Ja 537 — Maha-Sutasoma Jātaka

English translation by H. T. Francis.

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Edited by E. B. Cowell

Original edition: Cambridge University Press, volume 5, 1905

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

“Master of dainty flavours,” etc. This story the Master while dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Elder, Angulimala. The manner of his birth and admission to the priesthood is to be understood as fully described in the Angulimala-sutta. Now from the time when by an Act of Truth he saved the life of a woman having a difficult delivery he easily obtained offerings of food and by cultivating retirement he afterwards attained to Arhatship and became recognised as one of the eighty Great Elders. At that time they started this subject in the Hall of Truth, saying, “Oh! what a miracle, sirs, was wrought by the Blessed One in that he thus peacefully and without using any violence converted and humbled such a cruel and blood-stained robber as Angulimala: Oh! Buddhas verily do mighty works!” The Master seated in the Perfumed Chamber by his divine sense of hearing caught what was said and, knowing that to-day his corning would be very helpful and that there would be an exposition of a great doctrine, with the incomparable grace of a Buddha he went to the Hall of Truth and there sitting on the seat reserved for him he asked what theme they were discussing in conclave; and when they told him what it was he said, “There is no marvel, Brethren, in my converting him now , when I have attained to the highest enlightenment. I also tamed him when I was living in a previous stage of existence and in a condition of only limited knowledge,” and with these words he told a story of the past.

Once upon a time a king named Koravya exercised a righteous rule in the city of Indapatta, in the kingdom of Kuru. The Bodhisatta came to life as the child of his chief queen, and from his fondness for pressed soma juice they called him Sutasoma. When he was come of age his father sent him to Takkasila to be educated by a teacher of world-wide fame. So taking his teacher’s fee he started on his way there. At Benares, too, prince Brahmadatta, son of the king of Kasi, was sent by his father for a like purpose and set out upon the same road. In the course of his journey Sutasoma to rest himself sat down on a bench in a hall by the city gate. Prince Brahmadatta, too, came and sat down with him on the same bench. After a friendly greeting Sutasoma asked him, saying, “Friend, you are tired with your journey. Whence have you come?” On his saying “From Benares,” he asked whose son he

was. “The son of Brahmadatta.” “And what is your name?” “Prince Brahmadatta.” “With what object are you come?” “To be instructed in arts,” he replied. Then prince Brahmadatta said, “You too are tired with your journey,” and questioned him in like manner. And Sutasoma told him all about himself. And they both thought, “We are two princes going to receive instruction in arts at the hands of the same teacher,” and struck up a friendship one with another. Then entering the city they repaired to the teacher’s house and saluted him, and after declaring their origin they said they had come to be instructed in arts. He readily agreed with their proposals. Offering him the fee for instruction they entered upon their studies, and not merely they, but other princes who were at that time in India, to the number of one hundred and one, received instruction from the teacher. Sutasoma being the senior pupil soon attained to proficiency in teaching, and without visiting the others he thought, “This is my friend,” and went to prince Brahmadatta only, and becoming his private teacher he soon educated him, while the others only gradually acquired their learning. They, too, after zealous application to their studies bade farewell to their teacher, and forming an escort to Sutasoma set out on their return journey. Then Sutasoma standing in front of them dismissed them, saying, “After you have given a proof of your learning to your respective fathers you will be established each in your own kingdom. When so established see that you obey my instructions.” “What are they, Master?” “On the days of the new and full moon to keep Uposatha vows and to abstain from taking the life of anything.” They readily agreed to this. The Bodhisatta, from his power of prognosticating from personal appearance, knew that great danger would arise with regard to the prince of Benares in the future, and thus after due admonition he dismissed them. And they all returned to their own countries, and after an exhibition of their learning to their fathers succeeded to their respective kingdoms. And to make known this fact and that they were continuing in his admonition, together with a present, they sent letters to Sutasoma. The Great Being on learning the state of affairs answered their letters, bidding them be earnest in the faith. One of them, the king of Benares, never ate his rice meal without meat, and to observe a holy day they would take his meat and put it on one side. Now one day when the meat was thus reserved, by the carelessness of the cook the well-bred dogs in the king’s palace ate it. The cook not finding it took a handful of coins and going a round failed to procure any meat and said, “If I should serve a meal without meat, I am a dead man. What am I to do?” But thinking, “There is still a way,” late in the evening he went to a cemetery where dead bodies are exposed and taking some flesh from the thigh of a man who had just died, he roasted it thoroughly and served it up as a meal. No sooner was a bit of the meat placed on the tip of the king’s tongue than it sent a thrill through the seven thousand nerves of taste and continued to create a disturbance throughout his whole body. Why was this? From his having previously resorted to this food. For it is said that as a Yakkha, in the birth immediately preceding this, he had eaten quantities of human flesh, and so it was agreeable to his taste. The king thought, “If I shall eat this in silence, he will not tell me what this meat is,” so in spitting he let a piece fall to the ground. When the cook said, “You may eat it, sire; there is nothing wrong with it,” he ordered all his attendants to retire and said, “I know it is all right, but what meat is it?” “What your Majesty has enjoyed on previous days.” “Surely the meat had not this flavour at any other time?” “It was well cooked to-day, sire.” “Surely you cooked it exactly like this before?” Then seeing him reduced to silence he said, “Either tell me the truth or you are a dead man.” So he prayed for an assurance of indemnity and told the exact truth. The king

said, “Do not say a word about it. You are to eat the usual roast meat and cook human flesh only for me.” “Surely this is a difficult matter, sire.” “Do not be afraid: there is no difficulty.” “Whence shall I be able to get it continually?” “Are there not numbers of men in prison?” Thenceforth he acted on this suggestion. By and bye, when prisoners failed him, he said, “What am I to do now?” The king said, “Throw down in the high road a parcel of a thousand pieces of money and seize as a thief any one that picks it up and put him to death.” He did so. By and bye, not finding a creature so much as looking at the packet of money, he said, “Now what am I to do?” “At the time when a drum sounds the night watches, the city is crowded with people. Then, taking your stand in the cleft of a house wall or at a cross-ways, strike down a man and carry off some of his flesh.” From that day he used to come with some fat flesh, and in various places dead bodies were found. A sound of lamentation was heard, “I have lost my father, I have lost my mother, or brother or sister.” The men of the city were panic-stricken and said, “Surely some lion or tiger or demon has devoured these people.” On examining the bodies they saw what looked like a gaping wound and said, “Why it must be a man that eats their flesh!” The people gathered together in the palace-yard and made a complaint. The king asked, “What is it, my friends?” “Sire,” they said, “in this city is some man-eating robber: have him seized.” “How am I to know who it is? Am I to walk round and guard the city?” The people said , “The king has not a care for the city: we will report it to the commander-in-chief, Kalahatthi.” They told him and said, “You must search for this robber.” He answered, “Wait for seven days and I will seek out the robber and hand him over to you.” And dismissing the people he gave orders to his officers, saying, “My friends, they say there is a man-eating robber in this city. You are to lay an ambuscade in various places and capture him.” They said, “All right,” and from that day they surround the whole city. Now the cook was concealed in a hole in the wall of a house and he killed a woman and began to fill his basket with pieces of solid flesh. So the officers seized and buffeted him, and tying his arms behind him they raised a loud cry, “We have caught the man-eating robber.” A crowd of people gathered around them. Then beating him soundly and fastening the basket of flesh upon his neck they brought him before the commander-in-chief. On seeing him he thought, “Can it be that this fellow eats this flesh or does he mix it with other meat and sell it, or does he kill people at the bidding of somebody else?” And inquiring into the matter he spoke the first stanza:

Master of dainty flavours, what dire need

Has urged thee on to do this dreadful deed?

Hast thou for food to eat or wealth to gain,

Misguided wretch, these men and women slain?

The verses that follow are of obvious connexion and are to be understood as uttered by alternate speakers in accordance with the scripture context:

Neither for wife or child, friends, kin or pelf,

Nor did I slay this woman for myself;

My gracious lord, the sovereign of this land,

Eats human flesh: I sinned at his command.

If thus suborned to sate thy master's greed

Thou hast been guilty of this awful deed,

Let us at early dawn seek out the king

And in his face the accusation fling.

O Kalahatthi, worshipful good lord,

So will I do according to thy word,

At early dawn will I seek out the king

And in his face this accusation fling.

So the commander had him laid down, firmly bound, and at dawn he took counsel with his officers, and as they were unanimous he stationed guards in every direction, and having got the city well in hand he bound the basket of flesh on the cook's neck and went off with him to the palace, and the whole city was in an uproar. The king had breakfasted the day before, but had gone without his supper and had spent the whole night in a sitting posture, expecting the cook to come every moment. "To-day, too," he thought, "no cook comes, and I hear a great uproar in the city. What can it all be about?" and looking out of the window he-saw the man being dragged thither as described, and thinking everything was discovered he plucked up his courage and took his seat on his throne. And Kalahatthi drew nigh and questioned him, and the king answered him.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

'Twas now sunrise and day had scarce begun to break,

As Kala to the court with cook his way did take,

And drawing nigh the king words such as these he spake.

"Sire, is it true this cook was sent into the street,

And men and women slew to furnish thee with meat?"

"Kala, 'Tis even so; 'twas done at my request:

Why blame him then for what he did at my behest?"

On hearing this the commander-in-chief thought, “With his own mouth he confesses it; Oh, the ruffian! all this long time he has been eating men: I will stop him from this,” and he said, “Sire, do not this thing; eat not the flesh of men.” “Kalahatthi, what is it you say? I cannot cease from it.” “Sire, if you do not cease from it, you will destroy both yourself and your realm.” “Even though my realm be destroyed, I cannot possibly cease from it.” Then the commander, to bring him to a better mind, told him a story by way of illustration.

