

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at  
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THE JATAKA

OR

STORIES OF THE BUDDHA'S FORMER BIRTHS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PALI BY VARIOUS HANDS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF

PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL.

VOL. I.

TRANSLATED BY

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[1895]

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TO

PROFESSOR T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, LL.D., PH.D.,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS FRIEND AND PUPIL

## THE TRANSLATOR

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## PREFACE.

IT was an almost isolated incident in Greek literary history [\*1], when Pythagoras claimed to remember his previous lives. Heracleides Ponticus relates that he professed to have been once born as Aethalides, the son of Hermes, and to have then obtained as a boon from his father *zunta kai teleytunta mnemen exein tun symbainontun* [\*2]. Consequently he remembered the Trojan war, where, as Euphorbus, he was wounded by Menelaus, and, as Pythagoras, he could still recognise the shield which Menelaus had hung up in the temple of Apollo at Branchidae; and similarly he remembered his subsequent birth as Hermotimus, and then as Pyrrhus, a fisherman of Delos. But in India this recollection of previous lives is a common feature in the histories of the saints and heroes of sacred tradition; and it is especially mentioned by Manu [\*3] as the effect of a self-denying and pious life. The doctrine of Metempsychosis, since the later Vedic period, has played such an important part in the history Of the national character and religious ideas that we need not be surprised to find that Buddhist literature from the earliest times (although giving a theory of its own to explain the transmigration) has always included the ages of the past as an authentic background to the founder's historical life as Gautama. Jataka legends occur even in the Canonical Pitakas; thus the Sukha-vihari Jataka and the Tittira Jataka, which are respectively the 10th and the 37th in this volume, are found in the Culla Vagga, vii. 1 and vi. 6, and similarly

the Khandhavatta Jataka, which will be given in the next volume, is found in the Culla Vagga v. 6; and there are several other examples. So too one of the minor books of the Sutta Pitaka (the Cariya Pitaka) consists of 35 Jatakas told in verse; and ten at least

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of these can be identified in the volumes of our present collection already published; and probably several of the others will be traced when it is all printed. The Sutta and Vinaya Pitakas are generally accepted as at least older than the Council of Vesali (380 B.C.?); and thus Jataka legends must have been always recognised in Buddhist literature.

This conclusion is confirmed by the fact that Jataka scenes are found sculptured in the carvings on the railings round the relic shrines of Sanchi and Amaravati and especially those of Bharhut, where the titles of several Jatakas are clearly inscribed over some of the carvings. These bas-reliefs prove that the birth-legends were widely known in the third century B.C. and were then considered as part of the sacred history of the religion. Fah-hian, when he visited Ceylon, (400 A.D.), saw at Abhayagiri "representations of the 500 bodily forms which the Bodhisatta assumed during his successive births [\*1]," and he particularly mentions his births as Sou-to-nou, a bright flash of light, the king of the elephants, and an antelope [\*2]. These legends were also continually introduced into the religious discourses [\*3] which were delivered by the various teachers in the course of their wanderings, whether to magnify the glory of the Buddha or to illustrate Buddhist doctrines and precepts by appropriate examples, somewhat in the same way as mediaeval preachers in Europe used to enliven their sermons by introducing fables and popular tales to rouse the flagging attention of their hearers [\*4].

It is quite uncertain when these various birth-stories were put together in a systematic form such as we find in our present Jataka collection. At first they were probably handed down orally, but their growing popularity would ensure that their kernel, at any rate, would ere long be committed to some more permanent form. In fact there is a singular parallel to this in the 'Gesta Romanorum', which was compiled by an uncertain author in the 14th century and contains nearly 200 fables and stories told to illustrate various virtues and vices, many of them winding up with a religious application.

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Some of the birth-stories are evidently Buddhistic and entirely depend for their point on some custom or idea peculiar to Buddhism; but many are pieces of folk-lore which have floated about the world for ages as the stray waifs of literature and are liable everywhere to be appropriated by any casual claimant. The same stories may thus, in the course of their long wanderings, come to be recognised under widely different aspects, as when they are used by Boccaccio or Poggio merely as merry tales, or by some Welsh bard to embellish king Arthur's legendary glories, or by some Buddhist samana or mediaeval friar to add point to his discourse. Chaucer unwittingly puts a Jataka story into the mouth of his Pardoner when he tells his tale of 'the ryotoures three'; and another appears in Herodotus as the popular explanation of the sudden rise of the Alcmaeonidae through Megacles' marriage with Cleisthenes' daughter and the rejection of his rival Hippocleides.

The Pali work, entitled 'the Jataka', the first volume of which is now presented to the reader in an English form, contains 550 Jatakas or Birth-stories, which are arranged in 22 nipatas or books. This division is roughly founded on the

number of verses (gathas) which are quoted in each story; thus the first book contains 150 stories, each of which only quotes one verse, the second 100, each of which quotes two, the third and fourth 50 each, which respectively quote 3 and 4, and so on to the twenty-first with 5 stories, each of which quotes 80 verses, and the twenty-second with 10 stories, each quoting a still larger number. Each story opens with a preface called the paccuppannavatthu or 'story of the present', which relates the particular circumstances in the Buddha's life which led him to tell the birth-story and thus reveal some event in the long series of his previous existences as a bodhisatta or a being destined to attain Buddha-ship. At the end there is always given a short summary, where the Buddha identifies the different actors in the story in their present births at the time of his discourse,—it being an essential condition of the book that the Buddha possesses the same power as that which Pythagoras claimed but with a far more extensive range, since he could remember all the past events in every being's previous existences as well as in his own. Every story is also illustrated by one or more gathas which are uttered by the Buddha while still a Bodhisatta and so playing his part in the narrative; but sometimes the verses are put into his mouth as the Buddha, when they are called abhisambuddha-gatha.

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Some of these stanzas are found in the canonical book called the Dhammapada; and many of the Jataka stories are given in the old Commentary on that book but with varying details, and sometimes associated with verses which are not given in our present Jataka text. This might seem to imply that there is not necessarily a strict connexion between any particular story and the verses which may be quoted as its moral; but in most cases an apposite stanza would of course

soon assert a prescriptive right to any narrative which it seemed specially to illustrate. The language of the gathas is much more archaic than that of the stories; and it certainly seems more probable to suppose that they are the older kernel of the work, and that thus in its original form the Jataka, like the Cariya-pitaka, consisted only of these verses. It is quite true that they are generally unintelligible without the story, but such is continually the case with proverbial sayings; the traditional commentary passes by word of mouth in a varying form along with the adage, as in the well-known *oy frontis Ippokleidei* or our own 'Hobson's choice', until some author writes it down in a crystallised form [\*1]. Occasionally the same birth-story is repeated elsewhere in a somewhat varied form and with different verses attached to it; and we sometimes find the phrase *iti vittharetabbam* [\*2], which seems to imply that the narrator is to amplify the details at his discretion.

The native tradition in Ceylon is that the original Jataka Book consisted of the gathas alone, and that a commentary on these, containing the stories which they were intended to illustrate, was written in very early times in Singhalese. This was translated into Pali about 430 A.D. by Buddhaghosa, who translated so many of the early Singhalese commentaries into Pali; and after this the Singhalese original was lost. The accuracy of this tradition has been discussed by Professor Rhys Davids in the Introduction to the first volume of his 'Buddhist Birth Stories' [\*3]; and we may safely adopt his conclusion, that if the prose commentary was not composed by Buddhaghosa, it was composed not long afterwards; and as in any case it was merely a redaction of materials

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handed down from very early times in the Buddhist community, it is not a question of much importance except for Pali literary history. The gathas are undoubtedly old, and they necessarily imply the previous existence of the stories, though not perhaps in the exact words in which we now possess them.

The Jatakas are preceded in the Pali text by a long Introduction, the Nidana-katha, which gives the Buddha's previous history both before his last birth, and also during his last existence until he attained the state of a Buddha [\*1]. This has been translated by Professor Rhys Davids, but as it has no direct connexion with the rest of the work, we have omitted it in our translation, which commences with the first Birth-story.

We have translated the quasi historical introductions which always precede the different birth-stories, as they are an essential part of the plan of the original work,—since they link each tale with some special incident in the Buddha's life, which tradition venerates as the occasion when he is supposed to have recalled the forgotten scene of a long past existence to his contemporaries. But it is an interesting question for future investigation how far they contain any historical data. They appear at first sight to harmonise with the framework of the Pitakas; but I confess that I have no confidence in their historical credibility,—they seem to me rather the laboured invention of a later age, like the legendary history of the early centuries of ancient Rome. But this question will be more easily settled, when we have made further progress in the translation.

The Jatakas themselves are of course interesting as specimens of Buddhist literature; but their foremost interest to us consists in their relation to folk-lore and the light which they often throw on those popular stories which illustrate so

vividly the ideas and superstitions of the early times of civilisation. In this respect they possess a special value, as, although much of their matter is peculiar to Buddhism, they contain embedded with it an unrivalled collection of Folk-lore. They are also full of interest as giving a vivid picture of the social life and customs of ancient India. Such books as Lieutenant-Colonel Sleeman's 'Rambles' or Mr Grierson's 'Bihar Peasant Life' illustrate them at every turn. They form in fact an ever-shifting panorama of the village life such as Fah-hian and Hiouen-thsang saw it in the old days before the Muhammadan

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conquest, when Hindu institutions and native rule prevailed in every province throughout the land. Like all collections of early popular tales they are full of violence and craft, and betray a low opinion of woman; but outbursts of nobler feeling are not wanting, to relieve the darker colours.

Professor Rhys Davids first commenced a translation of the Jataka in 1880, but other engagements obliged him to discontinue it after one volume had appeared, containing the Nidanakatha and 40 stories. The present translation has been undertaken by a band of friends who hope, by each being responsible for a definite portion, to complete the whole within a reasonable time. We are in fact a guild of Jataka translators, *creshthi purva vayam crenih*; but, although we have adopted some common principles of translation and aim at a certain general uniformity in our technical terms and in transliteration, we have agreed to leave each individual translator, within certain limits, a free hand in his own work. The Editor only exercises a general superintendence, in consultation with the two resident translators, Mr Francis and Mr Neil.

Mr R. Chalmers of Oriel College, Oxford, has translated in the present volume the first volume of Prof. Fausboll's edition of the Pali text (five volumes of which have already appeared). The second volume will be translated by Mr W. H. D. Rouse, late fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who will also be responsible for the fourth; the third will be translated by Mr H. T. Francis, Under-Librarian of the University Library at Cambridge, and late fellow of Gonville and Caius College, and Mr R. A. Neil, fellow and assistant-tutor of Pembroke College, who hope also to undertake the fifth [\*1].

E. B. COWELL.

#### Footnotes

^vii:1 But compare the account of Aristeas of Proconnesus in Hdt. iv. 14, 15.

^vii:2 Diogenes Laert. viii. 1.

^vii:3 iv. 148.

^viii:1 Beal's transl. p. 157.

^viii:2 Hiouen-thsang twice refers to Jatakas, Julien, i. 137, 197.

^viii:3 See Prof. M. M. Kunte's paper, Journ. R. A. S. Ceylon, viii. 123.

^viii:4 In the curious description of the Buddhist grove in the Harsha-carita, viii., Bana mentions owls "which repeated the Bodhisattva's Jatakas, having gained illumination by continually hearing them recited."

^x:1 We have an interesting illustration of the proverbial character of some of the Jataka stories in the Sankhya Aphorisms, iv. 11, "he who is without hope is happy like Pingala," which finds its explanation in Jat. 330. It is also referred to in the Mahabh. xii. 6520.

^x:2 As e.g. Fausboll, iii. p. 495. Cf. Divyavad. p. 377, 1.

^x:3 See also several papers in the eighth volume of the Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the R. A. Society.

^xi:1 This latter portion partly corresponds to the well-known Lalita-vistara of the Northern Buddhists.

^xii:1 A complete index will be given at the end of the last volume.

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till he becomes rich.) 5. TANDULANALI-JATAKA (An incompetent valuer declares 500 horses worth a measure of rice, which measure. of rice in turn he is led to declare worth all Benares.) 6. DEVADHAMMA-JATAKA (Two princes going down to a haunted pool are seized by an ogre; the third, by correctly defining 'godlike,' saves his brothers.) 7. KATTHAHARI-JATAKA (A king refuses to recognize his son by a chance amour; the mother throws the child into the air, praying that, if he be not the king's son, he may be killed by his fall. The child rests in mid-air, and the king recognizes him as his son.) 8. GAMANI-JATAKA [p. xiv] PAGE 9. MAKHADEVA-JATAKA (A king, finding a grey hair in his head, renounces his throne to prepare as a hermit for death.) 10. SUKHAVIHARI-JATAKA (A king who becomes a Brother proclaims the happiness he has found.) 11. LAKKHANA-JATAKA (Two stags; one through stupidity loses all his following, whilst the other brings his herd home in safety.) 12. NIGRODHAMIGA-JATAKA (Deer in a royal park, to avoid being hunted, decide that lots shall be cast to select a daily victim. The lot having fallen on a doe big with young, the king of the deer offers himself as a substitute at the block and saves not only his own life but also the lives of all living creatures.) 13. KANDINA-JATAKA (A mountain-stag, enamoured of a doe, is by her allowed to fall prey to a hunter; the doe escapes.) 14. VATAMIGA-JATAKA (By a bait of honeyed grass a wild antelope is lured by slow degrees into a palace.) 15. KHARADIYA-JATAKA (A deer which would not come to be taught the ruses of deer, is caught in a trap.) 16. TIPALLATTHAMIGA-JATAKA (A deer which had learnt the ruses of deer, being caught in a snare, effects its escape.) 17. MALUTA-JATAKA (A tiger and a lion dispute whether it is the dark or the light half of the month which is cold.) 18. MATAKABHATTA-JATAKA (A goat, which was to be sacrificed by a brahmin, shows signs of great joy and of great sorrow. It explains the reason for each emotion.) 19. AYACITABHATTA-JATAKA (Offering sacrifice to get release

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22. KUKKURA-JATAKA (Carriage-straps having been gnawed by palace dogs, a king orders all other dogs to be killed. The leader of a pack of dogs reveals the truth by causing an emetic to be applied to the royal dogs of the palace.)

23. BHOJAJANIYA-JATAKA (A charger falls wounded when his rider has captured six out of seven kings. Seeing that a hack is being saddled in his place, the charger asks to be saddled again, makes a last effort and dies in the hour of victory.)

24. AJANNA-JATAKA (A story similar to the above about two chariot horses, one of whom is wounded and is about to be replaced by a sorry beast.)

25. TITTHA-JATAKA (A royal charger refuses to take his bath because a hack had bathed at the spot.)

26. MAHILAMUKHA-JATAKA (An elephant listening to robbers' talk, kills his mahout; by listening to virtuous converse he becomes good again.)

27. ABHINHA-JATAKA (An elephant, missing his playmate, the dog, refuses to eat until the dog is restored to him.)

28. NANDIVISALA-JATAKA (How by incivil words to his bull a brahmin lost a bet, which by civility to the animal he afterwards won.)

29. KANHA-JATAKA (How a bull drew 500 carts in order to earn money for his poor mistress.)

30. MUNIKA-JATAKA (A hard-worked ox is discontented with his own hard fare, when he sees a lazy pig being fattened up. Another ox explains that the pig is being fattened to be eaten; and the discontented ox accepts his position.)

31. KULAVAKA-JATAKA (Through the practice of goodness tending to the diminution of crime in his village, a man is falsely accused by the headman and sentenced to be trampled to death by elephants. The elephants [p. xvi] PAGE refuse to harm him. Being released, he builds a caravansery, in which good work (against his

wish) three out of four of his wives take part: At death he is reborn as Sakka. His three good wives are reborn in heaven. He seeks out the fourth and exhorts her to goodness. As a crane she refuses to eat a fish which shewed signs of life; reborn a woman, she is eventually born a Titan and espoused by Sakka.) 32. NACCA-JATAKA (The animals choose kings. The daughter of the king of the birds (the Golden Mallard) chooses the peacock for her husband. In dancing for joy the peacock exposes himself and is rejected.) 33. SAMMODAMANA-JATAKA (Quails caught in a net, rise up in a body with the net and escape several times. After a time they quarrel and are caught.) 34. MACCHA-JATAKA (An uxorious fish being caught, fears his wife may misconstrue his absence. A brahmin sets him free.) 35. VATTAKA-JATAKA (A baby-quail is about to be engulfed in a jungle-fire, when by an 'Act of Truth' he quenches the flames round him.) 36. SAKUNA-JATAKA (A tree in which birds dwell is grinding its boughs together and beginning to smoke. The wise birds fly away; the foolish ones are burnt.) 37. TITTIRA-JATAKA (A partridge, a monkey and an elephant living together, decide to obey the senior. To prove seniority each gives his earliest recollection.) 38. BAKA-JATAKA (A crane by pretending that he was taking them to a big lake, devours all the fish of a pond. A wise crab nips the bird's head off.) 39. NANDA-JATAKA (How a slave was made to tell where his master's father had buried his hoard.) 40. KHADIRANGARA-JATAKA (In order to stop a Treasurer from giving alms to a Pacceka Buddha, Mara interposes a yawning gulf of fire. Undaunted, the Treasurer steps forward, to be borne up by a lotus from which he tenders his alms to Mara's discomfiture.) [p. xvii] PAGE 41. LOSAKA-JATAKA (How a Brother through jealous greed was condemned to rebirths entailing misery and hunger. Finally, when reborn a man, he is deserted by his parents and brings suffering on those around him. On board ship, he has to be cast overboard; on a raft he comes to successive island palaces of goddesses, and eventually to

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the poor man by revealing the site of a buried hoard of money.) 110. SABBASAMHARAKA-PANHA 111. GADRABHA-PANHA 112. AMARADEVI-PANHA 113. SIGALA-JATAKA (Being belated in a city, a jackal, by a lying promise to reveal buried treasure, induces a brahmin to carry him safely out of the city. The greedy brahmin reaps only indignities from the ungrateful beast.) 114. MITACINTI-JATAKA (Of three fishes, two through folly are caught in a net; the third and wiser fish rescues them.) 115. ANUSASIKA-JATAKA (A greedy bird, after cunningly warning other birds against the dangers of the high road on which she found food, is herself crushed to death by a carriage on that road.) 116. DUBBACA-JATAKA (Being in liquor, an acrobat undertakes to jump more javelins than he can manage, and is killed.) 117. TITTIRA-JATAKA (A busybody is killed for his chatter by a jaundiced man; and the piping of a partridge attracts the hunter who kills it.) [p. xxiii] PAGE 118. VATTAKA-JATAKA (A quail, being caught by a fowler, starves itself till no one will buy it, and in the end escapes.) 119. AKALARAVI-JATAKA (A cock which crowed in and out of season has its neck wrung.) 120. BANDHANAMOKKHA-JATAKA (A queen, who had committed adultery with sixty-four footmen and failed in her overtures to the chaplain, accuses the latter of rape. He reveals her guilt and his own innocence.) 121. KUSANALI-JATAKA (A grass-sprite and a tree-sprite are friends. The former saves the latter's tree from the axe by assuming the shape of a chameleon and making the tree look full of holes.) 122. DUMMEDHA-JATAKA (Being jealous of his elephant, a king seeks to make it fall over a precipice. The elephant flies through the air with its mahout to another and more appreciative master.) 123. NANGALISA-JATAKA (A stupid youth, being devoted to his teacher, props up the latter's bed with his own leg all night long. The grateful teacher yearns to instruct the dullard and tries to make him compare things together. The youth sees a likeness to the shaft of a plough in a snake, an elephant, sugar-cane and

curds. The teacher abandons all hope.) 124. AMBA-JATAKA (In time of drought, a hermit provides water for the animals, who in gratitude bring him fruit enough for himself and 500 others.) 125. KATAHAKA-JATAKA (A slave, educated beyond his station, manages by forging his master's name to marry a rich wife in another city. He gives himself airs till his old master comes, who, while not betraying the slave, teaches the wife verses whereby to restrain her husband's arrogance.) 126. ASILAKKHANA-JATAKA (Effects of two sneezes. One lost a sword-tester his nose, whilst the other won a princess for her lover.) 127. KALANDUKA-JATAKA (A slave like the one in No. [\*125] is rebuked for arrogance to his wife by a parrot who knew him at home, The slave is recaptured.) [p. xxiv] PAGE 128. BILARA-JATAKA (A jackal, under guise of saintliness, eats rats belonging to a troop with which he consorts. His treachery is discovered and avenged.) 129. AGGIKA-JATAKA (A similar story about rats and a jackal whose hair had all been burnt off except a top-knot which suggested holiness.) 130. KOSIYA-JATAKA (The alternative of the stick or a draught of nauseous filth cures a wife of feigned illness.) 131. ASAMPADANA-JATAKA (A benefactor is repulsed by the man he had befriended. Hearing of this ingratitude, the king gives all the ingrate's wealth to the benefactor, who refuses to take back more than his own.) 132. PANCAGARU-JATAKA (Like No. [\*96]. The king is thankful to have passed through great perils to great dominion.) 133. GHATASANA-JATAKA (Because the waters of his lake were befouled by birds roosting in an overhanging tree, a Naga darts flames among the boughs. The wise birds fly away; the foolish stay and are killed.) 134. JHANASODHANA-JATAKA (Like No. [\*99].) 135. CANDABHA-JATAKA (Like No. [\*99].) 136. SUVANNAHAMSA-JATAKA (The father of a family dies, leaving his family destitute. Being reborn a bird with golden plumage, and discovering the condition of his family, the father gives them a feather at a time to sell. The widow in her greed plucks all his feathers

out, only to find that they are gold no more.) 137. BABBU-JATAKA (A mouse caught by successive cats buys them off by daily rations of meat. In the end, the mouse, ensconced in crystal, defies the cats, who dash themselves to pieces against the unseen crystal.) 138. GODHA-JATAKA (A hermit tries in vain to catch a lizard to eat.) [p. xxv] PAGE 139. UBHATOBHATTHA-JATAKA (A fisherman, having hooked a snag, and thinking it a monster fish, wishes to keep it all to himself. How he lost his clothes and his eyes, and how his wife was beaten and fined.) 140. KAKA-JATAKA (A wanton crow having befouled the king's chaplain, the latter prescribes crows' fat for the burns of the king's elephants. The leader of the crows explains to the king that crows have no fat and that revenge alone prompted the chaplain's prescription.) 141. GODHA-JATAKA (A chameleon betrays a tribe of iguanas to a hunter.) 142. SIGALA-JATAKA (In order to catch a jackal, a man pretends to be dead. To try him, the jackal tugs at the man's stick and finds his grip tighten.) 143. VIROCANA-JATAKA (A jackal, after attending a lion in the chase, imagines he can kill a quarry as well as the lion. In essaying to kill an elephant, the jackal is killed.) 144. NANGUTTHA-JATAKA (A votary of the God of Fire, having a cow to sacrifice to his deity, finds that robbers have driven it off. If the god, he reflects, cannot look after his own sacrifice, how shall he protect his votary?) 145. RADHA-JATAKA (A brahmin asks two parrots to keep an eye on his wife during his absence. They observe her misconduct and report it to the brahmin, without essaying the hopeless task of restraining her.) 146. KAKA-JATAKA (A hen crow having been drowned in the sea, other crows try to bale the sea out with their beaks.) 147. PUPPHARATTA-JATAKA (In order to have smart holiday attire, a wife makes her husband break into the royal conservatories. Being caught and impaled, he has only the one grief that his wife will not have her flowers to wear.) 148. SIGALA-JATAKA (A jackal eats his way into a dead elephant's carcass and cannot get out.) [p. xxvi] PAGE

149. EKAPANNA-JATAKA (By the analogy of a poisonous seedling, a wicked prince is reformed.) 150. SANJIVA-JATAKA (A youth, who has learnt the charm for restoring the dead to life, tries it on a tiger, with fatal effects to himself.) INDEX OF PROPER NAMES

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

ERRATA.

