

women did. And as for his wife, she was so changed by hearing that the teacher knew what she was, that she gave up her naughtiness thenceforth.

So too that lay-brother's wife, when she heard that the Master knew what she was, gave up her naughtiness thenceforth.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof the lay-brother won the Fruit of the First Path. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "This husband and wife were also the husband and wife of those days, and I myself the brahmin teacher."

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

[j066]

No. 66.

MUDULAKKHANA-JATAKA.

"Till Gentle-heart was mine."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about concupiscence. Tradition says that a young gentleman of Savatthi, [30;3] on hearing the Truth preached by the Master, gave his heart to the Doctrine of the Three Gems. Renouncing the world for the Brother's life, he rose to walk in the Paths, to practise meditation, and never to slacken in his pondering over the theme he had chosen for thought. One day, whilst he was on his round for alms through Savatthi, he espied a woman in brave attire, and, for pleasure's sake, broke through the higher morality and gazed upon her! Passion was stirred within him, he became even as a fig-tree felled by the axe.

From that day forth, under the sway of passion, the palate of his mind, as of his body, lost all its gust; like a brute beast, he took no joy in the Doctrine, and suffered his nails and hair to grow long and his robes to grow foul.

When his friends among the Brethren became aware of his troubled state of mind, they said, "Why, sir, is your moral state otherwise than it was?" "My Joy has gone," said he. Then they took him to the Master, who asked them why they had brought that Brother there against his will. "Because, sir, his joy is gone," "Is that true, Brother?" "It is, Blessed One." "Who has troubled you?" "Sir, I was on my round for alms when, violating the higher morality, I gazed on a woman; and passion was stirred within me. Therefore am I

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troubled." Then said the Master, "It is little marvel, Brother, that when, violating morality, you were gazing for pleasure's sake on an exceptional object, you were stirred by passion. Why, in bygone times, even those who had won the five Higher Knowledges and the eight Attainments, those who by the might of Insight had quelled their passions, whose hearts were purified and whose feet could walk the skies, yea even Bodhisattas, through gazing in violation of morality on an exceptional object, lost their insight, were stirred by passion, and came to great sorrow. Little recks the wind which could overturn Mount Sineru, of a bare hillock no bigger than an elephant; little recks a wind which could uproot a mighty Jambu-tree, of a bush on the face of a cliff; and little recks a wind which could dry up a vast ocean, of a tiny pond. If passion could breed folly in the supremely-enlightened and pure-minded Bodhisattas, shall passion be abashed before you? Why, even purified beings are led astray by passion, and those advanced to the highest

honour, come to shame.” And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a rich brahmin family in the Kasi country. When he was grown up and had finished his education, he renounced all Lusts, and, forsaking the world for the hermit's life, went to live in the solitudes of the Himalayas. There by due fulfilment of all preparatory forms of meditation, he won by abstract thought the Higher Knowledges and the ecstatic Attainments; and so lived his life in the bliss of mystic Insight.

[304] Lack of salt and vinegar brought him one day to Benares, where he took up his quarters in the king's pleasaunce. Next day, after seeing to his bodily needs, he folded up the red suit of bark which he commonly wore, threw over one shoulder a black antelope's skin, knotted his tangled locks in a coil on the top of his head, and with a yoke on his back from which hung two baskets, set out on his round in quest of alms. Coming to the palace-gates on his way, his demeanour so commended him to the king that his majesty had him brought in. So the ascetic was seated on a couch of great splendour and fed with abundance of the daintiest food. And when he thanked the king, he was invited to take up his dwelling in the pleasaunce. The ascetic accepted the offer, and for sixteen years abode in the pleasaunce, exhorting the king's household and eating of the king's meat.

Now there came a day when the king must go to the borders to put down a rising. But, before he started, he charged his queen, whose name was Gentle-heart, to minister to the wants of the holy man. So, after the king's

departure, the Bodhisatta continued to go when he pleased to the palace.

One day Queen Gentle-heart got ready a meal for the Bodhisatta; but as he was late in coming, she betook herself to her own toilette. After bathing in perfumed water, she dressed herself in all her splendour,

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and lay down, awaiting his coming, on a little couch in the spacious chamber.

Waking from rapture of Insight, and seeing how late it was, the Bodhisatta transported himself through the air to the palace. Hearing the rustling of his bark-robe, the queen started up hurriedly to receive him. In her hurry to rise, her tunic slipped down, so that her beauty was revealed to the ascetic as he entered the window; and at the sight, in violation of Morality he gazed for pleasure's sake on the marvellous beauty of the queen. Lust was kindled within him; he was as a tree felled by the axe. At once all Insight deserted him, and he became as a crow with its wings clipped. Clutching his food, still standing, he ate not, but took his way, all a-tremble with desire, from the palace to his hut in the pleasaunce, set it down beneath his wooden couch and thereon lay for seven whole days a prey to hunger and thirst, enslaved by the queen's loveliness, his heart aflame with lust.

On the seventh day, the king came back from pacifying the border. After passing in solemn procession round the city, he entered his palace. [305] Then, wishing to see the ascetic, he took his way to the pleasaunce, and there in the cell found the Bodhisatta lying on his couch. Thinking the holy man had been taken ill, the king, after first having the cell

cleaned out, asked, as he stroked the sufferer's feet, what ailed him. "Sire, my heart is fettered by lust; that is my sole ailment." "Lust for whom?" "For Gentle-heart, sire." "Then she is yours; I give her to you," said the king. Then he passed with the ascetic to the palace, and bidding the queen array herself in all her splendour, gave her to the Bodhisatta. But, as he was giving her away, the king privily charged the queen to put forth her utmost endeavour to save the holy man.

"Fear not, sire," said the queen; "I will save him." So with the queen the ascetic went out from the palace. But when he had passed through the great gate, the queen cried out that they must have a house to live in; and back he must go to the king to ask for one. So back he went to ask the king for a house to live in, and the king gave them a tumble-down dwelling which passers-by used as a jakes. To this dwelling the ascetic took the queen; but she flatly refused to enter it, because of its filthy state.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "Why, clean it out," she said. And she sent him to the king for a spade and a basket, and made him remove all the filth and dirt, and plaster the walls with cowdung, which he had to fetch. This done, she made him get a bed, and a stool, and a rug, and a water-pot, and a cup, sending him for only one thing at a time. Next, she sent him packing to fetch water and a thousand other things. So off he started for the water, and filled up the water-pot, and set out the water for the bath, and made the bed. And, as he sat with her upon the

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bed, she took him by the whiskers and drew him towards her till they were face to face, saying, "Hast thou forgotten that thou art a holy man and a brahmin?"

Hereon he came to himself after his interval of witless folly.

(And here should be repeated the text beginning, “Thus the hindrances of Lust and Longing are called Evils because they spring from Ignorance, Brethren; [306] that which springs from Ignorance creates Darkness.”)

So when he had come to himself, he bethought him how, waxing stronger and stronger, this fatal craving would condemn him hereafter to the Four States of Punishment [*1].” This self-same day,” he cried, “will I restore this woman to the king and fly to the mountains!” So he stood with the queen before the king and said, “Sire, I want your queen no longer; and it was only for her that cravings were awakened within me.” And so saying, he repeated this Stanza:—

Till Gentle-heart was mine, one sole desire

I had,—to win her. When her beauty owned Me lord, desire
came crowding on desire.

Forthwith his lost power of Insight came back to him. Rising from the earth and seating himself in the air, he preached the Truth to the king; and without touching earth he passed through the air to the Himalayas. He never came back to the paths of men; but grew in love and charity till, with Insight unbroken, he passed to a new birth in the Realm of Brahma.

His lesson ended, the Master preached the Truths, at the close whereof that Brother won Arahatsip itself. Also the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the King of those days, Uppala-vanna was Gentle-heart, and I the hermit.”

Footnotes

^164:1 Hell, the brute-creation, ghostdom, devildom.

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

[j067]

No. 67.

UCCHANGA-JATAKA.

“A son’s an easy find.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain country-woman.

For it fell out once in Kosala that three men were ploughing on the outskirts of a certain forest, and that robbers plundered folk in that forest and made their escape. [307] The victims came, in the course of a fruitless search for the rascals, to where the three men were ploughing. “Here are the forest robbers,

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disguised as husbandmen,” they cried, and hauled the trio off as prisoners to the King of Kosala. Now time after time there came to the king’s palace a woman who with loud lamentations begged for “wherewith to be covered.” Hearing her cry, the king ordered a shift to be given her; but she refused it, saying this was not what she meant. So the king’s servants came back to his majesty and said that what the woman wanted was not clothes but a husband [*1]. Then the king had the woman brought into his presence and asked her whether she really did mean a husband.

“Yes, sire,” she answered; “for a husband is a woman’s real covering, and she that lacks a husband—even though she be clad in garments costing a thousand pieces—goes bare and naked indeed.”

(And to enforce this truth, the following Sutta should be recited here:—

Like kingless kingdoms, like a stream run dry,

So bare and naked is a woman seen, Who, having brothers ten, yet lacks a mate.)

Pleased with the woman’s answer, the king asked what relation the three prisoners were to her. And she said that one was her husband, one her brother, and one her son. “Well, to mark my favour,” said the king, “I give you one of the three. Which will you take?” “Sire,” was her answer, “if I live, I can get another husband and another son; but as my parents are dead, I can never get another brother. So give me my brother, Sire.” Pleased with the woman, the king set all three men at liberty; and thus this one woman was the means of saving three persons from peril.

When the matter came to the knowledge of the Brotherhood, they were lauding the woman in the Hall of Truth, when the Master entered. Learning on enquiry what was the subject of their talk, he said, “This is not the first time, Brethren, that this woman has saved those three from peril; she did the same in days gone by.” And, so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, three men were ploughing on the outskirts of a forest, and everything came to pass as above.

Being asked by the king which of the three she would take, the woman said, "Cannot your majesty give me all three?" "No," said the king, "I cannot." [308] "Well, if I cannot have all three, give me my brother." "Take your husband or your son," said the king. "What matters a brother?" "The two former I can readily replace," answered the woman, "but a brother never." And so saying, she repeated this stanza:—

A son 's an easy find; of husbands too

An ample choice throngs public ways. But where Will all my pains another brother find?

"She is quite right," said the king, well-pleased. And he bade all three men be fetched from the prison and given over to the woman. She took them all three and went her way.

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"So you see, Brethren," said the Master, "that this same woman once before saved these same three men from peril." His lesson ended, he made the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The woman and the three men of to-day were also the woman and men of those bygone days; and I was then the king."

[Note.—Cf. for the idea of the verse Herodotus 118-120, Sophocles Antigone 909-912; and see this passage discussed in the Indian Antiquary for December, 1881.]

Footnotes

^165:1 Cf. 'femme couverte.'

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

[j068]

No. 68.

SAKETA-JATAKA.

“The man thy mind rests on.”—This story was told by the Master, while at Anjanavana, about a certain brahmin. Tradition says that when the Blessed One with his disciples was entering the city of Saketa, an old brahmin of that place, who was going out, met him in the gateway. Falling at the Buddha’s feet, and clasping him by the ankles, the old man cried, “Son, is it not the duty of children to cherish the old age of their parents? [309] Why have you not let us see you all this long time? At last I have seen you; come, let your mother see you too.” So saying, he took the Master with him to his house; and there the Master sat upon the seat prepared for him, with his disciples around him. Then came the brahmin’s wife, and she too fell at the feet of the Blessed One, crying, “My son, where have you been all this time? Is it not the duty of children to comfort their parents in their old age?” Hereon, she called to her sons and daughters that their brother was come, and made them salute the Buddha. And in their joy the aged pair shewed great hospitality to their guests. After his meal, the Master recited to the old people the Sutta concerning old-age [*1]; and, when he had ended, both husband and wife won fruition of the Second Path. Then rising up from his seat, the Master went back to Anjanavana.

Meeting together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren fell to talking about this thing. It was urged that the brahmin must have been well aware that Suddhodana was the father, and Mahamaya the mother, of the Buddha; yet none the less, he and his wife had claimed the Buddha as their own son,—and that with the Master’s assent. What could it all mean?

Hearing their talk, the Master said, “Brethren, the aged pair were right in claiming me as their son.” And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Brethren, in ages past this brahmin was my father in 500 successive births, my uncle in a like number, and in 500 more my grandfather. And

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in 1500 successive births his wife was respectively my mother, my aunt, and my grandmother. So I was brought up in 1500 births by this brahmin, and in 1500 by his wife.

And therewithal, having told of these 3000 births, the Master, as Buddha, recited this Stanza:—

The man thy mind rests on, with whom thy heart
Is pleased at first sight,—place thy trust in him.

[310] His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “This brahmin and his wife were the husband and wife in all those existences, and I the child.”

[Note. See also No. 237.]

Footnotes

^166:1 The Jara-sutta of the Sutta-nipata, page 152 of Fausboll’s edition for the Pali Text Society.

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

[j069]

No. 69.

VISAVANTA-JATAKA.

“May shame.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about Sariputta, the Captain of the Faith. Tradition says that in the days when the Elder used to eat meal-cakes, folks came to the monastery with a quantity of such cakes for the Brotherhood. After the Brethren had all eaten their fill, much remained over; and the givers said, “Sirs, take some for those too who are away in the village.”

Just then a youth who was the Elder’s co-resident, was away in the village. For him a portion was taken; but, as he did not return, and it was felt that it was getting very late [*1], this portion was given to the Elder. When this portion had been eaten by the Elder, the youth came in. Accordingly, the Elder explained the case to him, saying, “Sir, I have eaten the cakes set apart for you.” “Ah!” was the rejoinder, “we have all of us got a sweet tooth.” The Great Elder was much troubled.

“From this day forward,” he exclaimed, “I vow never to eat meal-cakes again.” And from that day forward, so tradition says, the Elder Sariputta never touched meal-cakes again! This abstention became matter of common knowledge in the Brotherhood, and the Brethren sat talking of it in the Hall of Truth. Said the Master, “What are you talking of, Brethren, as you sit here?” When they had told him, he said, “Brethren, when Sariputta has once given anything up, he never goes back to it again, even though his life be at stake.” 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 into a family of doctors skilled in the cure of snake-bites, and when he grew up, he practised for a livelihood.

Now it fell out that a countryman was bitten by a snake; and without delay his relatives quickly fetched the doctor. Said the Bodhisatta, "Shall I extract the venom with the usual antidotes, or have the snake caught and make it suck its own poison out of the wound?" "Have the snake caught and make it suck the poison out." So, he had the snake caught, and asked the creature, saying "Did you bite this man?" "Yes, I did," was the answer. [311] "Well then, suck your own poison out of the wound again." "What? Take back the poison I have once shed!" cried the snake; "I never did, and I never will." Then the doctor made a fire with wood, and said to the snake, "Either you suck the poison out, or into the fire you go."

"Even though the flames be my doom, I will not take back the poison I have once shed," said the snake, and repeated the following stanza:—

May shame be on the poison which, once shed,

To save my life, I swallow down again! More welcome death than life by weakness bought!

With these words, the snake moved towards the fire! But the doctor barred its way, and drew out the poison with simples and charms, so that the man was whole again. Then he unfolded the Commandments to the snake, and set it free, saying, "Henceforth do harm to none."

And the Master went on to say,—“Brethren, when Sariputta has once parted with anything, he never takes it back again,

even though his life be at stake.” His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “Sariputta was the snake of those days, and I the doctor.”

Footnotes

^167:1 i.e. close on to mid-day, after which the food could not properly be eaten. See note, page .

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

[j070]

No. 70.

KUDDALA-JATAKA.

“The conquest.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder named Cittahattha-Sariputta. He is said to have been a youth of a good family in Savatthi; and one day, on his way home from ploughing, he turned in to the monastery. Here he received from the bowl of a certain Elder some dainty fare, rich and sweet, which made him think to himself,—“Day and night I am toiling away with my hands at divers tasks, yet never do I taste food

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so sweet. I must turn Brother myself!” So he joined the Brotherhood, but after six weeks’ zealous application to high thinking, fell under the dominion of Lusts and off he went. His belly again proving too much for him, [312] back he came to join the Brotherhood once more, and studied the Abhidhamma [*1]. In this way, six times he left and came back again; but when for the seventh time he became a Brother, he mastered the whole seven books of the

Abhidhamma, and by much chanting of the Doctrine of the Brothers won Discernment and attained to Arahatsip. Now his friends among the Brethren scoffed at him, saying—“Can it be, sir, that Lusts have ceased to spring up within your heart?”

“Sirs,” was the reply, “I have now got beyond mundane life henceforth.”

He having thus won Arahatsip, talk thereof arose in the Hall of Truth, as follows:—“Sirs, though all the while he was destined to. all the glories of Arahatsip, yet six times did Cittahattha-Sariputta renounce the Brotherhood; truly, very wrong is the unconverted state.”

Returning to the Hall, the Master asked what they were talking about. Being told, he said, “Brethren, the worldling’s heart is light and hard to curb; material things attract and hold it fast; when once it is so held fast, it cannot be released in a trice. Excellent is the mastery of such a heart; once mastered, it brings joy and happiness:

‘Tis good to tame a headstrong heart and frail,

By passion swayed. Once tamed, the heart brings bliss.

It was by reason of this headstrong quality of the heart, however, that, for the sake of a pretty spade which they could not bring themselves to throw away, the wise and good of bygone days six times reverted to the world out of sheer cupidity; but on the seventh occasion they won Insight and subdued their cupidity.” And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life again as a gardener, and grew

up. 'Spade Sage' was his name. With his spade he cleared a patch of ground, and grew pot-herbs, pumpkins, gourds, cucumbers, and other vegetables, by the sale of which he made a sorry living. For, save only that one spade, he had nothing in the world! Resolving one day to forsake the world for the religious life, he hid his spade away, and became a recluse. But thoughts of that spade rose in his heart and the passion of greed overcame him, so that for the sake of his blunt spade he reverted to the world. [313] Again and again this happened; six times did he hide the spade and become a recluse,—only to renounce his vows again. But the seventh time he bethought him how that blunt spade had caused him again and again to backslide; and he made up his mind to throw it into a great river before he became a recluse again. So he carried the spade to the river-side, and, fearing lest if he saw where it fell, he should come back and fish it out again, he whirled the spade thrice round his head by the handle and flung

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it with the strength of an elephant right into mid-stream, shutting his eyes tight as he did so. Then loud rang his shout of exultation, a shout like a lion's roar,—“I have conquered! I have conquered!”

Now just at that moment the King of Benares, on his way home from quelling disorder on the border, had been bathing in that very river, and was riding along in all his splendour on the back of his elephant, when he heard the Bodhisatta's shout of triumph. “Here's a man,” said the king, “who is proclaiming that he has conquered. I wonder whom he has conquered. Go, bring him before me.”

So the Bodhisatta was brought before the king, who said to him, “My good man, I am a conqueror myself; I have just

won a battle and am on my way home victorious. Tell me whom you have conquered." "Sire," said the Bodhisatta, "a thousand, yea, a hundred thousand, such victories as yours are vain, if you have not the victory over the Lusts within yourself. It is by conquering greed within myself that I have conquered my Lusts." And as he spoke, he gazed upon the great river, and by duly concentrating all his mind upon the idea of water, won Insight. Then by virtue of his newly-won transcendental powers, he rose in the air, and, seated there, instructed the King in the Truth in this stanza:—

The conquest that by further victories

Must be upheld, or own defeat at last, Is vain! True conquest lasts for evermore!

[314] Even as he listened to the Truth, light shone in on the king's darkness, and the Lusts of his heart were quenched; his heart was bent on renouncing the world; then and there the lust for royal dominion passed away from him. "And where will you go now?" said the king to the Bodhisatta. "To the Himalayas, sire; there to live the anchorite's life." "Then I, too, will become an anchorite," said the king; and he departed with the Bodhisatta. And with the king there departed also the whole army, all the brahmins and householders and all the common folk,—in a word, all the host that was gathered there.

Tidings came to Benares that their king, on hearing the Truth preached by the Spade Sage, was fain to live the anchorite's life and had gone forth with all his host. "And what shall we do here?" cried the folk of Benares. And thereupon, from out that city which was twelve leagues about, all the inhabitants went forth, a train twelve leagues long, with whom the Bodhisatta passed to the Himalayas.

Then the throne of Sakka, King of Devas, became hot beneath him [*1]. Looking out, he saw that the Spade Sage was engaged upon a Great

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Renunciation [*1]. Marking the numbers of his following, Indra took thought how to house them all. And he sent for Vissakamma, the architect of the Devas, and spoke thus: —“The Spade Sage is engaged upon a Great Renunciation, [315] and quarters must be found for him. Go you to the Himalayas, and there on level ground fashion by divine power a hermit’s demesne thirty leagues long and fifteen broad.”

“It shall be done, sire,” said Vissakamma. And away he went, and did what he was bidden.

(What follows is only a summary; the full details will be given in the Hatthipala-jataka [*2], which forms one narrative with this.) Vissakamma caused a hermitage to arise in the hermit’s demesne; drove away all the noisy beasts and birds and fairies; and made in each cardinal direction a path just broad enough for one person to pass along it at a time. This done, he betook himself to his own abode. The Spade Sage with his host of people came to the Himalayas and entered the demesne which Indra had given and took possession of the house and furniture which Vissakamma had created for the hermits. First of all, he renounced the world himself, and afterwards made the people renounce it. Then he portioned out the demesne among them. They abandoned all their sovereignty, which rivalled that of Sakka himself; and the whole thirty leagues of the demesne were filled. By due performance of all the other [*3] rites that conduce to Insight, the Spade Sage developed perfect good-will within himself, and be taught

the people how to meditate. Hereby they all won the Attainments, and assured their entry thereafter into the Brahma-Realm, whilst all who ministered to them qualified for entry thereafter into the Realm of Devas.

“Thus, Brethren,” said the Master, “the heart, when passion holds it fast, is hard to release. When the attributes of greed spring up within it, they are hard to chase away, and even persons so wise and good as the above are thereby rendered witless.” His lesson ended, he preached the Truths, at the close whereof some won the First, some the Second, and some the Third Path, whilst others again attained to Arahatsip. Further, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the king of those days, the Buddha’s followers were the followers, and I myself the Spade Sage.”

Footnotes

^169:1 The third, and latest, of the Pitakas,—perhaps compiled from the Nikayas of the Sutta-pitaka.

^170:1 Only the merits of a good man struggling with adversity could thus appeal to the mercy-seat of the Archangel.

^171:1 It is only when a future Buddha renounces the world for the religious life, that his ‘going forth’ is termed a Great Renunciation. Cf. p. 61 of Vol. I. of Fausboll’s text as to Gotama’s ‘going forth.’

^171:2 No. 509,—where, however, no further details are vouchsafed.

^171:3 As shewn above, he had already arrived at Insight through the idea of water.

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

[p. 172] [j071]

No. 71.

VARANA-JATAKA.

[316] “Learn thou from him.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder named Tissa the Squire’s Son. Tradition says that one day thirty young gentlemen of Savatthi, who were all friends of one another, took perfumes and flowers and robes, and set out with a large retinue to Jetavana, in order to hear the Master preach. Arrived at Jetavana, they sat awhile in the several enclosures—in the enclosure of the Iron-wood trees, in the enclosure of the Sal-trees, and so forth,—till at evening the Master passed from his fragrant sweet-smelling perfumed chamber to the Hall of Truth and took his seat on the gorgeous Buddha-seat. Then, with their following, these young men went to the Hall of Truth, made an offering of perfumes and flowers, bowed down at his feet—those blessed feet that were glorious as full-blown lotus-flowers, and bore imprinted on the sole the Wheel!—and, taking their seats, listened to the Truth. Then the thought came into their minds, “Let us take the vows, so far as we understand the Truth preached by the Master.” Accordingly, when the Blessed One left the Hall, they approached him and with due obeisance asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood; and the Master admitted them to the Brotherhood. Winning the favour of their teachers and directors they received full Brotherhood, and after five years’ residence with their teachers and directors, by which time they had got by heart the two Abstracts, had come to know what was proper and what was improper, had learnt

the three modes of expressing thanks, and had stitched and dyed robes. At this stage, wishing to embrace the ascetic life, they obtained the consent of their teachers and directors, and approached the Master. Bowing before him they took their seats, saying, "Sir, we are troubled by the round of existence, dismayed by birth, decay, disease, and death; give us a theme, by thinking on which we may get free from the elements which occasion existence." The Master turned over in his mind the eight and thirty themes of thought, and therefrom selected a suitable one, which he expounded to them. And then, after getting their theme from the Master, they bowed and with a ceremonious farewell passed from his presence to their cells, and after gazing on their teachers and directors went forth with bowl and robe to embrace the ascetic life.

