Ja 531 — Kusa Jātaka

English translation by H. T. Francis.

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Edited by E. B. Cowell

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Pinned source revision: https://github.com/suttacentral/sc-data/commit/2d9ca8da858f94302ed6783e2717bf73d651881b

Scope: Complete numbered source article from the traditional Jātaka commentary; canonical verses appear in story context. This is not a verse-only edition.

Changes: Converted the pinned SuttaCentral HTML article to plain text; removed inline print page-reference labels and normalized whitespace. The original source retains references.

Text

“This realm,” etc. This was a tale the Master, while dwelling at Jetavana, told about a backsliding Brother. The story runs that he was of noble birth and lived at Savatthi, and on his heartily embracing the Faith he adopted the ascetic life. Now one day as he was going his rounds for alms in Savatthi, he met a fair lady and fell in love with her at first sight. Overcome by his passion he lived an unhappy life, and letting his nails and hair grow long and wearing soiled robes, he pined away and became quite sallow, with all his veins standing out on his body. And just as in the angel-world, such as are destined to fall from their heavenly existence manifest five well-known signs, that is to say, their garlands wither, their robes soil, their bodies grow ill-favoured, perspiration pours from their armpits, and they no longer find pleasure in their angel-home, so too in the case of worldly Brethren, who fall from the Faith, the same five signs are to be seen: the flowers of faith wither, the robes of righteousness soil, through discontent and the effects of an evil name their persons grow ill-favoured, the sweat of corruption streams from them and they no longer delight in a life of solitude at the foot of forest trees—all these signs were to be found in him. So they brought him into the presence of the Master, saying, “Holy Sir, this fellow is discontented.” The Master asked if it were true, and on his confessing that it was, he said, “Brother, be not the slave of sin. This is a wicked woman; overcome your passion for her, take pleasure in the Faith. Verily through falling in love with a woman, sages of old, mighty though they were, lost their power and came to misery and destruction.” And so saying he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time, in the Malla kingdom, in the royal city of Kusavati, king Okkaka ruled his kingdom righteously. Amongst his sixteen thousand wives the chief was Silavati, his queen consort. Now she had neither son nor daughter, and the men of the city and all his subjects assembled at the door of the palace, complaining that the realm would utterly perish. The king opened his window and said, “Under my rule no man worketh iniquity. Wherefore do ye reproach me?” “True, Sire,” they answered, “no one worketh iniquity, but no son is born to you, to perpetuate the race: a stranger will seize upon the kingdom and

destroy it. Therefore pray for a son who can rule your kingdom righteously." "In my desire for a son, what am I to do?" "First of all send out into the streets for a whole week a band of dancing women of low degree—giving the act a religious sanction—and if one of them shall give birth to a son, well and good. Otherwise send out a company of fairly good standing, and finally a band of the highest rank. Surely amongst so many one woman will be found of sufficient merit to bear a son." The king did as they bade him, and every seventh day he inquired of all such as had returned, after taking their fill of pleasure, whether any of them had conceived. And when they all answered, "No, Sire," the king was now in despair and cried, "No son will be born to me." The men of the city again reproached him as before. The king said, "Why do ye reproach me? At your bidding companies of women were exposed in the streets, and no one of them has conceived. What now am I to do?" "Sire," they answered, "these women must be immoral and void of merit. They have not sufficient merit to conceive a son. But because they do not conceive, you are not to relax your efforts. The queen consort, Silavati, is a virtuous woman. Send her out into the streets. A son will be born to her." The king readily assented, and proclaimed by beat of drum that on the seventh day from that time the people were to assemble and the king would expose Silavati—giving the act a religious character. And on the seventh day he had the queen magnificently arrayed and carried down from the palace and exposed in the streets. By the power of her virtue the abode of Sakka manifested signs of heat. Sakka, considering what this might mean, found that the queen was anxious for a son and thought, "I must grant her a son," and, while wondering whether there was anyone in the angel-world worthy to be her son, he beheld the Bodhisatta. At this time, it is said, having passed through his existence in the heaven of the Thirty-three, he was longing to be born in a higher world. Sakka, coming to the door of his dwelling-place, summoned him forth, saying, "Sir, you are to go to the world of men, and to be conceived as the child of Okkaka's chief consort," and then he gained the consent of another divine being and said, "And you too shall be her son," and that no man might make a breach in her virtue, Sakka went disguised as an aged brahmin to the door of the palace. The people, after washing and adorning themselves, each being minded to possess the queen, assembled at the royal entrance, but at the sight of Sakka they laughed, asking him why he had come. Sakka said, "Why blame me? If I am old in person, my passions are unabated, and I am come with the hope of carrying off Silavati with me, should I get her." And with these words, by his divine power he got in front of them all, and by reason of the virtue that was in him no man could stand before him, and as the queen stepped forth from the palace, arrayed in all her glory, he took her by the hand and made off with her. Then such as stood there abused him, saying, "Fie on him, an old brahmin is gone off with a queen of peerless beauty: he knows not what is becoming to him." The queen too thought, "An old man is carrying me off." And she was vexed and angry, nay disgusted. The king standing at the open window, looking to see who might carry off the queen, on seeing who it was, was highly displeased. Sakka, escaping with her by the city gate, miraculously caused a house to appear close at hand, with its door open and a bundle of sticks laid out ready. "Is this your abode?" she asked. "Yes, lady, hitherto I have been alone: now there are two of us. I will go my rounds and bring home some husked rice. Do you meanwhile lie down on this heap of sticks. And so saying, he gently stroked her with his hand, and causing her to thrill with the divine touch, he then and there laid her down, and at his touch she lost consciousness. Then by his supernatural power he transported her to the heaven of the