P. 30, l. 36, read 'He who has trodden...'

P. 113, last l., read Cf. Vol. n. p. 362 (Pali text).

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[p. 1] [j001]

Praised be the Blessed One, the Arahāt, the perfect Buddha.

BOOK I.—EKANIPATA [\*1].

No. 1.

APANNAKA-JATAKA.

[95.] This [\*2] discourse regarding Truth was delivered by the Blessed One, while he was dwelling in the Great Monastery at Jetavana near Savatthi. But who, you ask, was it that led up to this tale?

Well; it was the Treasurer's five hundred friends, disciples of the sophists [\*3].

For, one day Anatha-pindika [\*4] the Treasurer, took his friends the five hundred disciples of other schools, and went

off with them to Jetavana, whither also he had a great store brought of garlands, perfumes, and unguents, together with oil, honey, molasses, cloths, and cloaks. After due salutation to the Blessed One, he made his offering to him of the garlands and the like, and handed over to the Order of the Brethren the medicinal oil and so forth together with the cloths; and, this done, he took his seat on one side eschewing the six faults in

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sitting down. Likewise, those disciples of other schools saluted the Buddha, and took their seats close by the side of Anatha-pindika,—gazing upon the Master's countenance, glorious as the full moon, upon his excellent presence endowed with the signs and marks of Buddhahood and encompassed to a fathom's length with light, and upon the rich glory that marks a Buddha, a glory which issued as it were in paired garlands, pair upon pair.

Then, though in thunderous tones as of a young lion roaring in the Red Valley or as of a storm-cloud in the rainy season, bringing down as it were the Ganges of the Heavens [\*1]. [96] and seeming to weave a chaplet of jewels,—yet in a voice of eightfold perfection, the charm of which ravished the ear, he preached to them the Truth in a discourse full of sweetness and bright with varied beauty.

They, after hearing the Master's discourse, rose up with hearts converted, and with due salutation to the Lord of Knowledge, burst asunder the other doctrines in which they had taken refuge, and betook themselves to the Buddha as their refuge. Thenceforth without ceasing they used to go with Anatha-pindika, carrying in their hands perfumes and garlands and the like, to hear the Truth in the Monastery;

and they abounded in charity, kept the Commandments, and kept the weekly fast-day.

Now the Blessed One went from Savatthi back to Rajagaha again. As soon as the Buddha had gone, they burst asunder their new faith, and returning to the other doctrines as their refuge, reverted to their original state.

After some seven or eight months' stay, the Blessed One came back to Jetavana. Once again too did Anatha-pindika come with those friends of his to the Master, make his salutation and offering of perfumes and the like, and take his seat on one side. And the friends also saluted the Blessed One and took their seats in like manner. Then did Anatha-pindika tell the Blessed One how, when the Buddha had departed on his alms-pilgrimage, his friends had forsaken their refuge for the old doctrines again, and had reverted to their original state.

Opening the lotus of his mouth, as though it were a casket of jewels, scented with scents divine and filled with divers perfumes by virtue of his having ever spoken aright throughout myriad aeons, the Blessed One made his sweet voice come forth, as he enquired:—"Is the report true that you, disciples, have forsaken the Three Refuges [\*2] for the refuge of other doctrines?"

And when they, unable to conceal the fact, had confessed, saying, "It is true, Blessed One," then said the Master, "Disciples, not between the bounds of hell [\*3] below and the highest heaven above, not in all the infinite worlds that stretch right and left, is there the equal, much less the superior, of a Buddha in the excellences which spring from obeying the Commandments and from other virtuous conduct."

Then he declared to them the excellences of the Three Gems as they are revealed in the sacred texts, the following amongst the number,—“Of all creatures, Brethren, whether footless &c., of these the Buddha is the chief”; “Whatsoever riches there be in this or in other worlds &c.”; and “Verily the chief of the faithful &c.” Thence he went on to say:—“No disciples, male or female, who seek refuge in the Three Gems that are endowed with such peerless excellences, are ever reborn into hell and the like states; but, released from all rebirth into states of suffering, they pass to the Realm of Devas and there receive great glory. Therefore, in forsaking such a refuge for that offered by other doctrines, you have gone astray.”

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(And here the following sacred texts should be cited to make it clear that none who, to find release and the supreme good, have sought refuge in the Three Gems, shall be reborn into states of suffering:—

[97] Those who have refuge in the Buddha found,

Shall not pass hence to states of suffering; Straightway,  
when they shall quit their human frame, A Deva-form these  
faithful ones shall fill [\*1]. \_\_\_\_\_

Those who have refuge in the Doctrine found

&c., &c. \_\_\_\_\_

Those who have refuge in the Order found

&c., &c. \_\_\_\_\_

They're manifold the refuges men seek,

—The mountain peak, the forest's solitude,

(and so on down to)

When he this refuge shall have sought and found,

Entire release is his from every pain.) [\*2]

But the Master did not end his teaching to them at this point; for he went on to say:—"Disciples, meditation on the thought of the Buddha, meditation on the thought of the Truth, meditation on the thought of the Brotherhood, this it is that gives Entry to and Fruition of the First, the Second, the Third, and the Fourth Paths to Bliss [\*3]." And when he had preached the Truth to them in these and other ways, he said, "In forsaking such a refuge as this, you have gone astray."

(And here the gift of the several Paths to those who meditate on the thought of the Buddha and so forth, should be made clear by such scriptures as the following:—"One thing there is, Brethren, which, if practised and developed, conduces to utter loathing of the world's vanities, to the cessation of passion, to the end of being, to peace, to insight, to enlightenment, to Nirvana. What is this one thing?—The meditation on the thought of the Buddha.")

When he had thus exhorted the disciples, the Blessed One said,—“So too in times past, disciples, the men who jumped to the fatuous conclusion that what was no refuge was a real refuge, fell a prey to goblins in a demon-haunted wilderness and were utterly destroyed; whilst the men who clave to the absolute and indisputable truth, prospered in the selfsame wilderness.” And when he had said this, he became silent.

Then, rising up from his seat and saluting the Blessed One, the layman Anatha-pindika burst into praises, and with clasped hands raised in reverence to his forehead, spoke thus:—“It is clear to us, Sir, that in these present days these disciples were led by error into forsaking the supreme refuge. But the bygone destruction of those opinionated ones in the demon-haunted wilderness, and the prospering of the men who clave to the truth, are hidden from us and known only to you. [98] May it please the Blessed One, as though causing the full moon to rise in the sky, to make this thing clear to us.”

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Then said the Blessed One:—“It was solely to brush away the world’s difficulties that by the display of the Ten Perfections [\*1] through myriad aeons I won omniscience. Give ear and hearken, as closely as if you were filling a tube of gold with lion’s marrow.”

Having thus excited the Treasurer’s attention, he made clear the thing that re-birth had concealed from them, as though he were releasing the full moon from the upper air, the birthplace of the snows.

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Once on a time in the city of Benares in the Kasi country there was a king named Brahmadata. In those days the Bodhisatta was born into a merchant’s family, and growing up in due course, used to journey about trading with, five hundred carts, travelling now from east to west and now from west to east. There was also at Benares another young merchant, a stupid blockhead, lacking resource.

Now at the time of our story the Bodhisatta had loaded five hundred carts with costly wares of Benares and had got

them all ready to start. And so had the foolish young merchant too. Thought the Bodhisatta, "If this foolish young merchant keeps me company all along, and the thousand carts travel along together, it will be too much for the road; it will be a hard matter to get wood, water, and so forth for the men, or grass for the oxen. Either he or I must go on first." So he sent for the other and laid his view before him, saying, "The two of us can't travel together; would you rather go first or last?" Thought the other, "There will be many advantages if I go on first. I shall have a road which is not yet cut up; my oxen will have the pick of the grass; my men will have the pick of the herbs for curry; the water will be undisturbed; and, lastly, I shall fix my own price for the barter of my goods." Accordingly he replied, "I will go first, my dear sir." [99]

The Bodhisatta, on the other hand, saw many advantages in going last, for he argued thus to himself:—"Those who go first will level the road where it is rough, whilst I shall travel along the road they have already travelled; their oxen will have grazed off the coarse old grass, whilst mine will pasture on the sweet young growth which will spring up in its place; my men will find a fresh growth of sweet herbs for curry where the old ones have been picked; where there is no water, the first caravan will have to dig to supply themselves, and we shall drink at the wells they dug. Haggling over prices is killing work; whereas I, following later, shall barter my wares at the prices they have already fixed." Accordingly, seeing all these advantages, he said to the other, "Then go you first, my dear sir."

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"Very well, I will," said the foolish merchant. And he yoked his carts and set out. Journeying along, he left human habitations behind him and came to the outskirts of the

wilderness. (Now wildernesses are of the five following kinds:—robber wildernesses, wild-beast wildernesses, drought wildernesses, demon wildernesses, and famine wildernesses. The first is when the way is beset by robbers; the second is when the way is beset by lions and other wild beasts; the third is when there is no bathing or water to be got; the fourth is when the road is beset by demons; and the fifth is when no roots or other food are to be found. And in this fivefold category the wilderness in question was both a drought, and a demon, wilderness.) Accordingly this young merchant took great big water-jars on his carts, and filling them with water, set out to cross the sixty leagues of desert which lay before him. Now when he had reached the middle of the wilderness, the goblin who haunted it said to himself, “I will make these men throw away their stock of water, and devour them all when they are faint.” So he [100] framed by his magic power a delightful carriage drawn by pure white young bulls. With a retinue of some ten or twelve goblins bearing bows and quivers, swords and shields, he rode along to meet them like a mighty lord in this carriage, with blue lotuses and white water-lilies wreathed round his head, with wet hair and wet clothes, and with muddy carriage-wheels. His attendants, too, in front and rear of him went along with their hair and clothes wet, with garlands of blue lotuses and white water-lilies on their beads, and with bunches of white lotuses in their hands, chewing the esculent stalks, and dripping with water and mire. Now the leaders of caravans have the following custom: whenever the wind blows in their teeth, they ride on in front in their carriage with their attendants round them, in order to escape the dust; but when the wind blows from behind them, then they ride in like fashion in the rear of the column. And, as on this occasion the wind was blowing against them, the young merchant was riding in front. When the goblin became aware of the merchant’s approach, he drew his carriage aside from the track and greeted him

kindly, asking him whither he was going. The leader of the caravan too caused his carriage to be drawn aside from the track so as to let the carts pass by, whilst he stayed by the way and thus addressed the goblin: "We are just on our way from Benares, sir. But I observe that you have lotuses and water-lilies on your heads and in your hands, and that your people are chewing the esculent stalks, and that you are all muddy and dripping with wet. Pray did it rain while you were on the road, and did you come on pools covered with lotuses and water-lilies?"

Hereon the goblin exclaimed, "What did you say? Why, yonder appears the dark-green streak of the forest, and thence onward there is nothing but water all through the forest. It is always raining there; the

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pools are full; and on every side are lakes covered with lotuses and water-lilies." Then as the line of carts [101] passed by, he asked where they were bound for. "To such and such a place," was the reply. "And what wares have you got in this cart and in this?" "So and so." "And what might you have in this last cart which seems to move as if it were heavily laden?" "Oh, there's water in that." "You did well to carry water with you from the other side. But there is no need for it now, as water is abundant on ahead. So break the jars and throw the water away, that you may travel easier." And he added, "Now continue on your way, as we have stopped too long already." Then he went a little way further on, till he was out of sight, when he made his way back to the goblin-city where he dwelt.

Such was the folly of that foolish merchant that he did the goblin's bidding, and had his jars broken and the water all thrown away,—without saving so much even as would go in

the palm of a man's hand. Then he ordered the carts to drive on. Not a drop of water did they find on. ahead, and thirst exhausted the men. All day long till the sun went down they kept on the march; but at sunset they unyoked their carts and made a laager, tethering the oxen to the wheels. The oxen had no water to drink, and the men none to cook their rice with; and the tired-out band sank to the ground to slumber. But as soon as night fell, the goblins came out from their city, and slew every single one of those men and oxen; and when they had devoured their flesh, leaving only the bare bones, the goblins departed. Thus was the foolish young merchant the sole cause of the destruction of that whole band, whose skeletons were strewn in every conceivable direction, whilst the five hundred carts stood there with their loads untouched.

Now the Bodhisatta allowed some six weeks to pass by after the starting of the foolish young merchant, before he set out. Then he proceeded from the city with his five hundred carts, and in due course came to the outskirts of the wilderness. Here he had his water-jars filled and laid in an ample stock of water; and by beat of drum he had his men assembled in camp [102], and thus addressed them:—"Let not so much as a palmful of water be used without my sanction. There are poison trees in this wilderness; so let no man among you eat any leaf, flower, or fruit which he has not eaten before, without first asking me." With this exhortation to his men, he pushed on into the wilderness with his 500 carts. When he had reached the middle of the wilderness, the goblin made his appearance on the Bodhisatta's path as in the former case. But, as soon as he became aware of the goblin, the Bodhisatta saw through him; for he thought to himself, "There's no water here, in this 'Waterless Desert.' This person with his red eyes and aggressive bearing, casts no shadow. Very likely he has induced the foolish young merchant who

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preceded me, to throw away all his water, and then, waiting till they were worn out, has eaten up the merchant with all his men. But he doesn't know my cleverness and ready wit." Then he shouted to the goblin, "Begone! We're men of business, and do not throw away what water we have got, before we see where more is to come from. But, when we do see more, we may be trusted to throw this water away and lighten our carts."

The goblin rode on a bit further till he was out of sight, and then betook himself back to his home in the demon city. But when the goblin had gone, the Bodhisatta's men said to him, "Sir, we heard from those men that yonder is the dark-green streak of the forest appearing, where they said it was always raining. They had got lotuses on their heads and water-lilies in their hands and were eating the stalks, whilst their clothes and hair were wringing wet, with water streaming off them. Let us throw away our water and get on a bit quicker with lightened carts." On hearing these words, the Bodhisatta ordered a halt and had the men all mustered. "Tell me," said he; "did any-man among you ever hear before today that there was a lake or a pool in this wilderness?" "No, sir," was the answer, "why it's known as 'the Waterless Desert'."

"We have just been told by some people that it is raining just on ahead, in the belt of forest; now how far does a rain-wind carry?" [103] "A league, sir." "And has this rain-wind reached any one man here?" "No, sir." "How far off can you see the crest of a storm-cloud?" "A league, sir." "And has any one man here seen the top of even a single storm-cloud?" "No, sir." "How far off can you see a flash of lightning?" "Four or five leagues, sir." "And has any one man here seen a flash of lightning?" "No, sir." How far off can a

man hear a peal of thunder?" "Two or three leagues, sir."  
"And has any man here heard a peal of thunder?" "No, sir."  
"These are not men but goblins. They will return in the hope of devouring us when we are weak and faint after throwing away our water at their bidding. As the young merchant who went on before us was not a man of resource, most likely he has been fooled into throwing his water away and has been devoured when exhaustion ensued. We may expect to find his five hundred carts standing just as they were loaded for the start; we shall come on them today. Press on with all possible speed, without throwing away a drop of water."

Urging his men forward with these words, he proceeded on his way till he came upon the 500 carts standing just as they had been loaded and the skeletons of the men and oxen lying strewn in every direction. He had his carts unyoked and ranged in a circle so as to form a strong laager; he saw that his men and oxen had their supper early, and that the oxen were made to lie down in the middle with the men round them; and he himself with the leading men of his band stood on guard, sword in hand, through the three watches of the night, waiting for the day to dawn. On the

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morrow at daybreak when he had had his oxen fed and everything needful done, he discarded his own weak carts for stronger ones, and his own common goods for the most costly of the derelict goods. Then he went on to his destination, where he bartered his stock for wares of twice or three times their value, and came back to his own city without losing a single man out of all his company.

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[104] This story ended, the Master said, “Thus it was, layman, that in times past the fatuous came to utter destruction, whilst those who clave to the truth, escaping from the demons’ hands, reached their goal in safety and came back to their homes again.” And when he had thus linked the two stories together, he, as the Buddha, spoke the following stanza for the purposes of this lesson on the Truth:

Then some declared the sole, the peerless truth;

But otherwise the false logicians spake. Let him that ‘s wise from this a lesson take, And firmly grasp the sole, the peerless truth.

[105] Thus did the Blessed One teach this lesson respecting Truth. And he went on to say: “What is called walking by truth, not only bestows the three happy endowments, the six heavens of the realms of sense, and the endowments of the higher Realm of Brahma, but finally is the giver of Arahatship [106]; whilst what is called walking by untruth entails re-birth in the four states of punishment or in the lowest castes of mankind.” Further, the Master went on to expound in sixteen ways the Four Truths [\*1], at the close of which all those five hundred disciples were established in the Fruit of the First Path [\*2].

Having delivered his lesson and his teaching, and having told the two stories and established the connexion linking them together, the Master concluded by identifying the Birth as follows:—“Devadatta was the foolish young merchant. of those days; his followers were the followers of that merchant; the followers of the Buddha were the followers of the wise merchant, who was myself.”

[p. 9]

[Note. See Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society 1847, where Gogerly has given a translation of this Jataka, as also of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 38th, with a brief introduction to the Jataka-book. See also page 108 of Hardy's Manual of Buddhism, and Gogerly in the Ceylon Friend for August 1838. This Jataka is quoted in the Milindapanho, p. 289 of Rhys Davids' translation in Vol. 35 of Sacred Books of the East. There is an Apannaka-Sutta in the Majjhima-Nikaya (No. 60), but it does not appear to be connected with this, the Apannaka-Jataka.]

## Footnotes

^1:1 The canonical text of the Jataka book, which consists exclusively of gathas or stanzas, is divided into 'books,' or nipatas, according to the number of gathas. The present volume contains the 150 stories which illustrate, and form the commentary of, a single gatha in each case, and compose the first book. The later books contain an increasing number of gathas and a decreasing number of stories: e.g. the second book contains 100 two-gatha stories, the third book 50 three-gatha stories, and so on. The total number of the books or nipatas is 22, 21 of which form the text of the five published volumes of the Pali text. The nipatas are subdivided into vaggas, or sets of about 10 stories, named as a rule after their first story. It has not been thought desirable to cumber the translation with these subdivisions.

^1:2 The Introductory Story usually begins by quoting, as a catchword, the first words of the subsequent gatha.

^1:3 Literally 'sectaries'; but usually translated 'heretics,' a term which has come to have too theological a connotation to be applicable to philosophers. The six rivals with whom Gotama had chiefly to compete were Purana Kassapa,

Makkhali Gosala, Ajita Kesa-kambali, Pakudha Kaccayana, Sanjaya Belatthi-putta, and Nigantha Nata-putta (see, e.g., the Samannaphala Sutta in the Digha Nikaya, Vol. 1. p. 47).

^1:4 This is a surname, meaning literally 'feeder of the poor.' His ordinary name was Sudatta. See the account in the Vinaya (Cullavagga, vi. 4, 9) of how he bought from Prince Jeta the latter's grove for as much money as would pave the ground, and how he built thereon the Great Monastery for the Buddha.

^2:1 i.e. the Milky Way.

^2:2 i.e. the Buddha, the Truth he preached, and the Brotherhood he founded. Infra this triad is spoken of its the 'Three Gems.'

^2:3 Strictly speaking Buddhism knows no hells, only purgatories, which—though places of torment—are temporary and educational.

^3:1 The word deva, which I have retained in its Pali form, means an 'angel,' rather than a 'god,' in the godless creed of the Buddhist. See hereon Rhys Davids in his 'Buddhist Suttas,' page 162.

^3:2 Dhammapada, v. 188-192.

^3:3 See note [\*2] on

^4:1 i.e. almsgiving, goodness, renunciation, wisdom, energy, patience, truth, resolution, loving-kindness, and equanimity. (See the Cariya Pitaka, pp. 45-7 of the Pali text edited by Dr Morris for the Pali Text Society); see also Jataka No. [\*35] &c.

^8:1 These four cardinal truths of Buddhism are as follows: —(i) individual existence is pain; (ii) cravings cause the continuance of individual existence; (iii) with the disappearance of cravings, individual existence also would disappear; and (iv) cravings disappear by following the Noble Eightfold Path pointed out by the Buddha. (See hereon Rhys Davids' Hibbert Lecture for 1881.)

^8:2 The normal road to the Buddhist ideal after conversion is divided into four successive stages, called the cattaro magga or 'four paths.' The first of these is that trodden by the sotapanno (one 'who has entered the stream' which flows down to the ocean of Nirvana), who is assured of ultimately reaching his goal but has first to undergo seven more existences none of which can be in a state of suffering; the second path is that trodden by the sakadagami, the disciple whose imperfections have been, so far eradicated that he has only to 'return' to a human-form once more before attaining Nirvana; the third path is that of the anagami, the disciple who will 'not return' to earth, but will attain the goal from a Brahma realm; whilst the fourth and last is Arahatsip, which is Nirvana. Each of these four stages is further subdivided into two sub-stages, the lower called 'the path,' and the higher 'the fruit.' (See Mahaparinibbana Sutta and the commentary thereon of the Sumangala Vilasini'.)

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j002]

No. 2.

VANNUPATHA-JATAKA.

“Untiring, deep they dug.”—This discourse was delivered by the Blessed One whilst he was dwelling at Savatthi.

About whom, you ask?

About a Brother who gave up persevering.

Tradition says that, whilst the Buddha was dwelling at Savatthi, there came to Jetavana a scion of a Savatthi family, who, on hearing a discourse by the Master, realised that Lusts breed suffering, and was admitted to the first stage of the Brotherhood. After five years passed in preparing for admission to full Brotherhood [\*1], when he had learnt two summaries and had trained himself in the methods of Insight, he obtained from the Master a theme for meditation which commended itself to him. Retiring to a forest, he passed there the rainy season; but for all his striving during the three months, he could not develop a glimmer or an inkling of Insight. So the thought came to him, “The Master said there were four types of men, and I must belong to the lowest of all; in this birth, methinks, there is neither Path nor Fruit for me. What good shall I do by living in the forest? Back to the Master I will go, and live my life beholding the glories of the Buddha’s presence and listening to his sweet teachings.” And back again to Jetavana he came.

Now his friends and intimates said, “Sir, it was you who obtained from the Master a theme for meditation and departed to live the solitary life of a sage. Yet here you are back again, going about enjoying fellowship. Can it be that you have won the crown of the Brothers vocation and that you will never know re-birth?” “Sirs, as I won neither Path nor Fruit, I felt myself doomed to futility, and so gave up persevering and came back.” “You have done wrong, Sir, in shewing a faint heart when you had devoted yourself to the

doctrine of the dauntless Master. [107] Come, let us bring you to the Buddha's notice." And they took him with them to the Master.

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When the Master became aware of their coming, he said, "Brethren, you bring with you this Brother against his will. What has he done?"

"Sir, after devoting himself to so absolutely true a doctrine, this Brother has given up persevering in the solitary life of a sage, and is come back."

Then said the Master to him, "Is it true, as they say, that you, Brother, have given up persevering?" "It is true, Blessed One." "But how comes it that, after devoting yourself to such a doctrine, you, Brother, should be the one to show yourself not a man desiring little, contented, solitary, and determined, but a man lacking perseverance? Was it not you who were so stout-hearted in bygone days? Was it not by you single-handed, thanks to your perseverance, that in a sandy desert the men and the oxen belonging to a caravan of five hundred carts got water and were cheered? And how is it that, now, you are giving in?" These words sufficed to give heart to that Brother.

Hearing this talk, the Brethren asked the Blessed One, saying, "Sir, the present faintheartedness of this Brother is clear to us; but hidden from us is the knowledge of how, by the perseverance of this single man, the men and oxen got water in a sandy desert and were cheered. This is known only to you who are omniscient; pray tell us about it."