Once upon a time there were six monster fishes in the ocean. Amongst them were Ananda, Timanda, Ajjhohara—these three were five hundred leagues in extent—Titimiti, Mingala, Timirapingala—these were a thousand leagues long—and all of them fed upon the rock-sevala weed. Of them Ananda dwelt on one side of the ocean and many fish came to see him. One day they thought, “Amongst all bipeds and quadrupeds kings are to be found, but we have no king: we will make this fish our king.” And being all of one mind they made Ananda their king, and from that day the fish evening and morning came to pay their respects to him. Now one day Ananda on a certain mountain was feeding on rock-sevala and unwittingly ate a fish, thinking it to be sevala. Its flesh was pleasing to his taste, and wondering what it could be that was so very sweet, he took it out of his mouth and looking at it found it was a piece of fish. He thought, “All this long time in my ignorance I never ate this: evening and morning when the fish come to pay their respects to me, I will devour one or two of them, for if when they are being eaten I make the fact too clear to them, not a single one will come near me, but they will all scurry off.” So lying in concealment he struck at any that were retreating from behind and devoured them. The fish as their numbers gradually diminished thought, “From what quarter will this peril to our kind be threatening us?” Then a sage amongst them thought, “I am not satisfied with what Ananda is doing: I will investigate what he is about,” and when the fish came to pay homage to Ananda, the sage hid himself in the lobe of Ananda’s ear. Ananda on dismissing the fish devoured those that were straggling behind. The wise fish seeing it reported it to the others and they all were panic-stricken and fled. From that day Ananda in his greedy longing for the flavour of fish refused every other kind of food. Growing sick from hunger he thought, “Where in the world can they be gone?” and in searching for them he espied a certain mountain and thought, “From fear of me the fish, methinks, are dwelling near this mountain. I will encircle it and keep a watch over it.” So encircling it with his head and tail he compassed it on both sides, thinking, “If they live here, they will be for escaping,” and catching sight of his own tail as it coiled round the mountain he thought, “This fish lives near the mountain and is trying to elude me,” and in his rage he seized his own tail, which was fifty leagues long, and believing he had got hold of a fish, he devoured it with a crunching sound, suffering thereby excruciating pain. At the smell of the blood the fish gathered together, and pulling bit after bit out of Ananda’s tail ate it up till they reached his head. Having such a big carcase he could not turn round but then and there came to his end. And there was a heap of bones as big as a mountain. Holy ascetics, male and female, travelling through space, saw it and told men of it. And the inhabitants of all India knew of it. Kalahatthi, by way of illustration, told this story and said:

Ananda ate of every fish and when his suite had fled,

He his own tail right greedily devoured till he was dead.

The slave to appetite no other pleasure knows,

Poor careless fool, so blind is he to coming woes:

He children, kith and kin in ruin low will lay,

Then turns and rends himself, to monstrous greed a prey.

To these my words, O king, I pray thee, hearken well,

Eat not the flesh of men; forego thy purpose fell:

Lest thou perchance shouldst share that fish's awful fate

And leave, O lord of men, thy kingdom desolate.

On hearing this the king said, "Kalahatthi, I too know an example as well as you," and as an instance he told an old story in illustration of his greed for human flesh and said:

Sujata's son and heir for some rose-apples loudly cried,

For loss of them the lad so grieved, he laid him down and died.

So, Kala, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,

Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

Once upon a time, they say, a landed gentleman named Sujata at Benares lodged in his park and ministered to five hundred ascetics who had come down from the Himalayas to procure salt and vinegar. Food was constantly set out in his house for them, but these ascetics sometimes went on a pilgrimage for alms in the country and brought back pieces of big rose-apples to eat. When they were feeding on the rose-apples they had brought, Sujata thought, "To-day it is the third or fourth day that these holy men have not come to me here. Where in the world can they have gone?" So making his little boy take hold of his hand he went there while they were taking their repast. At that moment a novice was giving the elders water to rinse their mouths and was eating a bit of rose-apple. Sujata saluted the ascetics and when he was seated he asked, saying, "Holy sirs, what are you eating?" "Pieces of large rose-apples, sir." The boy on hearing this felt thirsty, so the leader of the company of ascetics had a small piece given to him. The boy ate it and was so charmed with the delicate flavour that he kept on continually begging them to give him another piece. The gentleman, who was listening to the preaching of the Law, said, "Do not cry; when you get home, you shall have a piece to eat," thus deceiving the boy for fear lest the holy Brethren might be worn out by his cries. So comforting the boy he took his leave of the band of ascetics and returned home. From the moment they arrived there the boy kept up a cry of "Give me a piece." The ascetics too said, "We have stayed here a long time," and departed for the Himalayas. Not finding the boy in the park the ascetics sent him a

present of pieces of mangoes, rose-apples, bread-fruit, bananas and other fruits, all mixed with powdered sugar. This mixture was no sooner placed on the tip of his tongue than it acted like a deadly poison. For seven days he took no food and then died. This story the king told by way of illustration. Then Kalahatthi thought, “This king is a great glutton: I will tell him further instances,” and he said, “Great king, desist from this.” “It is impossible,” he said. “Should you not desist, you will gradually be dropped by your family circle and deprived of your kingly glory.” Once upon a time too in this very Benares there was a brahmin family which kept the five Moral Precepts. An only son was born to this family, the darling and delight of his parents, a wise lad and well seen in the Three Vedas. He used to go about in the company of a band of youths of the same age as himself. The other members of the company ate fish, meat and similar food and took strong drink. The young boy neither ate meat nor drank strong drink. The thought struck them, “This boy because he takes no strong drink does not pay his reckoning: let us devise a plan to make him drink.” So when they were gathered together, they said, “My friend, let us hold a festival.” He said, “You drink strong drink but I do not. You go without me.” “Friend, we will take some milk for you to drink.” He consented, saying, “All right.” The rogues went to the garden and tied up some fiery spirit in a leaf cup and put it amongst some lotus leaves. So when they began to drink they offered the lad some milk. One of the rogues cried, “Bring us some lotus nectar,” and having had it brought to him, he cut a hole in the bottom of the leaf cup placed in the lotus, and putting it to his mouth sucked it. The others too had some brought to them and drank it. The lad asked what it was and took some strong drink, believing it to be lotus nectar. Then they offered him some broiled meat and this too he ate. And when from repeated draughts of liquor he was intoxicated, they told him, “This is no lotus nectar: it is spirit.” “All this long while,” he said, “I never knew what a sweet taste was. Bring me more strong drink, I say!” They brought it and once more gave it him, for he was very thirsty. Then when he asked for more, they told him it was all finished. He said, “Come, I say! fetch me some more,” and gave them his signet ring. After drinking with them all the day, being now quite drunk and his eyes bloodshot, trembling and babbling, he went home and lay down. Then his father finding out he had been drinking, when the effects of it had passed off, said to him, “My son, you have done very wrong, being a member of a brahmin family, to drink strong drink: never do so again.” “Dear father, what is my offence?” “Drinking strong drink.” “How say you, father? in all my life I never before tasted anything so sweet.” The brahmin repeatedly besought him to give it up. “I cannot do it,” he said. Then the brahmin thought, “If this is so, our family tradition will be destroyed and our wealth will perish,” and he repeated this stanza:

A scion of a brahmin house, withal a comely boy,

Thou must not drink the accursed thing no brahmin may enjoy.

And after these words he said, “My dear son, abstain from it, otherwise I shall put you out of my house and have you banished from my kingdom.” The lad said, “Even so, I cannot give up strong drink,” and he repeated two stanzas:

Since, father, from this best of tastes thou fain wouldst me debar,

To get it, where it may be found I'll go however far.

Depart will I in haste and ne'er dwell with thee any more,

For now the very sight of me, methinks, thou dost abhor.

Moreover he said, "I will not abstain from dram drinking: do what you please." Then the brahmin, saying, "Well, as you give us up, we too will give you up," repeated this stanza:

Surely some other sons we'll find as heirs our wealth to claim,

Go, rascal, where we never more may hear thy cursed name.

Then taking his son into court he disinherited him and had him driven out of his house. This youth later on, being a poor destitute wretch, put on a coarse garment, and taking a beggar's bowl in his hand he went round begging for alms, and resting against a wall so died. Kalahatthi relating this incident by way of a lesson to the king, said, "If, sire, you refuse to hearken to our words, they will have you banished from the kingdom," and so saying he spoke this stanza:

So hearken well, O king of men, obeying my command,

Or like that drunken youth wilt thou be banished from the land.

Even after the instance thus adduced by Kalahatthi, the king could not desist from his habit, and to illustrate yet another story he said:

Disciple of the Perfect Saints, Sujata, it is said,

Abstained from food and drink through love felt for a heavenly maid.

As dewdrop on a blade of grass to waters of the sea,

Is human love compared with love for some divinity.

So, Kala, I who now long time have fed on daintiest fare,

Failing this human flesh, methinks, for life would cease to care.

The story is just like the one already related.