Thirty-three and set her down on a heavenly couch in a magnificent palace. On the seventh day waking up, she beheld this splendour and knew that this was no brahmin, but must be Sakka himself. At this moment Sakka was seated at the foot of a coral-tree, surrounded by heavenly dancers. Rising from her couch, she approached and saluted the god and stood respectfully on one side. Then Sakka said, "I give thee a boon: choose what it shall be." "Then grant me, sire, a son." "Not merely one, lady. I will grant you two. One of them shall be wise but ugly, the other shall be handsome but a fool. Which of them will you have first?" "The wise one," she answered. "Good," said he, and he presented her with a piece of kusa grass, a heavenly robe and sandal-wood, the flower of the coral-tree and a Kokanada lute. Then he transported her into the king's bedchamber and laid her down on the same couch with the king, and just touched her person with his thumb, and at that moment the Bodhisatta was conceived in her womb. And Sakka straightway returned to his own abode. The wise queen knew that she had conceived. Then the king, on waking and seeing her, asked by whom she had been brought there. "By Sakka, sire." "Why! with my own eyes I saw an aged brahmin carry you off. Why do you try to deceive me?" "Believe me, sire, Sakka took me with him to the angel-world." "Lady, I do not believe you." Then she showed him the kusa grass which Sakka had given her, saying, "Now believe me." The king thought, "Kusa grass is to be got anywhere," and still disbelieved her. Then she showed him her heavenly robes. On seeing these the king believed her and said, "Dear lady, granted that Sakka carried you off, but are you with child?" "Yes, sire, I have conceived." The king was delighted and performed the ceremony due to a pregnant woman. In ten months' time she gave birth to a son. Giving him no other name, they called him merely after the grass, Kusa. About the time that prince Kusa could run alone, a second heavenly being was conceived. To him they gave the name of Jayampati. The boys were brought up with great state. The Bodhisatta was so wise that, without learning aught from his teacher, he by his own ability attained to proficiency in all liberal arts. So when he was sixteen years old, the king being anxious to make over the kingdom to him, addressing the queen, said, "Lady, in making over the kingdom to your son, we would institute dramatic festivities, and in our lifetime we would see him established on the throne. If there is any king's daughter in all India you would like, on his bringing her here we will make her his queen consort. Sound him as to what king's daughter he affects." She readily agreed and sent a handmaid to report the matter to the prince and to ascertain his views. She went and told the prince the state of affairs. On hearing her the Great Being thought, "I am not well-favoured. A lovely princess, even if she is brought here as my bride, on seeing me, will say, "What have I to do with this ugly fellow?" and will run away, and we shall be put to shame. What have I to do with household life? I will foster my parents as long as they live, and at their death I will renounce the world and become an ascetic." So he said, "What need have I of a kingdom or festivities? When my parents die, I will adopt the ascetic life." The maid returned and told the queen what he had said. The king was greatly distressed and after a few days again sent a message, but he still refused to listen to it. After thrice rejecting the proposal, on the fourth occasion he thought, "It is not fitting to be in complete opposition to one's parents: I will devise something." So he summoned the chief smith, and, giving him a quantity of gold, bade him go and make a female image. When he was gone, he took more gold and himself fashioned it into the figure of a woman. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. This figure was beautiful beyond the power of tongue to tell. Then the Great Being had it robed in linen and placed in the royal chamber. On seeing the image brought by the chief

goldsmith, he found fault with it and said, “Go and fetch the figure placed in our royal chamber.” The man went into the room, and on seeing it thought, “This surely must be some heavenly nymph, come to take her pleasure with the prince,” and he left the room without having the courage to stretch forth his hand towards it, and he said, “Sire, standing in your royal chamber is a noble daughter of the gods: I dare not approach her.” “Friend,” he said, “go and fetch the golden image,” and being charged a second time he brought it. The prince ordered the image that the smith had wrought to be thrown into the golden chamber, and that which he himself had made he had adorned and placed in a car and sent it to his mother, saying, “When I find a woman like this, I will take her to wife.” His mother summoned her councillors and addressed them, saying, “Friends, our son is possessed of great merit and is the gift of Sakka; he must find a princess worthy of him. Do you then have this figure placed in a covered carriage and traverse the length and breadth of India, and whatsoever king’s daughter you see like this image, present it to that king and say, “King Okkaka will contract a marriage with your daughter.” Then arrange a day for your return and come home.” They said, “It is well,” and took the image and set out with a vast retinue. And in their journeyings, to whatever royal city they come, there at eventide wheresoever the people gather together, after decking out this image with robes, flowers and other adornments, they mount it upon a golden car and leave it on the road leading to the ghat, and themselves step back and stand on one side to listen to what all such as pass by had to say. The people on seeing it, not dreaming that it was a golden image, said, “This, though really only a woman, is very beautiful, like some divine nymph. Why in the world is she stationed here, and whence does she come? We have no one to compare with her in our city,” and after thus praising her beauty, they went their ways. The councillors said, “If there were any girl like it here, they would say, “This is like so and so, the king’s daughter, or like so and so, the minister’s daughter”; verily there is no such maiden here.” And they go off with it to some other city. So in their wanderings they reach the city of Sagala in the kingdom of Madda. Now the king of Madda had seven daughters, of extraordinary beauty, like to nymphs of heaven. The eldest of them was called Pabhavati. From her person stream forth rays of light, as it were of the newly-risen sun. When it is dark in her closet, measuring four cubits, there is no need of any lamp. The whole chamber is one blaze of light. Now she had a humpbacked nurse, who, when she had supplied Pabhavati with food, intending to wash her head, at eventide going forth to fetch water with eight slave-girls carrying each a waterpot, on the way to the ghat caught sight of this image and, thinking it to be Pabhavati, exclaimed, “The ill-behaved girl, pretending she would have her head washed, sent us to fetch water, and, stealing a march upon us, is standing there in the road,” and being in a rage she cried, “Fie, you are a disgrace to the family: there you stand, getting here before us. Should the king hear of it, he will be the death of us,” and with these words she struck the image on the cheek, and a space as big as the palm of her hand was broken. Then discovering it was a golden image she burst out laughing, and going to the slave-girls said, “See what I have done. Thinking it was my foster daughter, I struck it. What is this image worth in comparison with my child? I have only hurt my hand for my pains.” Then the king’s emissaries took hold of her and said, “What is this story you tell us, saying that your daughter is fairer than this image?” “I mean Pabhavati, the Madda king’s daughter. This image is not worth a sixteenth fraction of her.” Glad at heart, they sought the entrance to the palace, and had themselves announced to the king, sending in word that king Okkaka’s emissaries were standing at his door. The king arose from his seat and,