"Hearken, then, Brethren," said the Blessed One; and, having excited their attention, he made clear the thing that re-birth had concealed from them.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was king in Benares in Kasi the Bodhisatta was born into a trader's family. When he was grown up, he used to travel about trading with 500 carts. On one occasion he came to a sandy wilderness sixty leagues across, the sand of which was so fine that, when grasped, it slipped through the fingers of the closed fist. As soon as the sun got up, it grew as hot as a bed of charcoal-embers and nobody could walk upon it. Accordingly, those traversing it used to take fire-wood, water, oil, rice and so forth on their carts, and only travelled by night. At dawn they used to range their carts in a circle to form a laager, with an awning spread overhead, and after an early meal used to sit in the shade all the day long. When the sun went down, they had their evening meal; and, so soon as the ground became cool, they used to yoke their carts and move forward. Travelling on this desert was like voyaging over the sea; a 'desert-pilot,' as he was called, had to convoy them over by knowledge of the stars [108]. And this was the way in which our merchant was now travelling that wilderness.

When he had only some seven more miles before him, he thought to himself, "To-night will see us out of this sandy wilderness." So, after they had had their supper, he ordered the wood and water to be thrown away, and yoking his carts, set out on the road. In the front cart sat the pilot upon a couch looking up to the stars in the heavens and directing the course thereby. But so long had he been without sleep that he was tired out and fell asleep, with the result that he did not mark that the oxen had turned round and were retracing their steps. All night the oxen kept on their way, but at dawn the pilot woke up, and, observing the disposition of the stars overhead, shouted out, "Turn the carts round!"

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turn the carts round!" And as they turned the carts round and were forming them into line, the day broke. "Why this is where we camped yesterday," cried the people of the caravan. "All our wood and water is gone, and we are lost." So saying, they unyoked their carts and made a laager and spread the awning overhead; then each man flung himself down in despair beneath his own cart. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "If I give in, every single one will perish." So he ranged to and fro while it was still early and cool, until he came on a clump of kusa-grass. "This grass," thought he, "can only have grown up here thanks to the presence of water underneath." So he ordered a spade to be brought and a hole to be dug at that spot. Sixty cubits down they dug, till at that depth the spade struck on a rock, and everybody lost heart. But the Bodhisatta, feeling sure there must be water under that rock, descended into the hole and took his stand upon the rock. Stooping down, he applied his ear to it, and listened. Catching the sound of water flowing beneath, he came out and said to a serving-lad, "My boy, if you give in, we shall all perish. So take heart and courage. Go down into the hole with this iron sledge-hammer, and strike the rock."

Obedient to his master's bidding, [109] the lad, resolute where all others had lost heart, went down and struck the rock. The rock which had dammed the stream, split asunder and fell in. Up rose the water in the hole till it was as high as a palm-tree; and everybody drank and bathed. Then they chopped up their spare axles and yokes and other surplus gear, cooked their rice and ate it, and fed their oxen. And as soon as the sun set, they hoisted a flag by the side of the well and travelled on to their destination. There they bartered away their goods for twice and four times their value. With the proceeds they returned to their own home,

where they lived out their term of life and in the end passed away to fare thereafter according to their deserts. The Bodhisatta too after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away likewise to fare according to his deserts.

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When the Supreme Buddha had delivered this discourse, he, the All-Knowing One himself, uttered this stanza:

Untiring, deep they dug that sandy track

Till, in the trodden way, they water found. So let the sage, in perseverance strong, Flag not nor tire, until his heart find Peace.

[110] This discourse ended, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the fainthearted Brother was established in the highest Fruit of all, which is Arahatsip.

Having told these two stories, the Master established the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying:—“This fainthearted Brother of to-day was in those days the serving-lad who, persevering, broke the rock and gave water to all the people; the Buddha’s followers were the rest of the people of the caravan; and I myself was their leader.”

#### Footnotes

^9:1 The terms pabbajja and upasampada, which denote the two stages of initiation for a Brother of the Buddhist Order, and are comparable with the successive degrees of Bachelor and Master in a Faculty, suggest the successive ordinations of Deacon and Priest. But, as it is misleading to use Christian phraseology in speaking of the Buddhist philosophy, these convenient terms have been eschewed in

the translation. As will be seen from the Vinaya (Mahavagga I. 49-51), fifteen was the normal age for pabbajja and twenty for upasampada, the interval being that of five years mentioned in the text.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[p. 12] [j003]

No. 3.

SERIVANIJA-JATAKA.

“If in this faith.” This lesson too was taught by the Blessed One while at Savatthi, also about a Brother who gave up persevering.

For, when the man was brought by the Brethren exactly as in the foregoing case, the Master said, “You, Brother, who after devoting yourself to this glorious doctrine which bestows Path and Fruit, [111] are giving up persevering, will suffer long, like the hawker of Seri who lost a golden bowl worth a hundred thousand pieces.”

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this to them. The Blessed One made clear a thing concealed from them by re-birth.

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Once on a time in the kingdom of Seri, five aeons ago, the Bodhisatta dealt in pots and pans, and was called ‘the Serivan.’ In the company of another dealer in the same wares, a greedy fellow who was also known as ‘the Serivan,’ he came across the river Telavaha and entered the city of Andhapura. Apportioning the streets between the two of

them, he set about hawking his wares round the streets of his district, and the other did the same in his district.

Now in that city there was a decayed family. Once they had been rich merchants, but by the time of our story they had lost all the sons and brothers and all their wealth. The sole survivors were a girl and her grandmother, and they got their living by working for hire. Nevertheless, they had got in their house the golden bowl out of which in the old days the great merchant, the head of the family, used to eat; but it had been thrown among the pots and pans, and having been long out of use, was grimed over with dirt, so that the two women did not know that it was gold. To the door of their house came the greedy hawker on his round, crying, "Waterpots to sell! Waterpots to sell!" And the damsel, when she knew he was there, said to her grandmother, "Oh, do buy me a trinket, grandmother."

"We're very poor, dear; what can we offer in exchange for it?" "Why here's this bowl which is no good to us. Let us change that for it."

The old woman had the hawker brought in and seated, and gave him the bowl, saying, "Take this, sir, and be so good as to give your sister something or other in exchange."

The hawker took the bowl in his hand, turned it over, and, suspecting it was gold, scratched a line on the back of it with a needle, whereby he

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knew for certain that it was real gold. Then, thinking that he would get the pot without giving anything whatever for it to the women, he cried, "What's the value of this, pray? Why it isn't worth half a farthing!" [112] And therewithal he threw the bowl on the ground, rose up from his seat, and left the

house. Now, as it had been agreed between the two hawkers that the one might try the streets which the other had already been into, the Bodhisatta came into that same street and appeared at the door of the house, crying, "Waterpots to sell!" Once again the damsel made the same request of her grandmother; and the old woman, replied, "My dear, the first hawker threw our bowl on the ground and flung out of the house. What have we got left to offer now?"

"Oh, but that hawker was a harsh-spoken man, grandmother dear; whilst this one looks a nice man and speaks kindly. Very likely he would take it." "Call him in then." So he came into the house, and they gave him a seat and put the bowl into his hands. Seeing that the bowl was gold, he said, "Mother, this howl is worth a hundred thousand pieces; I haven't its value with me."

"Sir, the first hawker who came here said that it was not worth half a farthing; so he threw it to the ground and went away. It must have been the efficacy of your own goodness which has turned the bowl into gold. Take it; give us something or other for it; and go your way." At the time the Bodhisatta had 500 pieces of money and a stock worth as much more. The whole of this he gave to them, saying, "Let me retain my scales, my bag, and eight pieces of money." And with their consent he took these with him, and departed with all speed to the river-side where he gave his eight coins to the boatman and jumped into the boat. Subsequently that greedy hawker had come back to the house, and had asked them to bring out their bowl, saying he would give them something or other for it. But the old woman flew out at him with these words, "You made out that our golden bowl which is worth a hundred thousand pieces was not worth even a half-farthing. But there came an upright hawker (your master, I take it), who gave us a thousand pieces for it and took the bowl away."

Hereupon he exclaimed, "He has robbed me of a golden bowl worth a full hundred thousand pieces; he has caused me a terrible loss." And intense sorrow came upon him, so that he lost command over himself and became like one distraught. [113] His money and goods he flung away at the door of the house; he threw off his upper and under cloths; and, armed with the beam of his scales as a club, he tracked the Bodhisatta down to the river-side. Finding the latter already crossing, he shouted to the boatman to put back, but the Bodhisatta told him not to do so. As the other stood there gazing and gazing at the retreating Bodhisatta, intense sorrow seized upon him, His heart grew hot; blood gushed from his lips;

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and his heart cracked like the mud at the bottom of a tank, which the sun has dried up. Through the hatred which he had contracted against the Bodhisatta, he perished then and there. (This was the first time Devadatta conceived a grudge against the Bodhisatta.) The Bodhisatta, after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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When the Supreme Buddha had ended this lesson, he, the All-Knowing One himself, uttered this stanza:—

If in this faith you prove remiss, and fail

To win the goal whereto its teachings lead, —Then, like the hawk called 'the Serivan [\*1],’ Full long you’ll rue the prize your folly lost.

After having thus delivered his discourse in such a way as to lead up to Arahathship, the Master expounded the Four

Truths, at the close whereof the fainthearted Brother was established in that highest Fruit of all, which is Arahatship.

And, after telling the two stories, the Master made the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying in conclusion, "In those days Devadatta was the foolish hawker; and I myself was the wise and good hawker."

### Footnotes

^14:1 The scholium here gives the rascal's name as 'Seriva,' not recognising that the gatha-word 'Serivayam' represents the 'sandhi' of Serivo (not Seriva) with ayam, just as dukkhayam on of Vol. I. of the text represents dukkho ayam.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j004]

No. 4.

### CULLAKA-SETTHI-JATAKA.

[114] "With humblest start." This story was told by the Master about the Elder named Little Wayman, while in Jivaka's Mango-grove [\*2] near Rajagaha. And here an account of Little Wayman's birth must be given. Tradition tells us that the daughter of a rich merchant's family in Rajagaha actually stooped to intimacy with a slave. Becoming alarmed lest her misconduct should get known, she said to the slave, "We can't live on here; for if my mother and father come to know of this sin of ours, they will tear us limb from limb. Let us go and live afar off." So with their belongings in their hands they stole together out by

the hardly-opened door, and fled away, they cared not whither, to find a shelter beyond the ken of her family. Then they went and lived together in a certain place, with the result that she conceived. And when her full time was nearly come, she told her husband and said, "If I am taken in labour away from kith and kin, that will be a trouble to both of us. So let us go home." First he

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agreed to start to-day, and then he put it off till the morrow; and so he let the days slip by, till she thought to herself, "This fool is so conscious of his great offence that he dares not go. One's parents are one's best friends; so whether he goes or stays, I must go." So, when he went out, she put all her household matters in order and set off home, telling her next-door neighbour where she was going. Returning home, and not finding his wife, but discovering from the neighbours that she had started off home, he hurried after her and came up with her on the road; and then and there she was taken in labour.

"What's this, my dear?" said he.

"I have given birth to a son, my husband," said she.

Accordingly, as the very thing had now happened which was the only reason for the journey, they both agreed that it was no good going on now, and so turned back again. And as their child had been born by the way, they called him 'Wayman.'

[115] Not long after, she became with child again, and everything fell out as Before. And as this second child too was born by the way, they called him 'Wayman' too, distinguishing the elder as 'Great Wayman' and the younger

as 'Little Wayman: Then, with both their children, they again went back to their own home.

Now, as they were living there, their way-child heard other boys talking of their uncles and grandfathers and grandmothers; so he asked his mother whether he hadn't got relations like the other boys. "Oh yes, my dear," said his mother; "but they don't live here. Your grandfather is a wealthy merchant in the city of Rajagaha, and you have plenty of relations there." "Why don't we go there, mother?" She told the boy the reason why they stayed away; but, as the children kept on speaking about these relations, she said to her husband, "The children are always plaguing me. Are my parents going to eat us at sight? Come, let us shew the children their grandfather's family." "Well, I don't mind taking them there; but I really could not face your parents." "All right;—so long as, some way or other, the children come to see their grandfather's family," said she.

So those two took their children and coming in due course to Rajagaha put up in a public rest-house by the city gate. Then, taking with them the two children, the woman caused their coming to be made known to her parents. The latter, on hearing the message, returned this answer, "True, it is strange to be without children unless one has renounced the world in quest of Arahatship. Still, so great is the guilt of the pair towards us that they may not stand in our sight. Here is a sum of money for them: let them take this and retire to live where they will. But the children they may send here." Then the merchant's daughter took the money so sent her, and despatched the children by the messengers. So the children grew up in their grandfather's house,—Little Wayman being of tender years, while Great Wayman used to go with his grand-father to hear the Buddha preach the Truth. And by constant hearing of the Truth from the

Master's own lips, the lad's heart yearned to renounce the world for the life of a Brother.

"With your permission," said he to his grandfather, "I should like to join the Brotherhood." "What do I hear?" cried the old man. "Why, it would give me greater joy to see you join the Order than to see the whole world join. Become a Brother, if you feel able." And he took him to the Master.

"Well, merchant," said the Master, "have you brought your boy with you?" Yes sir; this is my grandson, who wishes to join your Brotherhood." [116] Then the Master sent for a Mendicant, and told him to admit the lad to the Order; and the Mendicant repeated the Formula of the Perishable Body [\*1] and

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admitted the lad as a novice. When the latter had learned by heart many words of the Buddha, and was old enough, he was admitted a full Brother. He now gave himself up to earnest thought till he won Arahatsip; and as he passed his days in the enjoyment of Insight and the Paths, he thought whether he could not impart the like happiness to Little Wayman. So he went to his grandfather the merchant, and said, "Great merchant, with your consent, I will admit Little Wayman to the Order." "Pray do so, reverend sir," was the reply.

Then the Elder admitted the lad Little Wayman and established him in the Ten Commandments. But Little Wayman proved a dullard: with four months' study he failed to get by heart this single stanza:—

Lo! like a fragrant lotus at the dawn

Of day, full-blown, with virgin wealth of scent, Behold the  
Buddha's glory shining forth, As in the vaulted heaven  
beams the sun!

For, we are told, in the Buddhahood of Kassapa this Little Wayman, having himself attained to knowledge as a Brother, laughed to scorn a dull Brother who was learning a passage by heart. His scorn so confused his butt, that the latter could not learn or recite the passage. And now, in consequence, on joining the Brotherhood he himself proved a dullard. Each new line he learned drove the last out of his memory; and four months slipped away while he was struggling with this single stanza. Said his elder brother to him, "Wayman, you are not equal to receiving this doctrine. In four whole months you have been unable to learn a single stanza. How then can you hope to crown your vocation with supreme success? Leave the monastery." But, though thus expelled by his brother, Little Wayman was so attached to the Buddha's creed that he did not want to become a layman.

Now at that time Great Wayman was acting as steward. And Jivaka Komarabhacca, going to his mango-grove with a large present of perfumes and flowers for the Master, had presented his offering and listened to a discourse; then, rising from his seat and bowing to the Buddha, he went up to Great Wayman and asked, "How many Brethren are there, reverend sir, with the Master?" "Just 500, sir." "Will you bring the 500 Brethren, with the Buddha at their head, to take their meal at my house to-morrow?" "Lay-disciple, one of them named Little Wayman is a dullard and makes no progress in the Faith," said the Elder; "I accept the invitation for everyone but him."

[117] Hearing this, Little Wayman thought to himself, "In accepting the invitation for all these Brethren, the Elder

carefully accepts so as to exclude me. This proves that my brother's affection for me is dead. What have I to do with this proves? I will become a layman and live in the exercise of charity and other good works of a lay character." And on the morrow early he went forth, avowedly to become a layman again.

Now at the first break of day, as he was surveying the world, the Master became aware of this; and going forth even earlier than Little Wayman, he paced to and fro by the porch on Little Wayman's road. As the latter came out of the house, he observed the Master, and with a salutation went up to him. "Whither away at this hour, Little Wayman?" said the Master.

"My brother has expelled me from the Order, sir; and I am going to wander forth."

"Little Wayman, as it was under me that you took the vows, why did you not, when expelled by your brother, come to me? Conte, what have you to do with a layman's life? You shall stop with me." So saying, he took Little Wayman and seated him at the door of his own perfumed chamber. Then giving him a perfectly clean cloth which he had supernaturally created, the Master said, "Face towards the East, and as you handle this cloth, repeat these words —'Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity.'" Then at the time appointed the Master, attended by the Brotherhood, went to Jivaka's house and sat down on the seat set for him.

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Now Little Wayman, with his gaze fixed on the sun, sat handling the cloth and repeating the words, "Removal of Impurity; Removal of Impurity." And as he kept handling the piece of cloth, it grew soiled. Then he thought, "Just now this

piece of cloth was quite clean; but my personality has destroyed its original state and made it dirty. Impermanent indeed are all compounded things! And even as he realised Death and Decay, he won the Arahat's Illumination. Knowing that Little Wayman's mind had won Illumination, the Master sent forth an apparition and in this semblance of himself appeared before him, as if seated in front of him and saying, "Heed it not, Little Wayman, that this mere piece of cloth has become dirty and stained with impurity; within thee are the impurities of lust and other evil things. Remove them." And the apparition uttered these stanzas:—

Impurity in Lust consists, not dirt;

And Lust we term the real Impurity. Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast, He lives the gospel of the Purified.

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[118] Impurity in Wrath consists, not dirt;

And Wrath we term the real Impurity. Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast, He lives the gospel of the Purified.

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Delusion is Impurity, not dirt;

We term Delusion real Impurity. Yea, Brethren, whoso drives it from his breast, He lives the gospel of the Purified.

At the close of these stanzas Little Wayman attained to Arahatship with the four branches of knowledge [\*1], whereby he straightway came to have knowledge of all the sacred texts. Tradition has it that, in ages past, when he was a king and was making a solemn procession round his city, he wiped the sweat from his brow with a spotless cloth which he was wearing; and the cloth was stained. Thought he, "It is this body of mine which has destroyed the original

purity and whiteness of the cloth, and dirtied it. Impermanent indeed are all composite things.” Thus he grasped the idea of impermanence; and hence it came to pass that it was the removal of impurity which worked his salvation.

Meantime, Jivaka Komarabhacca offered the Water of Donation [\*2]; but the Master put his hand over the vessel, saying, “Are there no Brethren, Jivaka, in the monastery?”

Said Great Wayman, “There are no Brethren there, reverend sir.” “Oh yes, there are, Jivaka,” said the Master. “Hi, there!” said Jivaka to a servant; “just you go and see whether or not there are any Brethren in the monastery.”

At that moment Little Wayman, conscious as he was that his brother was declaring there were no Brethren in the monastery, determined to shew him there were, and so filled the whole mango-grove with nothing but Brothers. Some were making robes, others dyeing, whilst others again were repeating the sacred texts:—each of a thousand Brethren he made unlike all the others. Finding this host of Brethren in the monastery, the man returned and said that the whole mango-grove was full of Brethren.

But as regards the Elder up in the monastery—

Wayman, a thousand-fold self-multiplied,

Sat on, till bidden, in that pleasant grove.

[p. 18]

“Now go back,” said the Master to the man, “and say ‘The Master sends for him whose name is Little Wayman.’”

But when the man went and delivered his message, a thousand mouths answered, "I am Little Wayman! I am Little Wayman!"

Back came the man with the report, "They all say they are 'Little Wayman,' reverend sir."

"Well now go back," said the Master, "and take by the hand the first one of them who says he is Little Wayman, [119] and the others will all vanish." The man did as he was bidden, and straightway the thousand Brethren vanished from sight. The Elder came back with the man.

When the meal was over, the Master said, "Jivaka, take Little Wayman's bowl; he will return thanks." Jivaka did so. Then like a young lion roaring defiance, the Elder ranged the whole of the sacred texts through in his address of thanks. Lastly, the Master rose from his seat and attended by the Order returned to the monastery, and there, after the assignment of tasks by the Brotherhood, he rose from his seat and, standing in the doorway of his perfumed chamber, delivered a Buddha-discourse to the Brotherhood. Ending with a theme which he gave out for meditation, and dismissing the Brotherhood, he retired into his perfumed chamber, and lay down lion-like on his right side to rest.

At even, the orange-robed Brethren assembled together from all sides in the Hall of Truth and sang the Master's praises, even as though they were spreading a curtain of orange cloth round him as they sat.

"Brethren," it was said, "Great Wayman failed to recognise the bent of Little Wayman, and expelled him from the monastery as a dullard who could not even learn a single stanza in four whole months. But the All-Knowing Buddha by his supremacy in the Truth bestowed on him Arahatship with

all its supernatural knowledge, even while a single meal was in progress. And by that knowledge he grasped the whole of the sacred texts. Oh! how great is a Buddha's power!"

Now the Blessed One, knowing full well the talk that was going on in the Hall of Truth, thought it meet to go there. So, rising from his Buddha-couch, he donned his two orange under-cloths, girded himself as with lightning, arrayed himself in his orange-coloured robe, the ample robe of a Buddha, and came forth to the Hall of Truth with the infinite grace of a Buddha, moving with the royal gait of an elephant in the plenitude of his vigour. Ascending the glorious Buddha-throne set in the midst of the resplendent hall, he seated himself upon the middle of the throne emitting those six-coloured rays which mark a Buddha,—like the newly-arisen sun, when from the peaks of the Yugandhara Mountains he illumines the depths of the ocean. Immediately the All-Knowing One came into the Hall, the Brotherhood broke off their talk and were silent. Gazing round on the company with gentle loving-kindness, the Master thought within himself, "This company is perfect! Not a man is guilty of moving hand or foot improperly; not a sound, not a cough or sneeze is to be heard! In their reverence and awe of the majesty and glory of the Buddha, not a man would dare to speak before I did, even if I sat here in silence all my life long. But it is my part to begin; and I will open the conversation." Then in his sweet divine tones he addressed the Brethren and said, [120] "What, pray, is the theme of this conclave? And what was the talk which was broken off?"

"Sir," said they, "it was no profitless theme, but your own praises that we were telling here in conclave."

And when they had told him word for word what they had been saying, the Master said, "Brethren, through me Little

Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith; in times past it was to great things in the way of wealth that he rose,—but equally through me.”

The Brethren asked the Master to explain this; and the Blessed One made clear in these words a thing which succeeding existences had hidden from them:—

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[p. 19]

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares in Kasi, the Bodhisatta was born into the Treasurer’s family, and growing up, was made Treasurer, being called Treasurer Little. A wise and clever man was he, with a keen eye for signs and omens. One day on his way to wait upon the king, he came on a dead mouse lying on the road; and, taking note of the position of the stars at that moment, he said, “Any decent young fellow with his wits about him has only to pick that mouse up, and he might start a business and keep a wife.”

His words were overheard by a young man of good family but reduced circumstances, who said to himself, “That’s a man who has always got a reason for what he says.” And accordingly he picked up the mouse, which he sold for a farthing at a tavern for their cat.

With the farthing he got molasses and took drinking water in a water-pot. Coming on flower-gatherers returning from the forest, he gave each a tiny quantity of the molasses and ladled the water out to them. Each of them gave him a handful of flowers, with the proceeds of which, next day, he came back again to the flower grounds provided with more molasses and a pot of water. That day the flower-gatherers, before they went, gave him flowering plants with half the

flowers left on them; and thus in a little while he obtained eight pennies.

