"Lo these grey hairs," etc. This story the Master told while dwelling in Makkhādeva's mango park, near Mithilā, about a smile. One day at eventide, the Master with a large company of Brethren was walking up and down in this mango park, when he espied a pleasant spot. Being desirous of telling his behaviour in former times, he allowed a smile to be seen on his face. When asked by the Reverend Ānanda why he smiled, he answered, "In yonder spot, Ānanda, I once dwelt, deep in ecstatic meditation, in the time of King Makkhādeva." Then at his request, he sat down upon an offered seat, and told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Videha, and in the city of Mithilā, a certain Makkhādeva was king. Four and eighty thousand years he took his pleasure as a young man, four and eighty thousand years he was viceroy, eighty and four thousand years he was king.

Now he told his barber to be sure to inform him as soon as ever he should see grey hairs on his head. When by and by the barber saw grey hairs, and told him, he made the man pull them out with a pair of tongs, and to lay them upon his hand, and seeing death as it were clinging to his forehead, [96] "now," thinks he, "is the time for me to leave the world." So he gave the barber his choice of a village, and sending for his eldest son, he told him to undertake the government, since he was himself about to renounce the world. "Why, my lord?" asked he. The king replied:

"Lo these grey hairs that on my head appear
Take of my life in passing year by year:
They are God's messengers, which bring to mind
The time I must renounce the world is near."

With these words he made his son king with the ceremonial sprinkling, and leaving him directions to act thus and thus, he left the city; and embracing the life of a Brother, through eighty-four thousand years he fostered the Four Excellencies, and he was then reborn in Brahma's heaven.

His son also, in like manner, renounced the world, and became destined to Brahma's heaven. So also his son again; and so one royal prince after another, to the number of eighty and four thousand less two—each as he saw a white hair in his head became an ascetic in this mango park, and fostered the Four Excellencies, and was born in Brahma's

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1 No. 541 was not amongst Prof. Cowell's MSS.
2 See No. 9, Vol. i. p. 137 (trans. p. 80). See also note i. 33 trans.
heaven. The first of all this line to be there born, King Makkhādeva, standing in Brahma's heaven looked down upon the fortunes of his family, and was glad at heart to see that four and eighty thousand princes less two had renounced the world. He pondered: "Will there be nirvana now, or not?" Seeing that there would not, he resolved that he and no other must round off his family. Accordingly, he came from thence and was conceived in the womb of the king's consort in Mithilā city. On his name-day, the soothsayers looking at his marks, said, "Great king, this prince is born to round off your family. This your family of hermits will go no further." Hearing this, the king said, "The boy is born to round off my family like the hoop of a chariot-wheel!" so he gave him the name of Nemi-Kumāra, or Prince Hoop.

From his childhood upwards, the boy was devoted to giving, to virtue, to keeping the sabbath vow. Then his father, as usual, saw a white hair, gave a village to his barber, made his son king, became a hermit in the mango park, and was destined for Brahma's heaven. King Nimi, in his devotion to almsgiving, made five almshalls, one at each of the four gates of the city, and one in the midst of it, and [97] distributed great gifts: in each of the almshalls he distributed a hundred thousand pieces of money, that is five hundred thousand each day; continually he kept the Five Precepts; on the moon-days he observed the sabbath; he encouraged the multitude in almsgiving and good works; he pointed out the road to heaven, and affrighted them with the fear of death, and preached the Law. They abiding by his admonitions, giving gifts and doing good, passed away one after another and were born in the world of gods: that world became full, hell was as it were empty. Then in the Heaven of the Thirty-three, the company of gods assembled in Sudhammā the divine hall of assembly, crying aloud—"Hail to our teacher, King Nimi! By his doing, by the knowledge of a Buddha, we have attained to this divine enjoyment infinite!" Thus they sang the virtues of the Great Being. Even in the world of men that sound of praise was spread, as oil spreads over the surface of the great deep.

The Master explained this to the assembled Brethren in the following lines:

"It was a marvel in the world how good men did arise
In the days of good King Nimi, the worthy and the wise.
Alms gave Videha's monarch, the conqueror of his foes;
And as he gave in charity, this thought in him arose:
"Which is more fruitful—holy life or giving alms? who knows?"

At that moment Sakka's throne became hot. Sakka pondering the

1 Sic, but below, Nimi.
2 pukkhativaseu.
3 The scholiast says that this doubt occurred to him in the night, and that he could not decide.
reason, saw him reflecting there. [98] "I will solve the question," he said; and going about, and swiftly, he made the palace one blaze of light, and entering the chamber, stood there glowing; and at the king’s request, made all clear.

To explain this, the Master said:

"The mighty monarch of the gods, he of the thousand eyes, Perceives his thought; before his light away the darkness flies. Great Nimi spake to Vasava, and all his flesh did creep:

'Who art thou? or a demigod or Sakka's self must be: For I have never seen or heard such glory as I see.'

Then Vasava to Nimi spake, knowing his flesh did creep:

'Sakka, the king of gods, I am; to visit you I'm here; Ask what you will, O king, and let your flesh not creep for fear.'

Then Nimi spake to Vasava, this invitation made:

'Most puissant lord of all that breathe, this question solve for me: Holy to live, or alms to give, which should more fruitful be?'

Then Vasava to Nimi spake, solving his question so, And told the fruit of holy life to him who did not know:

'He's born a Khattiya, who lives holy in the third degree: A god, the middle; and the first brings perfect purity.

Not easy are these states to win by any charity, Which hermits who have left the world win by austerity.'

[99] By these verses he illustrated the great fruitfulness of a holy life, and then recited others, naming the kings who in times past had been unable to get beyond the domain of sense by giving great gifts:

"Dudipa, Sāgara, Sela, Mucalinda, Bhagiratha, 
Usnara and Aṭṭhaka, Assaka, and Puthujjana, 
Yesa, kings and brahmins, Khattiya chiefs, many and many a one, For all their sacrifice, beyond the Peta world came none."

Having thus explained how much greater was the fruitfulness of holy life than that of almsgiving, he described those ascetics who by the holy life had passed the Peta world to be born in Brahma's heaven, and said:

"These holy hermits who had left the world, Seven sages, passed beyond: Yāmahanu, Somayāga, Manojava, Śamudda, Māgha, and Bharata, and Kālikara: Four others: Kassapa, Angrīsa, Akitti, Kisavaccha, these besides."

[100] So far, he described by tradition the great fruit of a holy life; but now he went on, declaring what he had himself seen:

"Śāda's a river in the north, unnavigable, deep: About it, like a fire of reeds, blaze golden mountains steep,

1 "Because," quoth the scholiast, "the water is so delicate, that even a peacock’s feather will not float, but sinks to the bottom."
With creepers filled and fragrant plants river and hills as well.
Thereby ten thousand cremates once on a time did dwell.
Noble am I, who kept the vow of temperance, self-control,
Almsgiving: solitary then tended each stedfast soul.
Caste or no caste, the upright man I would attend at need:
For every mortal man is bound by his own act and deed.
Apart from righteousness, all castes are sure to sink to hell:
All castes are purified if they are righteous and act well.”

[102] After this, he said: “But, great king, although holy living is
more fruitful by far than almsgiving, yet both these are the thoughts of
great men: do you be watchful in both, give alms and follow virtue.” With
this advice, he went to his own place.

Then the company of gods said: “Sire, we have not seen you lately;
where have you been?” “Sirs, a doubt arose in the mind of King Nimi
at Mithila, and I went to resolve the question, and to place him beyond
doubt.” And then he described the occurrence in verse:

“Listen to me, Sire, one and all that here assembled be:
Men who are righteous differ much in caste and quality.
There is King Nimi, wise and good, the better part who chose—
King of Videha, gave great gifts, that conqueror of his foes;
And as these bounteous gifts he gave, behold this doubt arose:
‘Which is more bounteous—holy life or giving alms? Who knows?’”

[103] So he spoke, without omission, telling the king’s quality. This
made the deities long to see that king; and they said, “Sire, King Nimi
is our teacher; by following his admonitions, by his means, we have
attained to the joy of godhood. We wish to see him—send for him, Sire,
and show him to us!” Sakka consented, and sent Mātali: “Friend
Mātali, yoke my royal car, go to Mithila, place King Nimi in the divine
chariot and bring him here.” Mātali obeyed and departed. Whilst Sakka
was talking with the gods, and giving his orders to Mātali, and sending
his chariot, one month had past by men’s reckoning. So it was the holy
day of the full moon: King Nimi opening the eastern window was sitting
on the upper floor, surrounded by his courtiers, contemplating virtue; and
just as the moon’s disk rose in the east this chariot appeared. The people
had eaten their evening meal, and sat at their doors talking comfortably
together. “Why, there are two moons to-day!” they cried. As they
gossiped, the chariot became plain to their view. “No, it is no moon,”
they said, “but a chariot!” In due course there appeared Mātali’s team of
a thousand thoroughbreds, and the car of Sakka, and they wondered whom
that could be for! Ah, their king was righteous; for him Sakka’s divine

1 The scholiast adds upatthānā to complete the construction. He adds a long
dull story to explain how this came about. This stanza is quite as abrupt in the
original.
car must be sent; Sakka must wish to see their king. So in delight they cried out:

"A marvel in the world, to make one shiver with delight:
For glorious Videha comes the car divine in sight!"

As the people talked and talked, swift as the wind came Mātali, who turned the chariot, and brought it to rest out of the way by the sill of the window, and called on the king to enter.

[104] Explaining this, the Master said:

"The mighty Mātali, the charioteer
Of heaven, summoned now Videha's king
Who lived in Mithilā: 'Come, noble king,
Lord of the world, upon this chariot mount:
Indra and all the gods, the Thirty-three,
Would see you, waiting in Sudhammā Hall.'"

The king thought, "I shall see the gods' dwelling-place, which I never have seen; and I shall be showing kindness to Mātali," so he addressed his women and all the people, and said—"In a short time I shall return: you must be watchful, do good and give alms." Then he got into the car.

The Master said, to explain this¹:

"Then with all speed, Videha's king arose,
And went towards the chariot, and got in.
When he was in it, Mātali thus spoke:
'By which road shall I take you, noble king?
Where dwell the wicked, or where dwell the good?'"

At this the king thought—"I have never seen either of these places before, and I should like to see both." He answered:

"Mātali, charioteer divine, both places I would see:
Both where the righteous men abide, and where the wicked be."

Mātali thinking, "One cannot see both at once; I will question him," recited a stanza:

"Which first, great monarch, noble king—which place first would you see,
That where the righteous men abide, or where the wicked be?"

[105] Then the king, thinking that go to heaven he would in any case, and that he might as well choose to see hell², recited the next stanza:

"I'd see the place of sinful men; please let me go to hell;
Where they who once did cruel deeds and where the wicked dwell."

Then he just showed him Vetiṇā, the river of hell.
To explain this, the Master said:

"Mātali showed the king Vetiṇā,
A river stiuking, full of corrosive brine,
Hot, covered all with burning flames of fire."

¹ The composite character of the following episode is clear.
³ The scholiast gives a long description of the horrors of this region.
The king was terrified when he saw creatures thus sorely tormented in Vetarapi, and he asked Matai what sins they had done. Matai told him.

This the Master explained:

"Then Nimi, when he saw the people fall
In this deep river-flood, asked Matai

[106] ‘Fear comes on me to see it, charioteer:
Tell me, what is the sin these mortals did
Who are cast in the river?’ He replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘Who in the world of life are strong themselves,
Yet hurt the weak, oppress them, doing sin,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are cast into the stream Vetarapi.’"

Thus did Matai answer his question. And when the king had seen the hell Vetaran, he caused this place to disappear, and driving the chariot onwards showed him the place where they are torn by dogs and other beasts. He answered the king’s question as follows.

This the Master explained:

"‘Black dogs and speckled vultures, flocks of crows
Most horrid, prey upon them. When I look,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Matai,
What sin have these committed, charioteer,
Whom ravens prey on?’ Matai replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘These are the churls, the misers, foul of tongue
To brahmins and ascetics, that do hurt;
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are those you see of ravens here the prey.’"

[107] His other questions are answered in the same way.

"‘Their bodies all ablaze they lie prostrate,
Founted with red-hot lumps: when I behold,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Matai,
What sin have these committed, charioteer,
Who lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps?’
Then Matai the charioteer replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘These in the world of life were sinful men,
Who hurt and did torment those without sin,
Both men and women, sinful as they were.
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now lie there beaten with the red-hot lumps.’

‘Others lie struggling in a pit of coals,
Roaring, their bodies charred: when I behold,

[108] Fear seizes on me: tell me, Matai,
What sin have these committed, charioteer,
Who lie there struggling in the fiery pit?’
Then Matai the charioteer replied,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘These are they who before a crowd of men
Suborned a witness and forswore a debt;
And thus destroying people, mighty king,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Lie there now struggling in the pit of coals.’
'Blazing and flaming, all one mass of fire,
I see an iron cauldron, huge and great:
Fear comes upon me, as I look upon it.
Mātali, tell me, charioteer divine—
What sin those mortals did, that here headfirst
They're cast into the iron cauldron huge?'
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
'Whoso has hurt a brahmin or ascetic,
Foul men of sin, and he a virtuous man,
Those cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now headlong fall into the iron bowl.'

[109] 'They wring them by the neck and cast them in,
Filling the cauldron full of boiling water!
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That with their heads all battered, there they lie?'
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
'These are the wicked men who in the world
Caught birds, and did destroy them, mighty king;
And thus, destroying other creatures, they
By these their cruel acts gave rise to sin,
And they lie yonder, with their own necks wrung.'

'There flows a river, deep, with shallow banks,
Easy of access: thither go the men,
Scorch with the heat, and drink: but as they drink,
The water turns to chaff'; which when I see,
Fear seizes on me. Tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That as they drink, the water turns to chaff?'

[110] Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
'These men are they who mixt good grain with chaff,
And sold it to a buyer, doing ill;
Therefore now scorcht with heat and parcht with thirst,
Even as they drink, the water turns to chaff.'

'With spikes and spears and arrowheads they pierce
Those loudly-wailing folk on either side:
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they lie yonder riddled with the spears?'
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
'These in the world of life were wicked men
Who took what was not theirs, and lived upon it—
Goats, sheep, kine, bulls, corn, treasure, silver, gold:
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Now yonder lie all riddled with the spears.'

[111] 'Who are these fastened by the neck I see,
Some cut to pieces, others all to-torn:
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they lie yonder torn in little bits?'

1 "And all blazes up": schol.
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘Fishers and butchers, hunters of the boar,
Slayers of cattle, bulls, and goats, who slew
And laid the corpses in the slaughter-house,
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are lying yonder torn in little bits.’

‘Yon lake of filth and ordure, stinking foul,
With evil scent unclean, where starving men
Eat of the contents! this when I behold,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Whom there I see devouring dirt and filth?’
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘These are malicious persons, who, for hurt
Of others, lived with them, and harmed their friends:

These cruel creatures begat sin, and now,
Poor fools, they have ordure and filth to eat.’

‘Yon lake is full of blood, and stinking foul,
With evil scent unclean, where scorcht with heat
Men drink the contents! which when I behold,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
That they must now drink of the draught of blood?’
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘They who have slain a mother or a father,
Whom they should reverence; excommunicate
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are those who yonder drink the draught of blood.’

‘That tongue see, pierced with a hook, like as a shield
Stuck with a hundred barbs; and who are those

Who struggle leaping like a fish on land,
And roaring, drabble spittle? when I see it,
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Whom I see yonder swallowing the hook?’
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘These men are they who in the market-place
Haggling andcheapening from their greed of gain
Have practised knavery, and thought it hidden,
Like one that hooks a fish: but for the knave
There is no safety, dogged by all his deeds:
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are lying yonder swallowing the hook.’

‘Yon women, bent and broken, stretching their arms
And wailing, wretched, smeared with stains of blood,
Like cattle in the shambles, stand waist-deep
Buried in earth, the upper trunk ablaze!

Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those women,
That now they stand all buried in the earth
Waist-deep, the upper trunk a mass of flame?’

1 kārapika: ‘kṣrapakāra. ‘ The small St Petersburg Dictionary gives ‘Lohrer’
as one meaning of it. There is nothing more to guide us.
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘They were of noble birth when in the world,
Lived lives unclean, did deeds of wickedness,
Were traitors, left their husbands, and besides
Did other things to satisfy their lust;
They spent their lives in dalliance; therefore now
Stand blazing, waist-deep buried in the earth.’

‘Why do they seize you persons by the legs
And cast them headlong into Naraka?1
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,

What sin has been committed by those men,
That they are so hurled headlong into Naraka?’
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘These in the world did evil, did seduce
Another’s wife, stole his most precious thing,
So now are headlong cast in Naraka.
They suffer misery for countless years
In hell; there is no safety for the sinner,
But he is ever dogged by his own deeds.
These cruel creatures begat sin, and they
Are now cast headlong into Naraka.’”

