

No. 103.

VERI-JATAKA.

“If wise, thou ‘lt loiter not.”—This story was told by the Master at Jetavana about Anatha-pindika. For we hear that Anatha-pindika was returning from the village of which he was headman, when he saw robbers on the road. “It won’t do to loiter by the way,” thought he; “I must hurry on to Savatthi.” So he urged his oxen to speed [413] and got safely into Savatthi. Next day he went to the monastery and told the Master what had befallen him. “Sir,” said the Master, “in other times too the wise and good espied robbers on the road and hastened without delay to their homes.” Then at the merchant’s request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich merchant, who had been to a village to collect his dues and was on his homeward way when he saw robbers on the road. At once he urged his oxen to their topmost speed and reached home in safety. And as he sat on his couch of state after a rich repast, he exclaimed, “I have escaped from the robbers’ hand to mine own house, where fear dwells not.” And in his thankfulness he uttered this stanza:—

If wise, thou ‘lt loiter not ‘mid enemies;

A night or two with such brings miseries.

So, from the fulness of his heart, spake the Bodhisatta, and after a life of charity and other good deeds he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His story ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “I was the merchant of Benares of those days.”

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

[p. 246] [j104]

No. 104.

MITTAVINDA-JATAKA.

“From four to eight.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, concerning an unruly Brother. The incidents are the same as those in the previous story of Mittavindaka [\*1], but belong to the days of the Buddha Kassapa.

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[414] Now at that time one of the damned who had put on the circlet and was suffering the tortures of hell, asked the Bodhisatta—“Lord, what sin have I committed?” The Bodhisatta detailed the man’s evil deeds to hire and uttered this stanza:—

From four to eight, to sixteen thence, and so

To thirty-two insatiate greed doth go, —Still pressing on till insatiety Doth win the circlet’s griding misery [\*2].

So saying he went back to the Realm of Devas, but the other abode in hell till his sin had been purged from him. Then he passed thence to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “This unruly Brother was then Mittavindaka and I the Deva.”

## Footnotes

^246:1 No. 41.

^246:2 Part of these lines occur in the Panca Tantra 98.

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

[j105]

No. 105.

### DUBBALAKATTHA-JATAKA.

“Fear’st thou the wind.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who lived in a perpetual state of nervous alarm. We learn that he came of a good family in Savatthi, and was led to give up the world by hearing the Truth preached, and that he was always in fear of his life

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both by night and by day. The sough of the wind, the rustle of a fan, or the cry of bird or beast would inspire him with such abject terror that he would shriek and dash away. He never reflected that death was sure to come upon him; though, had he practised meditation on the certainty of death, he would not have feared it. [415] For only they that do not so meditate fear death. Now his constant fear of dying became known to the Brethren, and one day they met in the Hall of Truth and fell to discussing his fearfulness and the propriety of every Brother’s taking death as a theme for meditation. Entering the Hall, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. So he sent for that Brother and asked him whether it was true he lived in fear of death.

The Brother confessed that he did. “Be not angry, Brethren,” said the Master, “with this Brother. The fear of death that fills his breast, now was no less strong in bygone times.” 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 was a Tree-Sprite near the Himalayas. And in those days the king put his state elephant in the elephant-trainers’ hands to be broken in to stand firm. And they tied the elephant up fast to a post, and with goads in their hands set about training the animal. Unable to bear the pain whilst he was being made to do their bidding, the elephant broke the post down, put the trainers to flight, and made off to the Himalayas. And the men, being unable to catch it, had to come back empty-handed. The elephant lived in the Himalayas in constant fear of death. A breath of wind sufficed to fill him with fear and to start him off at full speed, shaking his trunk to and fro. And it was with him as though he was still tied to the post to be trained. All happiness of mind and body gone, he wandered up and down in constant dread. Seeing this, the Tree-Sprite stood in the fork of his tree and uttered this stanza:—

Fear’st thou the wind that ceaselessly

The rotten boughs doth rend alway? Such fear will waste thee quite away!

[416] Such were the Tree-Sprite’s cheering words. And the elephant thenceforth feared no more.

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His lesson ended, the Master taught the Four Truths (at the close whereof the Brother entered the Paths), and identified

the Birth by saying, “This Brother was the elephant of those days and I the Tree-Sprite.”

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

[p. 248] [j106]

No. 106.

UDANCANI-JATAKA.

“A happy life was mine.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a temptation by a fat girl. The incident will be related in the Culla-Narada-Kassapa Jataka [\*1] in the Thirteenth Book.

On asking the Brother, the Master was told that it was true he was in love, and in love with the fat girl. “Brother,” said the Master, “she is leading you astray. So too in times gone by she led you into evil, and you were only restored to happiness by the wise and good of those days.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, those things came to pass which will be told in the Culla-Narada-Kassapa Jataka. But on this occasion the Bodhisatta at evening came with fruits to the hermitage, and, opening the door, said to his son, “Every other day you brought wood and victuals, and lit a fire. Why have you not done any of these things to-day, but sit sadly here pining away?”

“Father,” said the young man, “while you were away gathering fruits, there came a woman who tried to lure me away with blandishments. But I would not go with her till I

had your leave, and so left her sitting waiting for me. And now my wish is to depart.”

Finding that the young man was too much in love to be able to give her up, the Bodhisatta bade him go, saying “But when she wants meat [417] or fish or ghee or salt or ride or any such thing to eat, and sends you hurrying to and fro on her errands, then remember this hermitage and flee away back to me.”

So the other went off with the woman to the haunts of men; and when he was come to her house, she made him run about to fetch every single thing she wanted.

“I might just as well be her slave as this,” thought he, and promptly ran away back to his father, and saluting him, stood and repeated this stanza:—

A happy life was mine till that fell she,

—That worrying, tiresome pitcher styled my wife— Set me to run the errands of her whims.

And the Bodhisatta commended the young man, and exhorted him to kindness and mercy, setting forth the four forms of right feeling towards

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men and the modes of ensuring Insight. Nor was it long before the young man won the Knowledges and Attainments, and attained to right feeling towards his fellow-creatures, and with his father was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

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His lesson ended, and the Four Truths preached (at the close whereof that Brother entered the First Path) the Master identified the Birth by saying, “The fat girl of to-day was also the fat girl of those days; this yoking Brother was the son; and I the father of those days.”

## Footnotes

^248:1 No. 477.

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

[j107]

No. 107.

## SALITTAKA-JATAKA.

[418] “Prize skill.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who threw and hit a swan. We are told that this Brother, who came of a good family in Savatthi, had acquired great skill in hitting things with stones; and that hearing the Truth preached one day he gave his heart to it and, giving up the world, was admitted to full Brotherhood. But neither in study nor practice did he excel as a Brother. One day, with a youthful Brother, he went to the river Aciravati [\*1], and was standing on the bank after bathing, when he saw two white swans flying by. Said he to the younger Brother, “I’ll hit the hinder swan in the eye and bring it down.” “Bring it down indeed!” said the other; “you can’t hit it.” “Just you wait a moment. I’ll hit it on the eye this side through the eye on the other.” “Oh, nonsense.” “Very well; you wait and see.” Then he took a three-cornered stone in his hand and flung it after the swan. ‘Whiz’ went the stone through the air and the swan, suspecting danger, stopped to listen. At once the Brother

seized a smooth round stone and as the resting swan was looking in another direction hit it full in the eye, so that the stone went in at one eye and came out at the other. And with a loud scream the swan fell to the ground at their feet. "That is a highly improper action," said the other Brother, and brought him before the Master, with an account of what had happened. After rebuking the Brother, the Master said, "The same skill was his, Brethren, in past times as now." And he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of the King's courtiers. And the royal chaplain of those days was so talkative and longwinded that, when he once started, no

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one else could get a word in. So the King cast about for someone to cut the chaplain short, and looked high and low for such an one. Now at that time there was a cripple in Benares who was a wonderful marksman with stones, and the boys used to put him on a little cart and [419] draw him to the gates of Benares, where there is a large branching banyan-tree covered with leaves. There they would gather round and give him half-pence, saying 'Make an elephant,' or 'Make a horse.' And the cripple would throw stone after stone till he had cut the foliage into the shapes asked for. And the ground was covered with fallen leaves.

On his way to his pleasure the King came to, the spot, and all the boys scampered off in fear of the King, leaving the cripple there helpless. At the sight of the litter of leaves the King asked, as he rode by in his chariot, who had cut the leaves off. And he was told that the cripple had done it. Thinking that here might be a way to stop the chaplain's

mouth, the King asked where the cripple was, and was shewn him sitting at the foot of the tree. Then the King had him brought to him and, motioning his retinue to stand apart, said to the cripple, "I have a very talkative chaplain. Do you think you could stop his talking?"

"Yes, sire,—if I had a peashooter full of dry goat's dung," said the cripple. Then the King had him taken to the palace and set with a pea-shooter full of dry goat's dung behind a curtain with a slit in it, facing the chaplain's seat. When the brahmin came to wait upon the King and was seated on the seat prepared for him, his majesty started a conversation. And the chaplain forthwith monopolized the conversation, and no one else could get a word in. Hereon the cripple shot the pellets of goat's dung one by one, like flies, through the slit in the curtain right into the chaplain's gullet. And the brahmin swallowed the pellets down as they came, like so much oil, till all had disappeared. When the whole peashooter-full of pellets was lodged in the chaplain's stomach, they swelled to the size of half a peck; and the King, knowing they were all gone, addressed the brahmin in these words: "Reverend sir, so talkative are you, that you have swallowed down a peashooter-full of goat's dung without noticing it. That's about as much as you will be able to take at a sitting. Now go home and take a dose of panick seed and water by way of emetic, and put yourself right again."

From that day [420] the chaplain kept his mouth shut and sat as silent during conversation as though his lips were sealed.

"Well, my ears are indebted to the cripple for this relief," said the King, and bestowed on him four villages, one in the North, one in the South, one in the West, and one in the East, producing a hundred thousand a year.

The Bodhisatta drew near to the King and said, “In this world, sire,

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skill should be cultivated by the wise. Mere skill in aiming has brought this cripple all this prosperity.” So saying he uttered this stanza:—

Prize skill, and note the marksman lame;

—Four villages reward his aim.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “This Brother was the cripple of those days, Ananda the King, and I the wise courtier.”

Footnotes

^249:1 The modern Rapti, in Oudh.

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

[j108]

No. 108.

BAHIYA-JATAKA.

“Learn thou betimes.”—This story was told by the Master, while he was dwelling in the Gabled Chamber at the Great Grove near Vesali, about a Licchavi, a pious prince who had embraced the Truth. He had invited the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head to his house, and there had shewn great bounty towards them. Now his wife was a very fat

woman, almost bloated in appearance, and she was badly dressed.

Thanking the King for his hospitality, the Master returned to the monastery and, after a discourse to the Brethren, retired to his perfumed chamber.

Assembled in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren expressed their surprise that a man like this Licchavi prince should have such a fat badly-dressed woman for his wife, and be so fond of her. Entering the Hall and hearing what they were discussing, the Master said, "Brethren, as now, so in former times he was fond of a fat woman." Then, at their request, he told this story of the past.

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[421] Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was one of his courtiers. And a fat and badly-dressed country woman, who worked for hire, was passing near the courtyard of the palace, when pressing need for an occasion came upon her. Bending down with her raiment decently gathered round her, she accomplished her purpose, and was erect again in a trice.

The King chanced to be looking out on to the courtyard through a window at the time and saw this. Thought he, "A woman who could manage this with so much decency must enjoy good health. She would be sure to be cleanly in her house; and a son born into a cleanly house would be sure to grow up cleanly and virtuous. I will make her my queen-consort." And accordingly the King, first assuring himself that she

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was not another's, sent for her and made her his queen. And she became very near and dear to him. Not long

afterwards a son was born, and this son became an Universal Monarch.

Observing her fortunes, the Bodhisatta took occasion to say to the King, "Sire, why should not care be taken duly to fulfil all proper observances, when this excellent woman by her modesty and decency in relieving nature won your majesty's favour and rose to such fortune?" And he went on to utter this stanza:—

Learn thou betimes, though headstrong folk there be;

The rustic pleased the King by modesty.

Thus did the Great Being commend the virtues of those who devoted themselves to the study of proper observances.

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[422] His story ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The husband and wife of to-day were also the husband and wife of those times, and I the wise courtier."

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

[j109]

No. 109.

KUNDAKAPUVA-JATAKA.

"As fares his worshipper."—This story was told by the Master when at Savatthi, about a very poor man.

Now at Savatthi the Brotherhood with the Buddha at their head used to be entertained now by a single family, now by three or four families together. Or a body of people or a

whole street would club together, or sometimes the whole city entertained them. But on the occasion now in question it was a street that was skewing the hospitality. And the inhabitants had arranged to provide rice-gruel followed by cakes.

Now in that street there lived a very poor man, a hired labourer, who could not see how he could give the gruel, but resolved to give cakes. And he scraped out the red powder from empty husks and kneaded it with water into a round cake. This cake he wrapped in a leaf of swallow-wort, and baked it in the embers. When it was done, he made up his mind that none but the Buddha should have it, and accordingly took his stand immediately by the Master. No sooner had the word been given to offer cakes, than he stepped forward quicker than anyone else and put his cake in the Master's alms-bowl. And the Master declined all other cakes offered him and ate the poor man's cake. Forthwith the whole city talked of nothing but how the All-Enlightened One had not disdained to eat the poor roan's bran-cake. And from porters to nobles and King, all classes flocked to the spot, saluted the Master, and crowded round the poor man,

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offering him food, or two to five hundred pieces of money if he would make over to them the merit of his act.

Thinking he had better ask the Master first, he went to him and stated his case. "Take what they offer," said the Master, "and impute your righteousness to all living creatures." So the man set to work to collect the offerings. Some gave twice as much as others, some four times as much, others eight times as much, and so on, till nine crores of gold were contributed.

Returning thanks for the hospitality, the Master went back to the monastery and after instructing the Brethren and imparting his blessed teaching to them, retired to his perfumed chamber.

In the evening the King sent for the poor man, and created him Lord Treasurer.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth the Brethren spoke together of how the Master, not disdaining the poor man's bran-cake, had eaten it as though it were ambrosia, and how the poor man had been enriched [423] and made Lord Treasurer to his great good fortune. And when the Master entered the Hall and heard what they were talking of, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have not disdained to eat that poor man's cake of bran. I did the same when I was a Tree-sprite, and then too was the means of his being made Lord Treasurer." 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 was a Tree-sprite dwelling in a castor-oil plant. And the villagers of those days were superstitious about gods. A festival came round and the villagers offered sacrifices to their respective Tree-sprites. Seeing this, a poor man shewed worship to the castor-oil tree. All the others had come with garlands, odours, perfumes, and cakes; but the poor man had only a cake of husk-powder and water in a cocoanut shell for his tree. Standing before it, he thought within himself, "Tree-sprites are used to heavenly food, and my Tree-sprite will not eat this cake of husk-powder. Why then should I lose it outright? I will eat it myself." And he turned to go away, when the Bodhisatta from the fork of his tree exclaimed, "My good man, if you were a great lord you would bring me dainty manchets; but as you are a poor

man, what shall I have to eat if not that cake? Rob me not of my portion." And he uttered this stanza:—

As fares his worshipper, a Sprite must fare.

Bring me the cake, nor rob me of my share.

Then the man turned again, and, seeing the Bodhisatta, offered up his sacrifice. The Bodhisatta fed on the savour and said, "Why do you worship me?" "I am a poor man, my lord, and I worship you to be eased of my poverty." [424] "Have no more care for that. You have sacrificed to one who is grateful and mindful of kindly deeds. Round this tree, neck to neck, are buried pots of treasure. Go tell the King, and take the treasure away in waggons to the King's courtyard. There pile it in a heap, and the King shall be so well-pleased that he will make you Lord Treasurer." So saying, the Bodhisatta vanished from sight. The

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man did as he was bidden, and the King made him Lord Treasurer. Thus did the poor man by aid of the Bodhisatta come to great fortune; and when he died, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The poor man of to-day was also the poor man of those times, and I the Tree-sprite who dwelt in the castor-oil tree."

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

[j110]

No. 110.

## SABBASAMHARAKA-PANHA.

“There is no All-embracing.”—This All-embracing Question will be set out at length in the Ummagga-jataka [\*1]. This is the end of the All-embracing Question.

### Footnotes

^254:1 Not yet edited; it occurs at the end of the collection of Jatakas.

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

[j111]

No. 111.

## GADRABHA-PANHA.

“Thou think'st thyself a swan.”—This Question as to the Ass will also be set out at length in the Ummagga-jataka. This is the end of the Question as to the Ass.

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

[j112]

No. 112.

## AMARADEVI-PANHA.

“Cakes and gruel.”—This question too will be found in the same Jataka. This is the end of the Question of Queen Amara [\*2].

### Footnotes

^254:2 Amara was the wife of King Mahosadha; of. Milindapanho, page 205. The Bodhisatta was Mahosadha, cf. Jataka (test) i. p. 53.

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

[p. 255] [j113]

No. 113.

### SIGALA-JATAKA.

“The drunken jackal.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. The Brethren had assembled [425] in the Hall of Truth and were telling how Devadatta had gone to Gayasisa with five hundred followers, whom he was leading into error by declaring that the Truth was manifest in him “and not in the ascetic Gotama”; and how by his lies he was breaking up the Brotherhood; and how he kept two fast-days a week. And as they sate there talking of the wickedness of Devadatta, the Master entered and was told the subject of their conversation. “Brethren,” said he, “Devadatta was as great a liar in past times as he is now.” 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 was born a Tree-sprite in a cemetery grove. In those days a festival was proclaimed in Benares, and the people resolved to sacrifice to the ogres. So they strewed fish and meat about courtyards, and streets, and other places, and set out great pots of strong drink. At midnight a jackal came into the town by the sewer, and regaled himself on the meat and liquor. Crawling into some bushes, he was fast asleep when morning dawned. Waking up and seeing it

was broad daylight, he knew that he could not make his way back at that hour with safety. So he lay down quietly near the roadside where he could not be seen, till at last he saw a solitary brahmin on his way to rinse his mouth in the tank. Then the jackal thought to himself, "Brahmins are a greedy lot. I must so play on his greediness as to get him to carry me out of the city in his waist-cloth under his outer robe." So, with a human voice, he cried "Brahmin."

"Who calls me?" said the brahmin, turning round. "I, brahmin." "What for?" "I have two hundred gold pieces, brahmin; and if you will hide me in your waist-cloth under your outer robe and so get me out of the city without my being seen, you shall have them all."

Closing with the offer, the greedy brahmin hid the jackal and carried the beast a little way out of the city. "What place is this, brahmin?" said the jackal. "Oh, it's such and such a place," said the brahmin. "Go on a bit further," said the jackal and kept urging the brahmin on always a little further, till at last the cremation-park was reached. [426] "Put me down here," said the jackal; and the brahmin did so. "Spread your robe out on the ground, brahmin." And the greedy brahmin did so.

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"And now dig up this tree by the roots," said he, and while the brahmin was at work he walked on to the robe, and dunged and staled on it in five places,—the four corners and the middle. This done, he made off into the wood.

Hereon the Bodhisatta, standing in the fork of the tree, uttered this stanza:—

The drunken jackal, brahmin, cheats thy trust!

Thou 'lt find not here a hundred cowry-shells, Far less thy quest, two hundred coins of gold.

And when he had repeated these verses, the Bodhisatta said to the brahmin, "Go now and wash your robe and bathe, and go about your business." So saying, he vanished from sight, and the brahmin did as he was bidden, and departed very mortified at having been so tricked.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the jackal of those days, and I the Tree-sprite."

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

[j114]

No. 114.

MITACINTI-JATAKA.

"They twain in fisher's net."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about two aged Elders. After a rainy-season spent in a forest in the country they resolved to seek out the Master, and got together provisions for their journey. But they kept putting off their departure day by day, till a month flew by. Then they provided a fresh supply of provisions, and procrastinated till a second month was gone, and a third. When their indolence and sluggishness had lost them three months, they set out and came to Jetavana. Laying aside their bowls and robes in the common-room, they came into the Master's presence. The Brethren remarked on the length of the time since the two had visited the Master, and asked the reason. Then [427]

they told their story and all the Brotherhood came to know of the laziness of these indolent Brethren.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth the Brethren talked together of this thing. And the Master entered and was told what they were discussing. Being asked whether they were really so indolent, those Brethren admitted their short-coming.