Later, one rainy and windy day, the wind blew down a quantity of rotten branches and boughs and leaves in the king's pleasure, and the gardener did not see how to clear them away. [121] Then up came the young man with an offer to remove the lot, if the wood and leaves might be his. The gardener closed with the offer on the spot. Then this apt pupil of Treasurer Little repaired to the children's playground and in a very little while had got them by bribes of molasses to collect every stick and leaf in the place into a heap at the entrance to the pleasure. Just then the king's potter was on the look out for fuel to fire bowls for the palace, and coming on this heap, took the lot off his hands. The sale of his wood brought in sixteen pennies to this pupil of Treasurer Little, as well as five bowls and other vessels. Having now twenty-four pennies in all, a plan occurred to him. He went to the vicinity of the city-gate with a jar full of water and supplied 500 mowers with water to drink. Said they, "You've done us a good turn, friend. What can we do for you?" "Oh, I'll tell you when I want your aid," said he; and as he went about, he struck up an intimacy with a land-trader and a sea-trader. Said the former to him, "To-morrow there will come to town a horse-dealer with 500 horses to sell." On hearing this piece of news, he said to the mowers, "I want each of you to-day to give me a bundle of grass and not to sell your own grass till mine is sold." "Certainly," said they, and delivered the 500 bundles of grass at his house. Unable to get grass for his horses elsewhere, the dealer purchased our friend's grass for a thousand pieces.

[p. 20]

[paragraph continues] Only a few days later his sea-trading friend brought him news of the arrival of a large ship in port;

and another plan struck him. He hired for eight pence a well appointed carriage which plied for hire by the hour, and went in great style down to the port. Having bought the ship on credit and deposited his signet-ring as security, he had a pavilion pitched hard by and said to his people as he took his seat inside, "When merchants are being shewn in, let them be passed on by three successive ushers into my presence." [122] Hearing that a ship had arrived in port, about a hundred merchants came down to buy the cargo; only to be told that they could not have it as a great merchant had already made a payment on account. So away they all went to the young man; and the footmen duly announced them by three successive ushers, as had been arranged beforehand. Each man of the hundred severally gave him a thousand pieces to buy a share in the ship and then a further thousand each to buy him out altogether. So it was with 200,000 pieces that this pupil of Treasurer Little returned to Benares.

Actuated by a desire to shew his gratitude, he went with one hundred thousand pieces to call on Treasurer Little. "How did you come by all this wealth?" asked the Treasurer. "In four short months, simply by following your advice," replied the young man; and he told him the whole story, starting with the dead mouse. Thought Lord High Treasurer Little, on hearing all this, "I must see that a young fellow of these parts does not fall into anybody else's hands." So he married him to his own grown-up daughter and settled all the family estates on the young man. And at the Treasurer's death, he became Treasurer in that city. And the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[123] His lesson ended, the Supreme Buddha, the All-Knowing One himself, repeated this stanza:

With humblest start and trifling capital

A shrewd and able man will rise to wealth, E'en as his  
breath can nurse a tiny flame.

Also the Blessed One said, "It is through me, Brethren, that Little Wayman has just now risen to great things in the Faith, as in times past to great things in the way of wealth." His lesson thus finished, the Master made the connexion between the two stories he had told and identified the Birth in these concluding words, "Little Wayman was in those days the pupil of Treasurer Little, and I myself Lord High Treasurer Little."

[Note. The 'Introductory Story' occurs in Chapter vi. of Capt. T. Rogers' *Buddhaghosha's Parables*, but the 'Story of the Past' there given is quite different. See Mrs Bode's 'Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation' in the *J. R. A. S.* 1893, p. 556. See also *Dhammapada*, p. 181, and compare Chapter xxxv. of the *Divyavadana*, edited by Cowell and Neil, 1886. The whole *Jataka*, in an abbreviated form, forms the story of 'The Mouse Merchant' at pages 33, 34 of the first volume of Tawney's translation of the *Katha Sarit Sagara*. See also *Kalilah and Dimnah*, Chapter XVIII. (Knatchbull, page 358).]

## Footnotes

^14:2 Jivaka, a prominent lay-follower of the Buddha, was physician to the Magadha King Seniya Bimbisara. See, for his history, the account in the *Vinaya* (*Mahavagga* VIII. 1).

^15:1 Buddhism teaches the impermanence of things, and chief of the trains of thought for realising this doctrine is the meditation on the body and its 32 impurities (see *Sutta Nipata* I. 11, and the [\*12th *Jataka*] *infra*). At the present day every novice in Ceylon, when invested with the yellow robe

of the Order, repeats the verses which enumerate the 32 impurities.

^17:1 These four branches were (i) understanding of the sense of the sacred books, (ii) understanding of their ethical truth, (iii) ability to justify an interpretation grammatically, logically, &c., and (iv) the power of public exposition.

^17:2 When a gift was made, the donor poured water over the hand of the donee. The gift that was here made by Jivaka was the food bestowed on the Brotherhood, as the Milinda-panho explains (p. 118) in its version of this story.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[p. 21] [j005]

No. 5.

TANDULANALI-JATAKA.

“Dost ask how much a peck of rice is worth?”—This was told by the Master, whilst at Jetavana, about the Elder Udayi, called the Dullard.

At that time the reverend Dabba, the Mallian, was manciple to the Brotherhood [\*1]. When in the early morning Dabba was allotting the checks for rice, sometimes it was choice rice and sometimes it was an inferior quality which fell to the share of the Elder Udayi. On days when he received the inferior quality, he used to make a commotion in the check-room, by demanding, “Is Dabba the only one who knows how to give out checks? Don’t we know?” One day when he was making a commotion, they handed him the check-basket, saying, “Here! you give the checks out yourself to-day!” Thenceforth, it was Udayi who gave out the checks to

the Brotherhood. But, in his distribution, he could not tell the best from the inferior rice; nor did he know what seniority [\*2] was entitled to the best rice and what to the inferior. So too, when he was making out the roster, he had not an idea of the seniority of the Brethren thereon. Consequently, when the Brethren took up their places, he made a mark on the ground or on the wall to shew that one detachment stood here, and another there. Next day there were fewer Brethren of one grade and more of another in the check-room; where there were fewer, the mark was too low down; where the number was greater, it was too high up. But Udayi, quite ignorant of detachments, gave out the checks simply according to his old marks.

Hence, the Brethren said to him, "Friend Udayi, the mark is too high up or too low down; the best rice is for those of such and such seniority, and the inferior quality for such and such others." But he put them back with the argument, "If this mark is where it is, what are you standing here for? Why am I to trust you? It's my mark I trust."

Then, the boys and novices [124] thrust him from the check-room, crying, "Friend Udayi the Dullard, when you give out the checks, the Brethren are docked of what they ought to get; you're not fit to give them out; get you gone from here." Hereupon, a great uproar arose in the check-room.

Hearing the noise, the Master asked the Elder Ananda, saying, "Ananda, there is a great uproar in the check-room. What is the noise about?"

The Elder explained it all to the Buddha. "Ananda," said he, "this is not the only time when Udayi by his stupidity has robbed others of their profit; he did just the same thing in bygone times too."

The Elder asked the Blessed One for an explanation, and the Blessed One made clear what had been concealed by re-birth.

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Once on a time Brahmadata was reigning in Benares in Kasi. In those days our Bodhisatta was his valuer. He used to value horses, elephants, and the like; and jewels, gold, and the like; and he used to pay over to the owners of the goods the proper price, as he fixed it.

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But the king was greedy and his greed suggested to him this thought: "This valuer with his style of valuing will soon exhaust all the riches in my house; I must get another valuer." Opening his window and looking out into his courtyard, he espied walking across a stupid, greedy hind in whom he saw a likely candidate for the post. So the king had the man sent for, and asked him whether he could do the work. "Oh yes," said the man; and so, to safeguard the royal treasure, this stupid fellow was appointed valuer. After this the fool, in valuing elephants and horses and the like, used to fix a price dictated by his own fancy, neglecting their true worth; but, as he was valuer, the price was what he said and no other.

At that time there arrived from the north country [\*1] a horse-dealer with 500 horses. The king sent for his new valuer and bade him value the horses. And the price he set on the whole 500 horses was just one measure of rice, which he ordered to be paid over to the dealer, directing the horses to be led off to the stable [125]. Away went the horse-dealer to the old valuer, to whom he told what had happened, and asked what was to be done. "Give him a bribe," said the ex-valuer, "and put this point to him:

‘Knowing as we do that our horses are worth just a single measure of rice, we are curious to learn from you what the precise value of a measure of rice is; could you state its value in the king’s presence?’ If he says he can, then take him before the king; and I too will be there.”

Readily following the Bodhisatta’s advice, the horse-dealer bribed the man and put the question to him. The other, having expressed his ability to value a measure of rice, was promptly taken to the palace, whither also went the Bodhisatta and many other ministers. With due obeisance the horse-dealer said, “Sire, I do not dispute it that the price of 500 horses is a single measure of rice; but I would ask your majesty to question your valuer as to the value of that measure of rice.” Ignorant of what had passed, the king said to the fellow, “Valuer, what are 500 horses worth?” “A measure of rice, sire,” was the reply. “Very good, my friend; if 500 horses then are worth one measure of rice, what is that measure of rice worth?” “It is worth all Benares and its suburbs,” was the fool’s reply.

(Thus we learn that, having first valued the horses at a measure of hill-paddy to please the king, he was bribed by the horse-dealer to estimate that measure of rice at the worth of all Benares and its suburbs. And that though the walls of Benares were twelve leagues round by themselves, while the city and suburbs together were three hundred leagues round!

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[paragraph continues] Yet the fool priced all this vast city and its suburbs at a single measure of rice!)

[126] Hereupon the ministers clapped their hands and laughed merrily. “We used to think,” they said in scorn, “that

the earth and the realm were beyond price; but now we learn that the kingdom of Benares together with its king is only worth a single measure of rice! What talents the valuer has! How has he retained his post so long? But truly the valuer suits our king admirably.”

Then the Bodhisatta repeated this stanza [\*1]:

Dost ask how much a peck of rice is worth?

—Why, all Benares, both within and out. Yet, strange to tell, five hundred horses too Are worth precisely this same peck of rice!

Thus put to open shame, the king sent the fool packing, and gave the Bodhisatta the office again. And when his life closed, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended and the two stories told, the Master made the connexion linking both together, and identified the Birth by saying in conclusion,—“Udayi the Dullard was the stupid rustic valuer of those days, and I myself the wise valuer.”

#### Footnotes

^21:1 See Vinaya, Vol. III. p. 158.

^21:2 Compare Vinaya, Vol. II. p. 167, and commentary thereon (Samanta-pasadika) for the right of seniors, according to the roster, to be served first. The manciple was to call out the roster.

^22:1 In the Ceylon R. A. S. J. 1884, p. 127, it is argued from the indefinite use of *uttara-patha* for all countries north of Benares that the date of writing must be before the 3rd

century B.C., when Buddhistic embassies were sent to Mysore and North Canara and when the Dakshinapatha was familiar.

^23:1 The text of this stanza does not occur in Fausboll's Pali text, but is given by Leon Feer at page 520 of the *Journal Asiatique* for 1876 and is embodied in the 'Corrections and Additions' of Fausboll. That the stanza originally formed part of the Sinhalese recension is shown by the quotation of the opening words as the 'catchword' at the Commencement of the Jataka. See also Dickson in *Ceylon J. R. A. S.* 1884, p. 185.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j006]

No. 6.

DEVADHAMMA-JATAKA.

"Those only 'godlike' call."—This story was told by the Blessed One while at Jetavana, about a wealthy Brother.

Tradition tells us that, on the death of his wife, a squire of Savatthi joined the Brotherhood. When he was joining, he caused to be built for himself a chamber to live in, a room for the fire, and a store-room; and not till he had stocked his store-room with ghee, rice, and the like, did he finally join. Even after he had become a brother, he used to send for his servants and make them cook him what he liked to eat. He was richly provided with the requisites [\*2],—having an entire change of clothing for night and another for day; and he dwelt aloof on the outskirts of the monastery.

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One day when he had taken out his cloths and bedding and had spread them out to dry in his chamber, a number of Brethren from the country, who were on a pilgrimage from monastery to monastery [\*1], came in their journeying to his cell and found all these belongings.

“Whose are these?” they asked. “Mine, sirs,” he replied. “What, sir?” they cried; “this upper-cloth and that as well; this under-cloth as well as that; and that bedding too, is it all yours?” “Yes, nobody’s but mine.” “Sir,” said they, “the Blessed One has only sanctioned three cloths; and yet, though the Buddha, to whose doctrine you have devoted yourself, is so simple in his wants, you forsooth have amassed all this stock of requisites. Come! we must take you before the Lord of Wisdom.” And, so saying, they went off with him to the Master.

Becoming aware of their presence, the Master said, [127] “Wherefore is it, Brethren, that you have brought the Brother against his will?” “Sir, this Brother is well-off and has quite a stock of requisites.” “Is it true, Brother, as they say, that you are so well-off?” “Yes, Blessed One.” “But why, Brother, have you amassed these belongings? Do not I extol the virtues of wanting little, contentment, and so forth, solitude, and determined resolve?”

Angered by the Master’s words, he cried,—“Then I’ll go about like this!” And, flinging off his outer clothing, he stood in their midst clad only in his waist-cloth.

Then, as a moral support to him, the Master said, “Was it not you, Brother, who in bygone days were a seeker after the shamefacedness that fears to sin, and even when you were a water-demon lived for twelve years seeking after that shamefacedness? How then comes it that, after vowing

to follow the weighty doctrine of the Buddha, you have flung off your outer robes and stand here devoid of shame?"

At the Master's word, his sense of shame was restored; he donned his robes again, and, saluting the Master, seated himself at the side.

The Brethren having asked the Blessed One to explain to them the matter he had mentioned, the Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

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Once on a time Brahmadata was reigning in Benares in Kasi. The Bodhisatta, having come to birth in those days as the king's son by the queen, was duly named Prince Mahimsasa. By the time he could run about, a second son was born to the king, and the name they gave this child was Prince Moon; but by the time he could run about, the Bodhisatta's mother died. Then the king took another queen, who was his joy and delight; and their love was crowned with the birth of yet another prince, whom they named Prince Sun. In his joy at the birth of the boy, the king promised to grant her any boon she might ask on the child's behalf. But the queen treasured up the promise to be fulfilled at her own good time hereafter. Later, when her son had grown up, she said to the king, "Sire, when my boy was born, you granted me a boon to ask for him. Let him be king."

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"Nay," said the king; "two sons have I, radiant as flaming fires; I cannot give the kingdom to your son." But when he saw that, undaunted by this refusal, the queen kept plaguing him time after time, to grant her request, [128] the king, fearing lest the woman should plot evil against his

sons, sent for them and said, "My children, when Prince Sun was born, I granted a boon; and now his mother wants the kingdom for him. I have no wish to give him the kingdom; but women are naturally wicked, and she will be plotting evil against you. You had better retire to the forest, to return at my death to rule in the city which belongs by right to our house." So saying, with tears and lamentations, the king kissed his two sons on the head and sent them forth.

As the princes were leaving the palace after their adieux to their father, who should see them but Prince Sun himself, who was playing in the courtyard? And no sooner did he learn what was the matter than he made up his mind to go with his brothers. So he too went off in their company.

The three came to the region of the Himalayas; and here the Bodhisatta, who had turned aside from the road and was sitting at the foot of a tree, said to Prince Sun, "Run down to the pool yonder, Sun dear; drink and bathe there; and then bring us too some water back in a lotus-leaf."

(Now that pool had been delivered over to a certain water-sprite by Vessavana [\*1], who said to him, "With the exception of such as know what is truly god-like, all that go down into this pool are yours to devour. Over those that do not enter the waters, you have no power granted to you." And thenceforth the water-sprite used to ask all who went down into the pool what was truly godlike, devouring everyone who did not know.)

Now it was into this pool that Prince Sun went down, quite unsuspectingly, with the result that he was seized by the water-sprite, who said to him, "Do you know what is truly godlike?" "O yes," said he; "the sun and moon." "You don't know," said the monster, and hauling the prince down into the depths of the water, imprisoned him there in his own

abode. Finding that his brother was a long time gone, the Bodhisatta sent Prince Moon. He too was seized by the water-sprite and asked whether he knew what was truly godlike. "Oh yes, I know," said he; "the four quarters of heaven are." "You don't know," said the water-sprite as he hauled this second victim off to the same prison-house.

Finding that this second brother too tarried long, the Bodhisatta felt sure that something had happened to them. So away he went after them and tracked their footsteps down into the water. [129] Realising at once

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that the pool must be the domain of a water-sprite, he girded on his sword, and took his bow in his hand, and waited. Now when the demon found that the Bodhisatta had no intention of entering the water, he assumed the shape of a forester, and in this guise addressed the Bodhisatta thus: "You're tired with your journey, mate; why don't you go in and have a bathe and a drink, and deck yourself with lotuses? You would travel on comfortably afterwards." Recognising him at once for a demon, the Bodhisatta said, "It is you who have seized my brothers." "Yes, it was," was the reply. "Why?" "Because all who go down into this pool belong to me." "What, all?" "Not those who know what is truly godlike; all save these are mine." "And do you want to know the godlike?" "I do." "If this be so, I will tell you what is truly godlike." "Do so, and I will listen."

"I should like to begin," said the Bodhisatta, "but I am travel-stained with my journey." Then the water-sprite bathed the Bodhisatta, and gave him food to eat and water to drink, decked him with flowers, sprinkled him with scents, and laid out a couch for him in the midst of a gorgeous pavilion. Seating himself on this couch, and making the

water-sprite sit at his feet, the Bodhisatta said, "Listen then and you shall hear what the truly godlike is." And he repeated this stanza:—

Those only 'godlike' call who shrink from sin,

The white-souled tranquil votaries of Good.

[132] And when the demon heard this, he was pleased, and said to the Bodhisatta, "Man of wisdom, I am pleased with you, and give you up one of your brothers. Which shall I bring?" "The youngest." "Man of wisdom, though you know so well what the truly godlike is, you don't act on your knowledge." "How so?" "Why, you take the younger in preference to the elder, without regard to his seniority." "Demon, I not only know but practise the godlike. It was on this boy's account that we sought refuge in the forest; it was for him that his mother asked the kingdom from our father, and our father, refusing to fulfil her demand, consented to our flight to the refuge of the forest. With us came this boy, nor ever thought of turning back again. Not a soul would believe me if I were to give out that he had been devoured by a demon in the forest; and it is the fear of odium that impels me to demand him at your hands."

"Excellent! excellent! O man of wisdom," cried the demon in approval; "you not only know but practise the godlike."

[133] And in token of his pleasure and approval he brought forth the two brothers and gave them both to the Bodhisatta.

Then said the latter to the water-sprite, "Friend, it is in consequence of your own evil deeds in times past that you have now been born a demon subsisting on the flesh and blood of other living creatures; and in this present birth too you are continuing to do evil. This evil conduct

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will for ever bar you from escaping re-birth in hell and the other evil states. Wherefore, from this time forth renounce evil and live virtuously.”

Having worked the demon’s conversion, the Bodhisatta continued to dwell at that spot under his protection, until one day he read in the stars that his father was dead. Then taking the water-sprite with him, he returned to Benares and took possession of the kingdom, making Prince Moon his viceroy and Prince Sun his generalissimo. For the water-sprite he made a home in a pleasant spot and took measures to ensure his being provided with the choicest garlands, flowers, and food. He himself ruled in righteousness until he passed away to fare according to his deeds.

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His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won the Fruit of the First Path. And the All-knowing Buddha, having told the two stories, made the connexion linking the two together, and identified the Birth, by saying, “The well-to-do Brother was the water-demon of those days; Ananda was Prince Sun, Sariputta Prince Moon, and I myself the eldest brother, Prince Mahimsasa.”

[Note. See Fausboll’s Dhammapada, p. 302, and Ten Jatakas, p. 88.]

Footnotes

^23:2 I.e. an alms-bowl, three cloths, a girdle, a razor, a needle and a water-strainer.

^24:1 I take this to be the meaning of senasana-carika, in contradistinction to the ordinary carika in which the destination was uncertain and in which alms were received from the laity.

^25:1 This is another name for Kuvera, the Hindu Plutus, half-brother of Ravana, the demon-king of Ceylon in the Ramayana. As appears from Jataka No. [\*74], Vessavana had rule over Tree-sprites as well as Water-sprites, holding his office from Sakka.

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[j007]

No. 7.

KATTHAHARI-JATAKA.

“Your son am I.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the story of Vasabha-Khattiya, which will be found in the Twelfth Book in the Bhaddasala-jataka [\*1]. Tradition tells us that she was the daughter of Mahanama Sakka by a slave-girl named Nagamunda, and that she afterwards became the consort of the king of Kosala. She conceived a son by the king; but the king, coming to know of her servile origin, degraded her from her rank, and also degraded her son Vidudabha. Mother and son never came outside the palace.

Hearing of this, the Master at early dawn came to the palace attended by five hundred Brethren [134], and, sitting down on the seat prepared for him, said, “Sire, where is Vasabha-Khattiya?”

Then the king told him what had happened.

Sire, whose daughter is Vasabha-Khattiya?" "Mahanama's daughter, sir." "When she came away, to whom did she come as wife?" "To me, sir." "Sire, she is a king's daughter; to a king she is wed; and to a king she bore her

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son. Wherefore is that son not in authority over the realm which owns his father's sway? In bygone days, a monarch who had a son by a casual [\*1] faggot-gatherer gave that son his sovereignty."

The king asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from him by re-birth.

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Once on a time in Benares Brahmadata the king, having gone in great state to his pleasure, was roaming about looking for fruits and flowers when he came on a woman who was merrily singing away as she picked up sticks in the grove. Falling in love at first sight, the king became intimate with her, and the Bodhisatta was conceived then and there. Feeling as heavy within as though weighed down with the bolt of Indra, the woman knew that she would become a mother, and told the king so. He gave her the signet-ring from his finger and dismissed her with these-words:—"If it be a girl, spend this ring on her nurture; but if it be a boy, bring ring and child to me."

When the woman's time was come, she bore the Bodhisatta. And when he could run about and was playing in the playground, a cry would arise, "No-father has hit me!" Hearing this, the Bodhisatta ran away to his mother and asked who his father was.

“You are the son of the King of Benares, my boy.” “What proof of this is there, mother?” “My son, the king on leaving me gave me this signet-ring and said, ‘If it be a girl, spend this ring on her nurture; but if it be a boy, bring ring and child to me.’” “Why then don’t you take me to my father, mother?”

[135] Seeing that the boy’s mind was made up, she took him to the gate of the palace, and bade their coming be announced to the king. Being summoned in, she entered and bowing before his majesty said, “This is your son, sire.”

The king knew well enough that this was the truth, but shame before all his court made him reply, “He is no son of mine.” “But here is your signet-ring, sire; you will recognise that.” “Nor is this my signet-ring.” Then said the woman, “Sire, I have now no witness to prove my words, except to appeal to truth. Wherefore, if you be the father of my child, I pray that he may stay in mid-air; but if not, may he fall to earth and be killed.” So saying, she seized the Bodhisatta by the foot and threw him up into the air.

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Seated cross-legged in mid-air, the Bodhisatta in sweet tones repeated this stanza to his father, declaring the truth:

—

Your son am I, great monarch; rear me, Sire!

The king rears others, but much more his child.

Hearing the Bodhisatta thus teach the truth to him from mid-air, the king stretched out his hands and cried, “Come to me, my boy! None, none but me shall rear and nurture you!” A thousand hands were stretched out to receive the Bodhisatta; [136] but it was into the arms of the king and of

no other that he descended, seating himself in the king's lap. The king made him viceroy, and made his mother queen-consort. At the death of the king his father, he came to the throne by the title of King Katthavahana—the faggot-bearer—, and after ruling his realm righteously, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson to the king of Kosala ended, and his two stories told, the Master made the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying:—“Mahamaya was the mother of those days, King Suddhodana was the father, and I myself King Katthavahana.”

[Note. Cf. Dhammapada, p. 218, Jataka No. 465, and Rogers' Buddhaghosha's Parables, p. 146. See also an endeavour, in the Ceylon R.A.S. Journal, 1884, to trace this Jataka back to the story of Dushyanta and Cakuntala in the Mahabharata and to Kalidasa's drama of the Lost Ring.]

#### Footnotes

^27:1 No. 465.