This Sujata, they say, on seeing that the ascetics, at the time when they ate pieces of big rose-apple did not return, thought, "I wonder why they do not come back. If they are gone anywhere, I will find it out: otherwise I will listen to their preaching." So he went to the park and heard the Law preached by the leader of the company, and when the sun set, though he was dismissed he said, "I will remain here to-day," and saluting the company of saints he went into his hut of leaves and lay down. At night Sakka, king of heaven, accompanied

by a troop of angelic beings, together with his handmaids, came to pay his respects to the band of ascetics, and the whole hermitage was one blaze of light. Sujata, wondering what this might be, rose up and looking through a chink in his hut of leaves, saw Sakka come to salute the company , attended by a troop of heavenly Apsarasas, and no sooner did he see them than he was fired with passion. Sakka took a seat and after listening to a sermon on the Faith departed to his own abode. The landed proprietor next day saluted the ascetics and asked, saying, “Who was it, reverend sirs, came in the night to pay his respects to you?” “Sakka, sir.” “And who were those that sat round about him?” “They are called heavenly Apsarasas.” Saluting the band of ascetics he went home and from the moment he got there he kept up a foolish cry of “Give me an Apsaras.” His kinsmen, standing about him, wondered if he were possessed of an evil spirit, and snapped their fingers. He said, “It is not this snapping of the fingers I speak of, but of the heavenly Apsaras.” And when they dressed up and brought to him a wife or even a courtesan and said, “Here is an Apsaras,” he said, “This is no Apsaras, it is a female ghoul,” and went on with his foolish cry, “Give me an Apsaras,” and taking no food he died. On hearing this Kalahatthi said, “This king is a great glutton: I will bring him to a better mind.” And he said, “The golden geese too that gavel through the air perished from eating the flesh of their kin,” and to illustrate this he repeated two stanzas

Just as these dhatarattha geese that travel through the air

All died because they lived upon a most unnatural fare,

So too do thou, O king of men, list well to what I say,

For eating this unlawful food, thee too they’ll drive away.

Once upon a time, they say, ninety thousand geese dwelt in Golden Cave on mount Cittakuta. For four months in the rainy season they do not stir out. If they should do so, their wings being full of water, they would be unable to take a long flight and would fall into the sea, and therefore they do not stir out, but when the rainy season is drawing near, they gather wild paddy from a natural lake, and filling their cave with it live upon rice. But no sooner had they entered the cave than an unnanabhi spider as big as a chariot wheel at the entrance of the cave used to spin a web every month, and each thread of it was as thick as a cow’s halter. The geese give two portions of food to a young goose, thinking he will then be able to break through the web. When the sky clears, this young goose being in front of them severs the web and the rest all escape by the same way. Now once the rainy season lasted five months, and the food of the geese grew short. They consulted as to what was to be done and said, “If we are to live, we must take the eggs.” First they ate the eggs, then the goslings and after that the old geese. At the end of five months the rain left off, the spider had spun five webs, and the geese from eating the flesh of their kin had grown feeble. The young goose that had received a double portion of food, striking at the webs broke four of them but could not break the fifth, and stuck there. So the spider cut off his head and drank his blood. First one and then another came and struck the web, and the spider said, “Here’s another of them stuck in the same place,” and sucked the blood of all of them, and at that time the family of the dhatarattha geese became extinct, they say.

The king was anxious to give yet another illustration, but the citizens rising up said, “My lord commander, what do you propose to do? How will you proceed now you have caught the man-eating rogue? If he does not give it up, have him expelled from his kingdom,” and they would not suffer the king to say a word. Hearing the common talk of the people, the king was terrified and could say nothing more, and once again the commander said to him, “Sire, will it be possible for you to give it up?” “Impossible,” he said. So the commander placed on one side all his harem, his sons and his daughters, arrayed in all their splendour, and said, “Sire, behold this circle of your kinsfolk, this band of councillors and your royal pomp: be not undone, but cease from eating man’s flesh.” The king said, “All this is not dearer to me than man’s flesh.” “Then depart, sire, from this city and kingdom.” “Kalahatthi,” he said, “I do not want my kingdom; I am ready to depart, but grant me one favour; let me have my sword and my cook.” So they let him take a sword, a vessel for cooking man’s flesh and a basket, and giving him his cook they carried out his expulsion from the kingdom. Taking his cook he set out from the city and entered a forest and made his dwelling at the foot of a banyan tree. Living there he would take his stand on the road which led through the forest, and killing men he would bring their bodies and give them to the cook, and he cooked the flesh and served it up and both of them lived after this manner. And when he sallied forth, crying, “Here am I, the man-eating robber!” no one could hold his own, and they all fell to the ground and any one of them that he fancied, he seized, heels upwards or not as it might happen, and gave him to his cook. One day, he did not find any man in the forest, and when on his return the cook said, “How is this, sire?” he told him to put the pot on the brasier. “But where is the meat, sire?” “Oh! I will find some meat,” he said. Thought the cook, “I am a dead man,” and all of a tremble he made a fire and put the pot on the brasier. Then the man-eater killed him with a stroke of his sword and cooked and ate his flesh. Thenceforth he was quite alone and had to cook his food himself. The rumour spread throughout all India, “The man-eater murders wayfaring men.” At that time a certain wealthy brahmin who traded with five hundred waggons was travelling from the east in a westerly direction and he thought, “This man-eating robber, they say, murders men on the road. By a payment of money I will make my way through the forest.” So he paid a thousand pieces of money to the people who lived at the entrance of the forest, bidding them convoy him safely through it and set out on the road with them. He placed all his caravan in front of him, and having bathed and anointed himself and put on sumptuous apparel he seated himself in an easy carriage drawn by white oxen, and escorted by his convoy he travelled last of all. The man-eater climbing up a tree was on the look out for men, but though he felt no appetite for any of the rest of the convoy, no sooner did he catch sight of the brahmin than his mouth watered through desire to eat him. When the brahmin came up to him, he proclaimed his name, crying, “Here am I, the man-eating robber,” and brandishing his sword, like to one filling men’s eyes with sand, he leaped upon them and no man was able to stand up against him, but they all fell prone upon the ground. Seizing the brahmin as he sat in his easy carriage by the foot he slung him on his back, head downwards, and striking his head against his heels so carried him off. The men rising up cried one to another, “Ho! my man, bestir yourself. We received a thousand pieces of money from the brahmin’s hands. Who amongst us wears the semblance of a man? Let us, one and all, strong man or weakling, pursue him for a short space.” They pursued him and the man-eater stopped and looked back, and not seeing anyone went slowly on. At that moment a bold fellow running at full speed came up with

him. On seeing him, the robber leaping over a fence trod upon an acacia splinter which, wounding him, came out at the top of his foot, and the robber went limping along with the blood trickling from the wound. Then his pursuer on seeing it said, “Surely I have wounded him: you just follow on behind and I will catch him.” They saw how feeble he was and joined in the pursuit. When the robber saw that he was pursued he dropped the brahmin and secured his own safety. The brahmin’s escort as soon as they had recovered him thought, “What have we got to do with this robber?” and turned back. But the man-eater, going to the foot of his banyan tree, lay down amongst the shoots and offered up a prayer to the spirit of the tree, saying, “My lady, nymph of the tree, if within seven days thou canst heal my wound, I will bathe thy trunk with blood from the throats of one hundred and one princes from all India, and will hang the tree all round with their inwards and offer up a sacrifice of the five sweet kinds of flesh.” Now, in consequence of having nothing to eat or drink, his body wasted away, and within the seven days his wound healed. He recognised that his cure was due to the tree-nymph, and in a few days he recovered his strength by eating man’s flesh and thought, “The spirit has been very helpful to me. I will discharge my vow.” Taking his sword he sallied forth from the foot of the tree and set out, purposing to bring the kings. Now, a Yakkha which had gone about as his comrade, eating man’s flesh with him, when in a former existence he himself had been a Yakkha, caught sight of him and knowing that he had in a former existence been his friend he asked him, saying, “Do you not recognise me, friend?” “I do not,” he said. Then he told him about something they had done in a former state and the man-eater recognised him and gave him a kind greeting. When asked where he had been reborn, he told him of his place of birth and how he had been banished from his kingdom and where he was now living. He told him moreover how he was wounded by a splinter and that he was now going on an expedition to redeem his promise to the tree-nymph. “I must get over this difficulty of mine by your help: we will go together, my friend,” he said. “I cannot go, but there is one service I can render you. I certainly know a spell characterised by words of priceless value. It ensures strength, speed of foot, and an increase of prestige. Learn this spell.” He readily agreed to this, and the goblin gave it to him and went off. The man-eater got the spell by heart, and from that time became swift as the wind and very bold. Within seven days he found a hundred and one kings on their ways to parks and other places and leaped upon them with the swiftness of the wind, proclaiming his name, and by jumping about and shouting he greatly terrified them. Then he seized them by the feet and held them head downwards, and striking their heads with his heels carried them off with the swiftness of the wind. Next he drilled holes in the palms of their hands and hung them up by a cord on the banyan tree, and the wind striking them as they just touched the ground with the tips of their toes, they hung on the tree, revolving like withered wreaths of flowers in baskets. But he thought, “Sutasoma was my private teacher: let not India be altogether desolate,” and did not bring him. Being minded to make an offering to the tree he lighted a fire and sat down, sharpening a stake. The tree-nymph on seeing this thought, “He is preparing to offer sacrifice to me, but it was not I that healed his wound: he will now make a great slaughter. What is to be done? I shall not be able to stop him.” So she went and told the Four Great Kings of it and bade them stop him. When they said they could not do it, she approached Sakka and told him the whole story and asked him to stop him. He said, “I cannot do it, but I will tell you some one who can.” She said, “Who is that?” “In the world of men and gods,” he answered, “there is no one else, but in the city of Indapatta in the Kuru

kingdom is Sutasoma, prince of Kuru. He will tame and humble this man and will save the lives of these kings, and cure him of eating human flesh and will shower nectar over all India. If you are anxious to save the lives of the kings, bid him first bring Sutasoma and then offer his sacrifice to the tree." "All right," said the tree-spirit and went quickly, disguised as an ascetic, and approached close to the man-eater. At the sound of footsteps he thought, "Can one of the kings have escaped?" Looking up and seeing him he thought, "Ascetics surely are kshatriyas. If I capture him, I shall make up the full number of one hundred and one kings and offer my sacrifice." He. rose up and sword in hand pursued the ascetic, but though he chased him for three leagues he could not overtake him, and streams of sweat poured from his limbs. He thought, "I once could pursue and catch an elephant, or horse, or chariot going at full speed, but to-day though I am running with all my might I cannot catch this ascetic who is going just his natural pace. What can be the reason for this?" Then thinking, "Ascetics are accustomed to obey: if I bid him stand and he does so, I shall catch him," he cried, "Stand, holy sir." "I am standing," he answered, "do you too try and stand." Then he said, "Ho there! ascetics even to save their life do not tell a lie, but you speak falsely," and he repeated this stanza:

Although I bid thee stand, thou still dost forward fly,

And crying "Lo! I stand," methinks thou dost but lie:

Unseemly 'Tis; this sword, O priest, thou must assume

To be a harmless shaft equipped with heron's plume.