“Brethren,” said he, “in former times, no less than now, they were indolent and loth to leave their abode.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, there lived in the river of Benares three fishes, named Over-thoughtful, Thoughtful, and

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[paragraph continues] Thoughtless. And they came downstream from the wild country to where men dwelt. Hereupon Thoughtful said to the other two, “This is a dangerous and perilous neighbourhood, where fishermen catch fish with nets, basket-traps, and such like tackle. Let us be off to the wild country again.” But so lazy were the other two fishes, and so greedy, that they kept putting off their going from day to day, until they had let three months slip by. Now fishermen cast their nets into the river; and Over-thoughtful and Thoughtless were swimming on ahead in quest of food when in their fully they blindly rushed into the net.

Thoughtful, who was behind, observed the net, and saw the fate of the other two.

“I must save these lazy fools from death,” thought he. So first he dodged round the net, and splashed in the water in front of it like a fish that has broken through and gone up stream; and then doubling back, he splashed about behind

it, like a fish that has broken through and gone down stream. Seeing this, the fishermen thought the fish had broken the net and all got away; so they pulled it in by one corner and the two fishes escaped from the net into the open water again. In this way they owed their lives to Thoughtful.

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His story told, the Master, as Buddha, recited this stanza:

[428] They twain in fisher's nets are ta'en;

Them Thoughtful saves and frees again.

His lesson ended, and the Four Truths expounded (at the close whereof the aged Brethren gained fruition of the First Path), the Master identified the Birth by saying: "These two Brethren were then Over-thoughtful and Thoughtless, and I Thoughtful."

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

[j115]

No. 115.

ANUSASIKA-JATAKA.

"The greed-denouncing bird."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Sister who gave a warning to others. For we are told that she came of a good Savatthi family, but that from the day of her entrance into the Order she failed of her duty and was filled with a gluttonous spirit; she used to seek alms in quarters of the city unvisited by other Sisters. And dainty food was given her there. Now her gluttony made her afraid that other Sisters might go there

too and take away from her part of the food. Casting about for a device to stop them from going and to keep everything to herself, she warned

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the other Sisters that it was a dangerous quarter, troubled by a fierce elephant, a fierce horse, and a fierce dog. And she besought them not to go there for alms. Accordingly not a single Sister gave so much as a look in that direction.

Now one day on her way through this district for alms, as she was hurrying into a house there, a fierce ram butted her with such violence as to break her leg. Up ran the people and set her leg and brought her on a litter to the convent of the Sisterhood. And all the Sisters tauntingly said her broken leg came of her going where she had warned them not to go.

Not long after the Brotherhood came to hear of this; and one day in the Hall of Truth [429] the Brethren spoke of how this sister had got her leg broken by a fierce ram in a quarter of the city against which she had warned the other Sisters; and they condemned her conduct. Entering the Hall at this moment, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. "As now, Brethren," said he, "so too in a past time she gave warnings which she did not follow herself; and then as now she came to harm." 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 was born a bird, and growing up became king of the birds and came to the Himalayas with thousands of birds in his train. During their stay in that place, a certain fierce bird used to go in quest of food along a highway

where she found rice, beans, and other grain dropped by passing waggons. Casting about how best to keep the others from coming there too, she addressed them as follows:—"The highway is full of peril. Along it go elephants and horses, waggons drawn by fierce oxen, and such like dangerous things. And as it is impossible to take wing on the instant, don't go there at all." And because of her warning, the other birds dubbed her 'Warner'.

Now one day when she was feeding along the highway she heard the sound of a carriage coming swiftly along the road, and turned her head to look at it. "Oh it's quite a long way off," thought she and went on as before. Up swift as the wind came the carriage, and before she could rise, the wheel had crushed her and whirled on its way. At the muster, the King marked her absence and ordered search to be made for her. And at last she was found cut in two on the highway and the news was brought to the king. "Through not following her own caution to the other birds she has been cut in two," said he, and uttered this stanza:—

The greed-denouncing bird, to greed a prey,

The chariot wheels leave mangled on the way.

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[430] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The warning sister was the bird 'Warner' of those times, and I the King of the birds."

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

[p. 259] [j116]

No. 116.

## DUBBACA-JATAKA.

“Too much.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about an unruly Brother whose-own story will be given in the Ninth Book in the Gijjha-jataka [\*1].

The Master rebuked him in these words:—“As now, so in former days wert thou unruly, Brother, disregarding the counsels of the wise and good. Wherefore, by a javelin thou didst die.” 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 was born into an acrobat’s family. When he grew up, he was a very wise and clever fellow. From another acrobat he learned the javelin dance, and with his master used to travel about exhibiting his skill. Now this master of his knew the four javelin dance but not the five; but one day when performing in a certain village, he, being in liquor, had five javelins set up in a row and gave out that he would dance through the lot.

Said the Bodhisatta, “You can’t manage all five javelins, master. Have one taken away. If you try the five, you will be run through by the fifth and die.”

“Then you don’t know what I can do when I try,” said the drunken fellow; and paying no heed to the Bodhisatta’s words, he danced through four of the javelins only to impale himself on the fifth like the Bassia flower on its stalk. And there he lay groaning. Said the Bodhisatta, “This calamity comes of your disregarding the counsels of the wise and good”; and he uttered this stanza:—

[431] Too much—though sore against my will—you tried;

Clearing the four, upon the fifth you died.

So saying, he lifted his master from off the javelin point and duly performed the last offices to his body.

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His story done, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “This unruly Brother was the master of those days, and I the pupil.”

Footnotes

^259:1 No. 427.

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

[p. 260]

No. 117.

TITTIRA-JATAKA.

“As died the partridge.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Kokalika, whose story will be found in the Thirteenth Book in the Takkariya Jataka [\*1].

Said the Master, “As now, Brethren, so likewise in former times, Kokalika’s tongue has worked his destruction.”

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 was born a brahmin in the North country. When he grew up, he received a complete education at Takkasila, and, renouncing Lusts, gave up the world to become a hermit. He won the Five Knowledges and the Eight Attainments, and all the recluses of the Himalayas to

the number of five hundred assembled together and followed him as their master.

Insight was his as he dwelt amid his disciples in the Himalayas.

In those days there was an ascetic suffering from jaundice who was chopping wood with an axe. And a chattering Brother came and sat by him, and directed his work, bidding him give here a chop and there a chop, [432] till the jaundiced ascetic lost his temper. In a rage he cried, "Who are you to teach me how to chop wood?" and lifting up his keen-edged axe stretched the other dead with a single blow. And the Bodhisatta had the body buried.

Now on an ant-hill hard by the hermitage there dwelt a partridge which early and late was always piping on the top of the ant-hill. Recognising the note of a partridge, a sportsman killed the bird and took it off with him. Missing the bird's note, the Bodhisatta asked the hermits why they did not hear their neighbour the partridge now. Then they told him what had happened, and he linked the two events together in this stanza:—

As died the partridge for her clamorous cry,

So prate and chatter doomed this fool to die.

Having developed within himself the four Perfect States, the Bodhisatta thus became destined to rebirth in the Brahma Realm.

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[p. 261]

Said the Master, "Brethren, as now, so likewise in former days Kokalika's tongue has worked his destruction." And at

the close of this lesson he identified the Birth by saying, “Kokalika was the meddling ascetic of those days, my followers the band of hermits, and I their master.”

## Footnotes

^260:1 No. 481. Kokalika was one of Devadatta’s schismatics.

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

[j118]

No. 118.

## VATTAKA-JATAKA.

“The thoughtless man.”—This story the Master told while at Jetavana, about the son of Over-Treasurer. This Over-Treasurer is said to have been a very rich man of Savatthi, and his wife became the mother of a righteous being from the realm of Brahma angels, who grew up as lovely as Brahma. [433] Now one day when the Kattika festival had been proclaimed in Savatthi, the whole city gave itself up to the festivities. His companions, sons of other rich men, had all got wives, but Over-Treasurer’s son had lived so long in the Brahma Realm that he was purged from passion. His companions plotted together to get him too a sweetheart and make him keep the feast with them. So going to him they said, “Dear friend, it is the great feast of Kattika.. Can’t we get a sweetheart for you too, and have a good time together?” At last his friends picked out a charming girl and decked her out, and left her at his house, with directions to make her way to his chamber. But when she entered the room, not a look or a word did she get from the young merchant. Piqued at this slight to her beauty, she put forth

all her graces and feminine blandishments, smiling meantime so as just to shew her pretty teeth. The sight of her teeth suggested bones, and his mind was filled with the idea of bones, till the girl's whole body seemed to him nothing but a chain of bones. Then he gave her money and bade her begone. But as she came out of the house a nobleman saw her in the street and gave her a present to accompany him home.

At the end of seven days the festival was over, and the girl's mother, seeing her daughter did not come back, went to the young merchant's friends and asked where she was, and they in turn asked the young merchant. And he said he had paid her and sent her packing as soon as he saw her.

Then the girl's mother insisted on having her daughter restored to her, and brought the young man before the king, who proceeded to examine into the matter. In answer to the king's questions, the young man admitted that the girl had been passed on to him, but said he had no knowledge of her whereabouts, and no means of producing her. Then said the king, "If he fails to produce the girl, execute him." So the young man was forthwith hauled off with his hands tied behind his back to be executed, and the whole city was in an uproar at the news. With hands laid on their breasts the people followed after him with lamentations, saying, "What means this, sir? You suffer unjustly."

Then thought the young man [434] "All this sorrow has befallen me because I was living a lay life. If I can only escape this danger, I will give up the world and join the Brotherhood of the great Gotama, the All-Enlightened One."

Now the girl herself heard the uproar and asked what it meant. Being told, she ran swiftly out, crying, "Stand aside, sirs! let me pass! let the king's men see me." As soon as

she had thus shown herself, she was handed over to her mother by the king's men, who set the young man free and went their way.

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Surrounded by his friends, the son of Over-Treasurer went down to the river and bathed. Returning home, he breakfasted and let his parents know his resolve to give up the world. Then taking cloth for his ascetic's robe, and followed by a great crowd, he sought out the Master and with due salutation asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood. A novice first, and afterwards a full Brother, he meditated on the idea of Bondage till he gained Insight, and not long afterwards won Arahatsip.

Now one day in the Hall of Truth the assembled Brethren talked of his virtues, recalling how in the hour of danger he had recognized the excellence of the Truth, and, wisely resolving to give up the world for its sake, had won that highest fruit which is Arahatsip. And as they talked, the Master entered, and, on his asking, was told what was the subject of their converse. Whereon he declared to them that, like the son of Over-Treasurer, the wise of former times, by taking thought in the hour of peril, had escaped death. 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 by change of existence was born a quail. Now in those days there was a quail-catcher who used to catch numbers of these birds in the forest and take them home to fatten. When they were fat, he used to sell them to people and so make a living. And one day he caught the Bodhisatta and brought him home with a number of other quails. Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "If I take the food

and drink he gives me, I shall be sold; whilst if I don't eat it, I shall get so thin, that people will notice it and pass me over, with the result that I shall be safe. This, then, is what I must do." So he fasted and fasted till he got so thin that he was nothing but skin and bone, and not a soul would have him at any price. Having disposed [435] of every one of his birds except the Bodhisatta, the bird-catcher took the Bodhisatta out of the cage and laid him on the palms of his hand to see what ailed the bird. Watching when the man was off his guard, the Bodhisatta spread his wings and flew off to the forest. Seeing him return, the other quails asked what had become of him so long, and where he had been. Then he told them he had been caught by a fowler, and, being asked how he had escaped, replied, that it was by a device he had thought of, namely, not to take either the food or the drink which the fowler supplied. So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

The thoughtless man no profit reaps.—But see

Thought's fruit in me, from death and bondage free.

In this manner did the Bodhisatta speak of what he had done.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the quail that escaped death in those days."

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

[p. 263] [j119]

No. 119.

AKALARAVI-JATAKA.

“No parents trained.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who used to be noisy at wrong seasons. He is said to have come of a good Savatthi family and to have given up the world for the Truth, but to have neglected his duties and despised instruction. He never took count of the hours for duties, for ministry or for reciting the texts. Throughout the three watches of the night, as well as the hours of waking, he was never quiet;—so that the other Brethren could not get a wink of sleep. Accordingly, the Brethren in the Hall of Truth censured his conduct. Entering the Hall and learning on enquiry what they were talking about, the Master said, “Brethren, as now, so in past times, this Brother was noisy out of season, and for his unseasonable conduct was strangled.” So saying he told this story of the past.

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[436] Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a northern brahmin family, and when he grew up, learned all knowledge and became a teacher of world-wide fame with five hundred young brahmins studying under him. Now these young brahmins had a cock who crowed betimes and roused them to their studies. And this cock died. So they looked all about for another, and one of their number, when picking up firewood in the cemetery-grove, saw a cock there which he brought home and kept in a coop. But, as this second cock had been bred in a cemetery, he had no knowledge of times and seasons, and used to crow casually,—at midnight as well as at daybreak. Roused by his crowing at midnight, the young brahmins fell to their studies; by dawn they were tired out and could not for sleepiness keep their attention on the subject; and when he fell a-crowing in broad day they did not get a chance of quiet for repeating their lesson. And ‘as it was the cock’s crowing both at midnight and by day which had brought their studies to a standstill, they took the

bird and wrung his neck. Then they told their teacher that they had killed the cock that crowed in and out of season.

Said their teacher, for their edification, “It was his bad bringing up that brought this cock to his end.” So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

No parents trained, no teacher taught this bird:

Both in and out of season was he heard.

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Such was the Bodhisatta’s teaching on the matter; and when he had lived his allotted time on earth, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth as follows, —“This Brother was the cock of those times, who did not know when not to crow; my disciples were the young brahmins; and I their teacher.”

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

[j120]

No. 120.

[437] BANDHANAMOKKHA-JATAKA.

“Whilst folly’s speech”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the brahmin-girl Cinca, whose history will be given in the Twelfth Book in the Mahapaduma-jataka [\*1]. On this occasion the Master said, “Brethren, this is not the first time Cinca has laid false

accusations against me. She did the like in other times.” 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 was born into the chaplain’s family, and on his father’s death succeeded to the chaplaincy.

Now the king promised to grant whatsoever boon his queen should ask of him, and she said,—“The boon I ask is an easy one; henceforth you must not look on any other woman with eyes of love.” At first he refused, but, wearied by her unceasing importunity, was obliged to give way at last. And from that day forward he never cast a glance of love at any one of his sixteen thousand nautch-girls.

Now a disturbance arose on the borders of his kingdom, and after two or three engagements with the robbers, the troops there sent a letter to the king saying that they were unable to carry the matter through. Then the king was anxious to go in person and assembled a mighty host. And he said to his wife, “Dear one, I go to the frontier, where battles will rage ending in victory or defeat. The camp is no place for a woman, and you must stay behind here.”

“I can’t stop if you go, my lord,” said she. But finding the king firm in his decision she made the following request instead,—“Every league,

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send a messenger to enquire how I fare.” And the king promised to do so. Accordingly, when he marched out with his host, leaving the Bodhisatta in the city, the king sent back a messenger at the end of every league to let the queen know how he was, and to find out how she fared. Of each man as he came she asked what brought him back.

And on receiving the answer that he was come to learn how she fared, they queen beckoned the messenger to her and sinned with him. Now the king journeyed two and thirty leagues and sent two and thirty messengers [438], and the queen sinned with them all. And when he had pacified the frontier, to the great joy of the inhabitants, he started on his homeward journey, despatching a second series of thirty-two messengers. And the queen misbehaved with each one of these, as before. Halting his victorious army near the city, the king sent a letter to the Bodhisatta to prepare the city for his entry. The preparations in the city were done, and the Bodhisatta was preparing the palace for the king's arrival, when he came to the queen's apartments. The sight of his great beauty so moved the queen that she called to him to satisfy her lust. But the Bodhisatta pleaded with her, urging the king's honour, and protesting that he shrank from all sin and would not do as she wished. "No thoughts of the king frightened sixty-four of the king's messengers," said she; "and will you for the king's sake fear to do my will?"

Said the Bodhisatta, "Had these messengers thought with me, they would not have acted thus. As for me that know the right, I will not commit this sin."

"Don't talk nonsense," said she. "If you refuse, I will have your head chopped off."

"So be it. Cut off my head in this or in a hundred thousand existences; yet will I not do your bidding."

"All right; I will see," said the queen menacingly. And retiring to her chamber, she scratched herself, put oil on her limbs, clad herself in dirty clothes and feigned to be ill. Then she sent for her slaves and bade them tell the king, when he should ask after her, that she was ill.

Meantime the Bodhisatta had gone to meet the king, who, after marching round the city in solemn procession, entered his palace. Not seeing the queen, he asked where she was, and was told that she was ill. Entering the royal bed-chamber, the king caressed the queen and asked what ailed her. She was silent; but when the king asked the third time, she looked at him and said, "Though my lord the king still lives, yet poor women like me have to own a master."

"What do you mean?"

"The chaplain whom you left to watch over the city came here on pretence of seeing after the palace; and because I would not yield to his will, [439] he beat me to his heart's content and went off."

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Then the king fumed with rage, like the crackling of salt or sugar in the fire; and he rushed from the chamber. Calling his servants, he bade them bind the chaplain with his hands behind him, like one condemned to death, and cut off his head at the place of execution. So away they hurried and bound the Bodhisatta. And the drum was beaten to announce the execution.

Thought the Bodhisatta, "Doubtless that wicked queen has already poisoned the king's mind against me, and now must I save myself from this peril." So he said to his captors, "Bring me into the king's presence before you slay me." "Why so?" said they. "Because, as the king's servant, I have toiled greatly on the king's business, and know where great treasures are hidden which I have discovered. If I am not brought before the king, all this wealth will be lost. So lead me to him, and then do your duty."

Accordingly, they brought him before the king, who asked why reverence had not restrained him from such wickedness.

“Sire,” answered the Bodhisatta, “I was born a brahmin, and have never taken the life so much as of an emmet or ant. I have never taken what was not my own, even to a blade of grass. Never have I looked with lustful eyes upon another man’s wife. Not even in jest have I spoken falsely, and not a drop of strong drink have I ever drunk. Innocent am I, sire; but that wicked woman took me lustfully by the hand, and, being rebuffed, threatened me, nor did she retire to her chamber before she had told me her secret evil-doing. For there were sixty-four messengers who came with letters from you to the queen. Send for these men and ask each whether he did as the queen bade him or not.” Then the king had the sixty-four men bound and sent for the queen. And she confessed to having had guilty converse with the men. Then the king ordered off all the sixty-four to be beheaded.

But at this point [440] the Bodhisatta cried out, “Nay, sire, the men are not to blame; for they were constrained by the queen. Wherefore pardon them. And as for the queen:—she is not to blame, for the passions of women are insatiate, and she does but act according to her inborn nature. Wherefore, pardon her also, O king.”

Upon this entreaty the king was merciful, and so the Bodhisatta saved the lives of the queen and the sixty-four men, and he gave them each a place to dwell in. Then the Bodhisatta came to the king and said, “Sire, the baseless accusations of folly put the wise in unmerited bonds, but the words of the wise released the foolish. Thus folly wrongfully binds, and wisdom sets free from bonds.” So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Whilst folly's speech doth bind unrighteously,

At wisdom's word the justly bound go free.

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When he had taught the king the Truth in these verses, he exclaimed, "All this trouble sprang from my living a lay life. I must change my mode of life, and crave your permission, sire, to give up the world." And with the king's permission he gave up the world and quitted his tearful relations and his great wealth to become a recluse. His dwelling was in the Himalayas, and there he won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments and became destined to rebirth in the Brahma Realm.

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His teaching ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Cinca was the wicked queen of those days, Ananda the king, and I his chaplain."

Footnotes

^264:1 No. 472. Cf. note, page .

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

No. 121.

[441] KUSANALI-JATAKA.

"Let great and small."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anatha-pindika's true friend. For his acquaintances and friends and relations came to him and tried hard to stop his intimacy with a certain man, saying that neither in birth nor wealth was he Anatha-pindika's

equal. But the great merchant replied that friendship should not depend on equality or inequality of externals. And when he went off to his zemindary, he put this friend in charge of his wealth. Everything came to pass as in the Kalakanni jataka [\*1]. But, when in this case Anatha-pindika related the danger his house had been in, the Master said, "Layman, a friend rightly so-called is never inferior. The standard is ability to befriend. A friend rightly so-called, though only equal or inferior to one's self, should be held a superior, for all such friends fail not to grapple with trouble which befalls one's self. It is your real friend that has now saved you your wealth. So in days gone by a like real friend saved a Sprite's mansion." Then at Anatha-pindika's request, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Sprite in the king's pleasure, and dwelt in a clump of kusa-grass. Now in the same grounds near the king's seat there grew a beautiful Wishing Tree (also called the Mukkhaka) with straight stem and spreading branches, which received great favour from the king. Here dwelt one who had been a mighty deva-king and had been reborn a Tree-sprite. And the Bodhisatta was on terms of intimate friendship with this Tree-sprite.