^28:1 The word *muhuttikaya* means, literally, “momentary,” or perhaps may be translated “with whom he consorted but a little while.” Professor Kunte (Ceylon R. A. S. Journal, 1884, p. 128) sees in the word a reference to the *Muhurta* (*mohotura*) form of marriage, which “obtains among the Mahrathas other than the Brahmanas,” and which he compares with the familiar *Gandharva* form, i.e. (legal) union by mutual consent, on the spur of the moment, without any preliminary formalities.

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[j008]

No. 8.

GAMANI-JATAKA.

“Their heart’s desire.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a Brother who gave up persevering. In this Jataka both the Introductory Story and the Story of the Past will be given in the Eleventh Book in connexion with the Samvara-jataka [\*1];—the incidents are the same both for that Jataka and for this, but the stanzas are different.

Abiding stedfast in the counsels of the Bodhisatta, Prince Gamani, finding himself—though the youngest of a hundred brothers—surrounded by those hundred brothers as a retinue and seated beneath the white canopy of kingship,

[p. 30]

contemplated his glory and thought—“All this glory I owe to my teacher.” And, in his joy, he burst into this heartfelt utterance:—

Their heart’s desire [\*1] they reap, who hurry not;

Know, Gamani, ripe excellence is thine.

[137] Seven or eight days after he had become king, all his brothers departed to their own homes. King Gamani, after ruling his kingdom in righteousness, passed away to fare according to his deserts. The Bodhisatta also passed away to fare according to his deserts.

---

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the faint-hearted Brother won Arahatsip.

Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion linking them both together and identified the Birth.

## Footnotes

^29:1 No. 462.

^30:1 As to the alternative of the gloss (“phalasa ti asaphalam,” i.e. “‘the desire of the fruit’ means ‘the fruit of the desire’”) Professor Kunte (Ceylon R. A. S. J. 1884) says —“the inversion requires a knowledge of metaphysical grammar such as was not cultivated in India before the 6th century A.D. ..The gloss was written about the Brahminical and Jain revival.”

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[j009]

No. 9.

## MAKHADEVA-JATAKA.

“Lo! these grey hairs.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the Great Renunciation, which has already been related in the Nidana-Katha [\*2].

On this occasion the Brethren sat praising the Renunciation of the Lord of Wisdom. Entering the Hall of Truth and seating himself on the Buddha-seat, the Master thus addressed the Brethren:—“What is your theme, Brethren, as you sit here in conclave?”

“It is naught else, sir, than the praise of your own Renunciation.” “Brethren,” rejoined the Master, “not only in

these latter days has the Tathagata [\*3] made a Renunciation; in bygone days too he similarly renounced the world."

The Brethren asked the Blessed One for an explanation of this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

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[p. 31]

Once on a time in Mithila in the realm of Videha there was a king named Makhadeva, who was righteous and ruled righteously. For successive periods of eighty-four thousand years he had respectively amused himself as prince, ruled as viceroy, and reigned as king. All these long years had he lived, when one day he said to his barber,—“Tell me, friend barber, when you see any grey hairs in my head.” So one day, years and years after, [138] the barber did find among the raven locks of the king a single grey hair, and he told the king so. “Pull it out, my friend,” said the king; “and lay it in my palm.” The barber accordingly plucked the hair out with his golden tongs, and laid it in the king’s hand. The king had at that time still eighty-four thousand years more to live; but nevertheless at the sight of that one grey hair he was filled with deep emotion. He seemed to see the King of Death standing over him, or to be cooped within a blazing but of leaves. “Foolish Makhadeva!” he cried; “grey hairs have come upon you before you have been able to rid yourself of depravities.” And as he thought and thought about the appearance of his grey hair, he grew aflame within; the sweat rolled down from his body; whilst his raiment oppressed him and seemed intolerable. “This very day,” thought he, “will I renounce the world for the Brother’s life.”

To his barber he gave the grant of a village, which yielded a hundred thousand pieces of money. He sent for his eldest son and said to him, "My son, grey hairs are come upon me, and I am become old. I have had my fill of human joys, and fain would taste the joys divine; the time for my renunciation has come. Take the sovereignty upon yourself; as for me, I will take up my abode in the pleasaunce called Makhadeva's Mango-grove, and there tread the ascetic's path."

As he was thus bent on leading the Brother's life, his ministers drew near and said, "What is the reason, sire, why you adopt the Brother's life?"

Taking the grey hair in his hand, the king repeated this stanza to his ministers:—

Lo, these grey hairs that on my head appear

Are Death's own messengers that come to rob My life. 'Tis time I turned from worldly things, And in the hermit's path sought saving peace.

[paragraph continues] [139] And after these words, he renounced his sovereignty that self-same day and became a recluse. Dwelling in that very Mango-grove of Makhadeva, he there during eighty-four thousand years fostered the Four Perfect States within himself, and, dying with insight full and unbroken, was reborn in the Realm of Brahma. Passing thence, he became a king again in Mithila, under the name of Nimi, and after uniting his scattered family, once more became a hermit in that same

[p. 32]

[paragraph continues] Mango-grove, winning the Four Perfect States and passing thence once more to the Realm

of Brahma.

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After repeating his statement that he had similarly renounced the world in bygone days, the Master at the end of his lesson preached the Four Truths. Some entered the First Path, some the Second, and some the Third. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion between them and identified the Birth, by saying:—"In those days Ananda was the barber, Rahula the son, and I myself King Makhadeva."

[Note. See Majjhima-Nikaya, Sutta No. 83 of which is entitled the Makhadeva Sutta. According to Leon Feer (J. As. 1876, p. 516) the Bigandet MS. calls this the Devaduta-jataka. Bigandet in his *Life or Legend of Gaudama* (p. 408) gives a version of this Jataka, in which the king is named Minggadewa, and in which the doings of King Nemi (= Nimi above) are given in great detail. See Upham's *Mahavansi*, vol. i. p. 14, and the 'Nemy' Jataka referred to by him as the 544th Jataka. See also *Cariyu-Pitaka*, p. 76, and Plate XLVIII. (2) of the Stupa of Bharhut, where the name is carved Magha-deva, a spelling which is retained in modern Burmese manuscripts of the Majjhima Sutta from which this Jataka was manifestly compiled.]

#### Footnotes

^30:2 See p. 61 et seqq. of Vol. i. of Fausboll's text for this account of how Prince Siddhattha, the future Buddha, renounced the world for the Truth.

^30:3 The meaning of this frequently recurring title of the Buddha is far from clear, and the obscurity is deepened by the elaborate gloss of Buddhaghosa at pp. 59-68 of the *Sumangala-vilasini*, where eight different interpretations are

given. Perhaps the word may mean 'He who has trod the path which the earlier Buddhas trod'; but there is much to be said for the view put forward on p. 82 of Vol. XIII. of the Sacred Books of the East, that the meaning is 'He who has arrived there,' i.e. at emancipation.

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[j010]

No. 10.

SUKHAVIHARI-JATAKA.

[140] "The man who guards not."—This story was told by the Master while in the Anupiya Mango-grove near the town of Anupiya, about the Elder Bhaddiya (the Happy), who joined the Brotherhood in the company of the six young nobles with whom was Upali [\*1]. Of these the Elders Bhaddiya, Kimbila, Bhagu, and Upali attained to Arahatship; the Elder Ananda entered the First Path; the Elder Anuruddha gained all-seeing vision; and Devadatta obtained the power of ecstatic self-abstraction. The story of the six young nobles, up to the events at Anupiya, will be related in the Khandahala-jataka [\*2].

The venerable Bhaddiya, who used in the days of his royalty to guard himself as though he were appointed his own tutelary deity, bethought him of the state of fear in which he then lived when he was being guarded by numerous guards and when he used to toss about even on his royal couch in his private apartments high up in the palace; and with this he compared the absence of fear in which, now that he was an Arahata, he roamed hither and thither in forests and desert places. And at the thought he burst into this heartfelt utterance—"Oh, happiness! Oh, happiness!"

[p. 33]

This the Brethren reported to the Blessed One, saying, “The venerable Bhaddiya is declaring the bliss he has won.”

“Brethren,” said the Blessed One, “this is not the first time that Bhaddiya’s life has been happy; his life was no less happy in bygone days.”

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a wealthy northern brahmin. Realising the evil of lusts and the blessings that flow from renouncing the world, he abjured lusts, and retiring to the Himalayas there became a hermit and won the eight Endowments. His following waxed great, amounting to five hundred ascetics. Once when the rains set in, he quitted the Himalayas and travelling along on an alms-pilgrimage with his attendant ascetics through village and town came at last to Benares, where he took up his abode in the royal pleasure as the pensioner of the king’s bounty. After dwelling here for the four rainy months, he came to the king to take his leave. But the king said to him, “You are old, reverend sir. Wherefore should you go back to the Himalayas? Send your pupils back thither [141] and stop here yourself.”

The Bodhisatta entrusted his five hundred ascetics to the care of his oldest disciple, saying, “Go you with these to the Himalayas; I will stop on here.”

Now that oldest disciple had once been a king, but had given up a mighty kingdom to become a Brother; by the due

performance of the rites appertaining to concentrated thought he had mastered the eight Endowments. As he dwelt with the ascetics in the Himalayas, one day a longing came upon him to see the master, and he said to his fellows, "Live on contentedly here; I will come back as soon as I have paid my respects to the master." So away he went to the master, paid his respects to him, and greeted him lovingly. Then he lay down by the side of his master on a mat which he spread there.

At this point appeared the king, who had come to the pleasaunce to see the ascetic; and with a salutation he took his seat on one side. But though he was aware of the king's presence, that oldest disciple forbore to rise, but still lay there, crying with passionate earnestness, "Oh, happiness! Oh, happiness!"

Displeased that the ascetic, though he had seen him, had not risen, the king said to the Bodhisatta, "Reverend sir, this ascetic must have had his fill to eat, seeing that he continues to lie there so happily, exclaiming with such earnestness."

"Sire," said the Bodhisatta, "of old this ascetic was a king as you are. He is thinking how in the old days when he was a layman and

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lived in regal pomp with many a man-at-arms to guard him, he never knew such happiness as now is his. It is the happiness of the Brother's life, and the happiness that Insight brings, which move him to this heartfelt utterance." And the Bodhisatta further repeated this stanza to teach the king the Truth:—

The man who guards not, nor is guarded, sire,

Lives happy, freed from slavery to lusts.

[paragraph continues] [142] Appeased by the lesson thus taught him, the king made his salutation and returned to his palace. The disciple also took his leave of his master and returned to the Himalayas. But the Bodhisatta continued to dwell on there, and, dying with Insight full and unbroken, was re-born in the Realm of Brahma.

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His lesson ended, and the two stories told, the Master shewed the connexion linking them both together, and identified the Birth by saying,—“The Elder Bhaddiya was the disciple of those days, and I myself the master of the company of ascetics.”

[Note. For the Introductory Story compare Cullavagga, VII. I. 5—.]

#### Footnotes

^32:1 Cf. Oldenberg’s Vinaya, Vol. in pp. 180-4 (translated at p. 232 of Vol. XX. of the Sacred Books of the East), for an account of the conversion of the six Sakyan princes and the barber Upali.

^32:2 No. 534 in Westergaard’s list; not yet edited by Fausboll.

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[j011]

No. 11.

LAKKHANA-JATAKA.

“The upright man.”—This story was told by the Master in the Bamboo-grove near Rajagaha about Devadatta. The story of Devadatta [\*1] will be related, up to the date of the Abhimara-employment, in the Khandahala-jataka [\*2]; up to the date of his dismissal from the office of Treasurer, in the Cullahamsa-jataka [\*3]; and, up to the date of his being swallowed up by the earth, in the Sixteenth Book in the Samudda-vanija-jataka [\*4].

For, on the occasion now in question, Devadatta, through failing to carry the Five Points which he had pressed for, had made a schism in the Brotherhood and had gone off with five hundred Brethren to dwell at Gaya-sisa. Now, these Brethren came to a riper knowledge; and the Master, knowing this, called the

[p. 35]

two chief disciples [\*1] and said, “Sariputta, your five hundred pupils who were perverted by Devadatta’s teaching and went off with him, have now come to a riper knowledge. Go thither with a number of the Brethren, preach the Truth to them, enlighten these wanderers respecting the Paths and the Fruits, and bring them back with you.”

They went thither, preached the Truth, enlightened them respecting the Paths and the Fruits, and next day [143] at dawn came back again with those Brethren to the Bamboo-grove. And whilst Sariputta was standing there after saluting the Blessed One on his return, the Brethren spoke thus to him in praise of the Elder Sariputta, “Sir, very bright was the glory of our elder brother, the Captain of the Truth, as he returned with a following of five hundred Brethren; whereas Devadatta has lost all his following.”

“This is not the only time, Brethren, when glory has been Sariputta’s on his return with a following of his kinsfolk; like glory was his too in bygone days. So too this is not the only time when Devadatta has lost his following; he lost it also in bygone days.”

The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this to them. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed by re-birth.

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Once on a time in the city of Rajagaha in the kingdom of Magadha there ruled a certain king of Magadha, in whose days the Bodhisatta came to life as a stag. Growing up, he dwelt in the forest as the leader of a herd of a thousand deer. He had two young ones named Luckie and Blackie. When he grew old, he handed his charge over to his two sons, placing five hundred deer under the care of each of them. And so now these two young stags were in charge of the herd.

Towards harvest-time in Magadha, when the crops stand thick in the fields, it is dangerous for the deer in the forests round. Anxious to kill the creatures that devour their crops, the peasants dig pitfalls, fix stakes, set stone-traps, and plant snares and other gins; so that many deer are slain.

Accordingly, when the Bodhisatta marked that it was crop-time, he sent for his two sons and said to them, “My children, it is now the time when crops stand thick in the fields, and many deer meet their death at this season. We who are old will make shift to stay in one spot; but you will retire each with your herd to the mountainous tracts in the forest and come back when the crops have been carried.” “Very good,” said his two sons, and departed with their herds, as their father bade.

Now the men who live along the route, know quite well the times at which deer take to the hills and return thence. And [144] lying in wait in hiding-places here and there along the route, they shoot and kill numbers of them. The dullard Blackie, ignorant of the times to travel and the

[p. 36]

times to halt, kept his deer on the march early and late, both at dawn and in the gloaming, approaching the very confines of the villages. And the peasants, in ambush or in the open, destroyed numbers of his herd. Having thus by his crass folly worked the destruction of all these, it was with a very few survivors that he reached the forest.

Luckie on the other hand, being wise and astute and full of resource, never so much as approached the confines of a village. He did not travel by day, or even in the dawn or gloaming. Only in the dead of night did he move; and the result was that he reached the forest without losing a single head of his deer.

Four months they stayed in the forest, not leaving the hills till the crops were carried. On the homeward way Blackie by repeating his former folly lost the rest of his herd and returned solitary and alone; whereas Luckie had not lost one of his herd, but had brought back the whole five hundred deer, when he appeared before his parents. As he saw his two sons returning, the Bodhisatta framed this stanza in concert with the herd of deer:—

The upright kindly man bath his reward.

Mark Luckie leading back his troop of kin, While here comes Blackie shorn of all his herd.

[145] Such was the Bodhisatta's welcome to his son; and after living to a good old age, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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At the close of his lesson, when the Master had repeated that Sariputta's glory and Devadatta's loss had both had a parallel in bygone days, he shewed the connexion linking the two stories together and identified the Birth, by saying, "Devadatta was the Blackie of those days; his followers were Blackie's following; Sariputta was the Luckie of those days, and his following the Buddha's followers; Rahula's mother was the mother of those days; and I myself was the father."

[Note. See Dhammapada, p. 146, for the above verse and for a parallel to the Introductory Story of this Jataka.]

#### Footnotes

^34:1 See Cullavagga, VII. 1—et seqq. The "Five Points" of Devadatta are there given (VII. 3. 14) as follows:—"The Brethren shall live all their life long in the forest, subsist solely on doles collected out of doors, dress solely in rags picked out of dust-heaps, dwell under trees and never under a roof, never eat fish or flesh." These five points were all more rigid in their asceticism than the Buddha's rule, and were formulated by Devadatta in order to outbid his cousin and master.

^34:2 Cf. , note .

^34:3 No. 533.

^34:4 No. 466.

^35:1 The two chief disciples, of whom only one is named in the text, were Sariputta (surnamed 'the Captain of the Faith') and Moggallana, two Brahmin friends, originally followers of a wandering ascetic, whose conversion to Buddhism is related in the Mahavagga, I. 23—. Unlike this Jataka, the Vinaya account (Cullavagga, VII. 4) of the re-conversion of the backsliders gives a share of the credit to Moggallana.

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[j012]

No. 12.

#### NIGRODHAMIGA-JATAKA.

“Keep only with the Banyan Deer.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the mother of the Elder named Prince Kassapa. The daughter, we learn, of a wealthy merchant of Rajagaha was deeply rooted in goodness and scorned all temporal things; she had reached her final existence, and within her breast, like a lamp in a pitcher, glowed her sure hope of winning

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[paragraph continues] Arahatsip. As soon as she reached knowledge of herself, she took no joy in a worldly life but yearned to renounce the world. With this aim, she said to her mother and father, “My dear parents, my heart takes no joy in a worldly life; fain would I embrace the saving doctrine of the Buddha. Suffer me to take the vows.”

“What, my dear? Ours is a very wealthy family, and you are our only daughter. You cannot take the vows.”

Having failed to win her parents' consent, though she asked them again and again, she thought to herself, "Be it so then; when I am married into another family, I will gain my husband's consent and take the vows." And when, being grown up, she entered another family, she proved a devoted wife and lived a life of goodness and virtue [\*1] in her new home. Now it came to pass that she conceived, though she knew it not.

There was a festival proclaimed in that city, [146] and everybody kept holiday, the city being decked like a city of the gods. But she, even at the height of the festival, neither anointed herself nor put on any finery, going about in her every-day attire. So her husband said to her, "My dear wife, everybody is holiday-making; but you do not put on your bravery."

"My lord and master," she replied, "the body is filled with two-and-thirty component .parts. Wherefore should it be adorned? This bodily frame is not of angelic or archangelic mould; it is not made of gold, jewels, or yellow sandal-wood; it takes not its birth from the womb of lotus-flowers, white or red or blue; it is not filled with any immortal balsam. Nay, it is bred of corruption, and born of mortal parents; the qualities that mark it are the wearing and wasting away, the decay and destruction of the merely transient; it is fated to swell a graveyard, and is devoted to lusts; it is the source of sorrow, and the occasion of lamentation; it is the abode of all diseases, and the repository of the workings of Karma. Foul within,—it is always excreting. Yea, as all the world can see, its end is death, passing to the charnel-house, there to be the dwelling-place of worms [\*2] [147]. What should I achieve, my bridegroom, by tricking out this body? Would not its adornment be like decorating the outside of a close-stool?"

“My dear wife,” rejoined the young merchant, “if you regard this body as so sinful, why don’t you become a Sister?”

“If I am accepted, my husband, I will take the vows this very day.” “Very good,” said he, “I will get you admitted to the Order.” And after he had shewn lavish bounty and hospitality to the Order, he escorted her with a large following to the nunnery and had her admitted a Sister,—but of the following of Devadatta. Great was her joy at the fulfilment of her desire to become a Sister.

As her time drew near, the Sisters, noticing the change in her person, the swelling in her hands and feet and her increased size, said, “Lady, you seem about to become a mother; what does it mean?”

“I cannot tell, ladies; I only know I have led a virtuous life.”

So the Sisters brought her before Devadatta, saying, “Lord, this young gentle-woman, who was admitted a Sister with the reluctant consent of her husband, has now proved to be with child; but whether this dates from before her admission to the Order or not, we cannot say. What are we to do now?”

Not being a Buddha, and not having any charity, love or pity, Devadatta thought thus: “It will be a damaging report to get abroad that one of my Sisters is with child, and that I condone the offence. My course is clear;—I must expel this woman from the Order.” Without any enquiry, starting forward as if to thrust aside a mass of stone, he said, “Away, and expel this woman!”

Receiving this answer, they arose and with reverent salutation withdrew to their own nunnery. But the girl said to those Sisters, “Ladies, Devadatta the Elder is not the Buddha. My vows were taken not under Devadatta, but under

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the Buddha, the Foremost of the world. Rob me not of the vocation I won so hardly; but take me before the Master at Jetavana." So they set out with her for Jetavana, and journeying over the forty-five leagues thither from Rajagaha, came in due course to their destination, where with reverent salutation to the Master, they laid the matter before him.

Thought the Master, "Albeit the child was conceived while she was still of the laity, yet it will give the heretics an occasion to say that the ascetic Gotama [148] has taken a Sister expelled by Devadatta. Therefore, to cut short such talk, this case must be heard in the presence of the king and his court." So on the morrow he sent for Pasenadi king of Kosala, the elder and the younger Anatha-pindika, the lady Visakha the great lay-disciple, and other well-known personages; and in the evening when the four classes of the faithful were all assembled—Brothers, Sisters, and lay-disciples, both male and female—he said to the Elder Upali, "Go, and clear up this matter of the young Sister in the presence of the four classes of my disciples."

"It shall be done, reverend sir," said the Elder, and forth to the assembly he went and there, seating himself in his place, he called up Visakha the lay-disciple in sight of the king, and placed the conduct of the enquiry in her hands, saying, "First ascertain the precise day of the precise month on which this girl joined the Order, Visakha; and thence compute whether she conceived before or since that date." Accordingly the lady had a curtain put up as a screen, behind which she retired with the girl. *Spectatis manibus, pedibus, umbilico, ipso ventre puellae*, the lady found, on comparing the days and months, that the conception had taken place before the girl had become a Sister. This she reported to the Elder, who proclaimed the Sister innocent

before all the assembly. And she, now that her innocence was established, reverently saluted the Order and the Mater, and with the Sisters returned to her own nunnery.

When her time was come, she bore the son strong in spirit, for whom she had prayed at the feet of the Buddha Padumuttara ages ago. One day, when the king was passing by the nunnery, he heard the cry of an infant and asked his courtiers what it meant. They, knowing the facts, told his majesty that the cry came from the child to which the young Sister had given birth. "Sirs," said the king, "the care of children is a clog on Sisters in their religious life; let us take charge of him." So the infant was handed over by the king's command to the ladies of his family, and brought up as a prince. When the day came for him to be named, he was called Kassapa, but was known as Prince Kassapa because he was brought up like a prince.

At the age of seven he was admitted a novice under the Master, and a full Brother when he was old enough. As time went on, he waxed famous among the expounders of the Truth. So the Master gave him precedence, saying, "Brethren, the first in eloquence among my disciples is Prince Kassapa." Afterwards, by virtue of the Vammika Sutta [\*1], he won Arahatsip. So too his mother, the Sister, grew to clear vision and won the Supreme Fruit. Prince Kassapa the Elder shone in the faith of the Buddha [149] even as the full-moon in the mid-heaven. Now one day in the afternoon when the Tathagata on return from his alms-round had addressed the Brethren, he passed into his perfumed chamber. At the close of his address the Brethren spent the daytime either in their night-quarters or in their day-quarters till it was evening, when they assembled in the hall of Truth and spoke as follows: "Brethren, Devadatta, because he was not a Buddha and because he had no charity, love or pity, was nigh being the ruin of the Elder

Prince Kassapa and his reverend mother. But the All-enlightened Buddha, being the Lord of Truth and being perfect in charity, love and pity, has proved their salvation.” And as they sat there telling the praises of the Buddha, he entered the hall with all the grace of a Buddha, and asked, as he took his seat, what they were talking of as they sat together.

“Of your own virtues, sir,” said they, and told him all.

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“This is not the first time, Brethren,” said he, “that the Tathagata has proved the salvation and refuge of these two: he was the same to them in the past also.”

Then, on the Brethren asking him to explain this to them, he revealed what re-birth had hidden from them.

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Once on a time, when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a deer. At his birth he was golden of hue; his eyes were like round jewels; the sheen of his horns was as of silver; his mouth was red as a bunch of scarlet cloth; his four hoofs were as though lacquered; his tail was like the yak’s; and he was as big as a young foal. Attended by five hundred deer, he dwelt in the forest under the name of King Banyan Deer. And hard by him dwelt another deer also with an attendant herd of five hundred deer, who was named Branch Deer, and was as golden of hue as the Bodhisatta.