Then the nymph spoke a couple of stanzas:

Steadfast in righteousness am I,

Nor change my name or family,

Here robbers but brief moment dwell,

Soon doomed to pass to woes of hell.

Be bold and captive here great Sutasoma bring

And by his sacrifice shalt thou win heaven, O king.

With such words the nymph put off her disguise as an ascetic and stood revealed in her own form, blazing in the sky like the sun. The man-eater hearing what she had to say and beholding her form asked who she was, and on her replying that she had come to life as the spirit of this tree, he was delighted and thinking, "I have looked upon my tutelary divinity," he said, "O heavenly sovereign, be not troubled by reason of Sutasoma, but enter once more into thine own tree." The spirit entered into the tree before his very eyes. At that moment the sun set and the moon arose. The man-eater being versed in the Vedas

and their auxiliaries and acquainted with the movements of the astral bodies, looking at the sky, thought, “To-morrow it will be the Phussa asterism; Sutasoma will come to the park to bathe and then will I lay hands upon him. But as he will have a strong guard and the dwellers throughout all India will come to guard him for three leagues around, at the first watch, before the guard is posted, I will go to the Migacira park and descend into the royal tank and there take my stand.” So he went down into the tank and stood there, covering his head with a lotus leaf. By reason of his great glory the fish, tortoises and the like fell back and swam about in large bodies at the water’s edge. Whence, it may be asked, came this glory of his? From his devotion in a former existence. For at the time when Kassapa was Buddha, he started a distribution of milk by ticket. Owing to this he became very mighty, and having got the Assembly of the Brethren to erect a hall for a fire to dispel the cold, he provided fire, firewood and an axe to cleave the wood. As the result of this he became famous.—So now when he had gone into the garden, while it was still early dawn, they picked a guard for three leagues round about, and king Sutasoma quite early in the morning after breakfast, mounted on a richly caparisoned elephant, with a complete force of four arms, sallied from the city. At that very moment a brahmin named Nanda from Takkasila, bringing with him four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money, reached the city after a journey of one hundred and twenty leagues, and took up his abode in a suburb. At sunrise on entering the city he saw the king issuing forth by the eastern gate, and raising his hand he cried, “Victory to the king.” Now the king being far-sighted, as he was riding along, saw the outstretched hand of the brahmin as he stood on some rising ground, and drawing nigh to him on his elephant he spoke after this manner:

Born in what realm and why, I pray,

Dost hither come, O brahmin, say;

This said, to-day I grant to thee

Thy prayer, whatever it may be.

Then the brahmin answered him:

Four verses, mighty king, to thee

Of import deep as is the sea

I hither bring; list to them well,

Secrets of highest worth they tell.

“Great king,” he said, “these four verses taught me by the Buddha Kassapa are worth a hundred pieces of money each, and having heard that you take pleasure in libations of soma juice, I am come to teach you.” The king was greatly pleased and said, “Master, in this you have done well, but it is impossible for me to turn back. To-day, because it is the Phussa conjunction, it is the day for bathing my head: when I return I will listen to you. Be

not dissatisfied with me." And with these words he bade his councillors, saying, "Go ye and in a certain house of a brahmin prepare a couch and arrange a dining place under cover," and he retired into his park. This was girt about by a wall eighteen cubits high and guarded all round by elephants within touch of one another. Then came horses, then chariots, and finally archers and other foot-soldiers—like a mighty troubled ocean was the army that had been transported thither. The king, when he had put off his heavy adornments and had been shaved and shampooed, bathed in all his royal majesty in the lotus tank, and coming up out of the water he stood there clad in bathing garments, and they brought him scented garlands to adorn him. The man-eater thought, "When he is fully dressed, the king must be a heavy weight. I will seize him just when he is light to carry." So shouting and jumping about and whirling a sword above his head as quick as lightning he proclaimed his name, crying, "Ho! here am I, the man-eating robber," and he laid his finger on his forehead and stepped out of the water. As soon as they heard his cry, the elephant-riders with their elephants, the horsemen with their horses, and the charioteers with their chariots fell to the ground, and all the host of them dropping the weapons they held lay prone upon their bellies. The man-eater seized Sutasoma, holding him erect. The rest of the kings he had caught by the foot and held head downwards and had gone off with them, knocking their heads against his heels, but in coming up to the Bodhisatta he stooped down and lifting him up placed him on his shoulders. Thinking it would be a roundabout way by the gate he leaped over the wall, eighteen cubits high, at the point where it faced him, and going forward he trampled on the temples of elephants exuding the juice of rut, overthrowing them as it were mountain peaks. Next he trod on the backs of the horses—swift as the wind were they and of priceless worth—laying them also low. Then as he stepped on the fronts of the splendid chariots, he was like to one whirling a humming top or as it were one crushing the dark green phalaka plant or banyan leaves, and at a single burst he ran a distance of three leagues. Then wondering if anyone were following to rescue Sutasoma, he looked and seeing no one he went on slowly. Noticing the drops that fell upon him from Sutasoma's hair he thought, "There is no man living free from the fear of death: Sutasoma, too, methinks, is weeping from this fear," and he said:

Men versed in lore, in whom high thoughts arise,

Such never weep, the learned and the wise;

All find herein a refuge and a stay,

That sages thus can sorrow drive away.

Is it thy kin, wife, child, perchance thyself,

Thy stores of grain, thy gold and silver pelf—

What, Sutasoma, caused thy tears to flow?

Great Kuru lord, thy answer we would know.

Sutasoma said:

Nay, I no tears am shedding for myself,

Nor for my wife or child, my realm or pelf.

The practice of the saints of old I keep,

And for a promise unfulfilled I weep.

Once to a brahmin I my word did plight,

What time in mine own realm I ruled with might;

That plighted word I fain would keep and then,

My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said:

I'll not believe if any one should be

By happy chance from jaws of death set free,

He would return to yield him to his foe;

No more wouldst thou, if I should let thee go.

Escaped from fierce man-eater shouldst thou come,

Full of sweet longings, to thy royal home,

Dear life with all its charms restored to thee,

Why in the world shouldst thou come back to me?

On hearing this the Great Being, like a lion still fearless, said:

If innocent, a man would death prefer

To life o'erclouded with some odious slur;

Should he, to save his life, a falsehood tell,

It may not shield him from the woes of hell.

The wind may sooner move some mountain high,

Or sun and moon to earth fall from the sky,

Yea, rivers all up stream may flow, my lord,

Ere I be guilty of one lying word.

Though he spoke thus, the man-eater still did not believe him. So the Bodhisatta, thinking, "He does not believe me; by means of an oath I will make him believe," said, "Good Mister Man-eater, let me down from your back and I will take an oath and make you believe me." After these words he was let down by the man-eater and placed upon the ground, and in taking an oath he said:

Lo! as I touch this spear and sword

To thee I pledge my solemn word,

Release me and I will debt-free,

My honour saved, return to thee.

Then the man-eater thought, "This Sutasoma swears under penalty of violating kshatriya rules. What do I want with him? Well, I too am a kshatriya king. I will take blood from my own arm and make an offering to the spirit of the tree. This is a very faint-hearted fellow." And he said:

The word thou once didst to a brahmin plight,

What time in thine own realm thou ruledst with might,

That plighted word I bid thee keep and then,

Thy honour saved, return to me again.

Then the Great Being said, "My friend, do not vex yourself. After I have heard the four verses, each worth a hundred pieces of money, and have made an offering to the preacher of the Law, I will return at daybreak." And he spoke this stanza:

The word I once did to a brahmin plight,

What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,

That plighted word I first will keep and then,

My honour saved, return to thee again.

Then the man-eater said: “You have taken an oath under penalty of violating the custom of kshatriyas. See that you act accordingly.” “My man-eating friend,” he said, “you have known me from a boy: never even in jest have I aforetime told a lie, and now that I am established on the throne and know right and wrong, why should I lie? Trust me, I will provide an offering for you.” Being induced to believe him he said, “Well, sire, depart, and, if you do not return, there can be no offering and the spirit does not agree to it without you: do not place any obstacle in the way of my offering,” and he let the Great Being go. Like the moon escaped from the jaws of Rahu and with the strength of a young elephant he speedily reached the city. And his soldiers thought, “King Sutasoma is wise and a sweet preacher of the Law. If he can have a word or two with him he will convert the man-eater and will return, like a furious elephant escaping from the lion’s mouth.” And thinking, “The people will chide us and say, “After giving up your king to the man-eater are ye come back to us?” they remained encamped outside the city walls, and when they saw him coming from afar off they went out to meet him and saluting him with a friendly greeting they asked, “Were you not, sire, heartily sick of the man-eater?” “The man-eater,” he said, “did something far harder than anything my parents ever did. For being such a fierce and violent creature, after listening to my preaching of the Law, he let me go.” Then they decked out the king and mounting him on an elephant escorted him into the city. On seeing him the inhabitants rejoiced, and owing to his zeal for the Law, he did not visit his parents but thinking, “I will see them by and bye,” he entered his palace and took his seat upon his throne. Then he summoned the brahmin and gave orders for him to be shaved, and when his hair and beard had been trimmed and he was washed and anointed and decked out with brave apparel, they brought him to the king. And when the brahmin was presented, Sutasoma himself afterwards took a bath and ordered his own food to be given to the brahmin, and when he had eaten he himself partook of the food. Then he seated the brahmin on a costly throne and to mark his reverence for him he made offerings of scented garlands and the like to him, and seating himself on a low seat he prayed him, saying, “Master, we would hear the verses which you have brought to us.”

