so they came to the hermit, and saluted him, and told him how a spider was destroying them and they could see no help; wherefore they begged him to kill the spider and save them. But the ascetic drove them away, crying, "Men like me take no life!" A female of these creatures, named Rahavatī, was unmarried; and they brought her all finely arrayed to the hermit, and said, "Let her be your handmaiden, and do you slay our enemy." When the hermit saw her he fell in love, and kept her with him, and lay in wait for the spider at the cave's mouth, and as he came out for food killed him with a club. So he lived with the fairy and begat sons and daughters on her, and then died. Thus she loved him."

The parrot, having described this example, said, "Vaccha the hermit, although a man, lived with a fairy, who belonged to the animal world; why should not we do the same, who both are birds?"

When she heard him she said, "My lord, the heart is not always the same: I fear separation from my beloved." But he, being wise and versed in the wiles of women, further tested her with this stanza:

"Verily I shall go away, O sweet-voiced maynah. This is a refusal; no doubt you despise me."

[423] Hearing this she felt as though her heart would break; but before him she made as though she was burning with newly awakened love, and recited a stanza and a half:

"No luck for the hasty, O wise parrot Māthara. Stay here until you shall see the king, and hear the sound of tabours and see the splendour of our king."



So when evening came they took their pleasure together; and they lived in friendship and pleasure and delight. Then the parrot thought, "Now she will not hide the secret from me; now I must ask it of her and go.—Maynah," quoth he. "What is it, my lord?" "I want to ask you something; shall I say it?" "Say on, my lord." "Never mind, to-day is a festival; another day I will see about it." "If it be suitable to a festival, say it, if not, my lord, say nothing." "Indeed, this is a thing fit for a festival day." "Then speak." "If you will listen, I will speak." Then he asked the secret in a stanza and a half:

"This sound so loud heard over the countryside—the daughter of the king of Pañcāla, bright as a star—he will give her to the Videhas, and this will be their wedding!"

[424] When she heard this she said, "My lord! on a day of festival you have said a thing most unlucky!" "I say it is lucky, you say it is unlucky: what can this mean?" "I cannot tell you, my lord." "Madam, from the time when you refuse to tell me a secret which you know, our happy union ends." Importuned by him she replied, "Then, my lord, listen:—

"Let not even your enemies have such a wedding, Māṭhara, as there shall be betwixt the kings of Pañcāla and Videha."

Then he asked, "Why do you ask such a thing, madam?" She replied, "Listen now, and I will tell you the mischief of it," and she repeated another stanza:

"The mighty king of Pañcāla will attract Videha, and then he will kill him; his friend she will not be."

So she told the whole secret to the wise parrot; and the wise parrot, hearing it, extolled Kevaṭṭa: "This teacher is fertile in resource; 'tis a wonderful plan to kill the king. But what is so unlucky a thing to us? silence is best." Thus he attained the fruit of his journey. And after passing the night with her, he said, "Lady, I would go to the Sivi country, and tell the king how I have got a loving wife"; and he took leave in the following words:

[425] "Now give me leave for just seven nights, that I may tell the mighty king of Sivi, how I have found a dwelling-place with a maynah."

The maynah hereat, although unwilling to part with him, yet unable to refuse, recited the next stanza:

"Now I give you leave for seven nights; if after seven nights you do not return to me, I see myself gone down into the grave; I shall be dead when you return<sup>1</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> Reading *āgamissasi* with Comm. and the Burmese version; all three MSS. have -ti.



The other said: "Lady, what is this you say! if I see you not after seven days, how can I live?" So he spake with his lips, but thought in his heart, "Live or die<sup>1</sup>, what care I for you?" He rose up, and after flying for a short distance towards the Sivi country, he turned off and went to Mithilā. Then descending upon the wise man's shoulder, when the Great Being had taken him to the upper storey, and asked his news, he told him all. The other did him all honour as before.

This the Master explained as follows:

"And then Māthara, the wise parrot, said to Mahosadha: 'This is the story of the maynah.'"

On hearing it the Great Being thought: "The king will go, will I nill I, and if he go, he will be utterly destroyed. [426] And if by bearing a grudge against such a king who gave me such wealth, I refrain from doing well to him, I shall be disgraced. When there is found one so wise as I, why should he perish? I will set out before the king, and see Cūḷani; and I will arrange all well, and I will build a city for King Vedeha to dwell in, and a smaller passage a mile long, and a great tunnel of half a league; and I will consecrate King Cūḷani's daughter and make her our king's handmaiden; and even when our city is surrounded by the hundred and one kings with their army of eighteen myriads, I will save our king, as the moon is saved from the jaws of Rāhu, and bring him home. His return is in my hands." As he thought thus, joy pervaded his body, and by force of this joy he uttered this aspiration:

"A man should always work for his interest in whose house he is fed."

Thus bathed and anointed he went in great pomp to the palace, and saluting the king, stood on one side. "My lord," he asked, "are you going to the city of Uttarapañcāla?" "Yes, my son; if I cannot gain Pañcālacaṇḍī, what is my kingdom to me? Leave me not, but come with me. By going thither, two benefits will be mine: I shall gain the most precious of women, and make friendship with the king." Then the wise man said, "Well, my lord, I will go on ahead, and build dwellings for you; do you come when I send word." Saying this, he repeated two stanzas:

"Truly I will go first, lord of men, to the lovely city of Pañcāla's king, to build dwellings for the glorious Vedeha. When I have built dwellings for the glorious Vedeha, come, mighty warrior, when I send word."

[427] The king on hearing this was pleased that he should not desert him, and said, "My son, if you go on ahead, what do you want?" "An army, sire." "Take as many as you wish, my son." The other went on, "My lord, have the four prisons opened, and break the chains that bind the

<sup>1</sup> The text is not intelligible; but the variants suggest that the Burmese version, which I follow, gives the right sense.



robbers therein, and send these also with me." "Do as you will, my son," he replied. The Great Being caused the prisons to be opened, and brought forth mighty heroes who were able to do their duty wherever they should be sent, and bade them serve him; he shewed great favour to these, and took with him eighteen companies of men, masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, men skilled in all arts and crafts, with their razor-adzes, spades, hoes, and many other tools. So with a great company he went out of the city.

The Master explained it by this stanza :

"The Mahosadha went on ahead, to the goodly town of the king of Pañcāla, to build dwellings for Vedeha the glorious."

On his way, the Great Being built a village at every league's end, and left a courtier in charge of each village, with these directions : "Against the king's return with Pañcāla-candī you are to prepare elephants, horses, and chariots, to keep off his enemies, and to convey him speedily to Mithilā." Arrived at the Ganges' bank, he called Ānandakumāra, and said to him, "Ānanda, take three hundred wrights, go to Upper Ganges, procure choice timber, build three hundred ships, make them cut stores of wood for the town, fill the ships with light wood, and come back soon." Himself in a ship he crossed over the Ganges, and from his landing-place he paced out the distances, thinking—"This is half a league, here shall be the great tunnel : in this place shall be the town for our king to dwell in; from this place to the palace, a mile long, [428] shall be the small passage." So he marked out the place; and then entered the city.

When King Cūlaṇi heard of the Bodhisat's coming, he was exceedingly well pleased; for thought he, "Now the desire of my heart shall be fulfilled; now that he is come, Vedeha will not be long in coming: then will I kill them both and make one kingdom in all India." All the city was in a ferment: "This, they say, is the wise Mahosadha, who put to flight the hundred and one kings as a crow is scared by a clod!" The Great Being proceeded to the palace gates whilst the citizens gazed at his beauty; then dismounting from the car, he sent word to the king. "Let him come," the king said; and he entered, and greeted the king, and sat down on one side. Then the king spoke politely to him, and asked, "My son, when will the king come?" "When I send for him, my lord." "But why are you come, then?" "To build for our king a place to dwell in, my lord." "Good, my son." He gave an allowance for the escort, and shewed great honour to the Great Being, and allotted him a house, and said: "My son, until your king shall come, live here, and do not be idle, but do what should be done." But as he entered the palace, he stood at the foot of the stairs, thinking, "Here must be the door of the little tunnel"; and again this came into his mind, "The king



told me to do for him anything that had to be done ; I must take care that this stairway does not fall in while we are digging the tunnel." So he said to the king, "My lord, as I entered, standing by the stair-foot, and looking at the new work, I saw a fault in the great staircase. If it please you, give me word and I will make it all right." "Good, my son, do so." He examined the place carefully, and determined where the exit of the tunnel should be<sup>1</sup>; then he removed the stair, and to keep the earth from falling into this place, he arranged a platform of wood, and thus fixed the stair firmly so that it should not collapse. The king all unwitting thought this to be done from goodwill to himself. The other spent that day [429] in superintending the repairs, and on the next day he said to the king, "My lord, if I could know where our king is to dwell, I could make it all right and take care of it." "Very good, wise sir: choose a place for his dwelling where you will in the city, except my palace." "Sire, we are strangers, you have many favourites: if we take their houses, your soldiers will quarrel with us. What are we to do?" "Wise sir, do not listen to them, but choose the place which may please you." "My lord, they will come to you over and over again with complaints, and that will not be pleasant for you; but if you will, let our men be on guard until we take possession of the houses, and they will not be able to get past the door, but will go away. Thus both you and we shall be content." The king agreed. The Great Being placed his own guards at the foot and head of the stairway, at the great gate, everywhere, giving orders that no one was to pass by. Then he ordered his men to go to the queen-mother's house, and to make as though they would pull it down. When they began to pull down bricks and mud from the gates and walls, the queen-mother heard the news and asked, "You fellows, why do you break down my house?" "Mahosadha the sage wishes to pull it down and to build a palace for his king." "If that be so, you may live in this place." "Our king's retinue is very large; this place will not do, and we will make a large house for him." "You do not know me: I am the queen-mother, and now I will go to my son and see about it." "We are acting by the king's orders; stop us if you can!" She grew angry, and said, "Now I will see what is to be done with you," and proceeded to the palace gate; but they would not let her go in. "Fellows, I am the king's mother!" "Oh, we know you; but the king has ordered us to let no one come in. Go away!" She was unable to get into the palace, and stood looking at her house. Then one of the men said, [430] "What are you doing here? Away with you!" He seized her by the throat and threw her upon the ground. She thought, "Verily it must be the king's command, otherwise they would not be able to do this: I will visit the sage." She asked him, "Son Mahosadha,

<sup>1</sup> Omitting *mā* with B<sup>2</sup>; I can think of no correction.



why do you pull down my house?" but he would not speak to her. But a bystander said, "What did you say, madam?" "My son, why does the sage pull down my house?" "To build a dwelling for King Vedeha." "Why, my son! in all this great city can he find no other place to live in? take this bribe, a hundred thousand pieces of money, and let him build elsewhere." "Very good, madam, we will leave your house alone; but do not tell any one that you have given this bribe, that no others may wish to bribe us to spare their houses." "My son! if it were said that the queen-mother had need to bribe, the shame would be mine! I shall tell no one." The man consented, and took the hundred thousand pieces, and left that house. Then he went to Kevaṭṭa's house; who went to the palace gate, and had the skin of his back torn by bamboo sticks, but being unable to get an entrance, he also gave a hundred thousand pieces. In this way, by seizing houses in all parts of the city, and procuring bribes, they got nine crores of gold pieces.

After this the Great Being traversed the whole city, and returned to the palace. The king asked him whether he had found a place. "Sire," he said, "they are all willing to give; but as soon as we take possession they are stricken with grief. We do not wish to be the cause of unpleasantness. Outside the city, about a mile hence, between the city and the Ganges, there is a place where we could build a palace for our king." When the king heard this, he was pleased; for, thought he, "to fight with men inside the city is dangerous, it is impossible to distinguish friend from foe; but without the city it is easy to fight, therefore without the city [431] I will smite them and kill them." Then he said, "Good, my son, build in the place that you have seen." "We will, sire. But your people must not come to the place where we build, in search of firewood or herbs or such like things; if they do, there is sure to be a quarrel, and this will be pleasant for neither of us." "Very good, my son, forbid all access on that side." "My lord, our elephants like to disport them in the water; if the water becomes muddy, and the people complain that since Mahosadha came we have had no clean water to drink, you must put up with it." The king replied, "Let your elephants play." Then he proclaimed by beat of drum: "Whosoever shall go hence to the place where the sage Mahosadha is building, he shall be fined a thousand pieces."

Then the Great Being took leave of the king, and with his attendants went out of the city, and began to build a city on the spot that had been set apart. On the other side of the Ganges he built a village called Gaggali: there he stationed his elephants, horses and chariots, his kine and oxen. He busied himself with the making of the city, and assigned to each their task. Having distributed all the work, he set about making the great tunnel; the mouth of which was upon the Ganges' bank. Sixty



thousand warriors were digging the great tunnel: the earth they removed in leather sacks and dropt in the river, and whenever the earth was dropt in the elephants trampled it underfoot, and the Ganges ran muddy. The citizens complained that, since Mahosadha had come, they could get no clean water to drink; the river ran muddy, and what was to be done? Then the wise man's spies told them that Mahosadha's elephants were playing about in the water, and stirring up the mud, and that was why it ran muddy. Now the intentions of the Bodhisats are always fulfilled; therefore in the tunnel all roots and stones sank into the earth. The entrance to the lesser tunnel was in that city; seven hundred men were digging at the lesser tunnel; [432] the earth they brought out in leather sacks and dropt in the city, and as they dropt each load, they mixt it with water, and built a wall, and used it for other works. The entrance into the greater tunnel was in the city: it was provided with a door, eighteen hands high, fitted with machinery, so that one peg being pressed all were closed up<sup>1</sup>. On either side, the tunnel was built up with bricks and worked with stucco; it was roofed over with planks and smeared with cement<sup>2</sup>, and whitened. In all there were eighty great doors and sixty-four small doors, which all by the pressure of one peg closed, and by the pressure of one peg opened. On either side there were some hundreds of lamp-cells, also fitted with machinery, so that when one was opened all opened, and when one was shut all were shut. On either side were a hundred and one chambers for a hundred and one warriors: in each one was laid a bed of various colours, in each was a great couch shaded by a white sunshade, each had a throne near the great couch, each had a statue of a woman, very beautiful—without touching them no one could tell they were not human. Moreover, in the tunnel on either side, clever painters made all manner of paintings: the splendour of Sakka, the zones of Mount Sineru, the sea and the ocean, the four continents, Himavat, Lake Anotatta, the Vermilion Mountain, Sun and Moon, the heaven of the four great kings with the six heavens of sense and their divisions—all were to be seen in the tunnel. The floor was strewn with sand white as a silver plate, and on the roof full-blown lotus flowers. On both sides were booths of all sorts; here and there hung festoons of flowers and scented blooms. Thus they adorned the tunnel until it was like the divine hall of Sudhamma.

Now those three hundred wrights, having built three hundred ships, freighted them with loads of articles all ready prepared, and brought them down, and told the sage. He used them in the city, and made them put up the ships in a secret place to bring them out when he should give

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps there has been an omission (see just below); one barrier is mentioned, yet the verb is plural.

<sup>2</sup> *uloka*-?



the word. In the city, the water-moat, the wall, [433] gate and tower, dwellings for prince and people, elephant-stables, tanks, all were finished. So great tunnel and little tunnel, and all the city, were finished in four months. And at the end of the four months, the Great Being sent a messenger to the king, to bid him come.

When the king heard this message, he was pleased, and set out with a large company.

The Master said :

“Then the king set out with an army in four divisions, to visit the prosperous city of Kampilliyā, with its innumerable chariots.”

In due time he arrived at the Ganges. Then the Great Being went out to meet him, and conducted him to the city which he had built. The king entered the palace, and ate a rich meal, and after resting a little, in the evening sent a messenger to King Cūlanī to say that he had come.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“Then he on arriving sent word to Brahmadata : ‘Mighty king, I am come to salute thy feet. Now give me to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens.’”

[434] Cūlanī was very glad at the message, and thought, “Where will my enemy go now? I shall cleave both their heads, and drink the cup of victory!” But he shewed only joy to the messenger, and did him respect, and recited the following stanza :

“Welcome art thou, Vedeha, a good coming is thine! Enquire now for a lucky hour, and I will give thee my daughter, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens.”

The messenger now went back to Vedeha, and said, “My lord, the king says: ‘Enquire for an hour suited to this auspicious event, and I will give you my daughter.’” He sent the man back, saying, “This very day is a lucky hour!”

The Master explained it thus :

“Then King Vedeha enquired for a lucky hour; which done, he sent word to Brahmadata : ‘Give me now to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens.’ And King Cūlanī said : ‘I give thee now to wife that woman most beauteous, full of grace, attended by her handmaidens.’”

But in saying “I will send her now, even now,” he lied : and he gave the word to the hundred and one kings : “Make ready for battle with your eighteen mighty hosts, and come forth : we will cleave the heads of our two enemies, and drink the cup of victory!” And he placed in the palace his mother Queen Talatā, and his consort Queen Nandā, and his son Pañcālacaṇḍa, and his daughter Pañcālacaṇḍī, with the women, and came forth himself.

The Bodhisat treated very hospitably the great army which came with King Vedeha : [435] some were drinking spirits, some eating fish and



flesh, some lay wearied with their long march ; but King Vedeha, with Senaka and the other wise men, sat on a goodly dais amidst his courtiers. But King Cūlanī surrounded the city in four lines with three intervals, and kindled several hundreds of thousands of torches, and there they stood, ready to take it when the sun should rise. On learning this, the Great Being gave commission to three hundred of his own warriors : “Go by the little tunnel, and bring in by that tunnel the king’s mother and consort, his son and daughter ; take them through the great tunnel, but do not let them out by the door of the great tunnel ; keep them safe in the tunnel until we come, but when we come, bring them out of the tunnel, and place them in the Great Court.” When they had received these commands, they went along the lesser tunnel, and pushed up the platform beneath the staircase ; they seized the guards at the top and bottom of the staircase and on the terrace, the humpbacks, and all the others that were there, bound them hand and foot, gagged them, and hid them away here and there ; ate some of the food prepared for the king, destroyed the rest, and went up to the terrace. Now Queen Talatā on that day, uncertain what might befall, had made Queen Nandā and the son and daughter lie with her in one bed. These warriors, standing at the door of the chamber, called to them. She came out and said, “What is it, my children ?” They said, “Madam, our king has killed Vedeha and Mahosadha, and has made one kingdom in all India, and surrounded by the hundred and one princes in great glory he is drinking deep : he has sent us to bring you four to him also.” They came down to the foot of the staircase. When the men took them into the tunnel, they said : “All this time we have lived here, and never have entered this street before !” The men replied, “Men do not go into this street every day ; this is a street of rejoicing, and because this is a day of rejoicing, the king [436] told us to fetch you by this way.” And they believed it. Then some of the men conducted the four, others returned to the palace, broke open the treasury, and carried off all the precious things they wanted. The four went on by the greater tunnel, and seeing it to be like the glorious hall of the gods, thought that it had been made for the king. Then they were brought to a place not far from the river, and placed in a fine chamber within the tunnel : some kept watch over them, others went and told the Bodhisat of their arrival.

“Now,” thought the Bodhisat, “my heart’s desire shall be fulfilled.” Highly pleased, he went into the king’s presence and stood on one side. The king, uneasy with desire, was thinking, “Now he will send his daughter, now, now” : and getting up he looked out of the window. There was the city all one blaze of light with those thousands of torches, and surrounded by a great host ! In fear and suspicion he cried, “What is this ?” and recited a stanza to his wise men :



“Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a host in armour stands there, torches blaze with light; what do they mean, wise sirs?”

To this Senaka replied: “Do not trouble, sire: large numbers of torches are blazing; I suppose the king is bringing his daughter to you.” And Pukkusa said, “No doubt he wishes to shew honour at your visit, and therefore has come with a guard.” They told him whatever they liked. But the king heard the words of command—“Put a detachment here, set a guard there, be vigilant!” and he saw the soldiers under arms; so that he was frightened to death, and longing to hear some word from the Great Being, he recited another stanza:

“Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a host in armour stands there, torches ablaze with light: what will they do, wise sir?”

[437] Then the Great Being thought, “I will first terrify this blind fool for a little, then I will shew my power and console him.” So he said,

“Sire, the mighty Cūḷaniya is watching you, Brahmadata is a traitor: in the morning he will slay you.”

On hearing this all were frightened to death: the king’s throat was parched, the spittle ceased, his body burnt; frightened to death and whimpering he recited two stanzas:

“My heart throbs, my mouth is parched, I cannot rest, I am like one burnt in the fire and then put in the sun. As the smith’s fire burns inwardly and is not seen outside, so my heart burns within me and is not seen outside.”

When the Great Being heard this lament, he thought, “This blind fool would not do my bidding at other times; I will punish him still more,” and he said:

“Warrior, you are careless, neglectful of advice, unwise: now let your clever advisers save you. A king who will not do the bidding of a wise and faithful counsellor, being bent on his own pleasure, is like a deer caught in a trap. As a fish, greedy for the bait, does not notice the hook hidden in the meat which is wrapped round it, does not recognise its own death: so you, O king, greedy with lust, like the fish, do not recognise Cūḷaneyya’s daughter as your own death. If you go to Pañcāla, (I said,) you will speedily lose your happiness, as a deer caught on the highway will fall into great danger. A bad man, my lord, would bite like a snake in your lap; no wise man should make friends with him; unhappy must be the association with an evil man. [438] Whatsoever man, my lord, one should recognise for virtuous and instructed, he is the man for the wise to make his friend: happy would be the association with a good man.”

Then to drive home the reproach, that a man should not be so treated, he recalled the words which the king had once said before, and went on—

“Foolish thou art, O king, deaf and dumb, that didst upbraid the best advice in me, asking how I could know what was good like another, when I had grown up at the plow-tail? Take yon fellow by the neck, you said, and cast him out of my kingdom, who tries by his talk to keep me from getting a precious thing<sup>1</sup>!”

<sup>1</sup> See p. 215 above.



Having recited these two stanzas, he said, "Sire, how could I, a clodhopper, know what is good as Senaka does and the other wise men? That is not my calling. I know only the clodhopper's trade, but this matter is known to Senaka and his like; they are wise gentlemen, and now to-day [439] let them deliver you from the eighteen mighty hosts that compass you round about; and bid them take me by the throat and cast me forth. Why do you ask me now?" Thus he rebuked him mercilessly. When the king heard it, he thought, "The sage is reciting the wrongs that I have done. Long ago he knew the danger to come, that is why he so bitterly reproaches me. But he cannot have spent all this time idly; surely he must have arranged for my safety." So to reproach the other, he recited two stanzas:

"Mahosadha, the wise do not throw up the past in one's teeth; why do you goad me like a horse tied fast? If you see deliverance or safety, comfort me: why throw up the past against me?"

Then the Great Being thought, "This king is very blind and foolish, and knows not the differences amongst men: a while I will torment him, then I will save him"; and he said—

"'Tis too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot deliver you, and you must decide for yourself. There are elephants which can fly through the air, magical, glorious: they that possess such as these can go away with them. Horses there are which can fly through the air, magical, glorious: they that possess such as these can go away with them. Birds also there are, and goblins, which do the like. But it is too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot save you, and you must decide for yourself."

[440] The king, hearing this, sat still without a word; but Senaka thought, "There is no help but the sage for the king or for us; but the king is too much afraid to be able to answer him. Then I will ask him." And he asked him in two stanzas:

"A man who cannot see the shore in the mighty ocean, when he finds a footing is full of joy. So to us and the king thou, Mahosadha, art firm ground to stand on; thou art our best of counsellors; deliver us from woe."

The Great Being reproached him in this stanza:

"'Tis too late for men to act, too hard and difficult: I cannot deliver you, and you must decide for yourself, Senaka."

The king, unable to find an opening, and terrified out of his life, could not say a word to the Great Being; but thinking that perhaps Senaka might have a plan, he asked him in this stanza:

"Hear this word of mine: you see this great danger, and now Senaka, I ask you—what do you think ought to be done here?"

[441] Senaka thinking, "The king asks a plan: good or bad, I will tell him one," recited a stanza:

"Let us set fire to the door, let us take a sword, let us wound one another, and soon we shall cease to live: let not Brahmadaṭṭa kill us by a lingering death."



The king fell in a passion to hear this ; “That will do for your funeral pyre and your children’s,” he thought ; and he then asked Pukkusa and the rest, who also spoke foolishly each after his own kind ; here is the tradition :

“Hear this word : you see this great danger. Now I ask Pukkusa—what do you think ought to be done here?” “Let us take poison and die, and we shall soon cease to live : let not Brahmadaṭṭha kill us by a lingering death.” “Now I ask Kāvinda.” “Let us fasten a noose and die, let us cast ourselves from a height, let not Brahmadaṭṭha kill us by a lingering death.” “Now I ask Devinda.” “Let us set fire to the door, let us take a sword, let us wound one another, and soon we shall cease to live : I cannot save us, but Mahosadha can do so easily.”

Devinda thought, “What is the king doing? Here is fire, and he blows at a firefly ! Except Mahosadha, there is none other can save us : [442] yet he leaves him and asks us ! What do we know about it?” Thus thinking, and seeing no other plan, he repeated the plan proposed by Senaka, and praised the Great Being in two stanzas :

“This is my meaning, sire : Let us all ask the wise man ; and if for all our asking Mahosadha cannot easily save us, then let us follow Senaka’s advice.”

On hearing this, the king remembered his ill-treatment of the Bodhisat, and being unable to speak to him, he lamented in his hearing thus :

“As one that searches for sap in the plantain tree or the silk-cotton tree, finds none ; so we searching for an answer to this problem have found none. Our dwelling is in a bad place, like elephants in a place where no water is, with worthless men and fools that know nothing. My heart throbs, my mouth is parched, I cannot rest, I am like one burnt in the fire and then put in the sun. As the smith’s fire burns inwardly and is not seen outside, so my heart burns within and is not seen outside.”

Then the sage thought, “The king is exceedingly troubled : If I do not console him, he will break his heart and die.” So he consoled him.

[443] This the Master explained by saying :

“Then this wise sage Mahosadha, discerning of the good, when he beheld Vedeha sorrowful thus spake to him. ‘Fear not, O king, fear not, lord of chariots ; I will set thee free, like the moon when it is caught by Rāhu, like the sun when it is caught by Rāhu, like an elephant sunk in the mud, like a snake shut up in a basket, like fish in the net ; I will set thee free with thy chariots and thy army ; I will scare away Pañcāla, as a crow is scared by a clod. Of what use indeed is the wisdom or the counsellor of such a kind as cannot set thee free from trouble when thou art in difficulties?’”

When he heard this, he was comforted : “Now my life is safe !” he thought : all were delighted when the Bodhisat spoke out like a lion. Then Senaka asked, “Wise sir, how will you get away with us all?” “By a decorated tunnel,” he said, “make ready.” So saying, he gave the word to his men to open the tunnel :

[444] “Come, men, up and open the mouth of the entrance : Vedeha with his court is to go through the tunnel.”