standing up, ordered them to be admitted. On entering they saluted the king and said, “Sire, our king inquires after your health,” and meeting with a hospitable reception, when asked why they had come, they replied, “Our king has a son, the bold prince Kusa: the king is anxious to make over his kingdom to him, and has sent us to ask you to give him your daughter Pabhavati in marriage and to accept as a present this golden figure,” and with these words they offered him the image. He gladly agreed, thinking an alliance with so noble a king would be an auspicious one. Then the envoys said, “Sire, we cannot tarry here: we will go and tell our king that we have secured the hand of the princess, and then he will come and fetch her.” The king agreed to this, and having hospitably entertained them let them go. On their return they made their report to the king and queen. The king with a great retinue set out from Kusavati and in course of time reached the city of Sagala. The Madda king came out to meet him, brought him into the city and paid him great honour. Queen Silavati, being a wise woman, thought, “What will be the issue of all this?” At the end of one or two days she said to the king, “We are anxious to see our daughter-in-law.” He readily assented and sent for his daughter. Pabhavati, magnificently dressed and surrounded by a band of her attendants, came and saluted her mother-in-law. On seeing her the queen at once thought, “This maiden is very lovely and my son is ill-favoured. Should she see him, she will not stay a single day but will run away. I must devise some scheme.” Addressing the Madda king she said, “My daughter-in-law is quite worthy of my son: howbeit we have an hereditary observance in our family. If she will abide by this custom, we will take her to be his bride.” “What is this observance of yours?” “In our family a wife is not allowed to see her husband by daylight until she has conceived. If she will act up to this, we will take her.” The king asked his daughter, “My dear, will you be able to act thus?” “Yes, dear father,” she replied. Then king Okkaka bestowed much gear on the Madda king and departed with her. And the Madda king despatched his daughter with a vast retinue. Okkaka, on reaching Kusavati, gave orders for the city to be decorated, all prisoners to be released, and after sprinkling his son as king and creating Pabhavati his chief consort, he proclaimed by beat, of drum the rule of king Kusa. And all the kings throughout India who had daughters sent them to the court of king Kusa, and all who had sons, desiring friendship with him, sent their sons to be his pages. The Bodhisatta had a large company of dancers and ruled with great state. But he is not allowed to see Pabhavati by day, nor may she see him, but at night they have free access one to another. At that time there is an extraordinary effulgence from the person of Pabhavati, but the Bodhisatta leaves the royal chamber while it is still dark. After a few days he told his mother he longed to see Pabhavati by day. She refused his request, saying, “Let not this be thy good pleasure, but wait until she has conceived.” Again and again he besought her. So she said, “Well, go to the elephant-stall and stand there disguised as an elephant-keeper. I will bring her there, so that you may have your fill of gazing at her, but see that you do not make yourself known to her.” He agreed to this and went to the elephant-stall. The queen-mother proclaimed an elephant-festival and said to Pabhavati, “Come, we will go and see your lord’s elephants.” Taking her there, she pointed out this and that elephant by name. Then, as Pabhavati was walking behind his mother, the king struck her in the back with a lump of elephant-dung. She was enraged and said, “I will get the king to cut your hand off,” and by her words she vexed the queen-mother, who appeased her by rubbing her back. A second time the king was anxious to see her, and, disguised as a groom in the horse-stable, just as before, he struck her with a piece of horse-dirt, and then too when she

was angry her mother-in-law appeased her. Again, one day Pabhavati told her mother-in-law she longed to see the Great Being, and when her request was refused by her mother, who said, “Nay, let not this be your pleasure,” she besought her again and again, so at last she said, “Well, to-morrow my son will be making a solemn procession through the city. You can open your window and see him.” And after so saying, on the next day she had the city decked out, and ordered prince Jayampati, clad in a royal robe and mounted on an elephant, to make a triumphal procession through the city. Standing at the window with Pabhavati, she said, “Behold the glory of your lord.” She said, “I have got a husband not unworthy of me,” and she was highly elated. But that very day the Great Being, disguised as an elephant-keeper, was seated behind Jayampati, and gazing at Pabhavati as much as he would, in the joy of his heart he disported himself by gesticulating with his hands. When the elephant had passed them, the queen-mother asked her if she had seen her husband. “Yes, lady, but seated behind him was an elephant-keeper, a very ill-conducted fellow, who gesticulated at me with his hands. Why do they let such an ugly, ill-omened creature sit behind the king?” “It is desirable, my dear, to have a guard sit behind the king.” “This elephant-keeper,” she thought, “is a bold fellow, and has no proper respect for the king. Can it be that he is king Kusa? No doubt he is hideous, and that is why they do not let me see him.” So she whispered to her humpbacked nurse, “Go, my dear, at once and make out whether it was the king who sat in front or behind.” “How am I to find this out?” “If he be the king, he will be the first to alight from the elephant: you are to know by this token.” She went and stood at a distance and saw the Great Being alight first, and afterwards prince Jayampati. The Great Being looking about him, first on one side and then on the other, seeing the humpbacked old woman, knew at once why she must have come, and, sending for her, straitly charged her not to reveal his secret, and let her go. She came and told her mistress, “The one that sat in front was the first to alight,” and Pabhavati believed her. Once more the king longed to see her and begged his mother to arrange it. She could not refuse him and said, “Well then, disguise yourself and go to the garden.” He went and hid himself up to his neck in the lotus-pool, standing in the water with his head shaded by a lotus-leaf and his face covered by its flower. And his mother brought Pabhavati in the evening to the garden, and saying, “Look at these trees, or look at these birds or deer,” thus tempted her on till she came to the bank of the lotus-pond. When she saw the pond covered with five kinds of lotus, she longed to bathe and went down to the water’s edge with her maidens. While disporting herself she saw that lotus and stretched forth her hand, eager to pluck it. Then the king, putting aside the lotus leaf, took her by the hand, saying, “I am king Kusa.” On seeing his face she cried, “A goblin is catching hold of me,” and then and there swooned away. So the king let go her hand. On recovering consciousness she thought, “King Kusa, they say, caught me by the hand, and he it was that hit me in the elephant-stall with a piece of elephant-dirt, and in the horse-stable with a piece of horse-dirt, and he it was that sat behind on the elephant and made game of me. What have I to do with such an ugly, hideous husband? If I live, I will have another husband.” So she summoned the councillors who had escorted her hither and said, “Make ready my chariot. This very day I will be off.” They told this to the king and he thought. “If she cannot get away, her heart will break: let her go. By my own power I will bring her back again.” So he allowed her to depart, and she returned straight to her father’s city. And the Great Being passed from the park into the city and climbed up to his splendid palace. Verily it was in consequence of an aspiration in