Now amongst them was a Brother named the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son, a weak and irresolute man, a slave to the pleasures of the taste. Thought he to himself, "I shall never be able to live in the forest, to strive with strenuous effort, and subsist on doles of food. What is the good of my going? I will turn back." And so he gave up, and after accompanying those Brothers some way he turned back. As to the other Brothers, they came in the course of their alms-pilgrimage through Kosala to a certain border-village, [317] hard by which in a wooded spot they kept the Rainy-season, and by three months' striving and wrestling got the germ of Discernment and won Arahatsip, making the earth shout for joy. At the end of the Rainy-season, after celebrating the Pavarana festival, they set out thence to announce to the Master the attainments they had won, and, coming in due course to Jetavana, laid aside their bowls and robes, paid a visit to their teachers and directors, and, being anxious to see the Blessed One, went to him and with due obeisance took their seats. The Master greeted them kindly and they announced to the Blessed One the attainments they had

won, receiving praise from him. Hearing the Master speaking in their praise, the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son was filled with a desire to live the life of a recluse all by himself. Likewise, those other Brothers asked and received the Master's permission to return to dwell in that self-same spot in the forest. And with due obeisance they went to their cells.

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Now the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son that very night was inflated with a yearning to begin his austerities at once, and whilst practising with excessive zeal and ardour the methods of a recluse and sleeping in an upright posture by the side of his plank-bed, soon after the middle watch of the night, round he turned and down he fell, breaking his thigh-bone; and severe pains set in, so that the other Brothers had to nurse him and were debarred from going.

Accordingly, when they appeared at the hour for waiting on the Buddha, he asked them whether they had not yesterday asked his leave to start to-day.

"Yes, sir, we did; but our friend the Elder Tissa the Squire's Son, while rehearsing the methods of a recluse with great vigour but out of season, dropped off to sleep and fell over, breaking his thigh; and that is why our departure has been thwarted." "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that this man's backsliding has caused him to strive with unseasonable zeal, and thereby to delay your departure; he delayed your departure in the past also." And hereupon, at their request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time at Takkasila in the kingdom of Gandhara the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame, with 500

young brahmins as pupils. One day these pupils set out for the forest to gather firewood for their master, and busied themselves in gathering sticks. Amongst them was a lazy fellow who came on a huge forest tree, which he imagined to be dry and rotten. So he thought that he could safely indulge in a nap first, and at the last moment climb up [318] and break some branches off to carry home. Accordingly, he spread out his outer robe and fell asleep, snoring loudly. All the other young brahmins were on their way home with their wood tied up in faggots, when they came upon the sleeper. Having kicked him in the back till he awoke, they left him and went their way. He sprang to his feet, and rubbed his eyes for a time. Then, still half asleep, he began to climb the tree. But one branch, which he was tugging at, snapped off short; and, as it sprang up, the end struck him in the eye. Clapping one hand over his wounded eye, he gathered green boughs with the other. Then climbing down, he corded his faggot, and after hurrying away home with it, flung his green wood on the top of the others' faggots.

That same day it chanced that a country family invited the master to visit them on the morrow, in order that they might give him a brahmin-feast. And so the master called his pupils together, and, telling them of the journey they would have to make to the village on the morrow, said they could not go fasting. "So have some rice-gruel made early in the morning," said he; "and eat it before starting. There you will have food given you for yourselves and a portion for me. Bring it all home with you."

So they got up early next morning and roused a maid to get them their breakfast ready betimes. And off she went for wood to light the fire. The green wood lay on the top of the stack, and she laid her fire with it. And she blew and blew, but could not get her fire to burn, and at last the

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sun got up. "It's broad daylight now," said they, "and it's too late to start." And they went off to their master.

"What, not yet on your way, my sons?" said he. "No, sir; we have not started." "Why, pray?" "Because that lazy so-and-so, when he went wood-gathering with us, lay down to sleep under a forest-tree; and, to make up for lost time, he climbed up the tree in such a hurry that he hurt his eye and brought home a lot of green wood, which he threw on the top of our faggots. So, when the maid who was to cook our rice-gruel went to the stack, she took his wood, thinking it would of course be dry; and no fire could she light before the sun was up. And this is what stopped our going."

Hearing what the young brahmin had done, the master exclaimed that a fool's doings had caused all the mischief, and repeated this stanza:—

[319] Learn thou from him who tore green branches down,
That tasks deferred are wrought in tears at last.

Such was the Bodhisatta's comment on the matter to his pupils; and at the close of a life of charity and other good works he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that this man has thwarted you; he did the like in the past also." His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Brother who has broken his thigh was the young brahmin of those days who hurt his eye; the Buddha's followers were the rest of the young brahmins; and I myself was the brahmin their master."

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

[j072]

No. 72.

SILAVANAGA-JATAKA.

“Ingratitude lacks more.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about Devadatta. The Brethren sat in the Hall of Truth, saying, “Sirs, Devadatta is an ingrate and does not recognise the virtues of the Blessed One.” Returning to the Hall, the Master asked what topic they were discussing, and was told. “This is not the first time, Brethren,” said he, “that Devadatta has proved an ingrate; he was just the same in bygone days also, and he has never known my virtues.” And so saying, at their 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 conceived by an elephant in the Himalayas. When born, he was white all over, like a mighty mass of silver. Like diamond balls were his eyes, like a manifestation of the five brightnesses [*1]; red was his mouth, like scarlet cloth; like silver flecked with red gold was his trunk; and his four feet were as if polished with lac. Thus his person, adorned with the ten perfections, was of consummate beauty. When he grew up, all the elephants of the Himalayas in a body [320] followed him as their leader. Whilst he was dwelling in the Himalayas with a following of 80,000 elephants, he became aware that there was sin in the herd. So, detaching himself from the rest, he dwelt in

solitude in the forest, and the goodness of his life won him the name of Good King Elephant.

Now a forester of Benares came to the Himalayas, and made his way into that forest in quest of the implements of his craft. Losing his bearings and his way, he roamed to and fro, stretching out his arms in despair and weeping, with the fear of death before his eyes. Hearing the man's cries, the Bodhisatta was moved with compassion and resolved to help him in his need. So he approached the man. But at sight of the elephant, off ran the forester in great terror [*2]. Seeing him run away, the Bodhisatta stood still, and this brought the man to a standstill too. Then the Bodhisatta again advanced, and again the forester ran away, halting once more when the Bodhisatta halted. Hereupon the truth dawned on the man that the elephant stood still when he himself ran, and only advanced when he himself was standing still. Consequently he concluded that the creature could not mean to hurt, but to help him. So he valiantly stood his ground this time. And the Bodhisatta drew near and said, "Why, friend man, are you wandering about here lamenting?"

"My lord," replied the forester, "I have lost my bearings and my way, and fear to perish."

Then the elephant brought the man to his own dwelling, and there entertained him for some days, regaling him with fruits of every kind. Then, saying, "Fear not, friend man, I will bring you back to the haunts of men," the elephant seated the forester on his back and brought him to where men dwelt. But the ingrate thought to himself, that, if questioned, he ought to be able to reveal everything. So, as he travelled along on the elephant's back, he noted the landmarks of tree and hill. At last the elephant brought him out of the forest and set him down on the high road to

Benares, saying, "There lies your road, friend man: Tell no man, whether you are questioned or not, of the place of my abode." And with this leave-taking, the Bodhisatta made his way back to his own abode.

Arrived at Benares, the man came, in the course of his walks through

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the city, to the ivory-workers' bazaar, where he saw ivory being worked into divers forms and shapes. And he asked the craftsmen [321] whether they would give anything for the tusk of a living elephant.

"What makes you ask such a question?" was the reply. "A living elephant's tusk is worth a great deal more than a dead one's."

"Oh, then, I'll bring you some ivory," said he, and off he set for the Bodhisatta's dwelling, with provisions for the journey, and with a sharp saw. Being asked what had brought him back, he whined out that he was in so sorry and wretched a plight that he could not make a living anyhow. Wherefore, he had come to ask for a bit of the kind elephant's tusk to sell for a living! "Certainly; I will give you a whole tusk," said the Bodhisatta, "if you have a bit of a saw to cut it off with." "Oh, I brought a saw with me, sir." "Then saw my tusks off, and take them away with you," said the Bodhisatta. And he bowed his knees till he was couched upon the earth like an ox. Then the forester sawed off both of the Bodhisatta's chief tusks! When they were off, the Bodhisatta took them in his trunk and thus addressed the man, "Think not, friend man, that it is because I value not nor prize these tusks that I give them to you. But a thousand times, a hundred-thousand times, dearer to me

are the tusks of omniscience which can comprehend all things. And therefore may my gift of these to you bring me omniscience." With these words, he gave the pair of tusks to the forester as the price of omniscience.

And the man took them off, and sold them. And when he had spent the money, back he came to the Bodhisatta, saying that the two tusks had only brought him enough to pay his old debts, and begging for the rest of the Bodhisatta's ivory. The Bodhisatta consented, and gave up the rest of his ivory after having it cut as before. And the forester went away and sold this also. Returning again, he said, "It's no use, my lord; I can't make a living anyhow. So give me the stumps of your tusks."

"So be it," answered the Bodhisatta; and he lay down as before. Then that vile wretch, trampling upon the trunk of the Bodhisatta, that sacred trunk which was like corded silver, and clambering upon the future Buddha's temples, which were as the snowy crest of Mount Kelasa,—kicked at the roots of the tusks till he had cleared the flesh away. Then he sawed out the stumps and went his way. But scarce had the wretch passed out of the sight of the Bodhisatta, when the solid earth, inconceivable in its vast extent, [322] which can support the mighty weight of Mount Sineru and its encircling peaks, with all the world's unsavoury filth and ordure, now burst asunder in a yawning chasm,—as though unable to bear the burthen of all that wickedness! And straightway flames from nethermost Hell enveloped the ingrate, wrapping him round as in a shroud of doom, and bore him away. And as the wretch was swallowed up in the bowels of the earth, the Tree-fairy that dwelt in that forest made the region echo

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with these words:—"Not even the gift of worldwide empire can satisfy the thankless and ungrateful!" And in the following stanza the Fairy taught the Truth:—

Ingratitude lacks more, the more it gets;

Not all the world can glut its appetite.

With such teachings did the Tree-fairy make that forest re-echo. As for the Bodhisatta, he lived out his life, passing away at last to fare according to his deserts.

Said the Master, "This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has proved an ingrate; he was just the same in the past also." His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, "Devadatta was the ungrateful man of those days, Sariputta the Tree-fairy, and I myself Good King Elephant."

[Note. Cf. Milinda-panho 202, 29.]

Footnotes

^175:1 This is applied to a Bodhisatta's eyes in Jat. vol. iii. 344. 9.

^175:2 A solitary elephant, or 'rogue,' being dangerous to meet.

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

[j073]

No. 73.

SACCAMKIRA-JATAKA.

“They knew the world.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove, about going about to kill. For, seated in the Hall of Truth, the Brotherhood was talking of Devadatta’s wickedness, saying, “Sirs, Devadatta has no knowledge of the Master’s excellence; he actually goes about to kill him!” Here the Master entered the Hall and asked what they were discussing. 323] Being told, he said, “This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about to kill me; he did just the same in bygone days also.” And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time Brahmadata was reigning in Benares. He had a son named Prince Wicked. Fierce and cruel was he, like a scotched snake; he spoke to nobody without abuse or blows. Like grit in the eye was this Prince to all folk both within and without the palace, or like a ravening ogre,—so dreaded and fell was he.

One day, wishing to disport himself in the river, he went with a large retinue to the water side. And a great storm came on, and utter darkness set in. “Hi there!” cried he to his servants; “take me into mid-stream,

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bathe me there, and then bring me back again.” So they took him into mid-stream and there took counsel together, saying, “What will the king do to us? Let us kill this wicked wretch here and now! So in you go, .you pest!” they cried, as they flung him into the water. When they made their way ashore, they were asked where the prince was, and replied, “We don’t see him; finding the storm come on, he must have come out of the river and gone home ahead of us.”

The courtiers went into the king's presence, and the king asked where his son was. "We do not know, sire," said they; "a storm came on, and we came away in the belief that he must have gone on ahead." At once the king had the gates thrown open; down to the riverside he went and bade diligent search be made up and down for the missing prince. But no trace of him could be found. For, in the darkness of the storm, he had been swept away by the current, and, coming across a tree-trunk, had climbed on to it, and so floated down stream, crying lustily in the agony of his fear of drowning.

Now there had been a rich merchant living in those days at Benares, who had died, leaving forty crores buried in the banks of that same river. And because of his craving for riches, he was reborn as a snake at the spot under which lay his dear treasure. And also in the selfsame spot another man had hidden thirty crores, and because of his craving for riches was re-born as a rat at the same spot. In rushed the water into their dwelling-place; and the two creatures, escaping by the way by which the water rushed in, were making their way athwart the stream, when they chanced upon the tree-trunk to which the prince was clinging. [324] The snake climbed up at one end, and the rat at the other; and so both got a footing with the prince on the trunk.

Also there grew on the river's bank a Silk-cotton tree, in which lived a young parrot; and this tree, being uprooted by the swollen waters, fell into the river. The heavy rain beat down the parrot when it tried to fly, and it alighted in its fall upon this same tree-trunk. And so there were now these four floating down, stream together upon the tree.

Now the Bodhisatta had been re-born in those days as a brahmin in the North-West country. Renouncing the world for the hermit's life on reaching manhood, he had built himself

a hermitage by a bend of the river; and there he was now living. As he was pacing to and fro, at midnight, he heard the loud cries of the prince, and thought thus within himself: —“This fellow-creature must not perish thus before the eyes of so merciful and compassionate a hermit as I am. I will rescue him from the water, and save his life.” So he shouted cheerily, “Be not afraid! Be not afraid!” and plunging across stream, seized hold of the tree by one end, and, being as strong as an elephant, drew it in to the bank with one long pull, and set the prince safe and sound upon the shore. Then becoming

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aware of the snake and the rat and the parrot, he carried them to his hermitage, and there lighting a fire, warmed the animals first, as being the weaker, and afterwards the prince. This done, he brought fruits of various kinds and set them before his guests, looking after the animals first and the prince afterwards. This enraged the young prince, who said within himself, “This rascally hermit pays no respect to my royal birth, but actually gives brute beasts precedence over me.” And he conceived hatred against the Bodhisatta!

A few days later, when all four had recovered their strength and the waters had subsided, the snake bade farewell to the hermit with these words, “Father, you have done me a great service. I am not poor, for I have forty crores of gold hidden at a certain spot. Should you ever want money, all my hoard shall be yours. You have only to come to the spot and call ‘Snake.’” Next the rat took his leave with a like promise to the hermit as to his treasure, bidding the hermit come and call out ‘Rat.’ [325] Then the parrot bade farewell, saying, “Father, silver and gold have I none; but should you ever want for choice rice, come to where I dwell and call out ‘Parrot;’ and I with the aid of my kinsfolk will give you many

waggon-loads of rice.” Last came the prince. His heart was filled with base ingratitude and with a determination to put his benefactor to death, if the Bodhisatta should come to visit him. But, concealing his intent, he said, “Come, father, to me when I am king, and I will bestow on you the Four Requisites.” So saying, he took his departure, and not long after succeeded to the throne.

The desire came on the Bodhisatta to put their professions to the test; and first of all he went to the snake and standing hard by its abode, called out ‘Snake.’ At the word the snake darted forth and with every mark of respect said, “Father, in this place there are forty crones in gold. Dig them up and take them all.” “It is well,” said the Bodhisatta; “when I need them, I will not forget.” Then bidding adieu to the snake, he went on to where the rat lived, and called out ‘Rat.’ And the rat did as the snake had done. Going next to the parrot, and calling out ‘Parrot,’ the bird at once flew down at his call from the tree-top, and respectfully asked whether it was the Bodhisatta’s wish that he with the aid of his kinsfolk should gather paddy for the Bodhisatta from the region round the Himalayas. The Bodhisatta dismissed the parrot also with a promise that, if need arose, he would not forget the bird’s offer. Last of all, being minded to test the king in his turn, the Bodhisatta came to the royal pleasaunce, and on the day after his arrival made his way, carefully dressed, into the city on his round for alms. Just at that moment, the ungrateful king, seated in all his royal splendour on his elephant of state, was passing in solemn Procession round the city followed by a vast retinue. Seeing the Bodhisatta from afar, he thought to himself, “Here’s that rascally hermit come

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to quarter himself and his appetite on me. I must have his head off before he can publish to the world the service he rendered me." With this intent, he signed to his attendants, and, on their asking what was his pleasure, said, "Methinks yonder rascally hermit is here to importune me. See that the pest does not come near my person, but seize and bind him; [326] flog him at every street-corner; and then march him out of the city, chop off his head at the place of execution, and impale his body on a stake."

Obedient to their king's command, the attendants laid the innocent Great Being in bonds and flogged him at every street-corner on the way to the place of execution. But all their floggings failed to move the Bodhisatta or to wring from him any cry of "Oh, my mother and father!" All he did was to repeat this Stanza:—

They knew the world, who framed this proverb true—

'A log pays better salvage than some men.'

These lines he repeated wherever he was flogged, till at last the wise among the bystanders asked the hermit what service he had rendered to their king. Then the Bodhisatta told the whole story, ending with the words,—“So it comes to pass that by rescuing him from the torrent I brought all this woe upon myself. And when I bethink me how I have left unheeded the words of the wise of old, I exclaim as you have heard.”

Filled with indignation at the recital, the nobles and brahmins and all classes with one accord cried out, “This ungrateful king does not recognise even the goodness of this good man who saved his majesty's life. How can we have any profit from this king? Seize the tyrant!” And in their anger they rushed upon the king from every side, and

slew him there and then, as he rode on his elephant, with arrows and javelins and stones and clubs and any weapons that came to hand. The corpse they dragged by the heels to a ditch and flung it in. Then they anointed the Bodhisatta king and set him to rule over them.

As he was ruling in righteousness, one day [327] the desire came on him again to try the snake and the rat and the parrot; and followed by a large retinue, he came to where the snake dwelt. At the call of 'Snake,' out came the snake from his hole and with every mark of respect said, "Here, my lord, is your treasure; take it." Then the king delivered the forty crores of gold to his attendants, and proceeding to where the rat dwelt, called, 'Rat.' Out came the rat, and saluted the king, and gave up its thirty crores. Placing this treasure too in the hands of his attendants, the king went on to where the parrot dwelt, and called 'Parrot.' And in like manner the bird came, and bowing down at the king's feet asked whether it should collect rice for his majesty. "We will not trouble you," said the king, "till rice is needed. Now let us be going." So with the

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seventy crores of gold, and with the rat, the snake, and the parrot as well, the king journeyed back to the city. Here, in a noble palace, to the state-story of which he mounted, he caused the treasure to be lodged and guarded; he had a golden tube made for the snake to dwell in, a crystal casket to house the rat, and a cage of gold for the parrot. Every day too by the king's command food was served to the three creatures in vessels of gold,—sweet parched-corn for the parrot and snake, and scented rice for the rat. And the king abounded in charity and all good works. Thus in harmony and goodwill one with another, these four lived

their lives; and when their end came, they passed away to fare according to their deserts.

Said the Master, “This is not the first time, Brethren, that Devadatta has gone about to kill me; he did the like in the past also.” His lesson ended, he chewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “Devadatta was King Wicked in those days, Sariputta the snake, Moggallana the rat, Ananda the parrot, and I myself the righteous King who won a kingdom.”

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

[j074]

No. 74.

RUKKHADHAMMA-JATAKA.

“United, forest-like.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a quarrel concerning water which had brought woe upon his kinsfolk. Knowing of this, he passed through the air, sat cross-legged above the river Rohini, and emitted rays of darkness, startling his kinsfolk. Then descending from mid-air, he seated himself on the river-bank and told this story with reference to that quarrel. (Only a summary is given here; the full details will be related in the Kunala-jataka [*1].) But on this occasion the Master addressed his kinsfolk, [328] saying, “It is meet, sire, that kinsfolk should dwell together in concord and unity. For, when kinsfolk are at one, enemies find no opportunity. Not to speak of human beings, even sense-lacking trees ought to stand together. For in bygone days in the Himalayas a tempest struck a Sal-forest; yet, because the trees, shrubs, bushes, and creepers of that forest were interlaced one with

another, the tempest could not overthrow even a single tree but passed harmlessly over their heads. But alone in a courtyard stood a mighty tree; and though it had many stems and branches, yet, because it was not united with other trees, the tempest uprooted it and laid it low. Wherefore, it is meet that you too should dwell together in concord and unity." And so saying, at their request he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the first King Vessavana [*1] died, and Sakka sent a new king to reign in his stead. After the change, the new King Vessavana sent word to all trees and shrubs and bushes and plants, bidding the tree-fairies each choose out the abode that liked them best. In those days the Bodhisatta had come to life as a tree-fairy in a Sal-forest in the Himalayas. His advice to his kinsfolk in choosing their habitations was to shun trees that stood alone in the open, and to take up their abodes all round the abode which he had chosen in that Sal-forest. Hereon the wise tree-fairies, following the Bodhisatta's advice, took up their quarters round his tree. But the foolish ones said,—“Why should we dwell in the forest? let us rather seek out the haunts of men, and take up our abodes outside villages, towns, or capital cities. For fairies who dwell in such places receive the richest offerings and the greatest worship.” So they departed to the haunts of men, and took up their abode in certain giant trees which grew in an open space.

Now it fell out upon a day that a mighty tempest swept over the country. Naught did it avail the solitary trees that years had rooted them deep in the soil and that they were the mightiest trees that grew. Their branches snapped; their

stems were broken; and they themselves were uprooted and flung to earth by the tempest. But when it broke on the Sal-forest of interlacing trees, its fury was in vain; for, attack where it might, not a tree could it overthrow.

The forlorn fairies whose dwellings were destroyed, took their children in their arms and journeyed to the Himalayas. There they told their sorrows to the fairies of the Sal-forest, [329] who in turn told the Bodhisatta of their sad return. “It was because they hearkened not to the words of wisdom, that they have been brought to this,” said he; and he unfolded the truth in this stanza:—

United, forest-like, should kinsfolk stand;

The storm o’erthrows the solitary tree.

So spake the Bodhisatta; and when his life was spent, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

And the Master went on to say, “Thus, sire, reflect how meet it is that kinsfolk at any rate should be united, and lovingly dwell together in concord and unity.” His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “The Buddha’s followers were the fairies of those days, and I myself the wise fairy.”

Footnotes

^181:1 No. 536.

^182:1 A name of Kuvera.

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

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No. 75.

MACCHA-JATAKA.

“Pajjunna, thunder!”—This story the Master told while at Jetavana, about the rain he caused to fall. For in those days, so it is said, there fell no rain in Kosala; the crops withered; and everywhere the ponds, tanks, and lakes dried up. Even the pool of Jetavana by the embattled gateway of Jetavana gave out; and the fish and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Then came the crows and hawks with their lance-like beaks, and busily picked them out writhing and wriggling, and devoured them.

As he marked how the fishes and the tortoises were being destroyed, the Master’s heart was moved with compassion, and he exclaimed,—“This day [330] must I cause rain to fall.” So, when the night grew day, after attending to his bodily needs, he waited till it was the proper hour to go the round in quest of alms, and then, girt round by a host of the Brethren, and perfect with the perfection of a Buddha, he went into Savatthi for alms. On his way back to the monastery in the afternoon from his round for alms in Savatthi, he stopped upon the steps leading down to the tank of Jetavana, and thus addressed the Elder

Ananda:—“Bring me a bathing-dress, Ananda; for I would bathe in the tank of Jetavana.” “But surely, sir,” replied the Elder, “the water is all dried up, and only mud is left.” “Great is a Buddha’s power, Ananda. Go, bring me the bathing-dress,” said the Master. So the Elder went and brought the bathing-dress, which the Master donned, using one end to go round his waist, and covering his body up with the other. So clad, he took his stand upon the tank-

steps, and exclaimed,—“I would fain bathe in the tank of Jetavana.”

