













SELECT SPECIMENS  
OF THE  
***THEATRE OF THE HINDUS,***  
TRANSLATED  
*From the Original Sanscrit.*

No 662

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BY

**HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, Esq.**

*Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c.*

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# VIKRAMA AND URVASI,

OR

THE HERO AND THE NYMPH.

*A DRAMA*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKRIT,

BY

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, Esq.

*Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c.*

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# VIKRAMA AND URVASI.

THE HERO AND THE NYMPH.

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## PREFACE.

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The drama of VIKRAMA and URVASI is one of the three plays attributed to KALIDASA, already advantageously known to the western world, as the Author of *Sakuntalá*—the introductory observation of the Manager in the prelude is our evidence to this effect, and it is corroborated by the correspondence of these two compositions, in many of their characteristic merits and defects: the subject of each is taken from heroic mythology, and a royal demigod and nymph of more than human mould are the hero and heroine of either; there is the same vivacity of description, and tenderness of feeling in both; the like delicate beauty in the thoughts, and extreme elegance in the style: it may be difficult to decide to which the palm belongs but the story of the present play is perhaps more skilfully woven, and the incidents rise out of each other more naturally than in *Sakuntalá*, while on the other hand, there is perhaps no one personage in it so interesting as the heroine of that drama.

Although however there is no reason to doubt that this play is the work of the same hand as that translated by Sir Wm. Jones, the concurrence does not throw any further light upon the date or history of the author: we can only infer from the observance of the same chaste style of composition, and the absence of any forced construction, or offensive conceits, that they are both the production of a period anterior to the reign of BHUJA, when *his* KALIDAS, a man of fancy and taste, could descend to write a whole poem, the *Nalodaya*, for instance, in a strain of verbal paltering and a succession of jingling sounds.

The richness of the *Prákrit* in this play both in structure and in its metrical code, is very remarkable: a very great portion, especially of the fourth act, is in this language, and in that act also a considerable variety of metre is introduced as will be hereafter more particularly noticed: it is clear therefore that this form of Sanscrit must have been highly cultivated long before the play was written, and this might lead us to doubt whether the composition can bear so remote a date as the reign of VIKRAMADITYA. (56. B. C.) It is yet rather uncertain whether the classical language of Hindu literature had at that time received so high a polish as appears in the present drama, and still less therefore could the descendants have been exquisitely refined, if the parent were comparatively rude. We can scarcely conceive that the cultivation of *Prakrit* preceded that of Sanscrit, when we advert to the principles on which the former seems to be evolved from the latter, but it must be confessed that the relation between Sanscrit and *Prákrit* has been hitherto very imperfectly investigated, and is yet far from being understood.

It may be thought some argument for the comparative antiquity of the present drama that it tells the story of PURURAVAS very differently from the Puránas, in several of which it may be found: we may suppose therefore that the play preceded those works, as had it been subsequently composed the poet would either spontaneously, or in deference to sacred authority have adhered more closely to the Pauranic legend: the difference in the Puránas also indicates that corruption of taste which we cannot hesitate regarding as the product of more modern and degenerate days.

The Loves of PURURAVAS and URVASI are related in various Puránas: the following is the story as it appears in the *Vishnu Purána* in which and in the *Padma*,\* it is more fully and connectedly detailed than perhaps in any other composition of the same class.

URVASI, the *Apsaras*, or one of the nymphs of heaven so named, having incurred the displeasure of MITRA and VARUNA was sentenced by them to become the consort of a mortal, and in consequence of this curse she became enamoured of the king PURURAVAS, the son of BUDHA and ILA. Forgetting her celestial duties, and foregoing the delights of *Swerga*, she introduced herself to the monarch, and her charms did not fail to make the due impression on his heart. She was delicately and symmetrically formed, was graceful in her gestures and fascinating in her manners; her voice was music, her countenance was dressed in smiles, and her beauty was such as might enchant the world; no wonder

\* It is the subject also of a lister of a petty prince in the work of some length in Telugu Dekhin, the Raja of *Condavir*,—called the *Kaviraja Manoranjanam* or *Pururava Charitram* but with some differences. composed by *Aryaya*—the min-

therefore that PURURAVAS was at once inspired with fervent love: confiding in his rank and renown, the king did not hesitate to propose a matrimonial alliance to the nymph of *Chaitraratha*: she was nothing loth, but had not the power to comply without previously exacting the bridegroom's consent to certain conditions. PURURAVAS hesitated not to accede to the stipulations.

URVASI had with her two pet rams, creatures of heavenly and divine natures, and one of her conditions was that the king should take these animals under his own charge, and guard against their being ever carried away by fraud or force. The other stipulation was, that the nymph was never to behold the person of the king, divested of his raiment. On the ready accession of PURURAVAS to these terms, URVASI became his bride, and they dwelt together in the forest of *Chaitraratha*, near *Alaká* the capital of *KUYERA*, for sixty one\* years, in perfect happiness and undiminished affection.

The absence of URVASI was very soon felt in the upper sphere, and the inhabitants of *Svarga* found their enjoyments stale and unprofitable, no longer heightened by the agreeable manners and entertaining society of the nymph. The whole body of *Apsarasas*, *Siddhas*, *Gandharbas*, and other tenants of Indra's heaven, regretted her loss, and determined to attempt her recovery as soon as the period of her exile, as denounced by the imprecation, should have expired. When this period arrived, they deputed some of the *Candharbas* on the expedition, who undertook to bring about the violation of the terms on which the alliance of the

\* This is however a mere memorial according to the *Puráanas*: there is nothing of the kind in the *Upanishads*: the extravagant duration of the life of PURURAVAS is only a play.

king and the nymph depended: with this intent they entered the sleeping chamber of the monarch, and carried off one of the rams: the bleat of the animal woke URVASI, who echoed its cries with her lamentations, and aroused the prince. Apprehensive however of appearing before his bride, undressed, PURURAVAS hesitated to pursue the thief, and thus incurred the angry reproaches of his spouse for his indifference to her loss. Presently the *Gandharbas* bore away the second ram, and the grief of URVASI was afresh excited; the king's indignation also could no longer be restrained, and determined to pursue and punish the ravishers he leaped naked out of bed, trusting that the darkness of night would screen him from the eye of his consort. This was what his enemies desired, and he was no sooner off the couch, than a vivid flash of lightning revealed him to view, and put an end to his union with the nymph of *Swerga*. URVASI immediately disappeared, accompanying the *Gandharbas* to the halls of INDRA.

When PURURAVAS was conscious of his loss, his grief was so intense, that it affected his intellects, and he long wandered frantic over the world in quest of his bride—after many years had elapsed he came to a lake in *Kyrakshetra* where he found several Nymphs sporting on the bank; amongst them was URVASI: recognising her at once he ran to her and with wild energy implored her return; the Nymph however was no longer disposed, even if she had been permitted, to comply with his wishes, and was deaf to all his entreaties, and at last she succeeded in convincing him of the unreasonableness of his solicitations, and prevailed on him to resume his station, and the duties of a King, engaging on those terms to pay him an annual visit—PURURAVAS, how-

ever reluctantly, was compelled to submit, and returned sorrowfully but composed to his capital: his annual interviews with URVASI were punctually repeated and the fruit of this intercourse was the birth of six Sons\* AYUS, DHIMAN AMAVASU, VISWAVASU, SATAYU and SRUTAYU, who were the progenitors of the lunar race of kings.

The occasional interviews with his bride granted to PURURAVAS were far from satisfying his desires, and he still sighed for the permanent enjoyment of her society: the *Gandharbas* at last pitying his distress, engaged to promote his reunion with the nymph, and sent the king a brazier charged with fire, with which they directed him to perform a sacrifice in the forest, to attain the gratification of all his wishes. The king repaired to the woods, but reflecting that he had quitted URVASI in order to celebrate this rite, giving up the substance for the shadow, he returned to seek the nymph, leaving the vessel of fire in the thicket. Not finding his consort he again directed his steps to the forest, but there the brazier was gone, and on the spot where it had stood, a *Samit* and *Asvattha*‡ tree had sprung up. After a little consideration PURURAVAS broke a branch from either tree, and carried them back to the palace, where reciting the *Gáyatrí*§ and rubbing the sticks together, he generated fire with the friction: this primeval fire he divided into three portions and with them he performed various sacrifices and oblations until he obtained the rank of a *Gandharba*

\* All this part of the story, *Urvasi's* loss and recovery, and the birth of *Ayus*, are totally different in the play.

† Mimosa Suma,

‡ Religious Fig.

§ The holiest verse of the Vedas.



and being elevated to the regions of *Swerga*, there enjoyed the constant society of his beloved URVASI.\*

The latter circumstances of this legend seem to indicate the introduction of fire worship into India by PURURAVAS, considered as a historical personage.† There may have been some old tradition to that effect, whence the *Pauranic* writers derived the ground work of their fable, but it is not noticed in the play, neither is any allusion made to it in the version of this story in another work in which it is found, the *Vrihat Kathá*, which differs in many particulars from both the play and the *Purána*. The story there however is very concisely narrated, and the author has clearly taken merely the personages and course of the fable, from what was currently known, and given his own colouring to the incidents. It adds therefore nothing to the history of the narrative, and may be either anterior or subsequent to the forms in which it is now presented to English readers. Another authority however, the *Matsya Purána*, tells the story more agreeably to the tenor of the drama, as follows :

“ When a year had elapsed, the divine *Tárú* bore a son of surpassing splendour, arrayed in celestial raiment of a yellow colour, and richly decorated with heavenly gems : from his youth he was versed in regal duties and was so skilled in the training of elephants that he taught the art, and acquired the appellation of *Gajavedhaka*. The Gods being assem-

\* The play makes no allusion to these incidents, closing with the appearance of the elder son, *Ayus*

† The three fires are the *Gárhapatya* or perpetual fire maintained by a householder, the

bled at the mansion of her husband, *Vrihaspati*, to perform the rites due to his birth, enquired of *Tará* whose son he was, and with much reluctance she acknowledged the Royal *Soma* was his father. *Soma* therefore took the boy, and named him *Budha*, and gave him dominion on the earth, and inaugurated him supreme over the world. *Brahmá* and the rest conferred upon him the dignity of a planetary power and then took their departure.

The holy *Budha* begot by *Ilú* a son, who performed by his own might a hundred Aswamedhas. He was named *PURURAVAS* and was revered by all worlds. He worshipped *Vishnu* on the peaks of *Himálaya*, and thence became the monarch of the seven fold earth. *KESI* and myriads of *Dútyas* fell before his prowess, and *URVASI* fascinated by his personal graces, became his bride.

*Virtue*, *Wealth*, and *Desire*, once paid this monarch a visit, curious to ascertain which of them held the first place in his esteem. The king received them with respect but payed to *Virtue* his profoundest homage. *Wealth* and *Desire* were offended by the preference shewn to their companion. *Wealth* denounced a curse upon him, that Avarice should occasion his fall, and *Desire* declared that he should be separated from his bride, and on that account suffer distraction in the forest of *Kumára* on the *Gandhamádana* mountain; but *Virtue* declared he should enjoy a long and pious life, that his descendants should continue to multiply, as long as the Sun and Moon endured, and should ever enjoy dominion of the earth—After this the divinities disappeared.

*PURURAVAS* was in the habit of paying a visit to *Indra* every day. Having ascended his car, accompanying the Sun in his southern course, he beheld on one occasion the Demon

KESI seize and carry off the nymphs *Chitralekhá* and URVASI. The king attacked the demon, and destroyed him with the shaft of *Váyu*, by which he not only rescued the nymphs, but established *Indra* on his throne, which the Demon had endangered—for this service *Indra* repaid the monarch with his friendship, and gave him additional power, splendor, and glory.

Having invited the king to a festival at which was represented the celebrated story of *Lakshmi's* election of a husband, the invention of BHARATA, INDRA commanded MENAKA, REMBHA and URVASI to perform their respective parts. URVASI who represented *Lakshmi*, being engrossed by admiration of the king, forgot what she had to enact, and thereby incurred the high displeasure of the sage, who sentenced her to separation from the Prince on earth, and condemned her to pine fifty five years transformed to a Vine, until restored to the regrets of PURURAVAS. URVASI having made the King her Lord, resided with him, and after the term of the curse had expired bore him eight sons—*Ayu*, *Dhriháyu*, *Aswáyu*, *Dhanáyu*, *Dhritimán*, *Vasu*, *Divijata*, and *Sátayu* all endowed with more than human power."

This story is evidently that of the play, although related less in detail, and with a few variations according to Pauranic taste—but it is clear that it is either derived from a common source with the narration of the drama, or which is not improbable, that it has borrowed from the latter its general complexion. The nature of the relation which exists between the fiction as it appears in the Drama, and in the *Puránas*, our readers will be able to appreciate for themselves after perusal of the former.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### OF THE PRELUDE.

MANAGER. ACTOR.

### OF THE PLAY.

#### MEN.

*Purúravas.*—King of *Pratishthána*.

*Ayus.*—The son of *Purúravas*.

*Mánavu.*—The *Vidúshaka* and confidential companion of the king.

*Chitrasena.*—King of the *Gandherbas* the attendants on *Indra*.

*Náreda.*—The divine sage, the son of *Brahmá*.

Chamberlain.

A Forester.

*Puila* }  
*Gálava.* } Two disciples of the sage *Bharata*.

#### WOMEN.

*Urvasí.*—An *Apsaras* or nymph of *Indra's* heaven.

*Chitraklékhá.*—Another nymph, her friend.

*Sahajanyá* }  
*Kembhú* } Nymphs.\*  
*Menaká.* }

\* According to the *Kasí Khand* there are thirty-five millions of these nymphs, but only one thousand and sixty are the subject of Pauranic or poetical narrations—or *Urvusí*, ever not more than five or six

*Ausínarí.*—The queen of *Purúravas* and daughter of the king of *Kási* or *Benares*.

*Nipuniká.*—One of her attendants.

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

*Indra.*—The chief of all the inferior Deities, and Sovereign of *Swerga* or Paradise.

*Kési.*—A *Daitya* or *Titan* an enemy of the Gods.

*Bharata.*—A holy sage the inventor of dramatic composition.

Guards.—Nymphs &c.

Scene in the First Act the Peaks of the *Himálaya*; in the second and third, the palace of *Purúravas* at *Pratishthána*; in the fourth, the forest of *Akalusha*, and in the fifth again at the palace.

( Time — Uncertain. )

<p><i>Menaká, Rambhá, Tillottamá,</i> and <i>Ambuská</i>. In their birth and denomination. they offer some analogy to the Goddess <i>Aphrodite</i>: like her they arose from the sea, and as her name is referred to <i>Aphros</i> foam or spray, so that of the <i>Apsara-</i> <i>ses</i>, is from <i>Ap</i> water and <i>Sa-</i> <i>ra</i> who moves—their origin is thus related in the first book of the <i>Rámáyana</i>. Then from the agitated deep upsprung The legion of <i>Apsarasas</i>, so named That to the watery element they owed</p>	<p>Their being. Myriads were they born, and all In vesture heavenly clad, and heavenly gems: Yet more divine their native semblance, rich With all the gifts of grace, and youth, and beauty. A train innumerable followed: yet thus fair Nor God nor Demon sought their wedded love: Thus <i>Rághava</i> they still re- main—their charms The common treasure of the host of heaven.</p>
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# VIKRAMA AND URVASI.

## PRELUDE.

### ENTER THE MANAGER.

May that\* *Siva* protect you who is attainable by devotion and faith; † who is the sole male of the ‡ Vedānta, § spread through all space, to whom alone the name of || Lord is applicable, and who is sought with suppressed breath ¶ by those who covet final emancipation.\*\*

\* The term used in the text is *Sthānu* a name of SIVA from *Sthā* to stay or be, the existent or eternal.

† *Bhakti* faith and *Yoga* the practice of abstract meditation.

‡ The *Eka purusha*, the active instrument in creation.

§ The theological or metaphysical portion of the Vedas.

|| *Iswara*, which is derived from *Isha*, to have power, or *Asu* to pervade—in the latter case the vowel is changed.

¶ The exercise of *Prānāyama* or breathing through either nostril alternately and then

closing both during the repetition mentally of certain formulæ.

\*\* Inferior enjoyment in heaven is not an object of desire to the more enthusiastic of the Hindus, as it is but finite, and after its cessation, the individual is born again in the world, and exposed to the calamities of a frail existence—the great aim of devotion is union with the supreme and universal spirit, in which case the soul no more assumes a perishable shape : the character of this benediction corresponds with that of *Sakun-*

*Man.* (*Looking off the stage.*) Ho, *Márisa*\* come hither.

ENTER ACTOR.

*Act.* Here am I Sir.

*Man.* Many assemblies have witnessed the compositions of former dramatic Bards.† I therefore propose to exhibit one not hitherto represented, the drama‡ of *Vikrama* and *Urvasi*. Desire the company to be ready to do justice to their respective parts.

*Act.* I shall Sir.

*Man.* I have now only to request the audience that they will listen to this work of *Kálidása* with attention and kindness, in consideration of its subject and respect for the Author.§

(*Behind the Scenes.*)

Help, help, if in the middle sky,  
A friend be found—to aid us fly.

*talá* and both indicate the author's belonging to that modification of the Hindu faith in which the abstract deism of the Vedánta is qualified by identifying the supreme, invisible, and inappreciable spirit with a delusive form which was the person of *Rudra* or *Siva*. The Brahmans of the South and West are mostly of this sect—and whatever *Sankara Swami* may have taught, it is that of his descendants the *Das-námi* Gosains. The sect is probably the oldest of all now existing in India.

\* A term by which it is proper to address one of the principal performers.

† *Kálidás* is therefore not the oldest dramatic writer.

‡ The *Trotaka* a drama in five, eight, or nine acts, the characters of which are mixed or heavenly and human : see the introduction.

§ The original may be so understood although it is not quite clear, *Pranayishu dákshtinyád, yadi vá sadvastu purusha bahumánuh—srinuta manobhiravahitaik kriyam imam Kalidásasya*. It is of little consequence, except that in the sense preferred it indicates the fame of the author to be established when this piece was written.

*Man.* What sounds are these in the air, that like the plaintive bleat of lambs, break in upon my speech: was it the murmur of the Bee or *Koïl's* distant song, or do the Nymphs of heaven as they pass above, warble their celestial strains—Ah no—it is the cry of distress The fair creation of the saint, the friend of NARA, URVASTI, has been carried off by a demon on her return from the halls of the Sovereign of *Kailâsa*\* and her sisters are invoking some friendly power to their aid. [Exit.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE FIRST.

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#### PART OF THE HIMALAYA RANGE OF MOUNTAINS.

ENTER in the Air a Troop of Apsurasas or Nymphs of Heaven.

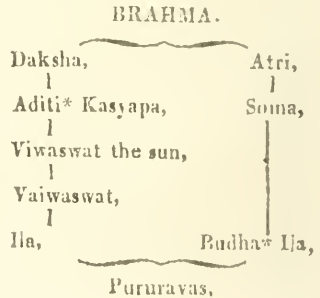
*Nymphs.* Help, help if any friend be nigh  
To aid the daughters of the sky.

ENTER *Purúravast* in a heavenly car driven by his Charioteer.

*Pur.* Suspend your cries, in me behold a friend,  
*Purúravas*, returning from the sphere  
Of the wide glancing sun, command my aid  
And tell me, what you dread.

\* *Kuvera*, the God of wealth, whose capital *Alaká* is supposed to be situated on mount *Kailâsa*.

† *Purúravas* is a king of high descent being sprung by his mother *Ilá* from the sun, and his father *Budha* from the moon, being the grandson of the latter and great grandson of the former—his origin is ultimately derived from *Brahma* thus.







Points backward, motionless as in a picture;  
 And backward streams the banner from the breeze  
 We meet—immoveable\*— We should outstrip  
 The flight of *Vainatéya*† and must surely  
 O’ertake the ravisher. [*Exeunt.*

*Rembhá.* Now Sisters on, and blithely seek  
 The golden mountain’s glittering peak ;  
 Secure the king extracts the dart  
 That rankles in each anxious heart.

*Menaká.* We need not fear : his arm can quell  
 The mightiest of the sons of hell.  
 What makes he here—but aid to bring  
 From mortal realms to *Swerga*’s king ;  
 And is not to his valour given  
 Commando’er all the hosts of heaven. (*they proceed.*)

*Rembhá.* Joy, Sisters, joy, the king advances ;  
 High o’er yon ridgy rampart dances  
 The deer-emblazoned banner—See  
 The heavenly car rolls on ; ’tis he.

\* A very similar description, but less picturesque and just, occurs in the beginning of *Sakuntalá*, and the truth of it is rendered less striking by a loose translation. Sir William Jones translates *Nishkampa Chámara Sikhá*—“ they tossed their manes” when it means “ their manes and the Chowries on their heads are unagitated”—that is they point against the wind without waving, a predicate much more indicative of a rapid advance

against the breeze than the undulation of either. The *Chámari* or *Chowrie*—the white bushy tail of the Tibet Cow, fixed on a gold or ornamented shaft, rose from between the ears of the horse like the Plume of the War horse of Chivalry—the banner or banneret with the device of the Chief rose at the back of the Car—sometimes several little triangular flags were mounted on its sides.

† *Garura* the son of *Vinatá*.

ENTER *Purúras* in his car slowly; *Urvasi* in the car faint-  
ing, supported by *Chitralekha*.

*Chitr.* Dear friend revive.

*Pur.* Fair nymph resume your courage :  
Still wields the thunderer his bolt, and guards  
The triple world from harm ; the foes of heaven  
Are put to flight—why cherish this alarm  
When its just cause is o'er ; unclosethose lids—  
The lotus opens when the night retires.

*Chitr.* Alas her sighs alone declare her conscious.

*Pur.* Soft as the flower the timid heart not soon  
Forgoes its fears—The scarf that veils her bosom  
Hides not its flutterings, and the panting breast,  
Seems as it felt the wreath of heavenly blossoms  
Weigh too oppressively.

*Chitr.* Revive my friend  
This weakness ill becomes a nymph of heaven.

*Pur.* Have patience—she recovers, though but faintly  
So gently steals the moon upon the night  
Retiring tardily—so peeps the flame  
Of evening fires through smoky wreaths ; and thus,  
The Ganges slowly clears her troubled wave,  
Engulphs the ruin that the tumbling bank  
Had hurled athwart her agitated course,  
And flows a clear and stately stream again\*

\* The idea in the last four lines is somewhat expanded to convey more distinctly to European readers what one-fourth of their number would at once convey to those acquainted with the subject of the description : the original lines are exceedingly sweet and beautiful.

*Chitr.* Awake dear friend, the enemies of heaven  
Are baffled in despair.

*Urv.* (*Reviving.*) By *Indra's* prowess.

*Chitr.* By prowess not inferior to *Mahendra's*:  
By this most holy Prince\* *Purúravas*.

*Urv.* (*Looking at Purúravas; then apart.*)  
What thanks I owe the *Dánava*.

*Pur.* (*After looking at Úrvasí, then apart.*) What marvel,  
The Nymphs celestial blushed with humbled charms,  
When to rebuke their wantonness, the sage  
Willed that this wondrous beauty should appear.  
The creature of a sage—it cannot be:  
How could an aged anchoret,† grown old

\* He is always called a *Ra- jarshi*, *Rájá Rishi* or *Royal Saint*. In the classification of sages there are three orders, the *Ra- jarshi*, or *kingly sage*, such as *JANAKA*, the *Brahmarshi* or *Brah- man sage* as *VASISHTHA*, and the *Devarshi* or *Divine Sage* as *NAREDA*.