Up rose they and opened the door of the tunnel, and all the tunnel shone in a blaze of light like the decorated hall of the gods. The Master explained it by saying :

“Hearing the wise man’s voice, his followers opened the tunnel door and the mechanical bolts.”

The door opened, they told the Great Being, and he gave the word to the king: “Time, my lord! come down from the terrace.” The king came down, Senaka took off his headdress, unloosed his gown. The Great Being asked him what he did; he replied, “Wise sir, when a man goes through a tunnel, he must take off his turban and wrap his clothes tight around him.” The other replied, “Senaka, do not suppose that you must crawl through the tunnel upon your knees. If you wish to go on an elephant, mount your elephant: lofty is our tunnel, eighteen hands high, with a wide door; dress yourself as fine as you will, and go in front of the king.” Then the Bodhisat made Senaka go first, and went himself last, with the king in the middle, and this was the reason: in the tunnel was a world of eatables and drinkables, and the men ate and drank as they gazed at the tunnel, saying, “Do not go quickly, but gaze at the decorated tunnel”; but the Great Being went behind urging the king to go on, while the king went on gazing at the tunnel adorned like the hall of the gods.

[445] The Master explained it, saying,

“In front went Senaka, behind went Mahosadha, and in the midst King Vedeha with the men of his court.”

Now when the king’s coming was known, the men brought out of the tunnel the other king’s mother and wife, son and daughter, and set them in the great courtyard; the king also with the Bodhisat came out of the tunnel. When these four saw the king and the sage, they were frightened to death, and shrieked in their fear—“Without doubt we are in the hands of our enemies! it must have been the wise man’s soldiers who came for us!” And King Cūlanī, in fear lest Vedeha should escape—now he was about a mile from the Ganges—hearing their outcry in the quiet night, wished to say, “It is like the voice of Queen Nandā!” but he feared that he might be laughed at for thinking such a thing, and said nothing. At that moment, the Great Being placed Princess Pañcālacaṇḍī upon a heap of treasure, and administered the ceremonial sprinkling, as he said, “Sire, here is she for whose sake you came; let her be your queen!” They brought out the three hundred ships; the king came from the wide courtyard and boarded a ship richly decorated, and these four went on board with him. The Master thus explained it:

“Vedeha coming forth from the tunnel went aboard ship, and when he was aboard, Mahosadha thus encouraged him: ‘This is now your father-in-law<sup>1</sup>, my

<sup>1</sup> The brother takes the place of the absent father-in-law, according to the scholiast.



lord, this is your mother-in-law, O master of men : as you would treat your mother, so treat your mother-in-law. As a brother by the same father and mother, so protect Pañcālacaṇḍa, O lord of chariots. Pañcālacaṇḍī is a royal princess, much wooed<sup>1</sup>; love her, she is your wife, O lord of chariots.’”

[446] The king consented. But why did the Great Being say nothing about the queen-mother? Because she was an old woman. Now all this the Bodhisat said as he stood upon the bank. Then the king, delivered from great trouble, wishing to proceed in the ship, said, “My son, you speak standing upon the shore”: and recited a stanza—

“Come aboard with speed : why do you stand on the bank? From danger and trouble we have been delivered ; now, Mahosadha, let us go.”

The Great Being replied, “My lord, it is not meet that I go with you,” and he said,

“This is not right, sire, that I, the leader of an army, should desert my army and come myself. All this army, left behind in the town, I will bring away with the consent of Brahmadata.

“Amongst these men, some are sleeping for weariness after their long journey, some eating and drinking, and know not of our departure, some are sick, after having worked with me four months, and there are many assistants of mine. I cannot go if I leave one man behind me; no, I will return, and all that army I will bring off with Brahmadata’s consent, without a blow. You, sire, should go with all speed, not tarrying anywhere; I have stationed relays of elephants and conveyances on the road, so that you may leave behind those that are weary, and with others ever fresh may quickly return to Mithilā.” Then the king recited a stanza :

“A small army against a great, how will you prevail? The weak will be destroyed by the strong, wise sir!”

[447] Then the Bodhisat recited a stanza:

“A small army with counsel conquers a large army that has none, one king conquers many, the rising sun conquers the darkness.”

With these words, the Great Being saluted the king, and sent him away. The king remembering how he had been delivered from the hands of enemies, and by winning the princess had attained his heart’s desire, reflecting on the Bodhisat’s virtues, in joy and delight described to Senaka the wise man’s virtues in this stanza:

“Happiness truly comes, O Senaka, by living with the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of my enemies.”

To this Senaka replied with another, praising the sage:

“Even so, sire, there is happiness amongst the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies.”

<sup>1</sup> *abhijjhita* = अभिध्याता.



Then Vedeḥa crossed over the river, and at a league's distance he found the village which the Bodhisat had prepared; there the men posted by the Bodhisat supplied elephants and other transport and gave them food and drink. He sent back elephants or horses and transport when they were exhausted, and took others, and proceeded to the next village; and in this way he traversed the journey of a hundred leagues, and next morning he was in Mithilā.

[448] But the Bodhisat went to the gate of the tunnel; and drawing his sword, which was slung over his shoulder, he buried it in the sand, at the gate of the tunnel; then he entered the tunnel, and went into the town, and bathed him in scented water, and ate a choice meal, and retired to his goodly couch, glad to think that the desire of his heart had been fulfilled. When the night was ended, King Cūḷanī gave his orders to the army, and came up to the city. The Master thus explained it:

"The mighty Cūḷanīya watched all night, and at sunrise approached Upakārī. Mounting his noble elephant, strong, sixty years old, Cūḷanīya, mighty king of Pañcāla, addressed his army; fully armed with jewelled harness, an arrow<sup>1</sup> in his hand, he addressed his men collected in great numbers."

Then to describe them in kind—

"Men mounted on elephants, lifeguardsmen, charioteers, footmen, men skilful in archery, bowmen, all gathered together."

Now the king commanded them to take Vedeḥa alive:

"Send the tusked elephants, mighty, sixty years old, let them trample down the city which Vedeḥa has nobly built. Let the arrows<sup>2</sup> fly this way and that way, sped by the bow, arrows like the teeth of calves<sup>3</sup>, sharp-pointed, piercing the very bones. Let heroes come forth in armour clad, with weapons finely decorated, bold and heroic, ready to face an elephant. Spears bathed in oil, their points glittering like fire, stand gleaming like the constellation of a hundred stars. [449] At the onset of such heroes, with mighty weapons, clad in mail and armour, who never run away, how shall Vedeḥa escape, even if he fly like a bird? My thirty and nine thousand<sup>4</sup> warrors, all picked men, whose like I never saw, all my mighty host.

"See the mighty tusked elephants, caparisoned, of sixty years, on whose backs are the brilliant and goodly princes; brilliant are they on their backs, as the gods in Nandana, with glorious ornaments, glorious dress and robes: swords of the colour of the sheat-fish<sup>5</sup>, well oiled, glittering, held fast by mighty men, well-finished, very sharp, shining, spotless, made of tempered steel<sup>6</sup>, strong,

<sup>1</sup> The text *gharam ādāya pāṇinam* makes no sense; the Burmese paraphrase, "with the device of an arrow on his finger-nail," suggests that we should read *saram* and take *pāṇinam* as locative. Singhalese ூ = gh, ூ = s; Burmese ூ = gh, ூ = s.

<sup>2</sup> *senā* = arrows, as fitted with hawk's feathers.

<sup>3</sup> I.e. white or shining.

<sup>4</sup> So the scholiast and the Burmese version both interpret *timsā...nāvutyo*.

<sup>5</sup> *Silurus Boalis*.

<sup>6</sup> *sikāyasamaya*: 'sattavāre koṇcasakune khādāpetvā gahitena sikāyasena katā.' The Burmese version explains it as follows: "Steel was obtained by burning the excrement of *Koslihiṇiyas*, which had been fed on flesh mixt with steel dust got from



held by mighty men who strike and strike again. In golden trappings and bloodred girths they gleam as they turn like lightning in a thick cloud. Mailed heroes with banners waving, skilled in the use of sword and shield, grasping the hilt, accomplished soldiers, mighty fighters on elephant-back,—encompassed by such as these thou hast no escape ; I see no power by which thou canst come to Mithilā."

[450] Thus he threatened Vedeha, thinking to capture him then and there ; and goading his elephant, bidding the army seize and strike and kill, King Cūḷanī came like a flood to the city of Upakārī.

Then the Great Being's spies thought, "Who knows what will happen?" and with their attendants surrounded him. Just then the Bodhisat rose from his bed, and attended to his bodily needs, and after breakfast adorned and dressed himself, putting on his kāsī robe worth a hundred thousand pieces of money, and with his red robe over one shoulder, and holding his presentation staff inlaid with the seven precious jewels, golden sandals upon his feet, and being fanned with a yakstail fan like some divine nymph richly arrayed, came up on the terrace, and opening a window shewed himself to King Cūḷanī, as he walked to and fro with the grace of the king of the gods. And King Cūḷanī, seeing his beauty, could not find peace of mind, [451] but quickly drove up his elephant, thinking that he should take him now. The sage thought, "He has hastened hither expecting that Vedeha is caught ; he knows not that his own children are taken, and that our king is gone. I will shew my face like a golden mirror, and speak to him." So standing at the window, he uttered these words in a voice sweet as honey :

"Why have you driven up your elephant thus in haste ? You come with a glad look ; you think that you have got what you want. Throw down that bow, put away that arrow, put off that shining armour set with jewels and coral."

When he heard the man's voice, he thought, "The clodhopper is making fun of me ; to-day I will see what is to be done with him" ; then threatened him, saying,

"Your countenance looks pleased, you speak with a smile. It is in the hour of death that such beauty is seen."

As they thus talked together, the soldiers noticed the Great Being's beauty ; "our king," they said, "is talking with wise Mahosadha ; what can it be about ? Let us listen to their talk." So they drew near the king. But the sage, when the king had finished speaking, replied, "You do not know that I am the wise Mahosadha. I will not suffer you to kill me. Your plan [452] is thwarted ; what was thought in the heart

the filings of Jāti steel. The steel obtained from the excrement was again filed and mixt with flesh as before and given to the birds. And so the process was seven times repeated. From the steel obtained from the seventh burning the swords were made."



of you and Kevatta has not come to pass, but that has come to pass which you said with your lips." And he explained this by saying,

"Your thunders are in vain, O king! your plan is thwarted, man of war! The king is as hard for you to catch as a thoroughbred for a hack. Our king crossed the Ganges yesterday, with his courtiers and attendants. You will be like a crow trying to chase the royal goose."

Again, like a maned lion without fear, he gave an illustration in these words:

"Jackals, in the night time, seeing the Judas tree in flower, think the flowers to be lumps of meat<sup>1</sup>, and gather in troops, these vilest of beasts. When the watches of the night are past, and the sun has risen, they see the Judas tree in flower, and lose their wish, those vilest of beasts. Even so you, O king, for all that you have surrounded Vedeḥa, shall lose your wish and go, as the jackals went from the Judas tree."

When the king heard his fearless words, he thought, "The clodhopper is bold enough in his speech: no doubt Vedeḥa must have escaped." He was very angry. "Long ago," he thought, [453] "through this clodhopper I had not so much as a rag to cover me; now by his doing my enemy who was in my hands has escaped. In truth he has done me much evil, and I will be revenged on him for both." Then he gave orders as follows:

"Cut off his hands and feet, ears and nose, for he delivered Vedeḥa my enemy from my hands; cut off his flesh and cook it on skewers, for he delivered Vedeḥa my enemy out of my hands. As a bull's hide is spread out on the ground, or a lion's or tiger's fastened flat with pegs, so I will peg him out and pierce him with spikes, for he delivered Vedeḥa my enemy out of my hand."

The Great Being smiled when he heard this, and thought, "This king does not know that his queen and family have been conveyed by me to Mithilā, and so he is giving all these orders about me. But in his anger he might transfix me with an arrow, or do something else that might please him; I will therefore overwhelm him with pain and sorrow, and will make him faint on his elephant's back, while I tell him about it." So he said:

"If you cut off my hands and feet, my ears and nose, so will Vedeḥa deal with Pañcālacaṇḍa, so with Pañcālacaṇḍī, so with Queen Nandā, your wife and children. [454] If you cut off my flesh and cook it on skewers, so will Vedeḥa cook that of Pañcālacaṇḍa, of Pañcālacaṇḍī, of Queen Nandā, your wife and children. If you peg me out and pierce me with spikes, so will Vedeḥa deal with Pañcālacaṇḍa, with Pañcālacaṇḍī, with Queen Nandā, your wife and children. So it has been secretly arranged between Vedeḥa and me. Like as a leather shield of a hundred layers, carefully wrought by the leather-workers, is a defence to keep off arrows; so I bring happiness and avert trouble from glorious Vedeḥa, and I keep off your devices as a shield keeps off an arrow."

[455] Hearing this, the king thought, "What is this clodhopper talking of? As I do to him, quotha, so King Vedeḥa will do to my

<sup>1</sup> See II. 265 (trans. p. 185).



family? He does not know that I have set a careful guard over my family, but he is only threatening me in fear of instant death. I don't believe what he says."

The Great Being divined that he thought him to be speaking in fear, and resolved to explain. So he said—

"Come, sire, see your inner apartments are empty: wife, children, mother, O warrior, were carried through a tunnel and put in charge of Vedeha."

Then the king thought, "The sage speaks with much assurance. I did hear in the night beside the Ganges the voice of Queen Nandā; very wise is the sage, perhaps he speaks the truth!" Great grief came upon him, but he gathered all his courage, and dissembling his grief, sent a courtier to enquire, and recited this stanza:

"Come, enter my inner apartments and enquire whether the man's words be truth or lies."

The messenger with his attendants went, and opened the door, and entered; there with hands and feet bound, and gags in their mouths, hanging to pegs, he discovered the sentries of the inner apartments, the dwarfs and hunchbacks, and so forth: broken vessels were scattered about, with food and drink, the doors of the treasury were broken open, and the treasure plundered, the bedroom with open doors, and a tribe of crows which had come in by the open windows; [456] it was like a deserted village, or a place of corpses. In this inglorious state he beheld the palace; and he told the news to the king, saying,

"Even so, sire, as Mahosadha said: empty is your inner palace, like a waterside village inhabited by crows."

The king trembling with grief at the loss of his four dear ones, said, "This sorrow has come on me through the clodhopper!" and like a snake struck with a stick, he was exceedingly wroth with the Bodhisat. When the Great Being saw his appearance, he thought, "This king has great glory; if he should ever in anger say, 'What do I want with so and so?' in a warrior's pride he might hurt me. Suppose I should describe the beauty of Queen Nandā to him, making as if he had never seen her; he would then remember her, and would understand that he would never recover this precious woman if he killed me. Then out of love to his spouse, he would do me no harm." So standing for safety in the upper storey, he removed his golden-coloured hand from beneath his red robe, and pointing the way by which she went, he described her beauties thus:

"This way, sire, went the woman beauteous in every limb, her lips like plates of gold, her voice like the music of the wild goose. This way was she taken, sire, the woman beauteous in every limb, clad in silken raiment, dark, with fair girdle of gold. Her feet reddened, fair to see, with girdles of gold and jewels, with eyes like a pigeon, slender, with lips like bimba fruit, and slender



waist, well-born, slender-waisted like a creeper or a place of sacrifice<sup>1</sup>, her hair long, black, and a little curled at the end, well-born, like a fawn, like a flame of fire in winter time. Like a river hidden in the clefts of a mountain under the low reeds, [457] beauteous in nose or thigh, peerless, with breasts like the tin-dook fruit,—not too long, not too short, not hairless and not too hairy.”

As the Great Being thus praised her grace, it seemed to the king as if he had never seen her before: great longing arose in him, and the Great Being who perceived this recited a stanza:

“And so you are pleased at Nandā's death, glorious king: now Nandā and I will go before Yama.”

[458] In all this the Great Being praised Nandā and no one else, and this was his reason: people never love others as they do a beloved wife; and he praised her only, because he thought that if the king remembered her he would remember his children also. When the wise Great Being praised her in this voice of honey, Queen Nandā seemed to stand in person before the king. Then the king thought: “No other save Maho-sadha can bring back my wife and give her to me”: as he remembered, sorrow came over him. Thereupon the Great Being said, “Be not troubled, sire: queen and son and mother shall all come back; my return is the only condition. Be comforted, majesty!” So he comforted the king; and the king said, “I watched and guarded my own city so carefully, I have surrounded this city of Upakārī with so great a host, yet this wise man has taken out of my guarded city queen and son and mother, and has handed them over to Vedeḥa! whilst we were besieging the city, without a single one's knowing, he sent Vedeḥa away with his army and transport! Can it be that he knows magic, or how to delude the eyes?” And he questioned him thus:

“Do you study magical art, or have you bewitched my eyes, that you have delivered Vedeḥa my enemy out of my hand?”

On hearing this, the Great Being said: “Sire, I do know magic, for wise men who have learnt magic, when danger comes, deliver both themselves and others:

“Wise men, sire, learn magic in this world; they deliver themselves, wise men, full of counsel. I have young men who are clever at breaking barriers; by the way which they made me Vedeḥa has gone to Mithilā.”

[459] This suggested that he had gone by the decorated tunnel; so the king said, “What is this underground way?” and wished to see it. The Great Being understood from his look that this was what he wanted, and offered to shew it to him:

“Come see, O king, a tunnel well made, big enough for elephants or horses, chariots or foot soldiers, brightly illuminated, a tunnel well built.”

<sup>1</sup> *velli* = वेदि, the ground being raised and narrow in the middle.



Then he went on, "Sire, behold the tunnel which was made by my knowledge: bright as though sun and moon rose within it, decorated, with eighty great doors and sixty-four small doors, with a hundred and one bedchambers, and many hundreds of lamp-niches; come with me in joy and delight, and with your guard enter the city of Upakārī." With these words he caused the city gate to be thrown open; and the king with the hundred and one princes came in. The Great Being descended from the upper storey, and saluted the king, and led him with his retinue into the tunnel. When the king saw this tunnel like a decorated city of the gods, he spoke the praise of the Bodhisat:

"No small gain is it to that Vedcha, who has in his house or kingdom men so wise as you are, Mahosadha<sup>1</sup>!"

[460] Then the Great Being shewed him the hundred and one bedchambers: the door of one being opened, all opened, and one shut, all shut. The king went first, gazing at the tunnel, and the wise man went after; all the soldiers also entered the tunnel. But when the sage knew that the king had emerged from the tunnel, he kept the rest from coming out by going up to a handle and shutting the tunnel door: then the eighty great doors and the sixty-four small doors, and the doors of the hundred and one bedchambers, and the doors of the hundreds of lamp-niches all shut together; and the whole tunnel became dark as hell. All the great company were terrified.

Now the Great Being took the sword, which he had hidden yesterday<sup>2</sup> as he entered the tunnel: eighteen cubits from the ground he leapt into the air, descended, and catching the king's arm, brandished the sword, and frightened him, crying—"Sire, whose are all the kingdoms of India?" "Yours, wise sir! spare me!" He replied, "Fear not, sire. I did not take up my sword from any wish to kill you, but in order to shew my wisdom." Then he handed his sword to the king, and when he had taken it, the other said, "If you wish to kill me, sire, kill me now with that sword; if you wish to spare me, spare me." "Wise sir," he replied, "I promise you safety, fear not." So as he held the sword, they both struck up a friendship in all sincerity. Then the king said to the Bodhisat, "Wise sir, with such wisdom as yours, why not seize the kingdom?" "Sire, if I wished it, this day I could take all the kingdoms of India and slay all the kings; but it is not the wise man's part to gain glory by slaying others." "Wise sir, a great multitude is in distress, being unable to get out; open the tunnel door and spare their lives." He opened the door: all the tunnel became a blaze of light, the people were comforted, all the kings with their retinue came out and approached the sage, who

<sup>1</sup> Cp. p. 178 above.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *hiyyo* for *bhiyyo* (so Burmese version).



stood in the wide courtyard with the king. [461] Then those kings said: "Wise sir, you have given us our lives; if the door had remained shut for a little while longer, all would have died there." "My lords, this is not the first time your lives have been saved by me." "When, wise sir?" "Do you remember when all the kingdoms of India had been conquered except our city, and when you went to the park of Uttara-pāñcāla ready to drink the cup of victory?" "Yes, wise sir." "Then this king, with Kevaṭṭa, by evil device had poisoned the drink and food, and intended to murder you; but I did not wish you to die a foul death before me; so I sent in my men, and broke all the vessels, and thwarted their plan, and gave you your lives." They all in fear asked Cūlanī, "Is this true, sire?" "Indeed what I did was by Kevaṭṭa's advice; the sage speaks truth." Then they all embraced the Great Being, and said, "Wise sir, you have been the salvation of us all, you have saved our lives." They all bestowed ornaments upon him in respect. The sage said to the king, "Fear not, sire; the fault lay in association with a wicked friend. Ask pardon of the kings." The king said, "I did the thing because of a bad man: it was my fault; pardon me, never will I do such a thing again." He received their pardon; they confessed their faults to each other, and became friends. Then the king sent for plenty of all sorts of food, perfumes and garlands, and for seven days they all took their pleasure in the tunnel, and entered the city, and did great honour to the Great Being; and the king surrounded by the hundred and one princes sat on a great throne, and desiring to keep the sage in his court, he said,

"Support, and honour, double allowance of food and wages, and other great boons I give; eat and enjoy at will: but do not return to Vedeha; what can he do for you?"

[462] But the sage declined in these words:

"When one deserts a patron, sire, for the sake of gain, it is a disgrace to both oneself and the other. While Vedeha lives I could not be another's man; while Vedeha remains, I could not live in another's kingdom."

Then the king said to him, "Well, sir, when your king attains to godhead, promise me to come hither." "If I live, I will come, sire." So the king did him great honour for seven days, and after that as he took his leave, he recited a stanza, promising to give him this and that:

"I give you a thousand *nikkhas* of gold, eighty villages in Kāsi, four hundred female slaves, and a hundred wives. Take all your army, and go in peace, Mahosadha."

And he replied: "Sire, do not trouble about your family. When my king went back to his country, I told him to treat Queen Nandā as his own mother, and Pañcālacaṇḍa as his younger brother, and I married your daughter to him with the ceremonial sprinkling. I will soon send



back your mother, wife, and son." "Good!" said the king, and gave him a dowry for his daughter, men slaves and women slaves, dress and ornaments, gold and precious metal, decorated elephants and horses and chariots. He then gave orders for the army to execute: [463]

"Let them give even double quantity to the elephants and horses, let them content charioteers and footmen with food and drink."

This said, he dismissed the sage with these words:

"Go, wise sir, taking elephants, horses, chariots, and footmen; let King Vedeḥa see you back in Mithilā."

Thus he dismissed the sage with great honour. And the hundred and one kings did honour to the Great Being, and gave him rich gifts. And the spies who had been on service with them surrounded the sage. With a great company he set out; and on the way, he sent men to receive the revenues of those villages which King Cūḷanī had given him. Then he arrived at the kingdom of Vedeḥa.

Now Senaka had placed a man in the way, to watch and see whether King Cūḷanī came or not, and to tell him of the coming of anyone. He saw the Great Being at three leagues off, and returning told how the sage was returning with a great company. With this news he went to the palace. The king also looking out by a window in the upper storey saw the great host, and was frightened. "The Great Being's company is small, this is very large: can it be Cūḷanī come himself?" He put this question as follows:

"Elephants, horses, chariots, footmen, a great army is visible, with four divisions, terrible in aspect; what does it mean, wise sirs?"

Senaka replied:

"The greatest joy is what you see, sire: Mahosadha is safe, with all his host."

The king said to this, "Senaka, the wise man's army is small, this [464] is very great." "Sire, King Cūḷanī must have been pleased with him, and therefore must have given this host to him." The king proclaimed through the city by beat of drum:

"Let the city be decorated to welcome the return of the wise man."

The townspeople obeyed. The wise man entered the city and came to the king's palace; then the king rose, and embraced him, and returning to his throne spoke pleasantly to him:

"As four men leave a corpse in the cemetery, so we left you in the kingdom of Kampilliya and returned. But you—by what colour, or what means, or what device did you save yourself?"

The Great Being replied:

"By one purpose, Vedeḥa, I overmastered another, by plan I outdid plan, O warrior, and I encompassed the king as the ocean encompasses India."



This pleased the king. Then the other told him of the gift which King Cūlanī had made :

“A thousand *nikkhas* of gold were given to me, and eighty villages in Kāsi, four hundred slave women, and a hundred wives, and with all the army I have returned safe home.”

Then the king, exceedingly pleased and overjoyed, uttered this pious hymn in praise of the Great Being's merit :

[465] “Happiness truly comes by living with the wise. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from a net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies.”

Senaka answered him thus :

“Even so, sire, there is happiness with a wise man. As birds from a closed cage, as fish from the net, so Mahosadha set us free when we were in the hands of our enemies.”

Then the king set the drum of festival beating around the city : “Let there be a festival for seven days, and let all who have goodwill to me do honour and service to the wise man.” The Master thus explained it :

“Let them sound all manner of lutes, drums and tabors, let conchs of Magadha boom, merrily roll the kettledrums.”

Townsfolk and countryfolk in general, eager to do honour to the sage, on hearing the proclamation made merry with a will. The Master explained it thus :

“Women and maids, vesiya and brahmin wives, brought plenty of food and drink to the sage. Elephant drivers, lifeguardsmen, charioteers, footmen, all did the like ; and so did all the people from country and villages assembled. The multitude were glad to see the sage returned, and at his reception shawls were waved in the air.”