To throw light upon this the Master said:

Released from fierce man-eater’s hand he flies

To brahmin friend and “Fain would we,” he cries,

“Hear stanzas worth a hundred pieces each,

Us for our good if thou wouldst deign to teach.”

The brahmin, when the Bodhisatta made his request, after shampooing his hands with perfumes, pulling a beautiful book out of a bag took it in both hands and said: “Well, sire, listen to my four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces of money; they were taught me by Kassapa Buddha, and are destructive of passion, pride and similar vices, and procure for man the removal of desire, the cessation of the faculties, even the eternal mighty Nirvana, to the decay of lust, the cutting of the circle of transmigration and the rooting out of attachment,” and with these words, looking at his book, he repeated these stanzas:

In union with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be,

And ne’er consort with evil men and peace shall compass thee.

With holy men consorting aye, as friends such only know,

From holy men true doctrine learn and daily better grow.

As painted cars of royalty wax dim and fade away,

So too our bodies frail wear out and suffer swift decay.

But Faith of holy men abides and never waxes old,

Good men proclaim it to the good through ages yet untold.

The sky above us stretches far, far stretches earth below,

And lands beyond the boundless sea far distant are we know,

But greater still than all of these and wider in its reach

Is doctrine whether good or bad that saints or sinners preach.

Thus did the brahmin teach him the four stanzas, each worth a hundred pieces, just as he had been taught them by Kassapa Buddha, and then remained silent. The Great Being was delighted at hearing them and said, “My journey here is not without its reward,” and thinking, “These verses are not merely the words of a disciple or a saint nor the work of a poet, but were spoken by the Omniscient One; I wonder what they are worth. Though one were to give a whole world that extends to the Brahma heaven, after filling it with the seven precious things, one could not make an adequate return for these stanzas. Surely I can give him sovereignty in the city of Indapatta covering seven leagues in the realm of Kuru, which extends over three hundred leagues. Doubtless it is his merited fate to be king.” But regarding him with the power he possessed of divining a man’s future from his personal appearance, he found no such signs. Then he bethought him of the office of commander-in-chief and similar posts, but did not find that he was destined even to the headship of a single village. Next, considering the case of acquisition of wealth and starting from a crore of money he found he was destined to receive four thousand pieces, and thinking to honour him with just this sum he bestowed on him four purses containing a thousand pieces each and he asked him, saying, “Master, when you teach other princes these verses, how much do you receive?” “A hundred for each one, sire,” he said, “so they are worth just a hundred pieces.” The Great Being said, “Master, you are ignorant of the priceless value of the goods you hawk about. Henceforth let them be considered worth a thousand pieces,” and so saying he repeated this stanza:

Not hundreds merely are they worth, nay thousands rather say,

So brahmin here four thousand take and, quick, with them away.

Then he presented him with an easy carriage and gave orders to his men, saying, “Convey this brahmin safely to his home,” and so dismissed him. At this moment loud sounds of applause were heard and cries of “Bravo, bravo! king Sutasoma has highly honoured these verses, deeming worth a thousand pieces what was valued at a hundred.” The king’s parents hearing the noise asked what it meant, and on learning the true state of things, by reason of their covetousness were angry with the Great Being, but after dismissing the brahmin he went to them and stood saluting them. Then his father said, “My son, you have escaped from the hands of one described as a fierce robber,” and instead of expressing pleasure at seeing him, through his greed of money he asked, “Is it true what they say, that you gave four thousand pieces of money for hearing four stanzas,” and on his confessing it was so, his father repeated this verse:

Verses may be worth eighty pieces each,

Or e’en a hundred may in value reach,

But, Sutasoma, thou thyself must own

A stanza worth a thousand is unknown.

Then the Great Being, to induce him to see things in a different light, said, “Dear father, it is not increase in wealth I desire, but increase in learning,” and he uttered these stanzas:

Increase in holy lore I most desire

And to the friendship of the saints aspire;

No rivers can the void of ocean fill,

So I good words imbibe, insatiate still.

As flames for wood and grass insatiate roar,

And seas aye fed with streams crave more and more,

E’en so do sages, mighty lord of lords,

Insatiate hearken to well-spoken words.

If from the mouth of my own slave I e’er

Should verses full of deepest import hear,

His words I would accept with honour due,

Unsated still with doctrines good and true.

After having thus spoken he said, “Do not just for the sake of money blame me. I have come here, after swearing an oath that when I had heard the Truth I would return. Now then I will go back to this monster; do you then accept this sovereignty,” and handing it over to him he spoke this stanza:

This realm is thine with all its wealth of gold,

Trappings of state and joy and bliss untold.

Why blame, should I from sensual pleasures fly

And at man-eater’s hand go forth to die?

At this moment the heart of the king’s father grew hot within him and he said, “What, my dear Sutasoma, is this you say? I will come with a complete host of all four arms and will seize the robber,” and he repeated this stanza:

For our defence lo! valiant soldiers come,

Some riding elephants, on chariots some,

Foot-soldiers these, these horsemen armed with bow—

Marshal our host and let us slay our foe.

Then his father and mother, their eyes swimming with tears, besought him, saying, “Go not, my son, nay, you cannot go,” and sixteen thousand dancing girls and the rest of his suite lamented and said, “Leaving us helpless, whither wouldst thou go, sire?” and no one throughout the city could restrain his feelings and they said, “He has come, they tell us, after giving a promise to the man-eater, and now that he has heard four stanzas worth a hundred pieces each and has paid due honour to the preacher of the Law and bidden farewell to his parents, he will return once more to the robber,” and the whole city was greatly stirred. And on hearing what his father and mother said, he repeated this stanza:

Wondrous this deed of our man-eating foe,

To capture me alive and let me go.

Calling to mind his friendly acts of yore

How can I violate the oath I swore?

Comforting his parents he said, “Dear father and mother, be not anxious about me: I have wrought a virtuous action, and mastery over the desires of the six senses is no hard

matter," and bidding farewell to his parents he admonished the rest of the people and so departed.

The Master, to make the matter clear, said:

Farewell to parents said, with counsel wise

Townsmen and soldiers he did straight advise,

Then true to plighted word refused to lie

And to man-eater back again did hie.

Then the man-eater thought, "If my friend Sutasoma wishes to return, let him return, otherwise not, and let my tree-spirit do whatsoever she pleases, and I will put these princes to death and make an offering of their flesh with the five sweet things." So he reared a funeral pile and kindled a fire, thinking he would wait till the coal was red hot, and while he sat and sharpened his spit Sutasoma returned. Then the man-eater at the sight of him was glad at heart and asked, saying, "My friend, have you gone and done what you wanted to do?" The Great Being said, "Yes, your majesty, I have heard the stanzas that were taught the brahmin by the Kassapa Buddha, and I paid due honour to the preacher of the Truth, and so I have come back, having done the thing I had to do." To illustrate this, he repeated this stanza:

My word I once did to a brahmin plight,

What time in mine own realm I ruled with might,

And now that I have kept my plighted word

And saved my honour, have returned, my lord.

So slay and offer me to thy tree-sprite

Or for man's flesh sate thy fell appetite.

On hearing this the man-eater thought, "This king has no fear; he speaks with all the terrors of death dispelled. I wonder from whence comes this power. It can be nothing else. He says, "I have heard the verses that the Kassapa Buddha taught." This supernatural power must come from them. I will make him utter these verses in my hearing, and so will I too be free from all fear." And being so resolved he repeated this stanza:

The fire still smokes: though I somewhat delay,

I forfeit not the right to eat my prey.

Meat roast o'er embers clear is roasted well;

These strains a hundred pieces worth, come, tell.

The Great Being on hearing this thought, “This man-eater is a sinner: I will rebuke him somewhat and by my words I will put him to shame,” and he said:

Thou, O man-eater, art a wicked wight,

Fall’n from thy throne through carnal appetite;

These verses do proclaim the Right to me,

But how, I pray, can Right and Wrong agree?

To wicked robber, one whose hands are steeped in gore,

Whence cometh Truth or Right? What profits holy lore?

Even when addressed in these words the man-eater was not angry. Why was this? It was owing to the mighty power of charity in the Great Being. So he said, “Am I only, friend Sutasoma, unrighteous?” and he repeated this stanza:

The man that hunts a beast to make him savoury meat,

And one that slays a man, his fellow’s flesh to eat,

Both after death in guilt are counted much the same:

Then why am I alone for wickedness to blame?

On hearing this the Great Being, in refuting his heresy, repeated this stanza:

Of five-clawed things a warrior prince all witting five may eat,

Wicked art thou, O king, in that thou eat’st forbidden meat.

On receiving this rebuke, as he saw no other means of escape, he tried to conceal his own wrong-doing and repeated this stanza:

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come

Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,

And then to foe entrust thy life once more?

Well versed art thou, forsooth, in astral lore!

Then the Great Being said, “Friend, one like me must be well versed in the lore of kshatriyas. I know it well, but I do not regulate my actions accordingly,” and he spoke this stanza:

All such as are in kshatriya doctrine versed

In hell are mostly doomed to life accursed.

Therefore I have all kshatriya lore abhorred

And here returned, true to my plighted word:

Make then thy sacrifice and eat me up, dread lord.

The man-eater said:

Palatial halls, broad acres, steeds and kine,

Perfumes, rich robes and many a concubine,

All these as mighty lord thou holdst in fee—

In Truth what blessing, prithee, dost thou see?

The Bodhisatta said:

Of all the sweets this world can yield to me

None sweeter than the joys of Truth I see:

Brahmins and priests that in the Truth abide,

Birth, death, escaping, reach the further side.