† *Nara* and *Náráyana* were two Saints, the sons of *Dherma* and *Ahimsá*: they devoted them- selves to ascetic exercises which alarmed the Gods, and *INDRA* sent *Káma* and *Vasanta* or *Love and Spring*, with the nymphs of heaven to inflame the sages with passion and thus end their penance. *Náráyana* observing the gambols of the party sus- pected their purpose—he invited them to approach, and treated

them with so much civility, that they thought their object was attained. The sage, however, taking up a flower stalk, placed it on his thigh, when a beautiful nymph appeared, the superiority of whose charms covered the nymphs of heaven with shame. *Náráyana* then told them to return to *Indra*, and bear him a proof he needed not the com- pany of beauty, in the present he made him of the new born nymph, who accompanied the *Apsarases* to *Swerga*, and was called *Urvásí* from *Uru* a thigh. *Vámána Purána*. The Com- mentator on the drama says, *Nara* and *Náráyana* were *Avat- aras*, descents or incarnations of *Ajuna* and *Krishna*.

In dull devotion, and whose only merit  
Was cold insensibility, conceive  
Such supernatural beauty—oh no ; Love  
Himself was her creator, whilst the Moon  
Gave her his radiance, and the flowery Spring,  
Taught her to madden men and gods with passion.

*Urv.* Where are our friends.

*Chitr.* The King will lead us to them.

*Pur.* Trust me they mourn your loss, nor is it strange  
That they should miss your presence, when the eye  
That once has viewed you—must lament your absence.

*Urv.* (*Apart.*) Delightful words, they fall like drops of  
[Nectar.

(*Aloud*) Not less my eagerness to see again  
The friends I love.

*Pur.* Behold them there—they keep  
Their anxious watch on *Hémakúta's* brow,  
And mark your coming—safe from the Demon's grasp,  
Like the bright moon emerging from eclipse.

*Chitr.* Look friend.

*Urv.* Like feelings fill my eyes as—

*Chitr.* Whose?

*Urv.* My friends.

*Rembhá.* Attended by each brilliant star.

Like *Chandra\** in his radiant car,  
The king appears and with him borne  
Behold our sister nymphs return.

*Menaká.* For both the boons our thanks be poured ;  
The prince unharmed and friends restored.

\* Like the moon with the two stars of *Visákhá*, one of the lunar asterisms containing two stars.

*Chorus.* Joy to the prince who mighty rose  
To quell the pride of demon foes.

*Pur.* To yonder lofty mountain guide the car.  
(*Apart.*) Not vain our journey hitherward : 'tis much  
In the unsteady rolling of the chariot  
But for a moment to have touched the form  
Of this celestial nymph—the blissful contact  
Shoots extasy through every fibre. Here (*aloud.*)  
Arrest our course—the maid's companion choir  
Press on to her embrace, like flowery vines  
That bend to catch the beauty of the spring.

*Chorus.* Joy to the king—Propitious Heaven  
Has victory to his prowess given.

*Pur.* Behold in these my triumph.  
(*presenting Urvasi and Chitralkhá.*)

*Urv.* My dear, dear Sisters, little did I hope  
But late to feel once more this loved embrace.  
(*embraces them*)

*Chorus.* May countless ages blest survey  
The mighty *Purúrava's* sway. (*a noise without.*)

*Charioteer.* (*To the King.*)  
Sire from the east the rushing sound is heard  
Of mighty chariots ; yonder like clouds they roll  
Along the mountain cliffs ; now there alights  
A chief in gorgeous raiment—like the blaze  
Of lightening playing on the towering precipice.

*Nymphs.* Our king, great *Chitraratha*.

ENTER *Chitraratha*, the king of the *Gandharbas*.  
(*attended.*)

*Chitr.* Illustrious victor, friend of *Indra* hail.

\* The *Gandharbas* are the male attendants and Choristers  
in the Courts of *Siva*, *Indra*, and *Kuvera*.

*Pur.* King of the heavenly quiristers receive

The welcome of a friend\*—What brings you hither.

*Chitr.* When *Indra* learnt from *Náreda* the rape

Of this fair damsel by the *Daiitya, Kesi,*

He bade me gather the *Gandharba* train

And hasten to her rescue—I obeyed ;

But ere we marched, news of your triumph came

And stopped our progress. For your friendly aid

I bear you now our monarch's thanks, and more—

His wish to see you in the heavenly courts,

Your worth has opened to your welcome visit—

This service is most dear to him—the nymph

Is now your boon—first given by *Náráyana*

To grace the halls of *Sverga*—now redeemed

From hands profane by your resistless valour.

*Pur.* You rate the deed too high ; not mine the glory ;

But his, the 'Thunderer's, from whom derived

The strength of those who conquer in his cause.

The very Echo of the Lion's roar,

As through the rocky rifts it spreads and deepens,

Appalls the mighty elephant.

*Chitr.* 'Tis well.

This modesty becomes your worth—Humility

Is ever found the ornament of valour.

*Pur.* Excuse me to the monarch—Other claims

Demand my distant presence ; lead the nymph

Back to the king.

*Chitr.* Your will shall be obeyed.

*Urv.* (*Apart to Chitralkhá.*)

Speak for me my dear friend, my lips refuse

To bid adieu to my protector—Speak.

\* The stage direction here is They shake hands. "Parasparam hastaw sprisatah"

*Chitr.* (To the king)

Illustrious Sir, my friend commands me ask  
Your leave to carry back with her to heaven,  
As one she dearly cherishes, your fame.

*Pur.* Farewell—I trust ere long to meet again.

*The Gandharbus and Apsarasas ascend, Urvási loiters and  
pretends to be stopped.*

*Urv.* A moment pause. (to *Chitrálékhá.*) Dear Girl this  
straggling vine.

Has caught my garland—help me to get loose.

*Chitr.* No easy task I fear—you seem entangled  
Too fast to be set free—but come what may  
Depend upon my friendship.

*Urv.* Thanks, thanks,  
Be mindful of your promise.

(*Chitrálékhá employed in disengaging her.*)

*Pur.* A thousand thanks, dear Plant, to whose kind aid  
I owe another instant, and behold,  
But for a moment and imperfectly,  
Those half-averted charms.

*Charioteer.* Come Royal Sir,  
Let us depart—the demon foes are hurled  
Deep in the ocean wave—just punishment  
For their rebellion against *Sverga's* king—  
Now let the shaft, whose headlong force resembles  
The blast of fate, sleep in its wonted quiver,  
As cowers the snake within his gloomy covert.

(*They mount.*)

*Pur.* Ascend the car—

*Urv.* Ah! me—ah! when again  
Shall I behold my brave deliverer.

(*Departs with Chitrálékhá and the nymphs.*)



*Puru.* (*Looking after her.*)

What idle dreams does frantic love suggest ;  
 What arduous tasks inspire—the beauteous nymph  
 Bears off my heart in triumph through the path  
 Her sire immortal treads : so flies the swan  
 Through the mid air, charged with its precious spoil,  
 The milky nectar of the Lotus stem.

(*Exit in his Car.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE OF PURURAVAS  
 AT PRAYAGA.\* (*Allahabad.*)

ENTER *Mánava*, the *Vidúshaka*.

It is mighty inconvenient this, for a Brahman like myself, one so much sought after and subject to such frequent invitation, to be burthened with the king's secret—going so much into company as I do, I shall never be able to set a guard upon my tongue. I must be prudent, and will stay here by myself in this retired temple, until my royal friend comes forth from the Council Chamber. (*Sits down and covers his face with his hands.*)

\* It is also in other places called Pratisthána and is described as at the confluence of the Yamuná and Ganges on the bank of the latter : it should seem therefore that so late as the composition of this drama the ancient city still stood opposite to its present site—The ruins according to Hamilton are still to be seen at Jhusi on the left bank of the Ganges. *Hamilton's Genealogies of the Hindus.* Allahabad or Prayaga was a holy place having been the seat of *Bharadhwa'ja's* hermitage, but it never was a city until Akber made it one.

ENTER *Nipuniká*, an Attendant on the Queen.

The daughter of the king of *Kási*\* is quite sure that since the king returned from the regions of the sun, he is no longer the same—he must have left his heart behind him—what else can be the reason. I must try and find it out—if that crafty Brahman be in the secret I shall easily get at it. A secret can rest no longer in his breast, than morning dew upon thin grass—where can he be—eh—yes, there he sits—immoveable—like a monkey in a picture.—now to attack him, that is all I have to do. †*Arya*—*Mánava*—I salute you.

*Man.* Prosperity attend you. (*apart*). That sly baggage *Nipuniká*—she seeks to discover the secret I dare say. If so, she will get it to a certainty in spite of me, (*aloud*) Well *Nipuniká*, how is it you leave your music practice‡ for the garden.

*Nip.* The Queen has sent me to pay you a visit Sir.

*Man.* And what may be her Majesty's commands.

*Nip.* She bids me say that she has ever esteemed you as her good friend, and that it is therefore with some surprise she finds you utterly indifferent to her present anxiety.

*Man.* Why, what's the matter—you cannot suspect that my royal friend regards her grace with any diminution of his affection for her?

*Nip.* Oh! that is not the point—my mistress knows the cause of his melancholy well enough; nay more, he let out the secret himself, and in a fit of absence, addressed the Queen by the very name of his new love.

\* The ancient name of Benares which is recognisable in the *Cassidia* of Ptolemy. † *Sangida Bápára* for *Sangíta Vyápára*. Practice of music, singing and dancing.

‡ A term of respect.

*Man.* (*Apart.*) Indeed—oh, if his majesty cannot keep his own secrets, why should I be plagued with them. (*aloud.*) Why what the deuce *Nipuniká*, did he call the Queen, *Urvasí*.

*Nip.* And pray who is *Urvasí*.

*Man.* The nymph—the *Apsaras*, ever since the king saw her, he has been out of his senses, he not only neglects her grace, but turns his back upon me.

*Nip.* (*Apart.*) So, so, I have settled that matter, as I expected. (*Aloud.*) Well I must return to the queen, what am I to say to her.

*Man.* Tell her I am weary of attempting to cure my friend the king, of this idle fancy of his. The only remedy, is the sight of her lotus countenance.

*Nip.* You may depend upon me. [*Exit.*]

*The Warder.* (*without.*)

All hail to the monarch who toils through the day—  
To shed o'er his subjects the light of his sway,  
As travels unceasing the sun in his sphere  
To chase from the universe darkness and fear—  
The Lord of lone splendour an instant suspends  
His course at mid-noon ere he westward descends,  
And brief are the moments our young monarch knows,  
Devoted to pleasure or paid to repose.\*

\* Frequent occasion will occur to notice the *Vaitálíka*, a sort of poetical warder or Bard, who announces fixed periods of the day, as dawn and evening &c. in measured lines, and occasionally pours forth strains arising from any incidental occurrence—he here announces the arrival of the 6th hour or watch of the day, about two or three o'clock, in which alone he says the king can follow his own inclination. It appears indeed that the royal station was by no means a sinecure: the *Agni Purána* lays down rules for the apportioning of the regal day,

*Man.* (*Listening*) Ha! my royal friend has risen from his seat, and is coming hither; I will await him.

but the same are more fully detailed in the last story of the Dasa Kumára, upon the authority of Chánakya, the celebrated minister of Chandragupta, who is always cited as the author of the *Niti*, or Institutes of Government. From the Dasa Kumára it appears that the day and night, was each divided into eight portions, corresponding accordingly to one hour and a half, and they are thus disposed of. Day—First portion. The king being dressed is to audit his accounts. Second—he is to pronounce judgment in suits appealed to him. Third—he is to breakfast. Fourth—he is to receive and make presents. Fifth to discuss political questions with his ministers and councillors. Sixth—he is, as stated in the drama, his own master. Seventh—he is to review the Troops. Eighth—he holds a military Council. Night. First portion. The king is to receive the reports of his spies and envoys. Second—he sups or dines. Third—he retires to rest after the perusal of some sacred work. The fourth and fifth portions or three hours are allowed for sleep. In the Sixth—he must rise and purify himself. In the Seventh, he holds a private consultation with his ministers and furnishes the Officers of Government with instructions, and the Eighth, is appropriated to the Purohit or Priest, the Brahman and religious ceremonies, after which the business of the day is resumed. The author of the play has conformed to this distribution—bringing Pururavas from Council at the sixth portion of the day—the precise hour depends upon the period of the year, the different portions being reckoned from sunrise, we may infer that the Poet intends this to be about 2 A. M. as at the end of the Act he makes the king describe the time as being past noon, when the heat is most oppressive—the Sixth watch accordingly begins in the drama about one o'clock.

ENTER *Purúravas*.

*Pur.* One glance sufficed ; the unerring shaft of love,  
Laid bare the path, and gave a ready access  
To that celestial nymph, to seat herself  
Throned in my heart.

*Man.* (*To himself.*) Ah, that is exactly what the poor  
daughter of *Kásirája* complains of.

*Pur.* (*To the Vidúshaka.*) You have kept my secret safe.

*Man.* (*Apart.*) That baggage must have betrayed me,  
why else should he ask the question.

*Pur.* (*Alarmed.*) How, you are silent ?

*Man.* Don't be alarmed—the fact is, that my tongue is so  
accustomed to the restraint I have put upon it, that I cannot  
answer off hand, even your enquiries.

*Pur.* 'Tis well—now then for recreation—

What shall we do ?

*Man.* Pay a visit to the kitchen.

*Pur.* With what intent ?

*Man.* Why the very sight of the savoury dishes in course  
of preparation will be sufficient to dissipate all melancholy  
ideas.

*Pur.* With you it may—for what you covet there

You may obtain—what my desires affect

Is hopeless—where should I then seek diversion.

*Man.* May I ask if the person of your highness was not  
beheld by the lady *Úrvusí*.

*Pur.* What then.

*Man.* Why then I should think her not quite so un-  
comeatable.

*Pur.* Weigh it not thus, but judge impartially.

*Man.* What you say only adds to my surprise: what signifies madam *Urvashi's* unrivalled beauty, am I not equally without a peer, in ugliness.

*Pur.* Words cannot paint her every excellence.

I hear her *Mánavaku* described in brief.

*Man.* I am all attention.

*Pur.* Her loveliness yields splendour to her ornaments,

Her purity gives fragrance to her perfumes,

All the similitudes that poets use—

To picture beauty—it were gross flattery

To them, to name with her surpassing charms.

*Man.* This is mighty well, but in the fancy for such superhuman excellence, I should think your majesty had taken the *Chítaka*\* for your model; where please you shall we go.

*Pur.* To melancholy moods the only solace.

Is solitude—go onwards to the grove.

*Man.* (*Apart.*) What absurdity. (*Aloud.*) This way Sir, here is the boundary of the grove, and the southern wind† advances with due civility to meet you.

*Pur.* He comes to teach me, as he amorous sports

Amongst the blossoms of the *Mádhami*‡

And dances frolic with the *Kunda*|| flowers,

With all the impassioned fervour of desire

And graceful ingenuity of love—

I mark in him my pictured sentiments.

*Man.* The only likeness I see is your mutual perseverance, but here we are, please you to enter.

\* A Bird, said to drink no water but rain.

† A creeper with white flowers.

‡ During the hot weather the prevailing Breeze in Hin-

|| A kind of Jasmin.

*Pur.* Precede. I fear my coming hither vain,  
 Nor yield these shades relief to my affection—  
 Though with intent to gain tranquillity  
 I seek these paths of solitude and peace ;  
 I feel like one contending with the stream  
 And still borne backwards by the current's force.

*Man.* Why entertain such feelings.

*Pur.* How avoid them.

What I affect is of no light attainment :  
 The very thought presumption—and now Love  
 The five armed God,\* whose shafts already pierce me,  
 Calls to his aid these passion-breathing b'ossoms,  
 The mango's fragrant flowers and pallid leaves,  
 Light wafted round us by the southern breeze.

*Man.* Away with despondence, be assured that with a little coaxing, *Ananga*† will be your friend.

*Pur.* I take your words as ominous.

*Man.* But now let your highness notice the beauty of this garden, heralding as it were the presence of the spring.

*Pur.* I mark it well—In the *Kurávuka*,  
 Behold the painted fingers of the fair  
 Red tinted in the midst and edged with ebony ;  
 Here the *Asoka* puts forth nascent buds  
 Just bursting into flowers, and here the tendril  
 Round the brown mango's thickly clustering blossoms  
 To steal their fragrance, twines ; methinks I see

\* The Hindoo Cupid is armed with a bow strung with Bees and five arrows, each tipped with a flower and exercising peculiar influence on the heart. Deity. Having been once destroyed by *Siva*, burnt to ashes by the fire of his eye in resentment of *Káma's* aiming his darts at him.

† Love — the unembodied

The pride of spring on either hand attended  
By budding infancy and flowering youth.

*Man.* The bower of Jasmines yonder is studded thick  
with blossoms, and the bees crowd about them in heaps; it  
invites your majesty to repose. (*They enter the Arbour.*)

*Pur.* As you please.

*Man.* Now seated in this shade you may dissipate your  
cares, by contemplating the elegant plants around us.

*Pur.* How should I learn composure—As my eye  
Rests on the towering trees, and from their tops  
Sees the lithe creeper wave, I call to mind  
The graces that surpass its pendulous elegance.  
Come, rouse your wit and friendship may inspire  
Some capable expedient to secure me  
The object of my wishes.

*Man.* With all my heart. The thunderbolt was *Indra's*  
friend, when he was in love with *Ahalyá\** and I am your ad-  
viser now you are enamoured of *Urvasi*. We are both of us  
sagacious councillors.†

*Pur.* Genuine affection ever counsels wisely.

*Man.* Well I will turn the matter over in my mind, but  
you must not disturb my cogitations by your sighs.

*Pur.* (*Feeling his eyes twinkle.*)

\* The wife of the sage Gautama—Indra enjoyed her by the contrivance Jupiter practised to possess Alcmena, the assumption of her husband's person, for which both were cursed by the sage. *Ahalyá* in consequence became a statue and was restored to animation only by the presence of Ramachandra.  
† The insanity of both is alike, is the literal purport of the *Vidúskakas* remarks: if it were not for the Raja's reply this would seem applicable to the advised rather than the advisers.



The moon-faced maid is far beyond my reach !  
Then why should love impart such flattering tokens,  
They teach my mind to feel as if enjoyed  
The present bliss, hope scarcely dares imagine.

(*They retire.*)

ENTER *Urvasí and Chitralékhá in the air.*

*Chitr.* Tell me dear girl your purpose: whither go we.

*Urv.* Nay, tell me first do you recall the promise  
You made me jestingly upon the brow  
Of *Hemakúta*, when your friendly hand  
Detached my vesture from entangling thorns—  
If it be still within your recollection  
You need not ask me whither we proceed.

*Chitr.* You seek the moon of monarchs, *Purúravas*.

*Urv.* Right girl, though ill it argue of my modesty.

*Chitr.* Whom have you sent the envoy of your coming.

*Urv.* None, but my heart; that, has long gone before me.

*Chitr.* And who suggested such a tender visit.

*Urv.* 'Twas enjoined by love.

*Chitr.* I make no further question.

*Urv.* Aid me with your council, which way best  
We may proceed, to meet with no impediment.

*Chitr.* There is no fear, the all-wise preceptor\*  
Of the immortals has imparted to you  
The spell that renders you invincible  
And mightier than the mightiest foe of heaven.†

\* *Vrihaspati*, the planet *Jupiter*, *idam, nama, Sinha bandhana,*  
ter and teacher of the Gods. *vijjam. Aparájita náma Sikhá*  
† The meaning of the first part is *bandhana Vidyá.* The unsur-  
passed crest-binding Science.  
perhaps not quite correct as the  
phrase is very doubtful, *Apará*

*Urv.* But you recall your promise.

*Chitr.* 'Tis retained

Firm in my heart—Behold where meet the streams  
Of *Gangá* and of *Yamuna*—in the mirror  
Of the broad waves, the palace of the king,  
The crest borne gem of *Pratishthána*, views,  
Complacently its own reflected glory.

*Urv.* The scene in truth might tempt us to believe  
The fields of heaven were here in prospect spread—  
But where to find its Lord, the pitying friend  
Of all the helpless children of misfortune.

*Chitr.* Let us alight and hide us in this garden,  
Whose groves may vie with *Indra's*, till we learn  
Some news of him we seek.

Yonder I view him. (*They descend.*)

He waits thy coming to display his beauty  
With undiminished brightness, like the moon,  
That newly risen expects awhile his bride  
The soft moon light, ere he put forth his radiance.

*Urv.* More graceful seems he than when first he met  
My gaze.

*Chitr.* No doubt, come let us approach.

*Urv.* No, hold a moment—let us conceal ourselves  
In veiling mist,\* and lurking thus unseen

\* Being visible to the audience and invisible to individuals on the stage is a contrivance familiar to the plays of various people, especially our own, as the Ghost of Hamlet, that of Barquo, Ariel in the Tempest, and Angelo in the Virgin Martyr, who repeatedly enters invisible: the wardrobe of some of our old Comedians comprised a robe to walk invisible, which Gifford supposes was a dress of light gauzy texture.

About the arbour, we may overhear  
What thoughts—he utters in this solitude.  
Communing with one only friend.

(*They become invisible to the king and the Vidúshaka.*)

*Man.* I have it, difficult as it is, I have hit upon a plan  
for securing you an interview with your Charmer.

*Urv.* (*Behind.*) How, who; what female is so blest to be  
The object of his anxious thoughts.

*Chitr.* Be sure

It is no nymph of merely mortal origin.

*Urv.* Such lofty excellence fills me with fear.

*Man.* Did your Majesty hear me observe I had devised  
an expedient.

*Pur.* Say on, what is it.

*Man.* This it is—Let your Majesty cherish a comfortable  
nap, your union will then be effected by your dreams; or  
delineate a portrait of the Lady *Urvasí* and recreate your  
imagination by gazing on her picture.

*Urv.* Is then his heart indeed my own.

*Pur.* I fear me both impracticable.

How can I hope to taste repose that dreams  
Might give me *Urvasí*, while fierce the shaft  
Of *Káma*\* rankles in my breast; and vain,  
The task her blooming graces to pourtray;  
The tears of hopeless love at every line  
Would fill my eyes, and hide her beauties from me.

*Chitr.* You hear.

*Urv.* I do, yet scarcely yet confide.

Something of the kind is used veil, and “throwing aside the  
here apparently as the ‘stage veil.”  
directions are ‘covered with a \* The Hindu Cupid.

*Man.* Ah well, my ingenuity extends no farther.

*Pur.* Cold and relentless—little does she know,

Or knowing little heeds, my fond despair.

Yet cannot I reproach the archer God,

Although by giving to my hopes such aim,

He tortures me with barren, wild, desires.

*Chirt.* What say you now.

*Urv.* I grieve that he should deem me

Cold and unfeeling—I cannot now appear

Before I make these changes some reply :

Here is a *Bhúrja* leaf,\* I will inscribe

My thoughts on it—and cast it in his way.

(*She writes upon the leaf and lets it fall near the Vidushakā who picks it up.*)

*Man.* Hola, what is here, the slough of a Snake dropped upon me.

*Pur.* It is a leaf and something written on it.

*Man.* No doubt the lady *Urvasí* unperceived, has overheard your lamentations, and sends this billet to console you.

*Pur.* Hope dawns upon my passion. (*Reads the leaf.*)  
Your guess was right.

*Man.* Oblige me then by letting me hear what is written.

*Urv.* Indeed, Sir, you are curious.

*Pur.* (*Reads.*)

“ Not undeserved, although unknown, the flame.

“ That glows with equal fires in either frame.