[466] At the end of the festival, the Great Being went to the palace and said, “Sire, King Cūlanī's mother and wife and son should be sent back at once.” “Very good, my son, send them back.” So he shewed all respect to those three, and entertained also the host that had come with him ; thus he sent the three back well attended, with his own men, and the hundred wives and the four hundred slave women whom the king had given him, he sent with Queen Nandā, and the company that came with him he also sent. When this great company reached the city of Uttarapañcāla, the king asked his mother, “Did King Vedeha treat you well, my mother?” “My son, what are you saying? he treated me with the same honour as if I had been a goddess.” Then she told how Queen Nandā had been treated as a mother, and Pañcālacaṇḍa as a younger brother. This pleased the king very much, and he sent a rich gift ; and from that time forward both lived in friendship and amity<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Mahāummagga-khaṇḍam-niṭṭhitam.*



Now Pañcālacaṇḍī was very dear and precious to the king; and in the second year she bore him a son. In his tenth year, King Vedeḥa died. The Bodhisat raised the royal parasol for him, and asked leave to go to his grandfather, King Cūḷanī. The boy said, "Wise sir, do not leave me in my childhood; I will honour you as a father." And Pañcālacaṇḍī said, "Wise sir, there is none to protect us if you go; do not go." But he replied, "My promise has been given; I cannot but go." So amidst the lamentations of the multitude, he departed with his servants, and came to Uttarapañcāla city. The king hearing of his arrival came to meet him, and led him into the city with great pomp, and gave him a great house, and besides the eighty villages given at first, [467] gave him another present; and he served that king. At that time a religious woman, named Bherī, used to take her meals constantly in the palace; she was wise and learned, and she had never seen the Great Being before; she heard the report that the wise Mahosadha was serving the king. He also had never seen her before, but he heard that a religious woman named Bherī had her meals in the palace. Now Queen Nandā was ill pleased with the Bodhisat, because he had separated her from her husband's love, and caused her annoyance; so she sent for five women whom she trusted, and said, "Watch for a fault in the wise man, and let us try to make him fall out with the king." So they went about looking for an occasion against him. And one day it so happened that this religious woman after her meal was going forth, and caught sight of the Bodhisat in the courtyard on his way to wait on the king. He saluted her, and stood still. She thought, "This they say is a wise man: I will see whether he be wise or no." So she asked him a question by a gesture of the hand: looking towards the Bodhisat, she opened her hand. Her idea was to enquire whether the king took good care or not of this wise man whom he had brought from another country. When the Bodhisat saw that she was asking him a question by gesture, he answered it by clenching his fist: what he meant was, "Your reverence<sup>1</sup>, the king brought me here in fulfilment of a promise, and now he keeps his fist tight closed and gives me nothing." She understood; and stretching out her hand she rubbed her head, as much as to say, "Wise sir, if you are displeased, why do you not become an ascetic like me?" At this the Great Being stroked his stomach, as who should say, "Your reverence<sup>1</sup>, there are many that I have to support, and that is why I do not become an ascetic." After this dumb questioning she returned to her dwelling, and the Great Being saluted her and went in to the king. Now the queen's confidantes saw all this from a window; and coming before the king, they said, "My lord, Mahosadha has made a plot with Bherī

<sup>1</sup> *ayyo* in both cases; the n. s. masc. has apparently become stereotyped. The Burmese version has a male ascetic in this story.



the ascetic to seize your kingdom, and he is your enemy." So they slandered him. "What have you heard or seen?" the king asked. [468] They said, "Sire, as the ascetic was going out after her meal, seeing the Great Being, she opened her hand; as who should say, 'Cannot you crush the king flat like the palm of the hand or a threshing-floor, and seize the kingdom for yourself?' And Mahosadha clenched his fist, making as though he held a sword, as who should say, 'In a few days I will cut off his head and get him into my power.' She signalled, 'Cut off his head,' by rubbing her own head with her hand; the Great Being signalled, 'I will cut him in half,' by rubbing his belly. Be vigilant, sire! Mahosadha ought to be put to death." The king, hearing this, thought, "I cannot hurt this wise man; I will question the ascetic." Next day accordingly, at the time of her meal, he came up and asked, "Madam, have you seen wise Mahosadha?" "Yes, sire, yesterday, as I was going out after my meal." "Did you have any conversation together?" "Conversation? no; but I had heard of his wisdom, and in order to try it I asked him, by dumb signs, shutting my hand, whether the king was openhanded to him or closefisted, did he treat him with kindness or not. He closed his fist, implying that his master had made him come hither in fulfilment of a promise, and now gave him nothing. Then I rubbed my head, to enquire why he did not become an ascetic if he were not satisfied; he stroked his belly, meaning that there were many for him to feed, many bellies to fill, and therefore he did not become an ascetic." "And is Mahosadha a wise man?" "Yes, indeed, sire: in all the earth there is not his like for wisdom." After hearing her account, the king dismissed her. After she had gone, the sage came to wait upon the king; and the king asked him, "Have you seen, sir, the ascetic Bherī?" "Yes, sire, I saw her yesterday on her way out, and she asked me a question by dumb signs, and I answered her at once." And he told the story as she had done. The king in his pleasure that day gave him the post of commander-in-chief, and put him in sole charge. Great was his glory, second only to the king's. He thought: "The king all at once [469] has given me exceeding great renown; this is what kings do even when they wish to slay. Suppose I try the king to see whether he has goodwill towards me or not. No one else will be able to find this out; but the ascetic Bherī is full of wisdom, and she will find a way." So taking a quantity of flowers and scents, he went to the ascetic and, after saluting her, said, "Madam, since you told the king of my merits, the king has overwhelmed me with splendid gifts; but whether he does it in sincerity or not I do not know. It would be well if you could find out for me the king's mind." She promised to do so; and next day, as she was going to the palace, the Question of Dakarakkhasa the Water-Demon came into her mind. Then this



occurred to her: "I must not be like a spy, but I must find an opportunity to ask the question, and discover whether the king has goodwill to the wise man." So she went. And after her meal, she sat still, and the king saluting her sat down on one side. Then she thought, "If the king bears illwill to the sage, and when he is asked the question if he declares his illwill in the presence of a number of people, that will not do; I will ask him apart." She said, "Sire, I wish to speak to you in private." The king sent his attendants away. She said, "I want to ask your majesty a question." "Ask, madam, and if I know it I will reply." Then she recited the first stanza in the Question of Dakarakhasa<sup>1</sup>:

"If there were seven of you voyaging on the ocean, and a demon seeking for a human sacrifice should seize the ship, in what order would you give them up and save yourself from the water-demon?"

[470] The king answered by another stanza, in all sincerity:

"First I would give my mother, next my wife, next my brother, fourth my friend, fifth my brahmin, sixth myself, but I would not give up Mahosadha."

Thus the ascetic discovered the goodwill of the king towards the Great Being; but his merit was not published thereby, so she thought of something else: "In a large company I will praise the merits of these others, and the king will praise the wise man's merit instead; thus the wise man's merit will be made as clear as the moon shining in the sky." So she collected all the denizens of the inner palace, and in their presence asked the same question and received the same answer; then she said, "Sire, you say that you would give first your mother: but a mother is of great merit, and your mother is not as other mothers, she is very useful." And she recited her merits in a couple of stanzas:

"She reared you and she brought you forth, and for a long time was kind to you, when Chambhī offended against you she was wise and saw what was for your good, and by putting a counterfeit in your place she saved you from harm. Such a mother, who gave you life, your own mother who bore you in her womb, for what fault could you give her to the water-demon?<sup>2</sup>"

<sup>1</sup> Mentioned in v. 75 (p. 42 of translation).

<sup>2</sup> Cūḷani's father was named Mahācūḷani; and when the child was young, the mother committed adultery with the chaplain Chambhī, then poisoned her husband and made the brahmin king in his place, and became his queen. One day [471] the boy said he was hungry, and she gave him molasses to eat: but flies swarmed about it, so the boy, to get rid of the flies, dropt some upon the ground and drove away those that were near him. The flies flew away and settled on the molasses that was on the ground. So he ate his sweetmeat, washed his hands, rinsed his mouth, and went away. But the brahmin, seeing this, thought: "If he has found out this way of getting rid of the flies, when he grows up he will take the kingdom from me; so I will kill him now." He told Queen Talatā, and she said, "Very good, my lord; I killed my husband for love of you, and what is the boy to me? But let us kill him secretly." So she deceived the brahmin. But being clever and skilful she hit on a plan. Sending



[472] To this the king replied, "Many are my mother's virtues, and I acknowledge her claims upon me, but mine are still more numerous<sup>1</sup>," and then he described her faults in a couple of stanzas :

"Like a young girl she wears ornaments which she ought not to use, she mocks unseasonably at doorkeepers and guards, unbidden she sends messages to rival kings ; and for these faults I would give her to the water-demon."

for the cook, she said to him, "Friend, my son prince Cūlanī and your son young Dhanusekha were born on one day, they have grown up together in friendship. The brahmin Chambhī wants to kill my son; prithee save his life!" He was willing, and asked how. "Let my son," she said, "be often in your house; you and he must both sleep in the great kitchen for several days to avoid suspicion. When all is safe, put a heap of sheep's bones in the place where you lie, and at the time when men go to sleep, set fire to the kitchen, and without a word to anyone take my son and yours, go out by the house door, and go to another country, and protect my son's life without letting anyone know that he is a prince." He promised, and she gave him a quantity of treasure. He did as she bade, and went with the boy to the city of Sāgala in the Madda kingdom, where he served the king: he dismissed his former cook and took this in his place. The two boys used to go to the palace with him. The king asked whose sons they were; the cook said they were his. "Surely they are not alike!" said the king. "They had different mothers," he said. As time went on they played about in the palace with the king's daughter. Then Cūlanī and the princess, from seeing each other constantly, fell in love. In the playroom, the prince used to make the princess fetch his ball or dice; if she would not, he hit her on the head and made her cry; the king hearing her cry asked who had done it, and the nurses would come to enquire; but the princess thought, "If I say he did it, my father will play the king over him," and for love of him she would not tell, but said no one had struck her. But one day the king saw him do it; and he thought, "This lad is not like the cook, he is handsome and attractive and very fearless; he cannot be his son." So after that he shewed favour to the lad. The nurses used to bring food for the princess in the playroom, and she gave some to the other children; they used to go down on their knees to take it, but prince Cūlanī without stopping his play put out his hand for it as he stood. The king saw this. One day, Cūlanī's ball ran under the king's little couch. The lad went to get it, but in pride of his own majesty [472] pulled it out with a stick, that he might not bend under the bed of a foreign king. When the king saw this, he felt sure that the lad was no cook's son; so he sent for the cook, and asked him whose son he was. "Mine, my lord," he said. "I know who is your son and who is not; tell me the truth—if you do not, you are a dead man," and he drew his sword. The cook, terrified out of his wits, said, "My lord, I will tell you, but I ask you for secrecy." The king granted his request, and promised immunity. Then he told the truth. Then the king adorned his daughter, and gave her to the lad for his handmaiden.—Now on the day when these ran away, there was a great outcry throughout the city, "The cook and his son and prince Cūlanī are burnt up in the kitchen!" Queen Talatā, hearing it, told the brahmin that his wish had been fulfilled, and they were all three burnt up in the kitchen. He was highly pleased, and Queen Talatā, shewing him the goat's bones as prince Cūlanī's, had them burnt.

<sup>1</sup> The text can hardly be right. *agunā* is wanted, as the context shews, and *mam'* is not wanted. The Burmese version has "her faults are more than the virtues." Read *pan' ev' agunā*?



[473] "So be it, sire; yet your wife has much merit," and she declared her merit thus:

"She is chief amongst womankind, she is exceeding gracious of speech, devoted, virtuous, who cleaves to you like your shadow, not given to anger, prudent, wise, who sees your good: for what fault would you give your wife to the water-demon?"

He described her faults:

"By her sensual attractions she has made me subject to evil influence, and asks what she should not for her sons. In my passion I give her many and many a gift; I relinquish what is very hard to give, and afterwards I bitterly repent: for that fault I would give my wife to the water-demon."

The ascetic said, "Be it so: but your younger brother Prince Tikhinamantī is useful to you; for what fault would you give him?"

[474] "He who gave prosperity to the people, and when you were living in foreign parts brought you back home, he whom great wealth could not influence, peerless bowman and hero, Tikhinamantī: for what fault would you give your brother to the water-demon<sup>1</sup>?"

The king described his fault:

"He thinks, 'I gave prosperity to the people, I brought him back home when he was living in foreign parts, great wealth could not influence me, I am a peerless bowman and hero, and sharp in counsel, by me he was made king.' He does not come to wait on me, madam, as he used to do; that is the fault for which I would give my brother to the water-demon."

[475] The ascetic said, "So much for your brother's fault: but Prince Dhanusekha is devoted in his love for you, and very useful"; and she described his merit:

"In one night both you and Dhanusekhavā were born here, both called Pañcāla, friends and companions: through all your life he has followed you, your joy and pain were his, zealous and careful by night and day in all service: for what fault would you give your friend to the water-demon?"

<sup>1</sup> He was born while his mother lived with the brahmin. When he grew up, the brahmin put a sword in his hand, told him to take it and stand by him. He, thinking that the brahmin was his father, did so. But one of the courtiers told him that he was not that man's son. "When you were in your mother's womb," said he, "Queen Talatā murdered the king and made this man king instead; you are the son of King Mahācūlanī." He was angry, and determined to find a way to kill the brahmin. He entered the palace, and gave the sword to one servant, and then said to another, "Make a brawl at the palace gate, and declare that this sword is yours." Then he went in, and they began brawling. The prince sent a messenger to enquire what the noise was. He returned and said it was a quarrel about the sword. The brahmin hearing it asked, what sword? The prince said, "Is the sword which you gave me another's property?" "What have you said, my son!" "Well, shall I send for it? will you recognize it?" He sent for it, and, drawing it from the scabbard, said, "Look at it"; on pretence of shewing it to the brahmin he went up to him, and with one blow cut off his head, which dropt at his feet. Then he cleansed the palace, and decorated the city, and was proclaimed king. Then his mother told him how prince Cūlanī was living in Madda; whereupon the prince went thither with an army and brought back his brother and made him king.



Then the king described his fault :

"Madam, through all my life he used to make merry with me, and to-day also he makes free excessively for the same reason. If I talk in secret with my wife, in he comes unbidden and unannounced. Give him a chance and an opening, he acts shamelessly and disrespectfully. That is the fault for which I would give my friend to the water-demon."

The ascetic said, "So much for his fault ; but the chaplain is very useful to you," and she described his merit :

"He is clever, knows all omens and sounds, skilled in signs and dreams, goings out and comings in, [476] understands all the tokens in earth and air and stars : for what fault would you give the brahmin to the water-demon ?"

The king explained his fault :

"Even in company he stares at me with open eyes ; therefore I would give this rascal with his puckered brows to the water-demon."

Then the ascetic said : "Sire, you say you would give to the water-demon all these five, beginning with your mother, and that you would give your own life for the wise Mahosadha, not taking into account your great glory : what merit do you see in him ?" and she recited these stanzas :

"Sire, you dwell amidst your courtiers in a great continent surrounded by the sea, with the ocean in place of an encircling wall : lord of the earth, with a mighty empire, victorious, sole emperor, your glory has become great. You have sixteen thousand women drest in jewels and ornaments, women of all nations, resplendent like maidens divine. Thus provided for every need, every desire fulfilled, you have lived long in happiness and bliss. Then by what reason or what cause do you sacrifice your precious life to protect the sage ?"

[477] On hearing this, he recited the following stanzas in praise of the wise man's merit :

"Since Mahosadha, madam, came to me, I have not seen the steadfast man do the most trifling wrong. If I should die before him at any time, he would bring happiness to my sons and grandsons. He knows all things, past or future. This man without sin I would not give to the water-demon."

Thus this Birth came to its appropriate end. Then the ascetic thought : "This is not enough to shew forth the wise man's merits ; I will make them known to all people in the city, like one that spreads scented oil over the surface of the sea." So taking the king with her, she came down from the palace, and prepared a seat in the palace courtyard, and made him sit there ; then gathering the people together, she asked the king that Question of the Water-Demon over again from the beginning ; and when he had answered it as described above, she addressed the people thus :

"Hear this, men of Pañcāla, which Cūlanī has said. To protect the wise man he sacrifices his own precious life. [478] His mother's life, his wife's and his brother's, his friend's life and his own, Pañcāla is ready to sacrifice. So marvellous is the power of wisdom, so clever and so intelligent, for good in this world and for happiness in the next."



So like one that places the topmost pinnacle upon a heap of treasure, she put the pinnacle on her demonstration of the Great Being's merit.

Here endeth the Question of the Water-Demon<sup>1</sup>, and here endeth also the whole tale of the Great Tunnel.

This is the identification of the Birth :

"Uppalavaṇṇī was Bherī, Suddhodana was the wise man's father, Mahāmāyā his mother, the beautiful Bimbā was Amarā, Ānanda was the parrot, Sāriputta was Cūlanī, Mahosadha was the lord of the world : thus understand the Birth. Devadutta was Kevaṭṭa, Cullanandikā was Talatā, Sundarī was Pañcālacaṇḍī, Yasassikā was the queen, Ambaṭṭha was Kāvinda, Poṭṭhapāda was Pukkusa, Pilotika was Devinda, Saccaka was Senaka, Ditṭhamangalikā was Queen Udumbarā, Kuṇḍali was the maynah bird, and Lāludāyī was Vedeha."

## No. 547.

### VESSANTARA-JĀTAKA.

[479] "*Ten boons,*" etc. This story the Master told while dwelling near Kapilavatthu in the Banyan Grove, about a shower of rain.

When the Master turning the precious Wheel of the Law came in due course to Rājagaha, where he spent the winter, with Elder Udāyī leading the way, and attended by twenty thousand saints, he entered Kapilavatthu : whereupon the Sakya princes gathered together to see the chief of their clan. They inspected the Blessed One's abode, saying, "A delightful place this Banyan Grove, worthy of Sakka." Then they made all due provision for guarding it ; and making ready to meet him with fragrant posies in their hands, they sent first all the youngest boys and girls of the township drest in their best, next the princes and princesses, and amongst these themselves did honour to the Master with fragrant flowers and powders, escorting the Blessed One as far as the Banyan Park ; where the Blessed One took his seat, surrounded by twenty thousand saints upon the Buddha's goodly seat, which was appointed for him. Now the Sākiyas are a proud and stiff-necked race ; and they, thinking within themselves, "Siddhattha's boy is younger than we ; he is our younger brother, our nephew, our grandson," said to the younger princes : "You do him obeisance ; we will sit behind you." As they sat there without doing obeisance to him, the Blessed One, perceiving their intent, thought to himself : "My kinsfolk do me no obeisance ; well, I will make them do so." So he caused to arise in him that ecstasy which is based on transcendent faculty, rose up into the air, and as though shaking off the dust of his feet upon their heads, performed a miracle like the twofold miracle at the foot of the knot-mango tree<sup>2</sup>. The king, seeing this wonder, said, "Sir, on the day of your birth, when I saw your feet placed upon the head of Brahmin Kāladevala who had come to do you obeisance, I did obeisance to you, and that was the first time. On the day of the Plowing Festival<sup>3</sup>, when you sate on the royal seat under the shade of a rose-apple tree,

<sup>1</sup> *Dakarākkhasa-paṇho niṭṭhito.*

<sup>2</sup> See No. 483 (trans. iv. 167).

<sup>3</sup> See Hardy, *Manual*, p. 150 ; and Vol. iv. p. 104 of this translation.







world of men and back again, at the end of the ninety-first age became Queen Māyā mother of the Buddha. The younger sister passing to and fro in like manner, in the time of the Dasabala Kassapa became the daughter of King Kiki; and being born with the semblance of a necklet upon her neck and shoulders, beautiful as though drawn by a painter, she was named Uracchadā. When she was a girl of sixteen years, she heard a pious utterance of the Master, and attained to the fruit of the First Path, and so the very same day she attained sainthood, and then entered the Order, and entered Nirvana.

Now King Kiki had seven other daughters, whose names were :

“Samanī, Samanā, the holy Sister Guttā,  
Bhikkhudāsikā, and Dhammā and Sudhammā,  
And of the sisters the seventh Saṁghadāsī.”

In this manifestation of the Buddha, these sisters were—

“Khemā, Uppalavannā, the third was Patācārā,  
Gotamā, Dhammadinnā, and sixthly Mahāmāyā,  
And of this band of sisters the seventh was Visākhā.”

Now of these Phusatī became Sudhammā; who did good deeds and gave alms, and by fruit of the offering of sandal wood done to Buddha Vipassī, had her body as it were sprinkled with choice sandal wood. Then passing to and fro between the worlds of men and of gods, eventually she became chief queen of Sakka king of the gods. After her days there were done<sup>1</sup>, and the five customary signs were to be seen, Sakka king of the gods, realizing that her time was exhausted, escorted her with great glory to the pleasure in Nandana grove; then as she reclined on a richly adorned seat, he, sitting beside it, said to her: “Dear Phusatī, ten boons I grant you: choose.” With these words, he uttered the first stanza in this Great Vessantara Birth with its thousand stanzas:

“Ten boons I give thee, Phusatī, O beauteous lady bright:  
Choose thou whatever on the earth is precious in thy sight.”

[482] Thus came she to be established in the world of gods by the preaching in the Great Vessantara.

But she, not knowing the circumstances of her re-birth, felt faint, and said the second stanza:

“Glory to thee, O king of gods! what sin is done by me,  
To send me from this lovely place as winds blow down a tree?”

And Sakka perceiving her despondency uttered two stanzas:

“Dear art thou still as thou hast been, and sin thou hast not done:  
I speak because thy merit now is all used up and gone.

Now thy departure is at hand, the hour of death draws nigh:  
Ten boons I offer thee to choose; then choose, before thou die.”

<sup>1</sup> I.e. before she became the mother of Buddha.



Hearing these words of Sakka, and convinced that she must die, she said, choosing the boons<sup>1</sup>:

“King Sakka, lord of beings all, a boon hath granted me:  
I bless him: craving that my life in Sivi's realm may be.  
Black eyes, black pupils like a fawn, black eyebrows may I have,  
And Phusati my name: this boon, O bounteous one, I crave.  
A son be mine, revered by kings, famed, glorious, debonair,  
Bounteous, ungrudging, one to lend a ready ear to prayer.  
And while the babe is in my womb let not my figure go,  
Let it be, slim and graceful like a finely fashioned bow.  
[483] Still, Sakka, may my breasts be firm, nor white-haired may I be<sup>2</sup>;  
My body all unblemished, may I set the death-doomed free<sup>3</sup>.  
Mid herons' cries, and peacocks' calls, with waiting women fair,  
Poets and bards to sing our praise, shawls waving in the air<sup>4</sup>,  
When rattling on the painted door the menial calls aloud,  
'God bless King Sivi! come to meat!' be I his queen avowed.”

Sakka said:

“Know that these boons, my lady bright, which I have granted thee,  
In Sivi kingdom, beauteous one, all ten fulfilled shall be.”  
[484] “So spake the monarch of the gods, the great Sujampati,  
Called Vāsava, well pleased to grant a boon to Phusati.”

When she had thus chosen her boons, she left that world, and was conceived in the womb of King Madda's queen<sup>5</sup>; and when she was born, because her body was as it were sprinkled with the perfume of sandal wood, on her name-day they called her by the name Phusati. She grew up amidst a great company of attendants until in her sixteenth year she surpassed all other in beauty. At that time Prince Sañjaya, son of the King of Sivi, was to be invested with the White Umbrella; the princess was sent for to be his bride, and she was made Queen Consort at the head of sixteen thousand women; wherefore it is said—

“Next born a princess, Phusati was to the city led  
Jetuttara, and there anon to Sañjaya was wed.”

<sup>1</sup> The Ten Boons, according to the scholiast, are: (1) to be chief queen, (2) to have dark eyes, (3) to have dark eyebrows, (4) to be named Phusati, (5) to have a son, (6) to keep her figure slim, (7) that her breasts be firm, (8) not to become grey-haired, (9) to have soft skin, (10) to save the condemned. This section is called *Dasa-vara-gāthā*.

<sup>2</sup> Reading *n'assan tu* for *nassantu*. Cf. the Burmese version, p. 7: “grant that my hair may not whiten.”

<sup>3</sup> I.e. may I be fair enough to keep my influence over the king.

<sup>4</sup> The compound *khujjatecalākkhakākiṇṇe* I cannot understand. It may contain *khujja* ‘humpback’ and *ceṭaka* ‘slave’; but the second part may possibly represent some such word as *celam* ‘cloth,’ or even *celukkhepa* ‘waving of cloths in token of joy.’ The next compound I translate as though it were *sūtamāgadha*<sup>o</sup>, as Fausbøll suggests in his note. *Citraggalerughusite* seems to contain *aggala* ‘a peg’ and *ugghosita* ‘sounded,’ in some form; the scholiast uses the word ‘door.’

<sup>5</sup> Here the story proper begins; we have returned to the time referred to in the introduction, p. 247.



Sañjaya loved her lief and dearly. Now Sakka pondering remembered how that nine of his ten boons given to Phusatī were fulfilled. "But one is left unfulfilled," he thought, "a goodly son; this I will fulfil for her." At that time the Great Being was in the Heaven of the Thirty-Three, and his time was done; perceiving which Sakka approached him, and said, "Venerable Sir, you must enter the world of men; without delay you must be conceived in the womb of Phusatī, Queen Consort of the King of Sivi."

With these words, asking the consent of the Great Being and the sixty thousand sons of the gods who were destined to re-birth, he went to his own place. The Great Being came down and was re-born there, and the sixty thousand gods were born in the families of sixty thousand courtiers. Phusatī, when the Great Being was conceived in her womb, finding herself with child, desired six alms-halls to be built, one at each of the four gates, one in the middle of the city, and one at her own door; that each day she might distribute six hundred thousand pieces. The king, learning how it was with her, consulted the fortune-tellers, who said, "Great King, in thy wife's womb is conceived a being devoted to almsgiving, who will never be satisfied with giving." Hearing this he was pleased, and made a practice of giving as before said.

[485] From the time of the Bodhisat's conception, there was no end one might say to the king's revenue; by the influence of the king's goodness, the kings of all India sent him presents.

Now the queen while with child remained with her large company of attendants, until ten months were fulfilled, and then she wished to visit the city. She informed the king, who caused the city to be decorated like to a city of the gods: he set his queen in a noble chariot, and made procession about the city rightwise. When they had reached the midst of the Vessa<sup>1</sup> quarter, the pains of travail<sup>2</sup> seized upon her. They told the king, and then and there he caused a lying-in chamber to be made and made her go there; and then she brought forth a son; wherefore it is said—

"Ten months she bore me in her womb; procession then they made;  
And Phusatī in Vessa Street of me was brought to bed."

The Great Being came from his mother's womb free from impurity, open-eyed, and on the instant holding out his hand to his mother, he said, "Mother, I wish to make some gift; is there anything?" She replied, "Yes, my son, give as you will," and dropped a purse of a thousand pieces into the outstretched hand. Three times the Great Being spoke as soon as born: in the Ummagga Birth, in this Birth, and in his last Birth. On

<sup>1</sup> *Vaiçya*.

<sup>2</sup> *kammajavūtā*.



his name-day, because he was born in the Vessa Street, they gave him the name Vessantara ; wherefore it is said :

“ My name not from the mother's side nor from the father's came ;  
As I was born in Vessa Street, Vessantara's my name.”

On his very birthday, a female flying elephant brought a young one, esteemed to be of lucky omen, white all over, and left it in the royal stables. Because this creature came to supply a need of the Great Being, they named it Paṇḍaya. The king appointed four times sixty<sup>1</sup> nurses for the Great Being, neither too tall nor too short, and free from all other fault, with sweet milk ; he appointed also nurses for the sixty thousand children born with him, and so he grew up surrounded by this great company of sixty thousand children. The king caused to be made a prince's necklace with a hundred thousand pieces of money, and gave it to his son ; but he, being of four or five years of age, [486] gave it away to his nurses, nor would he take it back when they wished to give it. They told this to the king, who said, “ What my son has given is well given ; be it a Brahmin's gift,” and had another necklace made. But the prince still in his childhood gave this also to his nurses, and so nine times over.