That instant the yellow-stone throne of Sakka grew hot beneath him, and he sought to discover the cause. Realising what was the matter, he summoned the King of the Storm-Clouds, and said, “The Master is standing on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and wishes to bathe. Make haste and pour down rain in a single torrent over all the kingdom of Kosala.” Obedient to Sakka’s command, the King of the Storm-Clouds clad himself in one cloud as an under garment, and another cloud as an outer garment, and chanting the rain-song [*1], he darted forth eastward. And lo! he appeared in the east as a cloud of the bigness of a threshing-floor, which grew and grew till it was as big as a hundred, as a thousand, threshing-floors; and he thundered and lightened, and bending down his face and mouth deluged all Kosala with torrents of rain. Unbroken was the downpour, quickly filling the tank of Jetavana, and stopping only when the water was level with the topmost step. Then the Master bathed in the tank, and coming up out of the water donned his two orange-coloured cloths and his girdle, adjusting his Buddha-robe around him so as to leave one shoulder bare. In this guise he set forth, surrounded by the Brethren, and passed into his Perfumed Chamber, fragrant with sweet-smelling flowers. Here on the Buddha-seat he sate, and when the Brethren had performed their duties, he rose and exhorted the Brotherhood from the jewelled steps of his throne, and dismissed them from his presence. Passing now within his own sweet-smelling odorous chamber, he stretched himself, lion-like, upon his right side.

At even, the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and dwelt on the forbearance and loving-kindness of the Master. “When the crops were withering, when the pools were drying up, and the fishes and tortoises were in

grievous plight, then did he in his compassion come forth as a saviour. Donning a bathing-dress, he stood on the steps of the tank of Jetavana, and in a little

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space made the rain to pour down from the heavens till it seemed like to overwhelm all Kosala with its torrents. And by the time he returned to the Monastery, he had freed all alike from their tribulations both of mind and body.”

[331] So ran their talk when the Master came forth from his Perfumed Chamber into the Hall of Truth, and asked what was their theme of conversation; and they told him. “This is not the first time, Brethren,” said the Master, “that the Blessed One has made the rain to fall in the hour of general need. He did the like when born into the brute-creation, in the days when he was King of the Fish.” And so saying, he told this story of the past:—

Once on a time, in this selfsame kingdom of Kosala and at Savatthi too, there was a pond where the tank of Jetavana now is,—a pond fenced in by a tangle of climbing plants. Therein dwelt the Bodhisatta, who had come to life as a fish in those days. And, then as now, there was a drought in the land; the crops withered; water gave out in tank and pool; and the fishes and tortoises buried themselves in the mud. Like-wise, when the fishes and tortoises of this pond had hidden themselves in its mud, the crows and other birds, flocking to the spot, picked them out with their beaks and devoured them. Seeing the fate of his kinsfolk, and knowing that none but he could save them in their hour of need, the Bodhisatta resolved to make a solemn Profession of Goodness, and by its efficacy to make rain fall from the heavens so as to save his kinsfolk from certain death. So,

parting asunder the black mud, he came forth,—a mighty fish, blackened with mud as a casket of the finest sandal-wood which has been smeared with collyrium. Opening his eyes which were as washen rubies, and looking up to the heavens he thus bespoke Pajjunna, King of Devas,—“My heart is heavy within me for my kinsfolk’s sake, my good Pajjunna. How comes it, pray, that, when I who am righteous am distressed for my kinsfolk, you send no rain from heaven? For I, though born where it is customary to prey on one’s kinsfolk, have never from my youth up devoured any fish, even of the size of a grain of rice; nor have I ever robbed a single living creature of its life. By the truth of this my Protestation, I call upon you to send rain and succour my kinsfolk.” Therewithal, he called to Pajjunna, King of Devas, as a master might call to a servant, in this stanza:—[332]

Pajjunna, thunder! Baffle, thwart, the crow!

Breed sorrow’s pangs in him; ease me of woe!

[paragraph continues] In such wise, as a master might call to a servant, did the Bodhisatta call to Pajjunna, thereby causing heavy rains to fall and relieving numbers from the fear of death. And when his life closed, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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“So this is not the first time, Brethren,” said the Master, “that the Blessed One has caused the rain to fall. He did the like in bygone days, when he was a fish.” His lesson ended, he identified the Birth by saying, “The Buddha’s disciples were the fishes of those days, Ananda was Pajjunna, King of Devas, and I myself the King of the Fish.”

[Note. Cf. Cariya-pitaka (P. T. S. edition) page 99.]

Footnotes

^183:1 In the J. R. A. S. (New Series) 12, 286, is given a Megha-sutra.

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

No. 76.

ASAMKIYA-JATAKA.

“The village breeds no fear in me.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother who lived at Savatthi. Tradition says that this man, who had entered the Paths and was an earnest believer, was once journeying along on some business or other in the company of a leader of a caravan; in the jungle the carts were unyoked and a laager was constructed; and the good man began to pace up and down at the foot of a certain tree hard by the leader.

Now five hundred robbers, who had watched their time, had surrounded the spot, armed with bows, clubs, and other weapons, with the object of looting the encampment. [333] Still unceasingly that lay-brother paced to and fro. “Surely that must be their sentry,” said the robbers when they noticed him; “we will wait till he is asleep and then loot them.” So, being unable to surprise the camp, they stopped where they were. Still that lay-brother kept pacing to and fro,—all through the first watch, all through the middle watch, and all through the last watch of the night. When day dawned, the robbers, who had never had their chance, threw down the stones and clubs which they had brought, and bolted.

His business done, that lay-brother came back to Savatthi, and, approaching the Master, asked him this question, “In

guarding themselves, Sir, do men prove guardians of others?"

"Yes, lay-brother. In guarding himself a man guards others; in guarding others, he guards himself."

"Oh, how well-said, sir, is this utterance of the Blessed One! When I was journeying with a caravan-leader, I resolved to guard myself by pacing to and fro at the foot of a tree, and by so doing I guarded the whole caravan."

Said the Master, "Lay-brother, in bygone days too the wise and good guarded others whilst guarding themselves." And, so saying, at the lay-brother's request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as a brahmin. Arriving at years of discretion, he became aware of the evils that spring from Lusts, and so forsook the

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world to live as a recluse in the country round the Himalayas. Need of salt and vinegar having led him to make a pilgrimage for alms through the countryside, he travelled in the course of his wanderings with a merchant's caravan. When the caravan halted at a certain spot in the forest, he paced to and fro at the foot of a tree, hard by the caravan, enjoying the bliss of Insight.

Now after supper five hundred robbers surrounded the laager to plunder it; but, noticing the ascetic, they halted, saying, "If he sees us, he'll give the alarm; wait till he drops off to sleep, and then we'll plunder them." But all through the livelong night the ascetic continued to pace up and

down; and never a chance did the robbers get! So they flung away their sticks and stones and shouted to the caravan-folk;—"Hi, there! you of the caravan! If it hadn't been for that ascetic walking about under the tree, we'd have plundered the lot of you. Mind and fete him tomorrow!" And so saying, they made off. When the night gave place to light, the people saw the clubs and stones which the robbers had cast away, [334] and came in fear and trembling to ask the Bodhisatta with respectful salutation whether he had seen the robbers. "Oh, yes, I did, sirs," he replied. "And were you not alarmed or afraid at the sight of so many robbers?" "No," said the Bodhisatta; "the sight of robbers causes what is known as fear only to the rich. As for me,—I am penniless; why should I be afraid? Whether I dwell in village or in forest, I never have any fear or dread." And therewithal, to teach them the Truth, he repeated this stanza:—

The village breeds no fear in me;

No forests me dismay. I've won by love and charity
Salvation's perfect way.

[paragraph continues] When the Bodhisatta had thus taught the Truth in this stanza to the people of the caravan, peace filled their hearts, and they shewed him honour and veneration. All his life long he developed the Four Excellences, and then was re-born into the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, "The Buddha's followers were the caravan-folk of those days, and I the ascetic."

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

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No. 77.

MAHASUPINA-JATAKA.

“Bulls first, and trees.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about sixteen wonderful dreams. For in the last watch of one night (so tradition says) the King of Kosala, who had been asleep all the night, dreamed sixteen great dreams, [335] and woke up in great fright and alarm as to what they might portend for him. So strong was the fear of death upon him that he could not stir, but lay there huddled up on his bed. Now, when the night grew light, his brahmins and chaplains came to him and with due obeisance asked whether his majesty had slept well.

“How could I sleep well, my directors?” answered the king. “For just at daybreak I dreamed sixteen wonderful dreams, and I have been in terror ever since! Tell me, my directors, what it all means.”

“We shall be able to judge, on hearing them.”

Then the king told them his dreams, and asked what those visions would entail upon him.

The brahmins fell a-wringing their hands! “Why wring your hands, brahmins?” asked the king. “Because, sire, these are evil dreams.” “What will come of them?” said the king. “One of three calamities,—harm to your kingdom, to your life, or to your riches.” “Is there a remedy, or is there not?” “Undoubtedly these dreams in themselves are so threatening as to be without remedy; but none the less we will find a remedy for them. Otherwise, what boots our much study and learning?” “What then do you propose to do to avert the evil?” “Wherever four roads meet, we would offer

sacrifice, sire.” “My directors,” cried the king in his terror, “my life is in your hands; make haste and work my safety.” “Large sums of money, and large supplies of food of every kind will be ours,” thought the exultant brahmins; and, bidding the king have no fear, they departed from the palace. Outside the town they dug a sacrificial pit and collected a host of fourfooted creatures, perfect and without blemish, and a multitude of birds. But still they discovered something lacking, and back they kept coming to the king to ask for this that and the other. Now their doings were watched by Queen Mallika, who came to the king and asked what made these brahmins keep coming to him.

“I envy you,” said the king; “a snake in your ear, and you not to know of it!” “What does your majesty mean?” “I have dreamed, oh such unlucky dreams! The brahmins tell me they point to one of three calamities; and they are anxious to offer sacrifices to avert the evil. And this is what brings them here so often.” “But has your majesty consulted the Chief Brahmin both of this world and of the world of devas?” “Who, pray, may he be, my dear?” asked the king. “Know you not that chiefest personage of all the world, the all-knowing and pure, the spotless master-brahmin? Surely, he, the Blessed One, will understand your dreams. Go, ask him.” “And so I will, my queen,” said the king. And away he went to the monastery, saluted the Master, and sat down. “What, pray, brings your majesty here so early in the morning?” asked the Master in his sweet tones. “Sir,” said the king, “just before daybreak [336] I dreamed sixteen wonderful dreams, which so terrified me that I told them to the brahmins. They told me that my dreams boded evil, and that to avert the threatened calamity they must offer sacrifice wherever four roads met. And so they are busy with their preparations, and many living creatures have the fear of death before their eyes. But I pray you, who are the chiefest personage in the world of men and devas, you into

whose ken comes all possible knowledge of things past and present and to be,—I pray you tell me what will come of my dreams, O Blessed One.”

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“True it is, sire, that there is none other save me, who can tell what your dreams signify or what will come of them. I will tell you. Only first of all relate to me your dreams as they appeared to you.”

“I will, sir,” said the king, and at once began this list, following the order of the dreams’ appearance:—

Bulls first, and trees, and cows, and calves,

Horse, dish, she-jackal, waterpot, A pond, raw rice, and sandal-wood, And gourds that sank, and stones that swam [*1], With frogs that gobbled up black snakes, A crow with gay-plumed retinue, And wolves in panic-fear of goats!

“How was it, sir, that I had the following one of my dreams? Methought, four black bulls, like collyrium in hue, came from the four cardinal directions to the royal courtyard with avowed intent to fight; and people flocked together to see the bull-fight, till a great crowd had gathered. But the bulls only made a show of fighting, roared and bellowed, and finally went off without fighting at all. This was my first dream. What will come of it?”

“Sire, that dream shall have no issue in your days or in mine. But hereafter, when kings shall be niggardly and unrighteous, and when folk shall be unrighteous, in days when the world is perverted, when good is waning and evil waxing apace,—in those days of the world’s backsliding there shall fall no rain from the heavens, the feet of the storm shall be lamed, the crops shall wither, and famine

shall be on the land. Then shall the clouds gather as if for rain from the four quarters of the heavens; there shall be haste first to carry indoors the rice and crops that the women have spread in the sun to dry, for fear the harvest should get wet; and then with spade and basket in hand the men shall go forth to bank up the dykes. As though in sign of coming rain, the thunder shall bellow, the lightning shall flash from the clouds,—but even as the bulls in your dream, that fought not, so the clouds shall flee away without raining. This is what shall come of this dream. But no harm shall come therefrom to you; [337] for it was with regard to the future that you dreamed this dream. What the brahmins told you, was said only to get themselves a livelihood.” And when the Master had thus told the fulfilment of this dream, he said, “Tell me your second dream, sire.”

“Sir,” said the king, “my second dream was after this manner:—Methought little tiny trees and shrubs burst through the soil, and when they had grown scarce a span or two high, they flowered and bore fruit! This was my second dream; what shall come of it?”

“Sire,” said the Master, “this dream shall have its fulfilment in days when the world has fallen into decay and when men are shortlived. In times to come the passions shall be strong; quite young girls shall go to live with men, and it shall be with them after the manner of women, they shall conceive and bear children. The flowers typify their issues, and the fruit their offspring. But you, sire, have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your third dream, O great king.”

“Methought, sir, I saw cows sucking the milk of calves which they had borne that selfsame day. This was my third dream. What shall come of it?”

“This dream too shall have its fulfilment only in days to come, when respect shall cease to be paid to age. For in the future men, shewing no reverence for parents or parents-in-law, shall themselves administer the family estate, and, if such be their good pleasure, shall bestow food and clothing on the old folks, but shall withhold their gifts, if it be not their pleasure to give. Then shall the old folks, destitute and dependent, exist by favour of their own children, like big cows suckled by calves a day old. But you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fourth dream.”

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“Methought, sir, I saw men unyoking a team of draught-oxen, sturdy and strong, and setting young steers to draw the load; and the steers, proving unequal to the task laid on them, refused and stood stock-still, so that wains moved not on their way. This was my fourth dream. What shall come of it?”

“Here again the dream shall not have its fulfilment until the future, in the days of unrighteous kings. For in days to come, unrighteous and niggardly kings shall shew no honour to wise lords skilled in precedent, fertile in expedient, and able to get through business; nor shall appoint to the courts of law and justice aged councillors of wisdom and of learning in the law. Nay, they shall honour the very young and foolish, and appoint such to preside in the courts. And these latter, ignorant alike of state-craft and of practical knowledge, shall not be able to bear the burthen of their honours or to govern, but because of their incompetence shall throw off the yoke of office. Whereon the aged and wise lords, albeit right able to cope with all difficulties, shall keep in mind how they were passed over, and shall decline to aid, saying:—‘It is no business of ours; we are outsiders; let the boys of the inner circle see to it.’ [338] Hence they

shall stand aloof, and ruin shall assail those kings on every hand. It shall be even as when the yoke was laid on the young steers, who were not strong enough for the burthen, and not upon the team of sturdy and strong draught-oxen, who alone were able to do the work. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fifth dream.”

“Methought, sir, I saw a horse with a mouth on either side, to which fodder was given on both sides, and it ate with both its mouths. This was my fifth dream. What shall come of it?”

“This dream too shall have its fulfilment only in the future, in the days of unrighteous and foolish kings, who shall appoint unrighteous and covetous men to be judges. These base ones, fools, despising the good, shall take bribes from both sides as they sit in the seat of judgment, and shall be filled with this two-fold corruption, even as the horse that ate fodder with two mouths at once. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your sixth dream.”

“Methought, sir, I saw people holding out a well-scoured golden bowl worth a hundred thousand pieces, and begging an old jackal to stale therein. And I saw the beast do so. This was my sixth dream. What shall come of it?”

“This dream too shall only have its fulfilment in the future. For in the days to come, unrighteous kings, though sprung of a race of kings, mistrusting the scions of their old nobility, shall not honour them, but exalt in their stead the low-born; whereby the nobles shall be brought low and the low-born raised to lordship. Then shall the great families be brought by very need to seek to live by dependence on the upstarts, and shall offer them their daughters in marriage. And the union of the noble maidens with the low-born shall be like unto the staling of the old jackal in the golden bowl.

Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your seventh dream.”

“A man was weaving rope, sir, and as he wove, he threw it down at his feet. Under his bench lay a hungry she jackal, which kept eating the rope as he wove, but without the man knowing it. This is what I saw. This was my seventh dream. What shall come of it?” [*1]

“This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come, women shall lust after men and strong drink and finery and gadding abroad and after the joys of this world. In their wickedness and profligacy these women shall drink strong drink with their paramours; they shall flaunt in garlands and perfumes and unguents; and heedless of even the most pressing of their household duties, they shall keep watching for their paramours, even at crevices high up in the outer wall; aye, they shall pound up the very seed-corn that should be sown on the morrow so as to provide good cheer;—in all these ways shall they plunder the store won by the hard work of their husbands in field and byre, devouring the poor men’s substance even as the hungry jackal under the bench ate up the rope of the rope-maker as he wove it. [339] Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your eighth dream.”

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“Methought, sir, I saw at a palace gate a big pitcher which was full to the brim and stood amid a number of empty ones. And from the four cardinal points, and from the four intermediate points as well, there kept coming a constant stream of people of all the four castes, carrying water in pipkins and pouring it into the full pitcher. And the water overflowed and ran away. But none the less they still kept on pouring more and more water into the over-flowing

vessel, without a single man giving so much as a glance at the empty pitchers. This was my eighth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment until the future. For in days to come the world shall decay; the kingdom shall grow weak, its kings shall grow poor and niggardly; the foremost among them shall have no more than 100,000 pieces of money in his treasury. Then shall these kings in their need set the whole of the country-folk to work for them;—for the kings' sake shall the toiling folk, leaving their own work, sow grain and pulse, and keep watch and reap and thresh and garner; for the kings' sake shall they plant sugar-canes, make and drive sugar-mills, and boil down the molasses; for the kings' sake shall they lay out flower-gardens and orchards, and gather in the fruits. And as they gather in all the divers kinds of produce they shall fill the royal garners to overflowing, not giving so much as a glance at their own empty barns at home. Thus it shall be like filling up the full pitcher, heedless of the quite-empty ones. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your ninth dream."

"Methought, sir, I saw a deep pool with shelving banks all round and over-grown with the five kinds of lotuses. From every side two-footed creatures and four-footed creatures flocked thither to drink of its waters. The depths in the middle were muddy, but the water was clear and sparkling at the margin where the various creatures went down into the pool. This was my ninth dream. What shall come of it?"

"This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come kings shall grow unrighteous; they shall rule after their own will and pleasure, and shall not execute judgment according to righteousness. These kings shall hunger after riches and wax fat on bribes; they shall not

shew mercy, love and compassion toward their people, but be fierce and cruel, amassing wealth by crushing their subjects like sugar-canes in a mill and by taxing them even to the uttermost farthing. Unable to pay the oppressive tax, the people shall fly from village and town and the like, and take refuge upon the borders of the realm; the heart of the land shall be a wilderness, while the borders shall teem with people,—even as the water was muddy in the middle of the pool and clear at the margin. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. [340] Tell me your tenth dream.”

“Methought, sir, I saw rice boiling in a pot without getting done. By not getting done, I mean that it looked as though it were sharply marked off and kept apart, so that the cooking went on in three distinct stages. For part was sodden, part hard and raw, and part just cooked to a nicety. This was my tenth dream. What shall come of it?”

“This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future. For in days to come kings shall grow unrighteous; the people surrounding the kings shall grow unrighteous too, as also shall brahmins and householders, townsmen, and countryfolk; yes, all people alike shall grow unrighteous, not excepting even sages and brahmins. Next, their very tutelary deities—the spirits to whom they offer sacrifice, the spirits of the trees, and the spirits of the air—shall become unrighteous also. The very winds that blow over the realms of these unrighteous kings shall grow cruel and lawless; they shall shake the mansions of the skies and thereby kindle the anger of the spirits that dwell there, so that they will not suffer rain to fall—or, if it does rain, it shall not fall on all the kingdom at once, nor shall the kindly shower fall on all tilled or sown lands alike to help them in their need. And, as in the kingdom at large, so in each several district and village and over each separate pool or lake, the rain shall not fall at one and the same time on its whole

expanse; if it rain on the upper part, it shall not rain upon the lower; here the crops shall be spoiled by a heavy downpour,

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there wither for very drought, and here again thrive apace with kindly showers to water them. So the crops sown within the confines of a single kingdom—like the rice in the one pot—shall have no uniform character. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your eleventh dream.”

“Methought, sir, I saw sour buttermilk bartered for precious sandal-wood, worth 100,000 pieces of money. This was my eleventh dream. What shall come of it?”

“This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future—in the days when my doctrine is waning. For in days to come many greedy and shameless Brethren shall arise, who for their belly’s sake shall preach the very words in which I inveighed against greed! Because they have deserted by reason of their belly and have taken their stand on the side of the sectaries [*1], they shall fail to make their preaching lead up to Nirvana. Nay, their only thought, as they preach, shall be by fine words and sweet voices to induce men to give them costly raiment and the like, and to be minded to give such gifts. Others again seated in the highways, at the street-corners, at the doors of kings’ palaces, and so forth, shall stoop to preach for money, yea for mere coined kahapanas, half-kahapanas, padas, or masakas! [*2] And as they thus barter away for food or raiment or for kahapanas and half-kahapanas my doctrine the worth whereof is Nirvana, they shall be even as those who bartered away for soar buttermilk precious sandal-wood worth 100,000 pieces. [341] Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your twelfth dream.”

“Methought, sir, I saw empty pumpkins sinking in the water. What shall come of it?”

“This dream also shall not have its fulfilment till the future, in the days of unrighteous kings, when the world is perverted. For in those days shall kings shew favour not to the scions of the nobility, but to the low-born only; and these latter shall become great lords, whilst the nobles sink into poverty. Alike in the royal presence, in the palace gates, in the council chamber, and in the courts of justice, the words of the low-born alone (whom the empty pumpkins typify) shall be stablished, as though they had sunk down till they rested on the bottom. So too in the assemblies of the Brotherhood, in the greater and lesser conclaves, and in enquiries regarding bowls, robes, lodging, and the like,—the counsel only of the wicked and the vile shall be considered to have saving power, not that of the modest Brethren. Thus everywhere it shall be as when the empty pumpkins sank. Howbeit, you have Nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your thirteenth dream.”

Hereupon the king said, “Methought, sir, I saw huge blocks of solid rock, as big as houses, floating like ships upon the waters. What shall come of it?”

“This dream also shall not have its fulfilment before such times as those of which I have spoken. For in those days unrighteous kings shall shew honour to the low-born, who shall become great lords, whilst the nobles sink into poverty. Not to the nobles, but to the upstarts alone shall respect be paid. In the royal presence, in the council chamber, or in the courts of justice, the words of the nobles learned in the law (and it is they whom the solid rocks typify) shall drift idly by, and not sink deep into the hearts of men; when they speak, the upstarts shall merely laugh them to scorn, saying, ‘What is this these fellows are saying?’ So too in the assemblies of

the Brethren, as afore said, men shall not deem worthy of respect the excellent among the Brethren; the words of such shall not sink deep, but drift idly by,—even as when the rocks floated upon the waters. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fourteenth dream.”

“Methought, sir, I saw tiny frogs, no bigger than minute flowerets, swiftly pursuing huge black snakes, chopping them up like so many lotus-stalks and gobbling them up. What shall come of this?”