a previous existence that she disapproved of the Bodhisatta, and it was owing to a former act of his that he was so ugly. Of old, they say, in a suburb of Benares, in the upper and lower street, one family had two sons and another had one daughter. Of the two sons the Bodhisatta was the younger, and the maiden was wedded to the elder son, but the younger, being unmarried, continued to live with his brother. Now one day in this house they baked some very dainty cakes, and the Bodhisatta was away in the forest; so putting aside a cake for him they distributed and ate the rest. At that moment a paccekabuddha came to the door for alms. The Bodhisatta's sister-in-law thought she would bake another cake for young master and took and gave his cake to the paccekabuddha, and at that very instant he returned from the forest. So she said, "My lord, do not be angry, but I have given your portion to the paccekabuddha." He said, "After eating your own portion you give mine away, and you will make me another cake forsooth!" And he was angry and went and took the cake from the beggar's bowl. She went to her mother's house and took some fresh-melted ghee, in colour like the champac flower, and filled the bowl with it, and it sent forth a blaze of light. On seeing this she put up a prayer: "Holy sir, wherever I am born, may my body give forth a light and may I be very lovely, and nevermore may I have to dwell in the sane place with this lewd fellow." Thus as the result of this prayer of old she would have none of him. And the Bodhisatta, in dropping the cake again into the bowl, put up a prayer: "Holy sir, though she should live a hundred leagues away, may I have the power to carry her off as my bride." In that he was angry and took the cake, as the result of this act of old he was born so ugly.

Kusa was so overwhelmed with sorrow when Pabhavati left him that the other women, though ministering to him with all kinds of service, had not the heart to look him in the face, and all his palace, bereft of Pabhavati, seemed as it were desolate. Then he thought, "By this time she will have reached the city Sagala," and at break of day he sought his mother and said, "Dear mother, I will go and fetch Pabhavati. You are to rule my kingdom," and he uttered the first stanza:

This realm with joy and bliss untold,

Trappings of state and wealth of gold,

This realm, I say, rule thou for me:

I go to seek Pabhavati.

His mother, on hearing what he had to say, replied, "Well, my son, you must exercise great vigilance: women, verily, are impure-minded creatures," and she filled a golden bowl with all manner of dainty food, and saying, "This is for you to eat on the journey," she took leave of him. Taking the bowl and having thrice reverentially saluted his mother, he cried, "If I live, I will see you again," and so withdrew to the royal chamber. Then he girded himself with the five sorts of weapons and putting a thousand pieces of money in a bag he took his bowl of food and a Kokanada lute and leaving the city set out on his journey. Being very strong and vigorous by noon-time he had travelled fifty leagues and, after eating his food, in the remaining half-day he made up another fifty leagues, and so in the course of a single

day he accomplished a journey of a hundred leagues. In the evening he bathed and then entered the city of Sagala. No sooner did he set foot in the place than Pabhavati by the power of his virtue could no longer rest quietly on her couch but got out of bed and lay upon the ground. The Bodhisatta was thoroughly exhausted with his journey and being seen by a certain woman, as he was wandering about the street, was invited by her to rest in her house, and after first bathing his feet she offered him a bed. While he was asleep, she prepared him some food and then waking him up gave it him to eat. He was so pleased with her that he presented her with the thousand pieces of money and the golden bowl. Leaving there his five sorts of weapons, he said, "There is some place I must go to," and taking his lute he repaired to an elephant-stall and cried to the elephant-keepers, "Let me stay here and I will make music for you." They allowed him to do so and he went apart and lay down. When his fatigue had passed off, he rose up and unstrapping his lute he played and sang, thinking that all who dwelt in the city should hear the sound of it. Pabhavati, as she lay on the ground, heard it and thought, "This sound can come from no lute but his," and felt sure that king Kusa had come on her account. The king of Madda too on hearing it thought, "He plays very sweetly. To-morrow I will send for him and make him my minstrel." The Bodhisatta thinking, "It is impossible for me to get sight of Pabhavati, if I stay here: this is the wrong place for me," sallied forth quite early and after taking his morning meal in an eating-house he left his lute and went to the king's potter and became his apprentice. One day after he had filled the house with potter's clay he asked if he should make some vessels and when the potter answered, "Yes, do so," he placed a lump of clay on the wheel and turned it. When once it was turned, it went on swiftly till mid-day. After moulding all manner of vessels, great and small, he began making one specially for Pabhavati with various figures on it. Verily the purposes of Buddhas succeed. He resolved that only Pabhavati was to see these figures. When he had dried and baked his vessels, the house was full of them. The potter went to the palace with various specimens. The king on seeing them asked who had made them. "I did, sire." "I am sure you did not make them. Who did?" "My apprentice, sire." "Not your apprentice, your master rather. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth let him make vessels for my daughters." And he gave him a thousand pieces of money, saying, "Give him this, and present all these small vessels to my daughters." He took the vessels to them and said, "These are made for your amusement." They all were present to receive them. Then the potter gave Pabhavati the vessel which the Great Being had made specially for her. Taking it she at once recognised her own likeness and that of the humpbacked nurse and knew it could be the handiwork of no one but king Kusa, and being angry she said, "I do not want it: give it to those that wish for it." Then her sisters perceiving that she was in a rage laughed and said, "You suppose it is the work of king Kusa. It was the potter, not he, that made it. Take it." She did not tell them that he had come there and had made it. The potter gave the thousand pieces of money to the Bodhisatta and said, "My son, the king is pleased with you. Henceforth you are to make vessels for his daughters and I am to take them to them." He thought, "Although I go on living here, it is impossible for me to see Pabhavati," and he gave back the money to him and went to a basket maker who served the king, and becoming his apprentice he made a palm-leaf fan for Pabhavati, and on it he depicted a white umbrella (as an emblem of royalty) and taking as his subject a banquet-hall, amongst a variety of other forms he represented a standing figure of Pabhavati. The basket maker took this and other ware, the workmanship of Kusa, to the palace. The king on seeing them asked who had made