When he was eight years old, as he reclined on his couch, the boy thought to himself : “ All that I give comes from without, and this does not satisfy me ; I wish to give something of my very own. If one should ask my heart, I would cut open my breast, and tear it out, and give it ; if one ask my eyes, I would pluck out my eyes and give them ; if one should ask my flesh, I would cut off all the flesh of my body and give it.” And thus he pondered with all his being and the depths of his heart ; this earth, forty thousand quadrillions of leagues<sup>2</sup> in extent, and two hundred thousands of leagues in depth, quaked thundering like a great mad elephant ; Sineru chief of mountains bowed like a sapling in hot steam, and seemed to dance, and stood leaning towards the city of Jetuttara ; at the earth's rumbling the sky thundered with lightning and rain ; forked lightning flashed ; the ocean was stirred up : Sakka king of the gods clapt his arms, Mahābrahmā gave a sign of approval, high as Brahma's World all was in uproar ; wherefore it is said also :

“ When I was yet a little boy, but of the age of eight,  
Upon my terrace, charity and gifts I meditate.

If any man should ask of me blood, body, heart, or eye,  
Or blood or body, eye or heart I'd give him, was my cry.

And as with all my being I pondered with thoughts like these  
The unshaken earth did shake and quake with mountains, woods and trees.”

<sup>1</sup> So the Burmese, p. 9 : but *catusaṭṭhi* usually means 64. The idea was however that four should attend on him in each of the sixty divisions of the day and night.

<sup>2</sup> Four *nahutas* (the *nahuta* is one followed by 28 ciphers).



By the age of sixteen, the Bodhisatta had attained a mastery of all sciences. Then his father, desiring to make him king, consulted with his mother; from the family of King Madda they brought his first cousin, named Maddī, with sixteen thousand attendant women, and made her his Queen Consort, and sprinkled him with the water of coronation. From the time of his receiving the kingdom he distributed much alms, giving each day six hundred thousand pieces of money.

By and by Queen Maddī [487] brought forth a son, and they laid him in a golden hammock, for which reason they gave him the name of Prince Jāli. By the time he could go on foot the queen bore a daughter, and they laid her in a black skin, for which reason they gave her the name of Kaṇhājina. Each month the Great Being would visit his six alms-halls six times, mounted upon his magnificent elephant.

Now at that time there was drought in the kingdom of Kāliṅga: the corn grew not, there was a great famine, and men being unable to live used robbery. Tormented by want, the people gathered in the king's courtyard and upbraided him. Hearing this the king said, "What is it, my children?" They told him. He replied, "Good, my children, I will bring the rain," and dismissed them. He pledged himself to virtue, and kept the holy-day vow, but he could not make the rain come; so he summoned the citizens together, and said to them, "I pledged myself to virtue, and seven days I kept the holy-day vow, yet I could not make the rain come: what is to be done now?" They replied, "If you cannot bring the rain, my lord, Vessantara in the city of Jetuttara, King Saṅjaya's son, is devoted to charity; he has a glorious elephant all white, and wherever he goes the rain falls; send brahmins, and ask for that elephant, and bring him hither." The king agreed; and assembling the brahmins he chose out eight of them, gave them provisions for their journey, and said to them, "Go and fetch Vessantara's elephant." On this mission, the brahmins proceeded in due course to Jetuttara city; in the alms-hall they received entertainment; sprinkled their bodies with dust and smeared them with mud; and on the day of the full moon, to ask for the king's elephant, they went to the eastern gate at the time the king came to the alms-hall. Early in the morning, the king, intending a visit to the alms-hall, washed himself with sixteen pitchers of perfumed water, and broke his fast, and mounted upon the back of his noble elephant richly adorned proceeded to the eastern gate. The brahmins found no opportunity there, and went to the southern gate, standing upon a mound and watched the king giving alms at the eastern gate. When he came to the southern gate, stretching out their hands they cried, "Victory to the noble Vessantara!" The Great Being, as he saw the brahmins, drove the elephant to the place whereon they stood, and seated upon its back uttered the first stanza: [488]



“With hairy armpits, hairy heads, stained teeth, and dust on poll,  
O brahmins, stretching forth your hands, what is it that you crave?”

To this the brahmins replied :

“We crave a precious thing, O prince that dost thy people save :  
That choice and saving<sup>1</sup> elephant with tusks like any pole.”

When the Great Being heard this, he thought, “I am willing to give anything that is my own, from my head onwards, and what they ask is something without me ; I will fulfil their wish” ; and from the elephant’s back, he replied :

“I give, and never shrink from it, that which the brahmins want,  
This noble beast, for riding fit, fierce tuskèd elephant” ;

and thus consenting :

“The king, the saviour of his folk, dismounted from its back,  
And glad in sacrificing, gave the brahmins what they lack.”

The ornaments on the elephant’s four feet were worth four hundred thousand, those on his two sides were worth two hundred thousand, the blanket under his belly a hundred thousand, on his back were nets of pearls, of gold, and of jewels, three nets worth three hundred thousand, in the two ears two hundred thousand, on his back a rug worth a hundred thousand, the ornament on the frontal globes worth a hundred thousand, three wrappings<sup>2</sup> three hundred thousand, the small ear-ornaments two hundred thousand, those on the two tusks two hundred thousand, the ornament for luck on his trunk a hundred thousand, that on his tail a hundred thousand, not to mention the priceless ornaments on his body two and twenty hundred thousand, a ladder to mount by one hundred thousand, the food-vessel a hundred thousand, [489] which comes to as much as four and twenty hundred thousand : moreover the jewels great and small upon the canopy, the jewels in his necklace of pearls, the jewels in the goad, the jewels in the pearl necklace about his neck, the jewels on his frontal globes, all these without price, the elephant also without price, making with the elephant seven priceless things—all these he gave to the brahmins ; besides five hundred attendants with the grooms and stablemen : and with that gift the earthquake came to pass, and the other portents as related above.

To explain this, the Master spoke :

“Then was a mighty terror felt, then bristling of the hair ;  
When the great elephant was given the earth did quake for fear.  
Then was a mighty terror felt, then bristling of the hair ;  
When the great elephant was given, trembled the town for fear.  
With a resounding mighty roar the city all did ring  
When the great elephant was given by Sivi’s foster-king.”

<sup>1</sup> *urūlhavo* ?

<sup>2</sup> *vaṭaṇṣakū* ?



The city of Jetuttara all did tremble. The brahmins, we are told, at the southern gate received the elephant, mounted upon his back, and amidst a thronging multitude passed through the midst of the city. The crowd, beholding them, cried out, "O brahmins, mounted upon our elephant, why are ye taking our elephant?" The brahmins replied, "The great king Vessantara has given the elephant to us: who are you?" and so with contumelious gestures to the crowd, through the city they passed and out by the northern gate by aid of the deities<sup>1</sup>. The people of the city, angry with the Bodhisat, uttered loud reproaches.

To explain this, the Master said:

"Upon that loud and mighty sound, so terrible to hear,  
When the great elephant was given the earth did quake for fear.  
Upon that loud and mighty sound, so terrible to hear,  
When the great elephant was given trembled the town to hear.  
So loud and mighty was the sound all terrible did ring,  
When the great elephant was given by Sivi's foster-king."

[490] The citizens, trembling at heart for this gift, addressed themselves to the king. Therefore it is said:

"Then prince and brahmin, Vesiya and Ugga<sup>2</sup>, great and small,  
Mahouts and footmen, charioteers and soldiers, one and all,  
The country landowners, and all the Sivi folk come by.  
Seeing the elephant depart, thus to the king did cry:  
'Thy realm is ruined, sire: why should Vessantara thy son  
Thus give away our elephant revered by every one?  
Why give our saviour elephant, pole-tuskèd, goodly, white<sup>3</sup>,  
Which ever knew the vantage-ground to choose in every fight?  
With jewels and his yak-tail fan; which trampled down all foes;  
Long-tuskèd, furious, white as Mount Kelāsa with his snows;  
With trappings and white parasol, fit riding for a king,  
With leech and driver, he has given away this precious thing.'"

After saying this, they said again:

"'Whoso bestoweth food and drink, with raiment, fire and fleet,  
That is a right and proper gift, for brahmins that is meet.  
O Sañjaya, thy people's friend, say why this thing was done  
By him, a prince of our own line, Vessantara, thy son?  
The bidding of the Sivi folk if ye refuse to do,  
The people then will act, methinks, against your son and you.'"

[491] Hearing this, the king suspected that they wished to slay Vessantara; and he said:

"Yea, let my country be no more, my kingdom no more be,  
Banish I will not from his realm a prince from fault quite free,  
Nor will obey the people's voice: my true-born son is he.

<sup>1</sup> *devatāvattanena* seems to be out of place; it should go with *nikkhamimsu* according to the Burmese, and common sense.

<sup>2</sup> Ugga: a mixed caste, by a Kshatriya father from a Çūdra mother. The scholiast, however, explains the word by *uggatā paññātā*, as though from *uggacchati*.

<sup>3</sup> See below, p. 267 (text, p. 515).



Yea, let my country be no more, my kingdom no more be,  
Banish I will not from his realm a prince from fault quite free,  
Nor will obey the people's voice : my very son is he.

No, I will work no harm on him ; all noble is he still ;  
And it would be a shame for me, and it would cause much ill.  
Vessantara, my very son, with sword how could I kill ?”

The people of Sivi replied :

“Not chastisement doth he deserve, nor sword, nor prison cell,  
But from the kingdom banish him, on Vanika's mount to dwell.”

The king said :

“Behold the people's will ! and I that will do not gainsay.  
But let him bide one happy night before he go away.

After the space of this one night, when dawns the coming day,  
Together let the people come and banish him away.”

They agreed to the king's proposal for just the one night. Then he let them go away, and thinking to send a message to his son, he commissioned an agent, who accordingly went to Vessantara's house and told him what had befallen.

[492] To make this clear, the following stanzas were said :

“Rise, fellow, hie away post-haste, and tell the prince my word.  
'The people all, and citizens, in wrath, with one accord,

Uggas and princes, Vesiyas and brahmins too, my son,  
Mahouts and lifeguards, charioteers, and footmen, every one,  
All citizens, all country folk, together here have run,—

After the space of this one night, when dawns the coming day,  
They will assemble one and all and banish thee away.’

This fellow sent by Sivi's king swift on his errand pressed,  
Upon an armed elephant, perfumed, and finely drest,

Head bathed in water, jewelled rings in ears,—and on he rode  
Till to that lovely town he came, Vessantara's abode.

Then he beheld the happy prince abiding in his land,  
Like Vāsava the king of gods ; round him the courtiers stand.

Thither in haste the fellow went, and to the prince said he—  
'I bear ill tidings, royal sir : O be not wroth with me !’

With due obeisance, weeping sore, he said unto the king :  
'Thou art my master, sire, and thou dost give me every thing :  
Bad news I have to tell thee now : do thou some comfort bring.

The people all and citizens, in wrath, with one consent,  
Uggas and princes, Vesiyas and brahmins, all are bent,

Mahouts and lifeguards, charioteers, the footmen every one,  
All citizens and country folk together now have run,

After the space of this one night, when dawns the coming day,  
Determined all to come in crowds and banish thee away.’”

The Great Being said :

“Why are the people wroth with me ? for no offence I see.  
Tell me, good fellow, wherefore pray they wish to banish me ?”



[493] The agent said :

“Uggas and Vesiyas, charioteers, and brahmins every one,  
Mahouts and lifeguards, charioteers and footmen, thither run,  
All angry at thy giving gifts, and therefore banish thee.”

Hearing this, the Great Being, in all content, said :

“My very eye and heart I'd give : why not what is not mine,  
Or gold or treasure, precious stones, or pearls, or jewels fine !  
Comes any one to ask of me, I'd give my hand, my right<sup>1</sup>,  
Nor for a moment hesitate : in gifts is my delight.

Now let the people banish me, now let the people kill,  
Or cut me sevenfold, for cease from gifts I never will.”

On hearing this, the agent again spoke, no message of the king's or of the people's, but another command out of his own mind :

“This is the Sivi people's will ; they bade me tell you so :  
Where Kontimārā by the hill Ārañjara doth flow,  
Thither depart, where banished men, good sir, are wont to go.”

This he said, we are told, by inspiration of a deity.

Hearing this, the Bodhisatta replied : “Very well, I shall go by the road that those go who have offended ; but me the citizens do not banish for any offence, they banish me for the gift of the elephant. In this case I wish to give the great gift of the seven hundreds, and I pray the citizens to grant me one day's delay for that. To-morrow I will make my gift, the next day I will go” :

[494] “So I by that same road shall go as they who do offend :  
But first to make a gift, one night and day I pray them lend.”

“Very good,” said the agent, “I will report this to the citizens,” and away he went.

The man gone, the Great Being summoning one of his captains said to him, “To-morrow I am to make the gift called the gift of the seven hundreds. You must get ready seven hundred elephants, with the same number of horses, chariots, girls, cows, men slaves and women slaves, and provide every kind of food and drink, even the strong liquor, everything which is fit to give.” So having arranged for the great gift of the seven hundreds, he dismissed his courtiers, and alone departed to the dwelling of Maddī ; where seating himself on the royal couch, he began to address her.

The Master thus described it :

“Thus did the king to Maddī speak, that lady passing fair :  
‘All that I ever gave to thee, or goods or grain, beware,  
Or gold or treasure, precious stones, and plenty more beside,  
Thy father's dower, find a place this treasure all to hide.’  
Then out spake Maddī to the king, that princess passing fair :  
‘Where shall I find a place, my lord, to hide it ? tell me where ?’”

<sup>1</sup> Reading *dakkhiṇam* with B<sup>d</sup> ; *adakkhiṇam* violates the metre.



Vessantara said :

“In due proportion on the good thy wealth in gifts bestow,  
No other place than this is safe to keep it, well I know.’

[495] She consented, and withal he exhorted her in this wise :

“Be kind, O Maddī, to thy sons, thy husband’s parents both,  
To him who will thy husband be do service, nothing loth.  
And if no man should wish to be thy husband, when I’m gone,  
Go seek a husband for thyself, but do not pine alone.”

Then Maddī thought, “Why I wonder does Vessantara say such a thing to me?” And she asked him, “My lord, why do you say to me what you ought not to say?” The Great Being replied, “Lady, the people of Sivi, angry with me for the gift of the elephant, are banishing me from the realm: to-morrow I am to make the gift of the seven hundreds, and next day I depart from the city.” And he said:

“‘To-morrow to a forest drear, beset with beasts of prey,  
I go: and whether I can live within it, who can say?’

Then spake the princess Maddī, spake the lady passing fair :  
‘It is not so! a wicked word! to say it do not dare!

It is not meet and right, my king, that thou alone shouldst fare:  
Whatever journey thou shalt go, I also will be there.

Give me the choice to die with thee, or live from thee apart,  
Death is my choice, unless I can live with thee where thou art.

Kindle a blazing fiery flame the fiercest that can be,—  
There I would rather die the death than live apart from thee.

[496] As close behind an elephant his mate is often found  
Moving through mountain pass or wood, o’er rough or level ground,  
So with my boys I’ll follow thee, wherever thou mayst lead,  
Nor shalt thou find me burdensome or difficult to feed<sup>1</sup>.”

With these words she began to praise the region of Himalaya as if she had seen it:

“When you shall see your pretty boys, and hear their prattle ring  
Under the greenwood, you’ll forget that ever you were king.  
To see your pretty boys at play, and hear their prattle ring  
Under the greenwood, you’ll forget that ever you were king.  
When you shall see your pretty boys, and hear their prattle ring  
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.  
To see your pretty boys at play, and hear their prattle ring  
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.  
To see your boys all gay-bedeckt, the flowers to watch them bring  
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.  
To see your boys at play all gay, the flowers to watch them bring  
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.  
When you behold your dancing boys their wreaths of flowers bring  
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

<sup>1</sup> The last two stanzas are repeated, with a difference, from v. 259<sup>21-4</sup>, trans. v. p. 133.



When you behold them dance and play, and wreaths of flowers bring  
In our fair home, you will forget that ever you were king.

The elephant of sixty years, all lonely wandering  
The woodland, will make you forget that ever you were king.

The elephant of sixty years, at even wandering  
And early, will make you forget that ever you were king.

[497] When you behold the elephant his herd of subjects bring,  
The elephant of sixty years, and hear his trumpeting,  
To hear the sound you will forget that ever you were king.

The woodland glades, the roaring beasts, and every wished-for thing  
When you behold, you will forget that ever you were king.

The deer that come at eventide, the varied flowers that spring,  
The dancing frogs—you will forget that ever you were king.

When you shall hear the rivers roar, the fairy creatures sing,  
Believe me, you will clean forget that ever you were king.

When you shall hear the screech-owl's note in mountain cave dwelling,  
Believe me, you will clean forget that ever you were king.

Rhinoceros and buffalo, that make the woodland ring,  
Lion and tiger—you'll forget that ever you were king.

When on the mountain top you see the peacock dance and spring  
Before the peahens, you'll forget that ever you were king.

To see the egg-born peacock dance and spread his gorgeous wing  
Before the peahens, you'll forget that ever you were king.

The peacock with his purple neck, to see him dance and spring  
Before the peahens—you'll forget that ever you were king.

When in the winter you behold the trees all flowering  
Waft their sweet odours, you'll forget that ever you were king.

When in the winter you behold the plants all flowering,  
The *bimbajāla*, *kuṭaja*, and lotus<sup>1</sup>, scattering  
Abroad their odours, you'll forget that ever you were king.

When in the winter you behold the forest flowering  
And blooming lotus, you'll forget that ever you were king."

[498] Thus did Maddī sing the praises of Himavat in these stanzas,  
as though she were dwelling therein. Here endeth the Praise of  
Himavat<sup>2</sup>.

Now Queen Phusatī thought: "A harsh command has been laid upon  
my son: what will he do? I will go and find out." In a covered carriage  
she went, and taking up her position at the door of their chamber, she  
overheard their converse and uttered a bitter lamentation.

Describing this, the Master said:

"She heard the princess and her son, the talk that passed between,  
Then bitterly she did lament, that great and glorious queen.

'Better drink poison, better leap from off a cliff, say I,  
Or better bind a strangling noose about my neck and die:  
Why banish they Vessantara my unoffending son?

<sup>1</sup> The plants named are: *kuṭaja* (*Wrightia Antidysenterica*), *bimbajāla* (*Momordica Monodelpha*), *lemupadmaka* (hairy lotus).

<sup>2</sup> *Himavanta-vañṇanā*.



So studious and free from greed, giving to all who came,  
Respected by his rival kings, of great and glorious fame,  
Why banish they Vessantara, my unoffending son?

His parents' prop, who did respect his elders every one,  
Why banish they Vessantara, my unoffending son?

Belovèd by the king and queen, by all his kith and kin,  
Belovèd by his friends, the realm and all that are therein,  
Why banish they Vessantara, my unoffending son?"

[499] After this bitter lament, she consoled her son and his wife,  
and went before the king and said:

"Like mangoes fallen to the ground, like money waste and spent,  
So falls thy kingdom, if they will banish the innocent.

Like a wild goose with crippled wing, when all the water's gone,  
Deserted by thy courtiers, thou wilt live in pain alone.

I tell thee true, O mighty king: let not thy good go by,  
Nor banish him, the innocent, because the people cry."

Hearing which, the king answered:

"Thy son, the people's banner, if I send to exile drear,  
My royal duty I obey, than life itself more dear."

On hearing this, the queen said, lamenting:

"Once hosts of men escorted him, with goodly banners flown,  
Like forests full of flowering trees: to-day he goes alone<sup>1</sup>.

[500] Bright yellow robes, Gandhāra make, once round about him shone,  
Or glowing scarlet, as he went: to-day he goes alone.

With chariot, litter, elephant he went in former days:  
To-day the King Vessantara afoot must tramp the ways.

He once by sandal-scent perfumed, awaked by dance and song,  
How wear rough skins, how axe and pot and pingo bear along?

Why will they not bring yellow robes, why not the garb of skin,  
And dress of bark, the mighty woods that he may enter in?

How can a banisht king put on the robe of bark to wear,  
To dress in bark and grass how will the princess Maddi bear?

Maddi, who once Benares cloth and linen used to wear,  
And fine kodumbara, how bark and grasses will she bear?

She who in litter or in car was carried to and fro,  
The lovely princess, now to-day on foot how can she go?

With tender hands and tender feet in happiness she stood:  
How can the lovely princess go trembling into the wood?

With tender hands and tender feet she lived in happy state:  
The finest slippers she could wear would hurt her feet of late;  
To-day how can the lovely one afoot now go her gait?

Once she would go begarlanded amidst a thousand maids:  
How can the beauteous one alone now walk the forest glades?

Once if she heard the jackal howl she would be all dismayed:  
How can the timid beauteous one now walk the forest glade?

<sup>1</sup> Four stanzas, almost the same, are here condensed into one. The tree is *kaṇikāra* (*Pterospermum Acerifolium*).



She who of Indra's royal race would ever shrink afraid,  
Trembling like one possessed, to hear the hoot some owl had made,  
How can the timid beautiful one now walk the forest glade?

Like as a bird beholds the nest empty, the brood all slain,  
So when I see the empty place long shall I burn in pain.

[501] Like to a bird that sees the nest empty, the brood all slain,  
Thin, yellow I shall grow to see my dear son ne'er again.

Like to a bird that sees the nest empty, the brood all slain,  
I'll run distracted, if I see my dear son ne'er again.

As when an eagle sees its nest empty, its young brood slain,  
So when I see the empty place long shall I live in pain.

As when an eagle sees its nest empty, its young brood slain,  
Thin, yellow I shall grow to see my dear son ne'er again.

As when an eagle sees its nest empty, its young brood slain,  
I'll run distracted, if I see my dear son ne'er again.

Like ruddy geese beside a pond from which the water's gone,  
Long shall I live in pain, to see no more my dearest son.

Like ruddy geese beside a pond from which the water's gone,  
Thin, yellow I shall grow to see no more my dearest son.

Like ruddy geese beside a pond from which the water's gone,  
I'll fly distracted, if I see no more my dearest son.

And if you banish from the realm my unoffending son,  
In spite of this my sore complaint, methinks my life is done."

[502] Explaining this matter, the Master said :

"Hearing the queen bewailing sore, straight all together went  
The palace dames, their arms outstretched, to join in her lament.

And in the palace of the prince, prone lying all around  
Women and children lay like trees blown down upon the ground.

And when the night was at an end, and the sun rose next day,  
Then King Vessantara began his gifts to give away.

'Food to the hungry give, strong drink to those who drink require<sup>1</sup>,  
Give clothes to those who wish for clothes, each after his desire.

'Let not one suitor hither come go disappointed back,  
Shew all respect, and food or drink to taste let no man lack.'

And so they gathered thick and fast with joy and merry play,  
As Sivi's great and fostering king prepared to go away.

They did cut down a mighty tree that full of fruit did stand,  
When the innocent Vessantara they banished from the land.

They did cut down a wishing-tree, with every boon at hand,  
When the innocent Vessantara they banished from the land.

They did cut down a wishing-tree, with choicest boons at hand,  
When the innocent Vessantara they banished from the land.

Both old and young, and all between, did weep and wail that day,  
Stretching their arms out, when the king prepared to go away,  
Who fostered Sivi's realm.

<sup>1</sup> The scholiast says: "He knew that the gift of spirits brings no fruit with it, but gave it nevertheless, that tipplers might have the 'noble gift' and might not be able to say that they could not get what they wanted." This shews a tolerance not always seen in the pious.



Wise women<sup>1</sup>, eunuchs, the king's wives, did weep and wail that day,  
Stretching their arms out, when the king prepared to go away,  
Who fostered Sivi's realm.

And all the women in the town did weep and wail that day,  
When Sivi's great and fostering king prepared to go away.

The brahmans and ascetics too, and all who begged for need,  
Stretching their arms out, cried aloud, 'It is a wicked deed!'

To all the city while the king his bounty did present,  
And by the people's sentence, fared forth into banishment.

[503] Seven hundred elephants he gave, with splendour all bedight<sup>2</sup>,  
With girths of gold, caparisoned with trappings golden bright,  
Each ridden by his own mahout, with spiked hook in hand :  
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land !  
Seven hundred horses too he gave, bedeckt in bright array,  
Horses of Sindh, and thorobreds, all fleet of foot are they,  
Each ridden by a henchman bold, with sword and bow in hand :  
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land !  
Seven hundred chariots all yoked, with banners flying free,  
With tiger skin and panther hide, a gorgeous sight to see,  
Each driven by mailed charioteers, all armed with bow in hand :  
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land !  
Seven hundred women too he gave, each standing in a car,—  
With golden chains and ornaments bedeckt these women are,  
With lovely dress and ornaments, with slender waist and small,  
Curved brows, a merry smile and bright, and shapely hips withal :  
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land !  
Seven hundred kine he also gave, with silver milkpails all :  
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land !  
Seven hundred female slaves he gave, as many men at call :  
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land !  
Cars, horses, women, elephants he gave, yet after all,  
Lo now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land !  
That was a thing most terrible, that made the hair to stand,  
When now the King Vessantara goes banished from the land<sup>3</sup> !”

[505] Now a deity told the news to the kings of all India: how  
Vessantara was giving great gifts of high-born maidens and the like.  
Therefore the Khattiyas by the divine power came in a chariot, and  
returned with the high-born maidens and so forth that they had received.  
Thus did Khattiyas, brahmans, Vessas, and Suddas, all receive gifts at his  
hands before they departed. He was still distributing his gifts when  
evening fell; so he returned to his dwelling, to greet his parents and that

<sup>1</sup> *atīyakkhā*: 'bhūtavijjā ikkhanikā,' 'women possess who have seen demons.'

<sup>2</sup> Compare above, p. 47<sup>22</sup> (trans., p. 30), v. 258<sup>28</sup> (trans., p. 132), and the following lines.

<sup>3</sup> The scholiast, in his comment paraphrasing the above, adds another stanza (p. 504):

“Then sounded forth a mighty sound, a terrible great roar;  
‘For giving gifts they banish thee—now hast thou given more!’”



night to depart. In gorgeous chariot he proceeded to the place where his parents dwelt, and with him Maddī went, in order to take leave of his parents with him. The Great Being greeted his father and announced their coming.

To explain this, the Master said :

“Give greeting to King Sañjaya the righteous : bid him know  
That since he now doth banish me, to Vaṃka hill I go.  
Whatever beings, mighty king, the future time shall know,  
With their desires unsatisfied to Yama’s house shall go.  
For wrong<sup>1</sup> I did my people, giving bounty from my hand,  
By all the people’s sentence I go banished from the land.  
That sin I now would expiate i’ the panther-haunted wood :  
If you will wallow in the slough<sup>2</sup>, yet I will still do good.”

These four stanzas the Great Being addressed to his father : and then he turned to his mother, asking her permission to leave the world with these words :

“Mother, I take my leave of you : a banished man I stand.  
For wrong I did my people, giving bounty from my hand,  
By all the people’s sentence I go banished from the land.  
[506] That sin I now would expiate i’ the panther-haunted wood :  
If you will wallow in the slough, yet I will still do good.”