Now the king's dwelling had only one pillar to support the roof

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and that pillar grew shaky. Being told of this, the king sent for carpenters and ordered them to put in a sound pillar and make it secure. So the carpenters [442] looked about for a tree that would do and, not finding one elsewhere, went to the pleasure and saw the Mukkhaka. Then away they

went back to the king. "Well," said he, "have you found a tree that will do?" "Yes, sire," said they; "but we don't like to fell it." "Why not?" said the king. Then they told him how they had in vain looked everywhere for a tree and did not dare to cut down the sacred tree. "Go and cut it down," said he, "and make the roof secure. I will look out for another tree."

So they went away. And they took a sacrifice to the pleasaunce and offered it to the tree, saying among themselves that they would come and cut it down next day. Hearing their words, the Tree-sprite knew that her home would be destroyed on the morrow, and burst into tears as she clasped her children to her breast, not knowing whither to fly with them. Her friends, the spirits of the forest, came and asked what the matter was. But not one of them could devise how to stay the carpenters' hand, and all embraced her with tears and lamentations. At this moment up came the Bodhisatta to call upon the Tree-sprite and was told the news. "Have no fear," said the Bodhisatta cheerfully. "I will see that the tree is not cut down. Only wait and see what I will do when the carpenters come to-morrow."

Next day when the men came, the Bodhisatta, assuming the shape of a chameleon, was at the tree before they were, and got in at the roots and worked his way up till he got out among the branches, making the tree look full of holes. Then the Bodhisatta rested among the boughs with his head rapidly moving to and fro. Up came the carpenters; and at sight of the chameleon their leader struck the tree with his hand, and exclaimed that the tree was rotten and that they didn't look carefully before making their offerings the day before. And off he went full of scorn for the great strong tree. In this way the Bodhisatta saved the Tree-sprite's home. And when all her friends [443] and acquaintances came to see her, she joyfully sang the praises of the

Bodhisatta, as the saviour of her home, saying, “Sprites of the Trees, for all our mighty power we knew not what to do; while a humble Kusa-sprite had wit to save my home for me. Truly we should choose our friends without considering whether they are superiors, equals, or inferiors, making no distinction of rank. For each according to his strength can help a friend in the hour of need.” And she repeated this stanza about friendship and its duties:—

Let great and small and equals, all,

Do each their best, if harm befall, And help a friend in evil plight,  
As I was helped by Kusa-sprite.

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Thus did she teach the assembled devas, adding these words, “Wherefore, such as would escape from an evil plight must not merely consider whether a man is an equal or a superior, but must make friends of the wise whatsoever their station in life.” And she lived her life and with the Kusa-sprite finally passed away to fare according to her deserts.

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His lesson ended the Master identified the birth by saying, “Ananda was then the Tree-sprite, and I the Kusa-sprite.”

Footnotes

^267:1 No. [\*83].

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

No. 122.

[444] DUMMEDHA-JATAKA.

“Exalted station breeds a fool great woe.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. For the Brethren had met together in the Hall of Truth, and were talking of how the sight of the Buddha’s perfections and all the distinctive signs of Buddhahood [\*1] maddened Devadatta; and how in his jealousy he could not bear to hear the praises of the Buddha’s utter wisdom. Entering the Hall, the Master asked what was the subject of their converse. And when they told him, he said, “Brethren, as now, so in former times Devadatta was maddened by hearing my praises.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when King Magadha was ruling in Rajagaha in Magadha, the Bodhisatta was born an elephant. He was white all over and graced with all the beauty of form described above [\*2]. And because of his beauty the king made him his state elephant.

One festal day the king adorned the city like a city of the devas and, mounted on the elephant in all its trappings, made a solemn procession round the city attended by a great retinue. And all along the route the people were moved by the sight of that peerless elephant to exclaim, “Oh what a stately gait! what proportions! what beauty! what grace! such a white elephant is worthy of an universal monarch.” All this praise of his

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elephant awoke the king’s jealousy and he resolved to have it cast over a precipice and killed. So he summoned the

mahout and asked whether he called that a trained elephant.

“Indeed he is well trained, sire,” said the mahout. “No, he is very badly trained.” “Sire, he is well trained.” [445] “If he is so well trained, can you get him to climb to the summit of Mount Vepulla?” “Yes, sire.” “Away with you, then,” said the king. And he got down from the elephant, making the mahout mount instead, and went himself to the foot of the mountain, whilst the mahout rode on the elephant’s back up to the top of Mount Vepulla. The king with his courtiers also climbed the mountain, and had the elephant halted at the brink of a precipice. “Now,” said he to the man, “if he is so well trained as you say, make him stand on three legs.”

And the mahout on the elephant’s back just touched the animal with his goad by way of sign and called to him, “Hi! my beauty, stand on three legs.” “Now make him stand on his two fore-legs,” said the king. And the Great Being raised his hind-legs and stood on his fore-legs alone. “Now on the hind-legs,” said the king, and the obedient elephant raised his fore-legs till he stood on his hind-legs alone. “Now on one leg,” said the king, and the elephant stood on one leg.

Seeing that the elephant did not fall over the precipice, the king cried, “Now if you can, make him stand in the air.”

Then thought the mahout to himself, “All India cannot shew the match of this elephant for excellence of training. Surely the king must want to make him tumble over the precipice and meet his death.” So he whispered in the elephant’s ear, “My son, the king wants you to fall over and get killed. He is not worthy of you. If you have power to journey through the air, rise up with me upon your back and fly through the air to Benares.”

And the Great Being, endowed as he was with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, straightway rose up into the air. Then said the mahout, "Sire, this elephant, possessed as he is with the marvellous powers which flow from Merit, is too good for such a worthless fool as you: none but a wise and good king is worthy to be his master. When those who are so worthless as you get an elephant like this, they don't know his value, and so they lose their elephant, and all the rest of their glory and splendour." So saying the mahout, seated on the elephant's neck, recited this stanza:—

Exalted station breeds a fool great woe;

He proves his own and others' mortal foe.

[446] "And now, goodbye," said he to the king as he ended this rebuke; and rising in the air, he passed to Benares and halted in mid-air

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over the royal courtyard. And there was a great stir in the city and all cried out, "Look at the state-elephant that has come through the air for our king and is hovering over the royal courtyard." And with all haste the news was conveyed to the king too, who came out and said, "If your coming is for my behoof, alight on the earth." And the Bodhisatta descended from the air. Then the mahout got down and bowed before the king, and in answer to the king's enquiries told the whole story of their leaving Rajagaha. "It was very good of you," said the king, "to come here"; and in his joy he had the city decorated and the elephant installed in his state-stable. Then he divided his kingdom into three portions, and made over one to the Bodhisatta, one to the mahout, and one he kept himself. And his power grew from

the day of the Bodhisatta's coming till all India owned his sovereign sway. As Emperor of India, he was charitable and did other good works till he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying "Devadatta was in those days the king of Magadha, Sariputta the king of Benares, Ananda the mahout, and I the elephant."

[Note. Cf. Milinda-panho, 201.]

#### Footnotes

^269:1 See , and (e.g.) the Sela Sutta (No. 33 of the Sutta Nipata and No. 92 of the Majjhima Nikaya).

^269:2 Apparently the reference is to .

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

[j123]

No. 123.

#### NANGALISA-JATAKA.

"For universal application."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder Laludayi who is said to have had a knack of always saying the wrong thing. He never knew the proper occasion for the several teachings. For instance, if it was a festival, he would croak out the gloomy text [\*1], "Without the walls they lurk, and where four cross-roads meet." If it was a funeral, he would burst out with "Joy filled the hearts of gods and men," or

with “Oh may you see [447] a hundred, nay a thousand such glad days!”

Now one day the Brethren in the Hall of Truth commented on his singular infelicity of subject and his knack of always saying the wrong thing. As they sat talking, the Master entered, and, in answer to his question, was told the subject of their talk. “Brethren,” said he, “this is not the first time that Laludayi’s folly has made him say the wrong thing. He has always been as inept as now.” So saying he told this story of the past.

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[p. 272]

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a rich brahmin’s family, and when he grew up, was versed in all knowledge and was a world-renowned professor with five hundred young brahmins to instruct.

At the time of our story there was among the young brahmins one who always had foolish notions in his head and always said the wrong thing; he was engaged with the rest in learning the scriptures as a pupil, but because of his folly could not master them. He was the devoted attendant of the Bodhisatta and ministered to him like a slave.

Now one day after supper the Bodhisatta laid himself on his bed and there was washed and perfumed by the young brahmin on hands, feet and back. And as the youth turned to go away, the Bodhisatta said to him, “Prop up the feet of my bed before you go.” And the young brahmin propped up the feet of the bed on one side all right, but could not find anything to prop it up with on the other side. Accordingly he used his leg as a prop and passed the night so. When the

Bodhisatta got up in the morning and saw the young brahmin, he asked why he was sitting there. "Master," said the young man, "I could not find one of the bed supports; so I've got my leg under to prop it up instead."

Moved at these words, the Bodhisatta thought, "What devotion! And to think it should come from the veriest dullard of all my pupils. Yet how can I impart learning to him?" And the thought came to him that the best way was to question the young brahmin on his return from gathering firewood and leaves, as to something he had seen or done that day; and then to ask what it was like. [448] "For," thought the master, "this will lead him on to making comparisons and giving reasons, and the continuous practice of comparing and reasoning on his part will enable me to impart learning to him."

Accordingly he sent for the young man and told him always on his return from picking up firewood and leaves to say what he had seen or eaten or drunk. And the young man promised he would. So one day having seen a snake when out with the other pupils picking up wood in the forest, he said, "Master, I saw a snake." "What did it look like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." "That is a very good comparison. Snakes are like the shafts of ploughs," said the Bodhisatta, who began to have hopes that he might at last succeed with his pupil.

Another day the young brahmin saw an elephant in the forest and told his master. "And what is an elephant like?" "Oh, like the shaft of a plough." His master said nothing, for he thought that, as the elephant's trunk and tusks bore a certain resemblance to the shaft of a plough, perhaps his pupil's stupidity made him speak thus generally (though he was thinking of the trunk in particular), because of his inability to go into accurate detail,

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A third day he was invited to eat sugar-cane, and duly told his master. “And what is a sugar-cane like?” “Oh, like the shaft of a plough.” „That is scarcely a good comparison,” thought his master, but said nothing. Another day, again, the pupils were invited to eat molasses with curds and milk, and this too was duly reported. “And what are curds and milk like?” “Oh, like the shaft of a plough.” Then the master thought to himself, “This young man was perfectly right in saying a snake was like the shaft of a plough, and was more or less right, though not accurate, in saying an elephant and a sugar-cane had the same similitude. But milk and curds (which are always white in colour) take the shape of whatever vessel they are placed in; [449] and here he missed the comparison entirely. This dullard will never learn.” So saying he uttered this stanza:—

For universal application he

Employs a term of limited import. Plough-shaft and curds to him alike unknown, —The fool asserts the two things are the same.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Laludayi was the dullard of those days, and I the professor of world-wide renown.”

Footnotes

^271:1 For this quotation see the Khuddaka Patha edited by Childers (J. R. A. S. 1870, p. 319).

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

[j124]

No. 124.

AMBA-JATAKA.

“Toil on, my brother.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a good brahmin belonging to a noble Savatthi family who gave his heart to the Truth, and, joining the Brotherhood, became constant in all duties. Blameless in his attendance on teachers; scrupulous in the matter of foods and drinks; zealous in the performance of the duties of the chapter-house, bath-house, and so forth; perfectly punctual in the observance of the fourteen major and of the eighty minor disciplines; he used to sweep the monastery, the cells, the cloisters, and the path leading to their monastery, and gave water to thirsty folk. And because of his great goodness folk gave regularly five hundred meals a day to the Brethren; and great gain and honour accrued to the monastery, the many prospering for the virtues of one. And one day in the Hall of Truth the Brethren fell to talking of how that Brother’s goodness had brought them gain and honour, and filled many lives with joy. Entering the Hall, [450] the Master asked, and

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was told, what their talk was about. “This is not the first time, Brethren,” said he, “that this Brother has been regular in the fulfilment of duties, In days gone by five hundred hermits going out to gather fruits were supported on the fruits that his goodness provided.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North, and, growing up, gave up the world and dwelt at the head of five

hundred hermits at the foot of the mountains. In those days there came a great drought upon the Himalaya country, and everywhere the water was dried up, and sore distress fell upon all beasts. Seeing the poor creatures suffering from thirst, one of the hermits cut down a tree which he hollowed into a trough; and this trough he filled with all the water he could find. In this way he gave the animals to drink. And they came in herds and drank and drank till the hermit had no time left to go and gather fruits for himself. Heedless of his own hunger, he worked away to quench the animals' thirst. Thought they to themselves, "So wrapt up is this hermit in ministering to our wants that he leaves himself no time to go in quest of fruits. He must be very hungry. Let us agree that everyone of us who comes here to drink must bring such fruits as he can to the hermit." This they agreed to do, every animal that came bringing mangoes or jambus or bread-fruits or the like, till their offerings would have filled two hundred and fifty waggons; and there was food for the whole five hundred hermits with abundance to spare. Seeing this, the Bodhisatta exclaimed, "Thus has one man's goodness been the means of supplying with food all these hermits. Truly, we should always be steadfast in right-doing." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast;

Nor let thy courage flag and tire; Forget not him, who by his grievous fast [\*1] Reaped fruits beyond his heart's desire.

[451] Such was the teaching of the Great Being to the band of hermits.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was the good hermit of those days, and I the hermits' master."

## Footnotes

^274:1 Cf. Vol. iv. 269 (text), and supra page .

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

[p. 275] [j125]

No. 125.

### KATAHAKA-JATAKA.

“If he ‘mid strangers.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a boastful Brother. The introductory story about him is like what has been already related [\*1].

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a rich Treasurer, and his wife bore him a son. And the selfsame day a female slave in his house gave birth to a boy, and the two children grew up together. And when the rich man’s son was being taught to write, the young slave used to go with his young master’s tablets and so learned at the same time to write himself. Next he learned two or three handicrafts, and grew up to be a fair-spoken and handsome young man; and his name was Katahaka. Being employed as private secretary, he thought to himself, “I shall not always be kept at this work. The slightest fault and I shall be beaten, imprisoned, branded, and fed on slave’s fare. On the border there lives a merchant, a friend of my master’s. Why should I not go to him with a letter purporting to come from my master, and, passing myself off as my master’s son, marry the merchant’s daughter and live happily ever afterwards?”

So he wrote a letter, [452] saying, "The bearer of this is my son. It is meet that our houses should be united in marriage, and I would have you give your daughter to this my son and keep the young couple near you for the present. As soon as I can conveniently do so, I will come to you." This letter he sealed with his master's private seal, and came to the border-merchant's with a well-filled purse, handsome dresses, and perfumes and the like. And with a bow he stood before the merchant. "Where do you come from?" said the merchant. "From Benares." "Who is your father?" "The Treasurer of Benares." "And what brings you here?" "This letter will tell you," said Katahaka, handing it to him. The merchant read the letter and exclaimed, "This gives me new life." And in his joy he gave his daughter to Katahaka and set up the young couple, who lived in great style. But Katahaka gave himself airs, and used to find fault with the victuals and the clothes that were brought him, calling them "provincial." "These misguided provincials," he would say, "have

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no idea of dressing. And as for taste in scents and garlands, they've got none."

Missing his slave, the Bodhisatta said, "I don't see Katahaka. Where has he gone? Find him." And off went the Bodhisatta's people in quest of him, and searched far and wide till they found him. Then back they came, without Katahaka recognizing them, and told the Bodhisatta.

"This will never do," said the Bodhisatta on hearing the news. "I will go and bring him back." So he asked the King's permission, and departed with a great following. And the tidings spread everywhere that the Treasurer was on his way to the borders. Hearing the news Katahaka fell to thinking of

his course of action. He knew that he was the sole reason of the Treasurer's coming, and he saw that to run away now was to destroy all chance of returning. So he decided to go to meet the Treasurer, and conciliate him by acting as a slave towards him as in the old days. Acting on this plan, he made a point of proclaiming in [453] public on all occasions his disapprobation of the lamentable decay of respect towards parents which shewed itself in children's sitting down to meals with their parents, instead of waiting upon them. "When my parents take their meals," said Katahaka, "I hand the plates and dishes, bring the spittoon, and fetch their fans for them. Such is my invariable practice." And he explained carefully a slave's duty to his master, such as bringing the water . and ministering to him when he retired. And having already schooled folk in general, he had said to his father-in-law shortly before the arrival of the Bodhisatta, "I hear that my father is coming to see you. You had better make ready to entertain him, while I will go and meet him on the road with a present." "Do so, my dear boy," said his father-in-law.

So Katahaka took a magnificent present and went out with a large retinue to meet the Bodhisatta, to whom he handed the present with a low obeisance. The Bodhisatta took the present in a kindly way, and at breakfast time made his encampment and retired for the purposes of nature. Stopping his retinue, Katahaka took water and approached the Bodhisatta. Then the young man fell at the Bodhisatta's feet and cried, "Oh, sir, I will pay any sum you may require; but do not expose me."

"Fear no exposure at my hands," said the Bodhisatta, pleased at his dutiful conduct, and entered into the city, where he was feted with great magnificence. And Katahaka still acted as his slave.

As the Treasurer sat at his ease, the border-merchant said, "My Lord, upon receipt of your letter I duly gave my daughter in marriage to your son." And the Treasurer made a suitable reply about 'his son' in so kindly a way that the merchant was delighted beyond measure. But from that time forth the Bodhisatta could not bear the sight of Katahaka.

One day the Great Being sent for the merchant's daughter and said, "My dear, please look my head over." She did so, and he thanked her for

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her much-needed services, [454] adding, "And now tell me, my dear, whether my son is a reasonable man in weal and woe, and whether you manage to get on well with him."

"My husband has only one fault. He will find fault with his food."

"He has always had his faults, my dear; but I will tell you how to stop his tongue. I will tell you a text which you must learn carefully and repeat to your husband when he finds fault again with his food." And he taught her the lines and shortly afterwards set out for Benares. Katahaka accompanied him part of the way, and took his leave after offering most valuable presents to the Treasurer. Dating from the departure of the Bodhisatta, Katahaka waxed prouder and prouder. One day his wife ordered a nice dinner, and began to help him to it with a spoon, but at the first mouthful Katahaka began to grumble. Thereon the merchant's daughter remembering her lesson, repeated the following stanza:—

If he 'mid strangers far from home talks big [\*1],

Back comes his visitor to spoil it all. —Come, eat your dinner then, Katahaka [\*2].

“Dear me,” thought Katahaka, “the Treasurer must have informed her of my name, and have told her the whole story.” And from that day forth he gave himself no more airs, but humbly ate what was set before him, and at his death passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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[455] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “This bumptious Brother was the Katahaka of those days, and I the Treasurer of Benares.”

#### Footnotes

^275:1 No. [\*80], probably.

^277:1 Cf. Upham Mahav. 3. 301.

^277:2 The scholiast explains that the wife had no understanding of the meaning of the verse, but only repeated the words as she was taught them. That is to say, the gatha was not in the vernacular, but in a learned tongue intelligible to the educated Katahaka, but not to the woman, who repeated it parrot-fashion.

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

[j126]

No. 126.

ASILAKKHANA-JATAKA.

“Our diverse fates.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brahmin retained by the King of Kosala because of his power of telling whether swords were lucky or not. We are told that when the king’s smiths had forged a sword, this brahmin could by merely smelling it tell whether it was

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a lucky one or not. And he made it a rule only to commend the work of those smiths who gave him presents, while he rejected the work of those who did not bribe him.

Now a certain smith made a sword and put into the sheath with it some finely-ground pepper, and brought it in this state to the King, who at once handed it over to the brahmin to test. The brahmin unsheathed the blade and sniffed at it. The pepper got up his nose and made him sneeze, and that so violently that he slit his nose on the edge of the sword [\*1].

This mishap of the brahmin came to the Brethren’s ears, and one day they were talking about it in the Hall of Truth when the Master entered. On learning the subject of their talk, he said, “This is not the first time, Brethren, that this brahmin has slit his nose sniffing swords. The same fate befell him in former days.” 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 in his service a brahmin who professed to tell whether swords were lucky or not, and all came to pass as in the Introductory Story. And the king called in the surgeons and had him fitted with a false tip to his nose which was cunningly painted for all the world like a real nose; and then

the brahmin resumed his duties again about the king. Now Brahmadata had no son, only a daughter and a nephew, whom he had brought up under his own eye. And when these two grew up, they fell in love with one another. So the king sent for his councillors and said to them, "My nephew is heir to the throne. If I give him my daughter to wife, he shall be anointed king."