them and just as before presented a thousand pieces of money to the man, saying, “Give these specimens of wicker work to my daughters.” And he gave the fan that was specially made for her to Pabhavati, and in this case also no one recognised the figures, but Pabhavati on seeing them knew it was the king’s handiwork and said, “Let those that wish for it take it,” and being in a rage she threw it on the ground. So the others all laughed at her. The basket maker brought the money and gave it to the Bodhisatta. Thinking this was no place for him to stay in, he returned the money to the basket maker and went to the king’s gardener and became his apprentice, and while making all sorts of garlands he made a special wreath for Pabhavati, picked out with various figures. The gardener took them to the palace. When the king saw them, he asked who had fashioned these garlands. “I did, sire.” “I am sure you did not make them. Who did?” “My apprentice, sire.” “He is not your apprentice, rather is he your master. Learn your trade from him. Henceforth he is to weave garlands of flowers for my daughters, and give him this thousand pieces of money”; and giving him the money he said, “Take these flowers to my daughters.” And the gardener offered to Pabhavati the wreath that the Bodhisatta had made specially for her. Here too on seeing amongst the various figures a likeness of herself and the king she recognized Kusa’s handiwork and in her rage threw the wreath on the ground. All her sisters, just as before, laughed at her. The gardener too took the thousand pieces of money and gave them to the Bodhisatta, telling him what had happened. He thought, “Neither is this the place for me,” and returning the money to the gardener he went and engaged himself as an apprentice to the king’s cook. Now one day the cook in taking various kinds of victuals to the king gave the Bodhisatta a bone of meat to cook for himself. He prepared it in such a way that the smell of it pervaded the whole city . The king smelt it and asked if he were cooking some more meat in the kitchen. “No, sire, but I did give my apprentice a bone of meat to cook. It must be this that you smell.” The king had it brought to him and placed a morsel on the tip of his tongue and it woke up and thrilled the seven thousand nerves of taste. The king was so enslaved by his appetite for dainties that he gave him a thousand pieces of money and said, “Henceforth you are to have food for me and my daughters cooked by your apprentice, and to bring mine to me yourself, but your apprentice is to bring theirs to my daughters.” The cook went and told him. On hearing it he thought, “Now is my desire fulfilled: now shall I be able to see Pabhavati.” Being pleased he returned the thousand pieces of money to the cook and next day he prepared and sent dishes of food to the king and himself climbed up to the palace where dwelt Pabhavati, taking the food for the king’s daughters on a carrying-pole. Pabhavati saw him climbing up with his load and thought, “He is doing the work of slaves and hirelings, work quite unsuitable for him. But if I hold my peace, he will think I approve of him and going nowhere else he will remain here, gazing at me. I will straightway abuse and revile him and drive him away, not allowing him to remain a moment here.” So she left the door half open and, holding one hand on the panel with the other pressed up the bolt, and she repeated the second stanza:

Kusa, for thee by day and night

To bear this burden is not right.

Haste back, pray, to Kusavati;

Thy ugly form I'm loth to see.

He thought, "I have got speech of Pabhavati," and pleased at heart he repeated three stanzas:

Bound by thy beauty's spell, Pabhavati,

My native land has little charm for me;

Madda's fair realm is ever my delight,

My crown resigned, to live in thy dear sight.

O soft-eyed maiden, fair Pabhavati,

What is this madness that o'ermasters me?

Knowing full well the land that gave me birth,

I wander half distraught o'er all the earth.

Clad in bright-coloured bark and girt with golden zone,

Thy love, fair maid, I crave, and not an earthly throne.

When he had thus spoken, she thought, "I revile him, hoping to rouse a feeling of resentment in him, but he as it were tries to conciliate me by his words. Supposing he were to say, "I am king Kusa," and take me by the hand, who is there to prevent it? And somebody might hear what we had to say." So she closed the door and bolted it inside. And he took up his carrying-pole and brought the other princesses their food. Pabhavati sent her humpbacked slave to bring her the food that king Kusa had cooked. She brought it and said, "Now eat." Pabhavati said, "I will not eat what he has cooked. Do you eat it and go and get your own supply of food and cook it and bring it here, but do not tell any one that king Kusa has come." The humpback henceforth brought and ate the portion of the princess and gave her own portion to Pabhavati. King Kusa from that time being unable to see her thought, "I wonder whether Pabhavati has any affection for me or not. I will put her to the test." So after he had supplied the princesses with their food, he took his load of victuals and going out struck the floor with his feet by the door of Pabhavati's closet and clashing the dishes together and groaning aloud he fell all of a heap and swooned away. At the sound of his groans she opened her door and seeing him crushed beneath the load he was carrying she thought, "Here is a king, the chief ruler in all India, and for my sake he suffers pain night and day, and now, being so delicately nurtured, he has fallen under the burden of the victuals he carries. I wonder if he is still alive": and stepping from her chamber she stretched forth her neck and looked at his mouth, to watch his breathing. He filled his mouth with spittle and let it drop on her person. She retired into her closet, reviling him, and standing with the door half open she repeated this stanza:

Ill luck is his that ever craves, to find his wishes spurned,

As thou, O king, dost fondly woo with love still unreturned.

But because he was madly in love with her, however much he was abused and reviled by her, he showed no resentment but repeated this stanza:

Whoso shall gain what he holds dear, may loved or unloved be,

Success alone is what we praise, to lose is misery.

While he was still speaking, without at all relenting, she spoke in a firm voice, as if minded to drive him away, and repeated this stanza:

As well to dig through bed of rock with brittle wood as spade,

Or catch the wind within a net, as woo unwilling maid.

On hearing this the king repeated three stanzas:

Hard hearted as a stone art thou, so soft to outward view,

No word of welcome though I've come from far thy love to sue.

When thou dost frown regarding me, proud dame, with sullen look,

Then I in royal Madda's halls am nothing but a cook.

But if, O queen, in pity thou shouldst deign to smile on me,

No longer cook, once more am I lord of Kusavati.

On hearing his words she thought, "He is very pertinacious in all that he says. I must devise some lie to drive him hence," and she spoke this stanza:

If fortune tellers spoke true words, 'twas this in sooth they said,

"Mayst thou in pieces seven be hewn, ere thou king Kusa wed."

On hearing this the king contradicting her said, "Lady, I too consulted fortune tellers in my own kingdom and they predicted that there was no other husband for you save the lion-voiced lord, king Kusa, and through omens furnished by my own knowledge I say the same," and he repeated another stanza:

If I and other prophets here have uttered a true word,

Save me king Kusa, thou shalt hail none other as thy lord.