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“This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till those days to come such as those of which I have spoken, when the world is decaying. For then shall men’s passions be so strong, and their lusts so hot, that they shall be the thralls of the very youngest of their wives for the time being, at whose sole disposal shall be slaves and hired servants, oxen, buffalos and all cattle, gold and silver, and everything that is in the house. Should the poor husband ask where the money (say) or a robe is, at once he shall be told that it is where it is, that he should mind his own business, and not be so inquisitive as to what is, or is not, in her house. And therewithal in divers ways the wives with abuse and goading taunts shall establish their dominion over their husbands, as over slaves and bond-servants. [342] Thus shall it be like as when the tiny frogs, no bigger than minute flowerets, gobbled up the big black snakes. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your fifteenth dream.”

“Methought, sir, I saw a village crow, in which dwelt the whole of the Ten Vices, escorted by a retinue of those birds which, because of their golden sheen, are called Royal Golden Mallards. What shall come of it?”

“This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future, till the reign of weakling kings. In days to come kings shall arise who shall know nothing about elephants or other arts, and shall be cowards in the field. Fearing to be deposed and cast from their royal estate, they shall raise to power not their peers but their footmen, bath-attendants, barbers, and such like. Thus, shut out from royal favour and unable to support themselves, the nobles shall be reduced to dancing attendance on the upstarts,—as when the crow had Royal Golden Mallards for a retinue. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. Tell me your sixteenth dream.”

“Heretofore, sir, it always used to be panthers that preyed on goats; but methought I saw goats chasing panthers and devouring them—munch, munch, munch!—whilst at bare sight of the goats afar off, terror-stricken wolves fled quaking with fear and hid themselves in their fastnesses in the thicket [*1]. Such was my dream. What shall come of it?”

“This dream too shall not have its fulfilment till the future, till the reign of unrighteous kings. In those days the low-born shall be raised to lordship and be made royal favourites, whilst the nobles shall sink into obscurity and distress. Gaining influence in the courts of law because of their favour with the king, these upstarts shall claim perforce the ancestral estates, the raiment, and all the property of the old nobility. And-when these latter plead their rights before the courts, then shall the king’s minions have them cudgelled and bastinadoed and taken by the throat and cast out with words of scorn, such as:—‘Know your place, fools! What? do you dispute with us? The king shall know of your insolence, and we will have your hands and feet chopped off and other correctives applied!’ Hereupon the terrified nobles shall affirm that their own belongings really belong to the overbearing upstarts, and

will tell the favourites to accept them. And they shall hie them home and there cower in an agony of fear. Likewise, evil Brethren shall harry at pleasure good and worthy Brethren, till these latter, finding none to help them, shall flee to the jungle. And this oppression of the nobles and of the good Brethren by the low-born and by the evil brethren, shall be like the scaring of wolves by goats. Howbeit, you have nothing to fear therefrom. For this dream too has reference to future times only. [343] It was not truth, it was not love for you, that prompted the brahmins to prophesy as they did. No, it was greed of gain, and the insight that is bred of covetousness, that shaped all their self-seeking utterances.”

Thus did the Master expound the import of these sixteen great dreams, adding,—“You, sire, are not the first to have these dreams; they were dreamed by kings of bygone days also; and, then as now, the brahmins found in them a pretext for sacrifices; whereupon, at the instance of the wise and good, the Bodhisatta was consulted, and the dreams were expounded by them of old time

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in just the same manner as they have now been expounded.” And so saying, at the king’s request, 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 country. When he came to years of discretion he renounced the world for a hermit’s life; he won the higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and dwelt in the Himalaya country in the bliss that comes from Insight.

In those days, in just the same manner, Brahmadata dreamed these dreams at Benares, and enquired of the brahmins concerning them. And the brahmins, then as now, set to work at sacrifices. Amongst them was a young brahmin of learning and wisdom, a pupil of the king's chaplain, who addressed his master thus:—"Master, you have taught me the Three Vedas. Is there not therein a text that says 'The slaying of one creature giveth not life to another'?" "My son, this means money to us, a great deal of money. You only seem anxious to spare the king's treasury!" "Do as you will, master," said the young brahmin; "as for me, to what end shall I tarry longer here with you?" And so saying, he left him, and betook himself to the royal pleasaunce.

That selfsame day the Bodhisatta, knowing all this, thought to himself: "If I visit to-day the haunts of men, I shall work the deliverance of a great multitude from their bondage." So, passing through the air, he alighted in the royal pleasaunce and seated himself, radiant as a statue of gold, upon the Ceremonial Stone. The young brahmin drew near and with due obeisance seated himself by the Bodhisatta in all friendliness. Sweet converse passed; and the Bodhisatta asked whether the young brahmin thought the king ruled righteously. "Sir," answered the young man, "the king is righteous himself; but the brahmins make him side with evil. Being consulted by the king as to sixteen dreams which he had dreamed, the brahmins clutched at the opportunity for sacrifices [344] and set to work thereon. Oh, sir, would it not be a good thing that you should offer to make known to the king the real import of his dreams and so deliver great numbers of creatures from their dread?" "But, my son, I do not know the king, nor he me. Still, if he should come here and ask me, I will tell him." "I will bring the king, sir," said the young brahmin; "if you will only be so good as to wait here a minute till I come back." And having gained the

Bodhisatta's consent, he went before the king, and said that there had alighted in the royal pleasure an air-travelling ascetic, who said he would expound the king's dreams; would not his majesty relate them to this ascetic?

When the king heard this, he repaired at once to the pleasure with a large retinue. Saluting the ascetic, he sat down by the holy man's

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side, and asked whether it was true that he knew what would come of his dreams. "Certainly, sire," said the Bodhisatta; "but first let me hear the dreams as you dreamed them." "Readily, sir," answered the king; and he began as follows:—

Bulls first, and trees, and cows, and calves,

Horse, dish, she-jackal, waterpot, A pond, raw rice, and sandal-wood, And gourds that sank, and stones that swam,

and so forth, ending up with

And wolves in panic-fear of goats.

[paragraph continues] And his majesty went on to tell his dreams in just the same manner as that in which King Pasenadi had described them. [345]

"Enough," said the Great Being; "you have nothing to fear or dread from all this." Having thus reassured the king, and having freed a great multitude from bondage, the Bodhisatta again took up his position in mid-air, whence he exhorted the king and established him in the Five Commandments, ending with these words:—"Henceforth, O king, join not with the brahmins in slaughtering animals for

sacrifice.” His teaching ended, the Bodhisatta passed straight through the air to his own abode. And the king, remaining stedfast in the teaching he had heard, passed away after a life of alms-giving and other good works to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, “You have nothing to fear from these dreams; away with the sacrifice!” Having had the sacrifice removed, and having saved the lives of a multitude of creatures, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the king of those days, Sariputta the young Brahmin, and I the ascetic.”

(Pali note. But after the passing of the Blessed One, the Editors of the Great Redaction put the three first lines into the Commentary, and making the lines from ‘And gourds that sank’ into one Stanza (therewith) [*1], put the whole story into the First Book.)

[Note. Cf. Sacy’s Kalilah and Dimnah, chapter 14; Benfey’s Pancatantra section 225; JR.AS. for 1893 page 509; and Rouse (‘A Jataka in Pausanias’) in ‘Folklore’ i. 409 (1890).]

Footnotes

^188:1 See Maha-Vira-Carita, p. 13, Mahabharata II. 2196.

^189:1 Cf. the story of Ocnus in Pausanias x. 29.

^191:1 Reading titthakaranam pakkhe, as conjectured by Fausboll.

^191:2 See Vinaya II. 294 for the same list; and see page 6 of Rhys Davids’ “Ancient Coins and Measures of Ceylon” in Numismata Orientalia (Trubner).

^192:1 Here the Pali interpolates the irrelevant remark that “the word hi is nothing more than a particle.”

^194:1 I am not at all sure that this is the correct translation of this difficult and corrupt passage.

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

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No. 78.

ILLISA-JATAKA.

“Both squint.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a miserly Lord High Treasurer. Hard by the city of Rajagaha, as we are told, was a town named Jagghery, and here dwelt a certain Lord High Treasurer, known as the Millionaire Miser, who was worth eighty crores! Not so much as the tiniest drop of oil that a blade of grass will take up, did he either give away or consume for his own enjoyment. So he made no use of all his wealth either for his family or for sages and brahmins: it remained unenjoyed,—like a pool haunted by demons. Now, it fell out on a day that the Master arose at dawn moved with a great compassion, and as he reviewed those ripe for conversion throughout the universe, he became aware that this Treasurer with his wife some four hundred miles away were destined to tread the Paths of Salvation.

Now the day before, the Lord High Treasurer had gone his way to the palace to wait upon the king, and was on his homeward way when he saw a country-bumpkin, who was quite empty within, eating a cake stuffed with gruel. The sight awoke a craving within him! But, arrived at his own house, [346] he thought to himself,—“If I say I should like a

stuffed cake, a whole host of people will want to share my meal; and that means getting through ever so much of my rice and ghee and sugar. I mustn't say a word to a soul." So he walked about, wrestling with his craving. As hour after hour passed, he grew yellower and yellower, and the veins stood out like cords on his emaciated frame. Unable at last to bear it any longer, he went to his own room and lay down hugging his bed. But still not a word would he say to a soul for fear of wasting his substance! Well, his wife came to him, and, stroking his back, said: "What is the matter, my husband?"

"Nothing," said he. "Perhaps the king has been cross to you?" "No, he has not." "Have your children or servants done anything to annoy you?" "Nothing of that kind, either." "Well, then, have you a craving for anything?" But still not a word would he say,—all because of his preposterous fear that he might waste his substance; but lay there speechless on his bed. "Speak, husband," said the wife; "tell me what you have a craving for." "Yes," said he with a gulp, "I have got a craving for one thing." "And what is that, my husband?" "I should like a stuffed cake to eat!" "Now why not have said so at once? You're rich enough! I'll cook cakes enough to feast the whole town of Jagghery." "Why trouble about them? They must work to earn their own meal." "Well then, I'll cook only enough for our street." "How rich you are!" "Then, I'll cook just enough for our own household." "How extravagant you are!" "Very good, I'll cook only enough for our children." "Why bother about them?" "Very good then, I'll only provide for our two selves." "Why should you be in it?" "Then, I'll cook just enough for you alone," said the wife.

"Softly," said the Lord High Treasurer; "there are a lot of people on the watch for signs of cooking in this place. Pick out broken rice,—being careful to leave the whole grain,—

and take a brazier and cooking-pots and just a very little milk and ghee and honey and molasses; then up with you to the seventh story of the house and do the cooking up there. There I will sit alone and undisturbed to eat.”

Obedient to his wishes, the wife had all the necessary things carried up, climbed all the way up herself, sent the servants away, and despatched word to the Treasurer to come. Up he climbed, shutting and bolting door after door as he ascended, till at last he came to the seventh floor, the door of which he also shut fast. Then he sat down. His wife lit the fire in the brazier, put her pot on, and set about cooking the cakes.

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Now in the early morning, the Master had said to the Elder Great Moggallana,—“Moggallana, this Miser Millionaire [347] in the town of Jagghery near Rajagaha, wanting to eat cakes himself, is so afraid of letting others know, that he is having them cooked for him right up on the seventh story. Go thither; convert the man to self-denial, and by transcendental power transport husband and wife, cakes, milk, ghee and all, here to Jetavana. This day I and the five hundred Brethren will stay at home, and I will make the cakes furnish them with a meal.”

Obedient to the Master’s bidding, the Elder by supernatural power passed to the town of Jagghery, and rested in mid-air before the chamber-window, duly clad in his under and outer cloths, bright as a jewelled image. The unexpected sight of the Elder made the Lord High Treasurer quake with fear. Thought he to himself, “It was to escape such visitors that I climbed up here: and now there’s one of them at the window!” And, failing to realise the comprehension of that which he must needs comprehend, he sputtered with rage,

like sugar and salt thrown on the fire, as he burst out with —“What will you get, sage, by your simply standing in mid-air? Why, you may pace up and down till you’ve made a path in the pathless air,—and yet you’ll still get nothing.”

The Elder began to pace to and fro in his place in the air! “What will you get by pacing to and fro?” said the Treasurer! “You may sit cross-legged in meditation in the air,—but still you’ll get nothing.” The Elder sat down with legs crossed! Then said the Treasurer, “What will you get by sitting there? You may come and stand on the window-sill; but even that won’t get you any-thing!” The Elder took his stand on the window-sill. “What will you get by standing on the window-sill? Why, you may belch smoke, and yet you’ll still get nothing!” said the Treasurer. Then the Elder belched forth smoke till the whole palace was filled with it. The Treasurer’s eyes began to smart as though pricked with needles; and, for fear at last that his house might be set on fire, he checked himself from adding—“You won’t get anything even if you burst into flames.” Thought he to himself, “This Elder is most persistent! He simply won’t go away empty-handed! I must have just one cake given him.” So he said to his wife, “My dear, cook one little cake and give it to the sage to get rid of him.”

So she mixed quite a little dough in a crock. But the dough swelled and swelled till it filled the whole crock, and grew to be a great big cake! “What a lot you must have used!” exclaimed the Treasurer at the sight. And he himself with the tip of a spoon took a very little of the dough, and put that in the oven to bake. But that tiny piece of dough grew larger than the first lump; and, one after another, every piece of dough he took became ever so big! Then he lost heart and said to his wife, “You give him a cake, dear.” But, as soon as she took one cake from the basket, at once all the other cakes stuck fast to it. So she cried out to her

husband that all the cakes had stuck together, and that she could not part them.

“Oh, I’ll soon part them,” said he,—but found he could not!

Then husband and wife both took hold of the mass of cakes at the corner and tried to get them apart. But tug as they might, they could make no more impression together than they did singly, on the mass. Now as the Treasurer was pulling away at the cakes, he burst into a perspiration, and his craving left him. Then said he to his wife, “I don’t want the cakes; [348] give them, basket and all, to this ascetic.” And she approached the Elder with the basket in her hand. Then the Elder preached the truth to the pair, and proclaimed the excellence of the Three Gems. And, teaching that giving was true sacrifice, he made the fruits of charity and other good works to shine forth even as the full-moon in the heavens. Won by the Elder’s words, the Treasurer said, “Sir, come hither and sit on this couch to eat your cakes.”

“Lord High Treasurer,” said the Elder, “the All-Wise Buddha with five hundred Brethren sits in the monastery waiting a meal of cakes. If such be your good pleasure, I would ask you to bring your wife and the cakes with you, and let us be going to the Master.” “But where, sir, is the Master at the present

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time?” “Five and forty leagues away, in the monastery at Jetavana.” “How are we to get all that way, sir, without losing a long time on the road?” “If it be your pleasure, Lord High Treasurer, I will transport you thither by my transcendental powers. The head of the staircase in your house shall remain where it is, but the bottom shall be at the main-gate of Jetavana. In this wise will I transport you to

the Master in the time which it takes to go downstairs.” “So be it, sir,” said the Treasurer.

Then the Elder, keeping the top of the staircase where it was, commanded, saying,—“Let the foot of the staircase be at the main-gate of Jetavana.” And so it came to pass! In this way did the Elder transport the Treasurer and his wife to Jetavana quicker than they could get down the stairs.

Then husband and wife came before the Master and said meal-time had come. And the Master, passing into the Refectory, sat down on the Buddha-seat prepared for him, with the Brotherhood gathered round. Then the Lord High Treasurer poured the Water of Donation over the hands of the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, whilst his wife placed a cake in the alms-bowl of the Blessed One. Of this he took what sufficed to support life, as also did the five hundred Brethren. Next the Treasurer went round offering milk mixed with ghee and hooey and jagghery; and the Master and the Brotherhood brought their meal to a close. Lastly the Treasurer and his wife ate their fill, but still there seemed no end to the cakes. Even when all the Brethren and the scrap-eaters through-out the monastery had all had a share, still there was no sign of the end approaching. So they told the Master, saying, “Sir, the supply of cakes grows no smaller.”

“Then throw them down by the great gate of the monastery.”

So they threw them away in a cave not far from the gateway; and to this day a spot called ‘The Crock-Cake,’ is shown at the extremity of that cave.

The Lord High Treasurer and his wife approached and stood before the Blessed One, who returned thanks; and at the

close of his words of thanks, the pair attained Fruition of the First Path of Salvation. Then, taking their leave of the Master, the two mounted the stairs at the great gate and found themselves in their own home once more. [349] Afterwards, the Lord High Treasurer lavished eighty crores of money solely on the Faith the Buddha taught.

Next day the Perfect Buddha, returning to Jetavana after a round for alms in Savatthi, delivered a Buddha-discourse to the Brethren before retiring to the seclusion of the Perfumed Chamber. At evening, the Brethren gathered together in the Hall of Truth, and exclaimed, "How great is the power of the Elder Moggallana! In a moment he converted a miser to charity, brought him with the cakes to Jetavana, set him before the piaster, and stablished him in salvation. How great is the power of the Elder!" As they sat talking thus of the goodness of the Elder, the Master entered, and, on enquiry, was told of the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "a Brother who is the converter of a household, should approach that household without causing it annoyance or vexation,—even as the bee when it sucks the nectar from the flower; in such wise should he draw nigh to declare the excellence of the Buddha." And in praise of the Elder Moggallana, he recited this stanza:—

Like bees, that harm no flower's scent or hue

But, laden with its honey, fly away, So, sage, within thy village walk thy way [*1].

Then, to set forth still more the Elder's goodness, he said, —"This is not the first time, Brethren, that the miserly Treasurer has been converted by Moggallana. In other days too the Elder converted him, and taught him how deeds and their effects are linked together." So saying, he told this story of the past.

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Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, there was a Treasurer, Illisa by name, who was worth eighty crores, and had all the defects which fall to the lot of man. He was lame and crook-backed and had a squint; he was an unconverted infidel, and a miser, never giving of his store to others, nor enjoying it himself; his house was like a pool haunted by demons. Yet, for seven generations, his ancestors had been bountiful, giving freely of their best; but, when he became Treasurer, he broke through the traditions of his house. Burning down the almonry and driving the poor with blows from his gates, he hoarded his wealth.

One day, when he was returning from attendance on the king, he saw a yokel, who had journeyed far and was a-weary, seated on a bench, and filling a mug from a jar of rank spirits, and drinking it off, with a dainty morsel of stinking dried-fish as a relish. The sight made the Treasurer feel a thirst for spirits, but he thought to himself, [350] "If I drink, others will want to drink with me, and that means a ruinous expense." So he walked about, keeping his thirst under. But, as time wore on, he could do so no longer; he grew as yellow as old cotton; and the veins stood out on his sunken frame. On a day, retiring to his chamber, he lay down hugging his bed. His wife came to him, and rubbed his back, as she asked, "What has gone amiss with my lord?"

(What follows is to be told in the words of the former story.) But, when she in her turn said, "Then I'll only brew liquor enough for you," he said, "If you make the brew in the house, there will be many on the watch; and to send out for the spirits and sit and drink it here, is out of the question." So he produced one single penny, and sent a slave to fetch

him a jar of spirits from the tavern. When the slave came back, he made him go from the town to the riverside and put the jar down in a remote thicket. "Now be off!" said he, and made the slave wait some distance off, while he filled his cup and fell to.

Now the Treasurer's father, who for his charity and other good works had been re-born as Sakka in the Realm of Devas, was at that moment wondering whether his bounty was still kept up or not, and became aware of the stopping of his bounty, and of his son's behaviour. He saw how his son, breaking through the traditions of his house, had burnt the almonry to the ground, had driven the poor with blows from his gates, and how, in his miserliness, fearing to share with others, that son had stolen away to a thicket to drink by himself. Moved by the sight, Sakka cried, "I will go to him and make my son see that deeds must have their consequences; I will work his conversion, and make him charitable and worthy of re-birth in the Realm of Devas." So he came down to earth, and once more trod the ways of men, putting on the semblance of the Treasurer Illisa, with the latter's lameness, and crookback, and squint. In this guise, he entered the city of Rajagaha and made his way to the

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palace-gate, where he bade his coming be announced to the king. "Let him approach," said the king; and he entered and stood with due obeisance before his majesty.

"What brings you here at this unusual hour, Lord High Treasurer?" said the king. "I am come, Sire, because I have in my house eighty crores of treasure. Deign to have them carried to fill the royal treasury." "Nay, my Lord Treasurer; [351] the treasure within my palace is greater than this." "If

you, sire, will not have it, I shall give it away to whom I will.” “Do so by all means, Treasurer,” said the king. “So be it, sire,” said the pretended Illisa, as with due obeisance he departed from the presence to the Treasurer’s house. The servants all gathered round him, but not one could tell that it was not their real master. Entering, he stood on the threshold and sent for the porter, to whom he gave orders that if anybody resembling himself should appear and claim to be master of the house they should soundly cudgel such a one and throw him out. Then, mounting the stairs to the upper story, he sat down on a gorgeous couch and sent for Illisa’s wife. When she came he said with a smile, “My dear, let us be bountiful.”

At these words, wife, children, and servants all thought, “It’s a long time since he was this way minded. He must have been drinking to be so good-natured and generous to-day.” And his wife said to him, “Be as bountiful as you please, my husband.” “Send for the crier,” said he, “and bid him proclaim by beat of drum all through the city that everyone who wants gold, silver, diamonds, pearls, and the like, is to come to the house of Illisa the Treasurer.” His wife did as he bade, and a large crowd soon assembled at the door carrying baskets and sacks. Then Sakka bade the treasure-chambers be thrown open, and cried, “This is my gift to you; take what you will and go your ways.” And the crowd seized on the riches there stored, and piled them in heaps on the floor and filled the bags and vessels they had brought, and went off laden with the spoils. Among them was a countryman who yoked Illisa’s oxen to Illisa’s carriage, filled it with the seven things of price, and journeyed out of the city along the highroad. As he went along, he drew near the thicket, and sang the Treasurer’s praises in these words:—“May you live to be a hundred, my good lord Illisa! What you have done for me this day will enable me to live without doing another stroke of work.

Whose were these oxen?—yours. Whose was this carriage?—yours. Whose the wealth in the carriage?—yours again. It was no father or mother who gave me all this; no, it came solely from you, my lord.”

These words filled the Lord High Treasurer with fear and trembling. “Why, the fellow is mentioning my name in his talk,” said he to himself. “Can the king have been distributing my wealth to the people?” [352] At the bare thought he bounded from the bush, and, recognizing his own

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oxen and cart, seized the oxen by the cord, crying, “Stop, fellow; these oxen and this cart belong to me.” Down leaped the man from the cart, angrily exclaiming, “You rascal! Illisa, the Lord High Treasurer, is giving away his wealth to all the city. What has come to you?” And he sprang at the Treasurer and struck him on the back like a falling thunder-bolt, and went off with the cart. Illisa picked himself up, trembling in every limb, wiped off the mud, and hurrying after his cart, seized hold of it. Again the countryman got down, and seizing Illisa by the hair, doubled him up and thumped him about the head for some time; then taking him by the throat, he flung him back the way he had come, and drove off. Sobered by this rough usage, Illisa hurried off home. There, seeing folk making off with the treasure, he fell to laying hands on here a man and there a man, shrieking, “Hi! what’s this? Is the king despoiling me?” And every man he laid hands on knocked him down. Bruised and smarting, he sought to take refuge in his own house, when the porters stopped him with, “Holloa, you rascal! Where might you be going?” And first thrashing him soundly with bamboos, they took their master by the throat and threw him out of doors. “There is none but the king left to see me righted,” groaned

Illisa, and betook himself to the palace. “Why, oh why, sire,” he cried, “have you plundered me like this?”

“Nay, it was not I, my Lord Treasurer,” said the king. “Did you not yourself come and declare your intention of giving your wealth away, if I would not accept it? And did you not then send the crier round and carry out your threat?” “Oh sire, indeed it was not I that came to you on such an errand. Your majesty knows how near and close I am, and how I never give away so much as the tiniest drop of oil which a blade of grass will take up. May it please your majesty to send for him who has given my substance away, and to question him on the matter.”

Then the king sent for Sakka. And so exactly alike were the two that neither the king nor his court could tell which, was the real Lord High Treasurer. Said the miser Illisa, “Who, and what, sire, is this Treasurer? I am the Treasurer.”