In those days the king of Benares was passionately fond of hunting, and always had meat at every meal. Every day he mustered the whole of his subjects, townsfolk and countryfolk alike, to the detriment of their business, and went hunting. Thought his people, “This king of ours stops

all our work. Suppose we were [150] to sow food and supply water for the deer in his own pleasure, and, having driven in a number of deer, to bar them in and deliver them over to the king!" So they sowed in the pleasure grass for the deer to eat and supplied water for them to drink, and opened the gate wide. Then they called out the townsfolk and set out into the forest armed with sticks and all manner of weapons to find the deer. They surrounded about a league of forest in order to catch the deer within their circle, and in so doing surrounded the haunt of the Banyan and Branch deer. As soon as they perceived the deer, they proceeded to beat the trees, bushes and ground with their sticks till they drove the herds out of their lairs; then they rattled their swords and spears and bows with so great a din that they drove all the deer into the pleasure, and shut the gate. Then they went to the king and said, "Sire, you put a stop to our work by always going a-hunting; so we have driven deer enough from the forest to fill your pleasure. Henceforth feed on them."

Hereupon the king betook himself to the pleasure, and in looking over the herd saw among them two golden deer, to whom he granted immunity. Sometimes he would go of his own accord and shoot a deer to bring home; sometimes his cook would go and shoot one. At first sight of the bow, the deer would dash off trembling for their lives, but after receiving two or three wounds they grew weary and faint and were slain. The herd of deer told this to the Bodhisatta, who sent for Branch and said, "Friend, the deer are being destroyed in great numbers; and, though they

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cannot escape death, at least let them not be needlessly wounded. Let the deer go to the block [\*1] by turns, one day one from my herd, and next day one from yours,—the deer

on whom the lot falls to go to the place of execution and lie down with its head on the block. In this wise the deer will escape wounding." The other agreed; and thenceforth the deer whose turn it was, used to go [151] and lie down with its neck ready on the block. The cook used to go and carry off only the victim which awaited him.

Now one day the lot fell on a pregnant doe of the herd of Branch, and she went to Branch and said, "Lord, I am with young. When I have brought forth my little one, there will be two of us to take our turn. Order me to be passed over this turn." "No, I cannot make your turn, another's," said he; "you must bear the consequences of your own fortune. Begone!" Finding no favour with him, the doe went on to the Bodhisatta and told him her story. And he answered, "Very well; you go away, and I will see that the turn passes over you." And therewithal he went himself to the place of execution and lay down with his head on the block, Cried the cook on seeing him, "Why here's the king of the deer who was granted immunity! What does this mean?" And off he ran to tell the king. The moment he heard of it, the king mounted his chariot and arrived with a large following. "My friend the king of the deer," he said on beholding the Bodhisatta, "did I not promise you your life? How comes it that you are lying here?"

"Sire, there came to me a doe big with young, who prayed me to let her turn fall on another; and, as I could not pass the doom of one on to another, I, laying down my life for her and taking her doom on myself, have laid me down here. Think not that there is anything behind this, your majesty."

"My lord the golden king of the deer," said the king, "never yet saw I, even among men, one so abounding in charity, love and pity as you. Therefore am I pleased with you. Arise! I spare the lives both of you and of her."

“Though two be spared, what shall the rest do, O king of men?” “I spare their lives too, my lord.” “Sire, only the deer in your pleasure will thus have gained immunity; what shall all the rest do?” “Their lives too I spare, my lord.” “Sire, deer will thus be safe; but what will the rest of four-footed creatures do?” [152]. “I spare their lives too, my lord.” “Sire, four-footed creatures will thus be safe; but what will the flocks of birds do?” “They too shall be spared, my lord.” “Sire, birds will thus be safe; but what will the fishes do, who live in the water?” “I spare their lives also, my lord.”

After thus interceding with the king for the lives of all creatures, the

[p. 41]

Great Being arose, established the king in the Five Commandments, saying, “Walk in righteousness, great king. Walk in righteousness and justice towards parents, children, townsmen, and countryfolk, so that when this earthly body is dissolved, you may enter the bliss of heaven.” Thus, with the grace and charm that marks a Buddha, did he teach the Truth to the king. A few days he tarried in the pleasure for the king’s instruction, and then with his attendant herd he passed into the forest again.

And that doe brought forth a fawn fair as the opening bud of the lotus, who used to play about with the Branch deer. Seeing this his mother said to him, “My child, don’t go about with him, only go about with the herd of the Banyan deer.” And by way of exhortation, she repeated this stanza:

Keep only with the Banyan deer, and shun

The Branch deer’s herd; more welcome far is death, my child, in Banyan’s company, Than e’en the amplest term of life with Branch.

Thenceforth, the deer, now in the enjoyment of immunity, used to eat men's crops, and the men, remembering the immunity granted to them, did not dare to hit the deer or drive them away. So they assembled in the king's courtyard and laid the matter before the king. Said he, "When the Banyan deer won my favour, [153] I promised him a boon. I will forego my kingdom rather than my promise. Begone! Not a man in my kingdom may harm the deer."

But when this came to the ears of the Banyan deer, he called his herd together and said, "Henceforth you shall not eat the crops of others." And having thus forbidden them, he sent a message to the men, saying, "From this day forward, let no husbandman fence his field, but merely indicate it with leaves tied up round it." And so, we hear, began a plan of tying up leaves to indicate the fields; and never was a deer known to trespass on a field so marked. For thus they had been instructed by the Bodhisatta.

Thus did the Bodhisatta exhort the deer of his herd, and thus did he act all his life long, and at the close of a long life passed away with them to fare according to his deserts. The king too abode by the Bodhisatta's teachings, and after a life spent in good works passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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At the close of this lesson, when the Master had repeated that, as now, so in bygone days also he had been the salvation of the pair, he preached the Four Truths. He then shewed the connexion, linking together the two stories he had told, and identified the Birth by saying,—“Devadatta was the Branch Deer of

[p. 42]

those days, and his followers were that deer's herd; the nun was the doe, and Prince Kassapa was her offspring; Ananda was the king; and I myself was King Banyan Deer.”

[Note. This Jataka is referred to in Milindapanho (page 289 of Rhys Davids' translation), and is figured in Plates XXV. (1) and XLIII. (2) of Cunningham's Stupa of Bharhut several illegible words in the copytext—JBH See also Julien's Huen Thsang, ii. 361. For the stanza and the Introductory Story see Dhammapada, pp. 327-330.]

### Footnotes

^37:1 Or, perhaps, “was beautiful.”

^37:2 A long string of repulsive stanzas as to the anatomy of the body is here omitted.

^38:1 The 23rd Sutta of the Majjhima Nikaya.

^40:1 For dhammagandika see Jat. II. 124; III. 41.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j013]

No. 13.

### KANDINA-JATAKA.

“Cursed be the dart of love.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the temptation caused to Brethren by the wives of their mundane life. This will be related in the Indriya-jataka [\*1] in the Eighth Book. Said the Blessed One to the Brother, “Brother, it was because of this very woman that in bygone days you met your death and

were roasted over glowing embers.” The Brethren asked the Blessed One to explain this. The Blessed One made clear what had been concealed from them by re-birth.

[154] (Henceforth we shall omit the words respecting the Brethren’s request for an explanation and the making clear what had been concealed by re-birth; and we shall only say “told this story of the past.” When only this is said, all the rest is to be supplied and repeated as above,—the request, the simile of setting free the moon from the clouds, and the making clear what had been concealed by re-birth.)

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Once on a time in the kingdom of Magadha the king was reigning in Rajagaha, and when the crops were grown the deer were exposed to great perils, so that they retired to the forest. Now a certain mountain-stag of the forest, having become attached to a doe who came from near a village, was moved by his love for her to accompany her when the deer returned home from the forest. Said she, “You, sir, are but a simple stag of the forest, and the neighbourhood of villages is beset with peril and danger.

So don’t come down with us.” But he because of his great love for her would not stay, but came with her.

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When they knew that it was the time for the deer to come down from the hills, the Magadha folk posted themselves in ambush by the road; and a hunter was lying in wait just by the road along which the pair were travelling. Scenting a man, the young doe suspected that a hunter was in ambush, and let the stag go on first, following herself at some distance. With a single arrow the hunter laid the stag low, and the doe seeing him struck was off like the wind.

Then that hunter came forth from his hiding place and skinned the stag and lighting a fire cooked the sweet flesh over the embers. Having eaten and drunk, he took off home the remainder of the bleeding carcass on his carrying-pole to regale his children.

Now in those clays the Bodhisatta was a fairy dwelling in that very grove of trees, and he marked what had come to pass. “‘Twas not father or mother, but passion alone that destroyed this foolish deer [155]. The dawn of passion is bliss, but its end is sorrow and suffering,—the painful loss of hands, and the misery of the five forms of bonds and blows. To cause another’s death is accounted infamy in this world; infamous too is the land which owns a woman’s sway and rule; and infamous are the men who yield themselves to women’s dominion.” And therewithal, while the other fairies of the wood applauded and offered perfumes and flowers and the like in homage, the Bodhisatta wove the three infamies into a single stanza, and made the wood re-echo with his sweet tones as he taught the truth in these lines:

Cursed be the dart of love that works men pain!

Cursed be the land where women rule supreme! And cursed the fool that bows to woman’s sway!

Thus in a single stanza were the three infamies comprised by the Bodhisatta, and the woods re-echoed as he taught the Truth with all the mastery and grace of a Buddha [156].

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His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the love-sick Brother was established in the Fruit of the First Path. Having told the two stories, the Master shewed the connexion linking the two together, and identified the Birth.

(Henceforward, we shall omit the words ‘Having told the two stories,’ and simply say ‘shewed the connexion...;’ the words omitted are to be supplied as before.)

“In those days,” said the Master, “the love-sick Brother was the mountain-stag; his mundane wife was the young doe, and I was myself the fairy who preached the Truth shewing the sin of passion.”

[Note. See page 330 of Benfey’s Panca-Tantra.]

Footnotes

^42:1 No. 423.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[p. 44] [j014]

No. 14.

VATAMIGA-JATAKA.

“There’s nothing worse.” This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder Tissa, called Direct-almsholder the Less. Tradition says that, while the Master was dwelling at the Bamboo-grove near Rajagaha, the scion of a wealthy house, Prince Tissa by name, coming one day to the Bamboo-grove and there hearing a discourse from the Master, wished to join the Brotherhood, but, being refused because his parents would not give their consent, obtained their consent by following Rattha-pala’s [\*1] example and refusing food for seven days, and finally took the vows with the Master.

About a fortnight after admitting this young man, the Master repaired from the Bamboo-grove to Jetavana, where the young nobleman undertook the Thirteen Obligations [\*2] and passed his time in going his round for alms from house to house, omitting none. Under the name of the Elder Tissa Direct-alms the Less, he became as bright and shining a light in Buddhism as the moon in the vault of heaven.

A festival having been proclaimed at this time at Rajagaha, the Elder's mother and father laid in a silver casket the trinkets he used to wear as a layman, and took it to heart, bewailing thus,—“At other festivals our son used to wear this or that bravery as he kept the festival; and he, our only son, has been taken away by the sage Gotama to the town of Savatthi. Where is our son sitting now or standing?” Now a slave-girl who came to the house, noticed the lady of the house weeping, and asked her why she was weeping; and the lady told her all.

“What, madam, was your son fond of?” “Of such and such a thing,” replied the lady. “Well, if you will give me authority in this house, I'll fetch your son back.” “Very good,” said the lady in assent, and gave the girl her expenses and despatched her with a large following, saying, “Go, and manage to fetch my son back.”

So away the girl rode in a palanquin to Savatthi, where she took up her residence in the street which the Elder used to frequent for alms. [157] Surrounding herself with servants of her own, and never allowing the Elder to see his father's people about, she watched the moment when the Elder entered the street and at once bestowed on him an alms of victual and drink. And when she had bound him in the bonds of the craving of taste, she got him eventually to seat himself in the house, till she knew that her gifts of food as

alms had put him in her power. Then she feigned sickness and lay down in an inner chamber.

In the due course of his round for alms at the proper time, the Elder came to the door of her house; and her people took the Elder's bowl and made him sit down in the house.

When he had seated himself, he said, "Where is the lay-sister?" "She's ill, sir; she would be glad to see you."

Bound as he was by the bonds of the craving of taste, he broke his vow and obligation, and went to where the woman was lying.

[p. 45]

Then she told him the reason of her coming, and so wrought on him that, all because of his being hound by the bonds of the craving of taste, she made him forsake the Brotherhood; when he was in her power, she put him in the palanquin and came back with a large following to Rajagaha again.

All this was noised abroad. Sitting in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren discussed the matter, saying, "Sirs, it is reported that a slave-girl has bound in the bonds of the craving of taste, and has carried off, the Elder Tissa the Less, called Direct-alms." Entering the Hall the Master sat down on his jewelled seat, and said, "What, Brethren, is the subject of discussion in this conclave?" They told him the incident.

"Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that, in bondage to the craving of taste, he has fallen into her power; in bygone days too he fell into her power in like manner." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares he had a gardener named Sanjaya. Now there came into the king's pleasure a Wind-antelope, which fled away at the sight of Sanjaya, but the latter let it go without terrifying the timid creature. After several visits the antelope used to roam about in the pleasure. Now the gardener was in the habit of gathering flowers and fruits and taking them day by day to the king. Said the king to him one day, "Have you noticed anything strange, friend gardener, in the pleasure?" "Only, sir, that a Wind-antelope has come about the grounds." "Could you catch it, do you think?" "Oh, yes; if I had a little honey, I'd bring it right into your majesty's palace."

The king ordered the honey to be given to the man and he went off with it to the pleasure, where he first anointed with the honey the grass at the spots frequented by the antelope, [158] and then hid himself. When the antelope came and tasted the honied grass it was so snared by the lust of taste that it would go nowhere else but only to the pleasure. Marking the success of his snare, the gardener began gradually to show himself. The appearance of the man made the antelope take to flight for the first day or two, but growing familiar with the sight of him, it gathered confidence and gradually came to eat grass from the man's hand. He, noting that the creature's confidence had been won, first strewed the path as thick as a carpet with broken boughs; then tying a gourd full of honey on his shoulder and sticking a bunch of grass in his waist-cloth, he kept dropping wisps of the honied grass in front of the antelope till at last he got it right inside the palace. No sooner was the antelope inside than they shut the door. At sight of men the antelope, in fear and trembling for its life, dashed to and fro about the hall; and the king coming down from his chamber above, and seeing the trembling creature, said, "So timid is the Wind-antelope that for a whole week it will not revisit a spot

where it has so much as seen a man; and if it has once been frightened anywhere, it never goes back there again all its life long. Yet,

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ensnared by the lust of taste, this wild thing from the jungle has actually come to a place like this. Truly, my friends, there is nothing viler in the world than this lust of taste.” And he put his teaching into this stanza:—

There’s nothing worse, men say, than taste to snare,

At borne or with one’s friends. Lo! taste it was That unto Sanjaya deliver’d up The jungle-haunting antelope so wild.

And with these words he let the antelope go back to its forest again.

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[159] When the Master had ended his lesson, and had repeated what he had said as to that Brother’s having fallen into that woman’s power in bygone days as well as in the present time, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, “In those days this slave-girl was Sanjaya, Direct-aims the Less was the wind-antelope, and I myself was the King of Benares.”

#### Footnotes

^44:1 See Ratthapala-sutta in the Majjhima-Nikaya (No. 83), translated in the Ceylon R. A. S. Journal, 1847. See also Vinaya, Vol. III. pages 13 and 148.

^44:2 These are meritorious ascetic practices for quelling the passions, of which the third is an undertaking to eat no food except alms received direct from the giver in the

Brother's alms-bowl. Hence "ticket-food" (Jataka [\*No. 5]) was inadmissible.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j015]

No. 15.

KHARADIYA-JATAKA.

"For when a deer."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about an unruly Brother. Tradition says that this Brother was unruly and would not heed admonition. Accordingly, the Master asked him, saying, "Is it true, as they say, that you are unruly and will not heed admonition?"

"It is true, Blessed One," was the reply.

"So too in bygone days," said the Master, "you were unruly and would not heed the admonition of the wise and good,—with the result that you were caught in a gin and met your death." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was in Benares the Bodhisatta was born a deer and dwelt in the forest at the head of a herd of deer. His sister brought her son to him, saying, "Brother, this is your nephew; teach him deer's ruses." And thus she placed her son under the Bodhisatta's care. Said the latter to his nephew, "Come at such and such a time and I will give you a lesson." But the nephew made no appearance at the time appointed. And, as on that day, so on seven days did he skip his lesson and fail to learn the ruses of deer; and at last, as he was roaming about, he was caught in a gin. His mother came and said to the

Bodhisatta, “Brother, was not your nephew taught deer’s ruses?”

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“Take no thought for the unteachable rascal,” said the Bodhisatta; [160] “your son failed to learn the ruses of deer.” And so saying, having lost all desire to advise the scapegrace even in his deadly peril, he repeated this stanza:

For when a deer has twice four hoofs to run

And branching antlers armed with countless tines, And when  
by seven tricks he’s saved himself, I teach him then,  
Kharadiya, no more.

But the hunter killed the self-willed deer that was caught in  
the snare, and departed with its flesh.

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When the Master had ended this lesson in support of what he had said as to the unruliness of the Brother in bygone days as well as in the present, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying “In those days this unruly Brother was the nephew-deer, Uppala-vanna [\*1] was the sister, and I myself the deer who gave the admonition.”

[Note. In the gatha I have translated not the meaningless kalahi of Fausboll’s text, nor the easy variant kalehi, which is substituted in the gloss, but kalahi, the more difficult reading which occurs in some Sinhalese MSS, and which is read by Fausboll in the analogous story No. [\*16]. This reading is also given by Dickson in J. R. A. S. Ceylon, 1884, p. 188, from the Jataka Pela Sanne. If kalehi be read, the translation becomes, “I do not try to teach one who has played truant seven times.” In the J. R. A. S. Ceylon, 1884, p.

125, Kunte says, “I have little doubt that kalahi is the original form of the popular sing-song, and kalehi a mistake for it, and that on this mistake the grammarian compiler has built up his silly little story about the deer who would not go to school.”]

## Footnotes

^47:1 See the interesting Life of this theri in Mrs Bode’s ‘Women Leaders of the Buddhist Reformation’ (J. R. A. S. 1893, pp. 540-552), where it is explained that Uppala-vanna “came by that name because she had a skin like the colour in the heart of the dark-blue lotus.”

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j016]

No. 16.

TIPALLATTHA-MIGA-JATAKA.

“In all three postures.”—This story was told by the Master while dwelling do the Badarika Monastery in Kosambi, about the Elder Rahula whose heart was set on observing the rules of the Brotherhood.

Once when the Master was dwelling in the Aggalava Temple hard by the town of Alavi, many female lay-disciples and Sisters used to flock thither to hear the Truth preached. The preaching was in the daytime, but as time

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wore on, the women did not attend, and there were only Brethren and men disciples present. Then the preaching

took place in the evening; and at the close the Elder Brethren retired each to his own chamber. But the younger ones with the lay-disciples lay down to rest in the Service-hall. When they fell asleep, loud was the snoring and snorting and gnashing of teeth as they lay. [161] After a short slumber some got up, and reported to the Blessed One the impropriety which they had witnessed. Said he, "If a Brother sleeps in the company of Novices, it is a Pacittiya offence (requiring confession and absolution)." And after delivering this precept he went away to Kosambi.

Thereon the Brethren said to the Reverend Rahula, "Sir, the Blessed One has laid down this precept, and now you will please find quarters of your own." Now, before this, the Brethren, out of respect for the father and because of the anxious desire of the son to observe the rules of the Brotherhood, had welcomed the youth as if the place were his;—they had fitted up a little bed for him, and had given him a cloth to make a pillow with. But on the day of our story they would not even give him house-room, so fearful were they of transgressing. The excellent Rahula went neither to the Buddha as being his father, nor to Sariputta, Captain of the Faith, as being his preceptor, nor to the Great Moggallana as being his teacher, nor to the Elder Ananda as being his uncle; but betook himself to the Buddha's jakes and took up his abode there as though in a heavenly mansion. Now in a Buddha's jakes the door is always closely shut: the levelled floor is of perfumed earth; flowers and garlands are festooned round the walls; and all night long a lamp burns there. But it was not this splendour which prompted Rahula to take up his residence here. Nay, it was simply because the Brethren had told him to find quarters for himself, and because he revered instruction and yearned to observe the rules of the Order. Indeed, from time to time the Brethren, to test him, when they saw him coming from quite a distance, used to throw down a hand-

broom or a little dust-sweepings, and then ask who had thrown it down, after Rahula had come in. "Well, Rahula came that way," would be the remark, but never did the future Elder say he knew nothing about it. On the contrary, he used to remove the litter and humbly ask pardon of the Brother, nor go away till he was assured that he was pardoned;—so anxious was he to observe the rules. And it was solely this anxiety which made him take up his dwelling in the jakes.

Now, though day had not yet dawned, the Master halted at the door of the jakes and coughed 'Ahem.' 'Ahem,' responded the Reverend Rahula. "Who is there?" said the Buddha. "It is I, Rahula," was the reply; and out came the young man and bowed low. "Why have you been sleeping here, Rahula?" "Because I had nowhere to go to. Up till now, sir, the Brethren have been very kind to me; but such is their present fear of erring [162] that they won't give me shelter any more. Consequently, I took up my abode here, because I thought it a spot where I should not come into contact with anybody else."

Then thought the Master to himself, "If they treat even Rahula like this, what will they not do to other youths whom they admit to the Order?" And his heart was moved within him for the Truth. So, at an early hour he had the Brethren assembled, and questioned the Captain of the Faith thus, "I suppose you at all events, Sariputta, know where Rahula is now quartered? "

"No, sir, I do not."

"Sariputta, Rahula was living this day in the jakes. Sariputta, if you treat Rahula like this, what will not be your treatment of other youths whom you admit to the Order? Such treatment will not retain those who join us. In future, keep

your Novices in your own quarters for a day or two, and only on the third day let them lodge out, taking care to acquaint yourself with their lodging." With this rider, the Master laid down the precept.

Gathering together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren spoke of the goodness of Rahula. "See, sirs, how anxious was Rahula to observe the rules. When told to find his own lodging, he did not say, 'I am the son of the Buddha; what have you to do with quarters? You turn out!' No; not a single Brother did he oust, but quartered himself in the jakes."

[p. 49]

As they were talking thus, the Master came to the Hall and took his seat on his throne of state, saying, "What is the subject of your talk, Brethren?" "Sir," was the reply, "we were talking of the anxiety of Rahula to keep the rules, nothing else."

Then said the Master, "This anxiety Rahula has shewn not only now, but also in the past, when he had been born an animal." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time a certain king of Magadha was reigning in Rajagaha; and in those days the Bodhisatta, having been born a stag, was living in the forest at the head of a herd of deer. Now his sister brought her son to him, saying, "Brother, teach your nephew here the ruses of deer." "Certainly," said the Bodhisatta; "go away now, my boy, and come back at such and such a time to be taught." Punctually at the time his uncle mentioned, the young stag was there and received instruction in the ruses of deer.

One day as he was ranging the woods he was caught in a snare and uttered the plaintive cry of a captive. Away fled

the herd and told the mother of her son's capture. She came to her brother and asked him whether his nephew had been taught the ruses of deer. "Fear not; [163] your son is not at fault," said the Bodhisatta. "He has learnt thoroughly deer's ruses, and will come back straightway to your great rejoicing." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

In all three postures—on his back or sides

Your son is versed; he's trained to use eight hoofs [\*1], And save at midnight never slakes his thirst; As he lies couched on earth, he lifeless seems, And only with his under-nostril breathes. Six tricks [\*2] my nephew knows to cheat his foes.