On hearing his words she said, “One cannot shame him. What is it to me whether he runs away or not?” and shutting the door she refused to show herself. And he took up his load and went down. From that day he could not set eyes on her and he got heartily sick of his cook’s work. After breakfast he cut firewood, washed dishes and fetched water on his carrying-pole, and then lying down he rested on a heap of grain. Rising early he cooked rice gruel and the like, then took and served the food and suffered all this mortification by reason of his passionate love for Pabhavati. One day he saw the humpback passing by the kitchen door and hailed her. For fear of Pabhavati she did not venture to come near him, but passed on pretending to be in a great hurry. So he hastily ran up to her crying, “Crook-back.” She turned and stopped, saying, “Who is here? I cannot listen to what you have to say.” Then he said, “Both you and your mistress are very obstinate. Though living near you ever so long, we cannot so much as get a report of her health.” She said, “Will you give me a present?” He replied, “Supposing I do so, will you be able to soften Pabhavati and bring me into her presence?” On her agreeing to do so, he said, “If you can do this, I will put right your humpback, and give you an ornament for your neck,” and tempting her, he spoke five stanzas:

Necklace of gold I’ll give to thee,

On coming to Kusavati,

If slender-limbed Pabhavati

Should only deign to look on me.

Necklace of gold I’ll give to thee,

On coming to Kusavati,

If slender-limbed Pabhavati

Should only deign to speak to me.

Necklace of gold I’ll give to thee,

On coming to Kusavati,

If slender-limbed Pabhavati

Should only deign to smile on me.

Necklace of gold I’ll give to thee,

On coming to Kusavati,

If slender-limbed Pabhavati

Should laugh with joy at sight of me.

Necklace of gold I'll give to thee,

On coming to Kusavati,

If slender-limbed Pabhavati

Should lay a loving hand on me.

On hearing his words she said, "Get you gone, my lord: in a very few days I will put her in your power. You shall see how energetic I can be." So saying she decided on her course of action, and going to Pabhavati she made as if she would clean her room and not leaving a bit of dirt big enough to hit one with, and removing even her shoes, she swept out the whole chamber. Then she arranged a high seat for herself in the doorway (keeping well outside the threshold) and, spreading a coverlet on a low stool for Pabhavati, she said, "Come, my dear, and I will search in your head for vermin," and making her sit there and place her head upon her lap, after scratching her a little and saying, "Ho! what a lot of lice we have here," she took some from her own head and put them on the head of the princess, and speaking in terms of endearment of the Great Being she sang his praises in this stanza:

This royal dame no pleasure feels Kusa once more to see,

Though, wanting nought, he serves as cook for simple hireling's fee.

Pabhavati was enraged with the humpback. So the old woman took her by the neck and pushed her inside the room, and being herself outside she closed the door and stood clinging to the cord which pulled the door to. Pabhavati, being unable to get at her, stood by the door, abusing her, and spoke another stanza:

This humpbacked slave without a doubt,

For speaking such a word,

Deserves to have her tongue cut out

With keenest sharpened sword.

So the humpback stood holding on to the rope that hung down and said, "You worthless, ill-behaved creature, what good will your fair looks do anyone? Can we live by feeding on your beauty?" and so saying she proclaimed the virtues of the Bodhisatta, shouting them aloud with the harsh voice of a humpback, in thirteen stanzas:

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Great glory his, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Great wealth is his, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Great power is his, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Wide rule is his, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Great king is he, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Lion-voiced is he, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Clear-voiced is he, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Deep voiced is he, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Sweet-voiced is he, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

Honey-voiced is he, so do whate’er is pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

A hundred arts are his, so do what’s pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

A warrior king is he, so do what’s pleasing in his sight.

Esteem him not, Pabhavati, by outward form or height,

King Kusa 'Tis, so do whate'er is pleasing in his sight.

Hearing what she said, Pabhavati threatened the humpback, saying, "Crook-back, you roar too loud. If I catch hold of you, I will let you know you have a mistress." She replied, "In my consideration for you, I did not let your father know of king Kusa's arrival. Well, to-day I will tell the king," and speaking in a loud voice she cowed her. And fearing anyone should hear this, Pabhavati pacified the hunchback. And the Bodhisatta not being able to get a sight of her, after seven months being sick of his hard bed and sorry food, thought, "What need have I of her? After living here seven months I cannot so much as get a sight of her. She is very harsh and cruel. I will go and see my father and mother." At this moment Sakka considering the matter found out how discontented Kusa was, and he thought, "After seven months he is unable even to see Pabhavati. I will find some way of letting him see her." So he sent messengers to seven kings as if they came from king Madda, to say, "Pabhavati has thrown over king Kusa and has returned home. You are to come and take her to wife." And he sent the same message to each of the seven separately. They all arrived in the city with a great following, not knowing one another's reasons for coming. They asked one the other, "Why have you come here?" And on discovering how matters stood, they were angry and said, "Will he give his daughter in marriage to seven of us? See how ill he behaves. He mocks us, saying, "Take her to wife." Let him either give Pabhavati in marriage to all seven or let him fight us." And they sent a message to him to this effect and invested the city. On hearing the message, king Madda was alarmed and took counsel with his ministers, saying, "What are we to do?" Then his ministers made answer, "Sire, these seven kings have come for Pabhavati. If you refuse to give her, they will break down the wall and enter the city, and after destroying us they will seize your kingdom. While the wall still stands unbroken, let us send Pabhavati to them"; and they repeated this stanza:

Like to proud elephants they stand in coats of mail arrayed,

Ere yet they trample down our walls, send off in haste the maid.

The king on hearing this said, "If I should send Pabhavati to any one of them, the rest will join battle with me. It is out of the question to give her to any one of them. After casting off the chief king in all India, let her receive the reward due to her return home. I will slay her and cutting her body into seven pieces send one to each of the seven kings," and so saying he repeated another stanza:

In pieces seven Pabhavati to hack, it is my will,

One piece for each of these seven kings, who came her sire to kill.

This saying of his was noised abroad throughout the palace. Her attendants came and told Pabhavati, " The king, they say, will cut you in seven pieces and send them to the seven kings." She was terrified to death and rising from her seat she went, accompanied by her sisters, to her mother's state chamber.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Comely though swart of hue uprose the queen and moved before

Her train of handmaids, clad in silk attire and weeping sore.

She came into her mother’s presence and saluting her broke into these lamentations:

This face with powder beautified, here mirrored in a glass

To ivory handle deftly fixed, so winsome now alas!

With innocence and purity in every line expressed,

By warrior princes spurned in some lone forest soon will rest.