“Well, really I can’t say which is the real Illisa,” said the king. “Is there anybody who can distinguish them for certain?” “Yes, sire, my wife.” So the wife was sent for and asked which of the two was her husband. And she said Sakka was her husband and went to his side. [353] Then in turn Illisa’s children and servants were brought in and asked the same question; and all with one accord declared Sakka was the real Lord High Treasurer. Here it flashed across Illisa’s mind that he had a wart on his head, hidden among his hair, the existence of which was known only to his barber. So, as a last resource, he asked that his barber might be sent for to identify him. Now at this time the Bodhisatta was his barber. Accordingly, the barber was sent for and asked if he could

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distinguish the real from the false Illisa. "I could tell, sire," said he, "if I might examine their heads." "Then look at both their heads," said the king. On the instant Sakka caused a wart to rise on his head! After examining the two, the Bodhisatta reported that, as both alike had got warts on their heads, he couldn't for the life of him say which was the real man. And therewithal he uttered this stanza:—

Both squint; both halt; both men are hunchbacks too;

And both have warts alike! I cannot tell Which of the two the real Illisa is.

[paragraph continues] Hearing his last hope thus fail him, the Lord High Treasurer fell into a tremble; and such was his intolerable anguish at the loss of his beloved riches, that down he fell in a swoon. Thereupon Sakka put forth his transcendental powers, and, rising in the air, addressed the king thence in these words: "Not Illisa am I, O king, but Sakka." Then those around wiped Illisa's face and dashed water over him. Recovering, he rose to his feet and bowed to the ground before Sakka, King of Devas. Then said Sakka, "Illisa, mine was the wealth, not thine; I am thy father, and thou art my son. In my lifetime I was bountiful toward the poor and rejoiced in doing good; wherefore, I am advanced to this high estate and am become Sakka. But thou, walking not in my footsteps, art grown a niggard and a very miser; thou hast burnt my almonry to the ground, driven the poor from the gate, and hoarded thy riches. Thou hast no enjoyment thereof thyself, nor has any other human being; [354] but thy store is become like a pool haunted by demons, whereat no man may slake his thirst. Albeit, if thou wilt rebuild mine almonry and show bounty to the poor, it shall be accounted to thee for righteousness. But, if thou wilt not, then will I strip thee of all that thou hast, and

cleave thy head with the thunderbolt of Indra, and thou shalt die.”

At this threat Illisa, quaking for his life, cried out, “Henceforth I will be bountiful.” And Sakka accepted his promise, and, still seated in mid-air, established his son in the Commandments and preached the Truth to him, departing thereafter to his own abode. And Illisa was diligent in almsgiving and other good works, and so assured his re-birth thereafter in heaven.

“Brethren,” said the Master, “this is not the first time that Moggallana has converted the miserly Treasurer; in bygone days too the same man was converted by him.” His lesson ended, he shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “This miserly Treasurer was the Illisa of those days, Moggallana was Sakka, King of Devas, Ananda was the king, and I myself the barber.”

[Note. Respecting this story, see an article by the translator in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for January 1892, entitled “The Lineage of the ‘Proud King’.”]

Footnotes

^197:1 This is verse 49 of the Dhammapada.

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

[p. 202] [j079]

No. 79.

KHARASSARA-JATAKA.

“He gave the robbers time.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain Minister. He, ‘tis said, ingratiated himself with the king, and, after collecting the royal revenue in a border-village, privily arranged with a band of robbers that he would march the men off into the jungle, leaving the village for the rascals to plunder,—on condition that they gave him half the booty. Accordingly, at daybreak when the place was left unprotected, down came the robbers, who slew and ate the cattle, looted the village, and were off with their booty before he came back at evening with his followers. But it was a very short time before his knavery leaked out and came to the ears of the king. And the king sent for him, and, as his guilt was manifest, he was degraded and another headman put in his place. Then the king went to the Master at Jetavana and told him what had happened. “Sire,” said the Blessed One, “the man has only shewn the same disposition now which he shewed in bygone days.” Then at the king’s request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, he appointed a certain Minister to be headman of a border-village; and every-thing came to pass as in the above case. Now in those days the Bodhisatta was making the round of the border-villages in the way of trade, [355] and had taken up his abode in that very village. And when the headman was marching his men back at evening with drums a-beating, he exclaimed, “This scoundrel, who privily egged on the robbers to loot the village, has waited till they had made off to the jungle again, and now back he comes with drums a-beating,—feigning a happy ignorance of anything wrong having happened.” And, so saying, he uttered this stanza:—

He gave the robbers time to drive and slay

The cattle, burn the houses, capture folk; And then with drums a-beating, home he marched, —A son no more, for such a son is dead [*1].

In such wise did the Bodhisatta condemn the headman. Not long after, the villany was detected, and the rascal was punished by the king as his wickedness deserved.

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“This is not the first time, sire,” said the king, “that he has been of this disposition; he was just the same in bygone days also.” His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “The headman of to-day was also the headman of those days, and I myself the wise and good man who recited the stanza.”

Footnotes

^202:1 The scholiast’s explanation is, that a son who is so lost to all decency and shame, ceases ipso facto to be a son, and that his mother is sonless even while her son is still alive.

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

[j080]

No. 80.

BHIMASENA-JATAKA.

“You vaunted your prowess.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a certain braggart among the Brethren. Tradition says that he used to gather round

him Brethren of all ages, and go about deluding everyone with lying boasts about his noble descent. "Ah, Brethren," he would say, "there's no family so noble as mine, no lineage so peerless. I am a scion of the highest of princely lines; no man is my equal in birth or ancestral estate; there is absolutely no end to the gold and silver and other treasures we possess. Our very slaves and menials are fed on rice and meat-stews, and are clad in the best Benares cloth, with the choicest Benares perfumes to perfume themselves withal;—whilst I, because I have joined the Brotherhood, [3561 have to content myself with this vile fare and this vile garb."

But another Brother, after enquiring into his family estate, exposed to the Brethren the emptiness of this pretension. So the Brethren met in the Hall of Truth, and talk began as to how that Brother, in spite of his vows to leave worldly things and cleave only to the saving Truth, was going about deluding the Brethren with his lying boasts. Whilst the fellow's sinfulness was being discussed, the Master entered and enquired what their topic was. And they told him. "This is not the first time, Brethren," said the Master, "that he has gone about boasting; in bygone days too he went about boasting and deluding people." And 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 a market-town in the North country, and when he was grown up he studied under a teacher of world-wide fame at Takkasila. There he learnt the Three Vedas and the Eighteen Branches of knowledge, and completed his education. And he became known as the sage Little Bowman. Leaving Takkasila, he came to the Andhra country in search of practical experience. Now, it happened that in this Birth the Bodhisatta was somewhat of a crooked little dwarf, and he thought to himself, "If I make

my appearance before any king, he's sure to ask what a dwarf like me is good for; why should I not use a tall broad fellow as my stalking-horse and earn my living in the shadow of his more imposing

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personality'?" So he betook himself to the weavers' quarter, and there espying a huge weaver named Bhimasena, saluted him, asking the man's name. "Bhimasena [*1] is my name," said the weaver. "And what makes a fine big man like you work at so sorry a trade?" "Because I can't get a living any other way." "Weave no more, friend. The whole continent can shew no such archer as I am; but kings would scorn me because I am a dwarf. And so you, friend, must be the man to vaunt your prowess with the bow, and the king will take you into his pay [357] and make you ply your calling regularly. Meantime I shall be behind you to perform the duties that are laid upon you, and so shall earn my living in your shadow. In this manner we shall both of us thrive and prosper. Only do as I tell you." "Done with you," said the other.

Accordingly, the Bodhisatta took the weaver with him to Benares, acting as a little' page of the bow, and putting the other in the front; and when they were at the gates of the palace, he made him send word of his coming to the king. Being summoned into the royal presence, the pair entered together and bowing stood before the king. "What brings you here?" said the king. "I am a mighty archer," said Bhimasena; "there is no archer like me in the whole continent." "What pay would you want to enter my service?" "A thousand pieces a fortnight, sire." "What is this man of yours?" "He's my little page, sire." "Very well, enter my service."

So Bhimasena entered the king's service; but it was the Bodhisatta who did all his work for him. Now in those days there was a tiger in a forest in Kasi which blocked a frequented high-road and had devoured many victims. When this was reported to the king, he sent for Bhimasena and asked whether he could catch the tiger.

"How could I call myself an archer, sire, if I couldn't catch a tiger?" The king gave him largesse and sent him on the errand. And home to the Bodhisatta came Bhimasena with the news. "All right," said the Bodhisatta; "away you go, my friend." "But are you not coming too?" "No, I won't go; but I'll tell you a little plan." "Please do, my friend." "Well don't you be rash and approach the tiger's lair alone. What you will do is to muster a strong band of countryfolk to march to the spot with a thousand or two thousand bows; when you know that the tiger is aroused, you bolt into the thicket and lie down flat on your face. The countryfolk will beat the tiger to death; and as soon as he is quite dead, you bite off a creeper with your teeth, and draw near to the dead tiger, trailing the creeper in your hand. At the sight of the dead body of the brute, you will burst out with—'Who has killed the tiger? I meant to lead it [358] by a creeper, like an ox, to the king, and with this intent had

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just stepped into the thicket to get a creeper. I must know who killed the tiger before I could get back with my creeper.' Then the countryfolk will be very frightened and bribe you heavily not to report them to the king; you will be credited with slaying the tiger; and the king too will give you lots of money."

"Very good," said Bhimasena; and off he went and slew the tiger just as the Bodhisatta had told him. Having thus made

the road safe for travellers, back he came with a large following to Benares, and said to the king, "I have killed the tiger, sire; the forest is safe for travellers now." Well-pleased, the king loaded him with gifts.

Another day, tidings came that a certain road was infested with a buffalo, and the king sent Bhimasena to kill it. Following the Bodhisatta's directions, he killed the buffalo in the same way as the tiger, and returned to the king, who once more gave him lots of money. He was a great lord now. Intoxicated by his new honours, he treated the Bodhisatta with contempt, and scorned to follow his advice, saying, "I can get on without you. Do you think there's no man but yourself?" This and many other harsh things did he say to the Bodhisatta.

Now, a few days later, a hostile king marched upon Benares and beleaguered it, sending a message to the king summoning him either to surrender his kingdom or to do battle. And the king of Benares ordered Bhimasena out to fight him. So Bhimasena was armed cap-a-pie in soldierly fashion and mounted on a war-elephant sheathed in complete armour. And the Bodhisatta, who was seriously alarmed that Bhimasena might get killed, armed himself cap-a-pie also and seated himself modestly behind Bhimasena. Surrounded by a host, the elephant passed out of the gates of the city and arrived in the forefront of the battle. At the first notes of the martial drum Bhimasena fell a-quaking with fear. "If you fall off now, you'll get killed," said the Bodhisatta, and accordingly fastened a cord round him, which he held tight, to prevent him from falling off the elephant. But the sight of the field of battle proved too much for Bhimasena, and the fear of death was so strong on him that he fouled the elephant's back. "Ah," said the Bodhisatta, "the present does not tally with the past. Then you affected the warrior; now your prowess is confined to

befouling the elephant you ride on.” And so saying, he uttered this stanza:—

[359] You vaunted your prowess, and loud was your boast;

You swore you would vanquish the foe! But is it consistent,
when faced with their host, To vent your emotion, sir, so?

When the Bodhisatta had ended these taunts, he said, “But don’t you be afraid, my friend. Am not I here to protect you?” Then he made Bhimasena get off the elephant and bade him wash himself and go home. “And now to win renown this day,” said the Bodhisatta, raising his

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battle-cry as he dashed into the fight. Breaking through the king’s camp, he dragged the king out and took him alive to Benares. In great joy at his prowess, his royal master loaded him with honours, and from that day forward all India was loud with the fame of the Sage Little Bowman. To Bhimasena he gave largesse, and sent him back to his own home; whilst he himself excelled in charity and all good works, and at his death passed away to fare according to his deserts.

“Thus, Brethren,” said the Master, “this is not the first time that this Brother has been a braggart; he was just the same in bygone days too.” His lesson ended, the Master shewed the connexion and identified the Birth by saying, “This braggart Brother was the Bhimasena of those days, and I myself the Sage Little Bowman.”

Footnotes

^204:1 The name means “one who has or leads a terrible army;” it is the name of the second Pandava.

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

[j081]

No. 81.

SURAPANA-JATAKA.

[360] “We drank.”—This story was told by the Master about the Elder Sagata, while he was dwelling in the Ghosita-park near Kosambi.

For, after spending the rainy season at Savatthi, the Master had come on an alms-pilgrimage to a market-town named Bhaddavatika, where cowherds and goatherds and farmers and wayfarers respectfully besought him not to go down to the Mango Ferry; “for,” said they, “in the Mango Ferry, in the demesne of the naked ascetics, dwells a poisonous and deadly Naga, known as the Naga of the Mango Ferry, who might harm the Blessed One.” Feigning not to hear them, though they repeated their warning thrice, the Blessed One held on his way. Whilst the Blessed One was dwelling near Bhaddavatika in a certain grove there, the Elder Sagata, a servant of the Buddha, who had won such supernatural powers as a worldling can possess, went to the demesne, piled a couch of leaves at the spot where the Naga-king dwelt, and sate himself down cross-legged thereon. Being unable to conceal his evil nature, the Naga raised a great smoke. So did the Elder. Then the Naga sent forth flames. So too did the Elder. But, whilst the Naga’s flames did no harm to the Elder, the Elder’s flames did do harm to the Naga, and so in a short time he mastered the Naga-king and established him in the Refuges and the Commandments,

after which he repaired back to the Master. And the Master, after dwelling as long as it pleased him at Bhaddavatika, went on to Kosambi. Now the story of the Naga's conversion by Sagata, had got noised abroad all over the countryside, and the townsfolk of Kosambi went forth to meet the Blessed One and saluted him, after which they passed to the Elder Sagata and saluting him, said, "Tell us, sir, what you lack and we will furnish it." The Elder himself remained

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silent; but the followers of the Wicked Six [*1] made answer as follows:—"Sirs, to those who have renounced the world, white spirits are as rare as they are acceptable. Do you think you could get the Elder some clear white spirit?" "To be sure we can," said the townsfolk, and invited the Master to take his meal with them next clay. Then they went back to their own town and arranged that each in his own house should offer clear white spirit to the Elder, and accordingly they all laid in a store and invited the Elder in and plied him with the liquor, house by house. So deep were his potations that, on his way out of town, the Elder fell prostrate in the gateway and there lay hiccougging nonsense. On his way back from his meal in the town, the Master came on the Elder lying in this state, and bidding the Brethren carry Sagata home, [361] passed on his way to the park. The Brethren laid the Elder down with his head at the Buddha's feet, but he turned round so that he came to lie with his feet towards the Buddha. Then the Master asked his question, "Brethren, does Sagata shew that respect towards me now that he formerly did?" "No, sir." "Tell me, Brethren, who it was that mastered the Naga-king of the Mango Ferry?" "It was Sagata, sir." "Think you that in his present state Sagata could piaster even a harmless water-snake?" "That he could not, sir." "Well now, Brethren, is it proper to drink that which, when drunk, steals away a man's senses?" "It is

improper, sir.” Now, after discoursing with the Brethren in dispraise of the Elder, the Blessed One laid it down as a precept that the drinking of intoxicants was an offence requiring confession and absolution; after which he rose up and passed into his perfumed chamber.

Assembling together in the Hall of Truth, the Brethren discussed the sin of spirit-drinking, saying, “What a great sin is the drinking of spirits, sirs, seeing that it has blinded to the Buddha’s excellence even one so wise and so gifted as Sagata.” Entering the Hall of Truth at this point, the Master asked what topic they were discussing; and they told him. “Brethren,” said he, “this is not the first time that they who had renounced the world have lust their senses through drinking spirits; the very same thing took place in bygone days.” And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a northern Brahmin-family in Kasi; and when he grew up, he renounced the world for the hermit’s life. He won the Higher Knowledges and the Attainments, and dwelt in the enjoyment of the bliss of Insight in the Himalayas, with five hundred pupils around him. Once, when the rainy season had come, his pupils said to him, “Master, may we go to the haunts of men and bring back salt and vinegar?” “For my own part, sirs, I shall remain here; but you may go for your health’s sake, and come back when the rainy season is over.”

“Very good,” said they, and taking a respectful leave of their master, came to Benares, where they took up their abode in the royal pleasaunce. On the morrow they went in quest of alms to a village just outside the city gates, where they had plenty to eat; and next day they made their way into the city itself. The kindly citizens gave alms to them, and the

king was soon informed that five hundred hermits from the Himalayas had

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taken up their abode in the royal pleasure, and that they were ascetics of great austerity, subduing the flesh, and of great virtue. Hearing this good character of them, the king went to the pleasure and graciously made them welcome [362] to stay there for four months. They promised that they would, and thenceforth were fed in the royal palace and lodged in the pleasure. But one day a drinking festival was held in the city, and the king gave the five hundred hermits a large supply of the best spirits, knowing that such things rarely come in the way of those who renounce the world and its vanities. The ascetics drank the liquor and went back to the pleasure. There, in drunken hilarity, some danced, some sang, whilst others, wearied of dancing and singing, kicked about their rice-hampers and other belongings,—after which they lay down to sleep. When they had slept off their drunkenness and awoke to see the traces of their revelry, they wept and lamented, saying, “We have done that which we ought not to have done. We have done this evil because we are away from our master.” Forthwith, they quitted the pleasure and returned to the Himalayas. Laying aside their bowls and other belongings, they saluted their master and took their seats. “Well, my sons,” said he, “were you comfortable amid the haunts of men, and were you spared weary journeyings in quest of alms? Did you dwell in unity one with another?”

“Yes, master, we were comfortable; but we drank forbidden drink, so that, losing our senses and forgetting ourselves, we both danced and sang.” And by way of setting the matter forth, they composed and repeated this stanza:—

We drank, we danced, we sang, we wept; 'twas well

That, when we drank the drink that steals away
The senses,
we were not transformed to apes.

“This is what is sure to happen to those who are not living under a master’s care,” said the Bodhisatta, rebuking those ascetics; and he exhorted them saying, “Henceforth, never do such a thing again.” Living on with Insight unbroken, he became destined to rebirth thereafter in the Brahma Realm.

[363] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth (and henceforth we shall omit the words ‘shewed the connexion’), by saying,—“My disciples were the band of hermits of those days, and I their teacher.”

Footnotes

^207:1 See note on page .

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

[p. 209] [j082]

No. 82.

MITTAVINDA-JATAKA.

“No more to dwell.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a self-willed Brother. The incidents of this Birth, which took place in the days of the Buddha Kassapa, will be related in the Tenth Book in the Maha-Mittavindaka Jataka [*1].

Then the Bodhisatta uttered this Stanza:—

No more to dwell in island palaces

Of crystal, silver, or of sparkling gems,— With flinty
headgear thou’rt invested now; Nor shall its griding torture
ever cease Till all thy sin be purged and life shall end.

So saying, the Bodhisatta passed to his own abode among
the Devas. And Mittavindaka, having donned that headgear,
suffered grievous torment till his sin had been spent and he
passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth, by saying,
“This self-willed Brother was the Mittavindaka of those days,
and I myself the King of the Devas.”

Footnotes

^209:1 No. 439. See No. [*41], and Divyavadana, p. 603,
&c.

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

[j083]

No. 83.

KALAKANNI-JATAKA. [364]

“A friend is he.”—This story was told by the Master while at
Jetavana, about a friend of Anatha-pindika’s. Tradition says
that the two had made mud-pies together, and had gone to
the same school; but, as years went by, the friend, whose
name was ‘Curse,’ sank into great distress and could not

make a living anyhow. So he came to the rich man, who was kind to him, and paid him to look after all his property; and the poor friend was employed under Anatha-pindika and did all his business for him. After he had gone up to the rich man's It was a common thing to hear in the house—"Stand up, Curse," or "Sit down, Curse," or "Have your dinner, Curse."

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One day the Treasurer's friends and acquaintances called on him and said, "Lord Treasurer, don't let this sort of thing go on in your house. It's enough to scare an ogre to hear such ill-omened observations as—'Stand up, Curse,' or 'Sit down, Curse,' or 'Have your dinner, Curse.' The man is not your social equal; he's a miserable wretch, dogged by misfortune. Why have anything to do with him?" "Not so," replied Anatha-pindika; "a name only serves to denote a man, and the wise do not measure a man by his name; nor is it proper to wax superstitious about mere sounds. Never will I throw over, for his mere name's sake, the friend with whom I made mud-pies as a child." And he rejected their advice.

One day the great man departed to visit a village of which he was headman, leaving the other in charge of the house. Hearing of his departure certain robbers made up their mind to break into the house; and, arming themselves to the teeth, they surrounded it in the night-time. But 'Curse' had a suspicion that burglars might be expected, and was sitting up for them. And when he knew that they had come, he ran about as if to rouse his people, bidding one sound the conch, another beat the drum, till he had the whole house full of noise, as though he were rousing a whole army of servants. Said the robbers, "The house is not so empty as we were told; the master must be at home." Flinging away

their stones, clubs and other weapons, away they bolted for their lives. Next day great alarm was caused by the sight of all the discarded weapons lying round the house; and Curse was lauded to the skies by such praises as this:—"If the house had not been patrolled by one so wise as this man, the robbers would have simply walked in at their own pleasure and have plundered the house. The Treasurer owes this stroke of good luck to his staunch friend." And the moment the merchant came back from his village they hastened to tell him the whole story. "Ah," said he, "this is the trusty guardian of my house whom you wanted me to get rid of. If I had taken your advice and got rid of him; I should be a beggar to-day. It's not the name but the heart within that makes the man." So saying he raised his wages. And thinking that here was a good story [365] to tell, off he went to the Master and gave him a complete account of it all, right through. "This is not the first time, sir," said the Master, "that a friend named Curse has saved his friend's wealth from robbers; the like happened in bygone days as well." Then, at Anatha-pindika's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a Treasurer of great renown; and he had a friend whose name was Curse, and so on as in the foregoing story. When on his return from his zemindary the Bodhisatta heard what had happened he said to his friends, "If I had taken your advice and got rid of my trusty friend, I should have been a beggar to-day." And he repeated this stanza:—

A friend is he that seven steps will go

To help us [*1]; twelve attest the comrade true. A fortnight
or a month's tried loyalty Makes kindred, longer time a

second self. —Then how shall I, who all these years have known My friend, be wise in driving Curse away?

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the Curse of those days, and I myself the Treasurer of Benares.”

Footnotes

^210:1 See Griffith’s “Old Indian Poetry,” p. 27; and Panini’s rule, v. 2. 22.

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

[p. 211] [j084]

No. 84.

ATTHASSADVARA-JATAKA. [366]

“Seek health.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a boy who was sage in matters relating to spiritual welfare. When he was only seven years old, the boy, who was the son of a very wealthy Treasurer, manifested great intelligence and anxiety for his spiritual welfare; and one day came to his father to ask what were the Paths leading to spiritual welfare. The father could not answer, but he thought to himself,—“This is a very difficult question; from highest heaven to nethermost hell there is none that can answer it, save only the All-knowing Buddha.” So he took the child with him to Jetavana, with a quantity of perfumes and flowers and unguents. Arrived there, he did reverence to the Master, bowed down before him, and seating himself on one side, spoke as follows to the Blessed One:—“Sir, this boy of mine, who is intelligent and anxious

for his spiritual welfare, has asked me what are the Paths leading to spiritual welfare; and as I did not know, I came to you. Vouchsafe, O Blessed One, to resolve this question.” “Lay-brother,” said the Master, “this selfsame question was asked me by this very child in former times, and I answered it for him. He knew the answer in bygone days, but now he has forgotten because of change of birth.” Then, at the father’s request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy Treasurer; and he had a son who, when only seven years old, manifested great intelligence and anxiety for his spiritual welfare. One day the child came to his father to ask what were the Paths leading to spiritual welfare. And his father answered him by repeating this stanza:—

Seek Health, the supreme good; be virtuous;

Hearken to elders; from the scriptures learn; Conform to Truth; and burst Attachment’s bonds. —For chiefly these six Paths to Welfare lead.