With these words, Mātali the charioteer made this hell to disappear
also, and driving the chariot onwards, showed him the hell of torment for
heretics. On request he explained it to him.

“‘Many and various causes I have seen
Most terrible, amongst these hells: to see them
Fear seizes on me: tell me, Mātali,
What sin has been committed by those mortals,
Why they must suffer this excessive pain,
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable?’
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how sin ripens and bears fruit:
‘Who in the world were wicked heretics,
Who put their faith in false delusion,
Made proselytes of others to their heresy,

They by their heresy begetting sin
Must therefore suffer this excessive pain,
So sharp, so cruel, so intolerable.’”

Now in heaven the gods were sitting in Sudhammā Hall, looking for
the king’s coming. “Mātali is a long time away,” thought Sakka; and
he perceived the reason, so he said, “Mātali is going the round as guide,
showing all the different hells to the king and telling him what sin led to
each hell. So calling to him a young god, very swift, he said to him—
“Go tell Mātali to bring the king quickly hither. He is using up King
Nimi’s life; he must not go round all the hells.” With speed the young
god went, and gave his message. When Mātali heard it, he said, “We
must not delay”; then showing to the king at one flash all the great hells
in the four quarters, he recited a stanza:

1 “An abyss full of blazing coals”; schol.
"Now, mighty monarch, thou hast seen the place
Of sinners, and where cruel men are sent,
And where the wicked go: now, royal sage,
Come let us hasten to the king of heaven."

With this speech he turned the chariot towards heaven. As the king went towards heaven he beheld [117] in the air the mansion of a goddess, Birañ, with pinnacles of jewels and gold, ornamented in great magnificence, having a park and a lake covered with lilies, and surrounded with trees worthy of the place: and there was this goddess seated upon a divan in a gabled chamber towards the front, and attended by a thousand nymphs, looking out through an open window. He asked Mātali who she was, and Mātali explained it to him.

"'Behold you mansion with five pinnacles:
There, deckt with garlands, lies upon a couch
A most puissant woman, who assumes
All kinds of majesty and wondrous power.
Joy comes on me to see it, charioteer:
But tell me, Mātali, what her good deeds,
That she is happy in this heavenly mansion.'
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
'Heard you ever in the world of Birañ?
A brahmin's home-born slave, who once received
A guest at the right moment, welcomed him
As mother might her son; and therefore now,
Generous and chaste, lives happy in this mansion.'"

[118] With these words, Mātali drove the chariot onwards and showed him the seven golden mansions of the god Sonadinna. The other, when he saw these and the glory of the god, asked an explanation, which Mātali gave.

"'There are seven mansions, shining clear and bright,
Where dwells a mighty being, richly dight,
Who with his wives inhabits them. Delight
Moves me, to see it: tell me, Mātali,
What is the good this mortal did, that he
Dwells happy in this mansion heavenly?'
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Declaring how good ripens and bears fruit:
'This once was Sonadinna, one who gave
With royal bounty, and for hermits wrought
Seven hermitages: all their needs did crave
He faithfully provided. Food he brought,
Bedding to lie on, clothes to wear, and light,
Contented with those men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways¹,
So now dwells in this mansion of delight.'"

[119] Thus he described the deeds of Sonadinna; then driving onwards his chariot, he showed a mansion of crystal: in height it was five and

¹ See RV. 520 ff., translation rv. 202 with note 1.
twenty leagues, it had hundreds of columns made of the seven precious things, hundreds of pinnacles, it was set about with lattices and little bells, a banner of gold and silver flew, beside it was a park and grove full of many bright flowers, with a lovely lake of lilies, nymphs cunning to sing and to make music were there in plenty. Then the king seeing this asked what were the deeds of these nymphs, and the other told him.

"Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,
With pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mátali,
What good these women did, that now in heaven
They dwell within this palace of delight?"
Then answered Mátali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
These women ever walked in holy ways,
Faithful lay sisters, kept the holy days,
Generous, controlled, and watchful, heart-serene,
Now happy in the mansion you have seen."

He drove the chariot on, and showed a mansion of gems: it stood on a level spot, lofty, like a mountain of gems, bright shining, full of gods that played and sang divine music. Seeing this, the king asked what were the deeds of these gods, and the other replied.

[120] "Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,
Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,
Where in divinest melody around,
Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:
I never have beheld a sight so fair,
Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mátali,
What good these mortals did, that now I see
Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight?"
Then answered Mátali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
These were lay Brethren in the world of men:
Provided parks and wells, or water drew
In the well-shed, and tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
Who kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, they walked in holy ways,
And now dwell in this mansion of delight."

Thus having described the deeds of these persons, he drove on and showed him another crystal mansion: with many a pinnacle, and all manner of flowers all about, and fine trees, echoing with the songs of birds of all kinds, by which flowed a river of pure water, [121] become the dwelling-place of a virtuous person surrounded by a company of nymphs. Seeing this the king asked what his deeds were; and the other told him.

"Yon mansion built of crystal, shining bright,
Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,
And rivers, fringed with many a flower and tree—
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mátali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?"
Then answered Mátali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
'At Kimhila a householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, every need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight.'"

Thus he described the deeds of this man, and drove on. Then he showed another crystal mansion: this even more than the last was grown about with all manner of fruit and flowers and clumps of trees. This seen, the king asked what were the deeds of this man who was so fortunate, and the other told him.

"'Yon mansion, built of jewels, shining bright,
Its pinnacles uplifted in the height,
With food and drink in plenty, and a throng
Of goodly women skilled in dance and song,
And rivers, fringed with many a tree and flower,
Royal and elephant trees, and mango, sal,
Roseapple sweet, and tindook, pýyal bower,
And orchard-trees fruit-bearing one and all—
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mátali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?'
Then answered Mátali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
'At Mithila a householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight.'"

Thus he described the deeds of this man also, and drove on. Then he showed another mansion of jewels, like the first, and at the king's request told him the deeds of a god who was happy there.

"'Yon mansion built of jewels, shining bright,
Symmetrical, proportioned, a fair sight,
Where in divinest melody around,
Songs, dances, drums and tabours do resound:
I never have beheld a sight so fair,
Nor sounds so sweet have ever heard, I swear!
[123] Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mátali,
What good these mortals did, whom now I see
Happy in this heavenly mansion of delight?
Then answered Mátali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
‘Once a Benares householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight.’

Again driving on, he showed a mansion of gold, like the sun in his
strength, and at the king’s request told him the deeds of the god who
dwelt there.

“‘Behold yon mansion made of flaming fire,
Red like the sun whereas he riseth higher!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mátali,
What good this mortal did in life, that he
Rejoices in this mansion heavenly?’
Then answered Mátali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
‘Once a Sávatthi householder was he,
Bounteous, gave parks and wells, and faithfully
Drew water, and the tranquil saints did feed,
Found clothes, food, drink and bedding, all their need,
Contented with these men of life upright,
He kept the sabbath day, and each fortnight
The eighth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth days;
Generous, controlled, he walked in holy ways,
And now dwells in this mansion of delight.’”

[124] As he thus described these eight mansions, Sakka, king of the
gods, thinking that Mátali was a long time in coming, sent another swift
god with a message. Mátali, on hearing the message, saw that there must
be no more delay; so at one flash he showed many mansions, and described
to the king what were the deeds of those who dwelt in them.

“‘See many fiery mansions in the air,
As in a bank of cloud the lightning’s flare!
Joy seizes on me: tell me, Mátali,
What good these mortals did, whom now I see
Rejoicing in the heavenly mansion there?’
Then answered Mátali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
‘Good-living, well-instructed, full of faith,
They acted as the Master’s teaching saith;
By living as the Allwise Buddha told
They came to these abodes you now behold.’

Having thus shown him these mansions in the sky, he set out to come
before Sakka with these words:

“Thou’st seen the places of the good and wicked in the air;
Unto the monarch of the gods come let us now repair.”
[126] With these words he drove on, and showed him the seven hills which make a ring about Sinem; to explain how the king questioned Mātali on seeing these, the Master said:

"As the king journeyed on his way in the celestial car
    Drawn by a thousand steeds, he saw the mountain peaks afar
    In Sinem ocean, and he asked, 'Tell me what hills these are.'"

At this question of Nimi the god Mātali replied:

"The mighty hills Sudassara, Karavika, Isadhara,
Yugandhara, Nemindhara, Vinitaka, Assakaṇa.
These hills are in Sūdantara, in order there they be,
    Which high-upstanding in the air thou, mighty king, dost see."

Thus he showed the Heaven of the Four Great Kings, and drove on until he could show the statues of Indra which stood around the great Cittakūṭa gateway of the Heaven of the Thirty-three. At this sight the king asked, and the other answered.

"'This place so fine, elaborate, adorned,
    Set round with Indra's statues, as it were
    By tigers guarded—[126] as I see this sight,
    Joy comes upon me: tell me, Mātali,
    What is the name of this that I behold?'
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
'This place is Cittakūṭa which you see,
The entrance to the place of heaven's king,
The doorway of the Mountain Beautiful:
Elaborate, adorned, and set about
With Indra's statues, as by tigers guarded.
Enter, wise king! enter this spotless place.'"

With these words Mātali led the king within; so it is said—

"Journeying in the car celestial,
    Drawn by a thousand steeds, the mighty king
    Beheld the place where all the gods assemble."

And as he passed along, standing in the car still, he saw the place of the gods' assemblage in Sudhammā, and questioned Mātali, who replied.

"'As in the autumn is the sky all blue,
    So is that jewelled mansion to the view.
    Joy comes upon me: tell me, Mātali,
    What is this mansion which I now behold?'
Then answered Mātali the charioteer,
Describing how good ripens and bears fruit:
[127] 'This is Sudhammā, where the gods assemble,
    Supported by fair columns, finely wrought,
    Eight-sided, made of gems and jewels rare,
    Where dwell the Three-and-thirty, with their chief,
    Lord Indra, thinking of the happiness
    Of gods and men: enter this lovely place,
    O mighty monarch, where the gods abide!"

The gods on their part sat watching for his arrival; and when they heard that the king was come, they went out to meet him with divine
flowers and perfumes as far as the great Cittakuttha gateway; and presenting him with their flowers and perfumes they brought him to Sudhamma Hall. The king dismounting from the car entered the hall of the gods, and the gods offered him a seat, Sakka the like and all pleasures too.

Explaning this, the Master said:

"The gods beheld the king arrive: and then, their guest to greet, Cried—'Welcome, mighty monarch, whom we are so glad to meet! O king! beside the king of gods we pray you take a seat.'

And Sakka welcomed Vedeha, the king of Mithilā town, Ay, Vāsava offered him all joys and prayed him to sit down.

'Amid the rulers of the world O welcome to our land:
Dwell with the gods, O king! who have all wishes at command,
Enjoy immortal pleasures, where the Three-and-thirty stand.'"

Thus Sakka offered him celestial pleasures; and the king declining made answer:

"As when a chariot, or when goods are given on demand,
So is it to enjoy a bliss given by another's hand.

[128] I care not blessings to receive given by another's hand,
My goods are mine and mine alone when on my doeds I stand.
I'll go and do much good to men, give alms throughout the land,
Will follow virtue, exercise control and self-command:
He that so acts is happy, and fears no remorse at hand."

Thus did the Great Being discourse to the gods with honeyed sound; and discoursing he stayed seven days by men's reckoning, and gave delight to the company of the gods. And standing in the midst of the gods he described the virtue of Mātali:

"A most obliging personage is Mātali the charioteer,
The places where the good abide and where the bad, he showed me clear."

Then the king took leave of Sakka, saying that he wished to go to the world of men. Then Sakka said, "Friend Mātali, take King Nimi at once to Mithilā." He got ready the chariot; the king exchanged friendly greetings with the company of gods, left them and entered the car. Mātali drove the car eastwards to Mithilā. There the crowd, seeing the chariot, were delighted to know that their king was returning. Mātali passed round the city of Mithilā rightwise, and put down the Great Being at the same window, took leave, and returned to his own place. A great number of people surrounded the king, and asked him what the gods' world was like. The king, describing the happiness of the gods and of Sakka their king, exhorted them to give alms and do good, so for they should be born in that divine place.

Afterwards, when his barber found a white hair and told him, he

made the barber put aside that white hair; [139] then he gave a village
to the barber, and desiring to renounce the world, made his son king in
his place. So when asked why he wished to renounce the world, he
recited the stanza, “Lo, these grey hairs”; and like the former kings he
renounced the world, and dwelt in the same mango grove, developing the
Four Excellencies, and became destined to Brahma’s heaven.

It is his renouncing of the world which is described by the Master
in the last stanza:

"Thus spake King Nimi, lord of Mithila,
And having made a mighty-sacrifice,
Entered upon the path of self-control."

And his son, named Kajāra-janaka, also renounced the world, and
brought his line to an end.

When the Master had finished this discourse, he said—“So, Brethren, this is
not the first time the Tathāgata left the world; he did the same before.” Then
he identified the Birth: “At that time, Anuruddha was Sakka, Ānanda was
Mātali, the eighty-four kings were the Buddha’s followers, and King Nimi was I
myself.”

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No. 542.

THE KHANDHĀLA-JĀTAKA.

“In Pupphavatī once there reigned,” etc. The Teacher, while dwelling on
the Gijjhakīta mountain, related this story concerning Devadatta. Its sub-
stance is contained in the section relating to the sin of causing schisms in the
community; it is to be fully known by studying the Tathāgata’s conduct from
his first becoming an ascetic down to the murder of King Binibisāra. As soon
as he had caused him to be killed, Devadatta went to Ajītasattu and said to
him, “O king, thy desire has attained its end, but mine has not yet attained it.”
He replied, “What is your desire?” “I wish to have Dasabala killed and then
myself become Buddha.” “Well, what have we to do?” “We must collect
some archers together.” The king assented and collected five hundred archers,
all able to shoot as quick as the lightning, and of these he chose out one-and-
thirty [130] and sent them to wait on Devadatta, telling them to carry out his
commands. He called the chief one amongst them and said to him, “My friend,
the ascetic Gotama lives on the Gijjhakīta mountain: at a certain time he
walks up and down in his place of retirement during the day; do you go there
and wound him with a poisoned arrow, and when you have killed him return
hither by such a road.” Then he sent two archers by that road, and said to
them, “You will meet a man coming by your road,—kill him and return by
such a road.” Then he sent four archers by that road with the same instructions,
and after that similarly eight and sixteen. “If you ask why he did this, he did it
to conceal his own wickedness. So this chief man among the archers bound his
sword on his left side and his quiver on his back, and taking his bow made of a
ram's horn went to the Tathāgata; but after he had strung his bow to wound him, and fixed the arrow, and pulled the string, he could not discharge it. His whole body became stiff as if it were crushed, and he stood terrified with the fear of death. When the Teacher saw him he spoke in a gentle voice, "Fear not, come hither." He at once threw down his weapons and fell with his head on the Blessed One's feet, saying, "My lord, sin has overpowered me like a child or a fool or a sinner; I knew not thy virtues, and I came here at the command of that blind dotard Devadatta, to take away thy life: forgive me, I pray." He gained his pardon and sat down on one side. Then the Teacher revealed the Truths to him and caused him to attain the first grade of sanctification. Then he told him to return by another road than that ordered by Devadatta; and himself came down from his covered walk and sat at the foot of a tree. As the first archer did not return, the two others came along the road to meet him, and wondered why he delayed so long, until at last they saw the Buddha, when they went up to him, and after saluting him sat down on one side of him. Then he revealed the Truths to them also and made them attain the first grade of sanctification, and told them to return by another road than that ordered by Devadatta. In the same way, as the others came up and successively sat down, he established them also in the first grade of sanctification and sent them away by another road. Then the archer who first returned [131] went to Devadatta and said to him, "Master, I was not able to kill the Allwise One, he is the Mighty One, the Blessed One of supernatural powers." Thus they all recognized that they had saved their lives only through the Allwise One, and they embraced the ascetic life under him, and became arhats. This incident became known in the assembly of the Brotherhood, and one day they began to talk of it in the hall of truth; "Brethren, have you heard how Devadatta, in his enmity against one person, the Blessed One, has tried hard to deprive many people of their lives, and how they all saved their lives through the Teacher!" In came the Master and asked, "Brethren, what are you talking of as you sit here?" and when they told him, "This is not the first time," said he; "he tried before this to deprive many people of their lives in his enmity against me;" and he told them a story of the past.