[164] Thus did the Bodhisatta console his sister by shewing her how thoroughly her son had mastered the ruses of deer. Meantime the young stag on being caught in the snare did not struggle, but lay down at full length [\*3] on his side, with his legs stretched out taut and rigid. He pawed up the ground round his hoofs so as to shower the grass and earth about; relieved nature; let his head fall; lolled out his tongue; beslavered his body all over; swelled himself out by drawing in the wind; turned up his eyes; breathed only with the lower nostril, holding his breath with the upper one; and made himself generally so rigid and so stiff as to look like a corpse. Even the blue-bottles swarmed round him; and here and there crows settled.

[p. 50]

The hunter came up and smacked the stag on the belly with his hand, remarking, "He must have been caught early this morning; he's going bad already." So saying, the man loosed the stag from his bonds, saying to himself, "I'll cut him up here where he lies, and take the flesh home with me." But as the man guilelessly set to work to gather sticks and

leaves (to make a fire with), the young stag rose to his feet, shook himself, stretched out his neck, and, like a little cloud scudding before a mighty wind, sped swiftly back to his mother.

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After repeating what he had said as to Rahula's having shewn no less anxiety in time past to keep rules than in the present, the Master made the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "Rahula was the young stag of those days, Uppala-vanna his mother, and I the stag his uncle."

[Note. According to Feer (J. As. 1876, p. 516) this Jataka is also called Sikhakama in the Bigandet MS. The substance of the Introductory Story occurs in the Vinaya, Vol. IV. page 16.]

#### Footnotes

^49:1 This the commentator explains as having two hoofs on each foot, referring to the cloven hoof of the deer.

^49:2 I.e. the three mentioned in line 1, and the three mentioned in lines 2, 3, and 5, respectively.

^49:3 See *infra* , l. 10.

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[j017]

No. 17.

MALUTA-JATAKA.

“In light or dark.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about two Brethren who had joined the Brotherhood in their old age. Tradition says [165] that they were living in a forest-dwelling in the Kosala country, and that one was named the Elder Dark and the other the Elder Light. Now one day Light said to Dark, “Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?” “It appears in the dark half of the month.” And one day Dark said to Light, “Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?” “It appears in the light half of the month.”

As the pair of them together could not solve the question, they went to the Master and with due salutation asked, saying, “Sir, at what time does what is called cold appear?”

After the Master had heard what they had to say, he said, “Brethren, in bygone days also, I answered for you this same question; but your previous existences have become confused in your minds [\*1].” And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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[p. 51]

Once on a time at the foot of a certain mountain there were living together in one and the same cave two friends, a lion and a tiger. The Bodhisatta too was living at the foot of the same hill, as a hermit.

Now one day a dispute arose between the two friends about the cold. The tiger said it was cold in the dark half of the month, whilst the lion maintained that it was cold in the light half. As the two of them together could not settle the question, they put it to the Bodhisatta. He repeated this stanza

In light or dark half, whensoever the wind

Doth blow, 'tis cold. For cold is caused by wind. And,  
therefore, I decide you both are right.

Thus did the Bodhisatta make peace between those friends.

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[166] When the Master had ended his lesson in support of what he had said as to his having answered the same question in bygone days, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof both of the Elders won the Fruit of the First Path. The Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, “Dark was the tiger of those days, Light the lion, and I myself the ascetic who answered the question.”

#### Footnotes

^50:1 The compound bhavasamkhepagatatta occurs here and in the next Jataka, and also Vol. i. p. 463 and Vol. ii. p. 137. The meaning of the word appears to be that by re-birth events in previous existences have become jumbled up together so that no distinct memory remains. A Buddha has the power of remembering the whole of his past existences.

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[j018]

No. 18.

MATAKABHATTA-JATAKA.

“If folk but knew.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about Feasts for the Dead. For at this time the folk were putting to death goats, sheep, and other animals, and offering them up as what is called a Feast for the Dead,

for the sake of their departed kinsmen. Finding them thus engaged, the Brethren asked the Master, saying, "Just now, sir, the folk are taking the lives of many living creatures and offering them up as what is called a Feast for the Dead. Can it be, sir, that there is any good in this?"

"No, Brethren" replied the Master; "not even when life is taken with the object of providing a Feast for the Dead, does any good arise therefrom. In bygone days the wise, preaching the Truth from mid-air, and shewing the evil consequences of the practice, made the whole continent renounce it. But now, when their previous existences have become confused in their minds, the practice has sprung up afresh." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, a brahmin, who was versed in the Three Vedas and world-famed as a teacher, being minded to offer a Feast for the Dead, had a goat fetched and said to his

[p. 52]

pupils, "My sons, take this goat down to the river and bathe it; then hang a garland round its neck, give it a pottle of grain to eat, groom it a bit, and bring it back."

"Very good," said they, and down to the river they took the goat, where they bathed and groomed the creature and set it on the bank. The goat, becoming conscious of the deeds of its past lives, was overjoyed at the thought that on this very day it would be freed from all its misery, and laughed aloud like the smashing of a pot. Then at the thought that the brahmin by slaying it would bear the misery which it had borne, the goat felt a great compassion for the brahmin, and wept with a loud voice. "Friend goat," said the young

brahmins [167], “your voice has been loud both in laughter and in weeping; what made you laugh and what made you weep?”

“Ask me your question before your master.”

So with the goat they came to their master and told him of the matter. After hearing their story, the master asked the goat why it laughed and why it wept. Hereupon the animal, recalling its past deeds by its power of remembering its former existences, spoke thus to the brahmin:—“In times past, brahmin, I, like you, was a brahmin versed in the mystic texts of the Vedas, and I, to offer a Feast for the Dead, killed a goat for my offering. All through killing that single goat, I have had my head cut off five hundred times all but one. This is my five hundredth and last birth; and I laughed aloud when I thought that this very day I should be freed from my misery. On the other hand, I wept when I thought how, whilst I, who for killing a goat had been doomed to lose my head five hundred times, was to-day being freed from my misery, you, as a penalty for killing me, would be doomed to lose your head, like me, five hundred times. Thus it was out of compassion for you that I wept.” “Fear not, goat,” said the brahmin; “I will not kill you.” “What is this you say, brahmin?” said the goat. “Whether you kill me or not, I cannot escape death to-day.” “Fear not, goat; I will go about with you to guard you.” “Weak is your protection, brahmin, and strong is the force of my evil-doing.”

Setting the goat at liberty, the brahmin said to his disciples, “Let us not allow anyone to kill this goat;” and, accompanied by the young men, he followed the animal closely about. The moment the goat was set free, it reached out its neck to browse on the leaves of a bush growing near the top of a rock. And that very instant a thunderbolt struck

the rock, rending off a mass which hit the goat on the outstretched neck and tore off its head. And people came crowding round.

[168] In those days the Bodhisatta had been born a Tree-Fairy in that selfsame spot. By his supernatural powers he now seated himself cross-legged in mid-air while all the crowd looked on. Thinking to himself. 'If

[p. 53]

these creatures only knew the fruit of evil-doing, perhaps they would desist from killing,' in his sweet voice he taught them the Truth in this stanza:—

If folk but knew the penalty would be

Birth unto sorrow, living things would cease  
From taking life.  
Stern is the slayer's doom.

Thus did the Great Being preach the Truth, scaring his hearers with the fear of hell; and the people, hearing him, were so terrified at the fear of hell that they left off taking life. And the Bodhisatta after establishing the multitude in the Commandments by preaching the Truth to them, passed away to fare according to his deserts. The people, too, remained steadfast in the teaching of the Bodhisatta and spent their lives in charity and other good works, so that in the end they thronged the City of the Devas.

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His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "In those days I was the Tree-fairy."

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[j019]

No. 19.

AYACITABHATTA-JATAKA.

[169] “Take thought of life hereafter.” This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the offering of a sacrifice under vow to gods. Tradition says that in those days folk when going a journey on business, used to slay living creatures and offer them as a sacrifice to gods, and set out on their way, after making this vow,—“If we come safely back with a profit, we will give you another sacrifice.” And when they did come safely back with a profit, the Idea that this was all due to gods made them slay a number of living creatures and offer them up as a sacrifice to obtain a release from their vow.

When the Brethren became aware of this, they asked the Blessed One, saying, “Can there be any good in this, sir?”

The Blessed One told this story of the past.

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Once on a time in the Kasi country the squire of a certain little village had promised a sacrifice to the Fairy of a banyan-tree which stood at the entrance to the village. Afterwards when he returned, he slew a number

[p. 54]

of creatures and betook himself to the tree to get released from his vow. But the Tree-Fairy, standing in the fork of its tree, repeated this stanza:—

Take thought of life hereafter when you seek

‘Release’; for this release is bondage strict. Not thus the wise and good release themselves; For this, the fool’s release, in bondage ends.

Thenceforth, men refrained from such taking of life, and by walking in righteousness thronged thereafter the city of the Devas.

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His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, “I was the Tree-fairy of those days.”

[Note. Feer mentions a second title, Panavadha-Jataka (J. As. 1876, p. 516).]

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[j020]

No. 20.

NALAPANA-JATAKA.

[170] “I found the footprints.” This story was told by the Master whilst journeying on an alms-pilgrimage through Kosala, when he had come to the village of Nalaka-pana (Cane-drink) and was dwelling at Ketaka-vana near the Pool of Nalaka-pana, about cane-sticks. In those days the Brethren, after bathing in the Pool of Nalaka-pana, made the novices get them cane-sticks for needle-cases [\*1], but, finding them hollow throughout, went to the Master and said, “Sir, we had cane-sticks got in order to provide needle-cases; and from top to bottom they are quite hollow. Now how can that be?”

“Brethren,” said the Master, “such was my ordinance in times gone by.” And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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In past times, we are told, there was a thick forest on this spot. And in the lake here dwelt a water-ogre who used to devour everyone who went down into the water. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as the king of the monkeys, and was as big as the fawn of a red deer; he lived in that forest at the head of a troop of no less than eighty thousand monkeys

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whom he shielded from harm. Thus did he counsel his subjects:—“My friends, in this forest there are trees that are poisonous and lakes that are haunted by ogres. Mind to ask me first before you either eat any fruit which you have not eaten before, or drink of any water where you have not drunk before.” “Certainly,” said they readily.

One day they came to a spot they had never visited before. As, they were searching for water to drink after their day’s wanderings, they came on this lake. But they did not drink; on the contrary they sat down watching for the coming of the Bodhisatta.

When he came up, he said, “Well, my friends, why don’t you drink?”

“We waited for you to come.”

Quite right, my friends,” said the Bodhisatta. Then he made a circuit of the lake, and scrutinized the footprints round, with the result that he found that all the footsteps led down into the water and none came up again. “Without doubt,”

thought he to himself, "this is the haunt of an ogre." So he said to his followers, "You are quite right, my friends, in not drinking of this water; for the lake is haunted by an ogre."

When the water-ogre realised that they were not entering his domain, [171] he assumed the shape of a horrible monster with a blue belly, a white face, and bright-red hands and feet; in this shape he came out from the water, and said, "Why are you seated here? Go down into the lake and drink." But the Bodhisatta said to him, "Are not you the ogre of this water?" "Yes, I am," was the answer. "Do you take as your prey all those who go down into this water?" "Yes, I do; from small birds upwards, I never let anything go which comes down into my water. I will eat the lot of you too." "But we shall not let you eat us." "Just drink the water." "Yes, we will drink the water, and yet not fall into your power." "How do you propose to drink the water, then?" "Ah, you think we shall have to go down into the water to drink; whereas we shall not enter the water at all, but the whole eighty thousand of us will take a cane each and drink therewith from your lake as easily as we could through the hollow stalk of a lotus. And so you will not be able to eat us." And he repeated the latter half of the following stanza (the first half being added by the Master when, as Buddha, he recalled the incident):—

I found the footprints all lead down, none back.

With canes we'll drink; you shall not take my life.

So saying, the Bodhisatta had a cane brought to him. Then, calling to mind the Ten Perfections displayed by him, he recited them in a solemn asseveration [\*1], and blew down the cane. [172] Straightway the cane became

[p. 56]

hollow throughout, without a single knot being left in all its length. In this fashion he had another and another brought and blew down them. (But if this were so, he could never have finished; and accordingly the foregoing sentence must not be understood in this—literal—sense.) Next the Bodhisatta made the tour of the lake, and commanded, saying, “Let all canes growing here become hollow throughout.” Now, thanks to the great virtues of the saving goodness of Bodhisattas, their commands are always fulfilled. And thenceforth every single cane that grew round that lake became hollow throughout.

(In this Kappa, or Era, there are four miracles which endure through the whole Era. What are the four? Well, they are—first, the sign of the hare in the moon [\*1], which will last through the whole Era; secondly, the spot where the fire was put out as told in the Vattaka Jataka [\*2], which shall remain untouched by fire throughout the Era; thirdly, on the site of Ghatikara’s house [\*3] no rain shall ever fall while this Era lasts; and lastly, the canes that grow round this lake shall be hollow throughout during the whole of the Era. Such are the four Era-miracles, as they are called.)

After giving this command, the Bodhisatta seated himself with a cane in his hands. All the other eighty thousand monkeys too seated themselves round the lake, each with a cane in his hands. And at the same moment when the Bodhisatta sucked the water up through his cane, they all drank too in the same manner, as they sat on the bank. This was the way they drank, and not one of them could the water-ogre get; so he went off in a rage to his own habitation. The Bodhisatta, too, with his following went back into the forest.

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When the Master had ended his lesson and had repeated what he had said as to the hollowness of the canes being the result of a former ordinance of his own, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, “Devadatta was the water-ogre of those days; my disciples were the eighty thousand monkeys; and I was the monkey-king, so fertile in resource.”

## Footnotes

^54:1 In the Vinaya, (Cullav. v. 11), the Buddha is made to allow “the use of a needle-case made of bamboo.”

^55:1 Literally “made a truth-act.” If this is done with intention, a miracle instantly follows. Cf. No. [\*35] &c.

^56:1 See Jataka No. 316, and Tawney’s Katha-Sarit-Sagara, Vol. II. p. 66, where a number of passages bearing on this symbol are referred to, and Benfey’s Panca-Tantra, i. 349. See also Cariya-Pitaka, .

^56:2 No. [\*35].

^56:3 See the (unpublished) Ghatikara Sutta (No. 81 of the Majjhima Nikaya), Dhammapada, p. 349, and Milinda-panha, p. 222.

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[p. 57] [j021]

No. 21.

KURUNGA-JATAKA.

[173] “The antelope knows well.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about Devadatta. For once when the Brethren were gathered together in the Hall of Truth, they sat talking reproachfully of Devadatta, saying, “Sirs, with a view to destroy the Buddha Devadatta hired bowmen, hurled down a rock, and let loose the elephant Dhana-palaka; in every way he goes about to slay the Lord of Wisdom [\*1].” Entering and seating himself on the seat prepared for him, the Master asked, saying, “Sirs, what is the theme you are discussing here in conclave?” “Sir,” was the reply, “we were discussing the wickedness of Devadatta, saying that he was always going about to slay you.” Said the Master, “It is not only in these present days, Brethren, that Devadatta goes about seeking to slay me; he went about with the like intent in bygone days also,—but was unable to slay me.” And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as an antelope, and used to live on fruits in his haunts in the forest.

At one period he was subsisting on the fruit of a sepanni-tree. And there was a village hunter, whose method was to build a platform in trees at the foot of which he found the track of deer, and to watch aloft for their coming to eat the fruits of the trees. When the deer came, he brought them down with a javelin, and sold the flesh for a living. This hunter one day marked the tracks of the Bodhisatta at the foot of the tree, and made himself a platform up in the boughs. Having breakfasted early, he went with his javelin into the forest and seated himself on his platform. The Bodhisatta, too, came abroad early to eat the fruit of that tree; but he was not in too great a hurry to approach it. “For,” thought he to himself, “sometimes these platform-

building hunters build themselves platforms in the boughs. Can it be that this cell have happened here?" And he halted some way off to reconnoitre. Finding that the Bodhisatta did not approach, the hunter, still seated aloft on his platform, [174] threw fruit down in front of the antelope. Said the latter to himself, "Here's the fruit coming to meet me; I wonder if there is a hunter up there." So he looked, and looked, till he caught sight of the hunter in the tree; but, feigning not to have seen the man, he shouted, "My worthy tree, hitherto you have been in the habit of letting your fruit fall straight to

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the ground like a pendant creeper; but to-day you have ceased to act like a tree. And therefore, as you have ceased to behave as becomes a tree, I too must change, and look for food beneath another tree." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:

The antelope knows well the fruit you drop.

I like it not; some other tree I'll seek [\*1].

Then the hunter from his platform hurled his javelin at the Bodhisatta, crying, "Begone! I've missed you this time." Wheeling round, the Bodhisatta halted and said, "You may have missed me, my good man; but depend upon it, you have not missed the reward of your conduct, namely, the eight Large and the sixteen Lesser hells and all the five forms of bonds and torture." With these words the antelope bounded off on its way; and the hunter, too, climbed down and went his way.

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When the Master had ended this discourse and had repeated what he had said about Devadatta's going about

to slay him in bygone days also, he showed the connexion and identified the Birth, by saying, “Devadatta was the platform-hunter of those days, and I myself the antelope.”

## Footnotes

^57:1 See Vinaya, Cullavagga, VII. 3, for details of Devadatta’s attempt to kill Gotama. In the Vinaya, the elephant is named Nalagiri.

^58:1 See Dhammapada, pp. 147, 331.

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[j022]

No. 22.

## KUKKURA-JATAKA.

[175] “The dogs that in the royal palace grow.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about acting for the good of kinsfolk, as will be related in the Twelfth Book in the Bhaddasala-jataka [\*2]. It was to drive home that lesson that he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the result of a past act of the Bodhisatta was that he came to life as a dog, and dwelt in a great cemetery at the head of several hundred dogs.

Now one day, the king set out for his pleasaunce in his chariot of state drawn by milk-white horses, and after amusing himself all the day in the grounds came back to the city after sunset. The carriage-harness

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they left in the courtyard, still hitched on to the chariot. In the night it rained and the harness got wet. Moreover, the king's dogs came down from the upper chambers and gnawed the leather work and straps. Next day they told the king, saying, "Sire, dogs have got in through the mouth of the sewer and have gnawed the leather work and straps of your majesty's carriage." Enraged at the dogs, the king said, "Kill every dog you see." Then began a great slaughter of dogs; and the creatures, finding that they were being slain whenever they were seen, repaired to the cemetery to the Bodhisatta. "What is the meaning," asked he, "of your assembling in such numbers?" They said, "The king is so enraged at the report that the leather work and straps of his carriage have been gnawed by dogs within the royal precincts, that he has ordered all dogs to be killed. Dogs are being destroyed wholesale, and great peril has arisen."

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "No dogs from without can get into a place so closely watched; it must be the thoroughbred dogs inside the palace who have done it. At present nothing happens to the real culprits, while the guiltless are being put to death. What if I were to discover the culprits to the king and so save the lives of my kith and kin?" He comforted his kinsfolk by saying, "Have no fear; I will save you. [176] Only wait here till I see the king."

Then, guided by the thoughts of love, and calling to mind the Ten Perfections, he made his way alone and unattended into the city, commanding thus, "Let no hand be lifted to throw stick or stone at me." Accordingly, when he made his appearance, not a man grew angry at the sight of him.

The king meantime, after ordering the dogs' destruction, had taken his seat in the hall of justice. And straight to him

ran the Bodhisatta, leaping under the king's throne. The king's servants tried to get him out; but his majesty stopped them. Taking heart a little, the Bodhisatta came forth from under the throne, and bowing to the king, said, "Is it you who are having the dogs destroyed?" "Yes, it is I." "What is their offence, king of men?" "They have been gnawing the straps and the leather covering my carriage." "Do you know the dogs who actually did the mischief?" "No, I do not." "But, your majesty, if you do not know for certain the real culprits, it is not right to order the destruction of every dog that is seen." "It was because dogs had gnawed the leather of my carriage that I ordered them all to be killed." "Do your people kill all dogs without exception; or are there some dogs who are spared?" "Some are spared,—the thoroughbred dogs of my own palace." "Sire, just now you were saying that you had ordered the universal slaughter of all dogs wherever found, because dogs had gnawed the leather of your carriage; whereas, now, you say that the thoroughbred dogs of your own palace escape death. Therefore you are following

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the four Evil Courses of partiality, dislike, ignorance and fear. Such courses are wrong, and not kinglike. For kings in trying cases should be as unbiassed as the beam of a balance. But in this instance, since the royal dogs go scot-free, whilst poor dogs are killed, this is not the impartial doom of all dogs alike, but only the slaughter of poor dogs," And moreover, the Great Being, lifting up his sweet voice, said, "Sire, it is not justice that you are performing," and he taught the Truth to the king in this stanza:—[177]

The dogs that in the royal palace grow,

The well-bred dogs, so strong and fair of form, Not these, but only we, are doomed to die. Here's no impartial sentence meted out To all alike; 'tis slaughter of the poor.

After listening to the Bodhisatta's words, the king said, "Do you in your wisdom know who it actually was that gnawed the leather of my carriage?" "Yes, sire." "Who was it?" "The thorough-bred dogs that live in your own palace." "How can it be shewn that it was they who gnawed the leather?" "I will prove it to you." "Do so, sage." "Then send for your dogs, and have a little butter-milk and kusa-grass brought in." The king did so.

Then said the Great Being, "Let this grass be mashed up in the butter-milk, and make the dogs drink it."

The king did so;—with the result that each several dog, as he drank, vomited. And they all brought up bits of leather! "Why it is like a judgment of a Perfect Buddha himself," cried the king overjoyed, and he did homage to the Bodhisatta by offering him the royal umbrella. But the Bodhisatta taught the Truth in the ten stanzas on righteousness in the Te-sakuna Jataka [\*1], beginning with the words:—

Walk righteously, great king of princely race.

Then having established the king in the Five Commandments, and having exhorted his majesty to be steadfast, the Bodhisatta handed back to the king the white umbrella of kingship.

At the close of the Great Being's words, [178] the king commanded that the lives of all creatures should be safe from harm. He ordered that all dogs from the Bodhisatta downwards, should have a constant supply of food such as he himself ate; and, abiding by the teachings of the

Bodhisatta, he spent his life long in charity and other good deeds, so that when he died he was re-born in the Deva Heaven. The 'Dog's Teaching' endured for ten thousand years. The Bodhisatta also lived to a ripe old age, and then passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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When the Master had ended this lesson, and had said, "Not only now, Brethren, does the Buddha do what profits his kindred; in former times also he did the like,"—he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying,

"Ananda was the king of those days, the Buddha's followers were the others, and I myself was the dog."

Footnotes

^58:2 No. 465.

^60:1 No. 521.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j023]

No. 23.

BHOJAJANIYA-JATAKA.

"Though prostrate now."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a Brother who gave up persevering. For it was then that the Master addressed that Brother and said, "Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good persevered even amid hostile surroundings, and, even when

they were wounded, still did not give in." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a thoroughbred Sindh horse and was made the king's destrier, surrounded by all pomp and state. He was fed on exquisite three-year old rice, which was always served up to him in a golden dish worth a hundred thousand pieces of money; and the ground of his stall was perfumed with the four odours. Round his stall were hung crimson curtains, while overhead was a canopy studded with stars of gold. On the walls were festooned wreaths and garlands of fragrant flowers; and a lamp fed with scented oil was always burning there.

Now all the kings round coveted the kingdom of Benares. Once seven kings encompassed Benares, and sent a missive to the king, saying, "Either yield up your kingdom to us or give battle." Assembling his ministers, the king of Benares laid the matter before them, and asked them what he was to do. Said they, "You ought not to go out to do battle in person, sire, in the first instance. [179] Despatch such and such a knight out first to fight them; and later on, if he fails, we will decide what to do."