“ The breeze that softly floats through heavenly bowers,

“ Reclined upon my couch of coral flowers,

\* A kind of Birch, the leaf that of the Palm is in the Peninsula which is used as paper in

some parts of Upper India, as

“ Sheds not on me its cool reviving breath  
“ But blows the hot and scorching gate of death :  
“ O'er all my form the fevered venom flies,  
“ And each bright bud beneath me, droops and dies”

*Man.* I hope you are pleased—you have now as much cause for rapture as I should consider it, to be civilly asked to dinner when I felt hungry.

*Pur.* How say you ; cause for rapture—this dear leaf  
Conveys indeed assurance most delightful :  
Yet still I sigh to interchange our thoughts,  
Met face to face, and eye encountering eye.

*Urv.* Our sentiments accord.

*Pur.* The drops that steal  
Fast from my tremulous fingers may efface,  
These characters traced by her tender hand :  
Take you the lear, and as a sacred trust  
With care preserve it.

*Man.* Phoo, what matters it now—is it not enough that by the assenting sentiments of the lady *Urvasí*, your desire has borne flowers and promises fruit.

*Urv.* Now *Chitrলেখá*, whilst I summon courage  
To issue into view, do you appear,  
And give the monarch notice of my purpose.

*Chitr.* I shall obey. (*Becomes visible.*) Hail to the king.

*Pur.* Fair damsel you are welcome ; yet forgive me,  
The less, your lovely friend comes not along :  
The sacred streams before us shew less stately  
Until they flow in unison.

*Chitr.* Royal Sir,  
The cloud precedes the lightning.

*Pur.* Where is *Urvasí* :

You are inseparable.

*Chitr.* She salutes the king

And makes this her request.

*Pur.* Say, her command.

*Chitr.* Once by the enemy of the Gods assailed -

And captive made, your valiant arm redeemed her.

Again in peril, she applies to you

And claims your guardian shield against a foe

More formidable still—from *Madana*\*

Whom you have armed against her.

*Pur.* You tell me gentle nymph your fair friend pines

With amorous passion—could you view my heart

You would be satisfied that love inflicts

Like anguish there—the God cements our souls

With mutual fervours—as in one mass combines

† Iron with iron when each fiery bar

With equal radiance glows.

*Chitr.* Appear, my friend—

The potent deity with like relentlessness

Afflicts the prince—and now to you I call

The herald of his sufferings

*Urv.* (*appearing*) Faithless friend

Thus to desert me.

*Chitr.* It will soon be seen

Which merits best the title of deserter

Mean while, think where you are.

*Urv.* Triumph to the king.

*Pur.* The wish is victory,

\* Another name of *Kama* or was therefore known to the  
Cupid. Hindu.

† The art of welding Iron

When from the Sovereign of the Gods transferred  
By lips celestial to a mortal monarch.\*

(*Take her hand and leads her to a seat.*)

*Man.* Fair Lady I am the Brahman of the King, and his friend, and so may claim some notice (*Urvasi bows to him smiling.*) Prosperity attend you.

*A Messenger of the Gods in the air.*

*Mess.* Ho—*Chitrakha—Urvasi* repair

Swift to the palace of the Lord of air ;

There your appointed duties to fulfill

And give expression to the wondrous skill—

Of *Bharata* your master†—to the dome

Divine, the world's protecting rulers‡ come,

\* That is, the customary wish with which *Indra* is addressed when applied by you to a mortal is in fact a boon to that effect. The words are *Jayudu Jayudu Mahárao*—May the great prince conquer.

† *Bharata* is the supposed inventor of dramatic composition.

‡ The *Lokapálas* or Guardians of the world are sometimes confounded with the deities presiding over the different cardinal points, but this is not quite correct, and they are more properly the divinities who were appointed by *Brahmá* upon the creation of the world, to act as rulers over the different kinds

of created things: the list occurs in several Puranas—but the following is from the *Mahabharat*, the *Harivansa* portion.

*Indra*, Sovereign of the three *Lokas*, or Earth and the Regions above and below.

*Soma*—Of Sacrifices, ascetic rites, the lunar and solar asterisms, Brahmans and healing herbs.

*Daksha*—Of the *Prajápatis* the patriarchs or first created and progenitors of mankind.

*Varuna*—Of the Waters.

*Vaiswánara*—Of the *Pitris* or Manes.

*Váyu*—Of the *Gandkerbas*, of unembodied element, of time and sound.

Eager to view the scene that genius fires  
That passion animates, and truth inspires.

*Chitr.* Hear you my friend, be speedy in your parting.

*Urv.* I cannot speak.

*Mahádeva*—Of the *Mátris*, of the spirits of ill, of kine, of portents and planets, of infirmities and diseases, and of Ghosts.

*Vaisravana*—Of the *Yakshas*, *Rakshasas*. *Guhyakas*, of wealth and of all precious gems.

*Sesha*—Of the entire Serpent race.

*Vásuki*—Of the *Nágas* or Ophite tribes of *Pátála*.

*Takshaka*—younger brother of the *Adityas*. Of Snakes.

*Parjanya*—Of Oceans, rivers, clouds, and rain.

*Chitraratha*—Of the *Gandherbas*.

*Kámadeva*—Of the *Apsarases*.

*Nandi* the bull of *Siva*, of all quadrupeds.

*Hiranyáksha* and *Hiranyákshasipu*, of the *Daityas*.

*Viprachitti*—Of the *Dánavas*.

*Mahákála*—Of the *Ganas* or *Siva's* attendants.

*Vritra*—Of the children of *Anúyushu* the wife of *Twashtri*.

*Ráhu* the son of *Sinhiká*—Of evil portents and prodigies.

*Samvatsara*—Of the divisions of time from the twinkling of an eye to the period of an age.

*Superna*—Of Birds of prey.

*Garura*—Of the winged race.

*Aruna*—the brother of *Garu-ra* was made by *Indra*, ruler in the East.

*Yama* the son of *Aditya* in the South.

The son of *Kasyapa*, *Amburaja*, in the West.

*Pingala* the son of *Pulastya* in the North.

Having thus nominated the Presiding Spirits, various *Lokas* or districts were created by *Swayambhu*—as brilliant as the sun or fire, radiant as lightning, or chastely beaming as the Moon, of various colours, moveable at will, many hundreds of *Yojanas* in extent, the fit abodes of the pious, exempt from sin and pain. Those Brahmans whose merit shines conspicuous are elevated to these regions, those who practice piety and worship devoutly, who are upright and benevolent, free from cupidity and cherishers of the poor.

Having thus distributed his



*Chitr.* Forgive us mighty Prince :

We have our stated tasks, and must obey—

Not yours the wish we wanton should provoke

The dread displeasure of the king of heaven.

*Pur.* You judge me right ; not mine the impious thought

But for an instant to withhold obedience

To his high will—Farewell—but let me ever

Live in your memory.

(*Urvasi and Chitrলেখá depart.*)

*Pur.* (*To the Vidúshaka.*) She disappears: What else deserves my gaze.

sons, *Brahma* departed to his own dwelling *Pushkara*. The Deities rambled through the districts, and engaged in the charges respectively assigned them, being all cherished by *Mahendra*. The Gods, with *Indra* at their head, as placed by *Swayambhu* discharging their guardian duties obtained fame and heaven, and receiving their share of sacrifices enjoyed prosperity and happiness.

Some of the early sections of the *Káśi Khand* of the *Skánda Purána* or from the 9th to the 23d contain a description of the several *Lokas*, the cities or spheres of the different divinities as they are traversed by *Sivaserma* on his way from earth to the region of *SIVA*—

He passes in this route the *Lokas* of the nymphs, of the Sun, of *Indra*, *Agni*, *Nirrhita*, *Varuna*, *Váyu*, *Kuvera*, of the *Ganas* or attendants of *Siva*, of *Soma*, of the lunar asterisms, of *Budha*, *Sukra*, *Bhauma*, *Guru* and *Sani* or the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, of the seven *Rishis*, of *Dhruva*, the *Lokas* called *Maharloka*, *Janaloka* and *Tapoloka*, and that called *Satyaloka*, the abode of *Brahma*, and *Vaikuntha* and *Káilas* or the regions severally of *Vishnu* and *Siva*. This disposition of the spheres however has evidently received a peculiar colouring from the Pauranic Cosmography, and the sectarian bias of the *Skánda Purána*.

*Man.* Why perhaps this—(*looking for the Bhúrja leaf. (apart.)*) Bless me, I have been so fascinated myself by the smiles of the lady *Urvasi*, that the leaf with her billet upon it, has unconsciously slipped out of my hands.

*Pur.* You were about to speak.

*Man.* Yes, I was going to say—do not lose your fortitude—you are firmly attached to the nymph, and depend on it she is just as fervently devoted to you.

*Pur.* Of that I feel assured: the sighs that heaved  
 Her panting bosom as she hence departed  
 Exhaled her heart, and lodged it in my bosom,  
 Free to dispose of it, although her person  
 Be forced to wait upon a master's will\*

*Man. (apart.)* I am all in a flutter lest he should ask me for that abominable leaf.

*Pur.* What shall console my eyes—give me the leaf.

*Man.* The leaf, dear me, it is not here—it must have gone after *Urvasi*.

*Pur.* How could you be so heedless ; search about.

*They search for the leaf and retire.*

ENTER in the foreground, *Ausínari*, the Queen, with *Nipunikú* and attendants.

*Ausi.* You saw his highness you are sure *Nipunikú*,

*Nip.* Why should your majesty doubt my report.

*Ausi.* Well, let us seek him then, and unobserved.

Amidst these shades we may detect the truth.

\* Rowe is less daring, altho' Alex. (*To Statira*) My fluttering in the Rival Queens he makes heart tumultuous with its bliss. Alexander say something of this Would leap into thy bosom-kind.

But what is yon that meets us like a shred  
Of some rent garment, floating on the wind.

*Nip.* A *Bhojpatr* leaf—there seem to be some marks  
like letters upon it ; it is caught by your grace's anklet. (*Picks  
it up.*) Will it please you read it.

*Ausi.* Glance o'er its tenor, and if not unfit

To meet our ear—peruse what there is written.

*Nip.* It looks like a memorial verse: eh, no; now it strikes  
me—they must be lines addressed by *Urvasi* to the king ;  
this is some carelessness now of that blockhead *Mánavaka*.

*Ausi.* Read, I shall conceive its purport.

*Nip.* (*Reads the lines as above.*)

*Ausi.* Enough, proceed, and with this evidence,

We shall confound our nymph-enamoured swain.

*They go round the arbour, the King and Mánavaka advance.*

*Man.* Eh, is not that the leaf yonder on the mount just  
on the edge of the garden.

*Pur.* Breeze of the south, the friend of love and spring,

Though from the flower you steal the fragrant down

To scatter perfume—yet why plunder me

Of those dear characters, her own fair hand

In proof of her affection traced—thou knowest

The lonely lover that in absence pines

Lives on such fond memorials—It is not

Thy wont to disregard a lover's suit.

*Man.* No, I was mistaken, I was deceived by the tawny  
hue of the Peacock's tail.

*Pur.* I am every way unhappy.

*Ausínarí and her train advance.*

*Ausi.* Nay my good Lord

I pray you be consoled, if as I deem

The loss of this occasion your distress.

(Offering the leaf.)

*Pur.* (*Apart.*) The Queen. (*Aloud.*) Madam you are welcome.

*Ausi.* You do not think me so.

*Pur.* (*To the Vidúshaka apart.*) What is to be done.

*Man.* I dont know: what excuse can a free booter offer when he is taken in the fact.

*Pur.* This is no time to jest. (*Aloud.*) Believe me madam,  
This leaf was not the object of my search,  
Nor cause of my anxiety.

*Ausi.* Excuse me

If I suspect that your denial seeks  
But to conceal the truth.

*Man.* Your grace had better order dinner—that will be the most effectual remedy for his majestys bile.

*Ausi.* You hear *Nipuniká* this most sage councillor,  
And how he would remove his friend's distress.

*Man.* Why not Madam. Is not every body put into good humour by a hearty meal.

*Pur.* Peace Blockhead, you but heighten my offence.

*Ausi.* Not yours the offence my lord: 'tis mine, who tarry.  
Here, where my presence is not wished, 'tis soon  
Removed (Going.)

*Pur.* Yet stay—I owe myself to blame—

Curb your resentment—that alone convicts me:  
When monarchs are incensed it cannot be  
But that their slaves are guilty. (*falls at her feet.*)

*Ausi.* Think me not,

So mere a child—that this assumed respect  
Beguiles me of my wrath—Away with it—

'Tis gross my lord, and sets but ill upon you.

I treat such hypocritical penitence

As it deserves. (*Spurns him and exit.*)

*Man.* Her majesty has gone off in a hurry like, a river in the rains—You may rise. (*To the king who has continued prostrate.*)

*Pur.* I might have spared myself the pains.

A woman is clear sighted—and mere words

Touch not her heart—Passion must give them credit.

The lapidary master of his craft

With cold indifference eyes the spurious gem.

*Man.* You care very little about this I suppose; the eye that is dazzled with light cannot bear the lamp.

*Pur.* Not so, 'tis true that *Urvasi* engrosses

My heart, but *Kásirāja's* daughter claims

My deference—less indeed, that her contempt

Disdains my protestations—and this scorn

Will justify requital.

*Man.* Well, let us have done with her majesty—and think a little of a famished brahman: it is high time to bathe and eat.

*Pur.* 'Tis past mid-day—exhausted by the heat

The Peacock plunges in the scanty pool

That feeds the tall tree's root: the drowsy Bee

Sleeps in the hollow chamber of the Lotus

Darkened with closing petals—on the brink

Of the now tepid lake the wild Duck lurks

Amongst the sedgy shade; and even here—

The Parrot from his wiry bower complains

And calls for water to allay his thirst.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. THE HERMITAGE OF BHARATA.

ENTER \**Gálava* and *Pailava*† two of his disciples.

*Gal.* Well, friend *Pailava*—what news—whilst you were at *Makendra's* palace with the Sage, I have been obliged

\* *Galava* was a saint of some note, and is the hero of a long legend in the *Udyoga Parva* of the *Mahábhárat*—He there appears as the pupil of *Viswamitra*. At the expiration of his studies he importuned his master so tell him what present he should make him—*Viswamitra* being out of humor at last desired him to bring him 800 horses, each of a white colour, with one black ear. *Gálava* in his distress applied to *Garura* who was his particular friend, and with him repaired to *Yayáti* king of *Pratishthána*. *Yayáti* being unable to comply with the sage's wish presented him his daughter *Múdhari*, whom *Gálava* gave in marriage successively to *Haryaswa* king of *Ayodhya*, *Divodása* king of *Kási*, *Uśnara* king of *Bhoja*, and received from each upon the birth of a son by her, two hundred of the steeds he was in quest of. These horses were originally a thousand in number. The saint *Richika* having demanded the daughter of *Gádhi* sovereign of *Kanyakubja* as his wife, that prince to evade the match, being afraid to decline it, required the steeds in question as a present in return. *Richika* obtained them from the God of ocean, *Varuna*, and transferred them to his father in law by whose descendants 600 were sold to different princes, and the rest given away to the Brahmins. *Gálava* having procured the horses which were in possession of the kings took them and the Damsel, still by virtue of a boon a virgin, and presented them together to *Viswamitra*. The sage received them and begot a son by her, *Ashtaka*, to whom he resigned

ed to stay at home to look after the holy Fire—Were the Immortals pleased with the specimen of our master's skill.

*Pail.* How could they chuse but be pleased: there was eloquence and melody for them—the Drama was *Lakshmi's* choice of a Lord\*—the nymph *Urvasí* quite lost herself in the impassioned passages.

*Gal.* There is something not quite right implied in your applause.

*Pail.* Very true, for unluckily *Urvasí* forgot her part.

*Gal.* How so?

*Pail.* You shall hear. *Urvasí*—played *Lakshmi*, *Menakí* was *Váruni*, the latter says—

*Lakshmi* the mighty powers that rule the spheres  
Are all assembled: at their head appears,  
The blooming *Késava*: Confess—to whom  
Inclines your heart—

his hermitage, and his stud, and retired to the woods: the place was thence called *Ashtakapur*. The lady after this was reconducted by *Gá'ava* to her father, and he in imitation of his preceptor spent the rest of his days in solitary devotion.

† *Paila* is the name of a *Rishi*, by whom the *RigVeda* was arranged, and sub-divided into two portions. It is not certain that he is intended in this place, by the name *Pailava* although not unlikely.

\* Or the *Lakshmi Swayamvara*: it was common in the Hindu Society of former times for Princesses, and women of rank to select a husband for themselves. The candidates for the hand of the Lady were invited to her father's house, and after previous festivities for some days, were collected in a hall, round which the damsel passed and selected her future Lord, by throwing a garland round his neck: the marriage rite was then celebrated as usual: the custom is the subject of much pleasing poetic description, in the *Mahábhárat*, the *Naishadha* and other works: a translation of the *Swayamvara* of *Draupadí* from the former is published in the *Calcutta Quarterly Magazine* for Sept. 1825.

Her reply should have been—To *Puru-shottama* ; but instead of that—To *Puru-rava*, escaped her lips.

*Gal.* The intellectual faculties are but the slaves of destiny—Was not the sage much displeased ?

*Pail.* He immediately denounced a curse on her, but she found favour with *Mahendra*.

*Gal.* How so ?

*Pail.* The sentence of the Sage was, that as she had forgotten her part, so should she be forgotten in heaven ; but when the performance was over, *Iudra* observing her as she stood apart, ashamed and disconsolate, called her to him, The mortal who engrossed her thoughts, he said, had been his friend in the hour of peril—he had aided him effectually in conflict with the enemies of the Gods, and was entitled to some acknowledgment—The anger of the Seer had banished her from heaven for a while—consequently she must depart his Court, but she might spend her term of exile with the Monarch : the period of her banishment is to expire when the king beholds the offspring she shall bear him.

*Gal.* This was like *Mahendra*—he knows all hearts.

*Pail.* Come, Come ! we have been chattering here till it is almost the time when our Preceptor performs his ablutions. Come, we have no time to lose—let us attend him.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

### PART OF THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE.

ENTER *the Chamberlain.*

As long as life is vigorous a man endures labour for the sake of procuring ease—when further advanced in age, his toils are lightened by the participation of his children : but when he is old, he reaps nothing from his exertions, but fa-



tigue—my strength is daily undermined and my body exhausted by this servitude—waiting on women is the devil—I am now to find the King, and tell him that her majesty having dismissed all anger and resentment, is desirous of paying her homage to him this evening, for the completion of the vow in which she has engaged.\* The close of the day is agreeable enough here in the palace. The Peacocks nod upon their perches and the Doves flock to the turret tops—scarcely distinguishable from the incense that flows through the lattices of the lofty chambers. The venerable servants of the inner apartment are all busily engaged in propitiatory rites, and substituting lamps for the offerings of flowers that decorated the holy shrines throughout the day. Ah, here comes the prince, attended by the damsel train with flambeaux in their delicate hands: he moves like a mountain, around whose stately skirts, the slender *Karnikúra* spreads its brilliant blossoms. I will wait him here.

ENTER *Purúravas and the Vidúshaka with female attendants† carrying torches.*

So ends the day, the anxious cares of state

Have left no interval for private sorrow,

\* Obligations self imposed Hindus before the Christian era are in constant practice amongst for the king's person when within the palace used to be attended by women—his guards and other troops being stationed without the gates. Thus Strabo. Regis corpus mulieres curant, ea quoque de parentibus emptæ, qui Regem custodiunt, et reliquis exercitus manent extra portas. IV. 15.

† This might be supposed a Copy of Mohammedan manners but it is not necessarily so, having been the practice of the

But how to pass the night : its deary length  
Affords no promise of relief.

*Chamberlain, (advances,)* Glory to the king. So please your Grace, Her Majesty expresses a wish to be honoured with your presence on the terrace of the Pavilion of gems, to witness from it the entrance of the Moon into the asterism Rohini.

*Pur.* Go my good friend—apprise her majesty  
She may dispose of us. [Exit Chamberlain.]  
What think you that the Queen  
Proposes by the vow she has assumed.

*Man.* I suppose she repents of her pettishness, and wishes to be friends with you again: this is but an excuse to bring you to her presence when she may efface the recollection of the indignity with which she treated you.

*Pur.* 'Tis very likely—Prudent wives full soon  
Repent the scorn that urged them to repel  
An humbled husband, and are glad to seek  
Some fair pretext to win his love again—  
We will indulge her grace—On to the chamber.

*Man.* 'Tis here: ascend these steps of crystal, smooth shining as the waters of the Ganges—the Pavilion of gems is particularly lovely when evening sets in. *(they ascend.)* The moon is just about to rise—the east is tinged with red.

*Pur.* 'Tis even so: illumined by the rays  
Of his yet unseen orb, the evening glooms  
On either hand retire, and in the midst  
The radiance spreads like a fair face that smiles  
Betwixt the jetty curls on either brow  
In clusters pendulous—I could gaze for ever.

*Man.* Ho, here he comes, the king of the Brahmans, as beautiful as a ball of Almonds and Sugar.

*Pur.* Oh base similitude—your thoughts my friend  
Have rarely nobler prompter than your Stomach.

*Carries his hands to his forehead and bows to the moon now risen.*

Hail-glorious Lord of night whose tempered fires  
Are gleaned from Solar fountains, but to yield  
The virtuous, fruit eternal, as they light  
The flame of holy sacrifice—whose stores  
Ambrosial serve but to regale the Gods  
And the immortal fathers of mankind—  
All hail to thee—whose rising ray dispels  
The glooms of eve, and whose pale crescent crowns  
The glorious diadem of *Mahádeva*.\*

*Man.* Enough, Sir your grand father without whose as-  
sent we Brahmans can do nothing, bids you sit, that he  
may repose himself.

*Puru.* (*Makes the Vidúshaka sit and then seats himself.*)

The splendour of the Moon is light enough:  
Remove the torches and command my train  
Retire to rest.

\* The first of these specifica- cording to mythological notions  
tions refers to the astronomi- also the moon is the grand re-  
cal facts of the moon's deriving ceptacle and store house of *Am-*  
its light from the sun, and by rit or Ambrosia which it supplies  
its positions forming the days during the fortnight of its wane  
of the lunar month, on which to the Gods and on the last  
particular ceremonies are to be —day to the *Pitris* or deified  
observed—in the latter case it is progenitors. As personified, the  
supposed to move in the *Man- moon is the father of *Budha*  
data* the sphere or orbit of the and grandfather of *Pururavas*  
sun, and when in conjunction as already shewn. The half  
as at the new moon or *Amá- moon, as frequently noticed, is  
vasya* funeral obsequies are es- worn by *Siva* upon his forehead.  
pecially to be celebrated. Ac-

*Attendant.* As you command (*withdraws with the torch bearers*)

*Puru.* I think we may not yet expect the Queen :  
And now we are alone I would impart  
My thoughts.

*Man.* Out with them—there is no appearance of her yet,  
and it is well to keep up your spirits with hope.

*Puru.* You council well—In truth my fond desire  
Becomes more fervid as enjoyment seems  
Remote, and fresh impediments obstruct  
My happiness—like an impetuous torrent,  
That checked by adverse rocks a while delays  
Its course, til high with chafing waters swollen,  
It rushes past with aggravated fury.

*Man.* There is one thing to be said: notwithstanding  
your anxiety has made you something thinner it has rather  
improved than impaired your personal appearance—I argue  
from this that a meeting with the nymph is not very distant.

*Pur.* My right arm by its glad pulsation soothes  
My grief, like you with hope inspiring words.