In reply, Phusatī said :

“I give you leave to go, my son, and take my blessing too :  
Leave Maddī and the boys behind, for she will never do ;  
Fair rounded limbs and slender waist, why need she go with you ?”

Vessantara said :

“Even a slave against her will I would not take away :  
But if she wishes, let her come ; if not, then let her stay.”

On hearing what his son said, the king proceeded to entreat her.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“And then unto his daughter-in-law the king began to say :  
‘Let not your sandal-scented limbs bear dust and dirt, I pray,  
Wear not bark-fibre wraps instead of fine Benares stuff ;  
Blest princess, go not ! forest life indeed is hard enough.’  
Then princess Maddī, bright and fair, her father-in-law address :  
‘To be without Vessantara I care not to be blest.’  
Then Sivi’s mighty fostering king thus spake to her again :  
‘Come, Maddī, listen while the woes of forests I explain.  
The swarms of insects and of gnats, of beetles and of bees  
Would sting you in that forest life, unto your great disease.  
[507] For dwellers on the river banks hear other plagues that wait :  
The boa-constrictor (poisonless ’tis true, but strong and great),  
If any man or any beast come near, will take firm hold,  
And drag them to his lurking-place enwrap in many a fold.

<sup>1</sup> *abhisasim* : ‘*pīlesim*,’ schol.

<sup>2</sup> *paṃkamhi* : ‘*kāmapaṃkamhi*,’ schol.



Then there are other dangerous beasts with black and matted hair ;  
They can climb trees to catch a man : this beast is called a bear.

Along the stream Sotumbarā there dwells the buffalo ;  
Which with his great sharp-pointed horns can give a mighty blow.

Seeing these herds of mighty kine wander the forest through,  
Like some poor cow that seeks her calf say what will Maddī do ?

When crowds of monkeys in the trees gather, they will affright  
You, Maddī, in your ignorance with their uncomely sight.

Once on a time the jackal's howl would bring great fear to you :  
Now dwelling on the Vamka hill, Maddī, what will you do ?

Why would you go to such a place ? Even at high midday,  
When all the birds are stilled to rest, the forest roars away.'

Then beauteous Maddī to the king spake up and answered so :  
'As for these things so terrible, which you have tried to shew,  
I willingly accept them all ; I am resolved to go.

[508] Through all the hill and forest grass, through clumps of bulrush reed,  
With my own breast I'll push my way, nor will complain indeed.

She that would keep a husband well must all her duties do ;  
Ready to roll up balls of dung<sup>1</sup>, ready for fasting too,

She carefully must tend the fire, must mop up water still,—  
But terrible is widowhood : great monarch, go I will.

The meanest harries her about ; she eats of leavings still :  
For terrible is widowhood—great monarch, go I will.

Knocked down and smothered in the dust, haled roughly by the hair—  
A man may do them any hurt, all simply stand and stare.  
O terrible is widowhood ! great monarch, go I will.

Men pull about the widow's sons with cruel blows and foul,  
Though fair and proud of winning charm, as crows would peck an owl.  
O terrible is widowhood ! great monarch, go I will.

Even in a prosperous household, bright with silver without end,  
Unkindly speeches never cease from brother or from friend.  
O terrible is widowhood ! great monarch, go I will.

Naked are rivers waterless, a kingdom without king,  
A widow may have brothers ten, yet is a naked thing.  
O terrible is widowhood ! great monarch, go I will.

A banner is the chariot's mark, a fire by smoke is known,  
Kingdoms by kings, a wedded wife by husband of her own.  
O terrible is widowhood ! great monarch, go I will.

The wife who shares her husband's lot, be it rich or be it poor,  
Her fame the very gods do praise, in trouble she is sure.

My husband I will follow still, the yellow robe to wear,  
To be the queen<sup>2</sup> of all the earth without, I would not care.  
O terrible is widowhood ! great monarch, go I will.

Those women have no heart at all, they're hard and cannot feel,  
Who when their husbands are in woe, desire to be in weal.

When the great lord of Sivi land goes forth to banishment,  
I will go with him ; for he gives all joy and all content.'

<sup>1</sup> *gohanubbeṭhanena* : *gohanam* is cowdung (see v. 246). I take this to refer to the patties of cowdung used as fuel.

<sup>2</sup> *icche* occurs for the first time here ; it comes from ईक्ष्, 'to rule' (schol. 'issarā hoti').



[509] Then up and spake the mighty king to Maddī bright and fair :  
 ‘But leave your two young sons behind : for what can they do there,  
 Auspicious lady ? we will keep and give them every care.’”

Then Maddī answered to the king, that princess bright and fair :  
 ‘My Jāli and Kaṇhājinā are dearest to my heart :  
 They’ll in the forest dwell with me, and they will ease my smart.’

[510] Thus answer made the monarch great, thus Sivi’s foster-king :  
 ‘Fine rice has been their food and well-cooked viands hitherto :  
 If they must feed on wild-tree fruit, what will the children do ?  
 From silver dishes well adorned or golden hitherto,  
 They ate : but with bare leaves instead what will the children do ?  
 Benares cloth has been their dress, or linen hitherto :  
 If they must dress in grass or bark, what will the children do ?  
 In carriages or palanquins they’ve ridden hitherto :  
 When they must run about on foot, what will the children do ?  
 In gabled chambers they would sleep safe-bolted hitherto :  
 Beneath the roots of trees to lie, what will the children do ?  
 On cushions, rugs or brodered beds they rested hitherto :  
 Reclining on a bed of grass, what will the children do ?  
 They have been sprinkled with sweet scents and perfumes hitherto :  
 When covered all with dust and dirt, what will the children do ?  
 When peacock’s feathers, yak’s tail fans have fanned them hitherto,  
 Bitten by insects and by flies, what will the children do ?”

As they conversed thus together, the dawn came, and after the dawn  
 up rose the sun. They brought round for the Great Being a gorgeous  
 carriage with a team of four Sindh horses, and stayed it at the door.  
 Maddī did obeisance to her husband’s parents, and, bidding farewell to the  
 other women, took leave, and with her two sons went before Vessantara  
 and took her place in the carriage.

Explaining this matter, the Master said :

“Then Maddī answered to the king, that lady bright and fair :  
 ‘Do not lament for us, my lord, nor be perplexed so :  
 The children both will go with us wherever we shall go.’  
 With these words Maddī went away, that lady bright and fair :  
 Along the highroad, and the two children her path did share.

[511] Then King Vessantara himself, his vow performed as bound,  
 Does reverence to his parents both, and passes rightwise round.  
 Then, mounting in the chariot swift, drawn by its team of four,  
 With wife and children off he sped where Vainka’s peak did soar.  
 Then drove the King Vessantara where most the crowd did swell,  
 And cried—‘We go ! a blessing on my kinsfolk—fare ye well !”

Addressing these words to the crowd, the Great Being admonished  
 them to be careful, to give alms and do good deeds. As he went, the  
 Bodhisat’s mother, saying, “If my son desires to give, let him give,” sent  
 to him two carts, one on each side, filled with ornaments, laden with the  
 seven precious things. In eighteen gifts he distributed to beggars he met  
 on the road all he had, including even the mass of ornaments which he  
 wore on his own body. When he had got away from the city, he turned



round and desired to look upon it ; then according to his wish the earth cleft asunder to the measure of the chariot, and turning round, brought the chariot to face the city, and he beheld the place where his parents dwelt. So then followed earthquakes and other wonders ; wherefore it is said :

“When from the city he came forth, he turned again to look :  
And, therefore, like a banyan tree great Mount Sineru shook.”

And as he looked, he uttered a stanza to induce Maddī to look also :

“See, Maddī, see the lovely place from which we now have come—  
The king of Sivi's dwelling-house and our ancestral home !”

[512] Then the Great Being looking towards the sixty thousand courtiers, who were born when he was, and the rest of the people, made them turn back ; and as he drove on with the carriage, he said to Maddī : “Lady, look out and see if any suitors are walking behind.” She sat watching. Now four brahmins, who had been unable to be present at the gift of the Seven Hundreds, had come to the city ; and finding that the distribution was over, ascertained that the prince had gone. “Did he take anything with him ?” they asked. “Yes : a chariot.” So they resolved to ask for the horses. These men Maddī saw approaching. “Beggars, my lord !” said she ; the Great Being stayed the chariot. Up they came and asked for the horses : the Great Being gave them.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“Then did four brahmins catch him up, and for the horses plead :  
He gave the horses on the spot—each beggar had one steed.”

The horses disposed of, the yoke of the chariot remained suspended in the air ; but no sooner were the brahmins gone than four gods in the guise of red deer came and caught it. The Great Being who knew them to be gods, uttered this stanza :

“See, Maddī, what a wondrous thing—a marvel, Maddī, see !  
These clever horses, in the shape of red deer, drawing me !”

But then as he went up came another brahmin and asked for the chariot. The Great Being dismounted his wife and children, and gave him the chariot ; and when he gave the chariot, the gods disappeared.

To explain the gift of the chariot, the Master said :

“A fifth came thereupon, and asked the chariot of the king :  
He gave this also, and his heart to keep it did not cling.  
Then made the King Vessantara his people to dismount,  
And gave the chariot to the man who came on that account.”

[513] After this, they all went on afoot. Then the Great Being said to Maddī :

“Maddī, you take Kanhājīnā, for she is light and young,  
But Jāli is a heavy boy, so I'll bring him along.”



Then they took up the two children, and carried them on their hips.  
Explaining this, the Master said :

“He carrying his boy, and she her daughter, on they went,  
Talking together on the road in joy and all content<sup>1</sup>.”

When they met anyone coming to meet them along the road, they asked the way to Vamka hill, and learnt that it was afar off. Thus it is said :

“Whenever they met travellers coming along the way,  
They asked directions for their road, and where Mount Vamka lay.  
The travellers all wept full sore to see them on the way,  
And told them of their heavy task : ‘The road is long,’ they say.”

The children cried to see fruit of all kinds on the trees which grew on both sides of the road. Then by the Great Being’s power, the trees bowed down their fruit so that their hands could reach it, and they picked out the ripest and gave it to the little ones. Then Maddī cried out, “A marvel!” Thus it is said :

“Whene’er the children did behold trees growing on the steep  
Laden with fruit, the children for the fruit began to weep.  
But when they saw the children weep, the tall trees sorrowful  
Bowed down their branches to their hands, that they the fruit might pull.  
Then Maddī cried aloud in joy, that lady fair and bright,  
To see the marvel, fit to make one’s hair to stand upright.  
One’s hair might stand upright to see the marvel here is shewn :  
By power of King Vessantara the trees themselves bend down !”

[514] From the city of Jetuttara, the mountain named Suvannagiritāla is five leagues distant ; from thence the river Kontimārā is five leagues away, and five leagues more to Mount Arañjaragiri, five leagues again to the brahman village of Dunniviṭṭha, thence ten leagues to his uncle’s city : thus from Jetuttara the journey was thirty leagues. The gods shortened the journey, so that in one day they came to his uncle’s city. Thus it is said :

“The Yakkhas made the journey short, pitying the children’s plight,  
And so to Ceta kingdom they arrived before the night.”

Now they left Jetuttara at breakfast time, and in the evening they came to the kingdom of Ceta and to his uncle’s city.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“Away to Ceta they proceed, a journey great and long,  
A kingdom rich in food and drink, and prosperous, and strong.”

Now in his uncle’s city dwelt sixty thousand Khattiyas. The Great Being entered not into the city, but sat in a hall at the city gate. Maddī brushed off the dust on the Great Being’s feet, and rubbed them ; then with a view to announce the coming of Vessantara, she went forth from

<sup>1</sup> “Here endeth the Gift Section (Dāna-khaṇḍam).”



the hall, and stood within sight. So the women who came in and out of the city saw her and came round.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“Seeing the auspicious lady there the women round her throng.

‘The tender lady ! now afoot she needs must walk along.

In palanquin or chariot once the noble lady rode :

Now Maddī needs must go afoot ; the woods are her abode.’”

[515] All the people then, seeing Maddī and Vessantara and the children arrived in this unbecoming fashion, went and informed the king ; and sixty thousand princes came to him weeping and lamenting.

To explain this, the Master said :

“Seeing him, the Ceta princes came, with wailing and lament.

‘Greet thee, my lord : we trust that you are prosperous and well<sup>1</sup>,

That of your father and his realm you have good news to tell.

Where is your army, mighty king ? and where your royal car ?

With not a chariot, not a horse, you now have journeyed far :

Were you defeated by your foes that here alone you are ?”

Then the Great Being told the princes the cause of his coming :

“I thank you, sirs ; be sure that I am prosperous and well ;

And of my father and his realm I have good news to tell.

I gave the saviour elephant, pole-tuskèd, goodly white<sup>2</sup>,

Which ever knew the vantage-ground to choose in every fight ;

His jewels, and his yak’s tail fan ; which trampled down the foes,

Long-tuskèd, furious, white as Mount Kelāsa with his snows ;

With trappings and white parasol, fit riding for a king,

With leech and driver : yes, I gave away this precious thing.

Therefore the people were in wrath, my father took it ill :

Therefore he banished me, and I now go to Vaṃka hill.

I pray you, tell me of a place to be my dwelling still.”

The princes answered :

[516] “Now welcome, welcome, mighty king, and with no doubtful voice :

Be lord of all that here is found, and use it at your choice.

Take herbs, roots, honey, meat, and rice, the whitest and the best :

Enjoy it at your will, O king, and you shall be our guest.”

Vessantara said :

“Your proffered gifts I here accept, with thanks for your goodwill.

But now the king has banished me ; I go to Vaṃka hill.

I pray you, tell me of a place to be my dwelling still.”

The princes said :

“‘Stay here in Ceta, mighty king, until a message go

To tell the king of Sivi land what we have come to know.’

Then they behind him in a throng escorting him did go,

All full of joy and confidence : this I would have thee know.”

<sup>1</sup> Compare 584<sup>11</sup> below, 532<sup>14</sup>, and *Mahābhārata* (Calcutta) xii. 13,727.

<sup>2</sup> Above, p. 254 (text, p. 490).



The Great Being said :

“I would not have you send and tell the king that I am here :  
He is not king in this affair : he has no power, I fear.

The palace folk and townsfolk all in wrath came gathering,  
All eager that because of me they might destroy the king.”

[517] The princes said :

“If in that kingdom came to pass so terrible a thing,  
Surrounded by the Ceta folk stay here, and be our king.  
The realm is prosperous and rich, the people strong and great :  
Be minded, sir, to stay with us and govern this our state.”

Vessantara said :

“Hear me, O sons of Ceta land ! I have no mind to stay,  
As I go forth a banished man, nor here hold royal sway.  
The Sivi people one and all would be ill pleased to know  
That you had sprinkled me for king, as banished forth I go.  
If you should do it, that would be a most unpleasant thing,  
To quarrel with the Sivi folk : I like not quarrelling.  
Your proffered gifts I here accept, with thanks for your goodwill.  
But now the king has banished me : I go to Vamka hill.  
I pray you, tell me of a place to be my dwelling still.”

Thus the Great Being, in spite of so many requests, declined the kingdom. And the princes paid him great honour ; but he would not enter within the city ; so they adorned that hall where he was, and surrounded it with a screen, and preparing a great bed, they kept careful watch round about. One day and one night he abode in the hall well-guarded ; and next day, early in the morning, after a meal of all manner of fine-flavoured food, attended by the princes, he left the hall, and sixty thousand Khattiyas went with him for fifteen leagues, [518] then standing at the entering in of the wood, they told of the fifteen leagues which yet remained of his journey.

“Yes, we will tell you how a king who leaves the world may be  
Good, peaceful by his sacred fire, and all tranquillity.  
That rocky mountain, mighty king, is Gandhamādana,  
Where with your children and your wife together you may stay.  
The Ceta folk, with faces all bewept and streaming eyes,  
Advise you to go northward straight where high its peaks uprise.  
There you shall see Mount Vipula (and blessing with thee go),  
Pleasant with many a growing tree that casts cool shade below.  
When you shall reach it, you shall see (a blessing with thee still)  
Ketumatī, a river deep and springing from the hill.  
Full of all fish, a safe resort, its deep flood flows away :  
There you shall drink, and there shall bathe, and with your children play.  
And there, upon a pleasant hill, cool-shaded, you will see,  
Laden with fruit as honey sweet, a noble banyan tree.  
Then you will see Mount Nālika, and that is haunted ground :  
For there the birds in concert sing and woodland sprites abound.



There further still towards the north is Mucalinda Lake,  
On which the lilies blue and white a covering do make.

Then a thick forest, like a cloud, with grassy sward to tread,  
Trees full of flowers and of fruit, all shady overhead,  
Enter: a lion seeking prey wherewith he may be fed.

There when the forest is in flower, a shower of song is heard,  
The twitter here and twitter there of many a bright-winged bird.

And if those mountain cataracts you follow to their spring,  
You'll find a lily-covered lake with blossoms<sup>1</sup> flowering,

Full of all fish, a safe resort, deep water without end,  
Foursquare and peaceful, scented sweet, no odour to offend:

There build yourself a leafy cell, a little to the north,  
And from the cell which you shall make in search of food go forth."

[519] Thus did the princes tell him of his fifteen-league journey, and let him go. But to prevent any fear of danger in Vessantara, and with a view to leave no hold for any adversary, they gave directions to a certain man of their country, wise and skilful, to keep an eye upon his goings and comings; whom they left at the entering in of the forest, and returned to their own city.

And Vessantara with his wife and children proceeded to Gandhamādana; that day he abode there, then setting his face northwards he passed by the foot of Mount Vipula, and rested on the bank of the river Ketumatī, to eat a goodly repast provided by the forester, and there they bathed and drank, presenting their guide with a golden hairpin. With mind full of calmness he crossed the stream, and resting awhile under the banyan which stood on a flat space on the mountain, after eating its fruit, he rose up and went on to the hill called Nālika. Still moving onwards, he passed along the banks of Lake Mucalinda to its north-eastern corner: whence by a narrow footpath he penetrated<sup>2</sup> into the thick forest, and passing through, he followed the course of the stream which rose out of the mountain until he came to the foursquare lake.

At this moment, Sakka king of the gods looked down and beheld that which had happened. "The Great Being," he thought, "has entered Himavat, and he must have a place to dwell in." [520] So he gave orders to Vissakamma: "Go, pray, and in the dells of Mount Vamka, build a hermitage on a pleasant spot." Vissakamma went and made two hermitages with two covered walks, rooms for the night and rooms for the day; alongside of the walks he plants rows of flowering trees and clumps of banana, and makes ready all things necessary for hermits. Then he writes an inscription, "Whoso wishes to be a hermit, these are for him," and driving away all unhuman creatures and all harsh-voiced beasts and birds, he went to his own place.

<sup>1</sup> *karañja* (*Pongamia Glabra*), *kakudha* (*Terminalia Arjuna*).

<sup>2</sup> Read *pavisitvā tam*.



The Great Being, when he beheld a path, felt sure that it must lead to some hermits' settlement. He left Maddī and the two children at the entrance of the hermitage, and went in; when seeing the inscription, he recognized that Sakka's eye was upon him. He opened the door and entered, and putting off his bow and sword, with the garments which he wore, he donned the garb of a hermit, took up the staff, and coming forth entered the covered walk and paced up and down, and with the quietude of a Pacceka Buddha approached his wife and children. Maddī fell at his feet in tears; then with him entering the hermitage, she went to her own cell and donned the ascetic dress. After this they made their children to do the like. Thus the four noble hermits dwelt in the recesses of Mount Varika.

Then Maddī asked a boon of the Great Being. "My lord, do you stay here with the children, instead of going out in search of wild fruits; and let me go instead." Thenceforward she used to fetch the wild fruits from the forest and feed them all three. The Bodhisatta also asked her for a boon. "Maddī, we are now hermits; and woman is the canker of chastity. Henceforward then, do not approach me unseasonably." She consented.

By the power of the Great Being's compassion, even the wild animals, all that were within three leagues of their borders, had compassion one of another. Daily at dawn, Maddī arises, provides water for their drinking and food to eat, brings water and tooth-brush for cleansing the mouth, sweeps out the hermitage, leaves the two children with their father, basket, spade, and hook in hand [521] hies to the forest for wild roots and fruits, with which she fills her basket: at evening she returns, lays the wild fruits in the cell, washes the children; then the four of them sit at the door of the cell and eat their fruits. Then Maddī takes her two<sup>1</sup> children, and retires to her own cell. Thus they lived in the recesses of the mountain for seven months<sup>2</sup>.

At that time, in the kingdom of Kāliṅga, and in a brahmin village named Dunnivīṭṭha, lived a brahmin Jūjaka. He by quest of alms having obtained a hundred rupees deposited them with a certain brahmin family, and went out to get more wealth. As he was long away, the family spent that money; the other came back and upbraided them, but they could not return the money, and so they gave him their daughter named Amittatāpanā. He took the maiden with him to Dunnivīṭṭha, in Kāliṅga, and there dwelt. Amittatāpanā tended the brahmin well. Some other brahmins, young men, seeing her dutifulness, reproached their own wives with it: "See how carefully she tends an old man, whilst you are careless of your young husbands!" This made the wives resolve to drive her out

<sup>1</sup> Read *dva* for *deva*.

<sup>2</sup> "Here endeth the Entering into the Forest (Vanappavesana-khaṇḍam)."



of the village. So they would gather in crowds at the river side and everywhere else, reviling her.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“Once in Kāliṅga, Jūjaka a brahmin spent his life,  
Who had Amittatāpanā, quite a young girl, to wife.

The women who with waterpots down to the river came  
Cried shame upon her, crowding up, and roundly cursed her name.

‘A “foe” indeed your mother was, a “foe” your father too<sup>1</sup>,  
To let an old decrepit man wed a young wife like you.

Your people brewed a secret plot, a bad, mean, cruel plan,  
To let a fine young girl be wed to an old decrepit man.

[522] A hateful thing your life must be, as youthful as you are,  
With an old husband to be wed ; nay, death were better far.

It surely seems, my pretty one, your parents were unkind  
If for a fine young girl they could no other husband find.

Your fire-oblation, and your ninth<sup>2</sup> were offered all for naught  
If by an old decrepit man so young a wife was caught.

Some brahmin or ascetic once no doubt you have reviled,  
Some virtuous or learned man, some hermit undefiled,  
If by an old decrepit man so young a wife was caught.

Painful a spear-thrust, full of pain the serpent’s fiery bite :  
But a decrepit husband is more painful to the sight.

With an old husband there can be no joy and no delight,  
No pleasant talk : his very laugh is ugly to the sight.

When men and maidens, youth with youth, hold intercourse apart  
They make an end of all the woes that harbour in the heart.

You are a girl whom men desire, you’re young and you are fair :  
How can an old man give you joy ? Go home and tarry there !”

When she heard their mockery, she went home with her waterpot,  
weeping. “Why are you weeping ?” the husband asked ; and she replied  
in this stanza :

[523] “I cannot fetch the water home, the women mock me so :  
Because my husband is so old they mock me when I go.”

Jūjaka said :

“You need not fetch the water home, you need not serve me so :  
Do not be angry, lady mine : for I myself will go.”

The woman said :

“You fetch the water ? no, indeed ! that’s not our usual way.  
I tell you plainly, if you do, with you I will not stay.  
Unless you buy a slave or maid this kind of work to do,  
I tell you plainly I will go and will not live with you.”

Jūjaka said :

“How can I buy a slave ? I have no craft, no corn, no pelf :  
Come, be not angry, lady mine : I’ll do your work myself.”

<sup>1</sup> A pun on *amitto*, ‘foe.’

<sup>2</sup> A sacrifice nine days after birth ?



The woman said :

“Come now, and let me tell to you what I have heard them say.  
Out yonder in the Vaṃka hill lives King Vessantara :  
Go, husband, to Vessantara and ask him for a slave ;  
The prince will certainly consent to give you what you crave.”

Jūjaka said :

“I am an old decrepit man ; the road is rough and long ;  
But do not worry, do not weep—and I am far from strong :  
But be not angry, lady mine : I’ll do the work myself.” “

[524] The woman said :

“You’re like a soldier who gives in before the fight : but why ?  
And do you own that you are beat before you go<sup>1</sup> and try ?  
Unless you buy a slave or maid this kind of work to do,  
I tell you plainly, I will go, I will not live with you.  
That will be a most unpleasant thing, a painful thing for you.  
When happy in another’s arms you shall behold me soon,  
Drest gaily at the season’s change, or changes of the moon.  
And as in your declining years my absence you deplore,  
Your wrinkles and your hoary hairs will double more and more.”

Explaining this, the Master said :

“And now the brahmin full of fears to his wife’s will gives way ;  
So then tormented by his love, you might have heard him say :  
‘Get me provision for the road : make me some honey-cake,  
Prepare some bannocks too, and set the barley-bread to bake.  
And then an equal<sup>2</sup> pair of slaves with me I’ll bring away,  
Who without wearying shall wait upon you night and day.’”

Quickly she prepared the provision, and informed him that it was done. Meanwhile he repairs the weak places about his cottage, secures the door, brings in wood from the forest, draws water in the pitcher, fills all the pots and pans, and donning the garb of the ascetic he leaves her with the words, “Be sure not to go out at improper times, and be careful until I return.” Then putting on his shoes, he puts his bag of provisions over his shoulder, walks round his wife rightwise, and departs with streaming eyes.

[525] Explaining this, the Master said :

“This done, the brahmin dons his shoes ; then rising presently,  
And walking round her towards the right he bids his wife good-bye.  
So went he, dressed in holiness, tears standing in his eyes :  
To the rich Sivi capital to find a slave he hies.”

When he came to that city, he asked the assembled people where Vessantara was.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *agantva*.

<sup>2</sup> “Equal in caste, quality, and position,” schol.



Explaining this, the Master said :

“When further he had come, he asked the people gathered round—  
‘Say, where is King Vessantara? where can the prince be found?’  
To him replied the multitude who were assembled round :

‘By such as you he’s ruined ; for by giving, giving still,  
He’s banisht out of all the realm and dwells in Vamka hill.

By such as you he’s ruined ; for by giving, giving still,  
He took his wife and children and now dwells in Vamka hill.’”

“So you have destroyed our king, and now come here again ! Stand still, will you,” and with sticks and clods, kicks and fisticuffs, they chased him away. But he was guided by the gods into the right road for Vamka hill.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“So he, upbraided by his wife, in greedy passion’s sway,  
Paid for his error in the wood where beasts and panthers prey.

Taking his staff and begging-bowl and sacrificial spoon,  
He sought the forest where abode the giver of every boon.

Once in the forest, came the wolves thronging around his way :  
He leapt aside, and went confused far from the path astray<sup>1</sup>.

This brahmin of unbridled greed, finding himself astray,  
The way to Vamka now quite lost, began these lines to say.

[526] ‘Who’ll tell me of Vessantara, the prince all conquering,  
Giver of peace in time of fear, the great and mighty king?