Then the king sent for that knight and said to him, "Can you fight the seven kings, my dear knight?" Said he, "Give me but your noble destrier, and then I could fight not seven kings only, but all the kings in India." "My dear knight, take my destrier or any other horse you please, and do battle." "Very good, my sovereign lord," said the knight; and with a bow he passed down from the upper chambers of the palace. Then he had the noble destrier led out and sheathed in mail, arming himself too cap-a-pie,

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and girding on his sword. Mounted on his noble steed he passed out of the city-gate, and with a lightning charge broke down the first camp, taking one king alive and bringing him back a prisoner to the soldiers' custody. Returning to the field, he broke down the second and the third camps, and so on until he captured alive five kings. The sixth camp he had just broken down, and had captured the sixth king, when his destrier received a wound, which streamed with blood and caused the noble animal sharp pain. Perceiving that the horse was wounded, the knight made it lie down at the king's gate, loosened its mail, and set about arming another horse. As the Bodhisatta lay at full length on his side, he opened his eyes, and gathered what the knight was doing. "My rider," thought he to himself, "is arming another horse. That other horse will never be able to break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king; he will lose all that I have accomplished. This peerless knight will be slain; and the king, too, will fall into the hands of the foe. I alone, and no other horse, can break down that seventh camp and capture the seventh king." So, as he lay there, he called to the knight, and said, "Sir knight, there is no horse but I who can break down the seventh camp and capture the seventh king. I will not throw away what I have already done; only have me set upon my feet and clad again in my armour." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—  
[180]

Though prostrate now, and pierced with darts, I lie,

Yet still no hack can match the destrier. So harness none but me, O charioteer.

The knight had the Bodhisatta set upon his feet, bound up his wound, and armed him again in proof. Mounted on the

destrier, he broke down the seventh camp, and brought back alive the seventh king, whom he handed over to the custody of the soldiers. They led the Bodhisatta too up to the king's gate, and the king came out to look upon him. Then said the Great Being to the king, "Great king, slay not these seven kings; bind them by an oath, and let them go. Let the knight enjoy all the honour due to us both, for it is not right that a warrior who has presented you with seven captive kings should be brought low. And as for yourself, exercise charity, keep the Commandments, and rule your kingdom in righteousness and justice." When the Bodhisatta had thus exhorted the king, they took off his mail; but when they were taking it off piecemeal, he passed away.

The king had the body burned with all respect, and bestowed great honour on the knight, and sent the seven kings to their homes after exacting from each an oath never to war against him any more. And he ruled his kingdom in righteousness and justice, passing away when his life closed to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

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Then the Master said, "Thus, Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good persevered even amid hostile surroundings, and, even when wounded so grievously, still did not give in. Whereas you who have devoted yourself to so saving a doctrine,—how comes it that you give up persevering?" After which, he preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the faint-hearted Brother won Arahatship. His lesson ended, the Master [181] shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "Ananda was the king of those days, Sariputta the knight, and I myself the thorough-bred Sindh horse."

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at  
sacred-texts.com

[j024]

No. 24.

AJANNA-JATAKA.

“No matter when or where.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about another Brother who gave up persevering. But, in this case, he addressed that Brother and said, “Brethren, in bygone days the wise and good still persevered even when wounded.” And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, there were seven kings who encompassed the city, just as in the foregoing story.

So a warrior who fought from a chariot harnessed two Sindh horses (a pair of brothers), and, sallying from the city, broke down six camps and captured six kings. Just at this juncture the elder horse was wounded. On drove the charioteer till he reached the king’s gate, where he took the elder brother out of the chariot, and, after unfastening the horse’s mail as he lay upon one side, set to work to arm another horse. Realising the warrior’s intent, the Bodhisatta had the same thoughts pass through his head as in the foregoing story, and sending for the charioteer, repeated this stanza, as he lay:

No matter when or where, in weal or woe,

The thorough-bred fights on; the hack gives in.

The charioteer had the Bodhisatta set on his feet and harnessed. Then he broke down the seventh camp and took prisoner the seventh king, with whom he drove away [182] to the king's gate, and there took out the noble horse. As he lay upon one side, the Bodhisatta gave the same counsels to the king as in the foregoing story, and then expired. The king had the body burned with all respect, lavished honours on the charioteer, and

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after ruling his kingdom in righteousness passed away to fare thereafter according to his deeds.

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His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths (at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatsip); and identified the Birth by saying, "The Elder Ananda was the king, and the Perfect Buddha was the horse of those days."

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

No. 25.

TITTHA-JATAKA.

"Change thou the spot."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about an ex-goldsmith, who had become a Brother and was co-resident with the Captain of the Faith (Sariputta).

Now, it is only a Buddha who has knowledge of the hearts and can read the thoughts of men; and therefore through lack of this power, the Captain of the Faith had so little knowledge of the heart and thoughts of his co-resident, as to prescribe impurity as the theme for meditation. This was

no good to that Brother. The reason why it was no good to him was that, according to tradition, he had invariably been born, throughout five hundred successive births, as a goldsmith; and, consequently, the cumulative effect of seeing absolutely pure gold for so long a time had made the theme of impurity useless. He spent four months without being able to get so much as the first inkling of the idea. Finding himself unable to confer Arahatsip on his co-resident, the Captain of the Faith thought to himself, "This must certainly be one whom none but a Buddha can .convert; I will take him to the Buddha." So at early dawn he came with the Brother to the Master.

"What can it be, Sariputta," said the Master, "that has brought you here with this Brother?" "Sir, I gave him a theme for meditation, and after four months he has not attained to so much as the first inkling of the idea; so I brought him to you, thinking that here was one whom none but a Buddha can convert." "What meditation, Sariputta, did you prescribe for him?" "The meditation on impurity, Blessed One." "Sariputta, it is not yours to have knowledge of the hearts and to read the thoughts of men. Depart now alone, and in the evening come back to fetch your co-resident."

After thus dismissing the Elder, the Master had that Brother clad in a nice under-cloth and a robe, kept him constantly at his side when he went into town for alms, and saw that he received choice food of all kinds. Returning to the Monastery once more, surrounded by the Brethren, the Master retired during the daytime [183] to his perfumed chamber, and at evening, as he walked about the Monastery with that Brother by his side, he made a pond appear and in it a great clump of lotuses out of which grew a great lotus-flower. "Sit here, Brother," he said, "and gaze at this flower." And,

leaving the Brother seated thus, he retired to his perfumed chamber.

That Brother gazed and gazed at that flower. The Blessed One made it decay. As the Brother looked at it, the flower in its decay faded; the petals

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fell off, beginning at the rim, till in a little while all were gone; then the Stamens fell away, and only the pericarp was left. As he looked, that Brother thought within himself, "Even now, this lotus-flower was lovely and fair; yet its colour is departed, and only the pericarp is left standing. Decay has come upon this beautiful lotus; what may not befall my body? Transitory are all compounded things!" And with the thought he won Insight.

Knowing that the Brother's mind had risen to Insight, the Master, seated as he was in his perfumed chamber, emitted a radiant semblance of himself, and uttered this stanza:—

Pluck out self-love, as with the hand you pluck

The autumn water-lily. Set your heart On naught but this,  
the perfect Path of Peace, And that Extinction which the  
Buddha taught.

At the close of this stanza, that Brother won Arahathship. At the thought that he would never be born again, never be troubled with existence in any shape hereafter, he burst into a heartfelt utterance beginning with these stanzas He who has lived his life, whose thought is ripe;

He who, from all defilements purged and free,

Wears his last body; he whose life is pure, Whose subject senses own him sovereign lord;— He, like the moon that wins her way at last From Rahu's jaws [\*1], has won supreme release.

The foulness which enveloped me, which wrought

Delusion's utter darkness, I dispelled; —As, tricked with thousand rays, the beaming sun Illumines heaven with a flood of light.

After this and renewed utterances of joy, he went to the Blessed One and saluted him. The Elder, too, came, and after due salutation to the Master, went away with his co-resident.

When news of all this spread among the Brethren, [184] they gathered together in the Hall of Truth and there sat praising the virtues of the Lord of Wisdom, and saying, "Sirs, through not knowing the hearts and thoughts of men, the Elder Sariputta was ignorant of his co-resident's disposition. But the Master knew, and in a single day bestowed on him Arahatship together with perfected scholarship. Oh, how great are the marvellous powers of a Buddha!"

Entering and taking the seat set ready for him, the Master asked, saying, "What is the theme of your discourse here in conclave, Brethren?"

"Naught else, Blessed One, than this,—that you alone had knowledge of the heart, and could read the thoughts, of the co-resident of the Captain of the Faith."

"This is no marvel, Brethren; that I, as Buddha, should now know that Brother's disposition. Even in bygone days I knew it equally well." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time Brahmadata was reigning in Benares. In those days the Bodhisatta used to be the king's director in things temporal and spiritual.

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At this time folk had washed another horse, a sorry beast, at the bathing-place of the king's state-charger. And when the groom was for leading the state-charger down into the same water, the animal was so affronted that he would not go in. So the groom went off to the king and said, "Please your Majesty, your state-charger won't take his bath."

Then the king sent the Bodhisatta, saying, "Do you go, sage, and find out why the animal will not go into the water when they lead him down." "Very good, sire," said the Bodhisatta, and went his way to the waterside. Here he examined the horse; and, finding it was not ailing in any way, he tried to divine what the reason could be. At last he came to the conclusion that some other horse must have been washed at that place, and that the charger had taken such umbrage thereat that he would not go into the water. So he asked the grooms what animal they had washed first in the water. "Another horse, my lord,—an ordinary animal." "Ah, it's his self-love that has been offended so deeply that he will not go into the water," said the Bodhisatta to himself; "the thing to do is to wash him elsewhere." So he said to the groom, "A man will tire, my friend, of even the daintiest fare, if he has it always. And that's how it is with this horse. He has been washed here times without number. Take him to other waters [185], and there bathe and water him." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:—

Change thou the spot, and let the charger drink

Now here, now there, with constant change of scene. For even milk-rice cloy a man at last.

After listening to his words, they led the horse off elsewhere, and there watered and bathed him all-right. And while they were washing the animal down after watering him, the Bodhisatta went back to the king. "Well," said the king; "has my horse taken his drink and bath, my friend?" "He has, sire." "Why would he not do so at first?" "For the following reason," said the Bodhisatta, and told the king the whole story. "What a clever fellow he is," said the king; "he can read the mind even of an animal like this." And he gave great honour to the Bodhisatta, and when his life closed passed away to fare according to his deserts. The Bodhisatta also passed away to fare likewise according to his deserts.

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When the Master had ended his lesson and had repeated what he had said as to his knowledge, in the past as well as the present, of that Brother's disposition, he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the state-charger of those days; Ananda was the king and I myself the wise minister."

#### Footnotes

^65:1 Rahu was a kind of Titan who was thought to cause eclipses by temporarily swallowing the sun and moon.

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[p. 67] [j026]

No. 26.

## MAHILAMUKHA-JATAKA.

“Through hearing first.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta, who, having secured the adherence of Prince Ajata-sattu, had attained both gain and honour. Prince Ajata-sattu had a Monastery built for Devadatta at Gaya-sisa, and every day brought to him [186] five hundred kettles of perfumed three-year-old rice flavoured with all the choicest flavourings. All this gain and honour brought Devadatta a great following, with whom Devadatta lived on, without ever stirring out of his Monastery.

At that time there were living in Rajagaha two friends, of whom one had taken the vows under the Master, whilst the other had taken them under Devadatta. And these continued to see one another, either casually or by visiting the Monasteries. Now one day the disciple of Devadatta said to the other, “Sir, why do you daily go round for alms with the sweat streaming off you? Devadatta sits quietly at Gaya-sisa and feeds on the best of fare, flavoured with all the choicest flavourings. There’s no way like his. Why breed misery for yourself? Why should it not be a good thing for you to come the first thing in the morning to the Monastery at Gaya-sisa and there drink our rice-gruel with a relish after it, try our eighteen kinds of solid victual, and enjoy our excellent soft food, flavoured with all the choicest flavourings?”

Being pressed time after time to accept the invitation, the other began to want to go, and thenceforth used to go to Gaya-sisa and there eat and eat, not forgetting however to return to the Bamboo-grove at the proper hour. Nevertheless he could not keep it secret always; and in a little while it came out that he used to hie off to Gaya-sisa and there regale himself with the food provided for

Devadatta. Accordingly, his friends asked him, saying, "Is it true, as they say, that you regale yourself on the food provided for Devadatta?" "Who said that?" said he. "So-and-so said it." "It is true, sirs, that I go to Gaya-sisa and eat there. But it is not Devadatta who gives me food; others do that." "Sir, Devadatta is the foe of the Buddhas; in his wickedness, he has secured the adherence of Ajata-sattu and by unrighteousness got gain and honour for himself. Yet you who have taken the vows according to this faith which leads to salvation, eat the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness. Come; let us bring you before the Master." And, taking with them the Brother, they went to the Hall of Truth.

When the Master became aware of their presence, he said, "Brethren, are you bringing this Brother here against his will?" "Yes, sir; this Brother, after taking the vows under you, eats the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness." "Is it true, as they say, that you eat the food which Devadatta gets by unrighteousness?" "It was not Devadatta, sir, that gave it me, but others." "Raise no quibbles here, Brother," said the Master. "Devadatta is a man of bad conduct and bad principle. Oh, how could you, who have taken the vows here, eat Devadatta's food, whilst adhering to my doctrine? But you have always been prone to being led away, and have followed in turn every one you meet." And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, he Bodhisatta became his minister. In those days the king had a state elephant [187], named Damsel-face, who was virtuous and good, and never hurt anybody.

Now one day some burglars came close up to the elephant's stall by night and sat down to discuss their plans in these words:—"This is the way to tunnel into a house; this is the way to break in through the walls; before carrying off the plunder, the tunnel or breach in the walls ought to be made as clear and open as a road or a ford. In lifting the goods, you shouldn't stick at murder; for thus there will be none able to resist. A burglar should get rid of all goodness and virtue, and be quite pitiless, a man of cruelty and violence." After having schooled one another in these counsels, the burglars took themselves off. The next day too they came, and many other days besides, and held like converse together, till the elephant came to the conclusion that they came expressly to instruct him, and that he must turn pitiless, cruel, and violent. And such indeed he became. No sooner did his mahout appear in the early morning than the elephant took the man in his trunk and dashed him to death on the ground. And in the same way he treated a second, and a third, and every person in turn who came near him.

The news was brought to the king that Damsel-face had gone mad and was killing everybody that he caught sight of. So the king sent the Bodhisatta, saying, "Go, sage, and find out what has perverted him."

Away went the Bodhisatta, and soon satisfied himself that the elephant showed no signs of bodily ailment. As he thought over the possible causes of the change, he came to the conclusion that the elephant must have heard persons talking near him, and have imagined that they were giving him a lesson, and that this was what had perverted the animal. Accordingly, he asked the elephant-keepers whether any persons had been talking together recently near the stall by night. "Yes, my lord," was the answer; "some burglars came and talked." Then the Bodhisatta went and told the king, saying, "There is nothing wrong, sire, with the

elephant bodily; he has been perverted by overhearing some burglars talk." "Well, what is to be done now?" "Order good men, sages and brahmins, to sit in his stall and to talk of goodness." "Do so, my friend," said the king. Then the Bodhisatta set good men, sages and brahmins, in the stall [188], and bade them talk of goodness. And they, taking their seats hard by the elephant, spoke as follows, "Neither maltreat nor kill. The good should be long-suffering, loving, and merciful." Hearing this the elephant thought they must mean this as a lesson for him, and resolved thenceforth to become good. And good he became.

"Well, my friend," said the king to the Bodhisatta; "is he good now?" "Yes, your majesty," said the Bodhisatta; "thanks to wise and

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(food men the elephant who was so perverted has become himself again." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:

Through hearing first the burglars' wicked talk

Damsel-face ranged abroad to wound and kill; Through hearing, later, wise men's lofty words The noble elephant turned good once more.

Said the king, "He can read the mind even of an animal!" And he conferred great honour on the Bodhisatta. After living to a good old age, he, with the Bodhisatta, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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Said the Master,—“In the past, too, you followed everyone you met, Brother; hearing burglars talk, you followed what they said; and hearing the wise and good talk, you followed what they said.” His lesson ended, he shewed the

connexion, and identified the Birth, by saying, “The traitorous Brother was the Damsel-face of those days, Ananda the king, and I myself the minister.”

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[j027]

No. 27.

ABHINHA-JATAKA.

“No morsel can he eat.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-disciple and an aged Elder. [189]

Tradition says that there were in Savatthi two friends, of whom one joined the Brotherhood but used to go every day to the other’s house, where his friend used to give him an alms of food and make a meal himself, and then accompany him back to the Monastery, where he sat talking all the livelong day till the sun went down, when he went back to town. And his friend the Brother used to escort him on his homeward way, going as far as the city-gates before turning back.

The intimacy of these two became known among the Brethren, who were sitting one day in the Hall of Truth, talking about the intimacy which existed between the pair, when the Master, entering the Hall, asked what was the subject of their talk; and the Brethren told him.

“Not only now, Brethren, are these two intimate with one another,” said the Master; “they were intimate in bygone days as well.” And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta became his minister. In those days there was a dog which used to go to the stall of the elephant of state, and eat the gobbets of rice which fell where the elephant fed. Haunting the place for the food's sake,

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the dog grew very friendly with the elephant, and at last would never eat except with him. And neither could get on without the other. The dog used to disport himself by swinging backwards and forwards on the elephant's trunk. Now one day a villager bought the dog of the mahout and took the dog home with him. Thenceforward the elephant, missing the dog, refused either to eat or drink or take his bath; and the king was told of it. His majesty despatched the Bodhisatta to find out why the elephant behaved like this. Proceeding to the elephant-house, the Bodhisatta, seeing how sad the elephant was, said to himself, "He has got no bodily ailment; he must have formed an ardent friendship, and is sorrowing at the loss of his friend." So he asked whether the elephant had become friends with anyone.

"Yes, my lord," was the answer; "there's a very warm friendship between him and a dog." "Where is that dog now?" "A man took it off." "Do you happen to know where that man lives?" "No, my lord." The Bodhisatta went to the king and said, "There is nothing the matter with the elephant, sire; but he was very friendly with a dog, [190] and it is missing his friend which has made him refuse to eat, I imagine." And so saying, he repeated this stanza:

No morsel can he eat, no rice or grass;

And in the bath he takes no pleasure now. Methinks, the dog had so familiar grown, That elephant and dog were closest friends.

“Well,” said the king on hearing this; “what is to be done now, sage?” “Let proclamation be made by beat of drum, your majesty, to the effect that a man is reported to have carried off a dog of which the elephant of state was fond, and that the man in whose house that dog shall be found, shall pay such and such a penalty.” The king acted on this advice; and the man, when he came to hear of it, promptly let the dog loose. Away ran the dog at once, and made his way to the elephant. The elephant took the dog up in his trunk, and placed it on his head, and wept and cried, and, again setting the dog on the ground, saw the dog eat first and then took his own food.

“Even the minds of animals are known to him,” said the king, and he loaded the Bodhisatta with honours.

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Thus the Master ended his lesson to show that the two were intimate in bygone days as well as at that date. This done, he unfolded the Four Truths. (This unfolding of the Four Truths forms part of all the other Jatakas; but we shall only mention it where it is expressly mentioned that it was blessed unto fruit.) Then he shewed the connexion, and identified the Birth by saying, “The lay-disciple was the dog of those days, the aged Elder was the elephant, and I myself the wise minister.” [191]

The Jataka, Volume I, tr. by Robert Chalmers, [1895], at [sacred-texts.com](http://sacred-texts.com)

[p. 71] [j028]

No. 28.

## NANDIVISALA-JATAKA.

“Speak only words of kindness.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the bitter words spoken by the Six [\*1]. For, in those days the six, when they disagreed with respectable Brethren, used to taunt, revile and jeer them, and load them with the ten kinds of abuse. This the Brethren reported to the Blessed One, who sent for the Six and asked whether this charge was true. On their admitting its truth, he rebuked them, saying, “Brethren, hard words gall even animals: in bygone days an animal made a man who had used harsh language to him lose a thousand pieces.” And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time at Takkasila in the land of Gandhara there was a king reigning there, and the Bodhisatta came to life as a bull. When he was quite a tiny calf, he was presented by his owners to a brahmin who came in—they being known to give away presents of oxen to such-like holy men. The brahmin called it Nandi-Visala (Great-Joy), and treated it like his own child, feeding the young creature on rice-gruel and rice. When the Bodhisatta grew up, he thought thus to himself, “I have been brought up by this brahmin with great pains, and all India cannot show the bull which can draw what I can. How if I were to repay the brahmin the cost of my nurture by making proof of my strength?” Accordingly, one day he said to the brahmin, “Go, brahmin, to some merchant rich in herds, and wager him a thousand pieces that your bull can draw a hundred loaded carts.”

The brahmin went his way to a merchant and got into a discussion with him as to whose oxen in the town were the strong. “Oh, so-and-so’s, or so-and-so’s,” said the merchant. “But,” added he, “there are no oxen in the town which can compare with mine for real strength.” Said the brahmin, “I

have a bull who can pull a hundred loaded carts.” “Where’s such a bull to be found?” laughed the merchant. “I’ve got him at home,” said the brahmin. “Make it a wager.”

“Certainly,” said the brahmin, and staked [192] a thousand pieces. Then he loaded a hundred carts with sand, gravel, and stones, and leashed the lot together, one behind the other, by cords from the axle-tree of the one in front to the trace-bar of its successor. This done, he bathed Nandi-Visala, gave him a measure of perfumed rice to eat, hung a garland round his neck, and harnessed him all

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alone to the leading cart. The brahmin in person took his seat upon the pole, and flourished his goad in the air, shouting, “Now then, you rascal! pull them along, you rascal!”

“I’m not the rascal he calls me,” thought the Bodhisatta to himself; and so he planted his four feet like so many posts, and budged not an inch.

Straightway, the merchant made the brahmin pay over the thousand pieces. His money gone, the brahmin took his bull out of the cart and went home, where he lay down on his bed in an agony of grief. When Nandi-Visala strolled in and found the brahmin a prey to such grief, he went up to him and enquired if the brahmin were taking a nap. “How should I be taking a nap, when I have had a thousand pieces won of me?” “Brahmin, all the time I have lived in your house, have I ever broken a pot, or squeezed up against anybody, or made messes about?” “Never, my child.” “Then, why did you call me a rascal? It’s you who are to blame, not I. Go and bet him two thousand this time. Only remember not to miscall me rascal again.” When he heard this, the brahmin went off to the merchant, and laid a wager of two thousand.

Just as before, he leashed the hundred carts to one another and harnessed Nandi-Visala, very spruce and fine, to the leading cart. If you ask how he harnessed him, well, he did it in this way:—first, he fastened the cross-yoke on to the pole; then he put the bull in on one side, and made the other fast by fastening a smooth piece of wood from the cross-yoke on to the axletree, so that the yoke was taut and could not skew round either way. Thus a single bull could draw a cart made to be drawn by two. So now seated on the pole, the brahmin stroked Nandi-Visala on the back, and called on him in this style, “Now then, my fine fellow! pull them along, my fine fellow!” With a single pull the Bodhisatta tugged along the whole string of the hundred carts [193] till the hindermost stood where the foremost had started. The merchant, rich in herds, paid up the two thousand pieces he had lost to the brahmin. Other folks, too, gave large sums to the Bodhisatta, and the whole passed into the hands of the brahmin. Thus did he gain greatly by reason of the Bodhisatta.

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Thus laying down, by way of rebuke to the Six, the rule that hard words please no one, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

Speak only words of kindness, never words

Unkind. For him who spoke him fair, he moved A heavy load,  
and brought him wealth, for love.

When he had thus ended his lesson as to speaking only words of kindness, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the brahmin of those days, and I myself Nandi-Visala.”