*Man.* A Brahman's words be assured are never uttered  
in vain.

(*ENTER above in a heavenly car Urvasí and Chitralékhá*  
*Urvasí in a purple dress with pearl ornaments.\**)

*Urvasí.* Now my dear Girl—

What say you—do these purple robes become me  
Thus trimmed with pearls

\* The text is *Abhisáriká* —the term is *Níla* which means dark blue or black—most ordinarily the former.  
*T'está*, the garb of a woman who goes to meet her lover.—the Specification of the translation is from *Urvasí's* first speech

*Chitr.* I cannot think of words  
To speak my admiration—only this,  
Would I were *Pururavas*.

*Urva.* My dear Friend  
I feel my strength desert me ; do you lead me  
Quick to his Royal Palace.

*Chitr.* View it here,  
White gleaming in the Moon-light, whilst below  
The *Yamunús* blue waters wash its foot.  
Like the Snow tufted summits of *Kailása*  
Rising in radiance from their bosky base.  
Advance.

*Urva.* One moment—exercise the power  
Of meditative vision : where is the King  
The master of my heart and what employs him.

*Chitr* (*apart.*) I will rouse her fears.  
I see him—in a fit solitude he waits  
Impatiently the coming of the bride  
(*Urvasí expresses despair.*)  
How, Silly wench—what else would you desire  
Should be his occupation—

*Urva.* Ah my friend,  
My fluttering heart is easily alarmed.

*Chitr.* In the Pavilion of bright gems awaits  
The king, his trusty friend alone attends him  
Let us thither.

*Urv.* Proceed.

(*They descend and leave the car.*)

*Puru.* As spreads the Moon its lustre, so my Love  
Grows with advancing night.

*Urv.* Ah, me—I fear.

Even yet to trust—let us remain invisible  
And overhear their conference till doubt  
Be all dispersed.

*Chitr.* Be it as you will.

*Man.* The rays of the Moon are charged with Ambrosia—do you find no benefit from them.

*Puru.* Small is their power, or that of aught, to mitigate  
The pangs of Love. Soft beds of fragrant flowers  
Sandal's cool unguent, strings of gelid pearl,  
And these mild tempered rays, exhaust on me  
In vain their virtue—nothing can allay  
The fever of my heart—She, she alone  
The Goddess I adore, with a few words  
Of magic potency can charm my woes  
And yield me rest. This arm that pressed her side,  
When through etherial fields we rapid drove,  
Is warm with life, all else exanimate,  
Cumbers the earth a dull and useless burthen

*Urv.* I need no more concealment (*She advances hastily*)  
Woe is me ;  
He deigns not to regard me—

*Chitr.* In your haste  
You have forgotten to put off the veil  
That screens you from his sight.

*Behind*—This way your grace

(*All listen—Urvasi throws herself into the arms of Chitralakshá*)

*Man.* The Queen is here—we had better be mute.

*Puru.* Assume the semblance of indifference.

*Urv.* What shall we do ?

*Chitr.* Remain invisible.

*Urv.* Not long her purposed stay : by her attire.  
She holds some sacred vow.

(ENTER the Queen with attendants bearing offerings, the Queen is dressed in white—flowers are her only ornaments.)

Queen. This union with the constellation yields

New brilliance to the Lord of Rohini.\*

Attendants. Such effect attends your grace's encounter with his Majesty.

Man. (to Purúravas.) She comes I imagine to offer her benedictions, or under the semblance of a solemn vow, she wishes to obliterate the recollection of the indignity with which she lately repelled your advances—Well, I think her majesty looks very charming to-day.

Puru. In truth she pleases me; thus chastely robed  
In modest white—her clustering tresses decked  
With sacred flowers alone†—her haughty mien  
Exchanged for meek devotion—thus arrayed  
She moves with heightened charms.

Queen. (advancing) Hail to the King.

Attendant. Hail to the King.

Puru. Madam you are welcome. (leads her to a seat.)

Urv. (behind) She merits to be called divine‡—the bride  
Of Heaven's great King|| boasts not surpassing dignity.!

Chitr. Your commendations speak you free from envy.

Queen. My gracious Lord, I have imposed on me  
A voluntary vow, the term of which  
Is nigh at hand—I would solicit you,  
Bear with the inconvenience that my presence  
May for brief time occasion you.

\* The Moon. the titles appropriate to the

† Or with the blossoms of the state of Queen.

‡ holy Durva Grass.

|| Sachi the wife of Indra,

‡ Devi, or Goddess is one of

*Puru.* You do me wrong,

Your presence is a favour.

*Man.* May all the inconvenience light upon those who would disturb such interchange of good wishes.

*Pur.* (To the Queen) How call you your observance?

*Nip.* (On the Queen's turning to her.) The conciliation of regard\*

*Pur.* Is it even so—yet trust me it is needless

To wear this tender form, as slight and delicate

As the lithe Lotus stem, with rude austerity.

In me behold your slave, whom to propitiate

Claims not your care, your favour is his happiness.

*Urv.* (Smiling scornfully) He pays her mighty deference.

*Chitr.* So he should—

When the heart strays, the tongue is most profuse

Of bland professions to the slighted wife.

*Queen.* Not vain my vow, since it already wins me

My lord's complacent speech.

*Man.* Enough said on both sides, these civilities require no further reply.

*Queen.* Come Girls, the offerings, that I may present them

To the bright Deity, whose rays diffuse

Intenser lustre on these splendid walls.

*Attendant.* Here are the perfumes Madam, here the flowers, (gives them, and the Queen goes through the usual form of presenting the *Arghya* or oblation of fruits, perfumes, flowers, &c.)

*Queen.* These cates present *Mánavaka*, and these

Give to the Chamberlain.

\* *Piya passádana.*



(The Attendant takes a tray of Sweetmeats first to the Vidúshaka and then to the Kanchukí)

Man. Prosperity attend your highness, may your fasts ever end in a feast.

Chamberlain. Prosperity to the Queen.

Queen. Now with your grace's leave I pay you homage.  
(Presents oblations to the King, bows and falls at his feet, then rises.)

Resplendent pair who o'er the night preside,  
Lord of the Deer born\* banneret and thou  
His favourite, ROHINI†—hear and attest  
The sacred promise that I make my husband.  
Whatever nymph attract my Lord's regard,  
And share with him the mutual bonds of love,  
I henceforth treat with kindness and complacency.

\* The car of the moon is decorated with a small flag on which a deer is represented.

\* *Chandra* or the Moon is fabled to have been married to the twenty seven daughters of the Patriarch *Daksha*, or, *Aswiní* and the rest, who are in fact personifications of the Lunar Asterisms. His favourite amongst them, was *Rohini*, to whom he so wholly devoted himself as to neglect the rest—they complained to their father, and *Daksha* repeatedly interposed, till finding his remonstrances vain he denounced a curse upon his son-in-law, in

consequence of which he remained childless, and became affected by consumption. The wives of *Chandra* having interceded in his behalf with their father, *Daksha* modified an imprecation which he could not recall, and pronounced that the decay should be periodical only, not permanent, and that it should alternate with periods of recovery. Hence the successive wane and increase of the Moon. *Pádma Purána*, *Swerga Khanda* Sec. II. *Rohini* in astronomy is the fourth Lunar Mansion, containing five stars, the principal of which is Aldebaran.

*Urv.* Oh my dear friend, how much these words assuage  
The apprehensions of my heart.

*Chitr.* She is a Lady  
Of an exalted spirit, and a wife  
Of duty most exemplary—you now  
May rest assured, nothing will more impede  
Your union with your love.

*Man.* (*Apart to Purúravas.*) The culprit that is caught,  
and gets off with the loss of a hand instead of his life deter-  
mines to reform. (*aloud*) Surely your grace cannot think his  
Majesty a person of such a disposition.

*Queen.* It matters not. If my enjoyment cease,  
I would not therefore that his grace should feel  
The least restraint. I leave him to his liberty.  
Think you, wise Sir, this license is unwelcome.

*Pura.* I am not what you doubt me—but the power  
Abides with you: do with me as you will—  
Give me to whom you please, or if you please  
Retain me still your slave.

*Queen.* Be what you list.  
My vow is plighted—nor in vain the rite.  
If it afford you satisfaction—come—  
Hence, Girls—'tis time we take our leave.

*Puru.* Not so  
So soon to leave me is no mark of favour.

*Queen.* You must excuse me—I may not forego  
The duties I have solemnly incurred.

[*Exit with train.*]

*Urv.* Why, Girl, I doubt the Raja still affects  
His queen—so be it—it is now too late  
For me to hope my heart can be reclaimed.

*Chitr.* Away with doubt, you have no need to fear.

*Pur.* Is the Queen far removed.

*Man.* You may say whatever you wish, safely enough: you are fairly given over by her, like a sick man by his physician.

*Pur.* I fear I am, by faithless *Urvasi*.

Would she were here—and that the gentle music  
Of her rich Anklets murmured in my ears;  
Or that her lotus hands, as with light step  
She stole behind me, spread a tender veil  
Before my eyes—that in this shady bower  
She deigned descend spontaneous, or drawn hither  
With welcome violence by some fair friend —  
Ha, the lovely daughter of *Náráyana*.

*(Urvasi has advanced behind the king and covers his eyes with her hands.)*

*Vid.* How knows your grace.

*Pur.* It must be *Urvasi*—

No other hand could shoot such ecstasy  
Through this emaciate frame: the Solar ray  
Wakes not the night's fair blossom—that alone,  
Expands when conscious of the moon's dear presence.

*Urv.* *(Appearing.)* Joy to the king.

*Pur.* All hail bright nymph of heaven.

*(Leads her to a seat)*

*Chitr.* *(Advancing.)* Be the king blest.

*Pur.* I feel I am already.

*Urv.* Hear me my friend. *(To Chitrakhá)*

By virtue of the gift  
Made of his royal person by the Queen,  
I boldly claim the king. Do you declare,

If I am reprehensible.

*Man.* What were you here ever since Sunset.

*Pur.* I have no purpose to dispute the claim ;  
But let me ask, if such assent were needed,  
Who was it that first granted you permission  
To rob me of my heart.

*Chitr.* My friend, I know,  
Can proffer no reply—then let this be.  
Now grant me my request, I must depart  
To minister to *Chandra* till the term  
— O! the Spring festival—till my return  
Be careful that this nymph have never cause  
To mourn the Heaven she has resigned for thee.

*Man.* Heaven indeed, why should she ever think of such  
a place—a place where they neither eat, nor drink, nor close  
their eyes even for a twink'le.\*

\* The Gods are supposed to be exempt from the momentary elevation and depression of the upper Eyelid, to which mortals are subject, and to look with a firm unintermittent gaze. Hence a deity is termed *Animisha* and *Animesha*—one whose eyes do not twinkle. Various allusions to this attribute occur in Poetry. When *Indra* visits *Sita* to encourage her, he assumes at her request the marks of divinity—he treads the air, and suspends the motion of the eyelids. *Rámáyana*. When *Agni Varuna*, *Yama* and *Indra* all assume the form of *Nala* at the marriage of *Damayanti*, she distinguishes her mortal lover by the twinkling of his eyes, whilst the Gods are *Stabdhá Lochana*, fixed-eyed. *Mahábhárat*, *Nalopákhyan*. And when the *Aswiní Kumáras* practice the same trick upon the bride of *Chyavana*, she recognises her husband by this amongst other indications. *Padma Purána*. The notion is the more deserving of attention, as it is one of those coincidences with Classical Mythology which can scarcely be accidental. *Heliodorus* says “The Gods may be known by the eyes looking with a fixed

*Pur.* The heaven of *Indra* is the eternal source  
 Of joy ineffable: it cannot be,  
 The cares of *Purúravas* should efface  
 The memory of immortal bliss—  
 Yet, nymph, of this be confident, my soul  
 Shall know no other sovereign than your friend.

*Chitr.* 'Tis all I ask—be happy *Urvasi*  
 And bid me now adieu.

*Urv.* (*Embracing her.*) Forget me not.

*Chitr.* That, I should rather beg of you, thus blest  
 With one the only object of your wishes.

[*Bows to the king and Exit.*]

*Man.* Fate is propitious and crowns your Majesty's desires.

*Pur.* 'Tis true, I reach the height of my ambition.  
 The haughty canopy that spreads it's shade  
 Of universal empire o'er the world;  
 The footstool of dominion set with gems  
 Torn from the glittering brows of prostrate kings,  
 Are in my mind less glorious than to lie  
 At *Urvasi's* fair feet, and do her bidding.

*Urv.* I have not words to speak my gratitude.

*Pur.* Now I behold thee thus, how changed is all  
 The current of my feelings—these mild rays  
 Cool, vivifying, gleam—the shafts of *Madana*

regard; and never closing the eyelids, and he cites Homer in proof of it. An instance from the *Iliad* which he has not noticed, may be cited perhaps as an additional confirmation, and the *marble eyes* of *Venus* by which *Heleu* knew the Goddess, and which the commentators, and translators seem to be much perplexed with, are probably the *Stabdha lochana*, the fixed eyes of the *Hindus*—full, and unveiled even for an instant, like the eyes of a marble Statue.

Are now most welcome—all that was but late  
Harsh and distasteful to me, now appears  
Delightful by your presence.

*Urv.* I lament,

I caused my Lord to suffer pain so long.

*Pur.* Nay, say not so, the Joy that follows grief  
Gains richer zest from agony foregone—  
The traveller who faint pursues his track  
In the fierce day, alone can tell how sweet,  
The grateful shelter of the friendly tree.

*Man.* The moon is high—it were as well to go in.

*Pur.* Conduct the way—and dearest let me trust  
The moon that smiles to night on our espousals,  
Shall shine through many a happy year to come  
Auspicious on our Union.\*

*[Exeunt into the Pavilion.]*

\* The translation is not very ble, as the manuscript of the  
close here, the deviation is part- original is incorrect and the  
ly intentional, partly unavoids- Comment is silent.

## ACT IV.\*

SCENE. *The Forest of Akalusha on the skirts of Gandhamádana one of the mountainous barriers of Meru.*

† *Strains without.*

Soft voices low sound in the Sky,  
Where the nymphs a companion deplore;  
And lament as together they fly  
The friend they encounter no more.

\* This Act is without a parallel in any of the *Dramas* yet encountered. It is almost entirely in *Prákrit*, and the *Prákrit* is arranged, not only in metrical forms peculiar to that language, but, according to particular musical rhythm, as intended to be sung. Again, there are stage directions for the measure to which certain gesticulations are to be performed, so that it partakes both of the Operatic and Melo Dramatic character—the names of the airs and measures are not current in the present day, nor known to the Pundits—the explanations of them in the *Tika*, or Commentary on the Drama, are quoted usually from *Bharata*, whose rules no longer exist, in a collective form. The manu-

script however being full of errors, little assistance has been derived in this respect from the annotator, but his definitions of the airs seem to be extracted chiefly from the *Sangíta Retnákara*, from which authority it appears, that this subject has yet been very insufficiently investigated, as the modifications of the 6 *Rúgas* amounted to 264, with the whole of which we are yet unacquainted—*Soma* enumerates, according to Sir William Jones, nine hundred and sixty variations. A. R. 3. 71.

† The expression is *Akshiptí-lá* and as a musical term implies, *Air*—the adaptation of notes, or their names, to poetical rhythm. It is said in the *Sangíta Retnákara* to be arranged in the *Chachchatputa*, and other

So, sad and melodious awakes  
 The plaint of the Swan o'er the Stream,  
 Where the red Lotus blossoms, as breaks  
 On the wave, the day's orient beam.

ENTER *Chitrlekha* and *Sahjanyá*.\*

*Chitr.* (Looking up)

The swans along the Stream that sail  
 A fond companion's loss bewail—  
 In murmuring Songs they vent their grief,  
 Or find from tender tears, relief.

*Saha.* Now *Chitrlekha* what has chanced to cloud  
 Your countenance—it indicates your heart  
 Is ill at ease—what causes your distress

*Chitr.* It is not all unknown to you—engaged  
 Amidst our band in paying wonted service  
 To the all seeing Sun, I have not shared  
 The vernal sports—my *Urvashi* away.

*tá's*—(time or measure) to admit the three *Márgas* (modes) and to combine notes with words. *Bharata* adds, as cited by the commentator, it serves to introduce characters on the stage: as a measure of verse it appears both here and elsewhere, as a verse of four *pádas* or lines, the first and third containing 12 Syllables, the second 18, and fourth 15—it is the regular *Arya* or *Gáthá*, and as considered as of two lines, or hemistichs, consists of 30 and 27 Syllabic instants.

\*With *Dwipadiká* is the stage, direction: this measure differs from the *Dwipadi* noticed by Mr. Colebrooke (A R 10-100). It is said to comprehend four kinds *Suddhá*, *Khandá*, *Mátra* and *Sampurná*, of which the first consists of 4 equal lines of 13 Syllables each, arranged in three feet—it corresponds precisely with the *Avalambaka* of Colebrooke A R 10 467, Species 52; like the preceding it is *Giti-visésá*—a kind of Song or Air.



*Saha.* This we all know, and know your mutual love.

*Chitr.* Whilst dwelling on her memory—*anxious to learn*  
Some tidings of her, I employed my power  
Of bringing absent objects to my view ;  
And by this art I learn what much alarms me.

*Saha.* Say on.

*Chitr.* The king, by *Urvasi's* persuasions,  
Resigned of late the reins of rule, and sought  
With her the groves of *Gandhamádana*.\*

*Saha.* Amid such lovely scenes, the amorous pair  
Would most enjoy each other's company—  
What followed.

*Chitr.* Whilst wandering pleasantly along the brink  
Of the *Mandákini*, a nymph of air,  
Who gambolled in the crystal wave, attracted  
The Monarch's momentary glance—and this  
Aroused the jealous wrath of *Urvasi*.

\* The *Gandhamádana* mountain is one of the four boundary mountains enclosing the central region of the world called *Ilavrita*, in which the golden mountain of the Gods or Meru is situated. The *Puránas* are rather at variance as to its position, according to the *Váyu Purána* it lies on the West, connecting *Nila* and *Nishadha* the North and South ranges. The *Vishnu Purána* places it on the South—the Western mountain being there called *Vipula*. It has, however, a *Gundhamádana* to the West amongst the projecting branches or filaments of Meru. The *Bhágavat* places it on the East of Meru. The *Mahábhárat* agrees with the *Váyu Purána*. The *Padma Purana* is at variance with itself, and places it in one passage on the West and in another describes it as on the East: according to this *Purána*, *Kuvera* resides on it with the *Apsarasas*, *Gandherbas*, and *Rakshasas*. The *Sitá* alighting on its top thence descends to the *Bhadrasawersha* and flows to the Eastern Sea.

*Saha.* 'Tis ever thus—true love is most intolerant.  
Yet destiny is mightier.

*Chitr.* Thus incensed,  
My friend disdainfully repelled her Lord.  
In sooth her mind was darkened by the curse  
The Sage ere while denounced, and troubled thus,  
She heedlessly forgot the law that bars  
All female access from the hateful groves  
Of *Kártikeya*. Trespassing the bounds  
Proscribed, she suffers now the penalty  
Of her transgression, and to a slender vine  
Transformed, there pines till time shall set her free—

*Saha.* How vain the hope to shun the will of fate.  
What other cause could interrupt a love  
So fervent.—Where is now the king.

*Chitr.* He roams,  
Frantic with sorrow, through the wood, in search  
Of his lost bride, nor night nor day desists  
From the sad quest. These rising clouds that teach  
Passion to pious Sages, augur ill  
For his alleviation—I much fear  
There is but little hope of remedy—  
(Repeats the first Stanza.

The Swans along the Stream that sail &c.)\*

\* With a slight variation of the words in the third line of the Stanza, affecting however neither the sense nor the measure—this modification of the *Dvipadika* is termed *Jambhālikā*—the *Prakrit* is as follows:

Sāhāāri   dūhā   liddhā--ām
Sārāvārā   āmmi Sīnī   ddhā--
ām
1st time, Vāhōv   āgī ām   nā
ā nā ām
2d time, Avīrālā   vāhājā   lol-
lā ām
Tāmmāi   Hānsī   jūgālā-ām

*Saha.* But think you there is no expedient then  
To re-unite these Lovers.

*Chitr.* There is but one.

The sacred gem that owes its ruby glow  
To the bright tint of *Gauri's*\* sacred feet  
Alone effects their union.

*Saha.* Let us hope it—

Their delicate forms endure not agony  
Violent and protracted, and the Gods  
Can surely never purpose such a pair  
Should wholly perish—they will soon devise  
Some means of their relief—to their high power  
We leave them.—Come. The glorious Sun reveals  
His countenance—let us depart and pay  
Our wonted adorations. (*Sings.*)

† Amidst the wide lake—where the Lotus expands  
And beauty and fragrance imparts to the Stream,  
The stately swans gliding in frolicsome bands,  
Unfold their white plumes in the day's dawning beam.

*Exeunt.*

Thus interpreted Sanscritice---  
*Hansī yugalam tāmyate*---(*Kim-*  
*bhūtam*) *Vāshpāvalita nay-*  
*anam*—or *Avirala Vāshpa-jalen*  
*ollolam*---also *Sarovarasya au-*  
*bhasi, Snigdham* and *Sahachari*  
*dukhālidham*—this will afford  
a specimen of the *Prakrit* of  
this Play and the mode in which  
this dialect is usually explained  
by the annotators, the Prosody  
of the *Suddhā Dwipadikā* may

also be understood from the ex-  
ample.

\* *Durgā* or *Parvati* the bride  
of *Siva*,

† The measure of this is  
termed *Khāndadhara*; it is a  
Stanza of four *Padas* of 14 Syl-  
lables each: it is in fact the  
second species of the *Dwipadi-*  
*kā* differing from the first only  
by the addition of a short Syl-  
lable, as *Chīntā, dūmmīṣā, mānā-*  
*sīā* &c.

## ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.\*

*(Strains without.)*

AIR.

The lord of the Elephant train,  
 Now wanders afar from his mate:  
 And frantically comes to complain  
 To the Woods, of his desolate state.  
 Distraction alone for his guide,  
 He plunges amidst the dark bowers;  
 And he casts his rich trappings aside  
 For garlands of wild forest flowers.

ENTER *Purúruvas* hastily—looking up to the heavens, his dress disordered, and his general appearance indicative of insanity.

Hold treacherous fiend, suspend thy flight, forbear—  
 Ah! Whither has he borne my beauteous bride:  
 And now his arrows sting me—thick as hail  
 From yonder peak whose sharp top pierces heaven,  
 They shower upon me.

*(Rushes forward as to the attack—then pauses and looks upwards.†)*

AIR.

The lonely Cygnet breasts the flood,  
 Without his mate, in mournful mood.

\* Or in the text the *Pravé-* announcement is in the same  
*saska* the introducer—either a metre as the first, the *Akship-*  
 person on the stage, or near it *tiká*.

who occasionally interposes to † With *Dwipadiká*, on which  
 let the audience know who is the *Prakrit* Stanza described in  
 coming when none of the cha- a preceding note, follows—being  
 racters perform that duty: the it may be inferred, sung.