Refuge of suitors, as the earth to all that living be,  
Who’ll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

All who seek favours go to him as rivers to the sea :  
Who’ll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Like to a safe and pleasant lake, with water fresh and cool,  
With lilies spread, whose filaments cover the quiet pool :  
Who’ll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Like a great fig-tree on the road, which growing there has made  
A rest for weary wayfarers who hasten to its shade :  
Who’ll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Like banyan, sal, or mango-tree, which on the road has made  
A rest for weary wayfarers that hasten to its shade :  
Who’ll tell me of Vessantara, the great and mighty king?

Who will give ear to my complaint, the forest all around?  
Glad I should be, could anyone tell where he may be found !

Who will give ear to my complaint, the forest all around?  
Great blessing it would be, if one could tell where he may be found.’”

[527] Now the man who had been set to watch, who was ranging the woods as a forester, heard this lamentable outcry; and thought he—

<sup>1</sup> The scholiast says : “When he entered the wood, not knowing the road to Vamka hill he became perplexed and went astray: as he sat there, the dogs of a country-man of Ceta surrounded him to keep watch; then he climbed up a tree and cried with a loud voice” (*kandi*). I take it rather from स्कन्द, as in iv. 471<sup>1</sup>, i.e. he leapt aside, went astray. The scholiast anticipates what is soon to come.



“Here is a brahmin crying out about Vessantara’s dwelling-place ; he cannot be here for any good purpose. He will ask for Maddī or the children, no doubt. Well, I will kill him.” So he approached the man, and as he drew his bow, threatened him with the words—“Brahmin, I will not spare your life !”

Explaining this, the Master said :

“The hunter ranging in the wood heard this lament, and said :

‘By such as you he’s ruined ; for by giving, giving still,  
He’s banisht out of all the realm and dwells in Vamka hill.

By such as you he’s ruined ; for by giving, giving still,  
He took his wife and children and now dwells in Vamka hill.

A good-for-nothing fool you are, if leaving home you wish  
To seek the prince in forests, like a crane that seeks a fish.

Therefore, my worthy man, I will not spare your life ; and so  
My arrow now shall drink your blood when shot from out my bow.

I’ll split your head, tear out your heart and liver in a trice,  
Like birds to spirits of the road I’ll make you sacrifice.

I’ll take your flesh, I’ll take your fat, I’ll take your heart and head,  
And you shall be a sacrifice<sup>1</sup> as soon as you are dead.

You’ll be a welcome sacrifice, a goodly offering ;  
And then you’ll not destroy the wife and children of the king.’”

[528] The man, on hearing these words, was frightened to death, and made a false reply.

“The ambassador’s inviolate, and no man may him kill :

This is a very ancient rule ; so listen, if you will.

The people have repented them, his father misses him,  
His mother pines away for grief—her eyes are waxing dim.

I come as their ambassador, Vessantara to bring :

Hear me, and tell me if you know where I may find the king.”

Then the man was pleased to hear that he was come to fetch Vessantara ; he fastened up his dogs, and called the brahmin down, and seating him upon a pile of twigs he recited this stanza :

“I love the envoy and the prince : and here I give to you  
A gift of welcome—leg of deer and pot of honey too ;  
Our benefactor how to find I’ll tell you what to do.”

So saying, the man gave the brahmin food, with a gourd of honey and a roast leg of deer, and set him on his way, raising his right hand to point out the place where the Great Being lived : and he said—

“Sir brahmin, yonder rocky mount is Gandhamādan hill  
Where lives the King Vessantara with wife and children still.

With brahmin’s dress, with hook<sup>2</sup> and spoon, the ascetic’s matted hair,  
Skinclad he lies upon the ground and tends the fire with care.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *āhutim* = *आहुति*.

<sup>2</sup> *āsadañcamasañjaṭṭam*. The division of the words is doubtful. Schol. *ākaḍḍhitvā phalānaṃ gaṇhanattham aṅkusaṃ ca aggidahanaṃ ca jaṭaṃ ca dhārento*. I see nothing



See yonder, trees with many fruits, green on the mountain side,  
While the dark mountain-peaks uplift till in the clouds they hide.

There shrubs, and creepers, horsear, sāl, and many another tree<sup>1</sup>  
Sway in the wind like drunken men for anyone to see.

High up above the rows of trees the birds in concert sing,  
Najjuha<sup>2</sup>, cuckoo, flocks of them, from tree to tree flitting.

[529] Thronging among the leafy twigs they bid the stranger come,  
Welcome the guest, delighting all who make the woods their home,  
Where with his children now abides Vessantara the king.

With brahmin's dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,  
Skinclad he lies upon the ground, and tends the fire with care."

Moreover he said, in praise of the hermitage :

"Mango, rose-apple, jackfruit, sāl, all kinds of myrobolan,  
Bo, golden tindook, many more, including the banyan<sup>3</sup>;

Plenty of figs, all growing low, all ripe, as sweet as sweet,  
Dates, luscious grapes, and honeycomb, as much as you can eat.

The mango-trees are some in flower, some with the fruit just set,  
Some ripe and green as any frog, while some are unripe yet.

A man may stand beneath the trees and pluck them as they grow :  
The choicest flavour, colour, taste, both ripe and unripe shew.

It makes me cry aloud to see that great and wondrous sight,  
Like heaven where the gods abide, the garden of delight.

Palmyra, date-palm, coconut grow in that forest high,  
Festoons of flowers garlanded as when the banners fly,  
Blossoms of every hue and tint like stars that dot the sky.

[530] Ebony, aloe, trumpet-flower, and many another tree<sup>4</sup>,  
Acacias, berries, nuts, and all as thick as thick can be.

Hard by there is a lake bespread with lilies blue and white,  
As in the garden of the gods, the Garden of Delight.

And there the cuckcos make the hills re-echo as they sing,  
Intoxicated with the flowers which in their season spring.

See on the lilies drop by drop the honey-nectar fall,  
And feel the breezes blowing free from out the south and west,  
Until the pollen of the flowers is waften over all.

to suggest a 'hook,' unless perhaps *āsada*, 'food-giver' (असदा): but the rest of the couplet describes the religious trappings of the ascetic. *camasa* should be 'bowl' or 'spoon,' and *āsada* perhaps 'fire,' as suggested by schol. B<sup>d</sup>, *aggijuhana-katacchusankhātimsañ ca*. This couplet might have described the ascetic who comes in later.

<sup>1</sup> *dhara* (Grislea Tomentosa), *assakaṇṇa* (Vatica Robusta), *khadira* (Acacia Catechu), *phandana* (Butea Frondosa).

<sup>2</sup> *najjuha* : I cannot identify this bird.

<sup>3</sup> Other trees mentioned are : *kapittha* (Feronia Elephantum), *kapitthana* = *kapi-tana* ? (Thespesia Populneoides).

<sup>4</sup> The names of the trees are given in full, and may be found in Childers. We may add the following : *kuṭaji* = *kuṭajo* ?, *kuṭṭha* (Costus Speciosus कुट्ट), *uddhālaka* (unknown), *somarukkha* = *somavakka* ?, *puttajīva* (Putranjiva Roxburghii).



Plenty of rice and berries<sup>1</sup> ripe about the lake do fall,  
Which fish and crabs<sup>2</sup> and tortoises dart seeking with a zest,  
And honey drips like milk or ghee from the flowers one and all.

A frequent breeze blows through the trees where every scent is found,  
And seems to intoxicate with flowers the forest all around.

The bees about the scented flowers fly thronging with their hum,  
There fly the many-coloured birds together, all and some,  
Cooing and chirping in delight, each with his mate they come.

'O pretty chicky, happy chap!' they twitter and they tweet—  
O lovey dovey, deary dear, my pretty little sweet<sup>3</sup>!

Festoons of flowers garlanded as when the banners fly,  
Blossoms of every hue and tint, sweet odours wafted by,  
Where with his children now abides Vessantara the king.  
With brahmin's dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,  
Skinclad he lies upon the ground and tends the fire with care."

[531] Thus did the countryman describe the place where Vessantara lived; and Jūjaka delighted saluted him in this stanza:

"Accept this piece of barley-bread all soaked with honey sweet,  
And lumps of well-cooked honey-cake: I give it you to eat."

To this the countryman answered:

"I thank you, but I have no need: keep your provision still;  
And take of my provision; then go, brahmin, where you will.

[532] Straight onward to a hermitage the pathway there will lead,  
Where Accata a hermit dwells, black-tooth'd, with dirty head,  
With brahmin dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,  
Skinclad he lies upon the ground and tends the fire with care:  
Go thither, ask the way of him, and he will give you speed."

When this he heard, the brahmin walked round Ceta towards the right,  
And went in search of Accata, his heart in high delight.

Then Bhāradvāja<sup>4</sup> went along until he came anigh  
Unto the hermit's place, to whom he spake thus courteously:

"O holy man, I trust that you are prosperous and well<sup>5</sup>,  
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell.  
Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,  
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed?"

The ascetic said:

"I thank you, brahmin—yes, I am both prosperous and well,  
With grain to eat and roots and fruit abundant where I dwell.

<sup>1</sup> The words *siṅghātakā*, *samsādiyā*, *pasādiyā* need explanation. They appear to be plants; the two latter are explained as a kind of rice. *bhimsa* is a flower = भीष्म, *Mahavastu* III. 92<sup>12</sup>, etc.

<sup>2</sup> *upayanaka*: 'kakkaṭakā.'

<sup>3</sup> This couplet is made up of words which express joy and affection, and seems to contain names for the birds playfully made; *jīvaputto* means one who has living children. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to hear an echo of their melodious chirping. The scholiast says: *tesam etān' eva nāmāni ahesum*.

<sup>4</sup> Jūjaka.

<sup>5</sup> The following lines occur: v. 323 (trans., v. p. 170; see also iv. p. 270).



From flies and gnats and creeping things I suffer not annoy,  
 And from wild beasts of prey I here immunity enjoy.  
 In all the innumerable years I've lived upon this ground,  
 No harmful sickness that I know has ever here been found.  
 Welcome, O brahmin! bless the chance directed you this way,  
 Come enter with a blessing, come, and wash your feet I pray.  
 The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsūmārī sweet,  
 And fruits like honey, brahmin, take the best I have, and eat,  
 And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,  
 O noble brahmin, take of it, drink if it be your will."

Jūjaka said :

[533] "Accepted is your offering, and your oblation, sir.  
 I seek the son of Sañjaya, once banisht far away  
 By Sivi's people: if you know where he abides, please say."

The ascetic said :

"You seek the King of Sivi, sir, not with a good intent:  
 Methinks your honour's real desire upon his wife is bent:  
 Kaṇhājinā for handmaiden, Jāli for serving-man,  
 Or you would fetch the mother with her children, if you can,  
 The prince has no enjoyments here, no wealth or food, my man."

On hearing this, Jūjaka said :

"I wish no ill to any man, no boon I come to pray:  
 But sweet it is to see the good, pleasant with them to stay.  
 I never saw this monarch, whom his people sent away:  
 I came to see him: if you know where he abides, please say."

The other believed him. "Good, I will tell you; only stay with me here to-day." So he entertained him with wild fruits and roots; and next day, stretching out his hand, he shewed him the road. [He then recites the verses given above, p. 274, "Sir brahmin—with care," and adds:]

[534] "The foliage of the pepper-tree in that fair spot is seen,  
 No dust is ever blown aloft, the grass is ever green.  
 The grasses like a peacock's neck, soft-cotton to the touch,  
 Grow never more than inches four, but always just so much.  
 Kapittha, mango, rose-apple, and ripe figs dangling low,  
 All trees whose fruit is good to eat in that fine forest grow.  
 There sweet and clean and fragrant streams as blue as beryl flow,  
 Through which disporting up and down the shoals of fishes go.  
 A lake lies in a lovely spot, with lilies blue and white,  
 Hard by, like that which is in heaven i' the Garden of Delight.  
 Three kinds of lilies in that lake present them to the sight,  
 With varied colours: some are blue, some blood-red, others white."

Thus he praised the foursquare lake of lilies, and went on to praise Lake Mucalinda :

"As soft as linen are the flowers, those lilies blue and white,  
 And other herbs grow there: the lake is Mucalinda hight.  
 And there in number infinite the full-blown flowers you see,  
 In summer and in winter both as high as to the knee."



- Always the many-coloured flowers blow fragrant on the breeze,  
And you may hear drawn by the scent the buzzing of the bees.
- [535] All round about the water's edge are standing in a row  
The ebony, the trumpet-flower, and tall kadamba-trees.  
Six-petals and many another tree<sup>1</sup> with flowers all a-blow,  
And leafy bowers all standing round about the lake one sees.  
There trees of every shape and size, there flowers of every hue,  
All shrubs and bushes, high and low are spread before the view :  
The breezes sweetly waft the scent from flowers white, blue, and red,  
That grow about the hermitage wherein the fire is fed.
- [536] Close round about the water's edge grow many plants and trees,  
Which tremble as they echo to the murmurs of the bees.  
The scent of all the lovely blooms that grow about that shore  
Will last you if you keep them for a week, or two, or more.  
Three kinds of gourds, all distinct, grow in this lake, and some  
Have fruit as big as waterpots, others big as a drum.  
Mustard, green garlic, lilies blue to pick, and flowers full-blown,  
Jasmine, sweet sandal, creepers huge about the trees are grown.
- [537] Sweet jasmine, cotton, indigo, and plants of many a name,  
Cress, trumpet-flower, grow all around like tongues of golden flame.  
Yea, every kind of flower that grows in water or on land,  
In and about this lovely lake lo and behold they stand.  
There crocodiles and water-beasts abide of every sort,  
Red deer and other animals for water do resort.  
Turmeric, camphor, panick-seed, the liquorice-plant, and all  
Most fragrant seeds and grasses grow with stalks exceeding tall.  
There lions, tigers, elephants a seeking for a mate,  
Deer red and dappled, jackals, dogs, and fawns so swift of gait,
- [538] Yaks, antelopes, and flying fox, and monkeys great and small,  
Bears, bulls, and other mighty beasts come flocking one and all :  
Rhinoceros, mungoose, squirrel, boar, dog, jackal, buffalo,  
Loris, hare, speckled panther, wolf and lizard, there they go :  
Spiders and snakes and hairy things, and every kind of bird,  
Which as they chirp and twitter round all make their voices heard :  
Hawk, woodcock, heron, piper, owl, the cuckoo with his flute,  
Partridge, geese, ospreys, pheasants, cranes, and redbacks, follow suit.
- [539] There sweetly singing to their mates the gorgeous-coloured things,  
White-tufted, blue-neckt, peacock-hued flutter their pretty wings.  
Why should I try their thousand names in detail to rehearse?  
Imagine every kind of bird, and add them to my verse.  
There a melodious company their thousand songs they make  
And fill the air with pleasant noise round Mucalinda Lake.  
The wood is full of elephants, of antelopes and deer,  
Where hanging down from all the trees great creepers do appear.  
There mustard grows, and sugar-cane, and many kinds of rice,  
And beans and other plants and herbs, all comers to suffice.  
Yonder the footpath leads you straight unto his settling-ground  
Where never hunger, never thirst, and no distaste is found,  
Where with his children now abides Vessantara the king :

<sup>1</sup> Again I omit many names in this description, for which I know no English equivalents.



With brahmin's dress, with hook and spoon, the ascetic's matted hair,  
Skinclad he lies upon the ground, and tends the fire with care."

[540] When this he heard, the brahmin walked around him towards the right,  
And went to seek Vessantara, his heart in high delight.

Jūjaka went on by the road pointed out to him by Accata the Hermit, and arrived at the foursquare lake. "It is now late evening," he thought: "Maddī will by now be returned from the forest, and women are always in the way. To-morrow, when she has gone into the forest, I will go to Vessantara, and ask him for the children, and before she comes back I will be away." So he climbed a flat-topt hill not far off, and lay down in a pleasant spot. Now at dawn of the next morning, Maddī had a dream, and her dream was after this fashion: A black man clothed in two yellow robes, with red flowers in his two ears, came and entered the hut of leaves, clutched Maddī by the hair of her head and dragged her out, threw her down on the ground backwards, and amidst her shrieks tore out her two eyes, cut off two arms, cut open her breast, and tearing out the heart dripping with blood carried it away. She awoke in affright, thinking—"An evil dream have I seen; I have no one here but Vessantara to interpret my dream, so I will ask him about it." [541] Then going to the hut of the Great Being, she knocked at the door. "Who's there?" "I, my lord, Maddī." "Lady, why have you come here unseasonably, and broken our compact?" "My lord, it is not from desire that I come; but I have had an evil dream." "Tell it to me then, Maddī." She told it as it had appeared: the Great Being understood what the dream meant. "The perfection of my giving," he thought, "is to be fulfilled: this day comes a suitor to ask for my children. I will console Maddī and let her go." So he said, "Your mind must have been disturbed by uneasy sleep or by indigestion; fear nothing." With this deceit he consoled her, and let her go. And when the night grew light, she did all that had to be done, embraced and kissed the children, and said, "Last night I had a bad dream; be careful, my dears!" Then she gave them in charge of the Great Being, begging him to take care of them, took her basket and tools, wiped her tears, and away to the woods for fruits and roots.

But Jūjaka, thinking that she would now be gone, came down from the hill and went up the footpath towards the hermitage. And the Great Being came out of his hut, and seated himself upon a slab of stone like a golden image. "Now the suitor will come!" he thought, like a drunkard, thirsting for a draught, and sat watching the road by which he would come, his children playing about his feet. And as he looked down the road, he saw the brahmin coming; taking up as it were the burden of his giving, for seven months laid down, he cried in joy—"Brahmin, pray draw near!" and to the boy Jāli he addressed this stanza:

"Jāli, arise and stand: behold a brahmin in my sight!

'Tis the old time come back again, and fills me with delight!"



Hearing this, the boy says :

[542] "Yes, yes, my father, I behold the brahmin whom you see ;  
He comes as though a boon to ask ; our guest he needs must be."

And with these words, to shew him honour, the boy rose up from his seat, and went to meet the brahmin, offering to relieve him of his baggage. The brahmin looked at him, and thought, "This must be Jāli, the son of Vessantara : from the very first I will speak harshly to him." So he snapt his fingers at him, crying—"Go away, go away !" The boy thought, "A harsh man this, to be sure !" and looking at his body, he perceived in him the eighteen blemishes of a man. But the brahmin came up to the Bodhisatta, and politely greeting him, said :

"O holy man, we trust that you are prosperous and well,  
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell.  
Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,  
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed ?"

The Bodhisatta answered politely :

"I thank you, brahmin, and reply : we prosper and are well  
With grain to glean and roots and fruit abundant where we dwell.  
From flies and gnats and creeping things we suffer no annoy,  
And from wild beasts of prey we here immunity enjoy<sup>1</sup>.  
Seven months we have lived happy in this forest, and have not  
Once seen a brahmin, as we now see you, godlike, I wot,  
With vilva-staff and tinder-box, and with the waterpot.  
Welcome, O brahmin ! blest the chance directed you this way ;  
Come, enter with a blessing, come and wash your feet, I pray.  
The tindook and the piyal leaves, the kāsūmāri sweet,  
And fruits like honey, brahmin, take the best I have, and eat.  
And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,  
O noble brahmin, take of it, drink if it be your will<sup>2</sup>."

After these words, the Great Being thought : "Not without cause is this brahmin come to this great forest ; I will ask him the reason without delay" ; and he recited this stanza :

[543] "Now tell me what may be the cause, what can the reason be,  
That brings you to this mighty wood ? I pray you tell it me."

Jūjaka said :

"As a great water-flood is full, and fails not any day,  
So you, from whom I come to beg—give me your children, pray !"

On hearing this, the Great Being was delighted in heart ; and said, like one who sets in the outstretched hand a purse of a thousand pieces of money<sup>3</sup> :

"I give, and shrink not : you shall be their master. But my queen  
Went out this morning for our food ; at evening she'll be seen.

<sup>1</sup> See vi. 532<sup>14</sup> (above, p. 276) ; v. 323<sup>16</sup>, 377<sup>21</sup> (trans., pp. 171, 200) ; cp. iv. 427<sup>20</sup> (trans., p. 207).

<sup>2</sup> See p. 277 above.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps with an allusion to his mother's gift, p. 250 above. So the Burmese.



Stay here this night : the morning light shall see you on your way.  
She'll wash them and perfume them both<sup>1</sup>, and garland them with flowers.

Stay here this night : the morning light shall see you on your way.  
Deckt out with flowers they both shall be, with scents and perfumes sweet;  
Take them away, and plenty take of fruits and roots to eat."

Jūjaka said :

[544] "No, mighty monarch, I would go ; I do not wish to stay :  
I'll go, lest some impediment should thwart me in the way.

Women no generous givers are, to thwart they always try,  
They know all sorts of cunning spells, and always go awry.

Let him who gives a gift in faith not see his mother's face,  
Or she will find impediments : O king, I'd go apace.

Give me your children ; let them not behold their mother's face :  
For he that gives a gift in faith, his merit grows apace.

Give me your children ; let them not behold their mother's face :  
He who gives wealth to such as I, to heaven he goes apace."

Vessantara said :

"If you wish not to see my wife,—a faithful wife is she !  
Let Jāli and Kaṇhājinā their grandsire go and see.

When these fair children, sweet of speech, shall come within his sight,  
He'll give you wealth in plenty, full of joy and high delight."

Jūjaka said :

"I fear the spoiling of my goods : O prince, I prithee hear !  
The king may deal me punishment, may slay, or sell, I fear ;  
Sans wealth and servants, how my wife would mock at me, and jeer !"

[545] Vessantara said :

"When these fair children, sweet of speech, shall come within his sight,  
The foster-king of Sivi folk, who always does the right,  
Will give you wealth in plenty, filled with pleasure and delight."

Jūjaka said :

"No, no, I will not do this thing which you would recommend :  
I'll take the children, on my wife as servants to attend."

The children, hearing these harsh words, slunk behind the hut, and away they ran from behind the hut, and hid close to a clump of bushes. Even there they seemed to see themselves caught by Jūjaka : trembling, they could not keep still anywhere, but ran hither and thither, until they came to the bank of the square lake ; where, wrapping the bark garments tightly about them, they plunged into the water and stood there concealed, their heads hidden under the lily leaves.

Explaining this, the Master said :

"So Jāli and Kaṇhājinā hither and thither ran,  
In deep distress to hear the voice of the pursuing man."

And Jūjaka, when he saw nothing of the children, upbraided the Bodhisatta : "Ho Vessantara ! when you gave me the children just now,

<sup>1</sup> *upaghāte* : 'sisaṃhi upasiṃghite.'



as soon as I told you that I would not go to the city of Jetuttara, but would make the children my wife's attendants, you made them some sign, and caused them to run away, sitting there like innocence itself! Such a liar there is not in the world, I'm thinking." The Great Being was moved. "They have run away, no doubt," he thought, and said aloud, "Do not trouble about it, sir, I'll fetch them." So he arose and went behind the hut; perceiving that they must have fled to the woods, [546] he followed their footprints to the lakeside, and then seeing a footprint where they went down into the water, he perceived that they must have gone into the water: so he called, "Jāli, my boy!" reciting these two stanzas:

"Come hither, my beloved son, my perfect state fulfil;  
Come now and consecrate my heart, and follow out my will.  
Be thou my ship to ferry me safe o'er existence' sea,  
Beyond the worlds of birth and gods I'll cross and I'll be free."

"Come, Jāli, my boy!" cried he; and the lad hearing his voice thought thus:—"Let the brahmin do with me what he will, I will not quarrel with my father!" He raised his head, parted the lily-leaves, and came out of the water, throwing himself upon the Great Being's right foot; embracing the ankle he wept. Then the Great Being said: "My boy, where is your sister?" He answered, "Father, all creatures take care of themselves in time of danger." The Great Being recognized that the children must have made a bargain together, and he cried out, "Here, Kaṇhā!" reciting two stanzas:

"Come hither, my beloved girl, my perfect state fulfil,  
Come now and consecrate my heart, and follow out my will.  
Be thou my ship to ferry me safe o'er existence' sea,  
Beyond the worlds of men and gods I'll cross and lift<sup>1</sup> me free!"

She also thought, "I will not quarrel with my father"; and in a moment out she came, and falling on her father's left foot clasped his ankle and wept. Their tears fell upon the Great Being's feet, coloured like a lily-leaf; and his tears fell on their backs, which had the colour of golden slabs. Then the Great Being raised up his children and comforted them, saying, "My son Jāli, don't you know that I have gladly given you away? So do that my desire may attain fulfilment." And then and there he put a price on the children, as one puts a price on cattle. To his son he said: "Son Jāli, if you wish to become free, you must pay the brahmin [547] a thousand pieces of gold<sup>2</sup>. But your sister is very beautiful; if any person of low birth should give the brahmin so and so much to make her free, he would break her birthright. None but a king

<sup>1</sup> *uddharissam*: of coming out of the river on the other side. So *Mahāvastu* II. 244<sup>8</sup>, *nadito kacchapo uddharitvā*.

<sup>2</sup> *nikkha*: equal to five *suvaṇṇas*.



can give all things by the hundred ; therefore if your sister would be free let her pay the brahmin a hundred male and a hundred female slaves, with elephants, horses, bulls, and gold pieces, all a hundred each." Thus did he price the children, and comforted them, and took them back to the hermitage. Then he took water in his waterpot, and calling the brahmin to come near, he poured out the water, praying that he might attain omniscience. "Dearer than my son a hundredfold, a thousandfold, a hundred thousandfold is omniscience !" he cried, making the earth resound, and to the brahmin he gave this precious gift of his children.

Explaining this, the Master said :

"The foster-king of Sivi land then took his children both,  
And gave this gift most precious to the brahmin, nothing loth.  
Then was there terror and affright, and the great earth did quake,  
What time the king with folded hands bestowed the children both ;  
Then was there terror and affright, and the great earth did shake,  
When Sivi's king his children gave the brahmin, nothing loth."

[548] When the Great Being had made the gift, he was joyful, thinking how good a gift he had made, as he stood looking upon the children. And Jūjaka went into the jungle, and bit off a creeper, and with it he bound the boy's right hand to the girl's left, and drove them away beating them with the ends of the creeper.

Explaining this, the Master said :

"The cruel brahmin bit a length of creeper off ; which done,  
He with the creeper bound their hands, and dragged the children on<sup>1</sup>.  
And then the brahmin, staff in hand, holding the creeper tight,  
Beat them and drove them on and on before their father's sight."

Where he struck them, the skin was cut, the blood ran, when struck they staggered against each other back to back. But in a rugged place the man stumbled and fell : with their tender hands the children slipped off the light bond, and ran away weeping to the Great Being.