Thus did the Great Being discourse to him of the blessing of Truth. Then the man-eater, regarding his face, glorious as a lotus in bloom or as the full moon, thought, “This Sutasoma sees me preparing a pile of embers and sharpening a spit and yet does not show an atom of fear. Can this be the magic power in these verses that are worth a hundred pieces or does it arise from some other truth? I will ask him.” And in the form of a question he repeated this stanza:

Escaped from fierce man-eater didst thou come

Full of sweet longings to thy royal home,

And then once more return to meet thy foe?

Thou, surely, prince, no fear of death canst know,

To keep thy plighted word and worldly lusts forego.

The Great Being in answer to him said:

As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,

My bounteous offerings are known to fame,

To the next world a path I have kept clear:

Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

As mine I countless acts of virtue claim,

My bounteous offerings are known to fame,

With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,

So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

My parents have I cherished with fond care,

My rule wins praise as eminently fair,

To the next world a path I have kept clear:

Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

My parents have I cherished with fond care,

My rule wins praise as eminently fair,

With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,

So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

To friends and kin due service I have done,

My rule was just and praise from all has won,

With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,

So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,

Yea, priests and brahmins fully satisfied,

To the next world a path I have kept clear:

Who that abides in Faith holds death in fear?

Gifts manifold to many I supplied,

Yea priests and brahmins fully satisfied,

With no regrets to heaven I'll take my way,

So sacrifice and then devour thy prey.

On hearing this the man-eater thought, "This king Sutasoma is a good and wise man: supposing I were to eat him, my skull would split into seven pieces, or the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up," and being terrified he said, "My friend, you are not the sort of man that I ought to eat," and he repeated this stanza:

He knowingly would quaff a poison cup

Or fiery snake, so fell and fierce, take up,

Yea into fragments seven his head would fly

That dares to eat a man that cannot lie.

Thus did he address the Great Being, saying, "You are, as it were, a deadly poison, methinks; who will eat you?" and being anxious to hear those verses he besought him to tell him them, and when in order to produce a due reverence for holy things his prayer was rejected by the Great Being, on the ground that he was no proper recipient of verse of such unexceptionable morality, he said, "In all India there is no sage like this, for when he was released from my hand he went and heard these verses, and after paying due honour to the preacher of the Law he came back again with death written on his forehead. These verses must be of transcendent excellence," and being still more filled with a reverent desire to hear them, he besought the Great Being and repeated this stanza:

Hearing the Truth men soon discern betwixt the good and ill;

Perchance if heard these strains my heart with joy in Truth may fill.

Then the Great Being thought, "The man-eater is now eager to hear: I will reveal them to him," and he said, "Well then, my friend, listen carefully," and having gained his attention he sang the praises of these verses exactly as he was taught them by the brahmin Nanda, while the gods in the six worlds of sense all broke into one loud cry , and the angels in heaven shouted applause, and the Great Being thus proclaimed the Truth to the

man-eater:

In union with the saints just once, O Sutasoma, be.

Owing to these verses being so well delivered by the Great Being and to the fact that he himself was wise, the man-eater thought, “These stanzas are, as it were, the words of an Omniscient Buddha,” and his whole body thrilled with the five kinds of joy, and he felt a tender pity for the Bodhisatta and regarded him in the light of a father that was ready to confer on him the white umbrella of royalty. And he thought, “I see no offerings of yellow gold to give to Sutasoma, but for each stanza I will grant him a boon,” and he spoke this verse:

Pregnant with meaning and in accents clear

Thy goodly words, O prince, fall on mine ear,

So glad am I at heart, that I rejoice

Four boons, good friend, to offer thee for choice.

Then the Great Being upbraided him and said, “What boon, forsooth, will you offer me?” and he repeated this stanza:

One his own mortal state that fails to learn,

Or good from evil, heaven from hell discern,

The slave of carnal appetite, how can

A wretch like thee know any boon for man?

Suppose I say “Grant me this boon” and then

Thou shouldst thy promised word take back again,

Who that is wise would knowingly incur

So clear a risk of quarrelling, good sir?

Then the man-eater said, “He does not believe me; I will make him believe,” and he repeated this stanza:

No one should claim to grant a boon and then

His promised word, false man, take back again:

Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose;

I'll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

Then the Great Being thought, "He has spoken like a brave fellow and will do what I tell him; I will accept his offer. But if I should choose as the very first boon that he should abstain from eating human flesh, he will be very sick at heart. I will first choose three other boons, and after that I will choose this," and he said:

Who with a saint lives face to face ever with saint agrees,

So too a sage is ever sure a brother sage to please:

Thus safe and sound a hundred years I pray to see thee live:

This is the first of all the boons I fain would have thee give.

The man-eater, on hearing this, thought, "This man, even though I have driven him from his sovereignty, now wishes long life for me, the noted robber that lusteth after human flesh and would do him a mischief. Ah! he is my well-wisher." And he was glad at heart, not knowing that this boon had been chosen to cheat him to his good, and in granting the boon he uttered this stanza:

Who with a saint lives face to face ever with saint agrees,

So too a sage is ever sure a brother sage to please:

Thou fain wouldst see me safe and sound for years twice fifty live:

Lo! at thy prayer this first of boons to thee I gladly give.

Then the Bodhisatta said:

These warrior chiefs held captive in thy hand,

By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,

These mighty lords of earth thou must not eat:

For this as second boon I next entreat.

Thus did he in choosing a second boon gain the boon of life for over a hundred kshatriyas, and the man-eater in granting the boon to him said:

These warrior chiefs held captive in my hand,

By sprinkling hailed as kings in many a land,

These mighty lords, I'll not eat them, I swear:

This second boon too grant I to thy prayer.

Well, did these kings hear what they were talking about? They did not hear it all. For when the man-eater lighted a fire, for fear of any injury to the tree from the smoke and flame, he stepped back a space from it, and the Great Being conversed with him, seated in the interval between the fire and the tree, and consequently these kings did not hear all that they said, but heard only partially, and they comforted one another, saying, "Fear not: now will Sutasoma convert the man-eater," and at this moment the Great Being spoke this stanza:

Thou captive holdst a hundred kings and more,

All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,

Restore then each to his own realm again:

This the third boon I would from thee obtain.

Thus did the Great Being in making his third choice choose the restoration of these kshatriyas, each to his own kingdom. Why was this? Because the ogre, supposing he did not eat them, through fear of their hostility would either enslave them all and make them, dwell in the forest, or would slay them and expose their dead bodies, or would bring them to the border country and sell them as slaves; and therefore he made choice as his boon of their restoration to their own kingdoms, and the man-eater in granting his request spoke this stanza:

I captive hold a hundred kings and more,

All strung up by their hands and weeping sore,

All will I to their realms restore again:

This third boon too thou shalt from me obtain.

Now in making his fourth choice the Bodhisatta spoke this stanza:

Distracted is thy realm and sick with fright,

In caves much people hide them from thy sight.

From eating human flesh, O king, abstain:

This the fourth boon I would from thee obtain.

When he had so spoken, the man-eater clapped his hands and laughing said, “Friend Sutasoma, what in truth is this that you say I How can I grant you this boon? If you are anxious to receive another boon, choose something else,” and he uttered this stanza:

Much to my taste I surely find this food;

’Twas for this cause I hid within the wood.

How then from such delights should I abstain?

For thy fourth boon, good sir, pray, choose again.

Then the Great Being said, “Because you love man’s flesh, you say, “I cannot abstain from it.” He verily that does evil because it is pleasant is a fool,” and he repeated this stanza:

A king like thee should not his pleasure take

Nor sacrifice his life for pleasure’s sake.

Life in its highest sense, best gift, attain

And future joys thou shalt by merit gain.

When these words had been spoken by the Great Being, the man-eater was overcome with fear and thought, “I can neither repudiate the choice Sutasoma has made nor abstain from human flesh. What in the world am I to do?” and with his eyes swimming in tears he repeated this stanza:

I love man’s flesh: thou too must know,

Great Sutasoma, it is so.

From it I never can abstain,

Think, sir, of something else and choose again.

Then the Bodhisatta said:

Whoso shall ever his own pleasure take

And sacrifice e’en life for pleasure’s sake,

The poison cup like drunkard will he drain,

And so hereafter suffers endless pain.

Who knowingly shall pleasure here eschew,

The arduous path of duty to pursue,

As one in pain that drains the healing cup,

So he to bliss in the next world wakes up.

After he had thus spoken, the man-eater sorely lamenting repeated this stanza:

The five-fold joys that from our senses spring

And parents dear and all abandoning,

For this cause came I in this wood to live;

How then can I the boon thou askest give?

Then the Great Being spoke this stanza:

Sages in speech duplicity ne’er show,

True to their promise are good men, we know:

“Choose, friend, some boon” is what thou saidst to me;

What now thou sayst with this will scarce agree.

Once more, still weeping, the man-eater spoke this stanza:

Demerit, with disgrace and shame combined,

Misconduct, lust and sin of every kind,

All this, to eat man’s flesh, I did incur:

Why then should I this boon on thee confer?

Then the Great Being said:

No one should claim to grant a boon and then

His promised word, false man, take back again:

Amongst these boons, my friend, all fearless choose;

I’ll grant it thee, though life itself I lose.

When he had thus pointed out the stanza uttered in the first instance by the man-eater, to inspire him with courage to grant the boon, he spoke this stanza:

Good men will life give up, but never right,

True to their word e'en in their own despite;

If thou shouldst promise, best of kings, a boon,

Perfect thy work and see it done right soon.

One who to save a limb rich treasure gave

Would sacrifice a limb, his life to save,

Yea, wealth, limbs, life and all away would fling,

Right and its claims alone remembering.

Thus did the Great Being by these means establish the man-eater in the Truth, and now to make clear to him his own title to respect he spoke this stanza:

One from whose lips a man the Truth may prove,

—Yea all good men that will his doubts remove

—A refuge sure is he, a rest, a stay;

The wise man's love for him should ne'er decay.