His Snowy plumage drooping lies  
 And trickling tears suffuse his eyes.  
 It is no demon—but a friendly cloud  
 No hostile quiver—but the bow of Indra :  
 The cooling rain-drops fall, not barbed Shafts,  
 And I mistake the lightning for my love.  
 (*Faints—then revives and rising.\**)

AIR.†

I madly thought a fiend conveyed  
 Away from me, my fawn eyed maid :  
 The early rain-drops sense restore  
 To teach me to despair the more.\*  
 Where can she bend her steps—her native gentleness  
 Cannot thus cherish anger—if she seek  
 The Skies, her love for me will soon revive.  
 Once mine again, not all the Demon host  
 That brave the Gods, should force her from my arms.  
 Alas, no more my gaze delighted dwells  
 Upon her loveliness—How sad the chance.  
 Fate heaps calamities with diligent malice  
 On those whom once misfortune has assailed.  
 Hence have I lost my love, when genial airs  
 And overshadowing clouds, veiling the day,  
 Had shed intenser rapture on her presence.

\* *Dwipadika.*

*Druta or Madhya Layas (Alle-  
 gro or Allegretto)* and is either  
 class of *Tālas* or airs called *Pra-  
 timāndāka* or *Rāsaka*, as with  
 the *Lālādītāla* which is com-  
 monly called according to *Bha-  
 rata, Saurasa : Pratimandakam  
 Lalādi Tālo loke Saurāsa iti  
 abhidhiyate.*

† *Charchari.* a Stanza of which  
 no definition is given, and  
 which subsequently recurs in  
 different forms: it is here a Stan-  
 za of four lines of which the  
 three first contain 21 syllabic  
 instants and the last 19 or 20: as  
 a kind of song it is sung in the

## AIR.

Ye clouds whose ceaseless torrents shed,  
 New glories through the g'oomy air ;  
 Awhile your angry showers forbear  
 Nor burst upon this humbled head—  
 Give me to find my love, and then fulfill  
 Your wrath—content I bow me to your will.  
 Away with this humility—the wise  
 Call kings the Lords of time—I will assert  
 My power, and bid the seasons stay their course.

## AIR.\*

The tree of heaven invites the breeze,  
 And all its countless blossoms glow ;  
 They dance upon the gale ; the bees  
 With sweets inebriate murmuring low,  
 Soft music lend, and gushes strong  
 The *Koël's* deep thick warbling song.  
 No, I will not arrest the march of time  
 For all around behold my state apparelled—  
 The clouds expand my canopy—their lightnings  
 Gleam as its glittering fringe—Rich chowries wave  
 Of many coloured hues from flowering trees.  
 The shrieking Peafowl, clamorous in their joy,  
 Are the loud heralds of a Sovereigns' honours—  
 And those bright torrents, flashing o'er the brows  
 Of the tall mountains, are the wealthy streams  
 Poured forth profuse from tributary realms.  
 Fye on it— what have I do with pomp—

\* Also *Charchari* but a different measure. The two first lines containing each 16 *kalás* and the two last 23 each.

And kingly pride—my sole sad business here  
To thread the woods in search of my beloved.

AIR.\*

The monarch of the woods  
With slow desponding gait  
Wanders through vales and floods,  
And rocks and forest bowers,  
Gemmed with new springing flowers,  
And mourns heart-broken for his absent mate.\*

Ah me ! whatever I view but aggravates  
My woe—These bright and pendulous flowers  
Surcharged with dew, resemble those dear eyes  
Glistening with starting tears. How shall I learn  
If she have passed this way—the yielding soil  
Softened by showers, perchance may have retained  
The delicate impression of her feet,

\* *Charchari*, a verse of two lines of 32 *Kalás* or a Stanza of four divisions of sixteen syllabic moments, being the same as the *Aryagiti* of Colebrooke A. R. 10. 461. It is accompanied with some curious additions, *Páthasyante Bhinnaka*. *Bhinnaka* is called in the commentary a *Rága*; *Pátha*, is explained *Vá-dya—Utkara*, implying possibly instrumental prelude or *Symphony*—*Bhinnaka* is described as being composed in the *Madhyama gráma*, major mode, as evolved from *Shadja*, but the manuscript is here very

imperfect: it is said to be adapted to the expression of heroism and surprise, to be restricted to the latter part of the day, and to be under the tutelary superintendance of *Soma*.

† At the end of the air, the Stage direction is *Dwipadikáyá parikramya avalokyacha*, having walked round the Scene, and surveyed it, with *Dwipadiká*, by which must be understood, time merely, or musical accompaniment, for the Monologue proceeds in Sanscrit, and for a short way in Prose.

And shew some vestige of their ruby tincture.\*  
 Where in this lonely thicket may I hope  
 To gain some tidings of her—Yon proud Bird  
 Perched on the jutting crag that stately stands,  
 With neck outstretched and speading tail to tell  
 His raptures to the clouds—haply may give  
 Some kind intelligence.

AIR.†

The royal elephant the dread  
 Of all his rival foes ;  
 With downcast eye and tardy tread,  
 Through tangled thickets goes ;  
 To solitary grief a prey,  
 His loved companion far away.

AIR.‡

I will speak to this Peacock—oh tell  
 If, free on the wing as you soar,

\* The soles being stained with the red juice of the *Mehndi*. Sāmpāt | tā vīśū | rānāō | tū-  
 rīyām | pārāvā | rānā-ō |

† *Khandaka*, a verse of four lines the two first containing twelve *kalās* the two last 14: it may be one of the many varieties of the *Aryagili* measure, also called *Khandaka* (A R 10.46 the two short lines contain three feet, the two long four, and all but the first foot of the first line which is a spondee and the first of the third and fourth, which are pyrrhics, are anapæsts as Piā | dāmā dān | sānālā | lāsā-ō  
 Gāā | varā vī | hmā mā | nāsā-ō  
 ‡ The direction here is *Tena Khandakānte Charchari*. The *Charchari* is a long Stanza, the four lines consisting each of 22 Syllabic moments or *Kalās--Tena* is a mystical prefix to verses, according to the commentator, an auspicious inceptive particle explained by *Bkaraia*, as here cited, to signify *by*



In forest, or meadow, or dell,  
 You have seen the loved nymph I deplore—  
 You will know her, the fairest of damsels fair  
 By her large soft eye, and her graceful air.

(*Advancing to the bird\* and bowing.*)

Bird of the dark blue throat and eye of jet  
 Oh tell me have you seen the lovely face  
 Of my fair bride—lost in this dreary wilderness:  
 Her charms deserve your gaze—how—no reply  
 He answers not, but beats a measure—how—  
 What means this merry mood—Oh yes I know  
 The cause—he now may boast his plumage  
 Without a peer, nor shame to shew his glories  
 Before the floating tresses of my *Urvasi*.

I leave him, nor will waste a thought on one  
 Who feels no pity for another's woes

(*Proceeds; Music†*)

Yonder amidst the thick and shady branches  
 Of the broad *Jambu*, covers the *Koïl*—faint  
 Her flame of passion in the hotter breath  
 Of noon; she of the birds is wisest famed—  
 I will address her.‡

*Brahme* or *God*, analogous to the import of *Tad in Tat-twam-asi*. That all pervading Spirit thou art—and similar phrases, and should be prefixed to *Airs*.

\* With *Charcharikâ*—here of course something different from the *Charchari* which is sung--*Bharata* is cited to call it either a sort of measured movement or measure, *Jati* or *Tâ'a*, which

consists of two *Druta* and eight *Laghu* (notes) which it perhaps is allowable to call two quavers and eight crotchets.

† With *Dwîpadika*.

‡ *Khuruka* a sort of dance or gesticulation to musical measure; the name is also applied to a particular combination of letters or figure of rhetoric.

## AIR.\*

Majestic as sails the mighty cloud  
 Along the dusky air,  
 The Elephant cometh hither to shroud  
 In the thickets his despair.  
 From his heart all hope of delight is riven  
 And his eyes with tears o'erflow,  
 As he roams the shades, where the sons of heaven  
 Descend to sport below.

## AIR.†

Say nurseling of a stranger nest, ‡  
 Say hast thou chanced a nymph to see,  
 Amidst these gardens of the blest,  
 Wandering at liberty ;  
 Or warbling with a voice divine  
 Melodious strains more sweet than thine.  
 (*Approaches and kneels.*)  
 Sweet Bird—whom lovers deem Love's messenger, ||  
 Skilled to direct the God's envenomed shafts,  
 And tame the proudest heart ; oh hither guide  
 My lovely fugitive, or lead my steps  
 To where she strays. (*turns to his left, ¶ and as if replying*)

\* *Charchari* of 42 and 36, or is said to leave its eggs in the  
 21. 21. 18. and 18, syllabic in- nests of other birds.  
 stants.

† With *Vulantiká*, described especially heard at the season  
 in the *Sangita Ratanakara*, as an of spring the friend of love.  
*Vpánga* or sub-division of a ¶ This sort of turn however  
*Rága*: it is here of course the even is technical, and is termed  
 melody or strain. *Vámaka*.

‡ The *Kõil*, like the Cuckoo

Why did she leave  
 One so devoted to her will? In wrath  
 She left me, but the cause of anger lives not  
 In my imagination—the fond tyranny  
 That women exercise o'er those who love them  
 Brooks not the slightest shew of disregard.  
 How now : the Bird has flown—'tis ever thus—  
 All coldly listen to another's sorrows.  
 Unheeding my affliction, lo, she speeds  
 Intent on joy expected, to yon tree,  
 To banquet on the luscious juice, the *Jambu*\*  
 From its now ripe and roseate fruit distills.  
 Like my beloved, the Bird of tuneful song  
 Deserts me ; let her go—I can forgive her

( *Proceeds—Music.* )

Ha—on my right—amidst the wood I hear  
 A tinkling melody——'tis the sweet chime  
 My fair one's anklets echo to her footsteps.

#### AIR†

Through the woods the stately elephant strays,  
 And his glances despair express;

\* The Rose apple so denominated from its odour: it is however the *Mahájambu* that is mentioned in the text.

† *Kakubha* a *Rága*, according to *Bharata*—*Kakubhá* appears a *Rágini* in the list quoted by Sir Wm. Jones from Mirza Khan but it differs in gender and denomination, (A. R. 3 81) the

passage is not very clear in the manuscript, either of the Comment or *Sangita Retnakara*, but the *Kakubha* is a form in the mode of *Dhaivata* of which *Dha* is the Ansa or key note. The notation of the Scale is given by Sir W. Jones *Dhani-sa-ri-ga-ma-pa*. The *Rága* is called the *Shadupabhanga*, or

On his limbs the enfeebling malady preys,  
 And his steps are slow with distress;  
 In his eyes the starting tear drop swells,  
 As his thought on his lost companion dwells  
 Alas, the gathering of the clouds deceives  
 The swan, who hails rejoicingly the time  
 For periodic flight to *Mánasa*.\*  
 I hear his song of gladness not the sound  
 Of tinkling anklets—ere yet the troop begins  
 Its distant march I will address the chief.  
 Ho—Monarch of the tribes that breast the stream,  
 Forbear awhile your course: forego the provender  
 Of Lotus stems, not needed yet, and hear  
 My suit—redeem me from despair—impart  
 Some tidings of my love—'tis worthier far  
 To render kindly offices to others  
 Than meanly labour for a selfish good—  
 He heeds me not, but still on *Mánasa*  
 Intent, collects his store—and now I note him  
 More closely, I suspect some mystery.  
 Why seek to veil the truth—if my beloved  
 Was never seen by thee as graceful straying  
 Along the flowery borders of the lake,  
 Then whence this elegant gait—'Tis hers—and thou  
 Hast stolen it from her—in whose every step  
 Love sports—thy walk betrays thee; own thy crime,

in six parts and the verse has six lines--the rhythm both of the air and poetry being thus irregularly subdivided as more expressive of a disordered ima-

gination--it is followed by a Stanza of the *Dvipadika* class, four lines of 14 *Kalás* each, which repeating the same ideas has been omitted.

And lead me quickly to her. (*laughs*) Nay he fears  
Our Royal power—the plunderer flies the king.

*Proceeds—Music.*

Yonder I see the *Chakwa*\* with his mate ;  
Of him I will enquire

AIR.†

In groves of tall trees with bright blossoms blooming  
And vocal with many sweet murmured tones,  
The Lord of the herd whom grief is consuming  
Distracted the loss of his mate bemoans.

AIR. *After a pause.*‡

Ah no, he replies, I taste on the wing,  
The joys of the cool returning spring,  
And as each feather thrills with delight,  
I mark not the fair that meet my sight.

Yet tell me—hast thou seen her—know'st thou not  
Who asks thy answer—the great king of day  
And monarch of the night are my progenitors :

\* The *Chakra vāka* or *Ruddy* two last to *Charchari*, the *Stan-*  
goose: these birds are supposed to be separated through the  
night. *za* is *Dwīpadika* four lines of  
14 Syllables each.

† Here the gesture is described; *Kutilika* with which it is  
directed to begin, being explained, standing with the feet some-  
thing apart, the left hand extended and the right resting on  
the hip. In the second line of the Stanza the gesture is chang-  
ed to *Mallaghati* and in the  
‡ *Dwīlayāntarē* after two  
*Layas*, the commentator cites  
*Amerā's* explanation of *Laya--*  
which is the concurrence in  
time of voice, instrument, and  
gesticulation, here however it  
must imply something else, an  
interval probably, or a definite  
measure of symphony or pre-  
lude.

Their grandson I, and by their own free choice,  
 The Lord of *Urvasi* and of the Earth.  
 How-silent—thou might'st measure my affliction  
 By what thou feelest; all the air resounds  
 With thy incessant plaints, if, but a moment  
 Thy fair companion nestling hides in sport  
 Amongst the lotus leaves, and flies thy view.  
 Alas—to one whom fate has cursed like me  
 Nought is propitious — I will ask no more.

*Proceeds—Music.*

How beautiful the lotus—it arrests  
 My path and bids me gaze on it—the bees  
 Murmur amidst its petals—like the lip  
 Of my beloved it glows, when that has been  
 Somewhat too rudely sipped by mine, and long  
 Retains the amorous impress—I will woo  
 This honey rifier to become my friend

*Advances.\**

ARR.

Unheeding the cygnet at first,  
 His beak in the nectar of passion dips;  
 But fiercer and fiercer his thirst—  
 As deeper he sips.  
 Say plunderer of the honied dew—hast thou  
 Beheld the nymph whose large and languid eye  
 Voluptuous rolls as if it swam with wine.  
 And yet methinks 'tis idle to enquire,

\* With the *Ardhadwichatu*. at the end of the *Prákrit* verse *rasraka*, a particular mode of to *Dwichaturasraka*—a term gesticulating, this is changed at of like import.

For had he tasted her delicious breath  
He now would scorn the lotus—I will hence.

*Proceeds—Music.\**

Beneath the shade of yon *Kadamba* tree  
The royal elephant reclines, and with him  
His tender mate—I will approach—yet hold  
From his Companion he accepts the bough  
Her trunk has snapped from the balm breathing tree  
Now rich with teeming shoots and juicy fragrance.

*Advances† then Pauses.‡*

He crushes it—I may proceed

AIR

King of the forest whose sports have felled  
The stateliest trees, the thicket's pride ;  
Oh, say, in these shades hast thou beheld,  
More bright than the Moon, my wandering bride.

*Advancing a few paces.*

Chief of the mighty herd—say hast thou seen  
My love—like the young moon her delicate frame,  
And with eternal youth her beauties glow ;  
Her voice is music—her long tresses wear  
The Jasmine's|| golden hue, hadst thou afar  
Beheld her charms they must have fixed thy gaze.

\* *Dwipadikayá Parikrámitakena* is the stage direction. † In the original he commences a Stanza to the *Kutlika* measure, but breaks off abruptly.  
‡ *Sthánakena* ; and *Sthánaka* is identified with a variety of *Alápa* on the authority of *Bharata*.  
|| *Yuthiká savala kesi*, having hair brown, as the yellow Jasmine—golden or auburn, a very strange idea for a Hindu:

Ha, he replies. That kind assenting roar  
 Conveys some intimation—oh repeat  
 The sound—consider that we should befriend  
 Each other, bound by various common ties.  
 Thou art the sovereign of the forest—Me  
 They term the King of men. Thy bounty sheds  
 Thy frontal fragrance on the air, my wealth  
 On all is showered profuse—Amongst the bands  
 Of lovely nymphs obedient to my will  
 One only *Urvasî* commands my love,  
 As thou hast chosen this, thy favourite  
 From all the herd. Thus far our fates accord,  
 And never be the pangs of separation,  
 Such as distract my bosom, known to thee,  
 Propitious be thy fortunes ; friend, farewell.

*Proceeds.*

What have we here . deep in the mountain's breast  
 A yawning chasm appears : such shades are ever  
 Haunts of the nymphs of air and earth. Perchance  
 My *Urvasî* now lurks within the grotto  
 In cool seclusion---I will enter---All  
 Is utter darkness. Would the lightning's flash  
 Now blaze to guide me---no---the cloud disdains,  
 Such is my fate perverse, to shed for me,  
 It's many channelled radiance—be it so  
 I will retire—but first the rock address.

it is said that in the west of India such hair is sometimes seen, but the prejudice in favour of ebon locks is so strong that it is considered a morbid affection of the hair, and the women dye and conceal it.



## AIR.\*

With horny hoofs and a resolute breast  
 The boar through the thicket stalks;  
 He ploughs up the ground, as he plies his quest  
 In the forest's gloomiest walks.

Say mountain whose expansive slope confines  
 The forest verge, oh tell me hast thou seen  
 A fair nymph, straining up thy steep ascent,  
 Or wearied resting in thy crowning woods  
 That Love delights to make his shady dwelling—  
 How, no reply, remote he hears me not—  
 I will approach him nearer.

## AIR.†

From thy crystal summits the glistening springs  
 Rush down the flowery sides—  
 And the spirit of heaven delightedly sings  
 As among thy peaks he hides.  
 Say mountain so favoured have the feet  
 Of my fair one pressed this calm retreat.  
 Now by my hopes he answers—he has seen her—  
 Where is she—say : alas ! again deceived—  
 Alone I hear the echo of my words  
 As round the cavern's hollow mouth they roll  
 And multiplied return—ah *Urvasi*—(*faints*).

(*Recovers and sits as exhausted.*)

Fatigue has overcome me—I will rest

\* *Khandiká* a kind of song 26 Syllabic moments each.  
 in the *Kumbhatála* time—or the † *Charchari*, a Stanza four  
 verse is a Stanza of two lines of lines 17 syllabic instants each.

Upon the borders of this mountain torrent,  
 And gather vigour from the breeze that gleans  
 Refreshing coolness from its gelid waves.  
 Whilst gazing on the stream, whose new swoln waters  
 Yet turbid flow, what strange imaginings  
 Possess my soul and fill it with delight.  
 The rippling wave is like her arching brow,  
 The fluttering line of storks her timid tongue,  
 The foamy spray her white loose floating vest,  
 And this meandering course the current tracks  
 Her undulating gait ; all these recall  
 My soon-offended love—I must appease her

## AIR.\*

Be not relentless, dearest.  
 Nor wrath with me for ever.  
 I mark where thou appearest  
 A fair and mountain river.  
  
 Like *Ganga* proud thou shewest,  
 From heavenly regions springing;  
 Around thee as thou flowest  
 The birds their course are winging.  
  
 The timid deer confiding  
 Thy flowery borders throng ;  
 And Bees, their store providing,  
 Pour forth enraptured song.

\* *Katiliká*, as formerly occurring, gesticulation, but it of 16 syllabic instants, and is of should here rather imply metre: the *Arja Giti* class.

## AIR.\*

In the lowering East the king of the deep  
 Expects his coming bride ;  
 His limbs are the clouds that darkly sweep  
 The skirts of the heaving tide ;  
 And his tossing arms are the tumbling waves,  
 Where the gale o'er the heaving billow raves.  
 With rapture he dances, the Lord of the main,  
 And proud in his state appears:  
 His steps are pursued by the monster train  
 The deep Sea darkness rears;  
 And the curlew, the swan, and glistening shell  
 And the lotus, the monarch's glory swell.  
 The bellowing surges his fame resound,  
 And dash at the gates of heaven,  
 The sea with the sky they threat to confound,  
 But back with shame are driven ;  
 For now the young Rains are armed for their right  
 And their prowess arrests old ocean's might

*(Approaches and bows.)*

Oh nymph adored, what crime have I committed,  
 That thus you fly from one so wholly yours,  
 Who now implores your pity, and with terror  
 Anticipates your loss—relent—return—  
 This is not *Urvasî*. She would not quit me  
 Even for the Ocean King—What's to be done—

\* *Charchari*, 6 lines of 22 syllabic instants each: it is very much expanded in the translation, being in the original exceedingly brief and obscure.

Fortune crowns those who yield not to despair—  
 I'll back to where my love first disappeared.  
 Yonder the black Deer couchant lies; of him  
 I will enquire — Ho Antelope\*—behold  
 The royal elephant *Airāvata*†  
 Scorched by the pangs of solitude explores  
 In search of his lost mate, the groves of *Nandana* ;‡  
 Whose close embowering walks are resonant  
 With the glad *Koils* song, as pleased he sips  
 The juicy nectar of the clustering blossoms.  
 How—he averts his gaze—as he disdained  
 To hear my suit—ah no—he anxious marks  
 His doe approach him—tardily she comes,  
 Her frolic fawn impending her advance

AN.||

A nymph of heaven has left her sphere  
 To make a heavenly region here,  
 And treads this sacred ground.  
 Her slender waist, her swelling hips,  
 Her languid eye, her ruby lips  
 With youth unfading crowned.  
 Oh tell me through the tangled maze,  
 If wandering she has met thy gaze,  
 Deer of the soft black eye—  
 Ere yet beneath the yawning brink

\* Advancing with *Galantiká*, all the preceding, in Sanscrit, in  
 termed merely a kind of *nátya* the usual measure.

dance or gesticulation. ‡ The Garden of *Indra*.

† The elephant of *Indra*: || *Charchari*, a verse of four  
 this illustration proceeds unlike lines of 22 syllabic instants each.

Of sorrow's gulph, immersed I sink  
 Befriend me, or I die—

*Advances.*

Lord of the bounding herds, say hast thou seen  
 My fair whose large and languid eye resembles  
 That of thy tender mate—he heeds me not—  
 But springs to meet his doe—be happy both  
 Though fate still adverse frown on my desires.

*Proceeds and pauses.*

How now—what stream of ruddy radiance breaks  
 Through the cleft rock—no flame could have survived  
 The fast descending torrents—'tis perchance  
 Some sanguine fragment of the Lion's feast.  
 No—'tis a gem—more roseate than the blush  
 Of the *Asoka* blossoms, and the Sun  
 Would grasp it with his beams—it pleases me  
 And I will make it mine.

*Air.\**

With tearful eye and dejected gaze,  
 Despairing his Love to meet ;  
 All lonely the Royal Elephant strays  
 Through the forest's still retreat.  
 Why should I take the jewel. She whose brow  
 Bound with *Mandára* fillets, best had worn  
 The costly gem, is far—far from me—why  
 Should I distain the ruby with my tears.

\* *Dwipadiká*, four lines fourteen *kalás* each.

—*Going—a Voice in the air.*—

Take up the gem, my Son ; its radiant red  
The feet of *Hema's* holy daughter shed\*  
And wonderous virtue gave—let it adorn  
Thy hand and thou wilt shortly cease to mourn  
Thy absent bride—once more by this restored  
To bless her sorrowing and lamented Lord.

*Pur.* What voice is this—descends some friendly sage  
In pity of my griefs, or in some deer  
Disguised, directs me thus. Seer—I obey  
And thank thy holy counsel—Gem divine  
Restore me to my love, and I will bear thee  
High on my diadem, and hold thee ever  
As dear as *Isvara* his crescent moon—

—*Takes the gem and proceeds, then pauses*—

What means this strange emotion—as I gaze  
Upon this vine—no blossoms deck its boughs ;  
Nipped by the falling rains, like briny tears,  
The buds have perished, and the mournful shrub  
All unadorned appears to pine in absence—  
No bees regale her with their songs—silent  
And sad, she, lonely, shews the image  
Of my repentant love, who now laments  
Her causeless indignation—I will press  
The melancholy likeness to my heart—

\* *Gauri* or *Párvatí*, the stone tact with the soles of her feet is fabled to have received its stained with the red of the colour, and virtues from con- *Mehndi* (*Lawsonia inermis*.)