[456] But, on second thoughts, he decided that as in any case his nephew was like a son, he had better marry him to a foreign princess, and give his daughter to a prince of another royal house. For, he thought, this plan would give him more grandchildren and vest in his line the sceptres of two several kingdoms. And, after consulting with his councillors, he resolved to separate the two, and they were accordingly made to dwell apart from one another. Now they were sixteen years old and very much in love, and the young prince thought of nothing but how to carry off the princess from her father's palace. At last the plan struck him of sending for a wise woman, to whom he gave a pocketful of money.

"And what's this for?" said she.

Then he told her of his passion, and besought the wise woman to convey him to his dear princess.

And she promised him success, and said that she would tell the king that his daughter was under the influence of witchcraft, but that, as the demon had possessed her so long that he was off his guard, she would take

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the princess one day in a carriage to the cemetery with a strong escort under arms, and there in a magic circle lay the princess on a bed with a dead man under it, and with a

hundred and eight douches of scented water wash the demon out of her. "And when on this pretext I bring the princess to the cemetery," continued the wise woman, "mind that you just reach the cemetery before us in your carriage with an armed escort, taking some ground pepper with you. Arrived at the cemetery, you will leave your carriage at the entrance, and despatch your men to the cemetery grove, while you will yourself go to the top of the mound and lie down as though dead. Then I will come and set up a bed over you on which I will lay the princess. Then will come the time when you must sniff at the pepper till you sneeze two or three times, and [457] when you sneeze we will leave the princess and take to our heels. Thereon you and the princess must bathe all over, and you must take her home with you." "Capital," said the prince; "a most excellent device."

So away went the wise woman to the king, and he fell in with her idea, as did the princess when it was explained to her. When the day came, the old woman told the princess their errand, and said to the guards on the road in order to frighten them, "Listen. Under the bed that I shall set up, there will be a dead man; and that dead man will sneeze. And mark well that, so soon as he has sneezed, he will come out from under the bed and seize on the first person he finds. So be prepared, all of you."

Now the prince had already got to the place and got under the bed as had been arranged.

Next the crone led off the princess and laid her upon the bed, whispering to her not to be afraid. At once the prince sniffed at the pepper and fell a-sneezing. And scarce had he begun to sneeze before the wise woman left the princess and with a loud scream was off, quicker than ally of them. Not a man stood his ground;—one and all they threw away

their arms and bolted for dear life. Hereon the prince came forth and bore off the princess to his home, as had been before arranged. And the old woman made her way to the king and told him what had happened.

“Well,” thought the king, “I always intended her for him, and they’ve grown up together like ghee in rice-porridge.” So he didn’t fly into a passion, but in course of time made his nephew king of the land, with his daughter as queen-consort.

Now the new king kept on in his service the brahmin who professed to tell the temper of swords, and one day as he stood in the sun, the false tip to the brahmin’s nose got loose and fell off. And there he stood, hanging his head for very shame. “Never mind, never mind,” laughed the king. “Sneezing is good for some, but bad for others. One sneeze

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lost you your nose [458]; whilst I have to thank a sneeze for both my throne and queen.” So saying he uttered this stanza:—

Our diverse fates this moral show,

—What brings me weal, may work you woe.

So spake the king, and after a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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In this wise did the Master teach the lesson that the world was wrong in thinking things were definitely and absolutely good or bad in all cases alike. Lastly, he identified the Birth by saying, “The same man that now professes to

understand whether swords are lucky or not, professed the same skill in those days; and I was myself the prince who inherited his uncle's kingdom."

## Footnotes

^278:1 Cf. Rogers' "Buddhaghosha's Parables," p. 119, where this Introductory Story is given.

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

[j127]

No. 127.

## KALANDUKA-JATAKA.

"You vaunt."—This story was told by the Master once at Jetavana, about a boastful Brother. (The introductory story and the story of the past in this case are like those of Katakaha related above [\*1].)

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Kalanduka was in this case the name of the slave of the Treasurer of Benares. And when he had run away and was living in luxury with the daughter of the border-merchant, the Treasurer missed him and could not discover his whereabouts. So he sent a young pet parrot to search for the runaway. And off flew the parrot in quest of Kalanduka, and searched for him far and wide, till at last the bird came to the town where he dwelt. And just at that very time Kalanduka was enjoying himself on the river with his wife in a boat well-stocked with dainty fare and with flowers and perfumes. Now the nobles of that land at their water-parties make a point of taking milk with a pungent drug to drink, and so escape suffering from cold after their pastime on the

water. [459] But when our Kalanduka tasted this milk, he hawked and spat it out; and in so doing spat on the head of the merchant's daughter. At this moment up flew the parrot, and saw all this from the bough of a fig-tree on the bank.

"Come, come,

[p. 281]

slave Kalanduka," cried the bird; "remember who and what you are, and don't spit on the head of this young gentlewoman. Know your place, fellow." So saying, he uttered the following stanza:—

You vaunt your high descent, your high degree,

With lying tongue. Though but a bird, I know The truth. You'll soon be caught, you runaway. Scorn not the milk then, slave Kalanduka.

Recognizing the parrot, Kalanduka grew afraid of being exposed, and exclaimed, "Ah! good master, when did you arrive?"

Thought the parrot, "It is not friendliness, but a wish to wring my neck, that prompts this kindly interest." So he replied that he did not stand in need of Kalanduka's services, and flew off to Benares, where he told the Lord Treasurer everything he had seen.

"The rascal!" cried the Treasurer, and ordered Kalanduka to be hauled back to Benares where he had once more to put up with a slave's fare.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "This Brother was Kalanduka in the story, and I the Treasurer of Benares."

## Footnotes

^280:1 No. [\*125].

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

[j128]

[460] No. 128.

BILARA-JATAKA.

“Where saintliness.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a hypocrite. When the Brother’s hypocrisy was reported to him, the Master said, “This is not the first time he has shewn himself a hypocrite; he was just the same in times gone by.” 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 was born rat, perfect in wisdom, and as big as a young boar.

He had his dwelling in the forest and many hundreds of other rats owned his sway.

[p. 282]

Now there was a roving jackal who espied this troop of rats and fell to scheming how to beguile and eat them. And he took up his stand near their home with his face to the sun, snuffing up the wind, and standing on one leg. Seeing this when out on his road in quest of food, the Bodhisatta conceived the jackal to be a saintly being, and went up and asked his name.

“‘Godly’ is my name,” said the jackal. “Why do you stand only on one leg?” “Because if I stood on all four at once, the earth could not bear my weight. That is why I stand on one leg only.” “And why do you keep your mouth open?” “To take the air. I live on air; it is my only food.” “And why do you face the sun?” “To worship him.” “What uprightness!” thought the Bodhisatta, and thenceforward he made a point of going, attended by the other rats, to pay his respects morning and evening to the saintly jackal. And when the rats were leaving, the jackal seized and devoured the hindermost one of them, wiped his lips, and looked as though nothing had happened. In consequence of this the rats grew fewer and fewer, till they noticed the gaps in their ranks, and wondering why this was so, asked the Bodhisatta the reason. He could not make it out, but suspecting the jackal, [461] resolved to put him to the test. So next day he let the other rats go out first and himself brought up the rear. The jackal made a spring on the Bodhisatta who, seeing him coming, faced round and cried, “So this is your saintliness, you hypocrite and rascal!” And he repeated the following stanza:—

Where saintliness is but a cloak

Whereby to cozen guileless folk  
And screen a villain’s treachery,  
—The cat-like nature there we see [\*1].

So saying, the king of the rats sprang at the jackal’s throat and bit his windpipe asunder just under the jaw, so that he died. Back trooped the other rats and gobbled up the body of the jackal with a ‘crunch, crunch, crunch’;—that is to say, the foremost of them did, for they say there was none left for the last-corners. And ever after the rats lived happily in peace and quiet.

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His lesson ended, the Master made the connection by saying, “This hypocritical Brother was the jackal of those days, and I the king of the rats.”

## Footnotes

^282:1 Though the foregoing prose relates to a jackal, the stanza speaks of a cat, as does the Mahabharata in its version of this story.

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

[p. 283]

No. 129.

## AGGIKA-JATAKA.

“‘Twas greed.”..This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about another hypocrite.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was King of the Rats and dwelt in the forest. Now a fire broke out in the forest, and a jackal who could not run away put his head against a tree [462] and let the flames sweep by him. The fire singed the hair off his body everywhere, and left him perfectly bald, except for a tuft like a scalp-knot [\*1] where the crown of his head was pressed against the tree. Drinking one day in a rocky pool, he caught sight of this top-knot reflected in the water. “At last I’ve got wherewithal to go to market,” thought he. Coming in the course of his wanderings in the forest to the rats’ cave, he said to himself, “I’ll hoodwink those rats and devour them;” and with this intent he took up his stand hard by, just as in the foregoing story.

On his way out in quest of food, the Bodhisatta observed the jackal and, crediting the beast with virtue and goodness, came to him and asked what his name was.

“Bharadvaja [\*2], Votary of the Fire-God.”

“Why have you come here?”

“In order to guard you and yours.”

“What will you do to guard us?”

“I know how to count on my fingers, and will count your numbers both morning and evening, so as to be sure that as many came home at night, as went out in the morning. That’s how I’ll guard you.”

“Then stay, uncle, and watch over us.”

And accordingly, as the rats were starting in the morning he set about counting them “One, two, three;” and so again when they came back at night. And every time he counted them, he seized and ate the hindmost. Everything came to pass as in the foregoing story, except that here the King of the Rats turned and said to the jackal, “It is not sanctity,

[p. 284]

[paragraph continues] Bharadvaja, Votary of the Fire-God, but gluttony that has decked your crown with that top-knot.” So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

‘Twas greed, not virtue, furnished you this crest.

Our dwindling numbers fail to work out right; We’ve had enough, Fire-votary, of you.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “This Brother was the jackal of those days, and I the King of the Rats.”

## Footnotes

^283:1 The Buddhist ‘Brother’ shaves his crown, except for a tuft of hair on the top, which is the analogue of the tonsure of Roman Catholic priests.

^283:2 Bharadvaja was the name of a clan of great Rishis, or religious teachers, to whom the sixth book of the Rigveda is ascribed.

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

No. 130.

KOSIYA-JATAKA [\*1].

[463] “You may ail or eat.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a woman of Savatthi. She is said to have been the wicked wife of a good and virtuous brahmin, who was a lay-brother. Her nights she spent in gadding about; whilst by day she did not a stroke of work, but made out to be ill and lay abed groaning.

“What is the matter with you, my dear?” said her husband.

“Wind troubles me.”

“What can I get for you?”

“Sweets, savouries, rich food, rice-gruel, boiled-rice, oil, and so forth.”

The obedient husband did as she wished, and toiled like a slave for her. She meantime kept her bed while her husband was about the house; but no sooner saw the door shut on him, than she was in the arms of her paramours.

“My poor wife doesn’t seem to get any better of the wind,” thought the brahmin at last, and betook himself with offerings of perfumes, flowers, and the like, to the Master at Jetavana. His obeisance done, he stood before the Blessed One, who asked him why he had been absent so long.

“Sir,” said the brahmin, “I’m told my wife is troubled with the wind, and I toil away to keep her supplied with every conceivable dainty. And now she is stout and her complexion quite clear, but the wind is as troublesome as ever. It is through ministering to my wife that I have not had any time to come here, sir.”

Said the Master, who knew the wife’s wickedness, “Ah! brahmin, the wise and good of days gone by taught you how to physic a woman suffering like your wife from so stubborn an ailment. But re-birth has confused your memory so that you forget.” So saying, he told the following story of the past.

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Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in a very distinguished family. After perfecting

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his education at Takkasila, he became a teacher of world-wide fame in Benares. To him flocked as pupils the young nobles and brahmins from all the princely and wealthy families. Now a country brahmin, who had learned from the Bodhisatta the three Vedas, and the eighteen Sciences, and

who stopped on in Benares to look after his estate, came two or three times every day to listen to the Bodhisatta's teachings. [464] And this brahmin had a wife who was a bad, wicked woman. And everything came to pass as above. When the brahmin explained how it was that he could not get away to listen to his master's teachings, the Bodhisatta, who knew that the brahmin's wife was only feigning sickness, thought to himself, "I will tell him what physic will cure the creature." So he said to the brahmin, "Get her no more dainties, my son, but collect the stalings of cows and therein souse five kinds of fruit and so forth, and let the lot pickle in a new copper pot till the whole savours of the metal. Then take a rope or cord or stick and go to your wife, and tell her plainly she must either swallow the safe cure you have brought her, or else work for her food. (And here you will repeat certain lines which I will tell you.) If she refuses the remedy, then threaten to let her have a taste of the rope or stick, and to drag her about for a time by the hair, while you pummel her with your fists. You will find that at the mere threat she will be up and about her work."

So off went the brahmin and brought his wife a mess prepared as the Bodhisatta had directed.

"Who prescribed this?" said she.

"The master," said her husband.

"Take it away, I won't have it."

"So you won't have it, eh?" said the young brahmin, taking up the rope-end; "well then, you've either got to swallow down that safe cure or else to work for honest fare." So saying he uttered this stanza:—

You may ail or eat; which shall it be?

For you can't do both, my Kosiya.

[465] Terrified by this, the woman Kosiya realised from the moment the master interfered how impossible it was to deceive him, and, getting up, went about her work. And the consciousness that the master knew her wickedness made her repent, and become as good as she had formerly been wicked.

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(So ended the story, and the brahmin's wife, feeling that the All-enlightened Buddha knew what she was, stood in such awe of him that she sinned no more.)

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The husband and wife of today were the husband and wife of the story, and I was the master."

Footnotes

^284:1 See also No. 226.

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

[p. 286] [j131]

No. 131.

ASAMPADANA-JATAKA.

"If a friend."—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta. For at that time the Brethren were discussing in the Hall of Truth the ingratitude of Devadatta and his inability to recognise the Master's goodness, when the Master himself entered and on enquiry was told the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "this

is not the first time that Devadatta has been ungrateful; he was just as ungrateful in bygone days." So saying, he told this story of the past.

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[466] Once on a time, when a certain king of Magadha was reigning in Rajagaha, the Bodhisatta was his Treasurer, worth eighty crores, and known as the 'Millionaire.' In Benares there dwelt a Treasurer also worth eighty crores, who was named Piliya, and was a great friend of the Millionaire. For some reason or other Piliya of Benares got into difficulties, and lost all his property, and was reduced to beggary. In his need he left Benares, and with his wife journeyed on foot to Rajagaha, to see the Millionaire, the last hope left him. And the Millionaire embraced his friend and treated him as an honoured guest, asking, in due course, the reason of the visit. "I am a ruined man," answered Piliya, "I have lost everything, and have come to ask you to help me."

"With all my heart! Have no fear on that score," said the Millionaire. He had his strong-room opened, and gave to Piliya forty crores. Also he divided into two equal parts the whole of his property, live stock and all, and bestowed on Piliya the just half of his entire fortune. Taking his wealth, Piliya went back to Benares, and there dwelt.

Not long after a like calamity overtook the Millionaire, who, in his turn, lost every penny he had. Casting about whither to turn in the hour of need, he bethought him how he had befriended Piliya to the half of his possessions, and might go to him for assistance without fear of being thrown over. So he set out from Rajagaha with his wife, and came to Benares. At the entrance to the city he said to her, "Wife, it is not befitting for you to trudge along the streets with me. Wait here a little till I send a carriage with a servant to bring

you into the city in proper state." So saying, he left her under shelter, and went on alone into the town, till he came to Piliya's house, where he bade himself be announced as the Millionaire from Rajagaha, come to see his friend.

"Well, show him in," said Piliya; but at sight of the other's condition he neither rose to meet him, nor greeted him with words of welcome, but only demanded what brought him here.

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"To see you," was the reply.

[467] "Where are you stopping?"

"Nowhere, as yet. I left my wife under shelter and came straight to you."

"There's no room here for you. Take a dole of rice, find somewhere to cook and eat it, and then begone and never come to visit me again." So saying, the rich man despatched a servant with orders to give his unfortunate friend half-a-quartern of pollard to carry away tied up in the corner of his cloth;—and this, though that very day he had had a thousand waggon-loads of the best rice threshed out and stored up in his overflowing granaries. Yes, the rascal, who had coolly taken four hundred millions, now doled out half-a-quartern of pollard to his benefactor! Accordingly, the servant measured out the pollard in a basket, and brought it to the Bodhisatta, who argued within himself whether or no he should take it. And he thought, "This ingrate breaks off our friendship because I am a ruined man. Now, if I refuse his paltry gift, I shall be as bad as he. For the ignoble, who scorn a modest gift, outrage the first idea of friendship. Be it, therefore, mine to fulfil friendship so far as in me lies, by taking his gift of pollard." So he tied up the pollard in the

corner of his cloth, and made his way back to where he had housed his wife.

“What have you got, dear?” said she.

“Our friend Piliya gives us this pollard, and washes his hands of us.”

“Oh, why did you take it? Is this a fit return for the forty crores?”

“Don’t cry, dear wife,” said the Bodhisatta. “I took it simply because I wanted not to violate the principle of friendship. Why these tears?” So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

If a friend plays the niggard’s part,

A simpleton is cut to th’ heart; [468] His dole of pollard I will take,  
And not for this our friendship break.

But still the wife kept on crying.

Now, at that moment a farm-servant whom the Millionaire had given to Piliya was passing by and drew near on hearing the weeping of his former mistress. Recognising his master and mistress, he fell at their feet, and with tears and sobs asked the reason of their coming. And the Bodhisatta told him their story.

“Keep up your spirits,” said the man, cheerily; and, taking them to his own dwelling, there made ready perfumed baths, and a meal for them. Then he let the other slaves know that their old master and mistress had come, and after a few days marched them in a body to the King’s palace, where they made quite a commotion.

The King asked what the matter was, and they told him the whole

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story. So he sent forthwith for the two, and asked the Millionaire whether the report was true that he had given four hundred millions to Piliya.

“Sir,” said he, “when in his need nay friend confided in me, and came to seek my aid, I gave him the half, not only of my money, but of my live stock and of everything that I possessed.”

“Is this so?” said the king to Piliya.

“Yes, sire,” said he.

“And when, in his turn, your benefactor confided in you and sought you out, did you show him honour and hospitality?”

Here Piliya was silent.

“Did you have a half-quartern of pollard doled out into the corner of his cloth?”

[469] Still Piliya was silent.

Then the king took counsel with his ministers as to what should be done, and finally, as a judgment on Piliya, ordered them to go to Piliya’s house and give the whole of Piliya’s wealth to the Millionaire.

“Nay, sire,” said the Bodhisatta; “I need not what is another’s. Let me be given nothing beyond what I formerly gave him.”

Then the king ordered that the Bodhisatta should enjoy his own again; and the Bodhisatta, with a large retinue of servants, came back with his regained wealth to Rajagaha, where he put his affairs in order, and after a life spent in charity and other good works, passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Devadatta was the Treasurer Piliya of those days, and I myself the Millionaire.”

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

[j132]

No. 132.

PANCAGARU-JATAKA.

“Wise counsels heeding.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the Sutta concerning the Temptation by the Daughters of Mara [\*1] at the Goat-herds’ Banyan-tree. The Master quoted the Sutta, beginning with its opening words:—

In all their dazzling beauty on they came,

—Craving and Hate and Lust. Like cotton-down Before the wind, the Master made them fly.

[p. 289]

After he had recited the Sutta right through to the end, the Brethren met together in the Hall of Truth and spoke of how the Daughters of Mara drew near in all their myriad charms

yet failed to seduce the All-Enlightened One. For he did not as much as open his eyes to look upon them, so marvellous was he! Entering the hall, the Master asked, and was told, what they were discussing. "Brethren," said he, "it is no marvel that I did not so much as look upon the Daughters of Mara in this life when I have put sin from me and have won enlightenment. In former days when I was but in quest of Wisdom, when sin still dwelt within me, I found strength not to gaze even upon loveliness divine by way of lust in violation of virtue; and by that continence I won a kingdom." 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 was the youngest of a hundred brothers, and his adventures are to be detailed here, as above [470] in the Takkasila-Jataka [\*1]. When the kingdom had been offered to the Bodhisatta by the people, and when he had accepted it and been anointed king, the people decorated the town like a city of the gods and the royal palace like the palace of Indra. Entering the city the Bodhisatta passed into the spacious hall of the palace and there seated himself in all his godlike beauty on his jewelled throne beneath the white umbrella of his Kingship. Round him in glittering splendour stood his ministers and brahmins and nobles, whilst sixteen thousand nautch girls, fair as the nymphs of heaven, sang and danced and made music, till the palace was loud with sounds like the ocean when the storm bursts in thunder on its waters [\*2]. Gazing round on the pomp of his royal state, the Bodhisatta thought how, had he looked upon the charms of the ogresses, he would have perished miserably, nor ever have lived to see his present magnificence, which he owed to his following the counsels of the Pacceka Buddhas. And as these thoughts filled his heart, his emotion found vent in these verses:—

Wise counsels heeding, firm in my resolve,

With dauntless heart still holding on my course, I shunned  
the Sirens' dwellings and their snares, And found a great  
salvation in my need.