These locks of hair so black of hue, bound up in stately coil,

Soft to the touch and fragrant with the finest sandal oil,

In charnel ground though covered up the vultures soon will find

And with their talons rend and tear and scatter to the wind.

These arms whose finger tips are dyed, like copper, crimson red,

In richest sandal oil oft bathed and with soft down o’erspread,

Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,

A wolf will seize and carry off where’er he’s fain to hide.

My teats are like the dates that on the palms with ripeness swell,

Fragrant with scent of sandalwood that men of Kasi fell:

Hanging thereon a jackal soon at them, methinks, will tug,

Just as a little baby boy his mother’s breast may hug.

These hips of mine, well-knit and broad, cast in an ample mould,

Encircled with a cincture gay, wrought of the purest gold,

Cut off and by proud kings in some lone forest flung aside,

A wolf will seize and carry off where’er he’s fain to hide.

Dogs, wolves, jackals and whatsoe’er are known as beasts of prey,

If once they eat Pabhavati, can suffer no decay.

Should warrior kings that come from far thy daughter's body flay,

Begging my bones, burn them with fire in some sequestered way.

Then make a garden near and plant a kanikara tree,

And when at winter's close it blooms, mother, recalling me,

Point to the flower and say, "Just such was dear Pabhavati."

Thus did she, alarmed with fear of death, idly lament before her mother. And the Madda king issued an order that the executioner should come with his axe and block. His coming was noised abroad throughout the palace. The queen-mother, on hearing of his arrival, arose from her throne and overwhelmed with sorrow came into the presence of the king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Seeing the sword and block set out within the fatal ring,

All goddess-like the royal dame rose up and sought the king.

Then the queen spoke this stanza:

With this sword will the Madda king his graceful daughter slay,

And piecemeal send her mangled limbs to rival chiefs a prey.

The king tried to pacify her and said, "Lady, what is this you say? Your daughter rejected the chief king of all India on the plea of his ugliness, and, accepting death as her fate, returned home before the prints of her feet were well wiped out on the road by which she had gone there. Now therefore let her reap the consequences of the jealousy excited by her beauty." The queen, after hearing what he had to say, went to her daughter and lamenting spoke thus:

Thou didst not hearken to my voice, when counselling thy good,

To-day thou sink'st to Yama's realm, thy body stained with blood.

Such fate doth every man incur, or even a worse end,

Who deaf to good advice neglects the warnings of a friend.

If thou to-day a gallant prince for thy good lord shouldst wed,

Bedight with zone of gold and gems, in land of Kusa bred,

Thou wouldst not, served with hosts of friends, to Yama's realms have sped.

When drums are beat and elephants' loud trumpetings resound,

In royal halls, where in this world can greater bliss be found?

When horses neigh and minstrels play to kings some plaintive air,

With bliss like this in royal halls, what is there to compare?

When too courts with the peacock's and the heron's cries resound,

And cuckoo's call, where else, I pray, can bliss like this be found?

After thus talking with her in all these stanzas she thought, "If only king Kusa were here to-day, he would put to flight these seven kings and after freeing my daughter from her misery he would carry her away with him," and she repeated this stanza:

Where's he that crushes hostile realms and vanquishes his foes?

Kusa, the noble and the wise, would free us from our woes.

Then Pabhavati thought, "My mother's tongue is not equal to proclaiming the praises of Kusa. I will let her know that he has been living here, occupied with the work of a cook," and she repeated this stanza:

The conqueror who crushes all his foes, lo! here is he;

Kusa, so noble and so wise, all foes will slay for me.

Then her mother thinking, "She is terrified with the fear of death and rambles in her talk," spoke this stanza:

Art thou gone mad, or like a fool dost speak at random thus?

If Kusa has returned, why, pray, didst thou not tell it us?

Hearing this Pabhavati thought, "My mother does not believe me. She does not know he has returned and been living here seven months. I will prove it to her"; and taking her mother by the hand she opened the window and stretching forth her hand and pointing to him she repeated this stanza:

Good mother, look at yonder cook, with loins girt up right well,

He stoops to wash his pots and pans, where royal maidens dwell.

Then Kusa, they say, thought, “To-day my heart’s desire will be fulfilled. Of a truth Pabhavati is terrified with the fear of death and will tell of my coming here. I will wash my dishes and put them away”; and he fetched water and began to wash his dishes. Then her mother upbraiding her spoke this stanza:

Art thou base-born or wouldst thou deign, a maid of royal race,

To take a slave for thy true love, to Madda’s deep disgrace?

Then Pabhavati thought, “My mother, methinks, does not know that it is for my sake he has been living here after this manner,” and she spoke another stanza:

No low caste I, nor would I shame my royal name, I swear,

Good luck to thee, no slave is he but king Okkaka’s heir.

And now in praise of his fame she said:

He twenty thousand brahmins ever feeds, no slave, I swear,

It is Okkaka’s royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand elephants aye yokes, no slave, I swear,

It is Okkaka’s royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand horses ever yokes, no slave, I swear,

It is Okkaka’s royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand chariots ever yokes, no slave, I swear,

It is Okkaka’s royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand royal bulls aye yokes, no slave, I swear,

It is Okkaka’s royal son whom thou seest standing there.

He twenty thousand royal kine aye milks, no slave, I swear,

It is Okkaka’s royal son whom thou seest standing there.

Thus was the glory of the Great Being praised by her in six stanzas. Then her mother thought, “She speaks very confidently. It must be so,” and believing her she went and told the king the whole story. He came in great haste to Pabhavati and asked, “Is it true, what they say, that king Kusa has come?” “Yes, dear father. It is seven months to-day that he has

been acting as cook to your daughters." Not believing her he questioned the hunchback and on hearing the facts of the case from her he reproached his daughter and spoke this stanza:

Like elephant as frog disguised,

When this almighty prince came here,

'Twas wrong of thee and ill-advised

To hide it from thy parents dear.

Thus did he reproach his daughter and then went in haste to Kusa and after the usual greetings and formal salutation. acknowledging his offence, he repeated this stanza:

In that we failed to recognise

Your majesty in this disguise,

If, Sire, to thee offence we gave,

We would forgiveness humbly crave.

On hearing this the Great Being thought, "If I should speak harshly to him, his heart would straightway break. I will speak words of comfort to him "; and standing amongst his dishes he spoke this stanza:

For me to play the scullion's part was very wrong I own,

Be comforted, it was no fault of thine I was unknown.