[367] In this wise did the Bodhisatta answer his son’s question as to the Paths that lead to spiritual welfare; and the boy from that time forward followed those six rules. After a life spent in charity and other good works, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “This child was also the child of those days, and I myself the Lord Treasurer.”

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

[p. 212]

No. 85.

KIMPAKKA-JATAKA.

“As they who ate.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a concupiscent Brother. Tradition says there was a scion of a good family who gave his heart to the Buddha’s doctrine and joined the Brotherhood. But one day as he was going his round for alms in Savatthi, he was there stirred to concupiscence by the sight of a beautifully dressed woman. Being brought by his teachers and directors before the Master, he admitted in answer to the enquiries of the Blessed One that the spirit of concupiscence had entered into him. Then said the Master, “Verily the five lusts of the senses are sweet in the hour of actual enjoyment, Brother; but this enjoyment of them (in that it entails the miseries of re-birth in hell and the other evil states) is like the eating of the fruit of the What-fruit tree. Very fair to view is the What-fruit, very fragrant-and sweet; but when eaten, it racks the inwards and brings death. In other days, through ignorance [368] of its evil nature, a multitude of men, seduced by the beauty, fragrance and sweetness of the fruit, ate thereof so that they died.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta came to life as the leader of a caravan. Once when journeying with five hundred carts from East to West, he came to the outskirts of a forest. Assembling his men, he said to them:—“In this forest grow

trees that bear poisonous fruit. Let no man eat any unfamiliar fruit without first asking me." When they had traversed the forest, they came at the other border on a What-fruit tree with its boughs bending low with their burthen of fruit. In form, smell and taste, its trunk, boughs, leaves and fruit resembled a mango. Taking the tree, from its misleading appearance and so forth, to be a mango, some plucked the fruit and ate; but others said, "Let us speak to our leader before we eat." And these latter, plucking the fruit, waited for him to come up. When he came, he ordered them to fling away the fruit they had plucked, and had an emetic administered to those who had already eaten. Of these latter, some recovered; but such as had been the first to eat, died. The Bodhisatta reached his destination in safety, and sold his wares at a profit, after which he travelled home again. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

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It was when he had told this story, that the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

As they who ate the What-fruit died, so Lusts,

When ripe, slay him who knowing not the woe They breed hereafter, stoops to lustful deeds.

Having thus shewn that the Lusts, which are so sweet in the hour of fruition, end by slaying their votaries, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close [369] whereof the concupiscent Brother was converted and won the Fruit of the First Path. Of the rest of the Buddha's following some

won the First, some the Second, and some the Third Path, whilst others again became Arahats.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "My disciples were the people of the caravan in those days, and I their leader."

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

[j086]

No. 86.

SILAVIMAMSANA-JATAKA.

"Naught can compare."—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brahmin who put to the test his reputation for goodness. This Brother, who was maintained by the King of Kosala, had sought the Three Refuges; he kept the Five Commandments, and was versed in the Three Vedas. "This is a good man," thought the King, and shewed him great honour. But that Brother thought to himself, "The King shews honour to me beyond other brahmins, and has manifested his great regard by making me his spiritual director. But is his favour due to my goodness or only to my birth, lineage, family, country and accomplishments? I must clear this up without delay." Accordingly, one day when he was leaving the palace, he took unbidden a coin from a treasurer's counter, and went his way. Such was the treasurer's veneration for the brahmin that he sat perfectly still and said not a word. Next day the brahmin took two coins; but still the official made no remonstrance. The third day the brahmin took a whole handful of coins. "This is the third day," cried the treasurer, "that you have robbed his Majesty;" and he shouted out three times,— "I have caught the thief who robs the treasury." In rushed a crowd of people

from every side, crying, "Ah, you've long been posing as a model of goodness." And dealing him two or three blows, they led him before the King. In great sorrow the King said to him, "What led you, brahmin, to do, so wicked a thing?" And he gave orders, saying, "Off with him to punishment." "I are no thief, sire," said the brahmin. "Then why did you take money from the treasury?" "Because you shewed me such great honour, sire, and because I made up my mind to find out whether that honour was paid to my birth and the like or only to my goodness. That was my motive, and now I know for certain (inasmuch as you order me off to punishment) that it was my goodness and not my birth and other advantages, that won me your majesty's favour. Goodness I know to be the chief and supreme good; I know too that to goodness [370] I can

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never attain in this life, whilst I remain a layman, living in the midst of sinful pleasures. Wherefore, this very day I would fain go to the Master at Jetavana and renounce the world for the Brotherhood. Grant me your leave, sire." The King consenting, the brahmin set out for Jetavana. His friends and relations in a body tried to turn him from his purpose, but, finding their efforts of no avail, left him alone. He came to the Master and asked to be admitted to the Brotherhood. After admission to the lower and higher orders, he won by application spiritual insight and became an Arahat, whereon he drew near to the Master, saying, "Sir, my joining the Order has borne the Supreme Fruit,"—thereby signifying that he had won Arahatship. Hearing of this, the Brethren, assembling in the Hall of Truth, spoke with one another of the virtues of the King's chaplain who tested his own reputation for goodness and who, leaving the King, had now risen to be an Arahat. Entering the Hall, the Master asked what the Brethren were discussing, and they

told him. "Not without a precedent, Brethren," said he, "is the action of this brahmin in putting to the test his reputation for goodness and in working out his salvation after renouncing the world. The like was done by the wise and good of bygone days as well." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was his chaplain,—a man given to charity and other good works, whose mind was set on righteousness, always keeping unbroken the Five Commandments. And the King honoured him beyond the other brahmins; and everything came to pass as above.

But, as the Bodhisatta was being brought in bonds before the King, he came where some snake-charmers were exhibiting a snake, which they laid hold of by the tail and the throat, and tied round their necks. Seeing this, the Bodhisatta begged the men to desist, for the snake might bite them and cut their lives short. "Brahmin," replied the snake-charmers, "this is a good and well-behaved cobra; he's not wicked like you, who for your wickedness and misconduct are being hauled off in custody."

Thought the Bodhisatta to himself, "Even cobras, if they do not bite or wound, are called 'good.' How much more must this be the case with those who have come to be human beings! Verily it is just this goodness which is the most excellent thing in all the world, nor [371] does aught surpass it." Then he was brought before the King. "What is this, my friends?" said the King. "Here's a thief who has been robbing your majesty's treasury." "Away with him to execution." "Sire," said the brahmin, "I am no thief." "Then how came you to take the money?" Hereon the Bodhisatta made answer precisely as above, ending as follows:—"This

then is why I have come to the conclusion that it is goodness which is the highest and most excellent thing in all the world. But be that as it may, yet, seeing that the cobra, when it does not bite or wound, must simply be called 'good' and nothing more, for this reason too it is

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goodness alone which is the highest and most excellent of all things." Then in praise of goodness he uttered this stanza:—

Naught can compare with Goodness;

all the world Can not its equal show. The cobra fell, If men account it 'good,' is saved from death.

After preaching the truth to the King in this stanza, the Bodhisatta, abjuring all Lusts, and renouncing the world for the hermit's life, repaired to the Himalayas, where he attained to the five Knowledges and the eight Attainments, earning for himself the sure hope of re-birth thereafter in the Brahma Realm.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "My disciples were the King's following in those days, and I myself the King's chaplain."

[Note. Compare Nos. 290, 330, and 362; and see Feer's *Etudes sur le Jataka*.]

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

[j087]

No. 87.

MAMGALA-JATAKA.

“Whoso renounces.”—This story was told by the Master while at the Bamboo-grove about a brahmin who was skilled in the prognostications [372] which can be drawn from pieces of cloth [*1]. Tradition says that at Rajagaha dwelt a brahmin who was superstitious and held false views, not believing in the Three Gems. This brahmin was very rich and wealthy, abounding in substance; and a female mouse gnawed a suit of clothes of his, which was lying by in a chest. One day after bathing himself all over, he called for this suit, and then was told of the mischief which the mouse had done. “If these clothes stop in the house,” thought he to himself, “they’ll bring ill-luck; such an ill-omened thing is sure to bring a curse. It is out of the question to give them to any of my children or servants; for whosoever has them will bring misfortune on all around him. I must have them thrown away in a charnel-ground [*2]; but how? I cannot hand them to servants; for they might covet and keep them, to the ruin of my house. My son must take them.” So he called his son, and telling him the whole matter bade him take his charge on a stick, without touching the clothes with his hand, and fling them away in a charnel-ground. Then the son was to bathe himself all over and return. Now that morning at dawn of day the Master looking

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round to see what persons could be led to the truth, became aware that the father and son were predestined to attain salvation. So he betook himself in the guise of a hunter on his way to hunt, to the charnel-ground, and sate down at the entrance, emitting the six-coloured rays that mark a Buddha. Soon there came to the spot the young brahmin,

carefully carrying the clothes as his father had bidden him, on the end of his stick, just as though he had a house-snake to carry.

“What are you doing, young brahmin?” asked the Master.

“My good Gotama [*1],” was the reply, “this suit of clothes, having been gnawed by mice, is like ill-luck personified, and as deadly as though steeped in venom; wherefore my father, fearing that a servant might covet and retain the clothes, has sent me with them. I promised that I would throw them away and bathe afterwards; and that’s the errand that has brought me here.” “Throw the suit away, then,” said the Master; and the young brahmin did so. “They will just suit me,” said the Master, as he picked up the fate-fraught clothes before the young man’s very eyes, regardless of the latter’s earnest warnings and repeated entreaties to him not to take them; and he departed in the direction of the Bamboo-grove.

Home in all haste ran the young brahmin, to tell his father how the Sage Gotama had declared that the clothes would just suit him, and had persisted, in spite of all warnings to the contrary, in taking the suit away with him to the Bamboo-grove. “Those clothes,” thought the brahmin to himself, “are bewitched and accursed. Even the sage Gotama cannot wear them without destruction befalling him; and that would bring me into disrepute. I will give the Sage abundance of other garments and get him to throw that suit away.” So with a large number of robes he started in company of his son for the Bamboo-grove. When he came upon the Master he stood respectfully on one side and spoke thus,—“Is it indeed true, as I hear, that you, my good Gotama, [373] picked up a suit of clothes in the charnel-ground?” “Quite true, brahmin.” “My good Gotama, that suit is accursed; if you make use of them, they will destroy you.

If you stand in need of clothes, take these and throw away that suit." "Brahmin," replied the Master, "by open profession I have renounced the world, and am content with the rags that lie by the roadside or bathing-places, or are thrown away on dustheaps or in charnel-grounds. Whereas you have held your superstitions in bygone days, as well as at the present time." So saying, at the brahmin's request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time there reigned in the city of Rajagaha, in the kingdom of Magadha, a righteous King of Magadha. In those days the Bodhisatta came to life again as a brahmin of the North-west. Growing up, he renounced the world for the hermit's life, won the Knowledges and the Attainments, and went to dwell in the Himalayas. On one occasion, returning from the Himalayas, and taking up his abode in the King's pleasaunce, he went on the second day into the city to collect alms. Seeing him, the King had him summoned into the palace and there provided with a seat and with food,— exacting a promise from him that he would take up his abode in the pleasaunce. So the Bodhisatta used to receive his food at the palace and dwell in the grounds.

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Now in those days there dwelt in that city a brahmin known as Cloth-omens. And he had in a chest a suit of clothes which were gnawed by mice, and everything came to pass just as in the foregoing story. But when the son was on his way to the charnel-ground the Bodhisatta got there first and took his seat at the gate; and, picking up the suit which the young brahmin threw away, he returned to the pleasaunce. When the son told this to the old brahmin, the latter exclaimed, "It will be the death of the King's ascetic"; and entreated the Bodhisatta to throw that suit away, lest he

should perish. But the ascetic replied, “Good enough for us are the rags that are flung away in charnel-grounds. We have no belief in superstitions about luck, which are not approved by Buddhas, Pacceka Buddhas, or Bodhisattas; and therefore no wise man ought to be a believer in luck.” Hearing the truth thus expounded, the brahmin forsook his errors and took refuge in the Bodhisatta. And the Bodhisatta, preserving his Insight unbroken, earned re-birth thereafter in the Brahma Realm. [374.]

Having told this story, the Master, as Buddha, taught the Truth to the brahmin in this stanza:—

Whose renounces omens, dreams and signs,

That man, from superstition’s errors freed, Shall triumph
o’er the paired Depravities And o’er Attachments to the end
of time.

When the Master had thus preached his doctrine to the brahmin in the form of this stanza, he proceeded further to preach the Four Truths, at the close whereof that brahmin, with his son, attained to the First Path. The Master identified the Birth by saying, “The father and son of to-day were also the father and son of those days, and I myself the ascetic.”

Footnotes

^215:1 Cf. Tevijja Sutta translated by Rhys Davids in “Buddhist Suttas,” p. 197.

^215:2 An amaka-susana was an open space or grove in which corpses were exposed for wild-beasts to eat, in order that the earth might not be defiled. Cf. the Parsee ‘Towers of Silence.’

^216:1 In Pali bho Gotama,—a form of familiar address. Brahmins are always represented as presuming to say bho to the Buddha.

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

[j088]

No. 88.

SARAMBHA-JATAKA.

“Speak kindly.”—This story was told by the Master while at Savatthi, about the precept touching abusive language. The introductory story and the story of the past are the same as in the Nandivisala-jataka above [*1].

But in this case [375] there is the difference that the Bodhisatta was an ox named Sarambha, and belonged to a brahmin of Takkasila in the kingdom

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of Gandhara. After telling the story of the past, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—

Speak kindly, revile not your fellow;

Love kindness; reviling breeds sorrow.

When the Master had ended his lesson he identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the brahmin of those days, Uppalavanna his wife, and I Sarambha.”

Footnotes

^217:1 No. 28.

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

[j089]

No. 89.

KUHAKA-JATAKA.

“How plausible.” This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana about a knave. The details of his knavery will be related in the Uddala-jataka [*1].

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, there lived hard by a certain little village a shifty rascal of an ascetic, of the class which wears long, matted hair. The squire of the place had a hermitage built in the forest for him to dwell in, and used to provide excellent fare for him in his own house. Taking the matted-haired rascal to be a model of goodness, and living as he did in fear of robbers, the squire brought a hundred pieces of gold to the hermitage and there buried them, bidding the ascetic keep watch over them. “No need to say that, sir, to a man who has renounced the world; we hermits never covet other folks’ goods.” “It is well, sir,” said the squire, who went off with full confidence in the other’s protestations. Then the rascally ascetic thought to himself, “there’s enough here [376] to keep a man all his life long.” Allowing a few days to elapse first, he removed the gold and buried it by the wayside, returning to dwell as before in his hermitage. Next day, after a meal of rice at the squire’s house, the ascetic said, “It is now a, long time, sir, since I began to be supported by you; and to live long in one place is. like living in the world,—which is forbidden to professed ascetics. Wherefore I must needs depart.” And though the squire

pressed him to stay, nothing could overcome this determination.

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“Well, then, if it must be so, go your way, sir,” said the squire; and he escorted the ascetic to the outskirts before he left him. After going a little way the ascetic thought that it would be a good thing to cajole the squire; so, putting a straw in his matted hair, back he turned again. “What brings you back?” asked the squire. “A straw from your roof, sir, had stuck in my hair; and, as we hermits may not take anything which is not bestowed upon us, I have brought it back to you.” “Throw it down, sir, and go your way,” said the squire, who thought, to himself, “Why, he won’t take so much as a straw which does not belong to him! What a sensitive nature!” Highly delighted with the ascetic, the squire bade him farewell.

Now at that time it chanced that the Bodhisatta, who was on his way to the border-district for trading purposes, had halted for the night at that village. Hearing what the ascetic said, the suspicion was aroused in his mind that the rascally ascetic must have robbed the squire of something; and he asked the latter whether he had deposited anything in the ascetic’s care.

“Yes,—a hundred pieces of gold.”

“Well, just go and see if it’s all safe.”

Away went the squire to the hermitage, and looked, and found his money gone. Running back to the Bodhisatta, he cried, “It’s not there.” “The thief is none other than that long-haired rascal of an ascetic,” said the Bodhisatta; “let us pursue and catch him.” So away they hastened in hot pursuit. When they caught the rascal they kicked and cuffed

him, till he discovered to them where he had hidden the money. When he procured the gold, the Bodhisatta, looking at it, scornfully remarked to the ascetic, “So a hundred pieces of gold didn’t trouble your conscience so much as that straw!” And he rebuked him in this stanza:—

How plausible the story that the rascal told!

How heedful of the straw! How heedless of the gold!

[377] When the Bodhisatta had rebuked the fellow in this wise, he added,—“And now take care, you hypocrite, that you don’t play such a trick again.” When his life ended, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, “Thus you see, Brethren, that this Brother was as knavish in the past as he is to-day.” And he identified the Birth by saying, “This knavish Brother was the knavish ascetic of those days, and I the wise and good man.”

Footnotes

^218:1 No. 487.

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

[p. 220] [j090]

No. 90.

AKATANNU-JATAKA.

“The man ungrateful.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about Anatha-pindika.

On the borders, so the tale goes, there lived a merchant, who was a correspondent and a friend of Anatha-pindika’s, but they had never met. There came a time when this merchant loaded five hundred carts with local produce and gave orders to the men in charge to go to the great merchant Anatha-pindika, and barter the wares in his correspondent’s shop for their value, and bring back the goods received in exchange. So they came to Savatthi, and found Anatha-pindika. First making him a present, they told him their business. “You are welcome,” said the great man, and ordered them to be lodged there and provided with money for their needs. After kindly enquiries after their master’s health, he bartered their merchandise and gave them the goods in exchange. Then they went back to their own district, and reported what had happened.

Shortly afterwards, Anatha-pindika similarly despatched five hundred carts with merchandise to the very district in which they dwelt; and his people, when they had got there, went, present in hand, to call upon the border merchant. “Where do you come from?” said he. “From Savatthi,” replied they; “from your correspondent, Anatha-pindika.” “Anyone can call himself Anatha-pindika,” said he with a sneer; and taking their present, he bade them begone, giving them neither lodging nor *douceur*. So they bartered their goods for themselves and brought back the wares in exchange to Savatthi, with the story of the reception they had had.

Now it chanced [378] that this border merchant despatched another caravan of five hundred carts to Savatthi; and his people came with a present in their hands to wait upon Anatha-pindika. But, as soon as Anatha-pindika’s people caught sight of them, they said, “Oh, we’ll see, sir, that they

are properly lodged, fed, and supplied with money for their needs." And they took the strangers outside the city and bade them unyoke their carts at a suitable spot, adding that rice and a douceur would come from Anatha-pindika's house. About the middle watch of the night, having collected a baud of serving-men and slaves, they looted the whole caravan, carried off every garment the men had got, drove away their oxen, and took the wheels off the carts, leaving the latter but removing the wheels. Without so much as a shirt among the lot of them, the terrified strangers sped away and managed to reach their home on the border. Then Anatha-pindika's people told him the whole story. "This capital story," said he, "shall be my gift to the Master to-day;" and away he went and told it to the Master.

"This is not the first time, sir," said the Master, "that this border merchant has shewn this disposition; he was just the same in days gone by." Then, at Anatha-pindika's request, he told the following story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy merchant in that city. And he too had as a correspondent a border merchant whom he had never seen and all came to pass as above.

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Being told by his people what they had done, he said, "This trouble is the result of their ingratitude for kindness shewn them." And he went on to instruct the assembled crowd in this stanza:—

The man ungrateful for a kindly deed,

Thenceforth shall find no helper in his need.

[paragraph continues] After this wise did the Bodhisatta teach the truth in this stanza. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

[379] His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “The border merchant of to-day was the border merchant of those days also; and I was the merchant of Benares.”

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

[j091]

No. 91.

LITTA-JATAKA.

“He bolts the die.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about using things thoughtlessly.

Tradition says that most of the Brethren of that day were in the habit of using robes and so forth, which were given them, in a thoughtless manner. And their thoughtless use of the Four Requisites as a rule barred their escape from the doom of re-birth in hell and the animal world. Knowing this, the Master set forth the lessons of virtue and showed the danger of such thoughtless use of things, exhorting them to be careful in the use of the Four Requisites, and laying down this rule, “The thoughtful Brother has a definite object in view when he wears a robe, namely, to keep off the cold.” After laying down similar rules for the other Requisites, he concluded by saying, “Such is the thoughtful use which should be made of the Four Requisites. Thoughtlessly to use them is like taking deadly poison; and there were those in

bygone days who through their thoughtlessness did inadvertently take poison, to their exceeding hurt in due season." So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a well-to-do family, and when he grew up, he became a dice-player. With him used to play a sharper, who kept on playing while he was winning, but, when luck turned, broke up the game by putting one of the dice in his mouth and pretending it was lost,—after which he would take himself off. [380] "Very good," said the Bodhisatta

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when he realised what was being done; "we'll look into this." So he took some dice, anointed them at home with poison, dried them carefully, and then carried them with him to the sharper, whom he challenged to a game. The other was willing, the dice-board was got ready, and play began. No sooner did the sharper begin to lose than he popped one of the dice into his mouth. Observing him in the act, the Bodhisatta remarked, "Swallow away; you will not fail to find out what it really is in a little time." And he uttered this stanza of rebuke:—

He bolts the die quite boldly,—knowing not

What burning poison thereon lurks unseen. —Aye, bolt it, sharper! Soon you'll burn within.

[paragraph continues] But while the Bodhisatta was talking away, the poison began to work on the sharper; he grew faint, rolled his eyes, and bending double with pain fell to the ground. "Now," said the Bodhisatta, "I must save the rascal's life." So he mixed some simples and administered

an emetic until vomiting ensued. Then he administered a draught of ghee with honey and sugar and other ingredients, and by this means made the fellow all right again. Then he exhorted him not to do such a thing again. After a life spent in charity and other good works, the Bodhisatta passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master said, “Brethren, the thoughtless use of things is like the thoughtless taking of deadly poison.” So saying, he identified the Birth in these words, “I was myself the wise and good gambler of those days.”

(Pali Note. “No mention is made of the sharper,—the reason being that, here as elsewhere, no mention is made of persons who are not spoken of at this date.”)

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

[j092]

No. 92.

[381] MAHASARA-JATAKA.

“For war men crave.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the venerable Ananda.

Once the wives of the King of Kosala thought among themselves, as follows, “Very rare is the coming of a Buddha; and very rare is birth in a human form with all one’s faculties in perfection. Yet, though we have happened on a human form in a Buddha’s lifetime, we cannot go at will to the Monastery to hear the

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truth from his own lips, to do obeisance, and to make offerings to him. We live here as in a box. Let us ask the King to send for a fitting Brother to come here and teach us the truth. Let us learn what we can from him, and he charitable and do good works, to the end that we may profit by our having been born at this happy juncture." So they all went in a body to the King, and told him what was in their minds; and the King gave his consent.

Now it fell out on a day that the King was minded to take his pleasure in the royal pleasaunce, and gave orders that the grounds should be made ready for his coming. As the gardener was working away, he espied the Master seated at the foot of a tree. So he went to the King and said, "The pleasaunce is made ready, sire; but the Blessed One is sitting there at the foot of a tree." "Very good," said the King, "we will go and hear the Master." Mounting his chariot of state, he went to the Master in the pleasaunce.

Now there was then seated at the Master's feet, listening to his teaching, a lay-brother named Chattapani, who had entered the Third Path. On catching sight of this lay-brother, the King hesitated; but, on reflection that this must be a virtuous man, or he would not be sitting by the Master for instruction, he approached and with a bow seated himself on one side of the Master. Out of reverence for the supreme Buddha, the lay-brother neither rose in the King's honour nor saluted his majesty; and this made the King very angry. Noticing the King's displeasure, the Master proceeded to extol the merits of that lay-brother, saying, "Sire, this lay-brother is master of all tradition; he knows by heart the scriptures that have been handed down; and he has set himself free from the bondage of passion." "Surely," thought the King, "he whose praises the Master is telling

can be no ordinary person.” And he said to him, “Let me know, lay-brother, if you are in need of anything.” “Thank you,” said the man. Then the King listened to the Master’s teaching, and at its close rose up and ceremoniously withdrew.