In the olden time this Benares was called Pupphavati. The son of King Vasavattī reigned there, named Ekarāja, and his son Candakumāra was viceroy. A brahmin named Khandahāla was the family priest: he gave the king counsel in temporal and spiritual matters, and the king, having a high opinion of his wisdom, made him a judge. But he, being fond of bribes, used to take bribes and dispossess the real owners and put the wrong owners in possession. One day a man who had lost his suit went out of the judgment hall loudly complaining, and, as he saw Candakumāra passing by to visit the king, he threw himself at his feet. The prince asked him what was the matter. "My lord, Khandahāla robs the suitors when he judges: I have lost my cause, although I gave him a bribe." The prince told him to cease his fears, and, having taken him to court, made him the owner of the disputed property. The people loudly shouted their applause. When the king heard it and asked the reason, they replied, "Candakumāra has rightly decided a suit which was determined wrongly by Khandahāla: this is why there was such shouting." When the prince came and had paid his homage, the king said to him, "My son, they say you have just judged a case." "Yes, Sire." He gave the office of judge to the prince and told him thenceforth to determine all
suits. Khaṇḍahāla’s income began to fall off; and from that time he conceived a hatred against the prince and watched for some fault in him. Now the king had little religious insight; and one day at dawn, at the end of his sleep he saw the heaven of the Thirty-three gods with its ornamented portico, and its walls made of the seven precious things, sixty [132] yojanas in extent, with golden streets, a thousand yojanas in height, adorned with the Vejayanta and other palaces, with all the glories of the Nandana and other forests and the Nandā and other lakes and filled everywhere with heavenly beings. He longed to enter into it and he thought, “when the teacher Khaṇḍahāla comes I will ask him the way to the world of the gods, and I will enter it by the road which he points out.” Khaṇḍahāla came to the palace in the early morning, and asked whether the king had passed a happy night. Then the king commanded that a seat should be given him and asked his question. The Teacher has thus narrated it:

“In Pupphavati once there reigned a wicked king who in his need
Asked Khaṇḍahāla, his base priest, brahmin in name but not in deed;
Thou art a seer to whom, they say, all sacred learning has been given,—
Tell me the road whose travellers rise by their good merits up to heaven.”

Now this was a question which, in default of an all-knowing Buddha or his disciples, one must ask of a Bodhisatta, but which the king asked of Khaṇḍahāla; just as a man who for seven days had lost his way might ask guidance of another who had lost his way for a fortnight. He thought to himself, “Now is the time to see my enemy’s back, now I will kill Candakumāra and fulfill my desire.” So he addressed the king:

“Exceeding many gifts bestow, those who deserve not death destroy,—
Thus men surpassing merit win and reach at last to heaven’s joy.”

The king asked:

“What are the exceeding many gifts! and who deserve not to be slain?
I’ll give the gifts, the victims slay, if you but make your meaning plain.”

[133] Then he explained his meaning:

“Thy sons, thy queens must offered be, thy merchant princes too must fall,
Thy choicest bulls, thy noblest steeds,—yea the four kinds of victims all”;

And thus, being asked the road to heaven, in answer to the question he declared the road to hell.

He said to himself, “If I take Candakumāra alone they will think that I have done it through enmity to him”; so he put him in with a number of people. When the matter came to be talked about, the ladies of the royal palace, hearing the rumour, were filled with alarm, and at once raised a loud cry. Explaining this, the Master recited a stanza:

“The royal ladies heard the news: ‘Princes and queens are doomed,’ they cried,
And a wild cry of sudden fear rose up to heaven on every side.”
The entire royal family were agitated like a grove of sal trees shaken by the wind at the world's end; even the brahmin asked the king whether or not it was possible for him to offer the sacrifice. "What dost thou mean, O teacher! If I offer it I shall go to the world of the gods." "O king, those who are timid and weak of purpose cannot offer this sacrifice. Do thou assemble them all here, and I will make the offering in the sacrificial pit." So he took sufficient forces and went out of the city, and ordered a sacrificial pit to be dug with a level floor, and surrounded it with a fence; for ancient brahmans had enjoined that this surrounding fence should be made, lest some righteous ascetic or brahmin might come and stop the rite.

[134] The king also caused a proclamation to be made, "By sacrificing my sons and daughters and my wives I shall go to the world of the gods, do you go and announce this to them and bring them all here"; and he at once ordered them to bring his sons:

"Warn Canda, Suriya 1 of my will, then Bhaddasesa in his turn, Sura and Vamagotta next,—they must all die: my will is stern."

So they went first to Candakumārasa and said, "O prince, thy father desires to kill thee and go to heaven; he has sent us to seize thee."

"By whose instructions has he ordered me to be seized?" "By those of Khandahala." "Does he wish to have me alone seized or others also with me?" "Others also with thee, for he desires to offer a sacrifice of the four kinds of victims." He thought to himself, "He has no enmity against others, but he intends to put many to death in his enmity against me alone, because I prevent him from committing robbery by his unjust judgment; it is my duty to obtain an interview with my father and gain from him the release of all the rest." So he said to them, "Carry out my father's commands." They took him to the palace yard and placed him by himself, and then they brought the other three 2 and when they had set them near they informed the king. Then he bade them bring his daughters and place them near the others:

"Upasena and Kokilā, Muddā, Nandā, each in turn, Tell the princesses of their doom,—they must all die: my will is stern."

So they went and brought them weeping and wailing, and placed them near their brothers. Then the king uttered a stanza to order that his wives should be seized:

"Tell Vijayā, first of all my queens, Sunandā, Kesintī, each in turn,— With all their beauty and their charms, they must all die: my will is stern."

[135] Then they brought them also, loudly wailing, and placed them

1 The scholiast adds that these were the sons of Queen Gotamā, but perhaps Canda-Suriya is only one name; see afterwards. Two princes are especially mentioned and identified at the final summary.

2 Should it not be 'four'?
near the princes. Then the king uttered a stanza ordering them to seize his four merchants:

"Punyamukha and Bhaddiya, Siṅgala, Vaddha, each in turn,  
Bear to my merchants my command,—they all must die: my will is stern."

The king's officers went and brought them. When the king's sons and wives were brought the citizens uttered not a word; but the merchants had a widely-spread kindred, and the whole city was troubled when they were seized, and loudly protested against their being sacrificed, and went with their relatives into the king's presence. Then the merchants surrounded by their kindred begged the king to spare their lives. Explaining this, the Master said:

"The merchants raised a bitter cry, surrounded by their sons and wives,  
'Leave but the topknot, shave our heads,—make us thy slaves, but spare our lives.'"

Still however much they entreated, they could not find mercy. The king's officers at last forced the rest to retire and dragged the merchants to stand near the princes.

Then the king ordered the elephants and the other animals to be brought:

"Bring hither all my elephants, of matchless might, and costly price,  
My best of horses and of mules, let them all be the sacrifice;  
[136] My bulls the leaders of the herd,—a noble offering they shall be;  
And all the officiating priests shall have their gifts accordingly.  
Make ready for the sacrifice against to-morrow's dawning light;  
And bid the princes feast their fill, enjoying now their life's last night."

The king's father and mother were still living, so men went and told them of their son's purposed offering. In consternation they took their hearts in their hands and went weeping before him, "Is it true, O son, that's thou purposest such a sacrifice?"

The Teacher thus described it:

"The mother left her royal home, 'My son, what means this monstrous thing?  
Must thy four sons be put to death to swell thy cruel offering?""

The king answered:

"When I lose Canda I lose all; but him and them will I resign,  
For by this costly sacrifice a heavenly dwelling will be mine."

His mother said:

"To sacrifice thy sons, my child, can never lead to heaven's bliss;  
Give ear to no such lying words; the road to hell and night is this."  
[137] Take thou the well-proved royal road: let all thy wealth in alms be given,  
And hurt no living thing on earth—this is the certain path to heaven."

The king replied:

"I must obey my teacher's words,—my sons alas! must all be slain,—  
'Tis hard indeed to part with them, but heaven's the prize which I shall gain."
So the mother went away, being unable to convince him by her words. Then the father heard the tidings and came to remonstrate.

The Teacher describes what happened:

"The father Vasavatti came: 'Strange tidings fill my soul with fright!
Must thy four sons be put to death to crown the full thy monstrous rite?'
"

The same dialogue is repeated [138] and the old king, unable to turn his son, goes away repeating as his parting words:

"Give all thou canst and never harm a living thing of thine own will;
And with thy sons as body-guard shield thou thy land from every ill."

Then Candakumāra thought within himself, "All this sorrow has befallen so many people on my single account, I will entreat my father and so deliver them all from the pain of death"; so he thus spoke to his father:

"Let us be Khandahāla's slaves, but spare our lives and do not kill,
His horses and his elephants we'll watch in chains, if such is his will.
Let us be Khandahāla's slaves, but spare our lives and do not kill,
We'll sweep his stables and his yards, and work in chains, if such is his will.
Give us as slaves to whom thou wilt,—we are as bondsmen in thy hands;
Or banish us from thy domains to beg our bread in foreign lands."

The king listened to his lamentations, and felt his heart broken; and his eyes filled with tears, and he ordered them all to be set free: "No one," he said, "shall kill my sons, I have no need of the world of the gods."

"These piteous pleadings for their lives do break my heart,—go set them free,
Release the princes, let them go: no more of sacrifice for me."

On hearing the king's words they set the whole multitude at liberty, beginning with the princes and ending with the birds. Khandahāla [139] was busily engaged in the sacrificial pit, and a man said to him, "You villain Khandahāla, the king has released the princes; do you go and kill your own sons and offer a sacrifice with their throats' blood." "What has the king been doing?" he cried, and he rushed in haste and said to him:

"I warned thee that this sacrifice would prove a hard and toilsome one;
Why interfere to stop the rite when it is all so well begun?
They who give offerings such as these go by a certain road to heaven;
Or those who heartily approve, seeing the same by others given."

The blinded king, hearing the words of the incensed brāhmin, and having his thoughts fixed on religion, ordered his sons to be recaptured. Then Candakumāra reasoned with his father:

"Why did the brāhmin at our birth utter vain blessings on our path,
When 'twas our fate that we should die innocent victims of thy wrath?
Why didst thou spare us while still babes, too young as yet to feel the blow?
We are to die to-day instead, now that the joys of youth we know.
Think of us riding clothed in mail on horse or elephant to the fight,
And then as victims butchered here in sacrifice—can this be right?
In battle 'gainst a rebel chief or in a forest such as I
Are wont to serve: whom now thou slay'st without a cause or reason why.
See the wild birds who build their nests and sing amidst the trees all day, 
They love their young and tend them well—and thou, would'st thou thy 
children slay? 

[140] Nor think thy treacherous brahmin friend will spare thy life when I 
am gone: 
Thy turn, O king, will follow next: I shall not perish all alone. 
Kings give these brahmans villages, choice cities are their appanage, 
On every family they feed and gain a goodly heritage; 
And 'tis these benefactors, sire, whom they most readily betray; 
The brahmin order, take my word, are faithless and ingrate alway!" 

[141] The king exclaimed, on hearing his son's reproach: 
"These piteous pleadings for their lives do break my heart,—go set them free, 
Release the princes and the rest, no more of sacrifice for me."

Khaṇḍahāla again rushed up as before and repeated his former expostu-
lations; and the prince again reasoned with his father:

"If they who sacrifice their sons are, when they die, all glorified, 
Then let the brahmin offer his: the king shall follow him as guide. 
If they who sacrifice their sons go straight to heaven when they die, 
Why does the brahmin offer not himself and all his family? 
Nay rather, they who offer up such victims all shall go to hell, 
And those who dare to approve the deed shall perish at the last as well."

When the prince, as he uttered these words, found that he could not 
convince his father, he turned to the multitude who surrounded the king 
and thus addressed them:

[142] "How can the fathers, mothers, here stand silent, looking on, and none, 
Loving their children as they do, forbids the king to slay his son? 
I love the welfare of the king, I love to see your hearts rejoice, 
And is there none among you found to utter one protesting voice?"

But not one spoke a word. Then the prince bade his wives go and 
implore the king to show pity:

"Go, noble ladies, with your prayers, implore the king, implore his priest, 
To spare these guiltless sons of his, well-proved in battle's sternest test; 
Implore the king, implore the priest, to spare these sons unstained by crime, 
Whose names are blazoned through the world, the glory of their land and 
time."

They went and implored him to show mercy; but the king paid no 
regard. Then the prince feeling himself helpless began to lament:

"O had I but been born from courts afoof, 
Under some cobbler's, sweep's, outcast's roof, 
I should have lived my days to the end in peace, 
Nor died a victim to a king's caprice."

Then he exclaimed:

"Go, all ye women in a band,—low before Khaṇḍahāla fall, 
And tell him ye have wronged him not, that ye are guiltless one and all."

1 He then repeats the six stanzas "Let us be Khaṇḍahāla's slaves," &c. from p. 78.
These are the Teacher’s words:

"Loudly wails Sela when she sees her brothers sentenced by the king, ‘My father longs for heaven, they say, and this forsooth his offering.’"

But the king paid no regard to her either. Then the prince’s son Vāsula, seeing his father’s grief, said, “I will entreat my grandfather, I will make him grant me my father’s life,” and he fell at the king’s feet and lamented.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Then Vāsula with uncertain steps went this way, that way to the throne, ‘O spare our father, children we,—leave us not helpless and alone.’"

The king heard his lament, and his heart being as it were cleft in twain, he embraced the boy with tears in his eyes and said to him, “Be comforted, my child, I will give thy father up to thee,” and he uttered his orders:

"Here is thy father, Vāsula; thy words o’erpower me,—he is free; Release the princes, let them go,—no more of sacrifice for me.”

Then again Khandahāla rushed up with his old expostulations,[144] and again the king blindly yielded to his words and ordered his sons to be recaptured.

Then Khandahāla thought to himself, “This tender-hearted king now seizes his sons and now releases them: he will now again release them through the words of his children; I will take him into the sacrificial pit.” So he repeated a verse to urge him to go thither:

“The sacrifice has been prepared, the costliest treasures have been given: Go forth, O king, to offer it, and claim the choicest joys of heaven.”

When they took the Bodhisatta into the sacrificial pit the royal ladies went out in a body.

The Teacher has described it:

“Prince Chanda’s seven hundred queens, radiant in all their youthful bloom, With hair dishevelled, weeping eyes, followed the hero to his doom; And other ladies joined the train like beings from heaven’s firmament, With hair dishevelled, weeping eyes, following the hero as he went.”

Then they all raised their lamentations:

“With earrings, aloes, sandal-wood, in Kāśi silk of costly price, See Canda, Suriya1 yonder led as victims to the sacrifice. Piercing their mother’s heart with woe, filling the citizens with gloom, See Canda, Suriya yonder led as victims to their cruel doom. Bathed and perfumed with richest scents and with white robes of Kāśi drest, See Canda, Suriya yonder led as victims at the king’s behest. [145] They who once rode on elephants, a gallant sight for every eye, Our Canda, Suriya yonder see, toiling along on foot to die. They who in chariots wont to ride, or mules, or horses gold-bedight, Our Canda, Suriya1 yonder see, toiling on foot to die ere night.”

1 It is curious to observe that the prose throughout has only one prince, but the verses seem to have two.
While the queens were thus lamenting, the officers carried the Bodhisattva out of the city. The whole city went out with him in great agitation. But as the vast multitude went out, the gates were not wide enough to give them room; and the brahmin apprehensive of what might happen, ordered the gates to be stopped up. The multitude were thus unable to find an outlet; but there was a garden near the inner gate, and they gathered there and lamented the prince's fate with a loud cry; and at the sound a great concourse of birds gathered in the sky. The citizens raised a general wailing and thus addressed the birds:

"Birds, would ye feast on flesh? then fly to Pupphavati's eastern gate,
There the mad king is offering up his four brave sons in blinded hate.

Birds, would ye feast on flesh? then fly to Pupphavati's eastern gate,
There the mad king is offering up four daughters in his blinded hate."

[146] Thus did the multitude lament in the garden. Then they went to the Bodhisattva's house, going round it in solemn procession and uttering their lamentations as they gazed on the queens' apartments, the towers and gardens, [147] the groves and lakes, and the elephants' stables:

"Villages uninhabited turn to a forest solitude;
So will our capital lie waste, if once our princes shed their blood."

[148] Unable to find a way out of the city, they wandered about lamenting within its walls.

In the meantime the Bodhisattva was led to the sacrificial pit. Then his mother, Queen Gotami, threw herself prostrate at the king's feet, begging with tears and cries that he would spare her son's life:

"I shall go crazy in my grief, covered with dust, undone, forlorn,
If my son Canda has to die, my breath will choke me as I mourn."

When she got no answer from the king, she embraced the prince's four wives and said to them, "My son must have gone away from you in displeasure, why do you not persuade him to turn back?"

"Why do you not talk lovingly each to the other as ye stand,
And dance around him cheerfully, clasping each other hand in hand,
Until his melancholy fires and leaves him cured at your command,
For who can dance, indeed, like you, although they search through all the land?"

Then seeing nothing else that could be done she ceased to lament with the royal ladies and began to curse Khandahala:

"Now may thy mother, cruel priest, feel all the bitter agony
Which tears my heart when I behold my precious Canda led to die."

1 Six stanzas are omitted here about the four queens, householders, elephants, horses, bulls, and the complete sacrifice of four kinds of victims. See Morris, Pali Texts Journ. 1864, p. 80.