The king, after being thus addressed in kindly words, climbed up to the palace and summoned Pabhavati, to send her to ask the king's pardon, and he spoke this stanza:

Go, silly girl, thy pardon from the great king Kusa crave,

His wrath appeased he may be pleased perhaps thy life to save.

On hearing the words of her father, she went to him, accompanied by her sisters and her handmaids. Standing just as he was in his workman's dress, he saw her coming towards him and thought, "To-day I will break down Pabhavati's pride and lay her low at my feet in the mud," and, pouring on the ground all the water he had brought there, he trampled on a space as big as a threshing-floor, making it one mass of mud. She drew nigh and fell at his feet and grovelling in the mud asked his forgiveness.

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

The goddess-like Pabhavati obeyed her father's word:

With lowly head she clasped the feet of Kusa, mighty lord.

Then she spoke these stanzas:

My days and nights apart from thee, O king, have passed away:

Behold I stoop to kiss thy feet. From anger cease, I pray.

I promise thee, if thou to me a gracious ear shouldst lend,

Never again in aught I do will I my lord offend.

But if thou shouldst my prayer refuse, my father then will slay

And send his daughter, limb by limb, to warrior kings a prey.

On hearing this the king thought, "If I were to tell her, "This is for you to see to," her heart would be broken. I will speak words of comfort to her," and he said:

I'll do thy bidding, lady fair, as far as lies in me;

No anger feel I in my heart. Fear not, Pabhavati.

Hearken, O royal maid, to me, I too make promise true;

Never again will I offend in aught that I may do.

Full many a sorrow I would bear, fair maid, for love of thee,

And slay a host of Madda chiefs to wed Pabhavati.

Kusa, swelling with princely pride at seeing as it were a handmaid of Sakka, king of heaven, in attendance upon him, thought, "While I am still alive, shall others come and carry off my bride?" and rousing himself, lion-like, in the palace yard, he said, "Let all who dwell in this city hear of my coming," and dancing about, shouting and clapping his hands, he cried, "Now will I take them alive, go bid them put horses to my chariots," and he repeated the following stanza:

Go, quickly yoke my well-trained steeds to many a painted car,

And watch me boldly sally forth, to scatter foes afar.

He now bade good-bye to Pabhavati, saying, "The capture of thy enemies is my charge. Go thou and bathe and adorn thyself and climb up to thy palace." And the king of Madda sent his councillors to act as a guard of honour to him. And they drew a screen round about him

at the door of the kitchen and provided barbers for him. And when his beard had been trimmed and his head shampooed and he was arrayed in all his splendour and surrounded by his escort, he said, “I will ascend to the palace,” and looking about him thence in every direction he clapped his hands, and wheresoever he looked the earth trembled, and he cried out, “Now mark how great is my power.”

The Master, to make the matter clear, uttered the following stanza:

The ladies of king Madda’s court beheld him standing there,

Like rampant lion, as he smites with both his arms the air.

Then the Madda king sent him an elephant that had been trained to stand impassive under attack, richly caparisoned. Kusa mounted on the back of the elephant with a white umbrella held over him and ordered Pabhavati to be conducted there, and seating her behind him he left the city by the east gate, escorted by a complete host of the four arms, and as soon as he saw the forces of the enemy, he cried, “I am king Kusa: let all who value their lives lie down on their bellies,” and he roared thrice with the roar of a lion and utterly crushed his foes.

The Master, explaining the matter, said:

Mounted on back of elephant, the queen behind her lord,

Kusa descending to the fray with voice of lion roared.

All beasts, when Kusa’s lion-voice thus roaring loud they hear,

And warrior kings flee from the field, smitten with panic fear.

Life-guardsmen, soldiers, horse and foot, with many a charioteer,

At Kusa’s voice break up and flee, all paralysed with fear.

Sakka right glad at heart looked on in forefront of the fight,

And to king Kusa gave a gem, Verocana ’twas hight.

The battle won, king Kusa took the magic gem and then

Mounted on back of elephant sought Madda’s town again.

The kings he takes alive and bound in chains with them he goes,

And to his royal father cries, “Behold, my lord, thy foes.

Lo at thy mercy now they lie, in battle smitten sore,

At thy good pleasure slay them all or set them free once more.”

The king said:

These foes are rather thine than mine. They all belong to thee,

Thou only art our sovereign lord, to slay or to set free.

Being thus spoken to, the Great Being thought, “What can I do with these men when once dead? Let not their coming here be without good result. Pabhavati has seven younger sisters, daughters of king Madda. I will bestow them in marriage on these seven princes,” and he repeated this stanza:

These daughters seven, like heavenly nymphs, are very fair to see,

Give them, one each, to these seven kings, thy sons-in-law to be.

Then the king said:

O’er us and them thou art supreme, thy purpose to fulfil,

Give them—thou art our sovereign lord—according to thy will.

So he had them all beautifully attired and gave them in marriage, one to each king.

The Master, to make the matter clear, spoke five stanzas:

So Kusa of the lion-voice king Madda’s daughters gave,

One maid to each of princes seven, fair maids to warriors brave.

Delighted with the boon received from lordly Kusa’s hand,

These princes seven returned again each one to his own land,

Taking his magic jewel bright, back to Kusavati,

King Kusa, mighty hero, brought the fair Pabhavati.

Riding together in one car, home came the royal pair,

Neither outshone the other, for they both alike were fair.

Mother came forth to meet her son. Husband henceforth and wife

In realms of peace and plenty dwelt and led a happy life.

The Master, ending his lesson, revealed the Truths and identified the Birth—At the end of the Truths the backsliding Brother was established in the fruition of the First Path—"At that time the father and mother were members of the royal household, the younger brother was Ananda, the humpback was Khujjuttara, Pabhavati was the mother of Rahula, the retinue were Buddha's followers, king Kusa was I myself."

The Jātaka, or Stories of the Buddha's Former Births, edited by E.B. Cowell, published by The Cambridge University Press.

Vol. 1, translated by Robert Chalmers, 1895.

Vol. 2, translated by W.H.D. Rouse, 1895.

Vol. 3, translated by H.T. Francis and R.A. Neil, 1897.

Vol. 4, translated by W.H.D. Rouse, 1901.

Vol. 5, translated by H.T. Francis, 1905.

Vol. 6, translated by E.B. Cowell and W.H.D. Rouse, 1907.

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