Another day, meeting that same lay-brother going after breakfast umbrella in hand to Jetavana, the King had him summoned to his presence and said, “I hear, lay-brother, that you are a man of great learning. Now my wives are very anxious to hear and learn the truth; I should be glad if you would teach them.” “It is not meet, sire, that a layman [382] should expound or teach the truth in the King’s harem; that is the prerogative of the Brethren.”

Recognising the force of this remark, the King, after dismissing the layman, called his wives together and announced to them his intention of sending to the Master for, one of the Brethren to come as their instructor in the doctrine. Which of the eighty chief disciples would they have? After talking it over together, the ladies with one accord chose Ananda [*1] the Elder, surnamed the Treasurer of the Faith. So the King went to the Master and with a courteous greeting sat down by his side, after which he proceeded to state his wives’ wish, and his own hope, that Ananda might be their teacher. The Master, having consented to send Ananda, the King’s wives now began to be regularly taught by the Elder and to learn from him.

One day the jewel out of the King’s turban was missing. When the King heard of the loss he sent for his ministers and bade them seize everyone who had access to the precincts and find the jewel. So the Ministers searched everybody, women and all, for the missing jewel, till they had worried everybody almost out of their lives; but no trace of it could they find. That day Ananda came to the

palace, only to find the King's wives as dejected as they had hitherto been delighted when he taught them. "What has made you like this to-day?" asked the Elder. "Oh, sir," said they, "the King has lost the jewel out of his turban; and by his orders the ministers are worrying everybody, women and all, out of their lives, in order to find it. We can't say what may not happen to anyone of us; and that is why we are so sad." "Don't think

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any more about it," said the Elder cheerily, as he went to find the King. Taking the seat set for him, the Elder asked whether it was true that his majesty had lost his jewel. "Quite true, sir," said the King. "And can it not be found?" "I have had all the inmates of the palaces worried out of their lives, and yet I can't find it." "There is one way, sire, to find it, without worrying people out of their lives." "What way is that, sir?" "By wisp-giving, sire." "Wisp-giving? What may that be, pray?" "Call together, sire, all the persons you suspect, and privately give each one of them separately a wisp of straw, or a lump of clay will do, saying, 'Take this and put it in such and such a place to-morrow at daybreak.' The man that took the jewel will put it in the straw or clay, and so bring it back. If it be brought back the very first day, well and good. If not, the same thing must be done on the second and third clays. In this way, a large number of persons will escape worry, and you will get your jewel back." With these words the Elder departed.

Following the above counsel, the King caused the straw and clay to be dealt out for three successive days; but yet the jewel was not recovered. [383] On the third day the Elder came again, and asked whether the jewel had been brought back. "No, sir," said the King. "Then, sire, you must have a large water-pot set in a retired corner of your courtyard, and

you must have the pot filled with water and a screen put up before it. Then give orders that all who frequent the precincts, men and women alike, are to put off their outer-garments, and one by one wash their hands behind the screen and then come back." With this advice the Elder departed. And the King did as he bade.

Thought the thief, "Ananda has seriously taken the matter in hand; and, if he does not find the jewel, he'll not let things rest here. The time has really come to give the jewel up without more ado." So he secreted the jewel about his person, and going behind the screen, dropped it in the water before he went away. When everyone had gone, the pot was emptied, and the jewel found. "It's all owing to the Elder," exclaimed the King in his joy, "that I have got my jewel back, and that without worrying a host of people out of their lives." And all the persons about the precincts were equally grateful to Ananda for the trouble he had saved them from. The story how Ananda's marvellous powers had found the jewel, spread through all the city, till it reached the Brotherhood. Said the Brethren, "The great knowledge, learning, and cleverness of the Elder Ananda have been the means at once of recovering the lost jewel and of saving many persons from being worried out of their lives." And as they sate together in the Hall of Truth, singing the praises of Ananda, the Master entered and asked the subject of their conversation. Being told, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that what had been stolen has been found, nor is Ananda the only one who has brought about such a discovery. In bygone days too the wise and good discovered what had been stolen away, and also saved a host of people from trouble, sheaving that the lost property had fallen into the hands of animals." So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta, having perfected his education, became one of the King's ministers. One day the King with a large following went into his pleasaunce, and, after walking about the woods, felt a desire to disport himself in the water. So he went down into the royal tank and sent for his harem. The women of the harem, removing the jewels from their heads and necks and so forth, laid them aside with their upper garments in boxes under the charge of female slaves, and then went down into

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the water. Now, as the queen was taking off her jewels and ornaments, and laying them with her upper robe on a box, she was watched by a female monkey, which was hidden in the branches of a tree hard by. Conceiving a longing to wear the queen's pearl necklace, this monkey watched for the slave in charge to be off her guard. At first the girl kept looking all about her in order to keep the jewels [384] safe; but as time wore on, she began to nod. As soon as the monkey saw this, quick as the wind she jumped down, and quick as the wind she was up the tree again, with the pearls round her own neck. Then, for fear the other monkeys should see it, she hid the string of pearls in a hole in the tree and sat on guard over her spoils as demurely as though nothing had happened. By and by the slave awoke, and, terrified at finding the jewels gone, saw nothing else to do but to scream out, "A man has run off with the queen's pearl necklace." Up ran the guards from every side, and hearing this story fold it to the King. "Catch the thief," said his majesty; and away went the guards searching high and low for the thief in the pleasaunce. Hearing the din, a poor superstitious rustic [*1] took to his heels in alarm. "There he goes," cried the guards, catching sight of the runaway; and

they followed him up till they caught him, and with blows demanded what he meant by stealing such precious jewels.

Thought he, "If I deny the charge, I shall die with the beating I shall get from these ruffians. I'd better say I took it." So he confessed to the theft and was hauled off a prisoner to the King. "Did you take those precious jewels?" asked the King. "Yes, your majesty." "Where are they now?" "Please your majesty, I'm a poor man; I've never in my life owned anything, even a bed or a chair, of any value,—much less a jewel. It was the Treasurer who made me take that valuable necklace; and I took it and gave it to him. He knows all about it."

Then the King sent for the Treasurer, and asked whether the rustic had passed the necklace on to him. "Yes, sire," was the answer. "Where is it then?" "I gave it to your majesty's Chaplain." Then the Chaplain was sent for, and interrogated in the same way. And he said he had given it to the Chief Musician, who in his turn said he had given it to a courtesan [385] as a present. But she, being brought before the King, utterly denied ever having received it.

Whilst the five were thus being questioned, the sun set. "It's too late now," said the King; "we will look into this tomorrow." So he handed the five over to his ministers and went back into the city. Here-upon the Bodhisatta fell a-thinking. "These jewels," thought he, "were lost inside the grounds, whilst the rustic was outside. There was a strong guard at the gates, and it was impossible for anyone inside to get away

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with the necklace. I do not see how anyone, whether inside or out, could have managed to secure it. The truth is this

poor wretched fellow must have said he gave it to the Treasurer merely in order to save his own skin; and the Treasurer must have said he gave it to the Chaplain, in the hope that he would get off if he could mix the Chaplain up in the matter. Further, the Chaplain must have said he gave it to the Chief Musician, because he thought the latter would make the time pass merrily in prison; whilst the Chief Musician's object in implicating the courtesan, was simply to solace himself with her company during imprisonment. Not one of the whole five has anything to do with the theft. On the other hand, the grounds swarm with monkeys, and the necklace must have got into the hands of one of the female monkeys."

When he had arrived at this conclusion, the Bodhisatta went to the King with the request that the suspects might be handed over to him and that he might be allowed to examine personally into the matter. "By all means, my wise friend," said the King; "examine into it."

Then the Bodhisatta sent for his servants and told them where to lodge the five prisoners, saying, "Keep strict watch over them; listen to everything they say, and report it all to me," And his servants did as he bade them. As the prisoners sat together, the Treasurer said to the rustic, "Tell me, you wretch, where you and I ever met before this day; tell me when you gave me that necklace." "Worshipful sir," said the other, "it has never been mine to own aught so valuable even as a stool or bedstead that wasn't rickety. I thought that with your help I should get out of this trouble, and that's why I said what I did. Be not angry with me, my lord." Said the Chaplain [386] in his turn to the Treasurer, "How then came you to pass on to me what this fellow had never given to you?" "I only said so because I thought that if you and I, both high officers of state, stand together, we can soon put the matter right." "Brahmin," now said the Chief

Musician to the Chaplain, “when, pray, did you give the jewel to me?” “I only said I did,” answered the Chaplain, “because I thought you would help to make the time pass more agreeably.” Lastly the courtesan said, “Oh, you wretch of a musician, you know you never visited me, nor I you. So when could you have given me the necklace, as you say?” “Why be angry, my dear?” said the Musician, “we five have got to keep house together for a bit; so let us put a cheerful face on it and be happy together.”

This conversation being reported to the Bodhisatta by his agents, he felt convinced the five were all innocent of the robbery, and that a female monkey had taken the necklace. “And I must find a means to make her drop it,” said he to himself. So he had a number of bead necklaces made. Next he had a number of monkeys caught and turned loose again, with strings of beads on their necks, wrists and ancles. Meantime, the guilty

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monkey kept sitting in the trees watching her treasure. Then the Bodhisatta ordered a number of men to carefully observe every monkey in the grounds, till they saw one wearing the missing pearl necklace, and then frighten her into dropping it.

Tricked out in their new splendour, the other monkeys strutted about till they came to the real thief, before whom they flaunted their finery. Jealousy overcoming her prudence, she exclaimed, “They’re only beads!” and put on her own necklace of real pearls. This was at once seen by the watchers, who promptly made her drop the necklace, which they picked up and brought to the Bodhisatta. He took it to the King, saying, “Here, sire, is the necklace. The five prisoners are innocent; it was a female monkey in the

pleasaunce that took it.” “How came you to find that out?” asked the King; “and how did you manage to get possession of it again?” Then the Bodhisatta told the whole story, and the King thanked [387] the Bodhisatta, saying, “You are the right man in the right place.” And he uttered this stanza in praise of the Bodhisatta:—

For war men crave the hero’s might,

For counsel sage sobriety, Boon comrades for their jollity,
But judgment when in parlous plight.

[paragraph continues] Over and above these words of praise and gratitude, the King showered treasures upon the Bodhisatta like a storm-cloud pouring rain from the heavens. After following the Bodhisatta’s counsels through a long life spent in charity and good works, the King passed away to fare thereafter according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master, after extolling the Elder’s merits, identified the Birth by saying, “Ananda was the King of those clays and I his wise counsellor.”

Footnotes

^223:1 Ananda held ‘advanced views on the woman question.’ It was he who persuaded the reluctant Buddha into admitting women to the Order, as recorded in the Vinaya (S. B. E. XX, 320 et seqq.).

^225:1 Or perhaps “a taxpaying ryot.”

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

[j093]

No. 93.

VISSASABHOJANA-JATAKA.

“Trust not the trusted.” This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about taking things on trust.

Tradition tells us that in those days the Brethren, for the most part, used to rest content if anything was given them by their mothers or fathers, brothers or sisters, or uncles or aunts, or other kinsfolk. Arguing that in their lay state they had as a matter of course received things from the same hands, they, as Brethren,

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likewise shewed no circumspection or caution before using food, clothing and other requisites which their relations gave them. Observing this the Master felt that he must read the Brethren a lesson. So he called them together, and said, “Brethren, no matter whether [388] the giver be a relation or not, let circumspection accompany use. The Brother who without circumspection uses the requisites which are given to him, may entail on himself a subsequent existence as an ogre or as a ghost. Use without circumspection is like unto taking poison; and poison kills just the same, whether it be given by a relative or by a stranger. There were those who in bygone days actually did take poison because it was offered by those near and dear to them, and thereby they met their end.” So saying, he told the following story of the past.

Once upon a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was a very wealthy merchant. He had a herdsman who, when the corn was growing thick, drove his cows to the forest and kept them there at a

shieling, bringing the produce from time to time to the merchant. Now hard by the shieling in the forest there dwelt a lion; and so afraid of the lion were the cows that they gave but little milk. So when the herdsman brought in his ghee one day, the merchant asked why there was so little of it. Then the herdsman told him the reason. "Well, has the lion formed an attachment to anything?" "Yes, master; he's fond of a doe." "Could you catch that doe?" "Yes, master." "Well, catch her, and rub her all over with poison and sugar, and let her dry. Keep her a day or two, and then turn her loose. Because of his affection for her, the lion will lick her all over with his tongue, and die. Take his hide with the claws and teeth and fat, and bring them back to me." So saying, he gave deadly poison to the herdsman and sent him off. With the aid of a net which he made, the herdsman caught the doe and carried out the Bodhisatta's orders.

As soon as he saw the doe again, the lion, in his great love for her, licked her with his tongue so that he died. And the herdsman took the lion's hide and the rest, and brought them to the Bodhisatta, who said, "Affection for others should be eschewed. Mark how, for all his strength, the king of beasts, the lion, was led by his sinful love for a doe to poison himself by licking her and so to die." So saying, he uttered this stanza for the instruction of those gathered around:—

[389] Trust not the trusted, nor th' untrusted trust;

Trust kills; through trust the lion bit the dust.

Such was the lesson which the Bodhisatta taught to those around him. After a life spent in charity and other good works, he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "I was the merchant of those days."

[Note. Cf. Bohtlingk's "Indische Spruche," (1st ed.) Nos. 1465-7 and 4346.]

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

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No. 94.

LOMAHAMSA-JATAKA.

"Now scorched."—This story the Master told while at Patikarama near Vesali, about Sunakkhatta.

For at that time Sunakkhatta, having become an adherent of the Master, was travelling about the country as a Brother with bowl and robes, when he was perverted to the tenets of Kora the Kshatriya [*1]. So he returned to the Blessed Buddha his bowl and robes-and reverted to a lay life by reason of Kora the Kshatriya, about the time when this latter had been re-born as the offspring of the Kalakanjaka Asura. And he went about within the three walls of Vesali defaming the Master by affirming that there was nothing superhuman about the sage Gotama, who was not distinguished from other men by preaching a saving faith; that the sage Gotama had simply worked out a system which was the outcome of his own individual thought and study; and that the ideal for the attainment of which his doctrine was preached, did not lead to the destruction of sorrow in those who followed it [*2].

Now the reverend Sariputta was on his round for alms when he heard Sunakkhatta's blasphemies; and on his return from

his round he reported this to the Blessed One. Said the Master, “Sunakkhatta is a hot-headed person, Sariputta, and speaks idle words. His hot-headedness has led him to talk like this and to deny the saving grace of my doctrine. Unwittingly, this foolish person is extolling me; I say unwittingly, for he has no knowledge [390] of my efficacy. In me, Sariputta, dwell the Six Knowledges, and herein am more than human; the Ten Powers are within me, and the Four Grounds of Confidence. I know the limits of the four types of earthly existence and the five states of possible rebirth after earthly death. This too is a superhuman quality in me; and whose denies it must retract his words, change his belief, and renounce his heresy, or he will without ado be cast into hell.” Having thus magnified the superhuman nature and power which existed within him, the Master went on to say, “Sunakkhatta, I hear, Sariputta, took delight in the misguided self-mortifications of the asceticism of Kora the Kshatriya; and therefore it was that he could take no pleasure in me. Ninety-one aeons ago I lived the higher life in all its four forms [*3], examining into that false asceticism to discover whether the truth abode therein. An ascetic was I, the chief of ascetics; worn and emaciated was I, beyond all others; loathing of comfort had I, a loathing surpassing that of all others; I dwelt apart, and unapproachable was my passion for solitude.” Then, at the Elder’s request, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time, ninety-one aeons ago, the Bodhisatta set himself to examine into the false asceticism. So he became a recluse, according to the Naked Ascetics (Ajivikas),—unclothed and covered with dust, solitary and lonely, fleeing like a deer from the face of men; his food was small

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fish, cowdung, and other refuse; and in order that his vigil might not be disturbed, he took up his abode in a dread thicket in the jungle. In the snows of winter, he came forth by night from the sheltering thicket to the open air, returning with the sun-rise to his thicket again; and, as he was wet with the driving snows by night, so in the day time he was drenched by the drizzle from the branches of the thicket. Thus day and night alike he endured the extremity of cold. In summer, he abode by day in the open air, and by night in the forest—scorched by the blazing sun by day, and fanned by no cooling breezes by night, so that the sweat streamed from him. And there presented itself to his mind this stanza, which was new and never uttered before:—

Now scorched, now froze, lone in the lonesome woods,

Beside no fire, but all afire within, Naked, the hermit
wrestles for the Truth.

[391] But when after a life spent in the rigours of this asceticism, the vision of hell rose before the Bodhisatta as he lay dying, he realised the worthlessness of all his austerities, and in that supreme moment broke away from his delusions, laid hold of the real truth, and was re-born in the Heaven of Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “I was the naked ascetic of those days.”

[Note. For the ‘story of the past’? cf. Cariya Pitaka, p. 102. For the introductory story see Sutta No. 12 of the Majjhima Nikaya.]

Footnotes

^229:1 See Hardy’s Manual of Buddhism, p. 330.

^229:2 This is a quotation from the Majjhima Nikaya I. 68.

^229:3 i.e. as a learner, householder, religieux, and recluse.

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

[j095]

No. 95.

MAHASUDASSANA-JATAKA.

“How transient.”—This story was told by the Master as he lay on his death-bed, concerning Ananda’s words, “O Blessed One, suffer not your end to be in this sorry little town.”

“When the Buddha was dwelling at Jetavana,” thought the Master, “the Elder Sariputta [*1], who was born in Nala village, died at Varaka in the month of Kattika, when the moon was at the full; and in the selfsame month, when the

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moon was on the wane, the great Moggallana died [*1]. My two chief disciples being dead, I too will pass away, in Kusinara.”—So thought the Blessed One; and coming in his alms-pilgrimage to Kusinara, there upon the Northward bench between the twin Sal-trees he lay down never to rise again. Then said the Elder Ananda, “O Blessed One, suffer not your end to be in this sorry little town, this rough little town in the jungle, this little suburban town. Shall not Rajagaha or some other large city be the death-place of the Buddha?”

“Nay, Ananda,” said the Master; “call not this a sorry little town, a little town in the jungle, a little suburban town. In bygone days, in the days of Sudassana’s universal monarchy, it was in this town that I had my dwelling. It was then a mighty city encompassed by jewelled walls [392] twelve leagues round.” Therewithal, at the Elder’s request, he told this story of the past and uttered the Maha-Sudassana Sutta [*2].

Then it was that Sudassana’s queen Subhadda marked how, after coming down from the Palace of Truth, her lord was lying hard by on his right side on the couch prepared for him in the Palm-grove [*3] which was all of gold and jewels,—that couch from which he was not to rise again. And she said, “Eighty-four thousand cities, chief of which is the royal-city of Kusavati, own your sovereignty, sire. Set your heart on them.”

“Say not so, my queen,” said Sudassana; “rather exhort me, saying, ‘Keep your heart set on this town, and yearn not after those others’.”

“Why so, my lord?”

“Because I shall die to-day,” answered the king.

In tears, wiping her streaming eyes, the queen managed to sob out the words the king bade her say. Then she broke into weeping and lamentation; and the other women of the harem, to the number of eighty-four thousand, also wept and wailed; nor could any of the courtiers forbear, but all alike joined in one universal lament.

“Peace!” said the Bodhisatta; and at his word their lamentation was stilled. Then, turning to the queen, he said, —“Weep not, my queen, nor wail. For, even down to a tiny

seed of sesamum, there is no such thing as a compound thing which is permanent; all are transient, all must break up.” Then, for the queen’s behoof, he uttered this stanza:—

How transient are all component things!

Growth is their nature and decay: They are produced, they are dissolved again: And then is best,—when they have sunk to rest [*4].

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[393] Thus did the great Sudassana lead his discourse up to ambrosial Nirvana as its goal. Moreover, to the rest of the multitude he gave the exhortation to be charitable, to obey the Commandments, and to keep hallowed the fast days. The destiny he won was to be re-born thereafter in the Realm of Devas.

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying, “The mother of Rahula was the Queen Subhadda of those days; Rahula was the King’s eldest son; the disciples of the Buddha were his courtiers; and I myself the great Sudassana.”

[Note. For the evolution of this Jataka, see the Mahaparinibbana Sutta and the Maha-Sudassana Sutta, translated by Prof. Rhys Davids in his volume of “Buddhist Suttas.”]

Footnotes

^230:1 For the death of Sariputta, see Bigandet’s ‘Legend of the Burmese Buddha.’

^231:1 For the death of Moggallana, see Fausboll's Dhammapada, p. 298, and Bigandet, op. cit.

^231:2 The 17th Sutta of the Digha Nikaya, translated by Rhys Davids in Vol. XI. of the S. B. E.

^231:3 See pp. 267 and 277 of Vol. XI. of the S. B. E. for this palm-grove.

^231:4 This translation is borrowed from the Hibbert Lectures of Prof. Rhys Davids (2nd edition, p. 212), where a translation is given of the commentary on these "perhaps the most frequently quoted and most popular verses in Pali Buddhist books."

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

[j096]

No. 96.

TELAPATTA-JATAKA.

"As one with care."—This story was told by the Master while dwelling in a forest near the town of Desaka in the Sumbha country, concerning the Janapada-Kalyani Sutta [*2]. For on that occasion the Blessed One said:—"Just as if, Brethren, a great crowd were to gather together, crying 'Hail to the Belle of the Land! Hail to the Belle of the Land!' and just as if in like manner a greater crowd were to gather together, crying 'The Belle of the Land is singing and dancing'; and then suppose there came a man fond of life, fearful of death, fond of pleasure, and averse to pain, and suppose such an one were addressed as follows,—'Hi, there! you are to carry this pot of oil, which is full to the brim, betwixt the crowd and the Belle of the Land; a man with a drawn sword

will follow in your footsteps; and if you spill a single drop, he will cut off your head';—what think you, Brethren? Would that man, under these circumstances, be careless, and take no pains in carrying that pot of oil?" "By no manner of means, sir." "This is an allegory [394], which I framed to make my

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meaning clear, Brethren; and here is its meaning:—The brimming pot of oil typifies a collected state of mind as regards things concerning the body, and the lesson to be learnt is that such mindfulness should be practised and perfected. Fail not in this, Brethren." So saying, the Master gave forth the Sutta concerning the Belle of the Land, with both text and interpretation. [395] Then, by way of application, the Blessed One went on to say,—“A Brother desirous of practising right mindfulness concerning the body, should be as careful not to let his mindfulness drop, as the man in the allegory was not to let drop the pot of oil.”

When they had heard the Sutta and its meaning, the Brethren said:—“It was a hard task, sir, for the man to pass by with the pot of oil without gazing on the charms of the Belle of the Land.” “Not hard at all, Brethren; it was quite an easy task,—easy for the very good reason that he was escorted along by one who threatened him with a drawn sword. But it was a truly hard task for the wise and good of bygone days to preserve right mindfulness and to curb their passions so as not to look at celestial beauty in all its perfection. Still they triumphed, and passing on won a kingdom.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the youngest of the King's hundred sons,

and grew up to manhood. Now in those days there were Pacceka Buddhas who used to come to take their meals at the palace, and the Bodhisatta ministered to them.

Thinking one day of the great number of brothers he had, the Bodhisatta asked himself whether there was any likelihood of his coming to the throne of his fathers in that city, and determined to ask the Pacceka Buddhas to tell him what should come to pass. Next day the Buddhas came, took the water-pot that was consecrated to holy uses, filtered the water, washed and dried their feet, and sate down to their meal. And as they sat, the Bodhisatta came and seating himself by them with a courteous salutation, put his question. And they answered and said, "Prince, you will never come to be king in this city. But in Gandhara, two thousand leagues away, there stands the city of Takkasila. If you can reach that city, in seven days you will become king there. But there is peril on the road thither, in journeying through a great forest. It is double the distance round the forest that it is to pass through it. Ogres have their dwelling therein, and ogresses make villages and houses arise by the wayside. Beneath a goodly canopy embroidered with stars overhead, their magic sets a costly couch shut in by fair curtains of wondrous dye. Arranged in celestial splendour the ogresses sit within their abodes, seducing wayfarers [396] with honied words. 'Weary you seem,' they say; 'come hither, and eat and drink before you journey further on your way.' Those that come at their bidding are given seats and fired to lust by the charm of their wanton beauty. But scarce have they sinned, before the ogresses slay them and eat them while the warm

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blood is still flowing. And they ensnare men's senses; captivating the sense of beauty with utter loveliness, the

ear with sweet minstrelsy, the nostrils with heavenly odours, the taste with heavenly dainties of exquisite savour, and the touch with red-cushioned couches divinely soft. But if you can subdue your senses, and be strong in your resolve not to look upon them, then on the seventh day you will become king of the city of Takkasila.”