[471] So ended the lesson which these verses taught. And  
the Great Being ruled his kingdom in righteousness, and  
abounded in charity and other good works till in the end he  
passed away to fare according to his deserts.

---

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying,  
“I was the prince of those days who went to Takkasila and  
won a kingdom.”

#### Footnotes

^288:1 See pp. 78 and 79 of Volume I. of the text for the  
temptation. I have not been able to trace the Palobhana  
Sutta referred to.

^289:1 Apparently the reference is to No. [\*96]. For a like  
confusion of title see note , .

^289:2 Or is the meaning ‘like the vault of heaven filled  
with thunder-clouds’? Cf. arnava in the Rigveda.

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

[p. 290] [j133]

No. 133.

GHATASANA-JATAKA.

“Lo! in your stronghold.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Brother who was given by the Master a subject for meditation, and, going to the borders, took up his abode in the forest near a hamlet. Here he hoped to pass the rainy season, but during the very first month his hut was burnt down whilst he was in the village seeking alms. Feeling the loss of its sheltering roof, he told his lay friends of his misfortune, and they readily undertook to build him another hut. But, in spite of their protestations, three months slipped away without its being rebuilt. Having no roof to shelter him, the Brother had no success in his meditation. Not even the dawn of the Light had been vouchsafed to him when at the close of the rainy season he went back to Jetavana and stood respectfully before the Master. In the course of talk the Master asked whether the Brother’s meditation had been successful. Then that Brother related from the beginning the good and ill that had befallen him. Said the Master, “In days gone by, even brute beasts could discern between what was good and what bad for them and so quitted betimes, ere they proved dangerous, the habitations that had sheltered them in happier days. And if beasts were so discerning, how could you fall so far short of them in wisdom?” So saying, at that Brother’s request, the Master told this story of the past.

---

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a bird. When he came to years of discretion, good fortune attended him and he became king of the birds, taking up his abode with his subjects in a giant tree which stretched its leafy branches over the waters of a lake. And all these birds, [472] roosting in the boughs, dropped their dung into the waters below. Now that lake was the abode of Canda, the Naga King, who was enraged by this fouling of his water and resolved to take vengeance on the birds and burn them out. So one night when they were

all roosting along the branches, he set to work, and first he made the waters of the lake to boil, then he caused smoke to arise, and thirdly he made flames dart up as high as a palm-tree.

Seeing the flames shooting up from the water, the Bodhisatta cried to the birds, "Water is used to quench fire; but here is the water itself on fire. This is no place for us; let us seek a home elsewhere." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Lo! in your stronghold stands the foe,

And fire doth water burn; So from your tree make haste to go,  
Let trust to trembling turn.

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And hereupon the Bodhisatta flew off with such of the birds as followed his advice; but the disobedient birds, who stopped behind, all perished.

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His lesson ended, the Master preached the Four Truths (at the close whereof that Brother won Arahathship) and identified the Birth by saying, "The loyal and obedient birds of those days are now become my disciples, and I myself was then the king of the birds."

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

[j134]

No. 134.

[473] JHANASODHANA-JATAKA.

“With conscious.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the interpretation by Sariputta, Captain of the Faith, at the gate of Samkassa town, of a problem tersely propounded by the Master. And the following was the story of the past he then told.

---

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares,...&c.... the Bodhisatta, as he expired in his forest-home, exclaimed, “Neither conscious nor unconscious.” And the recluses did not believe the interpretation which the Bodhisatta’s chief disciple gave of the Master’s words. Back came the Bodhisatta from the Radiant Realm, and from mid-air recited this stanza:—

With conscious, with unconscious, too,

Dwells sorrow. Either ill eschew. Pure bliss, from all corruption free, Springs but from Insight’s ecstasy.

His lesson ended, the Bodhisatta praised his disciple and went back to the Brahma Realm. Then the rest of the recluses believed the chief disciple.

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His lesson taught, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “In those days Sariputta was the chief disciple, and I Maha-Brahma.”

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

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No. 135.

[474] CANDABHA-JATAKA.

“Who sagely meditates.”—This story too was told by the Master while at Jetavana about the interpretation of a problem by the Elder Sariputta at the gate of Samkassa.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, as he expired in his forest-home, answered his disciples’ enquiries with the words—“Moonlight and Sunlight.” With these words he died and passed to the Radiant Realm.

Now when the chief disciple interpreted the Master’s words his fellows did not believe him. Then back came the Bodhisatta and from mid-air recited this stanza:—

Who sagely meditates on sun and moon,

Shall win (when Reason unto Ecstasy Gives place) his after-lot in Radiant Realms [\*1].

Such was the Bodhisatta’s teaching, and, first praising his disciple, he went his way back to the Brahma Realm.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Sariputta was the chief disciple of those days, and I Maha-Brahma.”

#### Footnotes

^292:1 These technical lines imply that, by taking the Sun and Moon as his kammattana, or subject for meditation, a Buddhist, by attaining Jhana (or Insight) in the second (i.e. supra-rational) degree, can save himself from re-birth in a lower sphere of existence than the Abhassaraloka or Radiant Realm of the corporeal Brahma-world.

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

[j136]

No. 136.

SUVANNAHAMSA-JATAKA.

“Contented be.”—This story was told by the Master about a Sister named Fat Nanda.

A lay-brother at Savatthi had offered the Sisterhood a supply of garlic, and, sending for his bailiff; had given orders that, if they should come, each Sister was to receive two or three handfuls. After that they made a practice [475] of coming

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to his house or field for their garlic. Now one holiday the supply of garlic in the house ran out, and the Sister Fat Nanda, coming with others to the house, was told, when she said she wanted some garlic, that there was none left in the house, it had all been used up out of hand, and that she must go to the field for it. So away to the field she went and carried off an excessive amount of garlic. The bailiff grew angry and remarked what a greedy lot these Sisters were! This piqued the more moderate Sisters; and the Brethren too were piqued at the taunt when the Sisters repeated it to them, and they told the Blessed One. Rebuking the greed of Fat Nanda, the Master said, “Brethren, a greedy person is harsh and unkind even to the mother who bore him; a greedy person cannot convert the unconverted, or make the converted grow in grace, or cause alms to come in, or save them when come in; whereas the moderate person can do all these things.” In such wise did the Master point the moral, ending by saying, “Brethren, as Fat Nanda is greedy

now, so she was greedy in times gone by.” And thereupon he told the following story of the past.

---

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Brahmin, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters named Nanda, Nanda-vati and Sundarinda. The Bodhisatta dying, they were taken in by neighbours and friends, whilst he was born again into the world as a golden mallard endowed with consciousness of its former existences. Growing up, the bird viewed its own magnificent size and golden plumage, and remembered that previously it had been a human being. Discovering that his wife and daughters were living on the charity of others, the mallard bethought him of his plumage like hammered and beaten gold and how by giving them a golden feather at a time he could enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt and alighted on the top of the central beam of the roof. Seeing the Bodhisatta, [476] the wife and girls asked where he had come from; and he told them that he was their father who had died and been born a golden mallard, and that he had come to visit them and put an end to their miserable necessity of working for hire. “You shall have my feathers,” said he, “one by one, and they will sell for enough to keep you all in ease and comfort.” So saying, he gave them one of his feathers and departed. And from time to time he returned to give them another feather, and with the proceeds of their sale these brahmin-women grew prosperous and quite well-to-do. But one day the mother said to her daughters, “There’s no trusting animals, my children. Who’s to say your father might not go away one of these days and never come back again? Let us use our time and pluck him clean next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers.” Thinking this would pain him, the

daughters refused. The mother in her greed called the golden mallard to her one day when he came, and then took him with both hands and plucked him. Now the Bodhisatta's feathers had this property that if

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they were plucked out against his wish, they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. And now the poor bird, though he stretched his wings, could not fly, and the woman flung him into a barrel and gave him food there. As time went on his feathers grew again (though they were plain white ones now), and he flew away to his own abode and never came back again.

---

At the close of this story the Master said, "Thus you see, Brethren, how Fat Nanda was as greedy in times past as she is now. And her greed then lost her the gold in the same way as her greed now will lose her the garlic. Observe, moreover, how her greed has deprived the whole Sisterhood of their supply of garlic, and learn therefrom to be moderate in your desires and to be content with what is given you, however small that may be." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Contented be, nor itch for further store.

They seized the swan—but had its gold no more.

So saying, the Master soundly rebuked the erring Sister and laid down the precept that any Sister who should eat garlic would have to do penance. Then, [477] making the connexion, he said, "Fat Nanda was the brahmin's wife of the story, her three sisters were the brahmin's three daughters, and I myself the golden mallard."

[Note. The story occurs at pp. 258-9 of Vol. IV. of the Vinaya. Cf. La poule aux oeufs d'or in La Fontaine (v. 13) &c.]

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

[j137]

No. 137.

BABBU-JATAKA.

“Give food to one cat.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the precept respecting Kana’s mother. She was a lay-sister at Savatthi known only as Kana’s mother, who had entered the Paths of Salvation and was of the Elect. Her daughter Kana [\*1] was married to a husband of the same caste in another village, and some errand or other made her go to see her mother. A few days went by, and her husband sent a messenger to say he wished her to come back. The girl asked her mother whether she should go, and the mother said she could not go back empty-handed after so long an absence, and set about making a cake. Just then up came a Brother going his round for alms, and the mother sat him down to the cake she had just baked. Away he went

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and told another Brother, who came up just in time to get the second cake that was baked for the daughter to take home with her. He told a third, and the third told a fourth, and so each fresh cake was taken by a fresh comer. The result of this was that the daughter did not start on her way home, and the husband sent a second and a third messenger after her. And the message he sent by the third was that if his wife did not come back, he should get

another wife. And each message had exactly the same result. So the husband took another wife, and at the news his former wife fell a-weeping. Knowing all this, the Master put on his robes early in the morning and went with his alms-bowl to the house of Kana's mother and sat down on the seat set for him. Then he asked why the daughter was crying, and, being told, spoke words of consolation to the mother, and arose and went back to the Monastery.

Now the Brethren came to know how Kana had been stopped three times from going back to her husband owing to the action of the four Brothers; and one day they met in the Hall of Truth and began to talk about the matter. The Master came into the Hall [478] and asked what they were discussing, and they told him. "Brethren," said he, "think not this is the first time those four Brothers have brought sorrow on Kana's mother by eating of her store; they did the like in days gone by too." 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 was born a stone-cutter, and growing up became expert in working stones. Now in the Kasi country there dwelt a very rich merchant who had amassed forty crores in gold. And when his wife died, so strong was her love of money that she was re-born a mouse and dwelt over the treasure. And one by one the whole family died, including the merchant himself. Likewise the village became deserted and forlorn. At the time of our story the Bodhisatta was quarrying and shaping stones on the site of this deserted village; and the mouse used often to see him as she ran about to find food. At last she fell in love with him; and, bethinking her how the secret of all her vast wealth would die with her, she conceived the idea of enjoying it with him. So one day she came to the Bodhisatta with a coin

in her mouth. Seeing this, he spoke to her kindly, and said, "Mother, what has brought you here with this coin?" "It is for you to lay out for yourself, and to buy meat with for me as well, my son." Nowise loth, he took the money and spent a halfpenny of it on meat which he brought to the mouse, who departed and ate to her heart's content. And this went on, the mouse giving the Bodhisatta a coin every day, and he in return supplying her with meat. But it fell out one day that the mouse was caught by a cat.

"Don't kill me," said the mouse.

"Why not?" said the cat. "I'm as hungry as can be, and really must kill you to allay the pangs."

"First, tell me whether you're always hungry, or only hungry today."

"Oh, every day finds me hungry again."

"Well then, if this be so, I will find you always in meat; [479] only let me go."

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"Mind you do then," said the cat, and let the mouse go.

As a consequence of this the mouse had to divide the supplies of meat she got from the Bodhisatta into two portions and gave one half to the cat, keeping the other for herself.

Now, as luck would have it, the same mouse was caught another day by a second cat and had to purchase her release on the same terms. So now the daily food was divided into three portions. And when a third cat caught the mouse and a like arrangement had to be made, the supply

was divided into four portions. And later a fourth cat caught her, and the food had to be divided among five, so that the mouse, reduced to such short commons, grew so thin as to be nothing but skin and bone. Remarking how emaciated his friend was getting, the Bodhisatta asked the reason. Then the mouse told him all that had befallen her.

“Why didn’t you tell me all this before?” said, the Bodhisatta. “Cheer up, I’ll help you out of your troubles.” So he took a block of the purest crystal and scooped out a cavity in it and made the mouse get inside. “Now stop there,” said he, “and don’t fail to fiercely threaten and revile all who come near.”

So the mouse crept into the crystal cell and waited. Up came one of the cats and demanded his meat. “Away, vile grimalkin,” said the mouse; “why should I supply you? go home and eat your kittens!” Infuriated at these words, and never suspecting the mouse to be inside the crystal, the cat sprang at the mouse to eat her up; and so furious was its spring that it broke the walls of its chest and its eyes started from its head. So that cat died and its carcass tumbled down out of sight. And the like fate in turn befell all four cats. And ever after the grateful mouse brought the Bodhisatta two or three coins instead of one as before, and by degrees she thus gave him the whole of the hoard. In unbroken friendship the two lived together, till their lives ended and they passed away to fare according to their deserts.

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The story told, the boaster, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:  
— [480]

Give food to one cat, Number Two appears:

A third and fourth succeed in fruitful line; —Witness the four that by the crystal died.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “These four Brethren were the four cats of those days, Kana’s mother was the mouse, and I the stone-cutter.”

[Note. See Vinaya IV. 79 for the Introductory Story.]

Footnotes

^294:1 The name Kana means ‘one-eyed’.

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

[p. 297] [j138]

No. 138.

GODHA-JATAKA.

“With matted hair.”—This story was told by the boaster while at Jetavana, about a hypocrite. The incidents were like those above related [\*1].

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a lizard; and in a but hard by a village on the borders there lived a rigid ascetic who had attained the Five Knowledges, and was treated with great respect by the villagers. In an ant-hill at the end of the walk where the recluse paced up and down, dwelt the Bodhisatta, and twice or thrice each day he would go to the recluse and hear words of edification and holiness. Then with due obeisance to the good man, the Bodhisatta would depart to his own abode. After a certain time the ascetic bade farewell

to the villagers and went away. In his stead there came another ascetic, a rascally fellow, to dwell in the hermitage. Assuming the holiness of the new-comer, the Bodhisatta acted towards him as to the first ascetic. One day an unexpected storm in the dry season brought out the ants on their hills [\*2], and the lizards, coming abroad to eat them, were caught in great numbers [481] by the village folk; and some were served up with vinegar and sugar for the ascetic to eat. Pleased with so savoury a dish, he asked what it was, and learned that it was a dish of lizards. Hereon he reflected that he had a remarkably fine lizard as his neighbour, and resolved to dine off him. Accordingly he made ready the pot for cooking and sauce to serve the lizard in, and sat at the door of his hut with a mallet hidden under his yellow robe, awaiting the Bodhisatta's coming, with a studied air of perfect peace. At evening the Bodhisatta came, and as he drew near, marked that the hermit did not seem quite the same, but had a look about him that boded no good. Snuffing up the wind which was blowing towards him from the hermit's cell, the Bodhisatta smelt the smell of lizard's flesh, and at once realised how the taste of lizard had made the ascetic want to kill him with a mallet and eat him up. So he retired homeward without calling on the ascetic. Seeing that the Bodhisatta did not come, the ascetic judged that the lizard must have divined his plot, but marvelled how he could have discovered it. Determined that the lizard should not escape, he drew out the mallet and threw

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it, just hitting the tip of the lizard's tail. Quick as thought the Bodhisatta dashed into his fastness, and putting his head out by a different hole to that by which he had gone in, cried, "Rascally hypocrite, your garb of piety led me to trust you, but now I know your villainous nature. What has a thief

like you to do with hermit's clothing?" Thus upbraiding the false ascetic, the Bodhisatta recited this stanza:—

With matted hair and garb of skin

Why ape th' ascetic's piety? A saint without, thy heart within  
Is choked with foul impurity [\*1].

[482] In this wise did the Bodhisatta expose the wicked ascetic, after which he retired into his ant-hill. And the wicked ascetic departed from that place.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "The hypocrite was the wicked ascetic of those days, Sariputta the good ascetic who lived in the hermitage before him, and I myself the lizard."

Footnotes

^297:1 Apparently No. [\*128]. Cf. No. 325.

^297:2 Cf. .

^298:1 Dhammapada v. 394.

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

[j139]

No. 139.

UBHATOBHATTHA-JATAKA.

"His blinding and her beating."—This story the Master told while at the Bamboo Grove, about Devadatta. We hear that the Brethren, meeting together in the Hall of Truth, spoke

one with another, saying that even as a torch from a pyre, charred at both ends and bedunged in the middle, does not serve as wood either in forest-tree or village-hearth, so Devadatta by giving up the world to follow this saving faith had only achieved a twofold shortcoming and failure, seeing that he had missed the comforts of a lay life yet had fallen short of his vocation as a Brother.

Entering the Hall, the Master asked and was told what the Brethren were talking of together. "Yes, Brethren," said he, "and so too in days gone by Devadatta came to just such another two-fold failure." 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 was born a Tree-Sprite, and there was a certain village where

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line-fishermen dwelt in those days. And one of these fishermen taking his tackle went off with his little boy, and cast his hook into the most likely waters known to his fellow-fishermen. Now [483] a snag caught his hook and the fisherman could not pull it up. "What a fine fish!" thought he. "I'd better send my boy off home to my wife and tell her to get up a quarrel and keep the others at home, so that there'll be none to want to go shares in my prize."

Accordingly he told the lad to run off home and tell his mother what a big fish he had hooked and how she was to engage the neighbours' attention. Then, fearing his line might break, he flung off his coat and dashed into the water to secure his prize. But as he groped about for the fish, he struck against the snag and put out both his eyes. Moreover a robber stole his clothes from the hank. In an agony of

pain, with his hands pressed to his blinded eyes, he clambered out trembling in every limb and tried to find his clothes.

Meantime his wife, to occupy the neighbours by a quarrel on purpose, had tricked herself out with a palm-leaf behind one ear, and had blacked one eye with soot from the saucepan. In this guise, nursing a dog, she came out to call on her neighbours. "Bless me, you've gone mad," said one woman to her. "Not mad at all," retorted the fisherman's wife; "you abuse me without cause with your slanderous tongue. Come your ways with me to the zemindar and I'll have you fined eight pieces [\*1] for slander."

So with angry words they went off to the zemindar. But when the matter was gone into, it was the fisherman's wife who was fined; and she was tied up and beaten to make her pay the fine. Now when the Tree-Sprite saw how misfortune had befallen both the wife in the village and the husband in the forest, he stood in the fork of his tree and exclaimed, "Ah fisherman, both in the water and on land thy labour is in vain, and twofold is thy failure." So saying he uttered this stanza:—

His blinding, and her beating, clearly show

A twofold failure and a twofold woe [\*2].

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[484] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the fisherman of those days, and I the Tree-Sprite."

#### Footnotes

^299:1 The Pali word here, as in No. [\*137], is kahapana. But there it is shewn by the context to be a golden coin;

whereas here the poverty of the fisher-folk supports the view that the coin was of copper, as commonly. The fact seems to be that the word kahapana, like some other names of Indian coins, primarily indicated a weight of any coined metal,—whether gold, silver or copper.

^299:2 Cf. Dhammapada, page 147.

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

[p. 300] [j140]

No. 140.

KAKA-JATAKA.

“In ceaseless dread.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a sagacious counsellor. The incidents will be related in the twelfth book in connection with the Bhaddasala-jataka [\*1].