2 Some 15 stanzas are here omitted, as they only repeat what has been said before.

3 This verse is repeated with the name Suriya instead of Canda.

4 C. IV. 325 10.
[149] Now may thy wife, O cruel priest, feel all the bitter agony
Which tears my soul when I behold my precious Suriya led to die;
May she see sons and husband slain, for thou, O cruel priest, to-day
The pride and glory of the world, those guiltless lion-hearts wouldst slay."

Then the Bodhisatta entreated his father in the sacrificial pit:\[150\]

"Some women long and beg for sons and offer prayers and gifts to heaven,
They long for sons and grandsons too, but none to cheer their homes are
given;
O slay us not thus recklessly, though given in answer unto prayer,
Nor offer us a sacrifice in spite of all our mother's care.""

When he received no reply from his father, he fell lamenting at his
mother's feet:

"Tenderly hast thou nursed thy son, hard is the lot which falls to thee;
I bow before thy sacred feet: all blessings on my father be.
Give me thy feet to kiss once more, embrace me, mother, ere we part,
'Tis a long journey which I go, a bitter sorrow to thy heart."

[151] Then his mother uttered her stanzas of wailing:

"Bind on your head, my darling son, a diadem of lotus leaves,
With camphak flowers,—such coronal thy manly beauty well receives.
For the last time anoint thyself with all those unguents rich and rare
Which in old days before the king in court festivities thou didst wear.
For the last time put on, my boy, bright Kāśī silk in fine array,
And wear the jewels and the pearls which thou shouldst wear on gala day."

Then his chief queen, named Candā, fell at his feet and bitterly lamented:

"This lord of lands, this sovereign king, whose will in all his realm is done,
Sole heir of all his country's wealth, has no affection for his son."

When the king heard her he replied:

"My sons are dear, myself is dear, and ye, my queens are dear as well;
I sacrifice my son, because I wish to go to heaven, not hell."

[152] Candā exclaimed:

"O king, in mercy slay me first, nor let the anguish rend my heart,
Thy boy is garlanded for both, he is complete in every part.
Slay us together on the pile, and let me go where Candā goes:
Infinite merit will be thine, two souls will rise to heaven's repose."

The king answered:

"Wish not for death before its time; gallant brothers-in-law hast thou;
They will console thee, large-eyed one, for the dear prince thou losest now."

Then she beat her breast with her hands, and threatened to drink
poison, and at length she burst into loud lamentations:

"No friends or counsellors surround this king,
Who dare to warn him not to do this thing,

\[1\] I omit the eight lines repeated from p. 74.
He has no faithful ministers, not one,
Who dares persuade him not to slay his son.

[153] His other sons wear all their bravery,
Let them be offered and set Canda free.
Cut me in pieces, offer me,—but spare my eldest son, my knight,
Him whom the world doth reverence, the lion-hearted in the fight.

Having thus mourned out her soul and found no comfort, she went up to the Bodhisatta and stood weeping by his side, until he said to her,

"O Canda, during my lifetime many various pearls and gems have been given by me to thee in times of social unbending; now to-day I give thee this last ornament from my body; pray accept it."

Canda burst into tears, uttering the following stanzas:

"His shoulders once were bright with flowers, which hung down as his diadem,—
To-day the cruel sharp bright sword spreads its dark shadow over them.
Soon will the sword come sweeping down upon that guiltless royal neck,—
Ah! iron bands must bind my heart,—or else what could it do but break?"

[154] With aloes and with sandal decked, wearing rich silks and many a ring,
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, befitting offering for the king.
With aloes and with sandal-wood, with silken robes and gems of price,
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, the great king's worthy sacrifice.
Bathed for the offering, waiting there in silk and gems the impending blow,
Go, Canda-Suriya, to the pile, filling the people's hearts with woe."

While she thus lamented, all the preparations were completed in the sacrificial pit. They brought the prince and placed him in his proper position with his neck bent forward. Khandahala held the golden bowl close and took the sword and stood up, saying, "I will cut his neck."
When the queen Canda saw this, she said to herself, "I have no other refuge, I will bless my lord with all my power of truth," and she clasped her hands, and, walking amidst the assembly, performed a solemn asseveration of truth.

The Teacher thus described it:

"When all is ready for the rite and Canda sits and waits the blow,
The daughter of the Pañcal king went through the assembly, high and low:
'As truly as the brahmin here works a vile purpose by his guile,
So may I gain my dear-loved lord restored me in a little while.
May all the spirits in this place—ghosts, goblins, fairies—hear my word,
Do my commission loyally and reunite me to my lord."

[155] Oh all ye gods who fill this place, lo! prostrate at your feet I fall,
Protect me in my helplessness, hear me in mercy as I call."
Sakka, the king of the gods, having heard her cry\(^1\) and seen what had happened, took a blazing mass of iron and frightened the king, and dispersed the assembly.

The Teacher has described the scene:

"A heavenly being heard the cry and came to earth to help the right, Whirling a blazing iron mass, filling the tyrant’s heart with fright, Know me, O tyrant, who I am; mark well the weapon which I wield, Harm not thy guiltless eldest son, the lion of the battlefield. Where has earth seen a crime like this,—thy sons, their wives, to slaughter given, With all thy noblest citizens, worthy to fill my highest heaven?" The tyrant and his minister then set the guiltless victims free, And all the crowd seized sticks and stones, and in a fit of frenzied glee Made Khaṇḍahāla there and then pay forfeit for his cruelty."

[156] When they had killed the minister, the great crowd sought to put the king himself to death; but Sakka embraced him and would not allow them to kill him. The multitude decided that they would spare his life, "but we will not give him rule or dwelling in this city,—we will make him an outcast and appoint his dwelling outside this city." So they stripped him of his royal garments and made him wear a yellow dress, and put a yellow cloth on his head, and having made him an outcast sent him away to an outcast-settlement. And all who had helped in any way in the sacrifice or approved of it went to hell as their portion.

The Teacher uttered this stanza:

"All who had done so vile a deed passed straight to hell,—none could attain An afterbirth in any heaven, who bore the trace of such a stain."

The great multitude, having caused the two monsters of wickedness to be removed out of sight, brought the materials for the coronation and anointed Prince Canda as king.

"When all the captives were released, a vast assembly gathering With solemn pomp and festival anointed Canda to be king; A vast assembly, gods and men, waved cloths and flags and sang his praise, Starting a new and happy reign of plenty, peace and halcyon days. Men, women, gods and goddesses joined in one great festivity, Comfort and peace filled every home and every captive was set free."

[157] The Bodhisatta caused all his father’s wants to be attended to, but he was not allowed to enter within the city; and when all his allowance was spent, he used to go up to the Bodhisatta, when the latter went to join in the amusements of the public gardens or other public spectacles. At these times he did not use to join his hands to salute his son, for he said to himself, “I am the true king,” but he addressed him, “Live

\(^{1}\) I read tassú.
long, O Master”; and when he was asked what he wanted, he mentioned it, and the Bodhisatta ordered the sum to be given to him.

When the Master had ended his discourse, he added, “Brethren, this is not the first time that Devadatta has sought to kill many persons on my sole account; he did the same before.” Then he identified the Birth: “At that time Devadatta was Khandahala, Mahamayā was Queen Gotama, Rahula’s mother was Candā, Rahula was Vāsula, Uppalavattā was Selā, Kassapa of the Vāma family was Sūra, Moggallāna was Candaseṇa, Sāriputta was Prince Suriya and I myself was Candarāja.”

No. 543.

BHŪRIDATTA-JĀTAKA.

“Whatever jewels there may be,” etc. This story the Master told, while dwelling at Sāvatthi, about some lay-brethren who kept the fast-days. On a fast-day, it is said, they rose early in the morning, took upon them the fasting vows, gave alms, and after their meal took perfumes and garlands in their hands and went to Jetavana, and at the time of hearing the Law seated themselves on one side. The Master, coming to the Hall of Truth, having sat down in the adorned Buddha-seat, looked upon the assembly of the brethren. [168] Now the Tathāgatas like to converse with those among the brethren or others, in reference to whom a religious discourse takes its rise; therefore on the present occasion, as he knew that a religious discourse concerning former teachers would arise in connection with these lay-brethren, while he was conversing with them, he asked them, “O lay-brethren, do you keep the fast-day?” On their replying in the affirmative, he said, “It is right and well done of you, O lay-brethren; but yet it is no matter for wonder that you who have a Buddha teacher like me should keep the fast-day,—sages of old who were without any teacher forsook great glory and kept the fast-day.” And so saying, he told at their request an old legend of the past.

I.

Once upon a time, Brahmadatta, when he was reigning in Benares, had made his son viceroy; but when he saw his great glory, he became suspicious lest he should also seize the kingdom. So he said to him, “Do you depart hence and dwell for the present where you please, and at my death take the hereditary kingdom.” The prince complied, and after saluting his father, went out and proceeding to the Yamunā built a hut of leaves between the river and the sea and dwelt there, living on roots and fruits. Now at that time a young Nāga female in the Nāga-world beneath the ocean who had lost her husband, and on account of her carnal passions
when she saw the happiness of the other Nāgas who had husbands living
she had left the Nāga-world, was wandering by the seashore, when she
observed the prince's foot-prints, and following the track saw the hut
of leaves. Now the prince happened to be away, having gone out in
search of various kinds of fruit. She entered into the hut, and as she
saw the wooden bedstead and the rest of the furniture she thought to
herself, "This is the dwelling-place of some ascetic, I will prove him,
whether he is an ascetic from faith or not. If he is an ascetic from faith
and bent upon self-abnegation he will not accept my adorned bed; but if
he is at heart a lover of pleasure and not an ascetic from faith he will lie
down on my bed; then I will take him and make him my husband and
dwell here." So she went back to the Nāga-world and collected divine
flowers and perfumes and prepared a bed of flowers, and having made an
offering of flowers and scattered perfumed powder about and adorned the
hut, she departed to the abode of the Nāgas. When the prince returned
at evening time and entered the hut, and saw what she had done, he said,
"Who has prepared [159] this bed?" And when he ate the various fruits,
he exclaimed, "Oh these sweet-scented flowers, this bed has been pleasantly
arranged," and being filled with pleasure as he was not a true ascetic at
heart, he lay down on the couch of flowers and fell fast asleep. The next
day he rose at sunrise and went off to collect fruits, without sweeping his
hut of leaves. At that moment the female Nāga came up and seeing the
withered flowers knew at once, "This man is a lover of pleasure and not
an ascetic from faith, I shall be able to capture him"; so she took away
the old flowers and brought others and spread a fresh bed and adorned the
hut of leaves and strewed flowers etc. in the covered walk and then
returned to the Nāga-world. He rested that night also on that bed of
flowers and the next day he thought to himself, "Who can it be that
adorns this hut?" So he did not go out to gather fruits, but remained
concealed not far from the hut. The Nāga woman, having collected
perfumes and flowers, came along the path to the hermitage. The prince,
having beheld the Nāga in all her great beauty, at once fell in love with
her, and, without letting himself be seen, entered the hut as she was
preparing the couch and asked her who she was. "My lord, I am a Nāga
woman." "Hast thou a husband or not?" "I am a widow without a
husband; and where dost thou dwell?" "I am Brahmadattakumāra, the
son of the king of Benares; but why dost thou wander about, leaving the
abode of the Nāgas?" "My lord, as I beheld the happiness of the other
Nāga women who had husbands I became discontented on account of
carnal passion and I came away and go wandering about, seeking for a
husband." "I also am not an ascetic from faith, but I have come to
dwell here because my father drove me away; vex not thyself, I will be
thy husband and we will dwell here in concord." She at once consented;
and from that time they lived harmoniously together there. By her magic power she made a costly house and brought a costly couch and spread a bed. Thenceforth he ate no roots or fruits but feasted on divine meat and drink. After a while she conceived and brought forth a son whom they called Sāgara-Brahmadatta. [160] When the child was able to walk, she brought forth a daughter, and as she was born on the seashore they called her Samuddajā. Now a forester who lived in Benares came to that place, and on giving him greeting recognised the prince, and after he had stayed there a few days, he said, "My lord, I will tell the king's family that you are dwelling here," and he accordingly departed and went to the city. Now just then the king died, and after the ministers had buried him they met together on the seventh day, and they deliberated together, "a kingdom without a king cannot stand; we know not where the prince dwells nor whether he is alive or dead,—we will send forth the festival car and so get a king." At that time the forester came to the city, and having heard the news went to the ministers and told them that before he came there he had been staying three or four days near the prince. The ministers paid him respect and went there under his guidance, and after a friendly greeting told the prince that the king was dead and asked him to assume the kingdom. He thought to himself, "I will learn what the Nāga woman thinks"; so he went to her and said, "Lady, my father is dead and his ministers have come to raise the royal umbrella over me; let us go and we will both reign in Benares which is twelve yojanas in extent, and you shall be the chief among the sixteen thousand queens." "My lord, I cannot go." "Why?" "We possess deadly poison and we are easily displeased for a trifling matter; and the anger of a co-wife is a serious thing; if I see or hear anything and cast an angry glance thereon, it will be instantly scattered like a handful of chaff; therefore I cannot go." The prince asked her again the next day; and then she said to him, "I myself will go on no account go, but these my sons are not young Nāgas; as they are your children they are of the race of men; if you love me watch over them. But as they are of a watery nature and therefore delicate, they would die if they went by the road and bore the burden of the wind and sunshine; so I will hollow out a boat and fill it with water, and you shall let them play in the water and when you have brought them to the city [161] you shall have a lake prepared in the precincts of the palace; in this way they will not suffer." With these words, having saluted the prince and walked round him respectfully, she embraced her sons and folded them between her breasts and kissed their heads, and entrusted them to him, and with many tears and sobs at once vanished and departed to the Nāga-world. The prince also, overcome with sorrow, his eyes filled with tears, went out of the house, and, after wiping his eyes, proceeded to the ministers, who at once besprinkled him and said, "Sire, let us go to
our city." He commanded them to hollow out a ship and put it on a cart and fill it with water. "Strew all sorts of flowers of various colours and scents on the surface of the water, for my sons have a watery nature and they will go along joyfully playing there"; and the ministers did so. When the king came to Benares he entered the city which was all adorned, and he seated himself on the terrace, surrounded by sixteen thousand dancing girls and his ministers and other officers; and having held a great drinking feast for seven days, he caused a lake to be prepared for his sons, where they sported continually. But one day when the water was let into the lake, a tortoise entered, and not seeing any way of exit it floated on the surface of the water; and while the lads were playing about, it rose out of the water and putting out its head looked at them and then sank down in the water. When they saw it they were frightened and ran to their father, and said to him, "O father, a yakkha has frightened us in the lake." The king ordered some men to go and seize it, and they threw a net and caught the tortoise and shewed it to the king. When the princes saw it, they cried out, "O father, it is a demon." The king through love of his sons was angry with the tortoise, and ordered the attendants to punish it. Some said, "It is an enemy to the king, it should be pounded to powder with a pestle and mortar," others said, "Let us cook it three times over and eat it," others, "Bake it upon hot coals," others, "It must be baked in a jar"; but one minister who was afraid of the water, said, "It should be thrown into the whirlpool of the Yamuna, it will be utterly destroyed there, there is no punishment for it like that." The tortoise, as he heard his words, thrust out his head and said, "Friend, what sin have I committed that you are discussing such a punishment for me? The other punishments I can bear, but this last is excessively cruel, do not even mention it." When the king heard him, he said, "Thist is the one to carry into action," so he ordered him to be thrown into the whirlpool of the Yamuna; there he found a current which led to the dwelling of the Nāgas, and went by it to their place. Now at that time some young sons of the Nāga king Dhataratthana were sporting in that stream, and when they saw they cried, "Seize that slave." The tortoise thought, "I have escaped from the hand of the king of Benares to fall into the hands of these fierce Nāgas; by what means shall I get away?" Then he thought of a plan, and, making up a false story, he said to them, "Why do you speak in this way who belong to the court of King Dhataratthana? I am a tortoise named Cittacūṣa, and I am come to Dhataratthana as a messenger from the king of Benares; our king has sent me as he wishes to give his daughter to King Dhataratthana, shew me to him," and they well pleased took him, and going to the king related the whole matter. The king ordered them to bring him; but being displeased when he

1 The Nāga king.
saw him, he said, "Those who have such mean bodies cannot act as messengers." The tortoise, when he heard this, replied by telling his own good qualities, "Why should the king need messengers as tall as a palm tree? a small body or a big body is of no matter,—the real matter is the power to carry out the errand where you are sent. Now our king, O monarch, has many messengers; men do his business on the dry land, birds in the air, and I in the water, for I am a favourite of the king's named Cittaçūja and I have a particular post, do not scoff at me." Then King Dhatarāṭṭha asked him why he was sent by the king, and he made answer, "The king said to me that he had made friendship with all the kings of Jambudīpa, and that he now wished to give his daughter Samuddajā in order to make friendship with the Nāga king Dhatarāṭṭha; with these words he sent me, and do you make no delay but send a company at once with me and name the day and receive the maiden." Being highly pleased [163] the king paid him great honour and sent four Nāga youths with him, bidding them go and fix a day after hearing the king's words, and then return, and they, having taken the tortoise with them, departed from the abode of the Nāgas. The tortoise saw a lotus-pond between the Yamunā and Benares, and wishing to escape by some device he said, "O Nāga youths, our king and his queen and son saw me coming out of the water as I went to the king's palace, and they asked me to give them some lotuses and lotus roots; I will gather some for them; do you let me go here, and, if you do not see me, go forward to the king,—I will meet you there." They believed him and let him go, and he hid himself; and the others, as they could not see him, thought that he must have gone on to the king, and so proceeded to the palace in the guise of young men. The king received them with honour and asked them from whence they had come. "From Dhatarāṭṭha, your majesty." "Wherefore?" "O king, we are his messengers; Dhatarāṭṭha asks after your health and he will give you whatever you desire; and he asks you to give us your daughter Samuddajā as his queen." To explain this they repeated the first stanza:

"Whatever jewels there may be in Dhatarāṭṭha's palace stored, They all are yours, his royal boon; give us your daughter for our lord."