AIR.

Vine of the wilderness, behold,  
A lone heart-broken wretch in me,  
Who dreams in his embrace to fold  
His love, as wild he clings to thee.  
And might relenting fate restore  
To these fond arms, the nymph I mourn;  
I'd bear her hence, and never more  
To these forbidden haunts return.

(Goes to embrace the Creeper which is transformed to *Urvasi*\*)

What can this mean, through every fibre spreads,  
The conscious touch of *Urvasi*—yet all  
I deemed her charms deceived me—let me wake  
And realise the vision or dispell it.

'Tis no deceit—'Tis she—my best beloved—(*faints*)

*Urv.* (*in tears.*) Glory to the King—

*Pur.* (*reviving.*) Thy loss dear love has plunged my  
sinking spirit

Deep into dreariest gloom; but now thy sight  
Arrests my soul, and calls me back to bliss.

*Urv.* I knew not of your woe, myself deprived  
Of conscious being

*Pur.* How—what mean you—speak

*Urv.* I will explain, but let me first implore  
Forgiveness, that my causeless wrath has wrought  
So sad a change in you.

*Pur.* Enough, enough ;

You mine once more, all else is quite forgotten,

\* Or, enters as it were in its very place, *Tatah pravisati tat  
sthane eva Urvasi.*

And every thought is extasy—but come  
 Say how you cheered your time, your lord away—  
 For me—

## AIR.\*

I have sued to the starry plumed Bird,  
 And the *Koïl* of love-breathing song ;  
 To the Lord of the Elephant herd,  
 And the Bee as he murmured along :  
 To the Swan, and the loud Waterfall,  
 To the *Chakwa*, the Rock and the Roe,  
 In thy search have I sued to them all,  
 But none of them lightened my woe.  
*Urv.* To me—all news of my lamented lord  
 Came but in fond imaginings

*Pur.* How thus—

*Urv.* In ancient days, the warrior God adopted  
 A cœnobites observance—and for this  
 Retiring to the woods that stud the vale  
 Of *Gandhamâdâna*, then called *Akalasha*,  
 He framed this law,

*Pur.* What law—proceed—

*Urv.* The female that should rashly pass the bounds  
 Proscribed, and penetrate the forest shades,  
 Should instant metamorphose undergo,  
 And to a twining shrub should be transformed—  
 Alone from such sad change to be redeemed,  
 By the celestial gem, whose ruby glow  
 Is gleaned from *Gauri's* foot. This law I broke—

\* *Charchavi.*



Bewildered by the Sage's imprecation  
 I thoughtless plunged into the thicket's glooms  
 Shunned ever by the gods, and in a vine  
 My form and faculties awhile were lost.

*Pur.* 'Tis all explained ; no ordinary cause  
 I knew detained thee from me : thee, whose fears  
 Brooked not my momentary separation,  
 Even in thy dreams—The virtue of the gem,  
 As thou hast said, this day effects our meeting.  
 Behold it here.

*Urv.* The Ruby of Reunion,  
 This holy gem restores me to my nature.  
 (*Takes it and puts it respectfully to her forehead*)

*Pur.* A moment thus ; let me behold thy brow,  
 Irradiated by this heavenly jewel  
 Like the red lotus ere its buds expand.

*Urv.* The king delights to flatter me, but now  
 Let us return to *Pratishthána* ; long  
 The city mourns its absent lord, and I  
 The cause of his departure, shall incur,  
 The angry censures of the people : come—  
 How will it please you travel—

*Pur.* Yonder cloud  
 Shall be our downy car, to waft us swift  
 And lightly on our way—the lightnings wave  
 Its glittering banners, and the bow of Indra  
 Hangs as its overarching canopy  
 Of variegated and resplendent hues.

AIR.

The ardent swan his mate recovers  
 And all his spirit is delight:

With her aloft in air he hovers,  
And homeward wings his joyous flight.

[*Exeunt on the cloud ; music.\**]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

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## ACT V.

### THE PALACE OF PURURAVAS

*Enter Mánaraka*

At last thank the fates, the king has returned with Madam *Urvasi* from the groves of *Nandana*, the pleasant gardens of the Gods. My friend is once more attentive to his royal duties and the cares of state—yet he seems out of spirits—what should be the cause—except the want of children he has nothing to grieve for—This is a bustling day—the king and hisqueens have just performed their royal ablutions where the *Yamuná* and the Ganges meet : he must be at his toilet by this time, and by joining him I shall secure a share of the flowers and perfumes prepared for him.

(*Noise behind*) The Ruby—the ruby—a hawk taking it for a piece of flesh has borne away the Ruby of Reunion from the plaintain leaf, on which it was a moment placed along with the Lady's robes.

\* With *Khandadhurá* a sort of air—maintaining the curious character of this act to the last—the actor who could execute the monologue with all its airs must be endowed with extraordinary powers.

*Man.* Here's a pretty piece of work—the jewel my friend so highly prized—Ho, here he comes, not yet attired—I will keep aloof.

*Enter Purúravas in haste followed by the Chamberlain, a hunter\* and attendants.*

*Pur.* Where is the winged thief that rashly courts  
His own destruction, and presumes to violate  
The dwelling of his Sovereign.

*Hunter.* Yonder he goes—the golden chain of the jewel hanging from his beak.

*Pur.* I see him—as he rapid flies around  
In airy rings, the whirling chain appears  
To hem him in a fiery circle—  
What's to be done.

*Man.* (*Advancing.*) Punish him to be sure, put the culprit to death.

*Pur.* Bring me my bow. (*A female attendant\* goes out and returns with a bow and arrows which she gives to the king.*

'Tis now too late—he flies

Far to the South beyond the arrow's reach—

\* Also called a *Kiráta* a Princes had guards of African forester: the *Kirátas* the women in their harems, and the Mountaineer and Savage tribes the presence of female attendants of India were known to the ancients as the *Cirrhadae* on the Coromandel coast—they appear in those of the Hindu Sovereigns to have been independant but the term *Yavani* has been applied by the later Hindus to the were tributary to the Hindu *Mohammedans*, and it is not kings—or perhaps only rendered likely that either Persian or personal service. Arabian women ever found their

\* A *Yavani* which is rather way into the inner appartments inexplicable—the *Mohammedan* of Hindu princes, as personal

Red as *Asoka* flowers the precious gem  
 Graces the sky—with sullen fires it glows  
 Like angry Mars, bursting at intervals  
 Through the thick clouds that overhang the night.  
 My good *Látarya*. (to the Chamberlain.) give command,  
 the Bird

Be tracked, and followed to his perch.

*Cham.* The king shall be obeyed. [Exit.\*

*Man.* Now please you sit—the thief will not be able to  
 escape your power.

*Pur.* (*Sits.*) Were it an ordinary gem its loss  
 Would move me not—but to lose this would vex me—  
 To it I owe reunion with my love.

*Man.* Well there is this comfort; as you have the lady,  
 you are no longer in need of the jewel.

ENTER the Chamberlain with an Arrow and the Jewel.

*Cham.* Victory to your grace! the bird condemned by  
 your Majesty's decree has fallen, pierced by this Shaft—the  
 ruby is recovered; it has been cleansed with water; please you  
 say to whom it shall be intrusted.

attendants or guards. If, as has been supposed, *Yavanas* formerly implied Greeks, it is equally impossible that Greek women should have fulfilled such an office, as few could have found their way to India, or even to Bactria, and those would have been, it may be supposed, too highly valued by their Countrymen to have been suffered to act as slaves to Barbarians—per-

haps Tartarian or Bactrian women may be intended.

\* There is evidently much more art in the conduct of the business in this piece than in the *Toy Cart*. The Chamberlain would there have been sent out, and would have returned immediately, in all probability, instead of any dialogue filling up the interval.

*Pur.* Ho, Forester, let the gem.

Be purified with flame, and then replace it  
Safe in its casket.

*Hunter*—As your Majesty commands.

[*Exit. the Kirúta or Forester.*]

*Pur.* Know you to whom the Shaft belongs.

*Cham.* There is a name inscribed upon it your grace, but  
my eye sight cannot distinguish the characters.

*Pur.* Let me see them.

(*Takes the arrow and expresses wonder and delight.*)

*Cham.* With your grace's leave I will now attend to other  
duties. [Exit.]

*Man.* What does your majesty study so in'ently.

*Pur.* Listen—"The arrow of the all subduing *Ayus*,  
The son of *Urrasí* and *Purúravas*."

*Man.* Joy to your grace. Fate has crowned your wishes.

*Pur.* How should this be—but for the interval

Of the *Naimisha*\* sacrificial rite

My *Uvasi* has always been with me—

I do recall indeed a transient period,

When her soft cheek was paler than the leaf

Cold-nipped and shrivelled—and her eloquent eye

Betrayed unwonted lassitude—aught else

I never noted.

*Man.* Oh you must not suppose that the nymphs of  
heaven manage these matters like those of earth—No, no—  
they have the power to counteract all such appearances.

\* The *Naimishya* sacrifice is years according to the *Mahá-*  
the great sacrifice performed at *bhárat*, a thousand according to  
the *Naimisha* forest by the as- the *Bhágavat*.  
sembled sages which lasted twelve

*Pur.* It may be so; yet why this mystery;  
Why keep from me all knowledge of my child.

*Man.* Oh there's no accounting for the fancies of celestial  
Spirits.

ENTER *Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* So please your majesty, a saintly dame and a  
young lad from the hermitage of *Chyavana*\* solicit admittance.

*Pur.* Let them enter—quick.

\* *Chyavana* is the Son of the wrath of the *Rishi*, and pacified him by giving him the damsel in marriage. After being married some time, the *Aswini Kumáras* passing by *Chyavana's* residence conferred upon him youth and beauty, in requital of which boons he gave them a share in the *Soma* juice offered at sacrifices to the gods—the Gods with *Indra* at their head opposed this grant, and *Indra* lifted up his arm to strike *Chyavana* dead with his thunder-bolt, when the sage paralysed his arm. To appall the Gods he created the demon *Mada*, intoxication personified, in terror of whom and of the power of the Saint, the Gods acceded to the participation of the *Aswini Kumaras* in divine honours. *Indra* was restored to the use of his arm, and *Mada* was divided and distributed amongst dice, women and wine. *Bhavishyat Purána* and the *Dána Dherma* section of the *Mahábhárat*.

*Bhrigu*, the son of *Brahmá*, by his wife *Puloma*. A *Rakshasa* or fiend attempting to carry off *Pulomá* the child was prematurely born, whence his name from *Chyu* to fall from. Upon his birth his splendor was such as to reduce the insulter of his mother to ashes. *Mahábhárat Adi Parva, Pulomá Adhyáya*. The sage having adopted a life of ascetic devotion was so immersed in abstraction that he became completely covered with the nests of white ants. *Sukanyá* the daughter of king *Saryúti* wandering in the forest observed what she thought two lights in an ant hill, and thrust in two blades of *Kusa* grass, which when withdrawn were followed by a flow of blood. Much alarmed the Princess repaired to her father and related what had happened. The king conjecturing the truth immediately went to the spot to deprecate

ENTER a *Tápasi* or *Female Ascetic*, and a *Boy* with a bow in his hand.

*Man.* Observe him sir—that warrior lad must be the owner of the arrow, he is your perfect image.

*Pur.* May it prove so — my imperfect sight,  
Is dimmed with tears—my heart is overcome  
With tenderness ; and strong emotions crowd  
My agitated mind—on all my limbs  
A sudden tremor seizes—how I long  
To clasp him to my bosom.

*Cham.* Here pause most reverend Lady.

*Pur.* (*Bowing.*) Hail holy Dame.

*Tap.* May fortune ever wait.

The glorious line of *Soma.* (*Apart.*) Now, methinks,  
The king has secret intimation given him  
I bring him here his son. (*Aloud*) Boy Pay your homage.

(*Ayus bows*)

*Puru.* May your years be many.

*Ayus.* (*Apart*) If I dared listen to my heart—I should  
Believe this were my father—I his son—  
For I have never known the fond endearments  
Paternal love bestows upon a child.

*Puru.* What brings thee to our presence saintly Dame,

*Tap.* Let the king hear—This princely youth, the son  
Of *Urvasi*, was for some cause confided,  
Without your knowledge, to my secret care.  
The ceremonies of his martial birth  
The pious *Chyavana* has duly ministered,  
Taught him the knowledge fitted to his station

And lastly trained his growing youth to arms : \*  
 But now my charge expires, for an act  
 This day achieved, unfits him to remain  
 An inmate of the peaceful hermitage.

*Pur.* What act ?

*Tap.* Whilst on his mission with the *Rishi's* Sons,  
 To gather fuel, flowers and holy grass—  
 From the adjacent woods, he aimed a shaft  
 Against a hawk new perched upon a tree  
 With his fresh prey, and took his felon life.  
 This deed of blood excludes him from our haunts,  
 And by the Sage's orders I conduct him  
 Again to *Urvasî*—I would see the queen.

*Puru.* Be seated, and mean while *Lâlavya*.

Apprise our queen, that we would see her here .

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

*Puru.* Come hither boy. As the moon's silver ray  
 Affects the lunar gem, his presence sheds  
 Spontaneous joy, and through each fibre darts  
 The consciousness that I behold my son.

*Tap.* Obey your Sire (*The Prince advances and prostrates himself: Purúravas rises and embraces him and places him on the footstool of his throne.—*)

\* The original has *Dhanur-vidya* archery—which is always pat for military science in general. That archery however was the predominant branch of the art amongst the Hindus is evident from this use of the term, and from all descriptive accounts of heroic education—*Rama*—his sons; the *Pandarus*—*Ajus* and all other princes are represented in the *Ramayana*, *Mahábhárat*, and all poems and plays as making archery a principal part of their education, furnishing a remarkable analogy in this respect to the practice of the ancient Persians, and Scythian



*Pur.* Salute your father's friend—Boy, fear not.

*Man.* What should he fear—he has seen baboons enough  
in the hermitage.

*Ayus.* (*Smiling*) Accept my homage Sir.

*Man.* Fortune attend you ever.

ENTER *Urvasi* preceded by the Chamberlain.

*Cham.* This way your grace,

*Urv.* (*Seeing Ayus*) What youth is this, who in the Royal  
presence

Armed with the bow and quiver honoured sits

Upon the golden footstool—whilst the king

Is fondly playing with his twisted tresses.

Ha! *Satyavati* too! it is my Son,

His growth out strips my memory,

*Puru.* Behold your mother, boy—her gaze intent

Is fixed upon you—and her heaving bosom

Has rent its veiling scarf.

*Tap.* Haste to embrace her.

(*Ayus rises and goes to his Mother who embraces him, then,  
after a pause.*)

*Urv.* Hail—holy mother,

*Tap.* Ever may you know,

Your lord's affection.

*Ayus.* Mother—accept my salutations

*Urv.* (*Kisses him*) My dear boy,

Be long your father's happiness and pride

(*Advances*) Glory to the King

*Puru.* To the matron—honour,

(*Hands Urvasi to a Seat with him on the throne*)

Be seated all (*they sit*)

*Tap.* The princely youth is perfectly accomplished  
 In all the science that becomes his rank,  
 And is of years and strength to bear the load  
 Of martial mail ; unfitted to the thoughts  
 And duties of the tranquil hermitage ;  
 I yield him therefore, in the royal presence,  
 Back to his mother's arms,

*Urv.* And I receive him,  
 Most willingly : for it is no longer meet  
 He should disturb the quiet of devotion.  
 When he is satiate with his father's sight  
 He may revisit you, till then farewell.

*Puru.* And bear my reverence to the holy Sage.

*Ayus.* Will you not take me with you *Satyavati*.

*Tap.* No my dear child—the labours of the Student  
 Are all performed, 'tis time you enter now  
 \*On loftier duties—

*Ayus.* Well—if it must be so,  
 Farewell—but send me here my favourite peacock

*Tap.* I will, and bey, remember that you heed  
 Your father ever—Peace be unto all—[*Exit.*

*Pur.* Thus blessed, my love, with thee and with my Son,  
 I envy not the happiness of Indra.\*

*Urv.* Ah me (*Weeps violently*)

*Pur.* What means this sudden grief?  
 Why when I contemplate with ecstasy  
 The proud perpetuation of my race,  
 Should these dear drops in swift succession spread  
 A pearly fillet on thy heaving bosom.

\* Or literally, You enter now † Or I think myself like  
 the second order, that of the *Indra* with *Paulomi* (his bride)  
 householder. and *Jayantu* (his son.)

*Urv.* Alas, my lord, the name of *Smerga's* king  
 Brings to my memory a dread decree  
 By him denounced—which happy in the sight  
 Of this loved boy I had awhile forgotten—  
 When for your love I gladly left the courts  
 Of heaven, the monarch thus declared his will.  
 “ Go and be happy with the Prince my friend,  
 But when he views the Son that thou shalt bear him  
 Then hitherward direct thy prompt return.”  
 'Twas fear of this that bade me keep concealed  
 My infant's birth, and instant I conveyed him  
 To *Chyavana's* retreat, entrusting him  
 To yonder pious dame, to be instructed,  
 Such my pretext, in our most sacred lore.  
 The fated term expires, and to console  
 His father for my loss, he is restored—  
 I may no longer tarry.

*Pur.* Adverse fate  
 Is still intent to mar my perfect joy.  
 Scarce have I known the blessing of a son  
 When my fair bride is snatched from my embrace.  
 The tree that languished in the Summer's blaze  
 Puts forth reviving, as young rain descends,  
 Its leafy shoots, when, lo the lightning bursts,  
 Fierce on its top and fells it to the ground.

*Man.* I see nothing left for this but to abandon the throne,  
 assume the coat of bark, and betake yourself to the forests.\*

*Urv.* But what remains for me—my task on earth  
 Fulfilled—once gone the king will soon forget me.

\* Such appears to have been with years and power, or dis-  
 a common practice with the gusted with the world.  
 princes of India when satiate

*Pur.* Dearest, not so: immersed in cares of state  
 I less might feel the pangs of separation.  
 Then be the deer trod thickets my election,  
 Where lonely I may long indulge my woe:  
 Our son shall wield the sceptre of the world.

*Ayus.* Excuse me Sire—my years are all unfit  
 For such a burthen—one so long upheld  
 By thy exalted merits.

*Pur.* Fear it not  
 The elephant cub\* soon tames the forest herds;  
 The snake scarce hatched concocts the deadly poison:  
 Kings are in boyhood monarchs, and endowed  
 With powers inborn to rule the race of man;  
 Nature, not age, gives fitness. (*to the Chamberlain,*)  
*Látavya* bid,  
 Our ministers and priests be all prepared  
 For this our son's inauguration—speed.

*Cham.* I obey.

[*Exit sorrowfully and all on the scene express grief.*]

*Pur.* What sudden splendor breaks, whence are these flashes  
 Of Lightning in a cloudless sky.

*Urv.* 'Tis *Náeda*.

*Pur.* His braided curls are of a golden dye;  
 His sacred cord, bright as the silver moon:  
 Around his neck, are strings of heavenly pearl:  
 Like a celestial tree with glittering stem  
 He moves: prepare we to receive him.

*Urv.* Here,

\* The young *Gandhagaja* soon are said to fly the odour of some subdues other elephants, is the particular excretion, whence the expression of the original—they name of the animal.

This offering of respect, gathered in haste  
Present the sage.

( Gives the King some Flowers )

*Náreda descends.*

*Nar.* Triumph attend

The brave defender of this middle sphere.

*Pur.* (Presenting the oblation.) Reverence to the sage.

*Urv.* Accept my homage. (Bows.)

*Nar.* Never be wife and husband disunited.

*Pur.* (Apart.) Oh might this be. (Aloud.) Advance,  
my son and pay

Your adoration to the holy seer.

*Ayus.* *Ayus*, the son of *Urvasi*, presume:

To pay you homage. (Bows to *Nareda*.)

*Nar.* May your days be many—King, attend:

The mighty *Indra* to whom all is known,

By me thus intimates his high commands.

Forego your purpose of ascetic sorrow.

The sages, to whose wisdom past and future

Are as the present, have foretold at hand

Hostilities in heaven, and the Gods will need

Your prowess—then relinquish not your arms;

And *Urvasi* shall be\* through life united

With thee in holy bonds.

*Urv.* These happy words

Extract a barbed arrow from my bosom.

*Pur.* Whatever *Indra* wills I shall obey.

\* This is a very material variation in the story as told in the play and in the *Puranas*: the passage *Tena twayá na Sastram saunhyastavyam; Iyam cha Urvasi yávadáyus távat Sahadherma chárini bhavishyati.*

Nar. 'Tis wisely said, he will not be unthankful.

The fiery element sustains the sun,  
The sun returns his rays to nourish fire.

(*Looking upwards.*)

Rembhá appear, and bring the holy wave  
Consigned by *Indra* to your charge, to consecrate  
The prince's elevation to the throne —  
As partner of the Empire.\*

(*Rembhá and other Nymphs descend with a Golden Vase containing the Water of the Heavenly Ganges, a Throne and other Paraphernalia which they arrange.*)

Rem. All is prepared.

Nar. Prince, to your seat.

(*Náreda leads Ayus to the Throne of Inauguration, takes the Golden Ewer from Rembhá and pours Water on the head of the Prince.*)

Rembha complete the rite.

(*Rembhá and the Apsarasas perform the rest of the ceremony.*)†

Rem. Now Prince salute your Parents and the Sage.  
(*As Ayus bows to them respectively, they reply.*)

Nar. Unvarying fortune wait upon thy reign.

Pur. My son, sustain the honours of your lineage.

Urv. My son, be still obedient to thy Sire.

(*Chorus of Bards without.*)

Glory, all glory, on *Ayus* attending,  
Still in the son may the father we trace;  
Justice and valour together extending  
The sway of his sceptre and fame of his race—

\* As *Yuva rajá* — Young King  
or *Cæsar*.

† The stage directions in the  
original are not more explicit,  
and the comment is silent.

Son of the monarch the universe filling,  
Son of the God of the mist-shedding night,  
Son of the sage,\* whom the great *Brahma* willing  
Called with creation to life and to light.

*Second Chorus.*

Long may the Goddess of Glory emblazon.  
The diadem raised by your father to fame.  
Long may the world be delighted to gaze on  
The fortune allied to your merit and name.  
Long may the halo of *Lakshmi*† clear glowing  
Shoot round you its splendors unclouded and wide ;  
Like *Ganga* from snow crested pinnacles flowing  
And rolling majestic to Ocean's far tide.

*Rem.* (To *Urvashi*.) No ordinary fate dear Sister blesses you  
With such a son and Lord.

*Urv.* I own my happiness.  
Come my dear child and offer to the queen,  
Your elder mother, filial homage.

*Pur.* Hold  
One moment : we will presently together.

*Nar.* The splendours of your son's inauguration  
Bring to my memory the glorious time  
When *Mahaséna* was anointed chief  
Of all the heavenly hosts.

*Pur.* To you I owe

\* Or the son of *Pururavas*, the son of *Buddha*, the son of *Chandra* or the moon, the son of the sage *Atri* one of the will—engendered sons of the creator *Brahma*.

† The goddess of Prosperity Wealth and Power.