Explaining this, the Master said :

"The children thus at liberty then from the brahmin fly ;  
The boy looks on his father's face, the tears are in his eye.  
Then like a fig-leaf in the wind the little boy did quake,  
Embracing threw his arms around his father's feet, and spake :  
'Father, will you dispose of us while mother is away ?  
O do not give us till she come ! till she return, O stay !  
And will you then dispose of us while mother is away ?  
O wait until she shall return, then give us if you will !  
Then let the brahmin sell us both, then let the brahmin kill !  
His foot is huge, his nails are torn, his flesh hangs sagging down,  
Long underlip and broken nose, all trembling, tawny-brown,  
Pot-bellied, broken-backed, with eyes that shew an ugly squint<sup>2</sup>,  
All spots and wrinkles, yellow-haired, with beard of bloody tint,

<sup>1</sup> *anumajjatha* ?

<sup>2</sup> *visamacakkhūlo* : or 'of different colours,' as the Burmese version has it.



Yellow, loose-jointed, cruel, huge, in skins of goats bedight,  
A crooked and inhuman thing, a most terrific sight ;

[549] A man, or monstrous cannibal? and canst thou tamely see  
This goblin come into the wood to ask this boon of thee?  
And is thy heart a piece of stone fast bound about with steel,  
To care not when this greedy man, who can no pity feel,  
Binds us, and drives us off like kine? At least I would appeal  
That sister Kaṇhā, who as yet no trouble knows, may stay,  
Now crying like a sucking fawn lost from the herd away.”

[550] To this the Great Being answered not one word. Then the boy  
said, lamenting on account of his parents<sup>1</sup>:

“I care not for the pain of death, that is the lot of all :  
Ne’er more to see my mother’s face, ’tis this that doth appal.  
I care not for the pain of death, that is the lot of all :  
Ne’er more to see my father’s face, ’tis this that doth appal.  
Long will my parents mourn and weep, long will they nurse their woe,  
At midnight and at dawn their tears will like a river flow,  
No more to see Kaṇhājinā, whom they had cherished so.  
Those clusters of rose-apple trees which droop around the lake,  
And all the fruitage of the woods this day we do forsake.  
Fig-tree and jack-fruit, banyan broad and every tree that grows,  
Yea! all the fruitage of the woods this day we do forsake.  
There stand they like a pleasant park, there cool the river flows,  
The place where once we used to play, this day we do forsake.  
The fruit that once we used to eat, the flowers we used to wear,  
That yonder grow upon the hill, this day we do forsake.  
And all the pretty little toys that once we played with there,  
The horses, oxen, elephants, this day we do forsake.”

[551] In despite of these lamentations, Jūjaka came and drove him  
away with his sister.

Explaining this, the Master said:

“The children to their father said as they were led away:  
‘O father! wish our mother well, and happy be your day!  
These oxen, horses, elephants wherewith we used to play,  
Give them to mother, and they will somewhat her grief allay.  
These oxen, horses, elephants wherewith we used to play,  
When she looks on them, will anon somewhat her grief allay.”

Now great pain arose in the Great Being because of his children, and  
his heart grew hot within him: he trembled violently, like an elephant  
seized by a maned lion, like the moon swallowed in Rāhu’s jaws. Not  
strong enough to endure it, he went into the hut, tears streaming from  
his eyes, and wept pitifully.

Explaining this, the Master said:

“The warrior prince Vessantara thus gave his gift, and went,  
And there within his leafy bower he sadly did lament.”

<sup>1</sup> See above, p. 80. The verses have been compressed in translation.



What follow are the verses of the Great Being's lamentation.

"O when at morning or at eve for food my children cry,  
Opprest by hunger or by thirst, who will their want supply?

[552] How will their little trembling feet along the roadway go,  
Unshod? who'll take them by the hand and lead them gently so?

How could the brahmin feel no shame, while I was standing by,  
To strike my harmless innocents? a shameless man say I!

No man with any sense of shame would treat another so,  
Were it a servant of my slave, and I brought very low.

I cannot see him, but he scolds and beats my children dear,  
While like a fish caught in a trap I'm standing helpless here."

These thoughts came into the Great Being's mind, through his affection for the children; he could not away with the pain to think how the brahmin cruelly beat his children, and he resolved to go in chase of the man, and kill him, and to bring the children back. But no, he thought: that was a mistake; to give a gift, then to repent because the children's trouble would be very great, that was not the way of the righteous. And the two following stanzas contain the reflexions which throw light on that matter.

"He bound his sword upon his left, he armed him with his bow;  
'I'll bring my children back again; to lose them is great woe.

But even if my children die 'tis wicked to feel pain<sup>1</sup>:  
Who knows the customs of the good, yet asks a gift again?"

[553] Meanwhile Jūjaka beat the children as he led them along.  
Then the boy said lamenting:

"How true that saying seems to be which men are wont to tell:  
Who has no mother of his own is fatherless as well<sup>2</sup>.

Life's nothing to us: let us die; we are his chattels now,  
This cruel greedy violent man, who drives us like his cow.

These clusters of rose-apple trees, which droop around the lake,  
And all the verdure of the woods, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

Fig-tree and jack-fruit, banyan tree, and every tree that grows,  
Yea all the many kinds of fruit, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

There stand they like a pleasant park, there cool the river flows;  
The place where once we used to play, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

The fruit that once we used to eat, the flowers we used to wear,  
That yonder grow upon the hill, O Kaṇhā, we forsake.

And all the little pretty toys that once we played with there,  
The horses, oxen, elephants, O Kaṇhā, we forsake."

<sup>1</sup> This line does not scan, and does not give the required sense, 'it is nothing to me' (*mama na kiñci hotu*, sch.). Read with B<sup>d</sup> *aṭṭhāna me* for *aṭṭhānam* (cp. line 25 of text), 'this is wrong,' and omit *taṃ* (or omit *me*).—Perhaps *aṭṭhānam etaṃ* is concealed here.

<sup>2</sup> Reading: *sakā mātā, pitā n' atthi* (B<sup>d</sup> has *pitā*). So Burmese version.



Again the brahmin fell down in a rough place: the cord fell from his hand, and the children, trembling like wounded fowls, ran away without stopping back to their father.

Explaining this, the Master said:

“Now Jāli and Kaṇhājina, thus by the brahmin led,  
Somehow got free, and then away and on and on they fled.”

[554] But Jūjaka quickly got up, and followed them, cord and stick in hand, spitting like the fire at the world's end; “Very clever you are indeed,” said he, “at running away”; and he tied their hands and brought them back.

Explaining this, the Master said:

“And so the brahmin took his cord, and so his staff he took,  
And brought them back with beating, while the king was forced to look.”

As they were led away, Kaṇhājina turned back, and lamented to her father. Explaining this, the Master said:

“Then spake Kaṇhājina and said: ‘My father, prithee see—  
As though I were a home-born slave this brahmin thrashes me!  
Brahmins are men of upright life: no brahmin he can be.  
A goblin sure in brahmin-shape, that leads us off to eat.  
And can you stay and see us led to be a goblin's meat?’”

As his young daughter lamented, trembling as she went, dire grief arose in the Great Being: his heart grew hot within him; his nose was not large enough, so from his mouth he sent forth hot pantings; tears like drops of blood fell from his eyes. Then he thought: “All this pain comes from affection, and no other cause; I must quiet this affection, and be calm.” Thus by power of his knowledge he did away with that keen pang of sorrow, and sat still as usual.

Ere they had yet reached the entering in of the mountains, the girl went on lamenting:

“Sore are these little feet of mine, hard in the way we go,  
The brahmin drives us on and on, the sun is sinking low.  
[555] On hills and forests, and on those that dwell in them, we call,  
We reverently bow to greet the spirits, one and all,  
That haunt this lake; its plants and roots and creepers, and we pray  
To wish our mother health: but us the brahmin drives away.  
If she would follow after us, let her make no delay.  
Straight leads unto the hermitage this path by which we go;  
And if she will but follow this, she soon will find us so.  
Thou gatherer of wild fruits and roots, thou of the knotted hair,  
To see the empty hermitage will cause thee great despair.  
Long stayed our mother on her quest, great store she must have found,  
Who knows not that a cruel man and greedy hath us bound,  
A very cruel man, who now like cattle drives us round.  
Ah, had our mother come at eve, and had they chanced to meet,  
Had she given him a meal of fruit with honey mixt, to eat,—



He would not drive us cruelly, when he his meal had hent :  
Cruel he drove us, and our feet loud echoed as we went !”  
So for their mother longing sore the children did lament<sup>1</sup>.

[556] Now whereas the king gave his dearly beloved children to the brahmin, the earth did resound with a great uproar that reached even to Brahma's heaven and pierced the hearts of the deities which dwelt in Himavat : who, hearing the children's lamentation as the man drove them along, thought with themselves, “If Maddī come betimes to the hermitage, not seeing her children she will ask Vessantara about it ; great will be her longing when she hears that they have been given away ; she will run after them, and will get into great trouble : so they instructed three<sup>2</sup> of the gods to take upon them the shape of a lion and a tiger and a pard, and to obstruct<sup>3</sup> her way, not to let her go back for all her asking until the setting of the sun, that she might only get back by moonlight, guarding her safe from the attacks of lions and other wild beasts.

Explaining this, the Master said :

“A Lion, Tiger, and a Pard, three creatures of the brake,  
Which heard this lamentation loud, thus each to other spake :  
‘Let not the princess back return at eve from seeking food,  
Lest the wild beasts should slay her in our kingdom of the wood.  
If lion, pard, or tiger should the auspicious mother slay,  
O where would then Prince Jāli be, O where Kaṇhājīnā ?  
The parent and the children both do you preserve this day.’”

They agreed, and obeyed the words of the gods. Becoming a lion, a tiger, and a pard, they lay down near the road by which she must go. Now Maddī was thinking to herself, [557] “Last night I saw a bad dream ; I will collect my fruits and roots and get me betimes to the hermitage.” Trembling she searched for the roots and fruits : the spade fell from her hand, the basket fell from her shoulder, her right eye went a-throbbing, fruit-trees appeared as barren and barren trees as fruitful, she could not tell whether she were on head or heels<sup>4</sup>. “What can be the meaning,” she thought, “of this strangeness to-day !” and she said—

“Down falls my spade, a throbbing now in my right eye I feel,  
The fruitful trees unfruitful seem, all round me seems to reel !”

And when she turned at evening time to go, the day's work done,  
Wild beasts beset her homeward path at setting of the sun.

“The hermitage is far, methinks, the sun is sinking low  
And all the food they have to eat is what I bring, I know.  
And there my prince sits all alone within the leafy hut,  
The hungry children comforting : and I returning not.

<sup>1</sup> “Here endeth the Children's Section (*kumārapañhaṇi*).” Schol.

<sup>2</sup> *te*. So Burmese version. The versicle has *tayo*.

<sup>3</sup> *rumbhitvā* ?

<sup>4</sup> *dasa disā na paññāyissu*.



It is the time of evening meal, O woe is me ! 'tis late :  
 Thirsting for water or for milk my children me await ;  
 They come to meet me, standing like calves looking for their dam ;  
 Like wild-goose chicks above the lake—O wretched that I am !  
 This is the sole and only path, with ponds and pits around :  
 And I can see no other road now I am homeward bound.  
 O mighty monarchs of the woods, O royal beasts, I cry,  
 Be brothers now in righteousness<sup>1</sup>, and let me safe go by !  
 I am a banisht prince's wife, a prince of glory fair ;  
 As Sītā did for Rāma, so I for my husband care.  
 When you go home at evening time, your children you can see :  
 So Jāli and Kaṇhājinā be given once more to me !  
 Here are abundant roots and fruits, much food I have to shew :  
 The half I offer now to you : O let me safely go !

[558] A king my father, and a queen my mother—hear my cry !  
 Be brothers now in righteousness, and let me safe go by !”

Then the gods, observing the time, saw that it was time to let her go ;  
 and they rose up and departed. The Master explained it thus :

“The beasts that heard her thus lament with great exceeding woe,  
 In voice of sweet and gentle sound, went off and let her go.”

When the beasts had departed, she returned to the hermitage. Now  
 it was the night of the full moon ; and when she came to the end of the  
 covered walk, where she had been used to see her children, and saw them  
 not, she cried out :

[559] “The children, dusty, close to home, are wont to meet me here  
 Like calves that seek the mother-cow, like birds above the mere.  
 Like little deer, with prickt-up ear, they meet me on the way :  
 With joy and happiness they skip and frolick in their play :  
 But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.  
 As goat and lioness may leave their young, a bird her cage,  
 To seek for food, so have I done their hunger to assuage :  
 But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.  
 Here are their traces, close by home, like snakes upon the hill,  
 The little heaps of earth they made all round, remaining still :  
 But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.  
 All covered up with dust to me my children used to run,  
 Sprinkled with mud, but now indeed I can see neither one.  
 Like kids to welcome back their dam they ran from home away  
 As from the forest I returned ; I see them not to-day.  
 Here they were playing, here this yellow vilva fruit let fall :  
 But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.  
 These breasts of mine are full of milk, my heart will break withal :  
 But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.  
 They used to cling about my hips, one hanging from my breast :  
 How they would meet me, dust-begrimed, at time of evening rest !  
 But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day.

<sup>1</sup> She appeals to them as a princess. Schol.



Once on a time this hermitage became our meeting-ground :  
 But now I see no children here, the whole place spins around.  
 [560] My children must be dead ! the place so silent has become—  
 The very ravens do not caw, the very birds are dumb."

Lamenting in this fashion, she came up to the Great Being, and set down the basket of fruit. Seeing him sitting in silence, and no children with him, she said :

"Why art thou silent? how that dream comes to my thought again :  
 The birds and ravens make no sound, my children must be slain !  
 O sir, have they been carried off by some wild beast of prey ?  
 Or in the deep deserted wood have they been led astray ?  
 [561] O do the pretty prattlers sleep? on errands do they fare ?  
 O have they wandered out afar in frolic or in play ?  
 I cannot see their hands and feet, I cannot see their hair :  
 Was it a bird that swooped? or who has carried them away ?"

To this the Great Being made no reply. Then she asked, "My lord, why do you not speak to me? what is my fault?" and said :

"'Tis like the wound of arrow-shot, and still more bitter smart  
 (But Jāli and Kaṇhājīnā I cannot see to-day !)  
 This is a second wound that thou hast struck me to the heart,  
 That I my children cannot see, that thou hast nought to say.  
 And so, O royal prince ! this night since thou wilt not reply,  
 I think my days are done indeed, and thou wilt see me die."

The Great Being thought that he would assuage his pain for the children by harsh speech, and recited this stanza :

[562] "O Maddī, royal princess born, whose glory is so great,  
 Thou wentst for food in early morn : why comest thou so late?"

She replied :

"Did you not hear the lion and the tiger loudly roar  
 When by the lake their thirst to slake they stood upon the shore ?  
 As in the woods I walked, there came the sign I knew so well :  
 My spade fell from my hand, and from my arm the basket fell.  
 Then hurt, alarmed, I worshipt all the quarters, one by one,  
 Praying that good might come of this, my hands outstretcht in prayer :  
 And that no lion and no pard, hyena, wolf or bear,  
 Might tear or harry or destroy my daughter or my son.  
 A lion, tiger, and a pard, three ravening beasts, laid wait  
 And kept me from my homeward path : so that is why I'm late."

This was all that the Great Being said to her until sunrise : after which Maddī uttered a long lament :

[563] "My husband and my children I have tended day and night,  
 As pupil tends a teacher, when he tries to do the right.  
 In goatskins clothed, wild roots and fruits I from the forest brought,  
 And every day and every night for your convenience sought.  
 I brought you yellow vilva fruit, my little girl and boy,  
 And many a ripe woodland fruit, to play and make you joy."



This lotus root and lotus stalk, of golden yellow hue,  
 Join with your little ones, O prince, and eat your portion too.  
 Give the white lily to your girl, to Jāli give the blue,  
 And see them dance in garlands deckt: O call them, Sivi, do!  
 O mighty monarch! lend an ear while with delightful sound  
 Kaṇhājinā sings sweetly, and enters our settling-ground.  
 Since we were banisht, joy and woe in common shared has been:  
 O answer! my Kaṇhājinā and Jāli hast thou seen?  
 How many holy brahmins I must have offended sore,  
 Of holy life, and virtuous, and full of sacred lore,  
 That Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day!"

[564] To this lament the Great Being answered not one word. As he said nothing, trembling she sought her children by the light of the moon; and wheresoever they used to play, under the rose-apple trees or where not, she sought them, weeping the while, and saying:

"These clusters of rose-apple trees, that droop around the mere,  
 And all the fruitage of the woods—my children are not here!  
 Fig-tree and jack-fruit, banyan broad, and every tree that grows,  
 Yea, all the fruitage of the woods—my children are not here!  
 There stand they like a pleasant park, there cool the river flows,  
 The place where once they used to play—but now they are not here.  
 The fruit that once they used to eat, the flowers they used to wear  
 That yonder grow upon the hill—the children are not there!  
 And all the little toys that once they played with, there are those,  
 The oxen, horses, elephants—the children are not there!  
 Here are the many hares and owls, the dark and dappled deer,  
 With which the children used to play, but they themselves not here!  
 The peacocks with their gorgeous wings, the herons and the geese,  
 With which the children used to play, but they themselves not here!"

Not finding her darling children in the hermitage, she entered a clump of flowering plants and looked here and there for them, saying:

"The woodland thickets, full of flowers that every season blow,  
 Where once the children used to play, but they themselves not here!  
 The lovely lakes that listen, when the ruddy geese give call,  
 When lotus white and lotus blue and trees like coral grow<sup>1</sup>,  
 Where once the children played, but now no children are at all."

[565] But nowhere could she see the children. Then returning to the Great Being, whom she beheld with his face cast down, she said to him:

"The kindling wood you have not split, the fire you have not lit,  
 Nor brought the water as before: why do you idly sit?  
 When I return unto my den my toil is done away,  
 But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā I cannot see to-day!"

Still the Great Being sat silent; and she distressed at his silence,

<sup>1</sup> See iv. 359<sup>1</sup> (p. 226 of the translation).



trembling like a wounded fowl, went again round the places which she had searched before, and returning said :

“O husband mine, I cannot see by whom their death has come :  
The very ravens do not caw, the very birds are dumb.”

Still the Great Being said no word. And she, in her longing for the little ones, a third time searched the same places quick as the wind : in one night the space which she traversed in seeking them was fifteen leagues. Then the night gave place to dawn, and at sunrise she came again to the Great Being, and stood before him lamenting. The Master explained it thus :

“When she had traversed in the search each forest and each hill,  
Back to her husband she returned, and stood lamenting still.

[566] ‘In hills, woods, caves I cannot see by whom their death has come :  
The very ravens do not caw, the very birds are dumb.’

Then Maddī, dame of high renown, princess of royal birth,  
Lamenting with her arms outstretcht fell down upon the earth.”

“She’s dead !” thought the Great Being, and trembled. “Ah, this is no place for Maddī to die ! Had she died in Jetuttara city, great pomp there would have been, two kingdoms would have quaked. But I am alone in the forest, and what can I do ?” Great trouble came upon him ; then recovering himself somewhat, he determined to do what he could. Rising up he laid a hand on her heart, and felt it to be still warm : he brought water in a pitcher, and although for seven months past he had not touched her body, in his distress he could no longer keep to the ascetic’s part, but with tears in his eyes he raised her head and laid it upon his lap, sprinkling it with water, and chafing her face and bosom as he sat. Then Maddī after a little while regains her senses, and, rising up in confusion, does obeisance to the Great Being, and asks, “My lord Vessantara, where are the children gone ?” “I have given them,” says he, “to a brahmin.” The Master thus explained it :

“He sprinkled her with water as she fell down faint as dead,  
And when she had come back again to consciousness, he said” :—

[567] She asked him, “My dear, if you had given the children to a brahmin, why did you let me go weeping about all night, without saying a word ?” The Great Being replied :

“I did not speak at once, because I shrank to cause you pain.  
A poor old brahmin came to beg, and so, of giving fain,  
I gave the children : do not fear, O Maddī ! breathe again.

O Maddī, do not grieve too sore, but set your eyes on me :  
We’ll get them back alive once more, and happy shall we be.

Good men should ever give when asked, sons, cattle, wealth, and grain.  
Maddī, rejoice ! a greater gift than children cannot be.”



Maddī replied :

“I do rejoice ! a greater gift than children cannot be.  
By giving set your mind at rest ; pray do the like again :  
For you, the mighty fostering king of all the Sivi land,  
Amidst a world of selfish men gave gifts with lavish hand.”

To this the Great Being answered: “Why do you say this, Maddī? If I had not been able to set my mind at peace by giving my children, these miracles would not have happened to me”; and then he told her all the earth-rumblings and what else had happened. [568] Then Maddī rejoicing described the miracles in these words :

“The earth did rumble, and the sound the highest heaven fills,  
The lightning flared, the thunder woke the echoes of the hills !  
Then Nārada and Pabbata both greatly did rejoice,  
Yea, all the Three and Thirty Gods with Indra, at that voice<sup>1</sup>.  
Thus Maddī, dame of royal birth, princess of high degree,  
Rejoiced with him : a greater gift than children none can be.”

Thus the Great Being described his own gift ; and thus did Maddī repeat the tale, affirming that he had given a noble gift, and there she sat rejoicing in the same gift : on which occasion the Master repeated the stanza, “Thus Maddī,” etc.<sup>2</sup>

As they were thus talking together, Sakka thought: “Yesterday Vessantara gave his children to Jūjaka, and the earth did resound. Now suppose a vile creature should come and ask him for Maddī herself, the incomparable, the virtuous, and should take her away with him leaving the king alone : he will be left helpless and destitute. Well, then, I will take the form of a brahmin, and beg for Maddī. Thus I will enable him to attain the supreme height of perfection ; I shall make it impossible that she should be given to anyone else and then I will give her back.” So at dawn, to him goes Sakka. The Master explained it thus :

“And so when night was at an end, about the peep of day,  
Sakka in brahmin’s form to them first early made his way.  
[569] ‘O holy man, I trust that you are prosperous and well,  
With grain to glean, and roots and fruit abundant where you dwell<sup>3</sup>.  
Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,  
Or from wild beasts of prey have you immunity enjoyed?’”

The Great Being replied :

“Thank you, brahmin—yes, I am both prosperous and well,  
With grain to glean, and fruits and roots abundant where I dwell.  
From flies and gnats and creeping things I suffer no annoy,  
And from wild beasts of prey I here immunity enjoy.

<sup>1</sup> Four lines in another metre interrupt this couplet, which mention the names of Indra, Brahma, Prajāpati, with kings Soma, Yama, and Vessavana.

<sup>2</sup> “Here endeth the Chapter of Maddī.” Schol.

<sup>3</sup> See above, p. 276.



I've lived here seven sad months, and you the second brahmin found,  
Holding a goat-staff in his hand, to reach this forest-ground.

Welcome, O brahmin ! blest the chance directed you this way<sup>1</sup> ;  
Come enter with a blessing, come, and wash your feet, I pray.

The tindook and the piyal leaves, and kāsūmārī sweet,  
And fruits like honey, brahmin, take the best I have, and eat.

And this cool water from a cave high hidden on a hill,  
O noble brahmin ! take of it, drink if it be your will<sup>2</sup>."

As thus they talked pleasantly together he asked of his coming :

"And now what reason or what cause directed you this way ?  
Why have you sought the mighty woods ? resolve me this, I pray."

Then Sakka replied : "O king, I am old, but I have come here to beg  
your wife Maddī ; pray give her to me," and he repeated this stanza :

"As a great water-flood is full and fails not any day,  
So you, from whom I come to beg—give me your wife, I pray."

To this the Great Being did not reply—"Yesterday I gave away my  
children to a brahmin, how can I give Maddī to you and be left alone in  
the forest !" No, he was as though putting a purse of a thousand pieces  
in his hand : indifferent, unattached, with no clinging of mind, he made  
the mountain re-echo with this stanza :

[570] "Weary am I, nor hide I that : yet in my own despite,  
I give, and shrink not : for in gifts my heart doth take delight."

This said, quickly he drew water in a pitcher, and poured it upon his  
hand<sup>3</sup>, and made over Maddī to the brahmin. At that moment, all the  
portents which had occurred before were again seen and heard.

The Master thus explained it :

"Then he took up a water-jar, the king of Sivi land,  
And taking Maddī, gave her straight into the brahmin's hand.  
Then was there terror and affright, then the great earth did quake,  
What time he rendered Maddī for his visitor to take.

The face of Maddī did not frown<sup>4</sup>, she did not chafe or cry,  
But looked on silent, thinking, He knows best the reason why.

'Both Jāli and Kaṇhājīnā I let another take,  
And Maddī my devoted wife, and all for wisdom's sake.

Not hateful is my faithful wife, nor yet my children are,  
But perfect knowledge, to my mind, is something dearer far."

Then the Great Being looked upon Maddī's face to see how she took it ;  
and she, asking him why he looked upon her, cried aloud with a lion's  
voice in these words :

"From maidenhood I was his wife, he is my master still :  
Let him to whomso he desire or give, or sell, or kill."

<sup>1</sup> See above, pp. 48, 277, 280.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 280.

<sup>3</sup> As a symbol of donation, water was poured upon the right hand (*dakkhinodakani*).

<sup>4</sup> *bhakuṭī* is भकुटी 'a frown.' Not in Childers.



[571] Then Sakka, seeing her excellent resolution, gave her praise; and the Master explained it thus:

“Thereat spake Sakka, seeing how her wishes did incline:

‘Conquered is every obstacle, both human and divine.

The earth did rumble, and the sound the highest heaven fills,  
The lightning flares, the thunder wakes the echoes of the hills.

Now Nārada and Pabbata to hear this mighty voice,  
Yea, all the Three and Thirty Gods at this hard feat rejoice.

’Tis hard to do as good men do, to give as they can give,  
Bad men can hardly imitate the life that good men live.

And so, when good and evil go to pass away from earth,  
The bad are born in hell below, in heaven the good have birth<sup>1</sup>.

This is the Noble Vehicle<sup>2</sup>: both wife and child were given,  
Therefore let him descend<sup>3</sup> no more, but this bear fruit in heaven.’”

When thus Sakka had expressed his approval, he thought, “Now I must make no more delay here, but give her back and go”; and he said:

[572] “Sir, now I give you Maddī back, your fair and lovely wife,  
A pair well-matched, and fitted for a most harmonious life.

Like the inevitable bond ’twixt water and a shell,  
So you with Maddī; mind and heart are both according well.

Of equal birth and family on either parents’ side  
Here in a forest hermitage together you abide,  
That ye may go on doing good where in the woods you dwell.”

This said, he went on, offering a boon:

“Sakka the King of Gods am I, here come thy place to see:  
Choose thou a boon, O royal sage, eight boons I give to thee.”

As he spoke, he rose into the air ablaze like the morning sun. Then the Bodhisatta said, choosing his boons:

“Sakka, the lord of all the earth, has given me a boon.

Prithee my father reconcile, let him recall me soon  
And set me in my royal seat: this the first boon I crave.

May I condemn no man to death, not though he guilty be:  
Condemned, may I release from death: this second boon I crave.