After repeating these verses he said, "My man-eating friend, it is not right that you should transgress the words of so excellent a master, and I, too, when you were young, acted as your private teacher and gave you much instruction, and now with all the charm of a Buddha I have repeated to you stanzas worth a hundred pieces each: therefore you ought to obey my words." On hearing this the man-eater thought, "Sutasoma was my teacher and a learned man, and I granted him the choice of a boon. What am I to do? Death verily is a certainty in the case of an individual existence. I will not eat human flesh but will grant him the boon he asks," and with tears streaming front his eyes he rose up and fell at king Sutasoma's feet, and in granting the boon he repeated this stanza:

Sweet to my taste and pleasant is this food,

'Twas for this cause I hid within the wood;

But if thou askest me to do this thing,

This boon I'll grant to thee, my friend and king.

Then the Great Being said, “So be it, friend; to one firmly grounded in moral practice, verily even death is a boon. I accept, sire, the boon you have offered me. From this very day you are established in the path of a spiritual guide, and this being so I beg this favour of you; if you have any love for me, accept, sir, the five moral laws.” “Very good,” he answered, “teach me, friend, these moral laws.” “Learn then from me, sire.” So he saluted the Great Being with the five Rests and took a seat apart, and the Great Being established him in the moral law. At that moment the deities that dwell on the earth gathered together and said, “There is no one else from the inhabitants of the Avici hell to those of the highest of the Formless Worlds that by inspiring affection for the Great Being could make this man-eater abstain from eating human flesh. Oh! a miracle has been wrought by Sutasoma,” and they applauded, making the jungle re-echo with their loud cries, and hearing the tumult the Four Great Kings did likewise and there was one universal roar reaching even to the Brahma world. And the kings suspended on the tree heard this noise of applauding spirits, and the tree nymph still standing in her abode uttered a sound of applause. So the cry of the angel spirits was heard, but their form was invisible. The kings on hearing the loud applause of the spirits thought, “Owing to Sutasoma our lives are saved: Sutasoma has wrought a miracle in converting the man-eater,” and they offered up their praises to the Bodhisatta. The man-eater after bowing down to the feet of the Great Being stood apart. Then the Great Being said to him, “Friend, release these warrior princes.” He thought, “I am their enemy; if they are released by me, they will say, “Seize him, he is an enemy of ours,” and will do me a mischief, but even if I lose my life, I cannot transgress the moral law which I have accepted at the hands of Sutasoma: I will go with him and release them and in this way I shall find safety.” Then bowing to the Bodhisatta he said, “Sutasoma, we will go together and release the warrior princes,” and he repeated this stanza:

My teacher and my friend art thou in one,

Behold, good sir, thy bidding I have done:

Do thou in turn what I have bidden thee

And straight we’ll go and set these princes free.

Then the Bodhisatta said to him:

Thy teacher and thy friend am I in one,

And thou in truth my bidding, sir, hast done:

I too will do what thou hast bidden me

And straight we’ll go and set these princes free.

And drawing nigh to them he said

Strung up upon this tree your tears fast flow

Because of ogre that has wronged you so,

Still we would fain from you a promise wring

Never to lay a finger on this king.

Then they replied:

Strung up upon this tree and weeping sore

This ogre that has wronged us we abhor,

Yet will we all a solemn promise give

To harm him not, if only we may live.

Then the Bodhisatta said, " Well, give me this promise," and he repeated this stanza:

Just as fond parents to their children may

A merciful and tender love display,

E'en such a father may he ever prove

And may ye him as children dearly love.

They, too, agreeing to this, repeated this stanza:

Just as fond parents to their children may

A merciful and tender love display,

E'en such a father may he ever prove

And may we him as children dearly love.

Thus did the Great Being exact a promise from them and summoning the man-eater he said, "Come and release these princes," and the man-eater took his sword and severed the bonds of one of the kings, and as this king had been fasting for seven days and was maddened with pain, no sooner was he released by the cutting of his bonds than he fell on the ground, and the Great Being on seeing this was moved with compassion and said, "My man-eating friend, do not cut them down like this," and taking hold of a king firmly with both hands he clasped him to his breast and said, "Now cut his bonds." So the man-eater severed them with his sword and the Great Being, endowed as he was with great strength, placed him on his breast, and letting him down tenderly as though it were his own son laid him flat upon the ground. Thus did he lay them all on the ground, and after bathing their

wounds he gently pulled the cords from their hands, just as it were a string from a child's ear, and washing off the clotted blood he rendered the wounds harmless. And he said to the man-eater, "My friend, pound some bark from the tree on a stone and bring it to me." And when he had got him to fetch it, he performed an Act of Truth and rubbed the palms of their hands, and at that very moment their wounds were healed. The man-eater took some husked rice and cooked it as a prophylactic , and the pair of them gave it to the hundred and odd warrior princes to drink as a prophylactic, and so all of them were satisfied and the sun set. On the next day at dawn and at noon and in the evening they still gave them rice water to drink, but on the third day they gave them gruel with boiled rice, and so on till they were convalescent. Then the Great Being asked them if they were strong enough to go home, and when they answered they were equal to the journey he said, "Come, my man-eating friend, let us depart to our own kingdom." But weeping he fell at the Great Being's feet and cried, "Do you, my friend, take these kings and depart, but I will continue to live here on roots and wild berries." "What would you do here, my friend? Your kingdom is a delightful one: go and reign at Benares." "Friend, what is this you say? It is out of the question for me to go there: all the inhabitants of that city are my enemies. They will revile me and say, "This fellow ate my mother or my father; seize this brigand," and with a clod of earth they will deprive me of life, but if I am firmly established in the moral law by you, I could not kill anyone else, not even to save my life. I will not go. In consequence of my abstaining from eating human flesh how long shall I live? and now I shall no more set eyes on you," and he wept, saying, "Do you go." And the Great Being stroked him on the back and said, "My friend, my name is Sutasoma: I have ere now tamed just such a cruel wretch as yourself, and if you ask what story you are to tell in Benares, why I will either establish you there, or dividing my own kingdom I will hand over the half of it to you." "In your city too I have enemies," he said. Sutasoma thought, "In obeying my word this man has achieved a difficult task: by some means or other I must establish him in his former state of glory," and to tempt him he sang the praises of the great glory of his city and said:

Of beasts and birds of every kind the flesh thou once didst share,

By skilful cooks prepared was it, in sooth a dainty fare,

Yielding such joy as Indra felt, to taste ambrosial food

Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

These noble dames with slender waists, magnificently dressed,

That round about thee formerly, a thronging bevy, pressed,

Whilst thou, like Indra midst his gods, didst step in happy mood—

Why leave them thus, to take delight alone within this wood?

In midst of ample couch, O king, thou once at ease didst lie,

With many a woollen coverlet around thee piled on high,

And pillow red beneath thy head and bedding clean and white—

Why leave it thus, within this wood alone to take delight

There thou ofttimes at dead of night the beat of drum wouldst hear,

And sounds surpassing human strains would strike upon the ear,

Music and song in unison, inspiring cheerful mood—

Why leave it all, to take delight alone within this wood?

Thou hadst a charming park wherein flowers in abundance grew,

Migacira, so known to fame, as park and city too,

There horses, elephants, and cars innumerable stood—

Why leave them all, to take delight alone within this wood?

The Great Being thought, “Haply this man, calling to mind the flavour of dainties he enjoyed long ago, will be eager to come with me,” and so he tempted him first with food, next by appealing to his passions, thirdly by the thought of a bed, fourthly by song, dancing and music, fifthly by remembrance of a park and a city—with all these thoughts he tempted him, saying, “Come, sire, I will go with you to Benares and firmly establish you there and afterwards return to my own kingdom; but if we shall fail in securing the kingdom of Benares, I will grant you the half of my realm. What have you to do with a forest life? Only do what I tell you.” The man-eater after hearing his words was eager to go with him and he thought, “Sutasoma is anxious for my well-being and is a merciful man. He first established me in virtue and now says he will restore me to my former glory, and he will be able to do so. I ought to go with him. What have I to do with a forest?” And being glad at heart he was eager by reason of his merit to sing Sutasoma’s praises, and he said, “Friend Sutasoma, there is nothing better than consorting with a virtuous friend, nothing worse than consorting with a wicked one,” and he repeated these verses:

As in the dark half of the month the moon wanes day by day,

So friendship with the bad, O king, will suffer like decay;

Thus I consorting with that cook, the lowest of the low,

Wrought evil deeds, for which in time to hell I’m doomed to go.

As in the mouth’s clear half the moon aye waxes day by day,

So friendship with the good, O king, will suffer no decay:

Thus with thee, Sutasoma, I consorting, thou must know,

Shall after working righteousness to heaven all blissful go.

As copious floods when shed upon dry ground

Are ever fleeting, transitory found,

E'en so is union of bad men, O king,

Like water on dry land, a fleeting thing.

But copious floods when shed upon the sea

Enduring long are ever found to be,

E'en such is union of good men, O king,

Like water in the sea, a lasting thing.

No transient thing is union of the good,

As long as life endures such brotherhood,

But union of the bad soon falls away,

From virtue's course bad men go far astray.

Thus did that man-eater in seven stanzas sing the praises of the Great Being. But he took the man-eater and those kings and went to a frontier village, and the inhabitants on seeing the Great Being went to the city and reported it, and the king's ministers came with an army and escorted the Great Being, and with this escort he came to the kingdom of Benares. And on his way there the country people brought presents and followed in his train, and a great company reached Benares with him. At that time the man-eater's son was the king and Kalahatthi was still commander-in-chief, and the people of the city reported it to the king, saying, "Sutasoma, they tell us, sire, has tamed the man-eater and is come here with him: we will not allow him to enter the city," and they hastily closed the city gates and stood by with arms in their hands. The Great Being, when he discovered that the gate was closed, left the man-eater and the hundred and odd kings and coming with a few of his counsellors he cried, "I am king Sutasoma, open ye the gate," and the officers went and told the king, and he ordered them to open the gate with all speed, and the Great Being entered the city. And the king and Kalahatthi came out to meet him and took him up with them to the tower of the palace. The Great Being seating himself on the royal throne summoned the man-eater's chief consort and the rest of his counsellors, and addressing Kalahatthi said, "Why, Kalahatthi, do you not suffer the king to enter the city?"