‡ *Kartikeya*, the Son of *Siva*, who shortly after his birth was appointed general of the armies of heaven, against the *Daiityas* or *Tiary* under *Táraka*.

Such honour.

*Nar.* Is there ought else, *Indra* can do

To serve his friend.

*Pur.* To hold me in esteem

Is all I covet—yet haply may this chance—

May learning and prosperity oppose

No more each other, as their wont, as foes:

But in a friendly bond together twined

Ensure the real welfare of mankind.\*

[*Exeunt all.*

\* A singular but characteristic concluding benediction; one copy adds a stanza desiderative of universal prosperity but it does not occur in another. It may be here observed that the translation has been made from two copies of the text, and one of the comment, all of them full of blunders: the sense has therefore often been made out conjecturally.

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If it was necessary to peruse the preceding drama with a liberal allowance for national peculiarities, it is equally requisite in the present instance to adapt our faith to the national creed, and to recognise, for poetical and dramatic purposes, the creations of the mythology of the Hindus.

In this respect, however, no very violent demand is made upon our imagination, as we have none of the monstrous extravagances of the system forced upon our credulity. The intercourse of heroes and of goddesses is the familiar theme of our youthful studies, and the transformation of *Urvasí* into a vine, is not without abundant parallels in the metamorphoses of Ovid. The personages and situations of the superhuman portion of the Drama are both elegant and pic-



turesque, and the grouping of the Nymphs upon the peaks of the Himálaya, or the descent of *Náreda* through the fields of ether, might be represented with as much beauty as facility by the splendid machinery of the theatres of Europe.

There is also a peculiarity in the mythos of this Drama which identifies it with the dramatic compositions of antiquity. Trivial as the incidents may appear, unimportant as may be the loves of the hero and the heroine, both persons and events are subject to an awful control, whose interference invests them with a dignity superior to their natural level. FATE is the ruling principle of the narrative ; and the monarch and the nymph and the Sovereign of the gods himself, are portrayed as subject to the inscrutable and inevitable decrees of Destiny.

The simplicity of the story does not admit of much display of character, but the timid constancy of *Urvasí* is not unhappily contrasted with the irresolute haughtiness of the Queen : the Poet too has shewn himself not unacquainted with the springs of human feelings, and his observations, that the husband who is unfaithful, is most profuse in his professions of regard, and that women are too sagacious to mistake counterfeit for genuine affection, are equally shrewd and just.

The chief charm of this piece, however is its poetry : the story, the situations and the characters are all highly imaginative and nothing, if partiality for his work does not mislead the translator, can surpass the beauty and justice of many of the thoughts. To select one as an example were to disparage a number of other passages, and they may be left to the critical acumen and taste of the Reader.



*MALATI AND MADHAVA,*

OR

THE STOLEN MARRIAGE.

*A DRAMA*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKRIT,

BY

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, ESQ.

*Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c.*

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*Málatí* and *Mádhava* or The Loves of the youth *Mádhava* and the maiden *Málatí*, has been already introduced to the knowledge of European readers, as an outline of the plot and a translation of part of the fifth Act were published by Mr. Colebrooke in his Essay on Sanscrit and Prakrit Prosody.\* The Specimens then given were calculated to convey a favourable impression of the merits of the Drama, which the perusal of the entire piece will probably confirm.

The story of *Málatí* and *Mádhava* is one of pure invention, and the piece belongs to the class of compositions termed *Prakarana*. It is referred to as an example of the class by all the works on *Rhetoric*; the oldest of which it consequently precedes. The history of the Drama, however, or more correctly of its author, is attended with more certainty than most of the topics of the literary history of the Hindus.

By the introductions to *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, and the other dramas of the same writer, the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*, and the *Vira Cheritra*, we are made fully acquainted with his origin and family. It appears from these accounts that BHAVABHUTI, also named SRIKANTHA or he in whose throat

\* Asiatic Researches vol. x.

Eloquence resides, was the son of a native of the South of India, a Brahman of *Berar* or *Beder*, and a member of the tribe of Brahmans who pretend to trace their descent from the sage *Kasyapa* of whom it is said that some are still to be found in the vicinity of *Condavir*. The site of BHAVABHUTI'S birth place is fully corroborated by the peculiar talent he displays in describing nature in her magnificence, a talent very unusual in Hindu bards who delight to trace her in her milder beauties, and one which he no doubt derived from his early familiarity with the eternal mountains and forests of *Condavana*.

It appears, however, that the place of BHAVABHUTI'S nativity was not the scene of his literary triumphs, and that these were attained under the patronage of the princes of Hindustan. The precision with which he delineates the topographical features of *Ujayin* and its vicinity, leaves little doubt of his having spent some time at that city, for accuracy in this respect could have been obtained at any time in India only by actual observation. The *Bhoja Prabandha* indeed includes BHAVABHUTI amongst the writers at the Court of BHOJA at *Dhár* but as intimated elsewhere,\* this work can only be received as an authority for the priority of the writers described in it to the date of its own composition; the grouping whether as regards place or time being altogether fanciful. A preferable authority, the text of the *Dasa Avapaka*, refers BHAVABHUTI to some period anterior to MUNJA the predecessor of BHOJA by its alluding clearly to *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, and from it therefore we gather that the play was composed before the eleventh century—how long anterior to that date we have also evidence to substantiate,

\* Sanscrit, Dictionary, Preface, p.

and from the History of *Kashmir*, we learn that BHAVABHUTI flourished in the 8th century, being patronised by YASO-VERMA the sovereign of *Kanuj* who reigned about A. D, 720.

The date thus given to the compositions of BHAVABHUTI is quite in harmony with their internal evidence. The manners are purely Hindu without any foreign admixture—the appearance of women of rank in public, and their exemption from any personal restraint in their own habitations, are very incompatible with the presence of Mohammedan Rulers. The licensed existence of *Bauddha* ascetics, their access to the great, and their employment as teachers of science, are other peculiarities characteristic of an early date, whilst the worship of *Siva* in his terrific forms, and the prevalence of the practices of the *Yoga* are indications of a similar tendency. The *Linga* worship of *Siva*, we know, was every where the predominant form of the Hindu Faith, when the Mohammedans first invaded India. With respect to the *Yogis* by whom mystical rites were mostly cultivated, it may be observed that there are many reasons for giving them a remote date—the excavations at *Elephanta* and *Ellora* appear to be their work—the sect is now almost extinct in Hindustan—and the *Kúsi Khand* a work probably of seven or eight centuries remote, states that the *Yoga* cannot be practised in the present age. Mysticism in fact gave way, first to the philosophy of SANKARA ACHARYA in the seventh or eighth century, and was finally expelled by the new doctrine of *Bhakti* or faith which was introduced by *Rámánuja* and the *Vaishnavas* in the eleventh century, and has since continued to be the ruling dogma of every sect of Hindus.

The style of *Málati* and *Mádhava* may also be referred to the period at which we may conclude that it was written. It

is free from the verbal quibbling and extravagance of combination which the compositions of the time of BHOJA offer, but it comes very near to them: although classical it is highly laboured; although forcible it is diffuse, and is not unfrequently obscure. It abounds in the most complicated prosody, and is cited by Mr. Colebrooke for a specimen of the measure called *Dandaka* or a verse of 54 syllables, and a stanza consequently containing 216: the author is also fond of an unseasonable display of learning, and occasionally substitutes the phraseology of logic or metaphysics for the language of poetry and nature. At the same time the beauties predominate over the defects, and the language of the drama is in general of extraordinary beauty and power. The blemishes of the composition have materially affected the translation, and while it is very probable that the obscurity of some passages has led to an inexact interpretation of their import, the prosaic prolixity of others has involved the necessity of considerable compression and occasional omissions. The latter when of any importance will be particularised as they occur.

*Málatí* and *Mádhava* divides with *Sakuntalá* the honour of being still occasionally, although not very commonly, read by the Pandits—Copies of it therefore are not very scarce. That used for the present translation was transcribed from Mr. Colebrooke's as being singularly free from errors. It had the advantage also of being illustrated by two excellent commentaries. The most copious of these is the work of JAGADDHARA the son of RETNADHARA described as a learned teacher, the Prince of Pandits and poets, and administrator of Law: the other is by a royal hand the *Rájádhirája* MALANKA: we have no further particulars of these commentators, except that the first is known to have been a *Mithila Brahman*, and not very ancient.



# MALATI AND MADHAVA.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

*Mádhava*, The son of *Devarúta*, studying at *Padmávatī*,  
in love with *Málatī*.

*Makaranda*, His friend, in love with *Madayantiká*.

*Kalahansa*, *Mádhava*'s servant.

*Aghoraghanta*, Priest of *Chámundá*, a terrific Goddess.  
A Messenger.

### WOMEN.

*Málatī*, The daughter of the Minister of State *Bhúrivasu*,  
in love with *Mádhava*.

*Madayantiká*, The sister of *Nandana*, and friend of *Mála-  
tī* in love with *Makaranda*.

*Kámandakī*, Priestess of *Buddha*, nurse of *Málatī* and  
Preceptress of *Mádhava*

*Kupála Kundalá*, Priestess of *Chámundá*.

*Saudáminí*, Disciple of *Kámandakī*, and Possessor of Ma-  
gical powers.

*Luvangiká*, Foster sister of *Málatī*.

*Buddharakshitá*, }  
*Avalokitá*, } Disciples of *Kámandakī*,

Female Attendants.

## PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

The Sovereign of *Padmāvati*

*Nandana*, His favourite, the brother of *Madayantikā*.

*Bhūriवासु*, His Minister, the father of *Mālatī*.

*Devarāta*, The father of *Mādhava* and minister of *Kun-*  
*ḍinīpura*.

SCENE,—*Ujjayini* (*Ougein*) designated most usually  
as *Padmāvati*, and its vicinity.—Time—a few days.

# MALATI AND MADHAVA,

## A DRAMA.

### PRELUDE.

#### ENTER MANAGER.

May the trepidations of *Vináyaka's*\* countenance, attended by the cry of terror, long preserve you! those trepidations which at the dance of *Súlapáni*† proceeded from the entrance into his nostrils of the Lord of serpents with contracted hood, frightened at the cry of *Kumúra's*‡ peacocks, upon hearing the sound of the tabor struck by the delighted *Nandi*||, and whence the regions were filled with the buzzing of bees, flying away from his temples.

May the tresses interwoven with a circular garland of serpents, for flowers, where the waters of the *Mandákiní*§ are flowing over the lower chaplet of skulls worn in the crest, luminous with the light of the eye of the forehead sparkling

\* *Ganèsa*.

|| *Nandi* is an attendant upon

† *Siva* or the God who holds a trident in his hand.

*Siva*.

‡ *Kártikéya* the son of *Siva* and *Párvatí* the deity of war, represented as riding on a Peacock.

§ The Ganges of Heaven supposed to trickle through the tresses of *Siva*.

like lightening, and of which the moon is confounded with the filaments of the lotus, preserve thee!\*

\* The perusal of the preceding Dramas will have partly prepared the Reader to understand this benediction, but it involves a number of Hindu common places, and may require explanation to be rendered intelligible.

*Siva* for the amusement of *Párvatí* his bride originated a particular dance, to the musical accompaniment of the tabor struck by his attendant *Nandi*—his sons were present—*Kártikeya* mounted on his Peacock and *Ganesa* with the head and trunk of an elephant—*Siva* is embellished with a collar of the hooded snake twining round his neck and surmounting his head. The Peacock is supposed to be particularly delighted by the approach of the rainy season, and the bird of *Kártikeya* mistaking the deep sound of the drum for the rolling of thunder indicative of a storm, screams with delight. The Peacock is considered the natural enemy of Snakes, and the Snake of *Siva* alarmed at the approach of his mortal foe, deserts his place on the neck of the deity, and makes for the first hiding place he can find—this

happens to be the tip of *Ganesa's* elephant trunk—his entrance into which disturbs the Bees that are supposed to settle on the temples of an elephant. This is the purport of the first verse.

In the second the author refers to the mode in which the hair is delineated in the figures of *Siva*, and as it is worn by the ascetics who profess his worship. It is allowed to grow long, and is then divided into three or four tresses which are braided together, and coiled upon the anterior part of the crown of the head—the apex of the coil projecting forwards a little on the right side—*Siva* also wears round his head a braid of Snakes and a chaplet of skulls, and he has a half moon on his forehead: in the centre of his forehead is his third eye whose glances are of flame, and over his head flows the *Ganges* with the water lily floating amongst its waves.

In these allusions the author refers to the popular personification of *Siva*—untinged with any references to his mystical worship.

What need of prolixity—

*Manager* (*Looking to the East*) Ha ; the Celestial Luminary enlightening all the divisions of the world, is completely risen. I salute him.\* (*Bowing*) Oh thou the universal form, and the vessel of all auspicious light, be propitious to me, and enable me to support the burthen of the drama : remove from me, Lord of the world, thus prostrate, every sin, and augment all that is favourable to success. (*Looking off the Stage*) Ho, *Márisha*,† the auspicious preparations are complete ; from all quarters persons of distinction have come to celebrate the Festival of *Kálapriyanáth*,‡ and I have been commanded by these wise and learned auditors, to represent to them some new dramatic tale. This is not difficult. The Actors are present.

ENTER Actor,

*Actor*, We are not informed Sir of the wishes of the audience.

\* We may infer from this that the Hindu Dramas were represented early in the morning.

† One term by which an actor is to be addressed.

‡ Who this deity is, is not known to the Pundits of the present day—*Malanka* takes no notice of the name—*Jagaddhara* is content to say it is that of a sort of divinity worshipped in that country—It is probably the appellation of a *Siva Linga*. In the *Varáha Purána*, *Kála Priya* is said to be a form of the sun worshipped to the South

of the *Yamuná*—and *Kálapriya Náth*—his Lord or God, implies a *Linga* the construction of which is attributed to the Sun.

The more usual word in these compounds is *Iswara* as *Someswara*, *Rámeswara*, *Visweswara*, &c. but *Náth* is the term more especially employed by a particular sect, that of the *Yogis* or *Pásupatas* the oldest sect probably now existing amongst the Hindus, and with whose tenets and practices *Bhavabhúti* appears to have been thoroughly acquainted.

*Manager.* Say *Márisha* what are those qualities which the virtuous, the wise, the venerable, the learned, and the Brahmans require in a Drama.

*Actor.* Profound exposition of the various passions, pleasing interchange of mutual affection, loftiness of character—expression of desire, a surprising story and elegant language.

*Man.* Then I recollect one.

*Actor.* What is it Sir.

*Man.* There is in the South, and in the province of \**Víderbha*, a city named *Padma naga:a*, where dwelt certain Brahmans of the family of *Kosyapa*, and followers of the *Tittiri* portion of the *Vedas* according to the teacher *Charana*; taking precedence at festivals, maintaining the five fires, observers of religious obligations—drinkers of the *Soma* juice—possessing names of note and learned in the *Vedas*. † These Brahmans constantly revered the study of holy

\* *Víderbha* is always identified with *Berar* but the limits of the province in that case included the adjoining district of *Beder*, in which the name of *Víderbha* or *Bíderbha* is traceable. Local traditions also assert that the ancient Capital still called *Beder* is the same as *Víderbha*. We do not find a *Padmanagar* in the maps.

† The various allusions contained in this short description require explanation—*Kasyapa* was a sage, the son of *Marichi* the son of *Brahmá*, and one of the *Prajápatís* or Progenitors

of created things. His share in creation was no unimportant one as he was the father of the Gods and Demons, Beasts, birds, reptiles and man. He is supposed by some modern writers to be a personification of the remains of the antediluvian race who took refuge in the central Asiatic chain, in which traces of his name so plentifully abound, as in the *Koh-kas* or *Caucasus*, the *Caspian*, and *Cashmir*. It is asserted that thirteen *Gotras* or families of Brahmans owe their origin to as many divine sages called after their names—

writ, for the knowledge of truth ; wealth, for the celebration

*Kasyapa* is one of the number. The *Aswaláyana Sûtra* of the *Rig Veda* contains the enumeration of the *Gotras*, and their sub-divisions, but in a very involved and unintelligible style—the popular enumeration of them however is not uncommon, but it is nearly if not wholly confined to the South of India where several of the reputed representatives of these tribes yet exist—especially about *Gooty* and *Condavir*. *Nandavaram* it is said was a grant made to the 13 *Gotras* by the Sovereign of India, *Nanda*, in the year of *Kali* 980, but if there is any foundation for the grant, it is of much more recent date, *Nanda* having lived in the fourth century, before the Christian era. The *Vedas* as explained by different teachers, branch out into innumerable Schools to which different tribes of Brahmans in the South of India are hereditarily attached: in upper India every classification of the kind has long been forgotten—a very principal division of the *Vedas* is that named in the text—the *Taittiriya* or white Portion of the *Yajur*. It derives its name from *Tittiri* a partridge in which shape according to the *Vishnu Purána*, the sage *Vaisampáyana*, the first teacher of the *Yajur*, swallowed the fragments of this work, which he had compelled his disciple *Yajnavalkya* who had offended him to disgorge. This portion of the *Veda* was thence named *Taittiriya*. The legend seems to have been invented by the *Pauranic* writers to disguise their ignorance of the real purport of the designation. *Charana* is supposed by one commentator to be either a branch of the *Vedas*, or some particular teacher, and by the other to imply a verse or foot, meaning that they were familiar with the Metres of the *Vedas*. We are already familiar with the three fires a Brahman should maintain (*Vikrama* and *Urvasi Introduction* p. 9) the other two as mentioned in a *Sûkta* of the *Rig Veda* and the *Apastamba Sûtra* are the *Sabhya* and *arasathya*, the precise purport of which names is not known to the Pundits, nor explained in the *Bhâshya*, the literal sense would be the Fire of the assembly and the Fire of the village, as if a sacrificial fire was sometimes maintained in common.—The *Soma* juice is the juice of the Acid *Asclepias*, drinking which is an essential part of the ceremonial of the *Vedas*. The term rendered, taking precedence at

of religious rites ;\* wives for the propagation of offspring and life for the practice of devotion.

Of this family the Grandson of one whose well selected name was *Bhatta Gopála*, and the Son of the pure in fame *Nilakantha*, whose auspicious appellation was *Bhavabhúti* surnamed *Srikantha*, and whose mother was *Játukarní*, a poet familiar through friendship with actors, has given us a Drama composed by him, replete with all qualities. To which indeed this sentence is applicable. How little do they know who speak of us with censure. This entertainment is not for them. Possibly some one exists or will exist of equal merit with myself, for time is boundless and the world is wide.

¶ Again : what avails it to boasta knowledge of the \**Yoga*, of the *Sánkhya*, † of the ‡ *Upanishad's* or of the *Vedas* ; no benefit

festivals is *Pankti Pávana* under four heads as the *Rig*, a very ambiguous expression. *Yajur*, *Sáma*, and *Atharva Vedas*. Pure in the row or range— They comprehend a practical that is *Jagaddhara* says, in the and philosophical portion—the place where there is food—or the ritual of the former is little in other words they were *Agra-* known or practised.

*bhojinah* the first feeders. He also quotes a text, without mentioning his authority, to shew, that the term implies a Brahman who has read the *Yajur*, *Sáma*, and *Atharva Vedas*. *Malanka*

passes it over unnoticed, and it seems likely that neither he nor *Jagaddhara* understood it any more than the term *Charana*. of God—founded by *Kapila*.

The *Vedas* are well known— they consist of an infinite number of distinct tracts classed ‡ The *Upanishads* are treatises on the unity of God and the identity of Spirit, forming



accrues from them in a dramatic composition. Fertility of imagination, melody of expression, and richness of meaning, are the indications of learning and of genius. Such a Drama has been entrusted to us by the friendly and venerable *Bhavabhuti* entitled *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, one written by himself. Let all the actors, prepared to represent this with their best abilities in the presence of the Divine *Kúlapriyanáth*, appear before me agreeably to the dramatic rules.

*Actor.* (After a pause) Your orders shall be obeyed but it is necessary to exhibit it with becoming decorations, and first, our chief actor in the costume of *Kámandakí*, an old female *Saugata*\* beggar is to appear, together with *Avalokítá* one of her Disciples, for whose character I am cast.

*Man.* Very well: what more.

*Actor.* Then the semblance of *Mádhava*, the hero of the fiction, and lover of *Málatí* is to be assumed how is this to be effected.

*Man.* That is described after *Makaranda* and *Kalahansa* enter.

*Actor.* We are ready then to exhibit our performance in the presence of the assembly.

*Man.* Very well, I take the character of *Kámandakí*.

*Actor.* I am *Avalokítá*.

[*Exeun'*.

#### END OF THE PRELUDE.

part of the *Vedas*. Some of the shortest have been translated into English by *Rammohun Rey* Dr. Carey and Sir W. Jones. They were rendered also into Persian by order of *Dara Shekoh* the son of *Shah Jehan* and were

thence rendered into Latin by Anquetil du Perron—a summary of whose work in French has been published by Mous. Lanjuinais.

\* A worshipper of *Sugata* a form of *Buddha*.

# ACT I.

## SCENE FIRST.

### KAMANDAKI'S HOUSE.

ENTER *Kámandakí* and *Avalokitá*.

*Kám.* Daughter—*Avalokitá*.

*Ava.* Mistress—your commands.

*Kám.* I have a task in hand: connubial rites  
Must join the amiable progeny  
Of *Bhúrivasu* and of *Devaráta*  
Long cherished friends—Fair *Málati* the maid,  
And *Múdhava* the youth. Auspicious signs  
Forerun a happy fate, and even now  
My throbbing eye-ball tells,\* propitious destiny  
Shall crown the wishes of my heart.

*Ava.* Yet pardon me!

How should it happen one in rank and power  
High raised as *Bhúrivasu*, should require  
To wed his child, the services of one  
Arrayed in tattered weeds, whose humble food  
Is the scant dole of charity, and whose thoughts  
Disdain the obstacles, that worldly cares  
Opposite to sanctity and final bliss.

\* We have already had occasion to notice this superstition in the preceding piece. The left side is the lucky side in a woman the right in a man. The purport of these palpitations seems to have been similarly understood by the Greeks.

*Kam.* Thou errest daughter. That the minister  
 Appoints me to such duty, is the fruit  
 Of his regard and confidence, and with prayers,  
 And penances and life, I am prepared  
 All that my friend ordains me to fulfil.  
 Recall you not, when from far distant realms  
 Assembling students crowded to our school  
 To gather science. Then, before my friend,  
*Saudámini* and me, it was convened  
 By these two statesmen—at that time associate  
 In amity and study—that their children  
 When ripe in years, in love should be united.  
 Hence *Devarúta's* blooming son attends me ;  
 Sent by his father—mindful of his troth  
 With faith the world is strange to, but the youth  
 Knows not his purpose—from *Kundinipura*.\*  
 He hither comes, to learn he deems† no lore  
 But what the schools of *Padmavatí* teach—

*Ava.* But why this mystery—why should not wed  
 The youth and maiden as their state becomes them ;  
 And why to you their stolen loves entrusted.

*Kam.* The favourite of the Sovereign—*Nandana*  
 Sues him for *Málatí*—The king demands  
 The maiden of her father—To evade  
 His anger if the suit should be rejected  
 Is this ingenious device adopted.

\* *Kundinipur* is placed by Logic—a very appropriate study  
 tradition as well as similarity of the commentator *Jagaddhara*  
 name in the modern district of *oberves* for one who requires  
*Condavir.* sufficient craft to effect a stolen

† Literally He comes to study match.

*Av.* Yet why thus strange to *Mádhava*—his name  
Seems even to the minister unknown ;  
Small proof of his regard.