“Oh, sirs; how could I look upon the ogresses after your advice to me?” So saying, the Bodhisatta besought the Pacceka Buddhas to give him something to keep him safe on his journey. Receiving from them a charmed thread and some charmed sand, he first bade farewell to the Pacceka Buddhas and to his father and mother; and then, going to his own abode, he addressed his household as follows:—“I am going to Takkasila to make myself king there. You will stop behind here.” But five of them answered, “Let us go too.”

“You may not come with me,” answered the Bodhisatta; “for I am told that the way is beset by ogresses who captivate men’s senses, and destroy those who succumb to their charms. Great is the danger, but I will rely on myself and go.”

“If we go with you, prince, we should not gaze upon their baleful charms. We too will go to Takkasila.” “Then shew yourselves steadfast,” said the Bodhisatta, and took those five with him on his journey.

The ogresses sat waiting by the way in their villages. And one of the five, the lover of beauty, looked upon the ogresses, and being ensnared by their beauty, lagged behind the rest. “Why are you dropping behind?” asked the Bodhisatta. “My feet hurt me, prince. I’ll just sit down for a bit in one of these pavilions, and then catch you up.” “My good mall, these are ogresses; don’t hanker after them.”

“Be that as it may, prince, I can’t go any further.” “Well, you will soon be shewn in your real colours,” said the Bodhisatta, as he went on with the other four.

Yielding to his senses, the lover of beauty drew near to the ogresses, who [397] tempted him to sin, and killed him then and there. Thereon they departed, and further along the road raised by magic arts a new pavilion, in which they sat singing to the music of divers instruments. And now the lover of music dropped behind and was eaten. Then the ogresses went on further and sat waiting in a bazaar stocked with all sweet scents and perfumes. And here the lover of sweet-smelling things fell behind. And when they had eaten him, they went on further and sat in a provision-booth where a profusion of heavenly viands of exquisite savour was offered for sale. And here the gourmet fell behind. And when they had eaten him, they went on further, and sat on heavenly conches wrought by their magic arts. And here the lover of comfort fell behind. And him too they ate.

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Only the Bodhisatta was left now. And one of the ogresses followed him, promising herself that for all his stern resolution she would succeed in devouring him ere she turned back. Further on in the forest, woodmen and others, seeing the ogress, asked her who the man was that walked on ahead.

“He is my husband, good gentlemen.”

“Hi, there!” said they to the Bodhisatta; “when you have got a sweet young wife, fair as the flowers, to leave her home and put her trust in you, why don’t you walk with her instead of letting her trudge wearily behind you?” “She is no

wife of mine, but an ogress. She has eaten my five companions.” “Alas! good gentlemen,” said she, “anger will drive men to say their very wives are ogresses and ghouls.”

Next, she simulated pregnancy and then the look of a woman who has borne one child; and child on hip, she followed after the Bodhisatta. Everyone they met asked just the same questions about the pair, and the Bodhisatta gave just the same answer as he journeyed on.

At last he came to Takkasila, where the ogress made the child disappear, and followed alone. At the gates of the city the Bodhisatta entered a Rest-house and sat down. Because of the Bodhisatta’s efficacy and power, she could not enter too; so she arrayed herself in divine beauty and stood on the threshold.

The King of Takkasila was at that moment passing by on his way to his pleasure, and was snared by her loveliness. “Go, find out,” said he to an attendant, “whether she has a husband [398] with her or not.” And when the messenger came and asked whether she had a husband with her, she said, “Yes, sir; my husband is sitting within in the chamber.”

“She is no wife of mine,” said the Bodhisatta. “She is an ogress and has eaten my five companions.”

And, as before, she said, “Alas! good gentlemen, anger will drive men to say anything that comes into their heads.”

Then the man went back to the King and told him what each had said. “Treasure-trove is a royal perquisite,” said the King. And he sent for the ogress and had her seated on the back of his elephant. After a solemn procession round the city, the King came back to his palace and had the ogress lodged in the apartments reserved for a queen-consort. After bathing and perfuming himself, the King ate his

evening meal and then lay down on his royal bed. The ogress too prepared herself a meal, and donned all her splendour. And as she lay by the side of the delighted King, she turned on to her side and burst into tears. Being asked why she wept, she said, "Sire, you found me by the wayside, and the women of the harem are many. Dwelling here among enemies I shall feel crushed when they say 'Who knows who your father and mother are, or anything about your family? You were picked up by the wayside.' But if your

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majesty would give me power and authority over the whole kingdom, nobody would dare to annoy me with such taunts."

"Sweetheart, I have no power over those that dwell throughout my kingdom; I am not their lord and master. I have only jurisdiction over those who revolt or do iniquity [*1]. So I cannot give you power and authority over the whole kingdom."

"Then, sire, if you cannot give me authority over the kingdom or over the city, at least give me authority within the palace, that I may have rule here over those that dwell in the palace."

Too deeply smitten with her charms to refuse, the King gave her authority over all within the palace and bade her have rule over them [399]. Contented, she waited till the King was asleep, and then making her way to the city of the ogres returned with the whole crew of ogres to the palace. And she herself slew the King and devoured him, skin, tendons and flesh, leaving only the bare bones. And the rest of the ogres entering the gate devoured everything as it came in their way, not leaving even a fowl or a dog alive.

Next day when people came and found the gate shut, they beat on it with impatient cries, and effected an entrance,— only to find the whole palace strewn with bones. And they exclaimed, “So the man was right in saying she was not his wife but an ogress. In his unwisdom the King brought her home to be his wife, and doubtless she has assembled the other ogres, devoured everybody, and then made off.”

Now on that day the Bodhisatta, with the charmed sand on his head and the charmed thread twisted round his brow, was standing in the Rest-house, sword in hand, waiting for the dawn. Those others, meantime, cleansed the palace, garnished the floors afresh, sprinkled perfumes on them, scattered flowers, hanging nosegays from the roof and festooning the walls with garlands, and burning incense in the place. Then they took counsel together, as follows:—

“The man that could so master his senses as not so much as to look at the ogress as she followed him in her divine beauty, is a noble and steadfast man, filled with wisdom. With such an one as king, it would be well with the whole kingdom. Let us make him our king.”

And all the courtiers and all the citizens of the kingdom were one-minded in the matter. So the Bodhisatta, being chosen king, was escorted into the capital and there decked in jewels and anointed king of Takkasila. Shunning the four evil paths, and following the ten paths of kingly duty, he ruled his kingdom in righteousness, and after a life spent in charity and other good works passed away to fare according to his deserts.

His story told, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza:—
[400]

As one with care a pot of oil will bear,

Full to the brim, that none may overflow, So he who forth to
foreign lands doth fare O'er his own heart like governaunce
should shew.

[401] When the Master had thus led up to the highest point
of instruction, which is Arahathship, he identified the Birth by
saying, "The Buddha's disciples were in those days the
king's courtiers, and I the prince that won a kingdom."

Footnotes

^232:1 This is the general style in the canon of the wife of
Goiania the Buddha. Cf. Oldenberg's Vinaya, Vol. I. page 82,
and the translation in Sacred Books of the East, Vol. XIII. p.
208. It is not however correct to say that the Vinaya
passage is "the only passage in the Pali Pitakas which
mentions this lady." For she is mentioned in the
Buddhavamsa (P. T. S. edition, page 65), and her name is
there given as Bhaddakacca.

^232:2 It is not yet known where this Sutta occurs. A Pali
summary of it has been left untranslated, as adding little or
nothing to the above 'Introductory Story.'

^236:1 Cf. Milinda-panho 359 for an exposition of the
limited prerogative of kings.

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

[j097]

No. 97.

NAMASIDDHI-JATAKA.

“Seeing Quick dead.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a Brother who thought luck went by names. For we hear that a young man of good family, named ‘Base,’ had given his heart to the Faith, and joined the Brotherhood. [402] And the Brethren used to call to him, “Here, Brother Base!” and “Stay, Brother Base,” till he resolved that, as ‘Base’ gave the idea of incarnate wickedness and ill-luck, he would change his name to one of better omen. Accordingly he asked his teachers and preceptors to give him a new name. But they said that a name only served to denote, and did not impute qualities; and they bade him rest content with the name he had. Time after time he renewed his request, till the whole Brotherhood knew what importance he attached to a mere name. And as they sat discussing the matter in the Hall of Truth, the Master entered and asked what it was they were speaking about. Being told, he said “This is not the first time this Brother has believed luck went by names; he was equally dissatisfied with the name he bore in a former age.” So saying he told this story of the past.

Once on a time the Bodhisatta was a teacher of world-wide fame at Takkasila, and five hundred young brahmins learnt the Vedas from his lips. One of these young men was named Base. And from continually hearing his fellows say, “Go, Base” and “Come, Base,” he longed to get rid of his name and to take one that had a less ill-omened ring about it. So he went to his master and asked that a new name of a respectable character might be given him. Said his master, “Go, my son, and travel through the land till you have found

a name you fancy. Then come back and I will change your name for you.”

The young man did as he was bidden, and taking provisions for the

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journey wandered from village to village till he came to a certain town. Here a man named Quick had died, and the young brahmin seeing him borne to the cemetery asked what his name was.

“Quick,” was the reply. “What, can Quick be dead?” “Yes, Quick is dead; both Quick and Dead die just the same. A name only serves to mark who’s who. You seem a fool.”

Hearing this he went on into the city, feeling neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with his own name.

Now a slave-girl had been thrown down at the door of a house, while her master and mistress beat her with rope-ends because she had not brought home her wages. And the girl’s name was Rich. [403] Seeing the girl being beaten, as he walked along the street, he asked the reason, and was told in reply that it was because she had no wages to shew.

“And what is the girl’s name?”

“Rich,” said they. “And cannot Rich make good a paltry day’s pay?” “Be she called Rich or Poor, the money’s not forthcoming any the more. A name only serves to mark who’s who. You seem a fool.”

More reconciled to his own name, the young brahmin left the city and on the road found a man who had lost his way. Having learnt that he had lost his way, the young man

asked what his name was. “Guide,” was the reply. “And has Guide lost his way?” “Guide or Misguide, you can lose your way just the same. A name only serves to mark who’s who. You seem a fool.”

Quite reconciled now to his name, the young brahmin came back to his master.

“Well, what name have you chosen?” asked the Bodhisatta. “Master,” said he, “I find that death comes to ‘Quick’ and ‘Dead’ alike, that ‘Rich’ and ‘Poor’ may be poor together, and that ‘Guide’ and ‘Misguide’ alike miss their way. I know now that a name serves only to tell who is who, and does not govern its owner’s destiny. So I am satisfied with my own name, and do not want to change it for any other.”

Then the Bodhisatta uttered this stanza, combining what the young brahmin had done with the sights he had seen:—

Seeing Quick dead, Guide lost, Rich poor,

Base learned content nor travelled more.

His story told, the Master said “So you see, Brethren, that in former days as now this Brother imagined there was a great deal in a name.” And he identified the Birth by saying, “This Brother who is discontented with his name was the discontented young brahmin of those days; the Buddha’s disciples were the pupils; and I myself their master.”

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

[p. 239] [j098]

No. 98.

KUTAVANIJA-JATAKA.

[404] “Wise rightly, Wisest wrongly.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a cheating merchant. There were two merchants in partnership at Savatthi, we are told, who travelled with their merchandise and came back with the proceeds. And the cheating merchant thought to himself, “My partner has been badly fed and badly lodged for so many days past that he will die of indigestion now he has got home again and can feast to his heart’s content on dainties manifold. My plan is to divide what we have made into three portions, giving one to his orphans and keeping two for myself.” And with this object he made some excuse day by day for putting off the division of the profits.

Finding that it was in vain to press for a division, the honest partner went to the Master at the monastery, made his salutation, and was received kindly. “It is a very long time,” said the Buddha, “since you came last to see me.” And hereupon the merchant told the Master what had befallen him.

“This is not the first time, lay-follower,” said the Master, “that this man has been a cheating merchant; he was no less a cheat in times past. As he tries to defraud you now, so did he try to defraud the wise and good of other days.” So saying, at the merchant’s request, the Master told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born into a merchant’s family and on name-day was named ‘Wise.’ When he grew up he entered into partnership with another merchant named ‘Wisest,’ and traded with him. And these two took five hundred waggons of merchandise from Benares to the country-districts, where

they disposed of their wares, returning afterwards with the proceeds to the city. When the time for dividing came, Wisest said, "I must have a double share." "Why so?" asked Wise. "Because while you are only Wise, I am Wisest. And Wise ought to have only one share to Wisest's two." "But we both had an equal interest in the stock-in-trade and in the oxen and waggons. Why should you have two shares?" "Because I am Wisest." And so they talked away till they fell to quarrelling.

"Ah!" thought Wisest, "I have a plan." And he made his father hide in [405] a hollow tree, enjoining the old man to say, when the two came, "Wisest should have a double portion." This arranged, he went to the Bodhisatta and proposed to him to refer the claim for a double share to the competent decision of the Tree-Sprite. Then he made his appeal in these words: "Lord Tree-Sprite, decide our cause!" Hereupon the father, who was hidden in the tree, in a changed voice asked them to state the

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case. The cheat addressed the tree as follows: "Lord, here stands Wise, and here stand I Wisest. We have been partners in trade. Declare what share each should receive."

"Wise should receive one share, and Wisest two," was the response.

Hearing this decision, the Bodhisatta resolved to find out whether it was indeed a Tree-Sprite or not. So he filled the hollow trunk with straw and set it on fire. And Wisest's father was half roasted by the rising flames and clambered up by clutching hold of a bough. Falling to the ground, he uttered this stanza:—

Wise rightly, Wisest wrongly got his name;

Through Wisest, I'm nigh roasted in the flame.

Then the two merchants made an equal division and each took half, and at their deaths passed away to fare according to their deserts.

“Thus you see,” said the Master, “that your partner was as great a cheat in past times as now.” Having ended his story, he identified the Birth by saying, “The cheating merchant of to-day was the cheating merchant in the story, and I the honest merchant named Wise.”

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

[j099]

No. 99.

PAROSAHASSA-JATAKA.

“Far better than a thousand fools.”—This story was told by the Master when at Jetavana, concerning the question of the unconverted. [406]

(The incidents will be related in the Sarabhangajataka [*1].)

On a certain occasion the Brethren met in the Hall of Truth and praised the wisdom of Sariputta, the Captain of the Faith, who had expounded the meaning of the Buddha's pithy saying. Entering the hall, the Master asked and was told what the Brethren were talking about. “This is not the first time, Brethren,” said he, “that the meaning of a pithy saying of mine has been brought out by Sariputta. He did the like in times gone by.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born a Northern brahmin and perfected his education at Takkasila. Putting Lusts from him and renouncing the world for the hermit's life, he

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won the Five Knowledges and the Eight Attainments, and dwelt in the Himalayas, where five hundred hermits gathered round him. One rainy season, his chief disciple went with half the hermits to the haunts of men to get salt and vinegar. And that was the time when the Bodhisatta should die. And his disciples, wishing to know his spiritual attainment, said to him, "What excellence have you won?"

"Won?" said he; "I have won Nothing [*1]." So saying, he died, but was reborn in the Brahma Realm of Radiant Devils. (For Bodhisattas even though they may have attained to the highest state are never reborn in the Formless World, because they are incapable of passing beyond the Realm of Form.) Mistaking his meaning, his disciples concluded that he had failed to win any spiritual attainment. So they did not pay the customary honours at cremation.

On his return the chief disciple learnt that the master was dead, and asked whether they had asked what he had won. "He said he had won nothing," said they. "So we did not pay him the usual honours at cremation."

"You understood not his meaning," said that chief disciple. "Our master meant that he had attained to the insight called the insight into the Nothingness of Things." But though he explained this again and again to the disciples, they believed him not.

Knowing their unbelief, the Bodhisatta cried, “Fools! they do not believe my chief disciple. I will make this thing plain unto them.” And he came from the Brahma Realm and by virtue of his mighty powers rested in mid-air above the hermitage and uttered this stanza in praise of the wisdom of the chief disciple:—[407]

Far better than a thousand fools, though they

Cry out a hundred years unceasingly, Is one who, hearing,
straightway understands.

Thus did the Great Being from mid-air proclaim the Truth and rebuke the band of hermits. Then he passed back to the Brahma Realm, and all those hermits too qualified themselves for rebirth in the same Realm.

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

Footnotes

^240:1 No. 522.

^241:1 One of the highest Attainments was the insight into the nothingness of things; everything being a delusion.

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

[p. 242] [j100]

No. 100.

ASATARUPA-JATAKA.

“In guise of joy.”—This story was told by the Master while at Kundadhanavana near the city of Kundiya about Suppavasa, a lay-sister, who was daughter to King Koliya. For at that time, she, who had carried a child seven years in her womb, was in the seventh day of her throes, and her pains were grievous. In spite of all her agony, she thought as follows: —“All-Enlightened is the Blessed One who preaches the Truth to the end that such suffering may cease; righteous are the Elect of the Blessed One who so walk that such suffering may cease; blessed is Nirvana wherein such suffering cloth cease.” These three thoughts were her consolation in her pangs. And she sent her husband to the Buddha to tell her state and bear a greeting for her.

Her message was given to the Blessed One, who said, [408] “May Suppavasa, daughter of the king of the Koliyas, grow strong and well again, and bear a healthy child.” And at the word of the Blessed One, Suppavasa, daughter of the king of the Koliyas, became well and strong, and bore a healthy child. Finding on his return that his wife had been safely delivered, the husband marvelled greatly at the exalted powers of the Buddha. Now that her child was born, Suppavasa was eager to show bounty for seven days to the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head, and sent her husband back to invite them. Now it chanced that at that time the Brotherhood with the Buddha at its head had received an invitation from the layman who supported the Elder Moggallana the Great; but the Master, wishing to gratify Suppavasa’s charitable desires, sent to the Elder to explain the matter, and with the Brotherhood accepted for seven days the hospitality of Suppavasa. On the seventh day she dressed up her little boy, whose name was Sivali, and made him bow before the Buddha and the Brotherhood. And when he was brought in due course to Sariputta, the Elder in all kindness greeted the infant, saying, “Well, Sivali,

is all well with you?” “How could it be, sir?” said the infant. “Seven long years have I had to wallow in blood.”

Then in joy Suppavasa exclaimed, “My child, only seven days old, is actually discoursing on religion with the apostle Sariputta, the Captain of the Faith?”

“Would you like another such a child?” asked the Master. “Yes, sir;” said Suppavasa, “seven more, if I could have them like him.” In solemn phrase the Master gave thanks for Suppavasa’s hospitality and departed.

At seven years of age the child Sivali gave his heart to the Faith and forsook the world to join the Brotherhood; at twenty he was admitted a full Brother. Righteous was he and won the crown of righteousness which is Arahatsip, and the earth shouted aloud for joy.

So one day the assembled Brethren talked with one another in the Hall of Truth respecting the matter, saying, “The Elder Sivali, who is now so shining a light, was the child of many prayers; seven long years was he in the womb and seven days in birth. How great must have been the pains of mother and child! Of what deeds were their pains the fruit?”

Entering the hall, the Master asked the subject of their discourse. “Brethren,” said he, “the righteous Sivali [409] was seven years in the womb and seven days in birth all because of his own past deeds. And similarly Suppavasa’s seven years’ pregnancy and seven days’ travail resulted from her own past deeds.” So saying, he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares, the Bodhisatta was the child of the queen-consort, and grew up and was educated at Takkasila, and at his father's death became king and ruled righteously. Now in those days the King of Kosala came up with a great force against Benares and slew the king and bore off his queen to be his own wife.

When the king was slain, his son made his escape through the sewer. Afterwards he collected a mighty force and came to Benares. Encamping hard by, he sent a message to the king to either surrender the kingdom or give battle. And the king sent back the answer that he would give battle. But the mother of the young prince, hearing of this, sent a message to her son, saying, "There is no need to do battle. Let every approach to the city on every side be invested and barred, till lack of firewood and water and food wears out the people. Then the city will fall into your hands without any fighting." Following his mother's advice, the prince for seven days invested the city with so close a blockade that the citizens on the seventh day cut off their king's head and brought it to the prince. Then he entered the city and made himself king, and when his life ended he passed away to fare according to his deserts.

The result and consequence of his acts in blockading the city for those seven days was that for seven years he abode in the womb and was seven days in birth. But, inasmuch as he had fallen at the feet of the Buddha Padumuttara and had prayed with many gifts that the crown of Arahatsip might be his; and, inasmuch as, in the days of the Buddha Vipassi, he had offered up the same prayer, he and his townsfolk, with gifts of great price;—[410] therefore, by his merit, he won the crown of Arahatsip. And because Suppavasa sent the message bidding her son take the city

by blockade, she was doomed to a seven years' pregnancy and to a seven days' travail.

His story ended, the Master, as Buddha, repeated these verses:—

In guise of joy and blessings, sorrow comes

And trouble, sluggards' hearts to overwhelm.

And when he had taught this lesson, the Master identified the Birth by saying, "Sivali was the prince who in those days blockaded the city, and became king; Suppavasa was his mother, and I his father, the king of Benares."

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

[j101]

No. 101.

PAROSATA-JATAKA.

Far better than a hundred fools, though they

Think hard a hundred years unceasingly, Is one who, hearing, straightway understands.

[411] This story is in all respects analogous to the Parosahassa-Jataka (No. 99), with the sole difference that 'think hard' is read here.

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

[p. 244] [j102]

No. 102.

PANNIKA-JATAKA.

“He that should prove.”—This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a lay-brother who was a greengrocer in Savatthi and made a living by the sale of various roots and vegetables, and pumpkins and the like. Now he had a pretty daughter who was as good and virtuous as she was pretty, but was always laughing. And when she was asked in marriage by a family of his own station in life, he thought “She ought to be married, but she’s always laughing; and a bad girl married into a strange family is her parents’ shame. I must find out for certain whether she is a good girl or not.”

So one day he made his daughter take a basket and come with him to the forest to gather herbs. Then to try her, he took her by the hand with whispered words of love. Straightway the girl burst into tears and began to cry out that such a thing would be as monstrous as fire rising out of water, and she besought him to forbear. Then he told her that his only intent was to try her, and asked whether she was virtuous. And she declared that she was and that she had never looked on any man with eyes of love. Calming her fears and taking her back home, he made a feast and gave her in marriage. Then feeling that he ought to go and pay his respects to the Master, he took perfumes and garlands in his hand and went to Jetavana. His salutations done and offerings made, he seated himself near the Master, who observed that it was a long time since his last coming. Then the man told the Blessed One the whole story.

“She has always been a good girl,” said the Master. “You have put her to the test now just as you did in days gone

by.” Then at the greengrocer’s request he told this story of the past.

Once on a time when Brahmadata was reigning in Benares [412], the Bodhisatta was a Tree-Sprite in a forest. And a lay-follower who was a greengrocer of Benares had just the same doubts of his daughter, and all fell out as in the introductory story. And as her father took hold of her hand the weeping girl repeated these verses:—

He that should prove my buckler strong,

My father, worketh me this wrong. Forlorn in thickest wood I cry;
My helper proves my enemy.

Then her father calmed her fears, and asked whether she was a virgin. And when she declared that she was, he brought her home and made a feast and gave the girl in marriage.

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His story ended, the Master preached the Four Truths, at the close whereof the greengrocer was established in the First Path of Salvation. Then the faster identified the Birth by saying, “The father and daughter of to-day were the father and daughter in the story, and I the Tree-Sprite who witnessed the scene.”

[Note. Cf. No. 217.]

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

[j103]