He answered, “The wicked wretch that he was, while he was ruling as king in this city, devoured many men and did that which is not lawful for kshatriyas to do, and rent asunder all India: that is the reason why we act thus.” “Do not suppose,” he answered, “that he will act after this sort now. I have converted him and established him in the moral law. Not even to save his life will he do anyone an injury: you are in no danger from him; act not after this manner. Verily children ought to watch over their parents: they who cherish their father and mother go to heaven, the others go to hell.” Thus did he admonish the king’s son, as he sat by him on a low seat. And he instructed the commander-in-chief and said, “Kalahatthi, you are a friend and follower of the king, and were firmly established by him in great power; you too ought to act in the king’s interests.” And admonishing the queen he said, “You, O queen, came from a noble stock and from his hand acquired the position of chief consort and were blest with many sons and daughters by him; you too ought to act in his interests.” And, to bring this matter to a head, in teaching the law he said:

No king should conquer one who aye inviolate should be,

No friend should get the better of a friend by treachery;

She of her lord that stands in fear is no true wife, I hold,

Nor children they that nourish not a father when he’s old.

No council-hall is that wherein the wise do not appear,

Nor wise are they that do not preach the Truth both far and near.

The wise are they that lust and hate and error lay aside,

And never fail to preach the Truth to mortals far and wide.

The sage midst fools if silent none at once discern as wise,

He speaks and all a Teacher of Nirvana recognise.

Preach, glorify the Truth, and lift the sages’ flag on high,

Emblem of saints is goodly speech, Truth is the flag they fly.

The king and the commander-in-chief on hearing his exposition of the Truth were highly pleased and said, “Let us go and bring the great king here,” and having made proclamation in the city by beat of drum, they called together the inhabitants and said, “Be not afraid; the king, they tell us, is established in righteousness: let us conduct him hither.” So with a great multitude and with the Great Being at their head they went and saluted the king. And they provided barbers and when his hair and beard had been shorn and he had taken a bath and put on goodly raiment, they placed him on a pile of precious stones and besprinkled him and then conducted him into the city. The man-eating king paid great

honour to the hundred and more kshatriyas and the Great Being, and there was great excitement throughout all India at the report that Sutasoma, lord of men, had converted the man-eater and re-established him on the throne. And the inhabitants of the city Indapatta sent a message bidding the kings return. The Great Being stayed there just a month and admonished the king, saying, “Friend, we will be going; see that you are zealous in good works and have five alms-halls erected at the city gates and at your palace door, and observe the ten royal virtues and guard against evil courses.” And from a hundred and more royal cities a numerous army assembled together, and with this escort he went forth from Benares. The man-eater too going forth with him halted midway on the road. The Great Being presented horses to ride to such as had them not and then dismissed them all. And they exchanged friendly greetings with him, and then after fitting salutations and embraces they returned each to his own people. The Great Being too on reaching Indapatta with great majesty entered the city, which its inhabitants had decorated like as it were a city of the gods. After paying his respects to his parents and expressing his pleasure at seeing them he ascended the palace tower. While exercising just rule in his kingdom the thought occurred to him, “The tree-spirit was very helpful to me; I will see that it receives a religious offering.” So he had a vast lake constructed near the banyan tree and transported thither many families and founded a village. It grew into a big place supplied with eighty thousand shops. And starting from the farthest limits of its branches he levelled the ground about the roots of the tree and surrounded it with a balustrade furnished with arches and gates; and the spirit of the tree was propitiated. And owing to the fact of the village having been settled on the spot where the ogre was converted, the place grew into the town of Kammasadamma. And all the kings, abiding in the admonition of the Great Being, performed good works such as alms-giving and the like, and attained to heaven.

The Master here ended his religious instruction and said, “Not now only, Brethren, do I convert Angulimala, in former times too was he converted by me and he identified the Birth”: “At that time the man-eating king was Angulimala, Kalahatthi was Sariputta, the brahmin Nanda was Ananda, the tree-sprite was Kassapa, Sakka was Anuruddha, the rest of the kings were the followers of Buddha, the king’s father and mother were members of the great king’s household, and king Sutasoma, it is said, was I myself.”

Index Of Subject Matters.

Ecstasy, mystic see Mystic Meditation

Marks, auspicious see Lucky marks

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Former Births.

Translated From The Pali By Various Hands

Under The Editorship Of

Professor E. B. Cowell.

Vol. Vi.

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The Cambridge University Press

1907

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Preface.

When I returned to Cambridge in 1902, Professor Cowell asked me to revise with him the translation of this volume. We accordingly went through the first three stories, before his death took place: his manuscripts were then handed over to me, and I have supplied what he left undone. The translation was completed down to page 338, excepting no. 541 and a few small gaps elsewhere; my portion of the work therefore consists of no. 541 and page 338 to the end, together with the shorter omissions which are indicated each in its place, being altogether about half the book. I have also revised that part of Professor Cowell's translation which we were unable to do together. I have not felt at liberty to make any alterations in his text, excepting very rarely, where there was some obvious mistake or oversight. These are all indicated in the notes.

Since the proportion of verse is very large in this book, and the verse is often obscure, scholars must be prepared to find a certain number of difficulties which I have been

unable to solve. The remarks on the text accordingly are more numerous than usual: the doubtful points are indicated in the notes.

I have to thank Mr. H. T. Francis for help kindly given in many places.

I have a peculiar satisfaction in completing this labour, because in 1888 I first suggested the work to Professor Cowell. I had originally intended to carry it through myself; but circumstances modified this plan to the great advantage of the work.

W. H. D. Rouse.

September 1907.

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Errata.

p. 1, l.4. Read Jetavana.

p. 13, l. 5 from bottom. Read transcendent.

p. 75, l. 2. Read Sela.

p.75, l. 27. Read Canda's.

p. 83, l. 25. Add note: Compare the trick of Brer Rabbit and the briar patch.

p. 126, l. 12. Read Sunakkhatta.

p. 131, l. 23. Read Kimpurusa.

p. 160, last line. Read mamsam.

p. 164, l. 12. Read Golakala.

p. 167, footnotes 1,2. Read Sinhalese for Burmese. (So also pp. 1811, 2131, 2181, 2191, 2311,4,6, 236, 2431, 2492, 2511, 2803 2832, 2852, 2872.)

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p. 304, l. 12 f. Omit those and read: in the company of the K. Birth, of the M. Birth, of the C. Birth, of the A. Birth, and of the H. Birth: these were called the late corners. Compare vi p. 30 (p.17 of the translation).

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Contents.

A prince pretends to be dumb and incapable. Various means are taken to try to break through his reserve, but fail for sixteen years. At last, as he is about to be buried, he opens his mouth and discourses on religion to the charioteer. He then becomes an ascetic, and is followed by his father.

A prince suspected by his brother, without reason, rebels against him and kills him. The king's consort, being with child, flees from the city; her son is brought up without knowledge of his father, but when he learns the truth, goes to sea on a merchant venture. He is wrecked, and a goddess brings him to his father's kingdom, where after answering some difficult questions, he marries the daughter of the usurper. By and by, he becomes an ascetic, and is followed by his wife.

A hunter's son marries a hunter's daughter, and both become ascetics. The wife becomes pregnant without human intercourse, and bears a son. The parents are both blinded by a snake, and the son attends upon them. A king, coming out to hunt, sees the lad and shoots him with an arrow; but on learning his dutiful affection he repents, and attends upon the parents himself. The boy is miraculously cured and the parents recover their sight.

A king, on the appearance of his first grey hair, becomes an ascetic. Sakka explains to him that holy life is better than giving alms. Sakka's charioteer takes him all round the heavens and the hells, and finally brings him to Sakka.

A king misled by a false judge decrees that all his family shall be put to death in order that he may go to heaven. After various fluctuations Sakka comes to the rescue and saves them.

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An ascetic is seduced by a Naga-woman. Afterwards he becomes a king. Scenes in the Naga country are described. He has four sons, one of whom becomes an ascetic. The feud between the Nagas and the Garulas. A magic spell, and the adventures of the prince in snake form.

A king questions an ascetic as to the various moral duties. He is himself devoted to pleasure, but his daughter is virtuous and tries to deliver him from heretical beliefs, which is finally effected by the help of the Buddha.

Four kings, including Sakka, dispute as to which is the most virtuous and they ask a solution from a wise man who decides that they are all equal. The wife of the Naga king is so enchanted at what she hears that she desires the wise man's heart. The king promises his daughter's hand to a Yakkha if he will bring the heart. The Yakkha visits the court where the wise man is, defeats the king at dice, and claims the wise man. The wise man asks for three days' delay to exhort his family. The Yakkha tries to kill him, but fails. The wise man asks him what he wants, and he tells him. The wise man then wins over the Yakkha and goes to the Naga king where no harm comes to him.

A story of four pretended wise men and one real wise man, of numerous problems which the four failed to solve and the one succeeded, of many attempts of the four to destroy the one and of his final triumph, including wars, battles, sieges, and the description of a wonderful tunnel full of machinery.

A prince devoted to giving gifts falls into disrepute through giving a magical elephant. He is banished with his family into the forest where he gives away everything he has left, including his two children. Ultimately the children are set free and all ends well.

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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Prepared for SuttaCentral by Bhikkhu Sujato.