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a crow. One day the King’s chaplain went out from the city to the river, bathed there, and having perfumed and garlanded himself, donned his bravest array and came back to the city. On the archway of the city gate there sat two crows; and one of them said to his mate, “I mean to foul this brahmin’s head.” “Oh, don’t do any such thing,” said the other; “for this brahmin is a great man, and it is an evil thing to incur the hatred of the great. If you anger him, he may destroy the whole of our kind.” “I really must,” said the first. “Very well, you’re sure to be found out,” said the other, and flew quickly away. Just when the brahmin was under the battlements, down dropped the filth upon him as if the crow were dropping a festoon. The

enraged brahmin forthwith conceived hatred against all crows.

Now at this time it chanced that a female slave in charge of a granary spread the rice out in the sun at the granary door and was sitting there to watch it, when she fell asleep. Just then up came a shaggy goat and fell to eating the rice till the girl woke up and drove it away. Twice or three times the goat came back, as soon as she fell asleep, and ate the rice. [485] So when she had driven the creature away for the third time she bethought her that continued visits of the goat would consume half her store of rice and that steps must be taken to scare the animal away for good and so save her from so great a loss. So she took a lighted torch, and, sitting down, pretended to fall asleep as usual. And when the goat was eating, she suddenly sprang up and hit its shaggy back with her torch. At once the goat's shaggy hide was all ablaze, and to ease its pain, it dashed into a hay-shed near the elephant's stable and rolled in the hay. So the shed caught fire and the flames spread to the stables. As these stables caught fire, the elephants began to suffer, and many of them were badly burnt beyond the skill of the elephant-doctors to cure. When this

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was reported to the King, he asked his chaplain whether he knew what would cure the elephants. "Certainly I do, sire," said the chaplain, and being pressed to explain, said his nostrum was crows' fat. Then the King ordered crows to be killed and their fat taken. And forthwith there was a great slaughter of crows, but never was any fat found on them, and so they went on killing till dead crows lay in heaps everywhere. And a great fear was upon all crows.

Now in those days the Bodhisatta had his dwelling in a great cemetery, at the head of eighty thousand crows. One of these brought tidings to him of the fear that was upon the crows. And the Bodhisatta, feeling that there was none but him who could essay the task, resolved to free his kinsfolk from their great dread. Reviewing the Ten Perfections, and selecting therefrom Kindness as his guide, he flew without stopping right up to the King's palace, and entering in at the open window alighted underneath the King's throne. Straightway a servant tried to catch the bird, but the King entering the chamber forbade him.

Recovering himself in a moment, the Great Being, remembering Kindness, came forth from beneath the King's throne and spoke thus to the King;—"Sire, a king should remember the maxim that kings should not walk according to lust and other evil passions in ruling their kingdoms. Before taking action, it is meet first to examine and know the whole matter, and then only to do that which being done is salutary. If kings do that which being done is not salutary, they fill thousands with a great fear, even the fear of death. [486] And in prescribing crows' fat, your chaplain was prompted by revenge to lie; for crows have no fat."

By these words the King's heart was won, and he bade the Bodhisatta be set on a throne of gold and there anointed beneath the wings with the choicest oils and served in vessels of gold with the King's own meats and drink. Then when the Great Being was filled and at ease, the King said, "Sage, you say that crows have no fat. How comes it that they have none?"

"In this wise," answered the Bodhisatta with a voice that filled the whole palace, and he proclaimed the Truth in this stanza:—

In ceaseless dread, with all mankind for foes,

Their life is passed; and hence no fat have crows.

This explanation given, the Great Being taught the King, saying, “Sire, kings should never act without examining and knowing the whole matter.” Well pleased, the King laid his kingdom at the Bodhisatta’s feet, but the Bodhisatta restored it to the King, whom he established in the Five Precepts, beseeching him to shield all living creatures from harm. And the King was moved by these words to grant immunity to all living

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creatures, and in particular he was unceasingly bountiful to crows. Every day he had six bushels of rice cooked for them and delicately flavoured, and this was given to the crows. But to the Great Being there was given food such as the King alone ate.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was King of Benares in those days, and I myself the king of the crows.’

Footnotes

^300:1 No. 465.

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

[j141]

No. 141.

## GODHA-JATAKA.

[487] “Bad company.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about a traitorous Brother. The introductory incident is the same as that told in the Mahilamukha jataka [\*1].

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born an iguana. When he grew up he dwelt in a big burrow in the river bank with a following of many hundreds of other iguanas. Now the Bodhisatta had a son, a young iguana, who was great friends with a chameleon, whom he used to clip and embrace. This intimacy being reported to the iguana king, he sent for his young son and said that such friendship was misplaced, for chameleons were low creatures, and that if the intimacy was persisted in, calamity would befall the whole of the tribe of iguanas. And he enjoined his son to have no more to do with the chameleon. But the son continued in his intimacy. Again and again did the Bodhisatta speak with his son, but finding his words of no avail, and foreseeing danger to the iguanas from the chameleon, he had an outlet cut on one side of their burrow, so that there might be a means of escape in time of need.

Now as time went on, the young iguana grew to a great size, whilst the chameleon never grew any bigger. And as these mountainous embraces of the young giant grew painful indeed, the chameleon foresaw

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that they would be the death of him if they went on a few days longer, and he resolved to combine with a hunter to destroy the whole tribe of iguanas.

One day in the summer the ants came out after a thunderstorm [\*1], and [488] the iguanas darted hither and thither catching them and eating them. Now there came into the forest an iguana trapper with spade and dogs to dig out iguanas; and the chameleon thought what a haul he would put in the trapper's way. So he went up to the man, and, lying down before him, asked why he was about in the forest. "To catch iguanas," was the reply. "Well, I know where there's a burrow of hundreds of them," said the chameleon; "bring fire and brushwood and follow me." And he brought the trapper to where the iguanas dwelt. "Now," said the chameleon, "put your fuel in there and smoke the iguanas out. Meantime let your dogs be all round and take a big stick in your hand. Then as the iguanas dash out, strike them down and make a pile of the slain." So saying, the treacherous chameleon withdrew to a spot hard by, where he lay down, with his head up, saying to himself,— "This day I shall see the rout of my enemy."

The trapper set to work to smoke the iguanas out; and fear for their lives drove them helter-skelter from their burrow. As they came out, the trapper knocked them on the head, and if he missed them, they fell a prey to his dogs. And so there was great slaughter among the iguanas. Realising that this was the chameleon's doing, the Bodhisatta cried, "One should never make friends of the wicked, for such bring sorrow in their train. A single wicked chameleon has proved the bane of all these iguanas." So saying, he escaped by the outlet he had provided, uttering this stanza:—

Bad company can never end in good.

Through friendship with one sole chameleon  
The tribe of iguanas met their end.

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[489] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Devadatta was the chameleon of those days; this traitorous Brother was the disobedient young iguana, the son of the Bodhisatta; and I myself the king of the iguanas.”

## Footnotes

^302:1 No. [\*26].

^303:1 Makkhika may refer to the wings which the ants get in India at the beginning of the rainy season; cf. .

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

[p. 304] [j142]

No. 142.

## SIGALA-JATAKA.

“Thy tightening grip.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta’s going about to kill him. For, hearing the Brethren talking together as to this in the Hall of Truth, the Master said that, as Devadatta acted now, so he acted in times gone by, yet failed—to his own grievous hurt—of his wicked purpose. And so saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Behaves, the Bodhisatta was born a jackal, and dwelt in a charnel-grove with a great following of jackals of whom he was king. And at that time there was a festival held at Rajagaha, and a very wet festival it was, with everybody drinking hard. Now a parcel of rogues got hold of victual and drink in abundance, and putting on their best clothes sang and

made merry over their fare. By midnight the meat was all gone, though the liquor still held out. Then on one asking for more meat and being told there was none left, said the fellow, "Victuals never lack while I am about. I'll off to the charnel-grove, kill a jackal prowling about to eat the corpses, and bring back some meat." So saying he snatched up a club and made his way out of the city by the sewer to the place, where he lay down, club in hand, feigning to be dead. Just then, followed by the other jackals, the Bodhisatta came up and marked the pretended corpse. Suspecting the fraud, he determined to sift the matter. So he went round to the lee side and knew by the scent that the man was not really dead. Resolving to make the man look foolish before leaving him, the Bodhisatta stole near and took hold of the club with his teeth and tugged at it. The rascal did not leave go: not perceiving the Bodhisatta's approach, he [490] took a tighter grip. Hereon the Bodhisatta stepped back a pace or two and said, "My good man, if you had been dead, you would not have tightened your grip on your club when I was tugging at it, and so have betrayed yourself." So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

Thy tightening grip upon thy club doth show

Thy rank imposture—thou'rt no corpse, I trow.

Finding that he was discovered, the rogue sprang to his feet and flung his club at the Bodhisatta, but missed his aim, "Be off, you brute," said

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he, "I've missed you this time." Turning round, the Bodhisatta said, "True you have missed me, but be assured you will not miss the torments of the Great Hell and the sixteen Lesser Hells."

Empty-handed, the rogue left the cemetery and, after bathing in a ditch, went back into the city by the way he had come.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Devadatta was the rogue of those times, and I the king of the jackals.”

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

[j143]

No. 143.

VIROCANA-JATAKA.

“Your mangled corpse.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about Devadatta’s efforts to pose as a Buddha at Gayasisa [\*1]. For when his spiritual Insight left him and he lost the honour and profit which once were his, he in his perplexity asked the Master to concede the Five Points. This being refused, he made a schism in the Brotherhood and departed to Gayasisa with five hundred young Brethren, pupils of the Buddha’s two chief disciples, but as yet unversed in the Law and the Rule. With this following he performed the acts of a separate Brotherhood gathered together within the same precincts. Knowing well the time when the knowledge of these young Brethren should ripen, the Master sent the two Elders to them. Seeing these, [491] Devadatta joyfully set to work expounding far into the night with (as he flattered himself) the masterly power of a Buddha. Then posing as a Buddha he said, “The assembly, reverend Sariputta, is still alert and sleepless. Will you be so good as to think of some religious discourse to address to the Brethren? My back is aching with my labours,

and I must rest it awhile.” So saying he went away to lie down. Then those two chief disciples taught the Brethren, enlightening them as to the Fruitions and the Paths, till in the end they won them all over to go back to the Bamboo-grove.

Finding the Monastery emptied of the Brethren, Kokalika went to Devadatta and told him how the two disciples had broken up his following and left the Monastery empty; “and yet here you still lie asleep,” said he. So saying he stripped off Devadatta’s outer cloth and kicked him on the chest with as little compunction as if he were knocking a roof-peg into a mud-wall. The blood gushed out of Devadatta’s mouth, and ever after he suffered from the effects of the blow [\*2].

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Said the Master to Sariputta, “What was Devadatta doing when you got there?” And Sariputta answered that, though posing as a Buddha, evil had befallen him. Said the Master, “Even as now, Sariputta, so in former times too has Devadatta imitated me to his own hurt.” Then, at the Elder’s request, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a maned lion and dwelt at Gold Den in the Himalayas. Bounding forth one day from his lair, he looked North and West, South and East, and roared aloud as he went in quest of prey. Slaying a large buffalo, he devoured the prime of the carcass, after which he went down to a pool, and having drunk his fill of crystal water turned to go towards his den. Now a hungry jackal, suddenly meeting the lion, and being unable to make his escape, threw himself at the lion’s feet. Being asked what he wanted, the jackal replied, “Lord, let me be thy servant.”

“Very well,” said the lion; “serve me and you shall feed on prime meat.” So saying, he went with the jackal following to Gold Den. Thenceforth the lion’s leavings fell to the jackal, and he grew fat.

Lying one day in his den, the lion told the jackal to scan the valleys from the mountain top, to see whether there were any elephants or horses or buffalos about, or any other animals [492] of which he, the jackal, was fond. If any such were in sight, the jackal was to report and say with due obeisance, “Shine forth in thy might, Lord.” Then the lion promised to kill and eat, giving a part to the jackal. So the jackal used to climb the heights, and whenever he espied below beasts to his taste, he would report it to the lion, and falling at his feet, say, “Shine forth in thy might, Lord.” Hereon the lion would nimbly bound forth and slay the beast, even if it were a rutting elephant, and share the prime of the carcass with the jackal. Glutted with his meal, the jackal would then retire to his den and sleep.

Now as time went on, the jackal grew bigger and bigger till he grew haughty. “Have not I too four legs?” he asked himself. “Why am I a pensioner day by day on others’ bounty? Henceforth I will kill elephants and other beasts, for my own eating. The lion, king of beasts, only kills them because of the formula, ‘Shine forth in thy might, Lord.’ I’ll make the lion call out to me, ‘Shine forth in thy might, jackal,’ and then I’ll kill an elephant for myself.” Accordingly he went to the lion, and pointing out that he had long lived on what the lion had killed, told his desire to eat an elephant of his own killing, ending with a request to the lion to let him, the jackal, couch in the lion’s corner in Gold Den whilst the lion was to climb the mountain to look out for an elephant. The quarry found, he asked that the lion should come to him in the den and say, ‘Shine forth in

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thy might, jackal.’ He begged the lion not to grudge him this much. Said the lion, “Jackal, only lions can kill elephants, nor has the world ever seen a jackal able to cope with them. Give up this fancy, and continue to feed on what I kill.” But say what the lion could, the jackal would not give way, and still pressed his request. So at last the lion gave way, and bidding the jackal couch in the den, climbed the peak and thence espied an elephant in rut. Returning to the mouth of the cave, he said, “Shine forth in thy might, jackal.” Then from Gold Den the jackal [493] nimbly bounded forth, looked around him on all four sides, and, thrice raising its howl, sprang at the elephant, meaning to fasten on its bead. But missing his aim, he alighted at the elephant’s feet. The infuriated brute raised its right foot and crushed the jackal’s head, trampling the bones into powder. Then pounding the carcass into a mass, and dunging upon it, the elephant dashed trumpeting into the forest. Seeing all this, the Bodhisatta observed, “Now shine forth in thy might, jackal,” and uttered this stanza:—

Your mangled corpse, your brains mashed into clay,

Prove how you’ve shone forth in your might to-day.

Thus spake the Bodhisatta, and living to a good old age he passed away in the fulness of time to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Devadatta was the jackal of those days, and I the lion.”

Footnotes

^305:1 See pp. and supra.

^305:2 The Vinaya account (Cullavagga vii. 4) omits the kicking, simply stating that Kokalika “awoke” Devadatta, and that, at the news of the defection, “warm blood gushed out of Devadatta’s mouth.” In other accounts (Spence Hardy and Bigandet) it is stated that Devadatta died then and there.

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

[j144]

No. 144.

NANGUTTHA-JATAKA.

“Vile Jataveda.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, touching the false austerity of the Ajivikas, or naked ascetics. Tradition tells us that behind Jetavana they used to practise false austerities [\*1]. A number of the Brethren seeing them there painfully squatting on their heels, swinging in the air like bats, reclining on thorns, scorching themselves with five fires, and so forth in

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their various false austerities,—were moved to ask the Blessed One whether any good resulted therefrom. “None whatsoever,” answered the Master. “In days gone by, the wise and good went into the forest with their birth-fire, thinking to profit by such austerities; but, finding themselves no better for all their sacrifices to Fire and for all similar practices, straightway doused the birth-fire with water till it went out. By an act of Meditation the Knowledges and Attainments were gained and a title won to the Brahma Realm.” So saying he told this story of the past.

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[494] Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a brahmin in the North country, and on the day of his birth his parents lit a birth-fire.

In his sixteenth year they addressed him thus, "Son, on the day of your birth we lit a birth-fire for you. Now therefore choose. If you wish to lead a family life, learn the Three Vedas; but if you wish to attain to the Brahma Realm, take your fire with you into the forest and there tend it, so as to win Maha-Brahma's favour and hereafter to enter into the Brahma Realm."

Telling his parents that a family life had no charms for him, he went into the forest and dwelt in a hermitage tending his fire. An ox was given him as a fee one day in a border-village, and when he had driven it home to his hermitage, the thought came to him to sacrifice a cow to the Lord of Fire. But finding that he had no salt, and feeling that the Lord of Fire could not eat his meat-offering without it, he resolved to go back and bring a supply from the village for the purpose. So he tied up the ox and set off again to the village.

While he was gone, a band of hunters came up and, seeing the ox, killed it and cooked themselves a dinner. And what they did not eat they carried off, leaving only the tail and hide and the shanks. Finding only these sorry remains on his return, the brahmin exclaimed, "As this Lord of Fire cannot so much as look after his own, how shall he look after me? It is a waste of time to serve him, bringing neither good nor profit." Having thus lost all desire to worship Fire, he said—"My Lord of Fire, if you cannot manage to protect yourself, how shall you protect me? The meat being gone, you must make shift to fare on this offal." So saying, he threw on the

fire the tail and the rest of the robbers' leavings and uttered this stanza:—

Vile Jataveda [\*1], here's the tail for you;

And think yourself in luck to get so much! [495] The prime meat's gone; put up with tail to-day.

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So saying the Great Being put the fire out with water and departed to become a recluse. And he won the Knowledges and Attainments, and ensured his re-birth in the Brahma Realm.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the ascetic who in those days quenched the fire."

#### Footnotes

^307:1 See (e.g.) Majjhima Nikaya, pp. 77-8, for a catalogue of ascetic austerities, to which early Buddhism was strongly opposed.

^308:1 See No. [\*35], .

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

[j309]

No. 145.

RADHA-JATAKA.

"How many more?"—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about hankering after the wife of one's

mundane life. The incidents of the introductory story will be told in the Indriya-jataka [\*1].

The Master spoke thus to the Brother, “It is impossible to keep a guard over a woman; no guard can keep a woman in the right path. You yourself found in former days that all your safeguards were unavailing; and how can you now expect to have more success?”

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 was born a parrot. A certain brahmin in the Kasi country was as a father to him and to his younger brother, treating them like his own children. Potthapada was the Bodhisatta’s name, and Radha his brother’s.

Now the brahmin had a bold bad wife. And as he was leaving home on business, he said to the two brothers, “If your mother, my wife, is minded to be naughty, stop her.” “We will, papa,” said the Bodhisatta, “if we can; [496] but if we can’t, we will hold our peace.”

Having thus entrusted his wife to the parrots’ charge, the brahmin set out on his business. Every day thenceforth his wife misconducted herself; there was no end to the stream of her lovers in and out of the house. Moved by the sight, Radha said to the Bodhisatta, “Brother, the parting injunction of our father was to stop any misconduct on his wife’s part, and now she does nothing but misconduct herself. Let us stop her.”

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[paragraph continues] “Brother,” said the Bodhisatta, “your words are the words of folly. You might carry a woman about

in your arms and yet she would not be safe. So do not essay the impossible.” And so saying he uttered this stanza:—

How many more shall midnight bring? Your plan

Is idle. Naught but wifely love could curb Her lust; and wifely love is lacking quite.

And for the reasons thus given, the Bodhisatta did not allow his brother to speak to the brahmin’s wife, who continued to gad about to her heart’s content during her husband’s absence. On his return, the brahmin asked Potthapada about his wife’s conduct, and the Bodhisatta faithfully related all that had taken place.

“Why, father,” he said, “should you have anything more to do with so wicked a woman?” And he added these words, —“My father, now that I have reported my mother’s wickedness, we can dwell here no longer.” So saying, he bowed at the brahmin’s feet and flew away with Radha to the forest.

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His lesson ended, the Master taught the Four Truths, at the close whereof the Brother who hankered after the wife of his mundane life was established in the fruition of the first Path.

“This husband and wife,” said the Master, “were the brahmin and his wife of those days, Ananda was Radha, and I myself Potthapada.”

Footnotes

^309:1 No. 423.

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

[j146]

No. 146.

[497] KAKA-JATAKA.

“Our throats are tired.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a number of aged Brethren. Whilst they were still of the world, they were rich and wealthy squires of Savatthi, all friends of one another; and tradition tells us that while they were engaged in good works they heard the Master preach. At once they cried, “We are old; what to us are house and home? Let us join the Brotherhood, and following the Buddha’s lovely doctrine make an end of sorrow.”

So they shared all their belongings amongst their children and families, and, leaving their tearful kindred, they came to ask the Master to receive them into the Brotherhood. But when admitted, they did not live the life of Brethren;

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and because of their age they failed to master the Truth [\*1]. As in their life as householders, so now too when they were Brethren they lived together, building themselves a cluster of neighbouring huts on the skirts of the Monastery. Even when they went in quest of alms, they generally made for their wives’ and children’s houses and ate there. In particular, all these old men were maintained by the bounty of the wife of one of their number, to whose house each brought what he had received and there ate it, with sauces and curries which she furnished. An illness having carried her oft; the aged Brethren went their way back to the monastery, and falling on one another’s necks walked about bewailing the death of their benefactress, the giver of sauces. The noise of their lamentation brought the Brethren

to the spot to know what ailed them. And the aged men told how their kind benefactress was dead, and that they wept because they had lost her and should never see her like again. Shocked at such impropriety, the Brethren talked together in the Hall of Truth about the cause of the old men's sorrow, and they told the Master too, on his entering the Hall and asking what they were discussing. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "in times past, also, this same woman's death made them go about weeping and wailing; in those days she was a crow and was drowned in the sea, and these were toiling hard to empty all the water out of the sea in order to get her out, when the wise of those days saved them."