When the king heard it he replied in the second stanza:

"Ne'er has a man been known to wed his daughter to a Nāga king; Such match were utterly unfit,—how could we think of such a thing?"

The youths made answer, "If an alliance with Dhatarāṭṭha seems so improper to you, then why did you send your attendant the tortoise Cittaçūja to our king, offering to give your daughter Samuddajā? [164] Since after sending such a message you now shew scorn to our king, we shall know how to deal with you as you deserve." So saying they uttered two stanzas by way of threat:
"You sacrifice your life, O king,—your throne and kingdom what are they! Before a Nāga in his wrath all mortal glory fades away; You a poor mortal standing there, who, by your vanity undone, Would look with scorn on Yamuna, king Varuṇa's imperial son!"

Then the king repeated two stanzas:

"I do not scorn that king of yours, Dhataratḥa of wide renown,
Of many Nāgas is he king, he wears by right a royal crown;
But great and noble though he be, sprung from Videha's khattiya line,
My daughter is of purer blood,—let him not dream of child of mine."

Although the Nāga youths wished to kill him on the spot by the blast of their breath, yet they reflected that as they had been sent to fix the marriage day it would not be right to go away and leave the man dead; so they vanished at once out of sight, saying, "we will depart and tell the king." Their king asked them whether they had brought the princess. They being angry replied, "O king, why dost thou send us about hither and thither without cause? If thou wishest to kill us, then slay us here at once. [165] He reviles and defames thee, and sets his daughter on a pinnacle in his pride of birth,"—in this way repeating things said and unsaid, they roused the king's wrath. He ordered them to assemble his army, saying:

"Assaratas and Kambalas,—summon the Nāgas one and all;
Towards Benares let them flock, but do no harm to great or small."

Then the Nāgas answered, "If no man is to be harmed, then what shall we do, if we go there?" He uttered two stanzas to tell them what they were to do and what he himself would do:

"Over the tanks and palaces, the public roads and tops of trees,
Over the gateways twined in wreaths let them hang dangling in the breeze;
While with white body and white hoods I will the city all invest,
And drawing close my lines of siege with terror fill each Kāsi breast."

The Nāgas did so. [166] The Teacher thus described what happened:

"Seeing the snakes on every side, the women throng, a trembling crowd,
And as the monsters swell their hoods in fear they shriek and wail aloud;
Benares city prostrate lay before these wild invading bands,
Raising their arms all begged and prayed, "Give him the daughter he demands."

While the king lay in bed he heard the wailing of his own wives and those of the citizens, and being afraid of death from the threats of the four youths, he thrice exclaimed, "I will give to Dhataratḥa my daughter Samuddajā"; and all the Nāga kings, when they heard it, retired for the distance of a league, and, fixing their camp there, built a very city of the gods and despatched a complimentary present, saying, "Let him send his

1 Varuṇa is called a Nāga rāja in Lalita Vistara, p. 249, 13. These lines seem to be a quotation from another poem.
2 Names of Nāga tribes.
daughter as he says." [167] The king, having received the proffered present, dismissed those who brought it, saying, "Do you depart, I will send my daughter by the hands of my ministers." Then he sent for his daughter and, taking her upon the terrace, he opened a window and said to her, "Daughter, behold this adorned city; they say that you are to be the chief queen of a king there,—the city is not far off, you can come back when you feel a home-longing,—but you must go there now." Then he made the attendants wash her head and adorn her with all kinds of ornaments and set her in a covered carriage and sent her off in the care of his ministers. The Nāga kings came to meet her and paid her great honour. The ministers entered the city and gave her up and returned with much wealth. The princess was taken up into the palace and made to lie on a divinely decked bed; and the young Nāga women, assuming humpbacked and other deformed appearances, waited on her as if they were human attendants. As soon as she lay down on the heavenly bed she felt a divinely soft touch and fell asleep. Dhatarāṣṭha, having received her, vanished instantly with all his host and appeared in the world of the Nāgas. When the princess awoke and saw the adorned heavenly bed and the golden and jewelled palaces, etc., and the gardens and tanks and the Nāga-world, itself like an adorned city of the gods, she asked the humpbacked and other female attendants, "This city is magnificently adorned, it is not like our city; whose is it?" "O lady, it belongs to your lord,—it is not those of scanty merits who win such glory as this,—you have obtained it by reason of your great merits." Then Dhatarāṣṭha ordered the drums to be carried about the Nāga city, which was five hundred yojanas in extent, with a proclamation that whoever betrayed any signs of his snake-nature to Samuddāja should be punished; therefore not one dared to appear as a snake before her. So she lived affectionately and harmoniously with him under the idea that it was a world of men¹.

II.

In course of time Dhatarāṣṭha's queen conceived and brought forth a son, and from his fair appearance they named him Sudassana; then again she bore a second whom they called Datta, [168]—now he was a Bodhisattva. Then she bore another whom they called Subhaga, and a fourth whom they called Ariṭṭha. Yet even though she had borne these four sons, she knew not that it was the world of the Nāgas. But one day they said to Ariṭṭha, "Your mother is a woman, not a Nāga." Ariṭṭha said to himself, "I will prove her," so one day while drinking his mother's breast, he assumed a serpent's form and struck the back of her

¹ ['Nagara-khaṇḍam niśṭhitam.']
foot with his tail. When she saw his serpentine form she uttered a great cry in her terror and threw him on the ground, and struck his eye with her nail so that the blood poured forth. The king, hearing her cry, asked why she screamed, and when he learned what Ariṣṭha had done, he came up, with threats, “Seize the slave and put him to death.” The princess, knowing his passionate nature, exclaimed in her love for her son, “My lord, I struck my son’s eye, forgive him.” The king, when she said this, replied, “What can I do?” and forgave him. That very day she learned that it was the dwelling of the Nāgas, and thenceforth Ariṣṭha was always called Kāṇāriṣṭha (or one-eyed Ariṣṭha).

Now the four princes grew up to years of discretion. Then their father gave them each a kingdom a hundred yojanas square; they possessed great glory, and each was attended by sixteen thousand Nāga maidens. Now their father’s kingdom was only a hundred yojanas square, and the three sons went every month to visit their parents. But the Bodhisattva went every fortnight, and he used to propound some question which had arisen in the Nāga realm and then go with his father to visit the great king Virūpakkha, when he would discuss the question with him. Now one day when Virūpakkha had gone with the Nāga assembly to the world of the gods, and were sitting there waiting upon Sakka, a question arose among the gods and none could answer it, but the Great Being who was seated on a noble throne answered it. Then the king of the gods honoured him with divine flowers and fruits, and addressed him, “O Datta, thou art endowed with a wisdom as broad as the earth; henceforth be thou called Bhūridatta,” and he gave him this name.

[169] From that time forth he used to go to pay his homage to Sakka, and when he saw the exceedingly delightful splendour of his court with its heavenly nymphs he longed for the heavenly world, “What have I to do with this frog-eating snake-nature? I will return to the snake-world and keep the fast and follow the observances by which one may be born among the gods.” With these thoughts he asked his parents on his return to the abode of the snakes, “O my father and mother, I will keep the fast.” “By all means, O son, keep it; but when you keep it do not go outside, but keep it within this one empty palace in the Nāga realm, for there is great fear of the Nāgas outside.” He consented; so he kept the fast only in the parks and gardens of the empty palace. But the snake maidens kept waiting on him with their musical instruments, and he thought to himself, “If I dwell here my observance of the fast will never come to its completion,—I will go to the haunts of men and keep the fast there.” So in his fear of being hindered he said to his wife, without telling it to his parents, “Lady, if I go to the haunts of men there is a banyan tree on the bank of the Yamunā,—I will fold up my body in the

1 I read this by conjecture for Virukkha.
top of an ant-hill near by and undertake the fast with its four divisions\(^1\),
and I will lie down there and observe the fast; and when I have lain
there all night and kept the fast let ten of your women come every time
at dawn with musical instruments in their hands, and after decking me
with perfumes and flowers let them conduct me back with song and dance
to the abode of the Nāgas." With these words he went and folded his body
on the top of an ant-hill, and saying aloud, "Let who will take my skin
or muscles or bones or blood," he undertook the fast with its four divisions
and lay down, after assuming a body which only consisted of a head and
a tail, and kept the fast. At daybreak the Nāga girls came, and having
done as they were ordered, conducted him to the Nāga abode; and while
he observed the fast in this fashion, [170] a long period of time elapsed\(^2\).

III.

Now at that time a Brahmin\(^4\) who dwelt in a village near the gate of
Benares used to go into the forest with his son Somadatta and set snares
and nets and stakes and kill wild animals, and carrying the flesh on a
pole sold it and so made a livelihood. One day he failed to catch even a
young lizard, and he said to his son, "If we go home empty-handed your
mother will be angry, let us catch something at any rate"; so he went
towards the ant-hill where the Bodhisatta was lying, and observing the
footsteps of the deer who went down to the Yamunā to drink, he said,
"My son, this is a haunt of deer, do you return and wait, while I will
wound some deer that has come to drink"; so taking his bow he stood
watching for deer at the foot of a tree. Now at evening time a deer came
to drink,—he wounded it; it did not however fall at once, but spurred on
by the force of the arrow it fled with the blood flowing down, and the
father and son pursuing it to the spot where it fell took its flesh and,
going out of the wood, reached that banyan as the sun set. "It is a bad
time, we cannot go on, we will stay here," so saying they laid the flesh
on one side and climbing the tree lay among the branches. The Brahmin
woke at dawn, and was listening to hear the sound of the deer, when the
Nāga maidens came up and prepared the flowery couch for the Bodhisatta.
He laid aside his snake's body and assuming a divine body adorned with
all kinds of ornaments sat on his flower-bed with all the glory of a Sakka.

\(^1\) [In r. 890\(^12\) we read caturukgamasamāṇgatāṁ brahmacarīgaṁ vasiṁ, which by
the light of r. 190 ff. we may interpret "free from jealousy, drunkenness, desire, and
wrath." (But compare Maj. Nik. 1. 77.) I do not find it however in connexion with
the Upasatha vow; although eight divisions of this are recognised in rv. 818\(^\dagger\), trans.
p. 200. The Catuposatha Jātaka, No. 441, would have thrown light on this subject;
but its name only is mentioned in its proper place, a reference being given to another
which has not been identified.]

\(^2\) ['Upasatha-khanḍain niṣṭhitam.'].

\(^3\) He is called later on Alambāyana, see p. 95.
The Nāga maidens honoured him with perfumes and garlands and played their heavenly instruments and performed their dance and song. When the Brahmin heard the sound he said, "Who is this? I will find out"; and he called to his son, but though he called he could not wake him. "Let him sleep on," he said, "he is tired, I will go myself alone"; so he came down from the tree and approached, but the Nāga maidens when they saw him sank into the earth with all their instruments and departed to the abode of the Nāgas, [171] and the Bodhisatta was left alone. The Brahmin, standing near, questioned him in these two stanzas:

"What youth is this, red-eyed, who here is seen,
His shoulders broad with ample space between,—
And what ten maidens these who guard him round
Clad in fair robes, with golden bracelets bound?
Who art thou 'midst this forest greenery,
Bright like a fire just newly dressed with ghee?
Art thou a Sakka or a yaksha, say,
Or some famed Nāga prince of potent sway?"

When the Great Being heard him he thought, "If I say that I am one of the Sakkas he will believe me, for he is a Brahmin; but I must speak only the truth to-day," so he thus declared his Nāga birth:

"I am a Nāga great in power, invincible with poisonous breath,
A prosperous land with all its sons my angry bite could smite with death;
My mother is Samuddajā, Dhataratthā as sire I claim,
Sudassan's youngest brother I, and Bhūridatta is my name."

But when the Great Being said this, he reflected, "This Brahmin is fierce and cruel, he may betray me to a snake-charmer, and so hinder my performance of the fast; what if I were to take him to the Nāga kingdom and give him great honour there, and thus carry on my fast without a break?" So he said [172] to him, "O Brahmin, I will give thee great honour, come to the pleasant home of the Nāgas, let us go at once thither."

"My lord, I have a son, I will go if he comes too." The Bodhisatta replied, "Go, Brahmin, and fetch him," and he thus described to him his own dwelling:

"Awful and dark is yonder lake, incessant storms its waters toss,
That is my home: my subjects there all hear and none my bidding cross;
Plunge thou beneath the dark blue waves,—the peacocks and the herons call,—
Plunge and enjoy the bliss there stored for those who keep the precepts all."

The Brahmin went and told this to his son and brought him, and the Great Being took them both and went to the bank of the Yamuna, and, standing there, said:

"Fear not, O Brahmin with thy son,—follow my words and thou shalt live
Honoured and happy in my home with all the pleasures I can give."

So saying the Great Being by his power brought the father and son to
the dwelling of the Nāgas, where they obtained a divine condition; and
he bestowed on them divine prosperity and gave to each of them four
hundred Nāga maidens, and great was the prosperity they enjoyed. The
Bodhisattva continued to practise his fast diligently, and every fortnight
he went to pay honour to his parents and discoursed on the law; and then
going to the Brahmin he inquired concerning his health, and said to him,
"Tell me anything that you want, enjoy yourself without discontent";
and, after giving a kindly greeting also to Somadatta, he proceeded to his
own home. The Brahmin, after dwelling a year in the Nāga realm,
through his lack of previous merit began to grow discontented [173] and
longed to return to the world of men; the dwelling-place of the Nāgas
seemed like a hell to him, the adorned palace like a prison, the Nāga
maidens with their ornaments like female yakṣhas. He thought to him-
self, "I am discontented, I will learn what Somadatta thinks"; so he
went to him and said, "Art thou not discontented, my son?" "Why
should I be discontented? let us not feel any such feeling. Are you
discontented, father?" "Yes, my son?" "Why so?" "Because I do
not see your mother and your brothers and sisters; come, my son, let us
go." He answered that he would not go, but, being repeatedly entreated
by his father, he at last consented. The Brahmin reflected, "I have won
my son's consent, but if I tell Bhūridatta that I am discontented, he will
heap more honour upon me, and I shall not be able to go. My object can
only be attained in one way. I will describe his prosperity and then ask
him, 'why do you leave all this glory and go to the world of men to
practise the observance of the fast? ' When he answers, 'for the sake of
obtaining heaven,' I will tell him, 'far more then should we do so, who
have made our livelihood by slaughtering living creatures. I too will go
to the world of men, and see my kindred, and will then leave the world
and follow the law of the ascetics,' and then he will let me depart." Having thus determined, one day when the other came up to him and
asked him whether he was discontented, he assured him that nothing was
wanting that he could supply, and, without making any mention of his
intended departure, at first he only described the other's prosperity in the
following stanzas:

"Level the ground on every side, with tagara blossoms whitened o'er,
Red with the cochineal insect-swarms, the brightest verdure for its floor,
With sacred shrines in every wood, and swan-filled lakes which charm the eye,
While strewn the fallen lotus leaves as carpets on the surface lie,—
The thousand-columned palaces with halls where heavenly maidens dance,
Their columns all of jewels wrought, whose angles in the sunshine glance;—

[174] Thou hast indeed a glorious home, won by thy merits as thine own,
When all desires are gratified as soon as each new wish is known;—

Thou enuest not great Sakka's halls,—what are his stateliest courts to thine?
Thy palaces more glorious are and with more dazzling splendours shine."
No. 548.

The Great Being replied, "Say not so, Brahmin; our glory compared to Sakka’s seems only as a mustard-seed beside Mount Meru,—we are not even equal to his attendants," and he repeated a stanza:

“Our highest thoughts cannot conceive the imperial pomp round Sakka’s throne, Or the four Regents\(^1\) in his court, each in his own appointed zone.”