May all the people for their help look only unto me,  
The young, the old, the middle-aged: this the third boon I crave.

May I not seek my neighbour’s wife, contented with my own,  
Nor subject to a woman’s will: this the fourth boon I crave.

<sup>1</sup> See II. 86 (trans., p. 59), IV. 65 (trans., p. 42).

<sup>2</sup> No trace has hitherto been found in the South of the Three Vehicles of Northern Buddhism (*Çikṣūsamuccaya* 328<sup>b</sup>, cp. *Lotus de la Bonne Loi* 315); it is therefore worth while quoting the note on the word *brahmayānam*: “*seṭṭhayānam, tividho hi sucarita-dhammo evarūpo dānadhammo ariyamaggassa paccayo hotīti, brahmayānam ti vucati.*”

<sup>3</sup> *anokkamma*: “*apāyabhūmim anokkamitvā,*” used absolutely. No example in Childers.



I prithee, Sakka, grant long life to my beloved son,  
Conquering the world in righteousness: this the fifth boon I crave.

Then at the end of every night, at dawning of the day,  
May food celestial be revealed: this the sixth boon I crave.

May means of giving never fail, and may I give alway  
With hearty gladness and content: this the seventh boon I crave.

[573] Hence freed, may I be straight advanced to heaven, then that I may  
No more be born upon the earth: this the eighth boon I crave."

When Sakka, King of Gods, had heard his saying, thus said he:  
"Ere long, the father whom you love, will wish his son to see."

With this address, Sakka went back to his own place. Explaining this,  
the Master said :

"The Mighty One, the King of Gods, this said, Sujampati,  
After the giving of the boons straight back to heaven went he<sup>1</sup>."

Now the Bodhisatta and Maddī lived happily together in the hermitage which Sakka had given them; but Jūjaka, with the children, went on a journey of sixty leagues. The deities watched over the children; Jūjaka when the sun went down used to tie up the children with osiers and leave them lying upon the ground, but himself in fear of cruel and wild beasts would climb up a tree and would sit in the fork of the boughs. Then a god would come to the children in the form of Vessantara, and a goddess in the form of Maddī; they would set free the children, and chafe their hands and feet, wash them and dress them, would give them food and put them to rest on a celestial couch: [574] then at dawn they would lay them down again in their bonds, and would disappear. Thus by help of the gods the children went on their way unhurt. Jūjaka also was guided by the gods, so that intending to go to the kingdom of Kalinga, in fifteen days he came to the city of Jetuttara. The same night, Sañjaya, king of Sivi, dreamt a dream, and his dream was on this fashion: As he was seated in high durbar, a man came and gave him two blossoms into his hand, and he hung them one on either ear; and the pollen fell from them upon his chest. When he awoke in the morning, he asked his brahmins what it meant. They said, "Some knights of yours, sire, who have been long absent, will return." So next morning, after feasting on many a dainty dish, he sat in his durbar, and the deities brought this brahmin and set him in the courtyard of the palace. In a moment the king saw the children, and said :

"Whose face is this that yellow shines, dry as though fire did scorch,  
Like some gold bangle—one as though all shrivelled with a torch?  
Both like in body, like in marks—who can these children be?  
Like Jāli is the boy, and like Kaṇhājina is she.

<sup>1</sup> " Here endeth the Sakka Chapter." Schol. (*Sakka-pabbam*).



They're like two little lion cubs that from their cave descend,  
And like each other: and they seem all golden as they stand."

After thus praising them in three stanzas the king sent a courtier to them, with instructions to bring them to him. Quickly he brought them; and the king said to the brahmin:

"Good Bhāradvāja, tell me whence you have those children brought?"

Jūjaka said:

"A fortnight since one gave them me, well pleased with what he wrought."

[575] The king said:

"By what soft speech or word of truth did you make him believe?  
From whom these children, chiefest of all gifts, did you receive?"

Jūjaka said:

"It was the King Vessantara, in forest lands who lives,  
Gave them as slaves, who like the earth to all suitors freely gives.  
'Twas King Vessantara who gave his own as slaves to me,  
To whom all suitors go, as go all rivers to the sea."

Hearing this, the courtiers spake in dispraise of Vessantara:

"Were he at home, it were ill done by any king that's good:  
How could he give his children then, when banisht in the wood?  
O listen to me, gentles all, that here assembled stand,  
How could the king his children give to serve another's hand?  
Slaves male or female he might give, a horse, a mule, a car,  
Or elephants: but how give those who his own children are?"

But the boy hearing this, could not stomach his father's blame; but as though raising with his arm Mount Sineru smitten by the windblast<sup>1</sup>, he recited this stanza:

"How, grandsire, can he give, when none in his possession are,  
Slaves male or female, elephants, a horse, a mule, a car?"

The king said:

[576] "Children, I praise your father's gift: no word of blame I say.  
But then how was it with his heart when he gave you away?"

The lad replied:

"All full of trouble was his heart, and it burned hot as well,  
His eyes were red like Rohinī, and down the teardrops fell."

Then spake Kaṇhājinā and said:

"Father, this brahmin see—  
With creepers, like his homeborn slave, my back he loves to beat.  
This is no brahmin, father dear! for brahmins righteous be;  
A goblin this in brahmin shape, who drives us off to eat.  
How can you see us driven off with all this cruelty?"

<sup>1</sup> The world is destroyed sometimes by fire or water, sometimes by wind. The construction is difficult; I take *vātūbhihatassa sineruno* as gen. absol., and the object as understood.



The king, seeing that the brahmin did not let them go, recited a stanza :

"You children of a king and queen, royal your parents are:  
Once you would climb upon my hip; why do you stand afar?"

The lad replied :

"We're children of a king and queen, royal our parents are,  
But now a brahmin's slaves are we, and so we stand afar."

The king said :

"My dearest children, speak not so; my heart is parcht with heat,  
My body's like a blazing fire, uneasy is this seat.

My dearest children, speak not so; you make me sorrow sore.  
Come, I will buy you with a price, ye shall be slaves no more.

[577] Come tell me truly as it is,—I will the brahmin pay—  
What price your father set on you when he gave you away?"

The lad replied :

"A thousand pieces was my price: to set my sister free,  
Of elephants and all the rest<sup>1</sup> a hundred each fixed he."

The king bade pay the price for the children.

"Up, bailiff, pay the brahmin quick, and let the price be told:  
A hundred male and female slaves, and cattle from the fold,  
A hundred elephants and bulls, a thousand pounds in gold."

The bailiff paid the brahmin quick, at once the price was told:  
A hundred male and female slaves, and cattle from the fold,  
A hundred bulls and elephants, a thousand pounds in gold."

Thereto he gave him a seven-storeyed palace; great was the brahmin's pomp! He put away all his treasure, and went up into his palace, and lay down on his fine couch, eating choice meats.

The children were then washed and fed and drest; the grandfather took one on his hip, the grandmother took the other. To explain this, the Master said:

"The children bought, well washt and drest, richly adorned, and fed,  
[578] And set on their grandparents' hips, the king then spake and said:

'Jāli, your parents are we trust both prosperous and well<sup>2</sup>,  
With grain to glean and roots and fruits abundant where they dwell.  
Have they been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,  
And have they from wild beasts of prey immunity enjoyed?"

The lad replied :

"I thank thee, king, and answer thus: my parents both are well,  
With grain to glean and roots and fruits abundant where they dwell.  
From flies and gnats and creeping things they suffer not annoy,  
And from wild beasts of prey they there immunity enjoy.

Wild bulbs and radishes she digs, catmint and herbs seeks she,  
With jujubes, nuts, and vilva fruit she finds us food alway.

<sup>1</sup> Reading *hatthinādisatena* with B<sup>d</sup>. This must be the sense, but the reading is uncertain.

<sup>2</sup> See III. 371<sup>21</sup> (trans., p. 234).



And when she brings wild fruits and roots, whatever they may be,  
We all together come and eat by night and eke by day.

Our mother's thin and yellow grown by seeking for our food,  
Exposed to heat, exposed to wind in the beast-haunted wood.

Like to a tender lotus flower held in the hand which fades :  
Her hair is thin<sup>1</sup> with wandering amid the forest glades.

Beneath her armpits clotted dirt, her hair in topknot bound,  
She tends the fire, and clothed in skins she sleeps upon the ground."

Thus having described his mother's hardships, he reproached his grandfather in these words :

"It is the custom in the world that each man loves his son ;  
But this in one case it would seem your honour has not done."

[579] The king acknowledged his fault :

"It was ill done of me indeed to ruin the innocent,  
When by the people's voice I drove my son to banishment.  
Then all the wealth which I possess, all that I have in hand,  
Be his ; and let Vessantara come and rule in Sivi land."

The lad replied :

"Not for my word will he return, the chief of Sivi land :  
Then go thyself and fill thy son with blessings from thy hand."

Then to his general-in-chief King Sañjaya thus said :

"My horses, chariots, elephants, and soldiers go prepare,  
And let the people come around, the chaplains all be there.  
The sixty thousand warrior lords armed and adorned so fair,  
Drest up in blue or brown or white, with bloodred crests, be there.  
Like as the spirit-haunted hills, where trees a plenty grow,  
Are bright and sweet with plants divine, so here the breezes blow.  
Bring fourteen thousand elephants, with trappings all of gold,  
With drivers holding lance and hook : as many horse be told.  
Sindh horses, all of noble breed, and very swift to go,  
Each ridden by a henchman bold, and holding sword and bow<sup>2</sup>.

[580] Let fourteen thousand chariots be yoked and well arrayed,  
Their wheels well wrought of iron bands, and all with gold inlaid.  
Let them prepare the banners there, the shields and coats of mail,  
And bows withal, those men of war that strike and do not fail."

Thus the king described the constitution of his army ; and he gave orders to level the road from Jetuttara away to Mount Vanika to a width of eight rods<sup>3</sup>, and thus and thus to decorate it. He said :

"Strow lāja flowers all about, and scented garlands strow,  
Let there be pious offerings on the way that he shall go.  
Each hamlet bring a hundred jars of wine for those who wish,  
And set them down beside the road by which my son shall go.

<sup>1</sup> "Torn out by the twigs of the trees." Schol.

<sup>2</sup> Compare v. 259<sup>4</sup> (trans., p. 132).

<sup>3</sup> *usabham* = 20 *yatthis*.



Let flesh and cakes be ready there, soup garnisht well with fish,  
 And set them down beside the road by which my son shall go.  
 Wine, oil, and ghee, milk, millet, rice, and curds in many a dish,  
 Let them be set beside the road by which my son shall go.  
 Cooks and confectioners be there, and men to sing or play,  
 Dancers and tumblers, tomtom men, to drive dull care away.  
 The lutes give voice, the harsh-mouth'd conch, and let the people thrum  
 On timbrels and on tabours and on every kind of drum."

[581] Thus the king described the preparation of the road.

But Jūjaka ate too much and could not digest it, so he died on the spot. The king arranged for his funeral: proclamation was made through the city by beat of drum, but no relative could be found, and his goods fell to the king again.

On the seventh day, all the host assembled. The king in great ceremony set out with Jāli as his guide. This the Master explained as follows:

"Then did the mighty host set forth, the army of the land,  
 And went towards the Vamka hill, while Jāli led the band.  
 The elephant of sixty years gave forth a trumpet sound<sup>1</sup>,  
 Loud trumpeted the mighty beast what time his girth they bound.  
 Then rattled loud the chariot wheels, then neighed the horses loud,  
 As the great army marched along the dust rose in a cloud.  
 For every need provided well the host marcht with a will,  
 And Jāli led the army on as guide to Vamka hill.  
 They entered in the forest wide, so full of birds and trees,  
 With every kind of flowering plant and any fruit you please.  
 There when the forest is in flower, a shower of song is heard,  
 The twitter here and twitter there of many a bright-winged bird.  
 A night and day they marcht, and came to the end of their long road,  
 And entered on the district where Vessantara abode<sup>2</sup>."

[582] On the banks of Lake Mucalinda, Prince Jāli caused them to intrench a camp: the fourteen thousand chariots he set facing the road by which they came, and a guard here and there to keep off lions, tigers, rhinoceros, and other wild beasts. There was a great noise of elephants and so forth; this the Great Being heard, and scared to death thought he—"Have they killed my father and come hither after me!" Taking Maddi with him he climbed a hill and surveyed the army. Explaining this, the Master said:

"The noise of this approaching host Vessantara did hear;  
 He climbed a hill and looked upon the army, full of fear.  
 'O listen, Maddi, how the woods are full of roaring sound,  
 The neighing of the horses hear, the banners see around."

<sup>1</sup> "The people of Kāsi had returned him to Sañjaya, ruin having fallen in their country; he trumpeted with joy because he expected to see his mother again." Schol.

<sup>2</sup> "Here endeth the Mahārājā Section (*Mahārāja-pabbam*). Schol.



Can they be hunters, who with pits or hunting-nets or knives  
 Seek the wild creatures in the woods with shouts to take their lives?  
 So we, exiled though innocent, in this wild forest land,  
 Expect a cruel death, now fallen into an enemy's hand."

When she had heard these words, she looked at the army, and convinced that it was their own army, she recited this stanza to comfort him:

[583] "All will be well: thy enemies can do no hurt to thee,  
 No more than any flame of fire could overcome the sea."

So the Great Being was reassured, and with Maddī came down from the hill and sat before his hut. This the Master explained:

"Then King Vessantara hereat descended from the hill,  
 And sat before his leafy hut and bade his heart be still."

At that moment, Sañjaya sent for his queen, and said to her: "My dear Phusatī, if we all go together it will be a great shock, so I will first go alone. When you feel that they must be quiet and reassured, you may come with a company." After a little time he told Jāli and Kaṇhājinā to come. He turned his chariot to face the road by which he had come, and set a guard in this place and in that, mounted upon his caparisoned elephant, and went to seek his son. The Master explained it thus:

"He set his army in array, his car turned to the road,  
 And sought the forest where his son in loneliness abode.  
 Upon his elephant, his robe over one shoulder thrown,  
 Claspings his upraised hands, he went to give his son the throne.  
 Then he beheld the beautiful prince, fearless, composed in will,  
 Seated before his hut of leaves and meditating still."

[584] Vessantara and Maddī then their father went to greet,  
 As they beheld him drawing nigh, eager his son to see.  
 Then Maddī made obeisance, laid her head before his feet,  
 Then he embraced them; with his hand he stroked them pleasantly."

Then weeping and lamenting for sorrow, the king spoke kindly to them.

"I hope and trust, my son, that you are prosperous and well,  
 With grain to glean and fruits and roots abundant where you dwell.  
 Have you been much by flies and gnats and creeping things annoyed,  
 And have you from wild beasts of prey immunity enjoyed?"

The Great Being answered his father:

"My lord, the life we had to live a wretched life has been;  
 We had to live as best we could, to eat what we could glean.  
 Adversity breaks in a man, just as a charioteer  
 Breaks in a horse: adversity, O king, has tamed us here.  
 But 'tis our parents' absence which has made our bodies thin,  
 Banished, O king, and with the woods and forests to live in."

After this he asked the fate of his children.

"But Jāli and Kaṇhājinā, your hapless heirs, whom now,  
 A brahmin cruel, merciless, drives on like any cow,



[585] If you know anything of these the royal children, tell,  
As a physician tries to make a man with snake-bite well."

The king said :

"Both Jāli and Kanhājīnā, your children, now are bought :  
I paid the brahmin : therefore be consoled, my son, fear nought."

The Great Being was consoled to hear this, and conversed pleasantly with his father.

"I hope, dear father, you are well, and trouble comes no more,  
And that my mother does not weep until her eyes are sore."

The king replied :

"Thank you, my son, I am quite well, and trouble comes no more,  
So too your mother does not weep until her eyes are sore."

The Great Being said :

"I hope the kingdom all is well, the countryside at peace,  
The animals all strong to work, the rain clouds do not cease."

The king replied :

"O yes, the kingdom all is well, the countryside at peace,  
The animals all strong to work, the rain clouds do not cease."

As they thus talked together, Queen Phusatī, feeling sure that they must be all relieved from anxiety, came to her son with a great company.

[586] The Master explained it thus :

"Now while they talked together thus, the mother there was seen  
Approaching to the door afoot, barefooted though a queen.

Vessantara and Maddī then their mother went to greet,  
And Maddī ran and laid her head before her mother's feet.

The children safe and sound afar then Maddī did espy,  
Like little calves that see their dam loud greetings they did cry.

And Maddī saw them safe and sound : like one possessed she sped,  
Trembling, and felt all full of milk the breasts at which they fed."

At that moment the hills resounded, the earth quaked, the great ocean was troubled, Sineru, king of mountains, bent down : the six abodes of the gods were all one mighty sound. Sakka, king of the gods, perceived that six royal personages and their attendants lay senseless on the ground, and not one of them could arise and sprinkle the others with water ; so he resolved to produce a shower of rain. This he did, so that those who wished to be wet were wet, and those who did not, not a drop of rain fell upon them, but the water ran off as it runs from a lotus-leaf. That rain was like rain that falls on a clump of lotus-lilies. [587] The six royal persons were restored to their senses, and all the people cried out at the marvel, how the rain fell on the group of kinsfolk, and the great earth did quake. This the Master explained as follows :

"When these of kindred blood were met, a mighty sound outspoke,  
That all the hills reechoed round, and the great earth did quake.



God brought a mighty cloud wherefrom he sent a shower of rain,  
When as the King Vessantara his kindred met again.

King, queen, and son, and daughter-in-law, and grandsons, all were there,  
When they were met their flesh did creep with rising of the hair.  
The people clapt their hands and loud made to the king a prayer:

They called upon Vessantara and Maddi, one and all:  
'Be thou our lord, be king and queen, and listen to our call!'

Then the Great Being addressed his father:

"You and the people, countryfolk and townsfolk, banisht me,  
When I upon my royal throne was ruling righteously."

The king replied, to allay his son's resentment:

"It was ill done of me indeed to ruin the innocent,  
When by the people's voice I drove my son to banishment."

After reciting this verse, he added yet another, to ask for relief from his own sorrow:

"A father's or a mother's pain, or sister's, to relieve,  
A man should never hesitate his very life to give."

[588] The Bodhisat, who had been desirous of resuming his royalty, but had refrained from saying so much in order to inspire respect, now agreed; whereupon the sixty thousand courtiers, his birthmates, cried out—

"'Tis time to wash, O mighty king—wash off the dust and dirt!"

But the Great Being replied, "Wait a little." Then he entered his hut, and took off his hermit's dress, and put it away. Next he came out of the hut, and said, "This is the place where I have spent nine months and a half in ascetic practices, where I attained the summit of perfection in giving, and where the earth did quake": thrice he went about the hut rightwise and made the five-fold prostration before it<sup>2</sup>. Then they attended to his hair and beard, and poured over him the water of consecration, while he shone in all his magnificence like the king of the gods. So it is said,

"Then did the King Vessantara wash off the dust and dirt."

Great was his glory: every place quaked that he looked on, those skilled in auspicious words uttered them, they caught up all manner of musical instruments; over the mighty ocean there was a sound like the noise of thunder; the precious elephant they brought richly caparisoned, and girding himself with the sword of price he mounted the precious elephant, whilst the sixty thousand courtiers, his birthmates, compassed him around in gorgeous array.

<sup>1</sup> "Here endeth the Section of the Six Princes (*Chakhattiya-khaṇḍam*)."  
<sup>2</sup> Touching the earth with forehead, elbows, waist, feet, and knees.



Maddī also they bathed and adorned and sprinkled with the water of consecration, and as they poured the water they cried aloud, "May Vessantara protect thee!" with other words of good omen. The Master explained it thus :

"With washen head and goodly robes and ornaments of state,  
Girt with his awful sword he rode the elephant his mate<sup>1</sup>.

And then the sixty thousand chiefs, so beauteous to view,  
His birthmates, came about their lord and did obeisance due.

[589] The women then bathed Maddī, and all together pray—  
'Vessantara' and Sañjaya preserve you all alway!'

Thus reestablished, and their past trouble remembering,  
There in the pleasant master's land they made a merry cheer.

Thus reestablished, and the past trouble remembering,  
Happy and glad the lady went with her own children dear."

So in happiness she said to her children :

"I only ate one meal a day, I slept upon the ground,  
That was my vow for love of you until you should be found.

But now my vow is brought to pass, and now again I pray,  
What good so ever we have done preserve you both alway,  
And may the great king Sañjaya preserve you both alway:

What good so ever has been done by father or by me,  
By that truth grow thou never old, immortal do thou be."

[590] Queen Phusatī said also, "Henceforth let my daughter-in-law be robed in these robes, and wear these ornaments!" These she sent her in boxes. This the Master explained thus:

"Garments of cotton and of silk, linen and cloth so fine  
Her mother-in-law to Maddī sent which made her beauty shine.

Necklet and bracelet, frontlet-piece, foot-bangle, jewelled zone  
Her mother-in-law to Maddī sent, wherewith her beauty shone.

And when the princess passing fair her jewellery surveyed,  
She shone, as shines in Nandana the goddesses arrayed.

With washen head and ornaments and goodly robes to see,  
She shone, like to some heavenly nymph before the Thirty-Three.

As when in Cittalatā Grove<sup>2</sup> the wind a plantain sways,  
The princess, of the beauteous lips looked lovely as that tree.

Like as a brilliant-feathered bird that flies the airy ways,  
She with her pretty pouting lips and beauty did amaze.

[591] They brought a fine young elephant, a mighty and a strong,  
Which neither spear nor battle din could fright, whose tusks were long.

She mounts upon the elephant, so mighty and so strong,  
Which neither spear nor battle din could fright, whose tusks were long."

So they two in great pomp proceeded to the camp. King Sañjaya and his innumerable host<sup>3</sup> amused themselves in hill sports and woodland

<sup>1</sup> *paccayo* : "born on the same day as himself." Schol.

<sup>2</sup> One of Indra's gardens.

<sup>3</sup> *akkhohinī*, the proverbial word for an army complete in all points and numbering 10,000,000<sup>6</sup>.



sports for a whole month. During that time, by the Great Being's glory, no hurt was done in all that great forest by wild beast or bird. The Master thus explained it :

“By glory of Vessantara, through all that mighty wood,  
No beast or bird did any harm to the others, all did good.  
And when he was to go away, they all with one consent,  
Birds, beasts, and all the creatures of the wood, together went :  
But silent were all pleasant sounds when he had left the wood.”

[592] After the month's merry-making, Sañjaya summoned his captain-in-chief, and said, “We have stayed a long time in the forest ; is the road ready for my son's return?” He replied, “Yes, my lord, it is time to go.” He sent word to Vessantara, and with his army departed, following with all his host the road which had been prepared from the heart of Vamka hill to the city of Jetuttara. This the Master explained as follows :

“The royal road was newly made, with flowers and bunting fair arrayed  
From where he lived in forest glade down to the town Jetuttara.  
His sixty thousand mates around, and boys and women places found,  
Brahmins and Vesiya, homeward bound unto the town Jetuttara.  
There many an elephant mahout, the charioteers and men afoot,  
With all the royal guard to boot were going to Jetuttara.  
Warriors that skulls<sup>1</sup> or pelties wore, of mailed men with swords good store,  
To guard the prince went on before down to the town Jetuttara.”

The king traversed this journey of sixty leagues in two months. He then entered Jetuttara, decorated to receive him, and went up to the palace. This the Master explained :

“Then the fair city entered they, with walls and arches high,  
With songs and dances, food and drink in plentiful supply.  
Delighted were the country folk and people of the town  
To welcome back to Sivi land their prince of high renown.  
All waved their kerchiefs in the air to see the giver come ;  
Now is a gaol-delivery proclaimed by beat of drum.”

[593] So King Vessantara set free all creatures, down to the very cats ; and on the day that he entered the city, in the evening, he thought : “When day dawns, the suitors who have heard of my return will come, and what shall I give them?” At that moment Sakka's throne grew hot : he considered, and saw the reason. He brought down a rain of the seven kinds of jewels like a thundershower, filling the back and front of the palace with them waist-high, and over all the city knee-deep. Next day, he allotted this or that place to various families and let them pick up the jewels ; the rest he made to be collected and placed in his own dwelling with his treasure ; and in his treasuries he had enough to distribute always in future. This the Master explained as follows :

<sup>1</sup> karotiya : sisakarotiko ti laddhanāma sise paṭimukkakarotiṇo yodhā.



---

“When as Vessantara came back, Sivi’s protector king,  
 The god a shower of precious gold upon the place did bring.  
 So when Vessantara the prince his generous gifts had given,  
 He died at last, and fully wise, he passed away to heaven.”

---

When the Master had ended this discourse of Vessantara, with its thousand stanzas, he identified the Birth : “At that time, Devadatta was Jūjaka, the lady Cincā was Amittatāpanī, Channa was Cetaputta, Sāriputta was the ascetic Accuta, Anuruddha was Sakka, King Suddhodana was King Sañjaya, Mahāmāyā was Phusatī, Rāhula’s mother was Queen Maddī, Rāhula was Prince Jāli, Uppalavaṇṇā was Kaṇhājinā, the followers of Buddha were the rest of the people, and King Vessantara was I myself’.”

<sup>1</sup> A number of verses follow, describing the contents of the Jātaka book. They are the work of some copyist.



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# THE JĀTAKA

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FORMER BIRTHS



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# THE JĀTAKA

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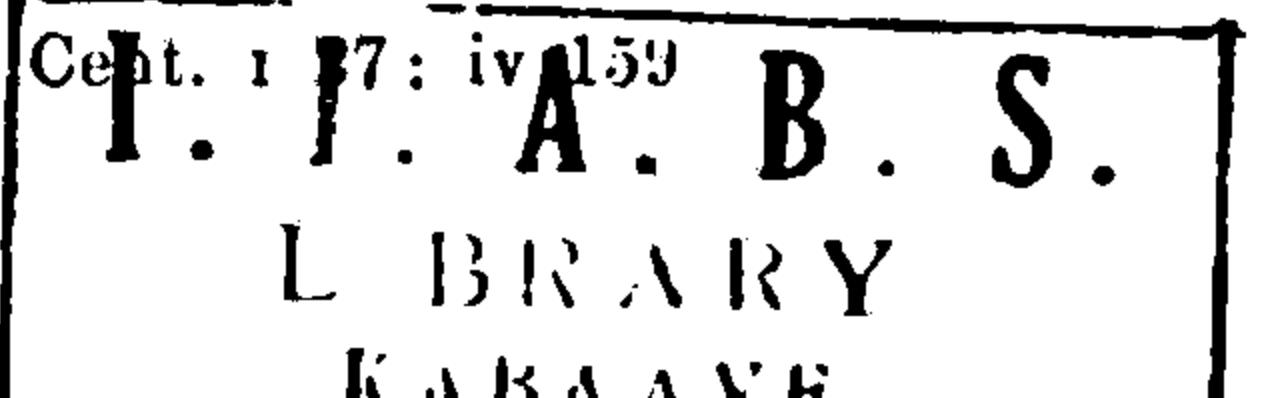
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