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 was a sea-sprite. Now a crow with his mate came down in quest of food to the sea-shore [498] where, just before, certain persons had been offering to the Nagas a sacrifice of milk, and rice, and fish, and meat and strong drink and the like. Up came the crow and with his mate ate freely of the elements of the sacrifice, and drank a great deal of the spirits. So they both got very drunk. Then they wanted to disport themselves in the sea, and were trying to swim on the surf, when a wave swept the hen-crow out to sea and a fish came and gobbled her up.

"Oh, my poor wife is dead," cried the crow, bursting into tears and lamentations. Then a crowd of crows were drawn by his wailing to the spot to learn what ailed him. And when he told them how his wife had been carried out to sea, they all began with one voice to lament. Suddenly the thought struck them that they were stronger than the sea and that all they had to do was to empty it out and rescue their

comrade! So they set to work with their bills to empty the sea out by mouthfuls, betaking themselves to dry land to rest so soon as their throats were sore with the salt water. And so they toiled away till their mouths and jaws were dry and inflamed and their eyes bloodshot, and they were ready to drop for weariness. Then in despair they turned to one another and said that it was in vain they laboured to empty the sea,

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for no sooner had they got rid of the water in one place than more flowed in, and there was all their work to do over again; they would never succeed in baling the water out of the sea. And, so saying, they uttered this stanza:—

Our throats are tired, our mouths are sore;

The sea refilleth evermore.

Then all the crows fell to praising the beauty of her beak and eyes, her complexion, figure and sweet voice, saying that it was her excellencies that had provoked the sea to steal her from them. But [499] as they talked this nonsense, the sea-sprite made a bogey appear from the sea and so put them all to flight. In this wise they were saved.

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His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “The aged Brother’s wife was the hen-crow of those days, and her husband the male crow; the other aged Brethren were the rest of the crows, and I the sea-sprite.”

Footnotes

^311:1 Buddhism combined reverence for age with mild contempt for aged novices who, after a mundane life,

vouchsafed the selvage of their days and faculties to a creed only to be mastered by hard thinking and ardent zeal.

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

[j147]

No. 147.

PUPPHARATTA-JATAKA.

“I count it not as pain.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who was passion-tost. Being questioned by the Master, he admitted his frailty, explaining that he longed for the wife of his mundane life, “For, oh sir!” said he, “she is so sweet a woman that I cannot live without her.”

“Brother,” said the Master, “she is harmful to you. She it was that in former days was the means whereby you were impaled on a stake; and it was for bewailing her at your death that you were reborn in hell. Why then do you now long after her?” And so saying, he told the following story of the past.

---

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Spirit of the Air. Now in Benares there was held the night-festival of Kattika; the city was decorated like a city of the gods, and the whole people kept holiday. And a poor man had only a couple of coarse cloths which he had washed and pressed till they were in a hundred, nay, a thousand creases. But his wife said, “My husband, I want

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a safflower-coloured cloth to wear outside and one to wear underneath, as I go about at the festival hanging round your neck."

"How are poor people like us to get safflowers?" said he. "Put on your nice clean attire and come along."

"If I can't have them dyed with safflower, I don't want to go at all," said his wife. "Get some other woman to go to the festival with you."

"Now why torment me like this? How are we to get safflowers?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way," retorted the woman. "Are there no safflowers in the king's conservatories?" [500]

"Wife," said he, "the king's conservatories are like a pool haunted by an ogre. There's no getting in there, with such a strong guard on the watch. Give over this fancy, and be content with what you've got."

"But when it's night-time and dark," said she, "what's to stop a man's going where he pleases?"

As she persisted in her entreaties, his love for her at last made him give way and promise she should have her wish. At the hazard of his own life, he sallied out of the city by night and got into the conservatories by breaking down the fence. The noise he made in breaking the fence roused the guard, who turned out to catch the thief. They soon caught him and with blows and curses put him in fetters. In the morning he was brought before the king, who promptly ordered him to be impaled alive. Off he was hauled, with his hands tied behind his back, and led out of the city to execution to the sound of the execution-drum, and was impaled alive. Intense were his agonies; and, to add to

them, the crows settled on his head and pecked out his eyes with their dagger-like beaks. Yet, heedless of his pain, and thinking only of his wife, the man murmured to himself, “Alas, I shall miss going to the festival with you arrayed in safflower-coloured cloths, with your arms twined round my neck.” So saying, he uttered this stanza:—

I count it not as pain that, here impaled,

By crows I’m torn. My heartfelt pain is this, That my dear wife will not keep holiday Attired in raiment gay of ruddy dye.

And as he was babbling thus about his wife, he died and was reborn in hell.

---

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “This husband and wife were the husband and wife of those days also, and I was the Spirit of the Air who made their story known.”

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

[p. 314] [j148]

No. 148.

[501] SIGALA-JATAKA.

“Once bitten, twice shy.”—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, about subduing desires.

We are told that some five hundred rich friends, sons of merchants of Savatthi, were led by listening to the Master’s teachings to give their hearts to the Truth, and that joining

the Brotherhood they lived in Jetavana in the part that Anatha-pindika paved with gold pieces laid side by side [\*1].

Now in the middle of a certain night thoughts of lust took hold of them, and, in their distress, they set themselves to lay hold once again of the lusts they had renounced. In that hour the Master raised aloft the lamp of his omniscience to discover what manner of passion had hold of the Brethren in Jetavana, and, reading their hearts, perceived that lust and desire had sprung up within them. Like as a mother watches over her only child, or as a one-eyed man is careful of the one eye left him, even so watchful is the Master over his disciples;—at morn or even, at whatsoever hour their passions war against them, he will not let his faithful be overpowered but in that self-same hour subdues the raging lusts that beset them. Wherefore the thought came to him, “This is like as when thieves break into the city of an emperor; I will unfold the Truth straightway to these Brethren, to the end that, subduing their lusts, I may raise them to Arahatsip.”

So he came forth from his perfumed chamber, and in sweet tones called by name for the venerable Elder, Ananda, Treasurer of the Faith. And the Elder came and with due obeisance stood before the Master to know his pleasure. Then the Master bade him assemble together in his perfumed chamber all the Brethren who dwelt in that quarter of Jetavana. Tradition says that the Master’s thought was that if he summoned only those five hundred Brethren, they would conclude that he was aware of their lustful mood, and would be debarred by their agitation from receiving the Truth; accordingly he summoned all the Brethren who dwelt there. And the Elder took a key and went from cell to cell summoning the Brethren till all were assembled in the perfumed chamber. Then he made ready the Buddha-seat. In stately dignity like Mount Sineru resting

on the solid earth, the Master seated himself on the Buddha-seat, making a glory shine round him of paired garlands upon garlands of six-coloured light, which divided and divided into masses of the size of a platter, of the size of a canopy, and of the size of a tower, until, like shafts of lightning, the rays reached to the heavens above. It was even as when the sun rises, stirring the ocean to the depths.

With reverent obeisance and reverent hearts, the Brethren entered and took their seats around him, encompassing him as it were within an orange curtain. Then in tones as of Maha-Brahma the Master [502] said, “Brethren, a Brother should not harbour the three evil thoughts,—lust, hatred and cruelty. Never let it be imagined that wicked desires are a trivial matter. For such desires are like an enemy; and an enemy is no trivial matter, but, given opportunity, works only destruction. Even so a desire, though small at its first arising, has only to be allowed to grow, in order to work utter destruction. Desire is like poison in food, like the itch in the skin, like a viper, like the thunderbolt of Indra, ever to be shunned, ever to be feared. Whenssoever desire arises, forthwith, without

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finding a moment’s harbourage in the heart, it should be expelled by thought and reflection,—like as a raindrop rolls at once off the leaf of the lotus. The wise of former times so hated even a slight desire that they crushed it out before it could grow larger.” 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 was re-born into life as a jackal and dwelt in the forest by the river-side. Now an old elephant died by the

banks of the Ganges, and the jackal, finding the carcass, congratulated himself on lighting upon such a store of meat. First he bit the trunk, but that was like biting a plough-handle. "There's no eating here," said the jackal and took a bite at a tusk. But that was like biting bones. Then he tried an ear, but that was like chewing the rim of a winnowing-basket. So he fell to on the stomach, but found it as tough as a grain-basket. The feet were no better, for they were like a mortar. Next he tried the tail, but that was like the pestle. "That won't do either," said the jackal; and having failed elsewhere to find a toothsome part, he tried the rear and found that like eating a soft cake. "At last," said he, "I've found the right place," and ate his way right into the belly, where he made a plenteous meal off the kidneys, heart and the rest, quenching his thirst with the blood. And when night came on, he lay down inside. As he lay there, the thought came into the jackal's mind, "This carcass is both meat and house to me, and wherefore should I leave it?" So there he stopped, and dwelt in the elephant's inwards, eating away. Time wore on till the summer sun and the summer winds dried and shrank the elephant's hide, [503] until the entrance by which the jackal had got in was closed and the interior was in utter darkness. Thus the jackal was, as it were, cut off from the world and confined in the interspace between the worlds. After the hide, the flesh dried up and the blood was exhausted. In a frenzy of despair, he rushed to and fro beating against his prison walls in the fruitless endeavour to escape. But as he bobbed up and down inside like a ball of rice in a boiling saucepan, soon a tempest broke and the downpour moistened the shell of the carcass and restored it to its former state, till light shone like a star through the way by which the jackal had got in. "Saved! saved!" cried the jackal, and, backing into the elephant's head made a rush head-first at the outlet. He managed to get through, it is true, but only by leaving all his hair on the way. And first he ran, then he halted, and then sat down and

surveyed his hairless body, now smooth as a palm-stem.  
“Ah!” he exclaimed, “this misfortune has befallen me  
because of my greed and my greed alone. Henceforth I will  
not be greedy nor ever again get into

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the carcass of an elephant.” And his terror found expression  
in this stanza:—

Once bitten, twice shy. Ah, great was my fear!

Of elephants’ inwards henceforth I’ll steer clear.

And with these words the jackal made off, nor did he ever  
again so much as look either at that or at any other  
elephant’s carcass. And thenceforth he was never greedy  
again.

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His lesson ended, the Master said, “Brethren, never let  
desires take root in the heart but pluck them out  
wheresoever they spring up.” [504] Having preached the  
Four Truths (at the close whereof those five hundred  
Brethren won Arahatsip and the rest won varying lesser  
degrees of salvation), the Master identified the Birth as  
follows: “I was myself the jackal of those days.”

Footnotes

^314:1 Or ‘paved with crores.’ See Vinaya, Cullav. vi. 4. 9,  
translated in S. B. E., Volume XX., page 188. Cf. also Jataka  
(text) I. 92.

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

[j149]

No. 149.

### EKAPANNA-JATAKA.

“If poison lurk.”—This story was told about the Licchavi Prince Wicked of Vesali by the Master when he was living in the gabled house in the great forest near Vesali. In those days Vesali enjoyed marvellous prosperity. A triple wall encompassed the city, each wall a league distant from the next, and there were three gates with watch-towers. In that city there were always seven thousand seven hundred and seven kings to govern the kingdom, and a like number of viceroys, generals, and treasurers. Among the kings’ sons was one known as Wicked Licchavi Prince, a fierce, passionate and cruel young man, always punishing, like an enraged viper. Such was his passionate nature that no one could say more than two or three words in his presence; and neither parents, kindred, nor friends could make him better. So at last his parents resolved to bring the ungovernable youth to the All-Wise Buddha, realising that none but he could possibly tame their son’s fierce spirit. So they brought him to the Master, whom, with due obeisance, they besought to read the youth a lecture.

Then the Master addressed the prince and said: “Prince, human beings should not be passionate or cruel or ferocious. The fierce man is one who is harsh and unkind alike to the mother that bore him, to his father and child, to his brothers and sisters, and to his wife, friends and kindred; inspiring terror like a viper darting forward to bite, like a robber springing on his victim in the forest, like an ogre advancing to devour, the fierce man straightway will be re-born after this life in hell or other place of punishment; and even in this life,

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however much adorned he is, he looks ugly. Be his face beautiful as the orb of the moon at the full, yet is it loathly as a lotus scorched by flames, as a disc of gold overworn with filth. It is such rage that drives men to slay themselves with the sword, to take poison, to hang themselves, and to throw themselves from precipices; and so it comes to pass that, meeting their death by reason of their own rage, they are re-born into torment. So too they who injure others, are hated even in this life and shall for their sins pass at the body's death to hell and punishment; and when once more they are born as men, [505] disease and sickness of eye and ear and of every kind ever beset them, from their birth onward. Wherefore let all men shew kindness and be doers of good, and then assuredly hell and punishment have no fears for them."

Such was the power of this one lecture upon the prince that his pride was humbled forthwith; his arrogance and selfishness passed from him, and his heart was turned to kindness and love. Nevermore did he revile or strike, but became gentle as a snake with drawn fangs, as a crab with broken claws, as a bull with broken horns.

Marking this change of mood, the Brethren talked together in the Hall of Truth of how the Licchavi Prince Wicked, whom the ceaseless exhortations of his parents could not curb, had been subdued and humbled with a single exhortation by the All-Wise Buddha, and how this was like taming six rutting elephants at once. Well had it been said that, 'The elephant-tamer, Brethren, guides the elephant he is breaking in, making it to go to right or left, backward or forward, according to his will; in like manner the horse-tamer and the ox-tamer with horses and oxen; and so too the Blessed One, the All-wise Buddha, guides the man he

would train aright, guides him whithersoever he wills along any of the eight directions, and makes his pupil discern shapes external to himself. Such is the Buddha and He alone,'—and so forth, down to the words,—'He that is hailed as chief of the trainers of men, supreme in bowing men to the yoke of Truth [\*1].' "For, sirs," said the Brethren, "there is no trainer of men like unto the Supreme Buddha."

And here the Master entered the Hall and questioned them as to what they were discussing. Then they told him, and he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that a single exhortation of mine has conquered the prince; the like happened before."

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 again as a brahmin in the North country, and when he grew up he first learned the Three Vedas and all learning, at Takkasila, and for some time lived a mundane life. But when his parents died he became a recluse, dwelling in the Himalayas, and attained the mystic Attainments and Knowledges. There he dwelt a long time, till need of salt and other necessaries of life brought him back to the paths of men, and he came to Benares, where he took up his quarters in the royal pleasure. Next day he dressed himself with care and pains, and in the best garb of an ascetic went in quest of alms to the city [506] and came to the king's gate. The king was sitting down and saw the Bodhisatta from the window and marked within himself how the hermit, wise in heart and soul, fixing his gaze immediately before him, moved on in lion-like majesty, as though at every

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footstep he were depositing a purse of a thousand pieces. "If goodness dwell anywhere," thought the king, "it must be in this man's breast." So summoning a courtier, he bade him bring the hermit into the presence. And the courtier went up to the Bodhisatta and with due obeisance, took his alms-bowl from his hand. "How now, your excellency?" said the Bodhisatta. "The king sends for your reverence," replied the courtier. "My dwelling," said the Bodhisatta, "is in the Himalayas, and I have not the king's favour."

So the courtier went back and reported this to the king. Bethinking him that he had no confidential adviser at the time, the king bade the Bodhisatta be brought, and the Bodhisatta consented to come.

The king greeted him on his entrance with great courtesy and bade him be seated on a golden throne beneath a royal parasol. And the Bodhisatta was fed on dainty food which had been made ready for the king's own eating.

Then the king asked where the ascetic lived and learned that his home was in the Himalayas.

"And where are you going now?"

"In search, sire, of a habitation for the rainy season."

"Why not take up your abode in my pleasaunce?" suggested the king. Then, having gained the Bodhisatta's consent, and having eaten food himself, he went with his guest to the pleasaunce and there had a hermitage built with a cell for the day, and a cell for the night. This dwelling was provided with the eight requisites of an ascetic. Having thus installed the Bodhisatta, the king put him under the charge of the gardener and went back to the palace. So it came to pass that the Bodhisatta dwelt thenceforward in the king's

pleasaunce, and twice or thrice every day the king came to visit him.

Now the king had a fierce and passionate son who was known as Prince Wicked, who was beyond the control of his father and kinsfolk. Councillors, brahmins and citizens all pointed out to the young man the error of his ways, but in vain. He paid no heed to their counsels. And the king felt that the only hope of reclaiming his son lay with the virtuous ascetic. So as a last chance [507] he took the prince and handed him over to the Bodhisatta to deal with. Then the Bodhisatta walked with the prince in the pleasaunce till they came to where a seedling Nimb tree was growing, on which as yet grew but two leaves, one on one side, one on the other.

“Taste a leaf of this little tree, prince,” said the Bodhisatta, “and see what it is like.”

The young man did so; but scarce had he put the leaf in his mouth, when he spat it out with an oath, and hawked and spat to get the taste out of his mouth,

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“What is the matter, prince?” asked the Bodhisatta.

“Sir, to-day this tree only suggests a deadly poison; but, if left to grow, it will prove the death of many persons,” said the prince, and forthwith plucked up and crushed in his hands the tiny growth, reciting these lines:—

If poison lurk in the baby tree,

What will the full growth prove to be?

Then said the Bodhisatta to him, “Prince, dreading what the poisonous seedling might grow to, you have torn it up and rent it asunder. Even as you acted to the tree, so the people of this kingdom, dreading what a prince so fierce and passionate may become when king, will not place you on the throne but uproot you like this Nimb tree and drive you forth to exile. Wherefore take warning by the tree and henceforth shew mercy and abound in loving-kindness.”

From that hour the prince’s mood was changed. He grew humble and meek, merciful and overflowing with kindness. Abiding by the Bodhisatta’s counsel, [508] when at his father’s death he came to be king, he abounded in charity and other good works, and in the end passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended, the Master said, “So, Brethren, this is not the first time that I have tamed Prince Wicked; I did the same in days gone by.” Then he identified the Birth by saying, “The Licchavi Prince Wicked of to-day was the Prince Wicked of the story, Ananda the king, and I the ascetic who exhorted the prince to goodness.”

#### Footnotes

^317:1 The quotation has not been traced in published texts.

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

[j150]

No. 150.

SANJIVA-JATAKA.

“Befriend a villain.”—This story was told by the Master when at the Bamboo-grove, about King Ajatasattu’s adherence to false teachers [\*1]. For he believed in that rancorous foe of the Buddhas, the base and wicked Devadatta, and in his infatuation, wishing to do honour to Devadatta, expended a vast sum in erecting a monastery at Gayasisa. And following Devadatta’s wicked counsels, he slew

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the good and virtuous old King his father, who had entered on the Paths, thereby destroying his own chance of winning like goodness and virtue, and bringing great woe upon himself.

Hearing that the earth had swallowed up Devadatta, he feared a like fate for himself. And such was the frenzy of his terror that he reeked not of his kingdom’s welfare, slept not upon his bed, but ranged abroad quaking in every limb, like a young elephant in an agony of pain. In fancy he saw the earth yawning for him, and the flames of hell darting forth; he could see himself fastened down on a bed of burning metal with iron lances being thrust into his body. Like a wounded cock, not for one instant was he, at peace. The desire came on him to see the All-Wise Buddha, to be reconciled to him, and to ask guidance of him; but because of the magnitude of his transgressions he shrank from coming into the Buddha’s presence. When the Kattika festival came round, and by night Rajagaha was illuminated and adorned like a city of the gods, the King, as he sat on high upon a throne of gold, saw Jivaka Komarabhacca sitting near. The idea flashed across his mind to go with Jivaka to the Buddha, but he felt he could not say outright that he would not go alone but wanted Jivaka to take him. No; the better course would be, after praising the beauty of the night, [509] to propose sitting at the feet of some sage or

brahmin, and to ask the courtiers what teacher can give the heart peace. Of course, they would severally praise their own masters; but Jivaka would be sure to extol the All-Enlightened Buddha; and to the Buddha the King with Jivaka would go. So he burst into fivefold praises of the night, saying—"How fair, sirs, is this clear cloudless night! How beautiful! How charming! How delightful! How lovely [\*1]! What sage or brahmin shall we seek out, to see if haply he may give our hearts peace?"