When he heard him repeat his words "this palace of yours is Sakka’s palace," he said, "I have had this in my mind, and it is through my desire to obtain Vejayanta\(^2\) that I practise the observance of the fast,"—then he repeated a stanza, describing his own earnest wish:

"I long intensely for the home of the immortal saints on high, Therefore upon that ant-hill top I keep the fast unceasingly."

[175] The Brahmin, on hearing this, thought to himself, "Now I have gained my opportunity," and filled with joy he repeated two stanzas, begging leave to depart:

"I too sought deer when with my son into that forest glade I sped; The friends I left at home know not whether I am alive or dead; O Bhūridatta, let us go, thou glorious lord of Kāsi race, Let us depart and see once more our kindred in their native place."

The Bodhisatta answered:

"'Tis my desire that you should dwell with us, and here pass happy hours; Where in the upper world of men will you find haunts of peace like ours? But when you dwell awhile elsewhere and yet enjoy our pleasures still, Then take my leave,—go, see your friends, and be as happy as you will."

And thinking to himself "if he obtains this happiness through me he will be sure not to tell it to anyone else,—I will give him my jewel which grants all desires," he gave him the jewel and said:

"The bearer of this heavenly gem beholds his children and his farm; Take it, O Brahmin, and begone,—its bearer never comes to harm."

The Brahmin replied:

"I understand thy words too well, I am grown old as thou canst see, I will adopt the ascetic life, what are life’s pleasures now to me?"

The Bodhisatta said:

"If thou shouldst fail and break thy vow then seek life’s common joys once more, And come and find me out again and I will give thee ample store."

[176] The Brahmin answered:

"O Bhūridatta, I accept with thanks the offer thou hast made; Should the occasion come to me I will return to claim thy aid."

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\(^1\) The four lokapalas.  \(^2\) Sakka’s heaven.
The Great Being perceived that he had no desire to abide there, so he commanded some young Nāgas to take him to the world of men. The Master thus described what happened:

"Then Bhūridatta gave commands to four of his young Nāgas, 'Go, Take ye this Brahmin in your charge and lead him where he wants to go.' The four attendants heard the words,—at once their lord's command was done: They brought the Brahmin to the place and leaving him returned alone."

Then the Brahmin, as he went along, said to his son, "Somadatta, we wounded a deer in this place and a boar in that," and seeing a lake on the way he exclaimed, "Somadatta, let us bathe"; so they both took off their divine ornaments and clothes, and wrapping them up in a bundle laid them on the bank and bathed. At that very moment the ornaments vanished and returned to the Nāga-world, and their former poor yellow clothes were wrapped round their bodies, and their bows, arrows, and spears came back as they were before. "We are undone, father," bewailed Somadatta; but his father comforted him, "Fear not; as long as there are deer we shall make a livelihood by killing deer in the forest." Somadatta's mother heard of their coming, and having gone to meet them she brought them home and she satisfied them with food and drink. When the Brahmin had eaten and fallen asleep she asked her son, [177] "Where have you been all this time?" "O mother, we were carried by the Nāga king Bhūridatta to the great Nāga realm, and we have now come back, as we were discontented." "Have you brought any jewels?" "None, mother." "Why did he not give any to you?" "Mother, Bhūridatta gave to my father a jewel which grants all desires, but he would not accept it." "Wherefore?" "He is going, they say, to become an ascetic." "What, after leaving me so long with the burden of the children and dwelling in the Nāga realm, he is now going to become an ascetic?" so flying into a passion she struck his back with the spoon which she used for frying the rice and upbraided him, saying, "Thou wicked Brahmin, why didst say that thou wast going to become an ascetic and so refuse the precious jewel, and why didst thou come here and not take the ascetic's vow? Depart from my house directly." But he said to her, "Good lady, be not angry, as long as there are deer in the forest I will support you and your children." So the next day he went with his son into the forest and followed there the same livelihood as before¹.

¹ ['Vanappavesana-khandam niṣṭhitam.']
IV.

Now at that time a garula bird which dwelt in a silk-cotton tree in Himavat in a region of the great southern ocean swept up the water with the wind of its wings, and swooping down on the Nāga region seized a Nāga king by the head; but this was the period when the garulas did not know how to seize the Nāgas,—they learned how in the Paṇḍara Jātaka\(^1\). So although he seized it by the head, without scattering the water, he carried it dangling to the summit of Himavat. A Brahmīn, an old inhabitant of Kāsi, who was following the life of an anchorite in the region of Himavat, was dwelling in a hut of leaves which he had built, and there was a great banyan tree at the end of his covered walk, and he had made his abode by day at its root. The garula carried the Nāga to the top of the banyan, and the Nāga as it hung down in its effort to escape twined its tail round a branch. The garula, being unaware of it, flew up to heaven by dint of his great strength and carried up the banyan tree without its roots\(^2\). The bird then bore the Nāga to the silk-cotton tree and struck it with his beak and split open its belly, and having eaten [178] the fat dropped the body into the middle of the sea. The banyan tree as it fell made a great noise, and the bird, wondering what noise it could be, looked down, and seeing the tree thought to himself, “From whence did I carry that off!” and recognising that it was the banyan at the end of the anchorite’s covered walk, he considered, “This tree was of great service to him,—is an evil consequence following me or not? I will ask him and learn.” So he went to him in the guise of a young pupil; now at that moment the ascetic was smoothing the earth down. So the king of the garulas, having saluted him and sat down on one side, asked him, as if he were himself ignorant of the fact, what had once grown in that spot. He replied, “A garula was carrying off a Nāga for his food, which twined its tail round a branch of a banyan tree in order to escape; but the bird by its great strength made a spring upwards and flew off, and so the tree was torn up; this is the place out of which it was torn.” “What demerit accrued to the bird?” “If he did it not knowing what he did, it was only ignorance, not a sin.” “What was the case with the Nāga?” “He did not seize the tree with an intent to hurt it, therefore he also has no demerit.” The garula was pleased with the ascetic and said, “My friend, I am that king of the garulas, and I am pleased with your explanation of my question. Now you live here in the forest and I know the Ālambāyana spell of

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1 Jat. 518, Vol. v. p. 48 (trans.).
2 [Bā samulo, ‘roots and all,’ which suits the context better.]
priceless value. I will give it to you as my fee for your lesson,—be pleased to accept it.” “I know enough about spells,—you can be going.” But he continued to press him and at last he persuaded him to accept it, so he gave him the spell and shewed him the simples and departed.

Now at that time a poor Brahmin in Benares had got deeply into debt, and being pressed by his creditors he said to himself, “Why should I go on living here? I am sure it will be better to go into the forest and die.” So having gone from his home he went by successive journeys till he came to that hermitage. He entered it and pleased the ascetic by his diligent discharge of his duties. The ascetic said to himself, “This Brahmin is very helpful to me, I will give him the divine spell which the king of garuñas gave to me.” So he said to him, “O Brahmin, I know the Ālambayana spell, I will give it to you, do you take it.” The other replied, “Peace, good friend, I do not want any spell,” [179] but the other pressed him again and again and at last persuaded him; so he gave him the spell and shewed him the simples necessary for it and described the entire method of using it.

The Brahmin said to himself, “I have gained a means of livelihood”; so after staying there a few days, he made the excuse of an attack of rheumatism, and after begging the ascetic’s forgiveness he took his respectful leave of him and departed from the forest, and by successive stages reached the bank of the Yamunā, from whence he went along the high road repeating the spell. Now at that very time a thousand Nāga youths who waited on Bhūridatta were carrying that jewel which grants all desires. They had come out of the Nāga-world and had stopped and placed it on a hillock of sand, and there, after playing all night in the water by its radiance, they had put on all their ornaments at the approach of morning, and, causing the jewel to contract its splendour¹, had sat down, guarding it. The Brahmin reached the spot while he was repeating his charm, and they, on hearing the charm, seized with terror lest it should be the garuña king, plunged into the earth without staying to take the jewel and fled to the Nāga-world.

The Brahmin, when he saw the jewel, exclaimed, “My spell has at once succeeded”; and he joyfully seized the jewel and went on his way. Now at that very time the outcast Brahmin was entering the forest with his son Somadatta to kill deer, and when he saw the jewel on the other’s hand he said to his son, “Is not this the jewel which Bhūridatta gave to us?” “Yes,” said his son, “it is the very same.” “Well, I will tell him its evil qualities and so deceive him and get the jewel for my own.” “O father, you did not keep the jewel before when Bhūridatta gave it to you; this Brahmin will assuredly cheat you,—be silent about it.” “Let

¹ Or perhaps “causing bringing its splendour amongst them.”
be, my son; you shall see which can cheat best, he or I.” So he went to Álambáyana and addressed him:

“Where did you get that gem of yours, bringing good luck and fair to th’ eye; But having certain signs and marks, which I can recognise it by?”

[180] Álambáyana answered in the following stanza:

“This morning as I walked along I saw the jewel where it lay, Its thousand red-eyed guards all fled and left it there to be my pray.”

The outcast’s son, wishing to cheat him, proceeded in three stanzas to tell him the jewel’s evil qualities, desiring to secure it himself:

“Carefully tended, honoured well, and worn or stowed away with care, It brings its owner all good things, however large his wishes are; But if he shews it disrespect and wears or stows it heedlessly, Sore will he rue the finding it,—’twill only bring him misery. Do you have nought to do therewith,—you have no skill such ware to hold: Give it to me and take instead a hundred pounds of yellow gold.”

Then Álambáyana spoke a stanza in reply:

“I will not sell this gem of mine, though cows or jewels offered be; Its signs and marks I know full well, and it shall ne’er be bought from me.”

[181] The Brahmin said:

“If cows or jewels will not buy from you that jewel which you wear, What is the price you’ll sell it for? come, a true answer let me hear.”

Álambáyana answered:

“He who can tell me where to find the mighty Naga in his pride, To him this jewel will I give, flashing its rays on every side.”

The Brahmin said:

“Is this perchance the Garúj King, come in a Brahmin’s guise to-day, Seeking, while on the track for food, to seize the Naga as his prey?”

Álambáyana answered:

“No bird-king I,—a garúj bird ne’er came across these eyes of mine,— I am a Brahmin doctor, friend, and snakes and snake-bites are my line.”

The Brahmin said:

“What special power do you possess, or have you learned some subtle skill Which gives you this immunity to handle snakes whose fangs can kill?”

He replied, thus describing his power:

“The hermit Kostiya in the wood kept a long painful penance well, And at the end a Garúj revealed to him the serpent-spell. That holiest sage, who dwelt retired upon a lonely mountain height, I waited on with earnest zeal and served unwearied day and night; And at the last to recompense my years of faithful ministry My blessed teacher did reveal the heavenly secret unto me.

[182] Trusting in this all-powerful spell, the fiercest snakes I do not fear; I counteract their deadliest bites, I Álambáyana the seer.”
As he heard him, the outcast Brahmin thought to himself, “This Álambáyana is ready to give the pearl of gems to anyone who shews him the Nāga; I will shew him Bhūridatta and so secure the gem”; so he uttered this stanza as he consulted with his son:

“Let us secure this gem, my son; come, Somadatta, let’s be quick, Nor lose our luck as did the fool who smashed his meal-dish with his stick.”

Somadatta replied:

“All honour due he shewed to you, when you came in that stranger’s way; And would you turn and rob him now, his kindly welcome to repay? If you want wealth, go seek for it from Bhūridatta as before; Ask him and he will gladly give all that your heart desires, and more.”

The Brahmin said:

“That which, by lucky fortune brought, in bowl or hand all ready lies, Eat it at once nor questions ask, lest thou shouldst lose the offered prize.”

Somadatta replied:

[183] “Earth yawns for him, hell’s fiercest fires await the traitor at the end, Or, with fell hunger gnawed, he pines a living death, who cheats his friend.
Ask Bhūridatta,—he will give, if you want wealth, the wished-for boon; But if you sin, I fear the sin will find you out and that right soon.”

The Brahmin said:

“But, through a costly sacrifice Brahmans may sin and yet be clean; Great sacrifices we will bring and, so made pure, escape the sin.”

Somadatta said:

“Cease your vile talk, I will not stay,—this very moment I depart, I will not go one step with you, this baseness rankling in your heart.”

So saying, the wise youth, rejecting his father’s counsel, exclaimed with a loud voice which startled the deities in the neighbourhood, “I will not go with such a sinner,” and fled away as his father stood looking on; and, plunging into the recesses of Himavat, there became an ascetic, and, having practised the Faculties and the Attainments and become perfected in mystic meditation, he was born in the Brahma world. The Teacher explained this in the following stanza:

“The noble Somadatta thus rebuked his father where he stood, Startling the spirits of the place, and turned and hurried from the wood.”

The outcast Brahmin thought to himself, “Whither will Somadatta go except to his own home?” and when he saw that Álambáyana was a little vexed, [184] he said to him, “Do not mind, Álambáyana, I will introduce you to Bhūridatta.” So he took him and went to the place where the snake king kept the fast-day; and when he saw him lying on

the top of the ant-hill with his hoods contracted he stood a little way off, and holding out his hand uttered two stanzas:

"Seize this King-serpent where he lies and snatch forthwith that priceless gem, Which bright-red like a lady-bird glows on his head a diadem.
On yonder ant-heap see! he lies, stretched out without a thought of fear,— Spread like a heap of cotton there,—seize him before he knows you’re near."

The Great Being opened his eyes, and, seeing the outcast, he pondered, "I took this fellow to my Nāga home and settled him in high prosperity, but he would not accept the jewel which I gave him, and now he is come here with a snake-charmer. But if I were angry with him for his treachery, my moral character would be injured. Now my first of all duties is to keep the fast-day in its four periods,—that must remain inviolate; so whether Ālambāyana cut me in pieces or cook me or fix me on a spit, I must at all events not be angry with him." So closing his eyes and following the highest ideal of Resolution he placed his head between his hoods and lay perfectly motionless.

V.

Then the outcast Brahmin exclaimed, "O Ālambāyana, do you seize this Nāga and give me the gem." Ālambāyana, being delighted at seeing the Nāga, and not caring the least for the gem, threw it into his hand, saying, "Take it, Brahmin"; but the jewel slipped out of his hand, and as soon as it fell it went into the ground and was lost in the Nāga-world. The Brahmin found himself bereft of the three things, the priceless gem, Bhūridattā’s friendship, and his son, and went off to his home, loudly lamenting, "I have lost everything, I would not follow my son’s words." But Ālambāyana, [185] having first anointed his body with divine drugs and eaten a little and so fortified himself within, uttered the divine spell, and, going up to the Bodhisattva, seized him by the tail, and, holding him fast, opened his mouth and, having himself eaten a drug, spat it into it. The pure-natured Nāga king did not allow himself to feel any anger through fear of violating the moral precepts, and though he opened his eyes did not open them to the full. After he had made the snake full of the magic drug, and, holding him by the tail with his head downwards, had shaken him and made him vomit the food he had swallowed, he stretched him out at full length on the ground. Then pressing him like a pillow with his hands he crushed his bones to pieces, and then, seizing his tail, pounded him as if he were beating cloth. The Great Being felt no anger even though he suffered such pain.

1 [‘Sīla-khayaṃ niṣṭhitān.’]
2 Would their full gaze have made the offender blind?
The Teacher described this in the following stanza:

"By dint of drugs of magic power and muttering spells with evil skill,
He seized and held him without fear and made him subject to his will."

Having thus made the Great Being helpless, he prepared a basket of creepers and threw him into it; at first his huge body would not go into it, but after kicking it with his heels he forced it to enter. Then, going to a certain village, he set the basket down in the middle of it and shouted aloud, "Let all come here who wish to see a snake dance"; and all the villagers crowded round. Then he called to the Nāga king to come out, and the Great Being reflected, "It will be best for me to please the crowd and dance to-day; perhaps he will gain plenty of money and in his content will let me go; whatever he makes me do, I will do it." So when Ālambāyana took him out of the basket and told him to swell out he assumed his full size; and so when he told him to become small or round or heaped up like a bank¹, or to assume one hood or two hoods or three or four or five or ten or twenty or any number up to a hundred, or to become high or low, or to make his body visible or invisible, or to become blue or yellow or red or white or pink, or to emit water, or to emit water and smoke, [186] he made himself assume all these various appearances as he was commanded and exhibited his dancing powers. No one who witnessed it could keep back his tears and the people brought gold coin, gold, garments, ornaments, and the like, so that he received a hundred thousand pieces in that village alone.

Now at first, after he had captured the Great Being, he had intended to let him go when he had gained a thousand pieces; but when he had made such a harvest, he said, "I have gained all this money in one little village,—what a fortune I shall get in a city!" So, after settling his family there, he made a basket all covered with jewels, and having thrown the Great Being into it, he mounted a luxurious carriage and started with a great train of attendants. He made him dance in every village and town which they passed, and at last they reached Benares. He gave the snake-king honey and fried grain, and killed frogs for him to eat; but he would not take the food, through fear of not being released from his captivity²; but even though he did not take his food, the other made him shew his sports, and began with the four villages at the gates of the city, where he spent a month. Then on the fast-day of the fifteenth he announced to the king that he would that day exhibit the snake's dancing powers before him. The king in consequence made a proclamation by beat of drum and collected a large crowd, and tiers of scaffolding were erected in the courtyard of the palace³.

¹ By cappito, from toppo? [The text reads toppito.]
² Through the guilt which he would incur through eating.
³ [Edana-khāṇḍam niṣṭhitam.]
VI.

But on the day when the Bodhisatta was seized by Ālambāna, the Great Boing's mother saw in a dream that a black man with red eyes had cut off her arm with a sword and was carrying it away, streaming with blood. She sprang up in terror, but on feeling her right arm she recognised it to be only a dream. Then she considered in herself, "I have seen an evil frightful dream; it portends some misfortune either to my four sons or to King Dhataraṭṭha or to myself." But presently she fixed her thoughts especially on the Bodhisatta: "Now all the others are dwelling in the Nāga-world, but he has gone into the world of men resolved to keep the precepts and under a vow to observe the fast-day; therefore I wonder whether some snake-charmer or garuḍa is seizing him." So she thought of him more and more, and at last at the end of a fortnight she became quite dejected, saying, "My son could not live a whole fortnight without me,—surely [187] some evil must have befallen him." After a month had passed there was no limit to the tears which flowed from her eyes in her distress, and she sat watching the road by which he would come back, continually saying, "Surely he will now be coming home,—surely he will now be coming home." Then her eldest son Sudassana came with a great retinue to pay a visit to his parents at the end of a month's absence, and having left his attendants outside he ascended the palace, and after saluting his mother stood on one side; but she said nothing to him as she kept sorrowing for Bhūridatta. He thought to himself, "Whenever I have returned before my mother has always been pleased and given me a kind welcome, but to-day she is in deep distress; what can be the reason?" So he asked her, saying:

"You see me come with all success, my every wish has hit the mark;
And yet you shew no signs of joy, and your whole countenance is dark,—
Dark as a lotus rudely plucked which droops and withers in the hand;
Is this the welcome which you give when I come back from foreign land?"

Even at these words of his she still said nothing. Then Sudassana thought, "Can she have been abused or slandered by someone?" So he uttered another stanza, questioning her:

"Has anyone upbraided you or are you racked with secret pain,
That thus your countenance is dark, e'en when you see me back again?"

She replied as follows:

"I saw an evil dream, my son, a month ago, this very day;
[188] There came a man who lopped my arm as on my bed I sleeping lay,
And carried off the bleeding limb,—no tears of mine his hand could stay.
Blank terror overpowers my heart, and since I saw that cruel sight
A moment's peace or happiness I have not known by day or night."
When she had said this she burst out lamenting, "I cannot see anywhere my darling son your youngest brother; some evil must have happened to him," and she exclaimed:

"He whom fair maidens in their bloom used to be proud to wait upon, Their hair adorned with golden nets,—Bhūridatta,—alas! is gone; He whom stout soldiers used to guard, with their drawn swords, a gallant train, Flashing like kaṇḍikāra flowers,—alas! I look for him in vain! I must pursue your brother's track and find where he has fixed to dwell, Fulfilling his ascetic vow, and learn myself if all be well."

Having uttered these words she set out with his retinue as well as her own.

Now Bhūridatta's wives had not felt anxious when they did not find him on the top of the ant-hill, as they said that he was no doubt gone to his mother's home; but when they heard that she was coming weeping because she could nowhere see her son, they went to meet her and fell at her feet, making a loud lamentation, "O lady, it is a month to-day since we last saw your son."

The Teacher described this as follows:

"The wives of Bhūridatta there beheld his mother drawing nigh, And putting out their arms they wept with an exceeding bitter cry; 'Bhūridatta, thy son, went hence a month ago, we know not where; Whether he be alive or dead we cannot tell in our despair.'"

[189] The mother joined with her daughters-in-law in their lamentations in the middle of the road and then went up with them into the palace, and there her grief burst forth as she looked on her son's bed:

"Like a lone bird whose brood is slain, when it beholds its empty nest, So sorrow, when I look in vain for Bhūridatta, fills my breast. Deep in my heart my grief for him burns with a fierce and steady glow Just like the furnace which a smith carries where'er he is called to go."

As she thus wept, Bhūridatta's house seemed to be filled with one continuous sound like the hollow roar of the ocean. No one could remain unmoved, and the whole dwelling was like a sāl-forest smitten by the storm of doom's-day.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Like sāl-trees prostrate in a storm, their branches broken, roots uptorn, So mother, wives, and children, lay in that lone dwelling-place forlorn."

Ariṭha and Subbhaga also, the brothers, who had come to visit their parents, heard the noise and entered Bhūridatta's dwelling and tried to comfort their mother.

The Teacher thus described it:

"Ariṭha then and Subbhaga, eager to help and comfort, come, Hearing the sounds of wild lament which rose in Bhūridatta's home; 'Mother, be calm, thy wailings end,—this is the lot of all who live; They all must pass from birth to birth: change rules in all things,—do not grieve.'"
[190] Samuddâja\(^1\) replied:

"My son, I know it but too well, this is the lot of all who live,
But now no common loss is mine,—left thus forlorn I can but grieve;
Verily if I see him not, my jewel and my soul's delight,
My Bhûriyadatta, I will end my wretched life this very night."

Her sons answered:

"Mourn not, dear mother, still your grief,—we'll bring our brother back;
Through the wide earth on every side we will pursue his track
O'er hill and dale, through village, town and city, till he's found,—
Within ten days we promise you to bring him safe and sound."

Then Sudassana thought, "If we all three go in one direction there will be much delay: we must go to three different places,—one to the world of the gods, one to Himavât, and one to the world of men. But if Kâñârîthha\(^2\) goes to the land of men he will set that village or town on fire where he shall happen to see Bhûriyadatta, for he is cruel-natured,—it will not do to send him"; so he said to him, "Do thou go to the world of the gods; if the gods have carried him to their world in order to learn the law from him, then do thou bring him thence." But he said to Subhaga, "Do thou go to Himavat and search for Bhûriyadatta in the five rivers and come back." But as he was resolving to go himself to the world of men, he reflected, "If I go as a young man people will revile\(^4\) me; I must go as an ascetic, for ascetics are dear and welcome to men." So he took the garb of an ascetic and, after bidding his mother farewell, set out.

Now the Bodhisatta had a sister, born of another mother, named Accimukhi, who had a very great love for the Bodhisatta. When she saw Subhaga setting out, she said to him, [191] "Brother, I am greatly troubled, I will go with you." "Sister," he replied, "you cannot go with me, for I have assumed an ascetic's dress." "I will become a little frog and I will go inside your matted hair." On his consenting, she became a young frog and lay down in his matted hair. Subhaga resolved that he would search for him from the very commencement, so asked his wife where he spent the fast-day and went there first of all. When he saw there the blood on the spot where the Great Being had been seized by Álamâna and the place where the latter had made the basket of creeping plants, he felt sure that the Bodhisatta had been seized by a snake-charmer and being overcome with grief, and having his eyes filled with tears, he followed Álamâna's track. When he came to the village where he had first displayed the dancing, he asked the people whether a snake-charmer had shewn his tricks there with such and such a kind of snake. "Yes, Álamâna shewed these tricks a month ago." "Did he gain anything thereby?" "Yes, he gained a hundred thousand pieces in this one

\(^1\) See supra, p. 85.
\(^2\) I read csapissanti (आवाप).
place.” “Where has he gone now?” “To such and such a village.” He went off and, asking his way as he went, he at last arrived at the palace-gate. Now at that very moment Álambāna had come there, just bathed and anointed, and wearing a tunie of fine cloth, and making his attendant carry his jewelled basket. A great crowd collected, a seat was placed for the king, and he, while he was still within the palace, sent a message, “I am coming, let him make the king of snakes play.” Then Álambāna placed the jewelled basket on a variegated rug, and gave the sign, saying, “Come hither, O snake-king.” At that moment Sudassana was standing at the edge of the crowd, while the Great Being put out his head and looked round surveying the people. Now Nāgas look at a crowd for two reasons, to see whether any garuḷa is near or any actors; if they see any garuḷas, they do not dance for fear,—if any actors, they do not dance for shame. The Great Being, as he looked, beheld his brother in another part of the crowd, and, repressing the tears which filled his eyes, he came out of the basket and went up to his brother. The crowd, seeing him approach, retreated in fear and Sudassana was left alone; so he went up to him and laid his head on his foot and wept; and Sudassana also wept. The Great Being at last stopped weeping and went into the basket. Álambāna said to himself, “This Nāga must have bitten yonder ascetic, I must comfort him”; so he went up to him and said:

[192] “It slipped out of my hand and seized your foot with all its might; Did it chance bite you? never fear,—there’s no harm in its bite.

Sudassana wished to have some talk with him, so he answered:

“This snake of yours can harm me not,
I am a match for him, I wot;
Search where you will, you will not see
One who can charm a snake like me.”

Álambāna did not know who it was, so he answered angrily:

“This lout dressed out in Brahmin guise challenges me to-day,—
Let all the assembly hear my words and give us both fair play.”

Then Sudassana uttered a stanza in answer:

“A frog shall be my champion, and let a snake be yours,
Five thousand pieces be the stake, and let us shew our powers.”

Álambāna rejoined:

“I am a man well-backed with means, and you a bankrupt clown;
Who will stand surety on your side, and where’s the money down?
There is my surety, there’s the stake in case I lose the bet;
Five thousand coins will shew my powers,—your challenge, see, is met.”

[193] Sadassana heard him and said, “Well, let us shew our powers

1 Bead māṭjasātaka, cf. p. 54, l. 23, text.
for five thousand pieces”; and so undismayed he went up into the royal palace and, going up to the king his father-in-law, he said this stanza:

“O noble monarch, hear my words,—never may good luck thy steps forsake; Wilt thou be surety in my name? Five thousand pieces is the stake.”

The king thought to himself, “This ascetic asks for a very large sum, what can it mean?” so he replied:

“Is it some debt your father left or is it all your own, That you should come and ask from me such an unheard-of loan?”

Sudassana repeated two stanzas:

“Alambāṇa would beat me with his snake; I with my frog his Brahmin pride will break. Come forth, O king, with all thy train appear, And see the beating which awaits him here.”

The king consented and went out with the ascetic. When Alambāṇa saw him, he thought, “This ascetic has gone and got the king on his side, he must be some friend of the royal family”; so he grew frightened and began to follow him, saying:

“I do not want to humble thee, I will not boast at all; But you despise this snake too much, and pride may have a fall.”

[194] Sudassana uttered two stanzas:

“I do not seek to humble thee, a Brahmin, or despise thy skill; But wherefore thus cajole the crowd with harmless snakes that cannot kill? If people knew your real worth as well as I can see it plain,— Why talk of gold?—a little meal would be the limit of your gain.”

Alambāṇa grew angry and said:

“You mendicant in ascetic skin, uncombed and squalid to the sight, You dare to scorn this snake of mine, and say forsooth it cannot bite; Come near and try what it can do,—learn by experience if you must; I warrant you its harmless bite will make of you a heap of dust.”

Then Sudassana uttered a stanza, mocking him:

“A rat or water-snake perchance may bite And leave its poison if you anger it; But your red-headed snake is harmless quite, It will not bite, however much it spit.”

Alambāṇa replied in two stanzas:

“I have been told by holy saints who practised penance ceaselessly,— Those who in this life give their alms will go to heaven when they die; I counsel you to give at once if you have anything to give,— This snake will turn you into dust,—you have but little time to live.”

Sudassana said:

“T have too heard from holy saints, those who give alms will go to heaven; Give you your alms while yet you may, if you have aught that can be given.
Then he called to her in the middle of the crowd, "O Aceimukhi, come out of my matted locks and stand on my hand"; and he put out his hand; and when she heard his voice she uttered a cry like a frog three times, while she was lying in his hair, and then came out and sat on his shoulder, and springing up dropped three drops of poison on the palm of his hand and then entered again into his matted locks. Sudassana stood holding the poison and exclaimed three times, "This country will be destroyed, this country will be wholly destroyed"; the sound filled all Benares with its extent of twelve leagues. The king asked what should destroy it. "O king, I see no place where I can drop this poison." "This earth is big enough, drop it there." "That is not possible," he answered, and he repeated a stanza:

"If I should drop it on the ground,—listen, O king, to me,—
The grass and creeping plants and herbs would parched and blasted be."

"Well then, throw it into the sky." "That also is not possible," he said, and he repeated a stanza:

"If I should do thy best, O king, and throw it in the sky,
No rain nor snow will fall from heaven till seven long years roll by."

"Then throw it into the water." "That is not possible," he said, and he repeated a stanza:

[196] "If in the water it were dropped,—listen, O king, to me,—
Fishes and tortoises would die and all that lives i' the sea."

Then the king exclaimed, "I am utterly at a loss,—do you tell us some way to prevent the land being destroyed." "O king, cause three holes to be dug here in succession." The king did so. Sudassana filled the middle hole with drugs, the second with cowdung, the third with heavenly medicines; then he let fall the drops of poison into the middle hole. A flame, which filled the hole with smoke, burst out; this spread and caught the hole with the cowdung, and then bursting out again it caught the hole filled with the heavenly plants and consumed them all, and then itself became extinguished. Álambâyana was standing near that hole, and the heat of the poison smote him,—the colour of his skin at once vanished and he became a white leper. Filled with terror, he exclaimed three times, "I will set the snake-king free." On hearing him the Bodhisatta came out of the jewelled basket, and assuming a form radiant with all kinds of ornaments, he stood with all the glory of Indra. Sudassana also and Aceimukhi stood by. Then Sudassana said to the king, "Dost thou not know whose children these are?" "I know not." "Thou dost not know us, but thou knowest that the king of Kási gave
his daughter Samuddajā to Dhataraṭṭha.” “I know it well, for she was my youngest sister.” “We are her sons, and you are our uncle.” Then the king embraced them and kissed their heads and wept, and brought them up into the palace, and paid them great honour. While he was shewing all kindness to Bhūridatta he asked him how Ālambāna had caught him, when he possessed such a terrible poison. Sudassana related the whole story and then said, “O great monarch, a king ought to rule his kingdom in this way,” and he taught his uncle the Law. Then he said, “O uncle, our mother is pining for want of seeing Bhūridatta, we cannot stay longer away from her.” “It is right, you shall go; but I too want to see my sister; how can I see her?” “O uncle, where is our grandfather, the king of Kāsi?” [197] “He could not bear to live without my sister, so he left his kingdom and became an ascetic, and is now dwelling in such and such a forest.” “Uncle, my mother is longing to see you and my grandfather; we will take her and go to our grandfather’s hermitage, and then you too will see him.” So they fixed a day and departed from the palace; and the king, after parting with his sister’s sons, returned weeping; and they sank into the earth and went to the Nāga-world.

VII.

When the Great Being thus came among them, the city became filled with one universal lamentation. He himself was tired out with his month’s residence in the basket and took to a sick-bed; and there was no limit to the number of Nāgas who came to visit him, and he tired himself out, talking to them. In the meantime Kāṇāriṭṭha, who had gone to the world of the gods and did not find the Great Being there, was the first to come back; so they made him the doorkeeper of the Great Being’s sick residence, for they said that he was passionate and could keep away the crowd of Nāgas. Subhaga also, after searching all Himavat and after that the great ocean and the other rivers, came in the course of his wanderings to search the Yamunā. But when the outcast Brahmin saw that Ālambāna had become a leper, he thought to himself, “He has become a leper because he worried Bhūridatta; now I too, through lust of the jewel, betrayed him, although he had been my benefactor, to Ālambāna, and this crime will come upon me. Before it comes, I will go to the Yamunā and will wash away the guilt in the sacred bathing-place.” So he went down into the water, saying that he would wash away the sin of his treachery. At that moment Subhaga came to the spot, and, hearing his words, said to himself, “This evil wretch for the sake of a gem-charm

1 [Nāgara-pavesana-khaḍḍam niṭṭhitam.]
2 Cf. p. 100.
betrayed my brother, who had given him such a means of enriching himself, to Ālamāra; I will not spare his life." So, twisting his tail round his feet and dragging him into the water, he held him down; then when he was breathless he let him remain quiet a while, [198] and when the other lifted his head up he dragged him in again and held him down; this he repeated several times, until at last the outcast Brahmin lifted his head and said:

"I'm bathing at this sacred spot here in Payāga's holy flood;
My limbs are wet with sacred drops,—what cruel demon seeks my blood?"