Then one minister recommended Purana Kassapa, another Makkhali Gosala, and others again Ajita Kesakambala, Kakudha Kaccayana, Sanjaya Belatthiputta, or Nigantha Nataputta. All these names the King heard in silence, waiting for his chief minister, Jivaka, to speak. But Jivaka, suspecting that the King's real object was to make him speak, kept silence in order to make sure. At last the King said, "Well, my good Jivaka, why have you nothing to say?" At the word Jivaka arose from his seat, and with hands clasped in adoration towards the Blessed One, cried, "Sire, yonder in my mango-grove dwells the All-Enlightened Buddha with thirteen hundred and fifty Brethren. This is the high fame that has arisen concerning him." And here he proceeded to recite the nine titles of honour ascribed to him, beginning with 'Venerable [\*2].' When he had further shewn how from his birth onwards the Buddha's powers had surpassed all the earlier presages and expectations, Jivaka said, "Unto him, the Blessed One, let the King repair, to hear the truth and to put questions."

His object thus attained, the King asked Jivaka to have the elephants got ready and went in royal state to Jivaka's mango-grove, where he found in the perfumed pavilion the Buddha amid the Brotherhood which was tranquil as the ocean in perfect repose. Look where he would, the King's eye saw only the endless ranks of the Brethren, exceeding

in numbers any following he had ever seen. Pleased with the demeanour of the Brethren, the King bowed low and spoke words of praise. Then saluting the Buddha, he seated himself, and asked him the question, 'What is the fruit of the religious life?' And the Blessed One gave utterance to the Samannaphala Sutta in two sections [\*3]. Glad at heart, the King made his peace with the Buddha at the close of the Sutta, and rising up departed with solemn obeisance. Soon after the King had gone,

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the Master addressed the Brethren and said, "Brethren, this King is uprooted; [510] had not this King slain in lust for dominion that righteous ruler his father, he would have won the Arahat's clear vision of the Truth, ere he rose from his seat. But for his sinful favouring of Devadatta he has missed the fruit of the first path [\*1]."

Next day the Brethren talked together of all this and said that Ajatasattu's crime of parricide, which was due to that wicked and sinful Devadatta whom he had favoured, had lost him salvation; and that Devadatta had been the King's ruin. At this point the Master entered the Hall of Truth and asked the subject of their converse. Being told, the Master said, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Ajatasattu has suffered for favouring the sinful; like conduct in the past cost him his life." 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 was born into the family of a wealthy brahmin. Arriving at years of discretion, he went to study at Takkasila, where he received a complete education. In Benares as a teacher he enjoyed world-wide fame and had five hundred young brahmins as pupils. Among these was

one named Sanjiva, to whom the Bodhisatta taught the spell for raising the dead to life. But though the young man was taught this, he was not taught the counter charm. Proud of his new power, he went with his fellow-pupils to the forest wood-gathering, and there came on a dead tiger.

“Now see me bring the tiger to life again,” said he.

“You can’t,” said they.

“You look and you will see me do it.”

“Well, if you can, do so,” said they and climbed up a tree forthwith.

Then Sanjiva repeated his charm and struck the dead tiger with a potsherd. Up started the tiger and quick as lightning sprang at Sanjiva and bit him on the throat, killing him outright. Dead fell the tiger then and there, and dead fell Sanjiva too at the same spot. So there the two lay dead side by side.

The young brahmins took their wood and went back to their master to whom they told the story. “My dear pupils,” said he, “mark herein how by reason of showing favour to the sinful and paying honour where it was not due, he has brought all this calamity upon himself.” And so saying he uttered this stanza:—

[511] Befriend a villain, aid him in his need,

And, like that tiger which Sanjiva [\*2] raised To life, he straight devours you for your pains.

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Such was the Bodhisatta's lesson to the young brahmins, and after a life of almsgiving and other good deeds he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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His lesson ended the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Ajatasattu was the young brahmin of those days who brought the dead tiger to life, and I the world-famed teacher."

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Footnotes

^319:1 See Vinaya, Cullav. vii. 3. 4— (translated in S. B. E. XX. pp. 242 &c.). In the Samannaphala Sutta, the Digha Nikaya gives the incidents of this introductory story and makes the King confess to having killed his father (Vol. I. p. 85).

^320:1 These exclamations are misprinted as verse in the Pali text. It is curious that the order is somewhat transposed here, as compared with the opening words of the Samannaphala Sutta.

^320:2 See p. 49 of Vol. I. of the Digha Nikaya for the list.

^320:3 In the Digha Nikaya there is no division of the Sutta into two bhanavaras or sections.

^321:1 Unlike the preceding sentence. this last sentence does not occur in the Digha Nikaya. The interpolation is interesting as suggesting the license with which words were put into the Master's mouth by Buddhist authors.

^321:2 The gloss suggests that sanjiviko, (= 'of or belonging to Sanjiva') is an acrid pun on the meaning of Sanjivo, which

means 'alive,'—the tiger having been restored to life by Sanjiva, whom it bereft of life by way of reward.

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

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## INDEX OF PROPER NAMES.

Abhassara, the celestial realm -

Aciravati, the river ,

Aggalava, the temple

Agni (see also Jataveda) ,

Ajatasattu, King , -

Alavi, the town

Amara, Queen

Ambatittha

Ambavana

Ananda, the Elder , , , , , ; a fish

Anatha-pindika , , , , , , , , , , ; the younger

Andhapura, a town

Andhra, the country

Angulimala, the Elder

Anjanavana





Ghatikara, the potter

Ghositarama

Himalayas , , , , , , , , , ,

Illisa, a miser

Indra (see also Sakka) , , , ,

Jambudipa

Janaka, King

Jataveda (= Agni)

Jetavana , , , , , et passim.

Jivaka-Komarabhacca , ,

Kalakanjaka, the Asura

Kalanduka, a slave

Kana, a girl

Kana-mata

Kapilani, a Theri

Kapilavatthu

Kasi , , , , , , , , , ,

Kassapa, the Buddha , ; the Elder

Katahaka, a slave ,

Katthavahana, King



Losaka-Tissa, the Elder ,

Macala, a hamlet

Magadha , , , , , , , , , ,

Magha, Prince

Maha-Brahma , , , , ,

Mahamaya, Gotama's mother

Mahanama-Sakka, King

Maha-Panthaka, the Elder

Mahavana ,

, Prince

Mahosadha, King

Makhadeva, King

Mallika, Queen

Manosila, a region

Mara ; daughters of

Mithila, a city

Mittavindaka , ,

Moggallana, the Elder , , , , , ,

Naga , , ,

Nagamunda, Queen







Vesali , , ,

Vessavana, a deity ,

Videha, the country

Vidudabha, Prince

Vipassi, the Buddha

Visakha, the lay-sister

Vissakamma, the deity

Yugandhara Mts.

The Jataka, Vol. II, tr. by W.H.D. Rouse, [1895], at sacred-texts.com

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. II.

TRANSLATED BY

W. H. D. ROUSE, M. A.,

SOMETIME FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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MANIBVS

GVILLELMI ROBERTSON SMITH

SVMMO DESIDERIO

D. D. D.

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PREFACE.

IN a book like this, where a translation is made for the first time from a language little known, mistakes there needs must be. For any such I ask the indulgence of scholars; and assure them that no trouble has been spared to get accuracy. A word or phrase dismissed in a footnote as obscure or inexplicable has often cost hours of research before it has been given up.

Although it has not been possible to reproduce the rhythm of the verses, yet I hope something of the same effect has been given by keeping in each story to one metre where the Pali has but one, and changing where it changes; and a pretty consistent rule has been observed, of giving long lines for long and short for short, two short lines being held

equivalent to one long. But in different stories the same metre has often been differently translated for convenience.

For parallels I have looked through all the Pali books as far as they are printed; but I have not had time to read them carefully, and many must have escaped me. The notes must then not be considered as exhaustive. Other illustrations have been noted where I have come across them, and I hope that students of folk-tales may be interested in one unpublished variant which I have been able to give (page ).

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It remains to acknowledge my indebtedness to those friends who have helped me. The members of our "Guild" who are resident at Cambridge have been so kind as to revise the proofs; and to them I owe very many corrections and improvements. Mr R. Chalmers lent me a MS. translation of a few of the 'Stories of the Past,' for which I thank him. But my chief thanks are due to my Master, Professor Cowell; who, for many years past, has with unflinching patience and kindness helped me in my Oriental studies. I feel that what I know of these things has been his gift to me almost entirely; and I hope he may consider this book not all unworthy of his teaching.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

July 30, 1895.

The Jataka, Vol. II, tr. by W.H.D. Rouse, [1895], at sacred-texts.com

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## CONTENTS.

PAGE [\*151]. RAJOVADA-JATAKA Two kings, both wise and good, meet in a narrow way, and a dispute arises who is to give place. Both are of the same age and power. Their drivers sing each his master's praises. One is good to the good, and bad to the bad; the other repays evil with good. The first acknowledges his superior, and gives place. [\*152]. SIGALA-JATAKA The Bodhisatta is a young lion, one of seven brothers; a Jackal proposes love to his sister. Six of the brothers set out to kill the jackal, but seeing him as he lies in a crystal grotto, imagine him to be in the sky, leap up and kill themselves. The Bodhisatta roars, and the jackal dies of fear. [\*153]. SUKARA-JATAKA A boar challenges a lion to fight; and then in fear wallows amid filth until he smells so foul that the lion will not come near him, but owns himself vanquished rather than fight with him. [\*154]. URAGA-JATAKA A Garula chases a serpent, which taking the form of a jewel, fixes himself upon an ascetic's garment, and by this means wins safety. [\*155]. GAGGA-JATAKA How a goblin had power over all people who did not wish each other well at a sneeze, and how he was foiled. [\*156]. ALINA-CITTA-JATAKA An elephant runs a thorn into its foot; it is tended by some carpenters, and serves them out of gratitude. His young one takes his place afterwards, and is bought by the king for a large sum. How on the king's death, it routs a hostile host, and saves the kingdom for the king's infant son. [p. x] PAGE [\*157]. GUNA-JATAKA A jackal rescues a lion, who out of gratitude makes him a friend. The lioness is jealous of the she-jackal; then the whole matter is explained, and maxims given in praise of friendship. [\*158]. SUHANU-JATAKA Two savage horses, that maltreat all other of their kind, strike up a sudden friendship with each other, thus illustrating the proverb, 'Birds of a feather.' [\*159]. MORA-JATAKA How a peacock kept itself safe by reciting spells; how its mind was disturbed by hearing the female's note, and it was caught;

how the king desired to eat it, but the peacock discoursed such good divinity that he was stayed; and finally the bird was set free again to return to the mountains. [\*160].

VINILAKA-JATAKA A bird, the offspring of a goose with a crow, is being carried by his father's two other sons to see him, but is arrogant and compares them to horses that serve him; so he is sent back again. [\*161].

INDASAMANAGOTTA-JATAKA How a man kept a fat elephant, which turned against him and trampled him to death.

[\*162]. SANTHAVA-JATAKA How a man had his house burnt by reason of the great offerings which he made to his sacred fire. [\*163]. SUSIMA-JATAKA How a lad whose hereditary

right it was to manage a festival, journeyed 2000 leagues in a day, learnt the ceremonial, and returned in time to conduct the ceremony. [\*164]. GIJJHA-JATAKA About a

merchant who succoured some vultures, and they in return stole cloths and other things and brought to him; how one was caught, and the king learnt the story, and all the goods were restored. [\*165]. NAKULA-JATAKA How a mongoose and a snake were friends, and distrusted each other nevertheless; and how they were made at one. [\*166].

UPASALHA-JATAKA How a certain man was particular in choice of burying-grounds, and how he was shown that there is no spot free of taint from some dead body. [p. xi]

PAGE [\*167]. SAMIDDHI-JATAKA How a nymph tempted the saint to love, and he resisted, since no man knows the time of death. [\*168]. SAKUNAGGHI-JATAKA How a quail beat a

falcon by fighting on his own ground. [\*169]. ARAKA-JATAKA How the Buddha forsook the world, and discoursed on charity. [\*170]. KAKANTAKA-JATAKA (See Maha-ummagga.)

[\*171]. KALYANA-DHAMMA-JATAKA How a certain man became a recluse all because of a lucky greeting. [\*172].

DADDARA-JATAKA How a jackal amongst lions betrayed himself by his tongue. [\*173]. MAKKATA-JATAKA How a

monkey disguised himself as an ascetic, and was found out. [\*174]. DUBHIYA-MAKKATA-JATAKA How the Bodhisatta drew

water for a monkey, and all he got for his pains was a grimace and an insult. [\*175]. ADICCUPATTHANA-JATAKA How a rascally monkey made havoc in the settlement, and the people took him for a holy being. [\*176]. KALAYA-MUTTHI-JATAKA How a monkey threw away a handful of peas to find one. [\*177]. TINDUKA-JATAKA How a troop of monkeys entered a village by night, and were surrounded by the villagers; and the device by which they were saved. [\*178]. KACCHAPA-JATAKA How a tortoise came to grief because he loved his home too much. [\*179]. SATADHAMMA-JATAKA How a proud young brahmin ate the leavings of a low-caste man, and then felt ashamed of himself. [\*180]. DUDDADA-JATAKA Where faith is, no gift is small. [p. xii] PAGE [\*181]. ASADISA-JATAKA Of a clever archer, and his feats. [\*182]. SAMGAMAVACARA-JATAKA How a noble elephant obeyed the word of command. [\*183]. VALODAKA-JATAKA He that is noble keeps a steady brain even though he drain most potent liquor dry. [\*184]. GIRIDANTA-JATAKA Evil communications corrupt good manners. [\*185]. ANABHIRATI-JATAKA On serenity of mind. [\*186]. DADHI-VAHANA-JATAKA The Magic Razor-axe, Milk-bowl, and Drum. [\*187]. CATUMATTA-JATAKA How a jackal was reprovved for intruding. [\*188]. SIHAKOTTHUKA-JATAKA How a mongrel cub among lions was betrayed by its voice. [\*189]. SIHACAMMA-JATAKA The ass in the lion's skin. [\*190]. SILANISAMSA-JATAKA How a virtuous barber saved another man by his merit. [\*191]. RUHAKA-JATAKA How a wicked wife fooled her husband, and sent him prancing down the street in horse-trappings. [\*192]. SIRI-KALAKANNI-JATAKA (See Maha-ummagga.) [\*193]. CULLA-PADUMA-JATAKA Of a wicked wife, who tried to murder her husband, and finally with her paramour was brought for trial before her husband, then become king. [\*194]. MANICORA-JATAKA Of the plot devised by a king to take the wife of another man; and how Sakka caused him to change bodies with his victim, and so to be executed himself. [\*195]. PABBATUPATTHARA-JATAKA

How the Bodhisatta advised a king to condone an intrigue. [\*196]. VALAHASSA-JATAKA How some shipwrecked mariners escaped from a city of goblins by aid of a flying horse. [p. xiii] PAGE [\*197]. MITTAMITTA-JATAKA How to tell friend from foe. [\*198]. RADHA-JATAKA How a parrot told tales of his mistress, and had his neck wrung. [\*199]. GAHAPATI-JATAKA How a wife tried to trick her husband, and was found out. [\*200]. SADHUSILA-JATAKA How a father chose a husband for his daughters. [\*201]. BANDHANAGARA-JATAKA The real fetters are those of desire. [\*202]. KELI-SILA-JATAKA How Sakka rebuked an irreverent king. [\*203]. KHANDHA-VATTA-JATAKA How to win the goodwill of snakes. [\*204]. VIRAKA-JATAKA How a crow tried to steal meat, and was plucked. [\*205]. GANGEYYA-JATAKA How two fish disputed which should be the more beautiful, and a tortoise answered that he was more beautiful than either. [\*206]. KURUNGA-MIGA-JATAKA How a woodpecker and a tortoise rescued their friend the antelope from a trap. [\*207]. ASSAKA-JATAKA How a king was cured of love for his dead wife by a revelation of her present condition. [\*208]. SUMSUMARA-JATAKA How a crocodile wanted the heart of a monkey, and how the monkey pretended that it was hanging on a fig-tree. [\*209]. KAKKARA-JATAKA How a fowler tried to stalk a bird by covering himself with branches. [\*210]. KANDAGALAKA-JATAKA How a woodpecker struck a tree too hard for it, and perished. [\*211]. SOMADATTA-JATAKA How a foolish man gave when he meant to crave. [p. xiv] PAGE [\*212]. UCCHITTHA-BHATTA-JATAKA How a husband found out his wife's intrigue by the state of the rice. [\*213]. BHARU-JATAKA How the king of Bharu made two bands of hermits to quarrel. [\*214]. PUNNA-NADI-JATAKA How a king sent a riddling message to his former preceptor. [\*215]. KACCHAPA-JATAKA How a tortoise was conveyed through the air, biting with his teeth upon a stick; and how he answered to a taunt, and fell. [\*216]. MACCHA-JATAKA How a fish being captured lamented for loss of his wife, and was set at

liberty. [\*217]. SEGGU-JATAKA How a pious greengrocer tested his daughter's virtue. [\*218]. KUTA-VANIJA-JATAKA How a man deposited ploughshares with a friend, and the friend protested that they had been eaten by rats; and of the clever device by which the man's guilt was brought home to him. [\*219]. GARAHITA-JATAKA How a monkey had been a captive of men, and escaped, and his censure upon mankind. [\*220]. DHAMMADDHAJA-JATAKA How impossible tasks were set to a good man, who did them all by aid of Sakka. [\*221]. KASAVA-JATAKA How a man disguised himself in holy robes, and killed elephants; and how he was put to shame. [\*222]. CULA-NANDIYA-JATAKA How two monkeys sacrificed their lives to save their mother, and what befel the hunter. [\*223]. PUTA-BHATTA-JATAKA How a harsh husband was rebuked. [\*224]. KUMBHILA-JATAKA [\*225]. KHANTI-VANNANA-JATAKA How two sinners were made to amend their ways. [p. xv] PAGE [\*226]. KOSIYA-JATAKA How an owl came to grief through sallying forth untimely. [\*227]. GUTHA-PANA-JATAKA How an intoxicated beetle challenged an elephant, and was ignominiously destroyed. [\*228]. KAMANITA-JATAKA How a king was cured of greed. [\*229]. PALAYI-JATAKA How a king was frightened away by the mere sight of a city gate. [\*230]. DUTIYA-PALAYI-JATAKA How a hostile king was frightened away by the sight of the Bodhisatta, and the hearing of his threats. [\*231]. UPAHANA-JATAKA How a pupil tried to outdo his teacher, and was worsted. [\*232]. VINA-THUNA-JATAKA How a girl thought a humpback was a right royal man, and how she was undeceived. [\*233]. VIKANNAKA-JATAKA How some fish came to feed at the sound of a drum; and how a malevolent crocodile was speared. [\*234]. How a man, enamoured of a sprite, lost his wife by this lust. [\*235]. VACCHA-NAKHA-JATAKA How a Brother was tempted to return to the world, and the evil of a worldly life shown forth. [\*236]. BAKA-JATAKA How a crane shammed sleep, in order to catch fish; and how he was exposed. [\*237]. SAKETA-JATAKA (As No.

68.) [\*238]. EKAPADA-JATAKA Of a precocious boy who asked a philosophical question; and the answer to the same. [\*239]. HARITA-MATA-JATAKA A water-snake that fell into a fish-trap, and how the fish all fell upon him; with a moral. [p. xvi] PAGE [\*240]. MAHA-PINGALA-JATAKA How the porter mourned when his tyrannical master died, lest he should prove too much for the King of Death, and should be sent back to earth again. [\*241]. SABBA-DATHA-JATAKA How a jackal learnt the spell 'Of subduing the world,' and by it collected a great army of wild beasts; and how he was discomfited. [\*242]. SUNAKHA-JATAKA How a dog gnawed through his leash, and escaped from servitude. [\*243]. GUTTILA-JATAKA How a great musician played by aid of Sakka to the delight of all that heard. [\*244]. VITICCHA-JATAKA How a certain man tried to catch the Master with phrases. [\*245]. MULA-PARIYAYA-JATAKA How the Master discomfited some would-be clever youths. [\*246]. TELOVADA-JATAKA That there is no harm in eating meat, but only in taking life. [\*247]. PADANJALI-JATAKA How a fool was found out. [\*248]. KIMSUKOPAMA-JATAKA How four lads saw a tree, and each described it differently. [\*249]. SALAKA-JATAKA How soft words failed to bring down a monkey from a tree. [\*250]. KAPI-JATAKA How a monkey disguised himself as an ascetic, and was found out. [\*251]. SAMKAPPA-JATAKA How an ascetic was tempted by lust, and how he was saved. [\*252]. TILA-MUTTHI-JATAKA How a teacher chastised a pupil, and the pupil meditated revenge, but was appeased. [\*253].