Subhāga answered him in the following stanza:

"He who, men say, in ancient days to this proud Kāsi wrathful came,
And wrapped it round with his strong coils, that serpent-king of glorious fame,
His son am I, who hold thee now: Subhāga, Brahmin, is my name."

The Brahmin thought, "Bhūridatta's brother will not spare my life,—but what if I were to move him to tender-heartedness by reciting the praises of his father and mother, and then beg my life?" So he recited this stanza:

"Scion of Kāsi's royal race divine,
Thy mother born from that illustrious line,
Thou wouldest not leave the meanest Brahmin's slave
To perish drowned beneath the ruthless wave."

[199] Subhāga thought, "This wicked Brahmin thinks to deceive me and persuade me to let him go, but I will not give him his life"; so he answered, reminding him of his old deeds:

"A thirsty deer approached to drink—from your tree-veranda your shaft flew down:
In fear and pain your victim fled, spurred by an impulse not its own;
Deep in the wood you saw it fall and bore it on your carrying-pole
To where a banyan's shoots grew thick, clustering around the parent bole;
The parrots sported in the boughs, the kokil's song melodious rose,
Green spread the grassy sward below,—evening invited to repose;
But there your cruel eye perceived my brother, who the boughs among
In summer pomp of colour drest sported with his attendant throng.
He in his joyance harmed you not, but you in malice lid him slay,
An innocent victim,—to that crime comes back on your own head to-day,
I will not spare your life an hour,—my utmost vengeance you shall pay."

Then the Brahmin thought, "He will not give me my life, but I must try my best to escape"; so he uttered the following stanza:

"Study, the offering of prayers, libations in the sacred fire,
These three things make a Brahmin's life inviolate to mortal's ire."

[200] Subhāga, when he heard this, began to hesitate and he thought

1 (The text reads Kārasāsa, 'another name for the king of Kāsi' (Schol.).)
to himself, “I will carry him to the Nāga-world and ask my brothers about this”; so he repeated two stanzas:

“Beneath the Yamuna’s sacred stream, stretching to far Himālaya’s feet,
Lies deep the Nāga capital where Dhataraṭṭha holds his seat;
There all my hero brethren dwell, to them will I refer thy plea,
And as their judgment shall decide, so shall thy final sentence be.”

He then seized him by the neck, and, shaking him with loud abuse and revilings, carried him to the gate of the Great Being’s palace.

VIII.

Kāṇāriḍṭha who had become the doorkeeper was sitting there, and when he saw that the other was being dragged along so roughly he went to meet them, and said, “Subhaga, do not hurt him; all Brahmins are the sons of the great spirit Brahman; if he learned that we were hurting his son he would be angry and would destroy all our Nāga-world. In the world Brahmins rank as the highest and possess great dignity; thou dost not know what their dignity is, but I do.” For they say that Kāṇāriḍṭha in the birth immediately preceding this had been born as a sacrificing Brahmin, and therefore he spoke so positively. Moreover being skilled in sacrificial lore from his former experiences, he said to Subhaga and the Nāga assembly, “Come, I will describe to you the character of sacrificial Brahmins,” and he went on as follows:

“The Veda and the sacrifice, things of high worth and dignity,
Belong to Brahmins as their right, however worthless they may be;
Great honour is their privilege; and he who flouts them in his scorn,
Loses his wealth and breaks the law, and lives guilt-burdened and forlorn.”

[201] Then Kāṇāriḍṭha asked Subhaga if he knew who had made the world; and when he confessed his ignorance, he told this stanza to shew that it was created by Brahman the grandfather of the Brahmins:

“Brahmins he made for study; for command
He made the Khattiyas; Vessas plough the land;
Suddas he servants made to obey the rest;
Thus from the first went forth the Lord’s behest.”

Then he said, “These Brahmins have great powers, and he who conciliates them and gives them gifts is not fated to enter any new birth, but goes at once to the world of the gods”; and he repeated these stanzas:

“Kuvera, Soma, Varuna, of old,
Dhātā, Vidhātā, and the Sun and Moon,
Offered their sacrifices manifold,
And to their Brahmin priests gave every boon.

1 ["Mahāsattassa pariyesāṃ-khaṇḍāṃ niṭṭhitam."]
The giant Ajun too who wrought such woe,
Round whose huge bulk a thousand arms once grew,
Each several pair with its own threatening bow,
Heaped on the sacred flame the offerings due."

[202] Then he went on describing the glory of the Brahmins and how
the best gifts are to be given to them.

"That ancient king who feasted them so well
Became at last a god, old stories tell.
King Muralinda long the fire adored,
Glutting its thirst with all the ghee he poured;
And at last the earned reward it brought,
He found the pathway to the heaven he sought."

He also repeated these stanzas to illustrate this lesson:

[203] "Dajiya lived a thousand years in all,
Chariote and hosts unnumbered at his call;
But an ascetic’s life was his at last,
And from his hermitage to heaven he past.
Sagara all the earth in triumph crown,
And raised a golden sacrificial post;
None worshipped fire more zealously than he,
And he too rose to be a deity.
The milk and curds which Agga, Kasi’s lord,
In his long offerings so profusely poured,
Swelled Ganga to an ocean by their flood,
Until at last in Sakka’s courts he stood.
Great Sakka’s general on the heavenly plain,
By soma-offerings did the honour gain;
[204] He who now marshals the immortal powers
Rises from a mortal sin-stained lot like ours.
Brahma the great Creator, he who made
The mountains landmarks in his altar yard,
Whose host the Ganges in its path obeyed,
By sacrifice attained his great reward."

Then he said to him, "Brother, know you how this sea became salt
and undrinkable?" "I know not, Arittha." "You only know how to
injure Brahmins,—listen to me." Then he repeated a stanza:

"A hermit student, versed in prayer and spell,
Once stood upon the shore, as I’ve heard tell;
[205] He touched the sea,—it forthwith swallowed him,
And since that day has been undrinkable."

"These Brahmins are all like this"; and he uttered another stanza:

"When Sakka first attained his royal throne,
His special favour upon Brahmins shone;
East, west, north, south, they made their ritual known,
And found at last a Veda of their own."

Thus Arittha described the Brahmins and their sacrifices and Vedas.

When they heard his words, many Nagas came to visit the Bodhisattva’s
sick-bed, and they said to one another, "He is telling a legend of the past,"
and they seemed to be in danger of accepting false doctrine. Now the Bodhisatta heard it all as he lay in his bed, and the Nāgas told him about it; then the Bodhisatta reflected, “Ariṣṭha is telling a false legend,—I will interrupt his discourse, and put true views into the assembly.” So he rose and bathed, and put on all his ornaments, and sat down in the pulpit and gathered all the Nāga multitude together. Then he sent for Ariṣṭha and said to him, “Ariṣṭha, you have spoken falsely when you describe the Brahmins and the Vedas, for the sacrifice of victims by all these ceremonies of the Vedas is not held to be desirable and it does not lead to heaven,—see what unreality there is in your words”; so he repeated these gāthās describing the various kinds of sacrifice:

[206] “These Veda studies are the wise man’s toils,
The lure which tempts the victims whom he spoils;
A mirage formed to catch the careless eye,
But which the prudent passes safely by.
The Vedas have no hidden power to save
The traitor or the coward or the knave;
The fire, though tended well for long years past,
Leaves his base master without hope at last.
Though all earth’s trees in one vast heap were piled
To satisfy the fire’s insatiate child,
Still would it crave for more, insatiate still,—
How could a Nāga hope that maw to fill?
Milk ever changes,—thus where milk has been
Butter and curds in natural course are seen;
And the same thirst for change pervades the fire,
Once stirred to life it mounts still higher and higher.
Fire bursts not forth in wood that’s dry or new,
Fire needs an effort ere it leaps to view;
If dry fresh timber of itself could burn,
Spontaneous would each forest blaze in turn.
If he wins merit who to feed the flame
Piles wood and straw, the merit is the same;
When cooks light fires or blacksmiths at their trade
Or those who burn the corpses of the dead.

[207] But none, however zealously he prays
Or heaps the fuel round to feed the blaze,
Gains any merit by his mummeries,—
The fire for all its crest of smoke soon dies.
Were Fire the honoured being that you think,
Would it thus dwell with refuse and with stink,
Feeding on carrion with a foul delight,
Where men in horror hasten from the sight?
Some worship as a god the crested flame,
Barbarians give to water that high name;
But both alike have wandered from their road:
Neither is worthy to be called a god.
To worship fire, the common drudge of all,
Senseless and blind and deaf to every call,
And then one's self to live a life of sin,—
How could one dream that this a heaven could win?
These Brahmins all a livelihood require,
And so they tell us Brahma worships fire;
Why should the increate who all things planned
Worship himself the creature of his hand?
Doctrines and rules of their own, absurd and vain,
Our sires imagined wealth and power to gain;
'Brahmins he made for study, for command
He made the Khattiyas; Vessas plough the land;
Suddas he servants made to obey the rest;
Thus from the first went forth his high behest.\1

[208] We see these rules enforced before our eyes,
None but the Brahmins offer sacrifice,
None but the Khattiyas exercises away,
The Vessas plough, the Suddas must obey.
These greedy liars propagate deceit,
And fools believe the fictions they repeat;
He who has eyes can see the sickening sight;
Why does not Brahma set his creatures right?
If his wide power no limits can restrain,
Why is his hand so rarely spread to bless?
Why are his creatures all condemned to pain?
Why does he not to all give happiness?
Why do fraud, lies, and ignorance prevail?
Why triumphs falsehood,—truth and justice fail?
I count your Brahma one th' injust among,
Who made a world in which to shelter wrong.
Those men are counted pure who only kill
Frogs, worms, bees, snakes or insects as they will,—
These are your savage customs which I hate,—
Such as Kamboja\2 hordes might emulate.

[210] If he who kills is counted innocent
And if the victim safe to heaven is sent,
[211] Let Brahmins Brahmins kill—so all were well—
And those who listen to the words they tell.
We see no cattle asking to be slain
That they a new and better life may gain,—
Rather they go unwilling to their death
And in vain struggles yield their latest breath.
To veil the post, the victim and the blow
The Brahmins let their choicest rhetoric flow;
'The post shall as a cow of plenty be
Securing all thy heart's desires to thee';
But if the wood thus round the victim spread
Had been as full of treasure as they said,

1 See p. 106.
2 The Kambojas were a north-western tribe who were supposed to have lost their original Aryan customs and to have become barbarous, see Manu, x. 44.
As full of silver, gold and gems for us,
With heaven's unknown delights as overplus,
They would have offered for themselves alone
And kept the rich reversion as their own.
These cruel cheats, as ignorant as vile,
Weave their long frauds the simple to beguile,
'Offer thy wealth, cut nails and beard and hair,
And thou shalt have thy bosom's fondest prayer.'
The offerer, simple to their hearts' content,
Comes with his purse, they gather round him fast,
Like crows around an owl, on mischief bent,
[212] And leave him bankrupt and stripped bare at last,
The solid coin which he crewhile possessed,
Exchanged for promises which none can test.
Like grasping strangers¹ sent by those who reign,
The cultivators' earnings to restrain,
These rob where'er they prowl with evil eye,—
No law condemns them, yet they ought to die.
The priests a shoot of Butea must hold
As part o' the rite sacred from days of old;
Indra's right arm 'tis called; but were it so,
Would Indra triumph o'er his demon foe?
Indra's own arm can give him better aid,
'Twas no vain sham which made hell's hosts afraid.
¹ Each mountain-range which now some kingdom guards
Was once a heap in ancient altar-yards,
And pious worshippers with patient hands
Piled up the mound at some great lord's commands.'
So Brahmans say,—fie on the idle boast,
Mountains are heaved aloft at other cost;
And the brick mound, search as you may, contains
No veins of iron for the miner's pains.
[213] A holy seer well known in ancient days,
On the seashore was praying, legend says;
There was he drowned and since this fate befell
The ocean's waves have been undrinkable.
Rivers have drowned their learned men at will
By hundreds and have kept their waters still;
Their streams flow on and never taste the worse,
Why should the sea alone incur the curse?
And the salt-streams which run upon the land
Spring from no curse but own the digger's hand.
At first there were no women and no men;
'Twas mind first brought mankind to light,—and then,
Though they all started equal in the race,
¹ Their various failures made them soon change place;
It was no lack of merit in the past,
But present faults which made them first or last.
¹ śāśīyā.
² Vossagavāhāgam may mean 'difference of occupation.'
A clever low-caste lad would use his wit,
And read the hymns nor find his head-piece split;
The Brahmins made the Vedas to their cost
When others gained the knowledge which they lost.
Thus sentences are made and learned by rote
In metric forms not easily forgot,—
The obscurity but tempts the foolish mind,
They swallow all they're told with impulse blind.
Brahmins are not like violent beasts of prey,
No tigers, lions of the woods are they;
They are to cows and oxen near akin,
Differing outside they are as dull within.

[214] If the victorious king would cease to fight
And live in peace with his friends and follow right,
Conquering those passions which his bosom rend,
What happy lives would all his subjects spend!
The Brahmin's Veda, Khattiya's policy,
Both arbitrary and delusive be,
They blindly grope their way along a road
By some huge inundation overflowed.
In Brahmin's Veda, Khattiya's policy,
One secret meaning we alike can see;
For after all, loss, gain and glory, and shame
Touch the four castes alike, to all the same.
As householders to gain a livelihood
Count all pursuits legitimate and good,
So Brahmins now in our degenerate day
Will gain a livelihood in any way.
The householders is led by love of gain,
Blindly he follows, dragged in pleasure's train,
Trying all trades, deceitful and a fool,
Fallen alas! how far from wisdom's rule."

[217] The Great Being, having thus confuted their arguments, established his own doctrine, and when they heard his exposition the assembly of Nāgas was filled with joy. The Great Being delivered the outcast Brahmin from the Nāga-world and did not wound him with a single contemptuous speech. Sāgara-brahmadatta also did not let the appointed day pass, but went with his complete army to his father's dwelling-place. The Great Being also, having proclaimed by beat of drum that he would visit his maternal uncle and grandfather, crossed over from the Yamunā and went first to that hermitage with great pomp and magnificence, and his remaining brothers and his father and mother came afterwards. At that moment Sāgara-brahmadatta, not recognising the Great Being, as he approached with his great retinue, asked his father:

"Whose drums are these? whose tabours, conchs, and what those instruments, whose voice
Swells with deep concert through the air and makes the monarch's heart rejoice?"

1 See v. p. 8224.
Who is this youth who marches there, with quiver and with bow arrayed, 
Wearing a golden coronet that shines like lightning round his head?
Who is it that approaches there, whose youthful countenance shines bright, 
Like an acacia brand which glows in a smith's forge with steady light?

[218] Whose bright umbrella, golden-hued, o'erpowers the sun in noonday's pride, 
While daftly hangs a fly-flapper ready for action by his side?
See peacock's tails on golden sticks wave by his face with colours blent,
While his bright ear-rings deck his brow as lightning wreaths the firmament.
What hero owns that long large eye, that tuft of wool between the brows,
Those teeth as white as buds or shells, their line so faultless and so even,
Those lso-dyed hands, those bimba lips,—he shines forth like the sun in heaven;
Like some tall sal-tree full of bloom, upon a mountain peak alone,
Indra in his triumphant dress with every demon foe o'erthrown.
Who is it bursts upon our view, drawing from out its sheath his brand,
Its jewelled handle and rich work radiant with splendour in his hand,
Who now takes off his golden shoes, richly inwrought with varied thread,
And, bending with obeisance low, pours honour on the Sage's head?

[219] Being thus asked by his son Sāgara-brahmadatta, the ascetic,
possessed of transcendent knowledge and supernatural power, replied,
"O my son, these are the sons of King Dhataraṭṭha, the Nāga sons of thy sister"; and he repeated this gāthā:

"These are all Dhataraṭṭha's sons glorious in power and great in fame,—
They all revere Samuddaṭṭha and her as common mother claim."

While they were thus talking, the host of Nāgas came up and saluted
the ascetic's feet and then sat down on one side. Samuddaṭṭha also saluted
her father, and then after weeping returned with the Nāgas to the Nāga-world. Sāgara-brahmadatta stayed there for a few days and then went
to Benares, and Samuddaṭṭha died in the Nāga-world. The Bodhisatta,
having kept the precepts all his life and performed all the duties of
the fast-day, at the end of his life went with the host of Nāgas to fill the
seats of heaven.

After the lesson the Teacher exclaimed, "Thus pious disciples, wise men of
former times before the Buddha was born, gave up the glory of the Nāga state
and rigorously fulfilled the duties of the fast-day"; and he then identified the
birth: "At that time the family of the great King were my father and mother,
Devadatta was the outcast Brahmin, Ānanda was Somadatta, Uppalavannā was
Acoimukki, Sāriputta was Sudassana, Mogallāna was Subhaga, Sunakkhatta
was Kāpariṭṭha, and I myself was Bhūridatta."

1 Does this refer to his whiskers? or is it to be taken literally?