*Kam.* A mere pretext—he knows youth indiscreet  
And fears to trust the lovers with his councils.  
Let the world deem their union was the work  
Of mutual passion only ; so the king  
And *Nandana* are foiled, nor we to blame.  
A wise man veils his projects from the world ;  
Silent effects his schemes ; whilst all his acts  
Bespeak indifference, and his cheerful manners  
Shew to suspicion's eye a heart at ease.

*Av.* I comprehend your plans—'tis for this cause  
That *Mádhava* passes so frequently  
By *Bhárivasu's* palace.

*Kam.* True—and as I learn—  
The princess from her casement has beheld  
The youth—he graceful as the God of love,  
Herself love's blooming bride—nor seen in vain.  
Her waning form too faithfully betrays  
The lurking care, she now first learns to suffer.

*Av.* To soothe that care then has her skill pourtrayed,  
The lineaments of *Mádhava*, to day  
Left by her foster sister with *Mandáriká*.\*

*Kam.* In sooth not ill devised—*Lavangiká*  
Knows that the youth's attendant *Kalahansa*,  
Doth love *Mandáriká*, and shrewdly deems  
That from her hands he will obtain the portrait,  
To shew his master.

\* The Servant of the convent—or as *Kámandakí* terms her  
*Jihára Dási*.

*Av.* I have borne my part ;  
 And to the Garden of Love's God directed  
 The steps of *Mádhava* at early dawn.  
 It is the festival of *Madana*. The Princess  
 And damsel train will to his groves proceed,  
 And thus the youthful pair to day will meet.

*Kam.* 'Tis well—now tell me daughter  
 Amidst this lighter matter does thy memory  
 Recall *Saudáminí*, mine ancient pupil.

*Av.* I learn that upon mount *Sri Parvata*\*  
 She now resides, where won by desperate penance,  
 Power more than than earthly waits upon her will.

*Kam.* Whence is this information.

*Av.* The formidable deity *Chámundá*  
 Is worshipped near the city cemetery.

*Kam.* She whom her miscreant votaries aver  
 Delights in living sacrifice.

*Av.* The same.  
 From one of these, *Kapálakundalá*  
 I learnt the news, as I encountered her  
 By chance at eve—She is the pupil  
 Of a skull bearing seer, *Aghora Ghanta*,  
 A wandering mendicant, but dwelling now  
 Amidst the neighbouring forest—he has late  
 Come from *Sri Parvata*.

\* *Sri Parvata* means the same as *Sri Saita* the mountain of *Lakshmi*, a place in the Dekhin, near the *Krishna* River. It still retains its sanctity, but has lost the splendour it formerly seems to have possessed by the extensive remains of sculptures on the mountain. and the great labour and cost bestowed on the causeways by which it is approached. It is described by Col. Mackenzie in the 6th vol. of the *Asiatic Researches*, and was more recently visited by the late Dr. Voysey.

*Kam.* This is enough.

*Av.* More pleasing themes attend, for *Makaranda*  
The early friend of *Mádhava* adores  
The Lady *Madayantiká*, the sister  
Of the King's favorite, and to secure  
His happiness will yield to *Mádhava*,  
Scarce less delight than to ensure his own.

*Kam.* It has not been forgotten—*Buddharakshitá*  
Attends that charge.

*Ava.* This Mistress was well done.

*Kam.* Come Daughter let us forth, and having learnt  
How *Mádhava* has fared, repair to *Málatí*.  
I know her spirit lofty: we must proceed  
With prudence if we would obtain success.  
Oh may the youth enjoy his fond desires,  
Endowed by Heaven as its choicest work  
With every excellence; and be his virtues  
Blest with the maid's affection, as the lotus  
Buds in full beauty to the tender light  
The moon autumnal sheds upon its leaves.\*

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A GARDEN.

ENTER *Kalahansa* (*with a picture.*)

I wonder where my master is to be found: he may well think his person equal to that of Love himself since it has

\* This is a very matter of fact of scene but it is precisely according to rule, and does not very badly prepare for the appearance of the persons alluded to, the entrance of some of whom is considerably delayed. No character is to be introduced that has not previously been announced; this is a Canon of the Hindu dramatic code—and was formerly one of our own laws. *Massinger* is remarkable for his precision in this respect. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are not unobservant of the rule.

made an impression upon the heart of *Málati*. I feel rather weary, and shall take the liberty of reposing myself in this grove, till I see my master and his friend.

[Retires.

ENTER *Makaranda*.

I learn from *Avalokitá*, my friend  
Is in the grove of *Madana*, and there  
I go to seek him—ha! he hither comes:  
Yet something sure disturbs him for his step  
Has not its wonted nimbleness—his eyes  
Are fixed on vacaney—his whole attire  
Is disarrayed, and heaves his frequent sigh.  
Has love been busy here, whose potent will,  
By every lovely attribute administered,  
Pervades the world, and on the form of youth  
Works sad and wondrous change.

ENTER *Mádhava*.

'Tis strange—'tis passing strange, my vagrant thoughts  
No more return to me—Deserting shame,  
Or self-respect, or fortitude, or judgement,  
They dwell perverse upon one fond idea,  
The lovely image of the moon faced maid.  
Wonder alone each faculty engrossed  
As rapt I gazed upon her, and my heart,  
As if immersed in heavenly nectar glowed.  
Delusive extacy; too late I feel,  
I nursed a burning coal within my bosom.

*Mak.* (coming forward) *Mádhava*—

The sun is high, and darts his fiercest rays  
Upon the aching brow—here let us enter,  
And rest awhile beneath the garden's shades.

*Mad.* Even as you please,

[Exeunt

*Kalahansa advances.*

My master and his friend are undoubtedly the two greatest ornaments of this garden. Well; I will now take him this picture of himself—the delight of the eyes of *Málatí* and solace of her amorous pain—I hope it will afford him too relief. [Exit.

*Another part of the Garden.*

ENTER *Mádhava* and *Makaranda*.

*Mak.* Here—at the foot of this wide spreading tree  
Amidst the fragrance that the breezes waft  
Abroad from every bud—let us recline.

[*They lie down.*

To day was one of peril, *Mádhava*.

You could not sure behold the numerous concourse  
Of all our City's beauty—bound to pay  
Their annual homage at the Shrine of Love  
And scape unharmed—in sooth, to me it seems  
The shaft has lighted, and has grazed thy heart.  
Nay, never the droop lotus of thy face.

If struck reveal thy hurt: why shame to bear it.  
Who can resist the heart born deity.

Creatures of passion, all confess his power,  
And Gods themselves are impotent as we.\*

*Mad.* I own my weakness—listen to its cause.

By *Avalokitá* advised—I went  
To *Kámudeva's* temple, where I strayed,

\* Literally—The same sentiment was evinced in the creation of the world in *Brahmá* and in *Siva*. *Káma* was scarcely created before he thought proper to make *Bráhma* enamoured of his of his own daughter. Inspiring *Siva* with love for *Párvatí* was a more dangerous feat, and the archer God although he succeeded was reduced to ashes by the object of his triumph.



Till weary I reclined beside a fountain  
 That laves the deep roots of a stately tree,  
 Whose clustering blossoms wooed the wanton bees  
 To cull their sweet inebriating fragrance.  
 Lulled by their songs, and tempted by the shade,  
 I laid me down, and in pure idleness,  
 To while away the time, I gathered round me  
 The new fall'n blossoms, and assiduous wove  
 A flowery garland—Whilst I was thus employed  
 There issued from the fane—a beauteous maid—  
 Stately her gait—yet graceful as the banner  
 Love waves in triumph o'er a prostrate world.  
 Her train bespoke a princely rank—her garb  
 With youth's appropriate ornaments was graced.  
 Her form was beauty's shrine, or of that shrine  
 Radiant she moved the guardian deity—  
 To mould her charms whatever nature offers  
 Fairest and best, had surely been assembled,  
 And Love omnipotent was her creator.  
 Led by her maidens to collect the flowers  
 That thickly hung on my o'ershadowing tree,  
 She neared the spot: ah, then too plain I noted  
 The signs of passion, for some happy youth  
 Long entertained, the lovely maid revealed.  
 As slender as the Lotus stalk her shape;  
 As white as unstained ivory her brow,  
 And whiter than the moon beams: whilst each act,  
 Through kind compliance with her maiden's wishes,  
 Displayed her own indifference. Scarce I gazed  
 Upon her, but my eye felt new delight,  
 As bathed with nectar, and she drew my heart

As powerfully as attracts the magnet gem\*  
 The unresisting ore, at once towards her.  
 That heart is her's for ever—chance what may  
 And though my portion be henceforth despair.  
 The Goddess Destiny decrees at pleasure,  
 The good or ill of all created beings.

*Mak.* Nay *Mádhava* this cannot be, believe me,  
 Without some cause—behold! all nature's sympathies  
 Spring not from outward form, but inward virtue.  
 The Lotus buds not till the sun has risen ;  
 Nor melts the moon gem till it feels the moon—  
 What then ensued—

*Mád.* When her fair train beheld me, they exchanged  
 Expressive looks and smiles, and each to each  
 As if they knew me, murmured—This is he—  
 The music of their tinkling zones was stilled,  
 Repressed the silver echo of their anklets  
 Sharp clanging to their undulating motion.  
 Hushed was the melody their bracelets made,  
 Whilst their fair lotus palms, in sportive mood  
 Were beating measure to their merriment.  
 Silent they stood—and with extended fingers  
 As if they said—the fates have favoured us,  
 Lady—behold *him* here.

*Mak.* (*To himself*) This is indeed  
 A proof of preconceived regard

*Kal.* (*Advancing*)—What is all this about, some pleasing  
 story of which woman is the object.

\* *Ayaskánta mani Salákeva* that artificial magnets as well  
 Like a rod of the Iron stone as the properties of the Load  
 Gem. It should seem possible stone were known to the Hindus.

*Mak.* Proceed my friend.

*Mad.* What words shall picture what those looks conveyed ;

The lore of love those lotus eyes revealed.

What firmness could resist the honest warmth

Of nature's mute expressiveness, nor fall

Before those orbs, that now like opening buds,

Beneath the creeper of the tremulous brow

Expansive bloomed, and now retiring shrunk

But half averted from the answering gaze,

Then dropped the veiling lashes o'er their brightness.

I felt their influence, and those looks of love,

Beaming with mild timidity, and moist

With sweet abandonment, bore off my heart,

Nay plucked it from my bosom by the roots

All pierced with wounds.

Incredulous of my happiness, I sought

To mark her passion nor display my own,

Though every limb partook the fond emotion.

Thence I resumed my task, and wove my wreath

Seeming intent, till she at length withdrew

Attended by her maidens, and a guard

Of Eunuchs armed with staves and javelins.

A stately elephant received the Princess,

And bore her towards the city—Whilst they moved,

As winds the lily on its slender stalk,

So turned her head towards the grove of *Káma*,

And from her delicate lids she shot retiring

Glances with venom and ambrosia tipped—

My breast received the shafts—a mingled flame,

And deathly chillness, since alternate spread

Throughout my form, and doom me to such agony,

Words cannot paint, the world has never witnessed.  
 Perception duly pictures present objects,  
 And past perceptions fade from recollection.  
 Vain were the lunar ray, or gelid stream  
 To cool my body's fever—whilst my mind  
 Whirls in perpetual round, and knows not rest.

*Kal.* The object of this passion must assuredly be *Málatí*.

*Mak.* (*To himself*) My friend is lost—my councils were  
 but vain :

And e'en the wish were idle, that the Deity,  
 Self-born, should spare his years, nor with sad change  
 Soil his pure mind—the flowery bow is strung  
 And ardent youth is reckless of the peril—  
 (*To Mádhava*) Know you the name and race of that fair  
 lady.

*Mad.* Hear how I learnt them—Ere she had departed  
 One of her train, apparently intent,  
 On gathering flowers, privately approached me,  
 And borrowing from the garland I had woven  
 A covert for her meaning thus addressed me—  
 “ Well has been strung this string of blooming beauty,  
 And pleasing is it in our lady's sight,  
 Who in like excellence herself excels.—  
 May then success reward such high desert ;  
 And this bright product of creative art  
 Bear richest fruit, exalted to that station,  
 It's merit claims—suspended round the neck  
 Of *Bhúrivasu's* daughter—*Málatí*—\*

† This piece of double enten- word has a double import—the  
 dre is much more precisely fol- figure is termed *Akshara San-*  
 lowed in the original and every *gháta*, Combination of Letters.

Whose foster sister, and whose nearest friend,  
*Lavangiká*—now stands before you.

*Kal.* This is as we wish—and fortune favours the  
 design of the flower armed deity.

*Mak.* *Málatí!* the daughter of the minister,  
 A mark for elevated rank—her name  
 Is ever in the mouth of our preceptress,  
 And rumour adds, the king solicits her  
 In marriage for his favourite *Nandana*.

*Mad.* Requested by *Lavangiká*, I gave her  
 The flowery wreath—she took it with respect,  
 As 'twere a precious gift, and all the while  
 The eyes of *Málatí* were fixed on her.  
 Bowing with reverence, she then retired  
 And quickly disappeared amidst the throng—  
 The princess and the people left the grove  
 And I directed hitherward my steps.

*Mak.* Your story, *Mádhava*, plainly shews,  
 That *Málatí's* affection is your own;  
 And that soft cheek, whose pallid tint denoted  
 Love preconceived, is pale alone for you,  
 Whom she has oft undoubtedly beheld—  
 Hence those expressive glances, interchanged  
 Amongst her maidens, whose love speaking eyes  
 Had never rested on a face unknown,  
 Not precious to their mistress—and declared  
 The passion you had wakened in her bosom.  
 Then comes her foster sister's plain enigma,  
 And tells intelligibly, whose her heart

*Kal.* (*Advancing.*) Look at this picture.

*Mak.* *Mádhava's* counterfeit—whose work is this.

*Kal.* Hers who has stolen his heart.

*Mak.* What—*Málatí*.

*Kal.* The same.

*Mad.* This gives me faith, dear friend, in your conjectures.

*Mak.* But, *Kalahansa*, how came you by this.

*Kal.* *Maudariká* gave it to me—She had it from *La-  
vangiká*.

*Mak.* And what induced the princess to delineate  
This picture ; did *Mandáriká* inform you.

*Kal.* She painted it to amuse and relieve her distress.

*Mak.* What say you *Mádhava*—this lovely maid

The soft light of your eyes, assuredly,  
Regards you bound to her in love's alliance,  
And holds you dearer to her than her life.

What should prevent your union.—Fate and love  
Combined, seem labouring to effect it—come  
Let me behold the wondrous form that works

Such change in yours—you have the skill ; pourtray her  
*Mad.* To please you I will try—bring me the pencil.

(to *Kalahansa*)

(*Draws*)

Hard is the task you have assigned me—  
A chilly tremor spreads through all my frame,  
Damp dews distill from every opening pore,  
And starting fast, my tears repeatedly  
Dim the faint outline that my trembling hand,  
Oh how unworthily, attempts to picture :  
Yet with what skill I have, 'tis done.

*Mak.* (*Taking the drawing*) Most excellent and worthy  
of your passion,

It may be said of her— (*writes, on the drawing.*)

“ Whatever nature’s loveliness displays  
“ May shew to all men beautiful and bright ;  
“ But since these charms have broke upon my gaze,  
“ They form my life’s sole exquisite delight.”

ENTER *Mandáriká* *hastily*.

*Man.* Ha, *Kalahansa* you are at last overtaken — *Makaranda*,  
*Mádhava* — Sirs I salute you.

*Mak.* Approach *Mandáriká* what brings you hither

*Man.* I followed *Kalahansa* to recover a picture.

*Kal.* ( *Gives her the one Madhava has.* ) Here it is — take it.

*Man.* *Málati*’s picture I protest — how came this here ; who  
has painted it.

*Kal.* He whom she delineated, and with much the same  
intention.

*Mak.* He tells you truth — and now do you be honest.

Inform us how, and where, first *Málati*

Saw *Madhava*.

*Man.* She was called to the lattice by *Lavangiká* to look  
at him, as he passed the palace.

*Mak.* So I supposed — We frequently have passed in that  
direction.

*Man.* With your permission I will communicate these  
events to my friend *Lavangiká*. —

*Mak.* You have free leave.

( *Exit Mandáriká.* )

*Mak.* The Monarch of a thousand beams now darts  
His hottest rays ; ’tis noon — let us go home.

*Mad* Willingly —

The day’s warm influence surely washes off  
The careful labours of the morning toilet,  
And steals those sandal marks, so neatly laid

In graceful lines across the flowery cheek.—  
 Play o'er my limbs ye soft refreshing breezes,  
 Whose previous homage has been paid to beauty,  
 And wrapt in soft embrace my fair one's charms ;  
 Diffusing o'er her form, the honied fragrance  
 Shook from the Jasmine's scarce unfoldedlossom.

*Mak.* Alas, the flower-armed, and resistless deity,  
 Has sadly changed the person of my friend ;  
 Like the young elephant, when fever preys  
 On his yet tender frame. Our only hope  
 Is now *Kámandakí*.

*Mad.* 'Tis strange, most strange,  
 Where'er I turn, the same loved charms appear  
 On every side—Bright as the golden bud  
 Of the young Lotus gleams her beauteous face  
 Though oft averted from my fond regards—  
 Alas, my friend—This fascination spreads  
 O'er all my senses, and a feverish flame  
 Consumes my strength—my heart is all on fire  
 My mind is tossed with doubt ; and every faculty  
 In one fond thought absorbed, I cease to be  
 Myself, or conscious of the thing I am.

*Exeunt.*



## ACT II

### THE DWELLING OF MALATI.

ENTER *Two Female Attendants, meeting.*

*First Att.* Hey friend, I saw you just now near the\* Music room, in deep conversation with *Avalokitá*; what were you two talking about—

*Second Att.* The whole story of the grove of *Káma* has been carried to *Kámandakí* by *Mádhava's* friend, and she being desirous of seeing *Málatí* sent *Avalokitá* to her, who was telling me, that she had left *Lavangiká* and the princess together.

*First Att.* Why; *Lavangiká* said she was going to gather *Bakula* flowers in the grove of *Madana*—since which she has not returned—Has she been heard of?

*Second Att.* Yes, the Princess saw her coming, on which she dismissed her attendants at the door of her apartments, but detained *Lavangiká*.

*First Att.* She had some very agreeable news to tell *Málatí*, I suppose, of the youth *Mádhava*.

*Second Att.* It is a hopeless passion I am afraid, and to day's interview will only add to her distress—to-morrow the king gives the princess to *Nandana*; her father has consented to the match—

*First Att.* Consented—

\* The *Sangita Sítá* which we had occasion to notice in the preceding drama.

*Second Att.* Yes—he told the king that he was “Lord over his own daughter”. This will be a dagger to the heart of *Málatí* and death to *Mádhava*.

*First Att.* Now then we shall see what *Kāmandakí* can do—and whether she will put forth her power.

*Second Att.* You talk idly. Come—let us depart—

*Exeunt.*

ENTER *Málatí* and *Lavangiká*.

*Mal.* Proceed, my dear *Lavangiká*, proceed.

*Lav.* This flowery wreath then did he send by me.

*Mal.* (*Taking it*) 'Tis strung unevenly.

*Lav.* The fault is yours—

*Mal.* How should that be?

*Lav.* Where deem you, were his thoughts:

Who caused that dark hued youth's deep agitation?

*Mal.* Dearest *Lavangiká*—

You ever speak me comfort.

*Lav.* There might be better comfort—He, himself,

Here in your presence—gazing rapt upon you

With look intent, from eyes that tremulous glow,

Like the blown Lotus shaken by the zephyr,

Forced from the timid plea of weaving chaplets,

To dart upon you glances of delight,

From underneath the arching brow that waves

In curve as graceful as the bow of *Káśha*

*Mal.* How can I credit this—how should I know

From such brief interview, if the graceful youth

Be true, or if he only seek to mock me.

*Lav.* You have no need to fear in this, believe me.

*Mal.* Well—well—complete your Story—

*Lav.* When I received the garland, I departed

And mingled with the crowd—thence to *Mandáriká*  
I hastened, to receive again the picture,  
That in the morning had been left with her,

*Mal.* With her—with what intent ?

*Lav.* She has a lover, *Kalahansaka*,  
A follower of *Mádhava*, and I knew  
To him the picture would be shown, and all  
That thence ensued, would be revealed to me.

*Mal.* (*Apart*) Then *Mádhava* has seen it.

(*Aloud*) What is your dearest wish, *Lavangiká*.

*Lav.* That he, whose heart now pines in hopeless passion,  
May soothe his sorrows with this bright resemblance,  
Of the fair cause of his distress.

(*Shows Málalí the picture drawn by Mádhava*)

*Mal.* (*contemplating it*)

My heart is now at ease. I doubt me much  
That this will prove a treacherous comforter—  
What have we here—

(*Reads Makarandú's lines.*)

Oh *Mádhava*—the graces of thy form,  
Thy flattering tongue, and fascinating gaze  
Are all alike resistless—happy she,  
Who never has beheld them—On my heart  
They, cruel, shed interminable anguish. (*weeps.*)

*Lav.* Why, dearest friend, despond ?

*Mal.* What should I hope !

*Lav.* Be sure of this—that he on whose account,  
Like the young blossom from its slender stem  
Plucked, rude you droop, and taste no more the fragrance,  
Of the sweet Jasmine—He, be sure, will weary  
Love's God with prayers to mitigate the pain,

You both are doomed to suffer.

*Mal.* Oh, be they heard, and be at least his portion  
 Happiness—for me, I dare not cherish hope.  
 This is a day of strange, and changeful feeling.  
 Love spreads through every vein like subt'est poison,  
 And like the fire that brightens in the breeze  
 Consumes this feeble frame—resistless fever  
 Preys on each fibre—Fatal is its fury.  
 No one can bring me aid—nor tender mother  
 Nor father—nor *Lavangiká* can save me.—

*Lav.* Such mutual passion may, in sooth, bestow  
 Delight when lovers meet ; but when apart  
 Condemns them to affliction. From a brief  
 And passing gaze, thy life was brought in peril,  
 And now to day his nearer presence sheds  
 A fiercer fever on thy delicate frame.  
 What now is to be said?—We must admit,  
 The rarest and most difficult attainment  
 Of all, on earth, is union with a lover,  
 Of equal excellence, and like affection.

*Mal.* Life is distasteful to me : leave me, friend :  
 And yet I wrong thy gentleness. Repeatedly  
 Recurring to the anguish of my heart,  
 I lose all fortitude, and in my grief  
 Become capricious and unjust—forgive me.  
 Let the full moon blaze in the nightly sky :  
 Let love rage on—Death screens me from his fury.  
 What should exact my love and veneration ?  
 My father, and my mother, and my race,  
 Of still unblemished honour—not my life :  
 No—nor the mortal who subdues my heart.

*Lav.* (*Apart*) What is to be done—

( *An attendant enters but without advancing far.* )

*All.* The venerable *Kāmandakī*

*Both.* What would she ?

*All.* She seeks admission to the princess.

*Both.* What should delay her ?

( *Attendant retires, Mālatī conceals the picture.* )

*Lav.* (*Aside*) In good time she comes

ENTER *Kāmandakī* and *Avalokitā*.

*Kam.* (*Soliloquises* )

So far, my friend, respected *Bhūriवासु*,  
So far is well: in either world, assent  
Awaits thy answer to the King—He, of his own,  
Is the undoubted lord. Fate is our friend,  
In all that chanced to day in *Kāmas's* grove,  
And in the interchange of tender tokens,  
The garland and the picture, all conspires,  
To crown our sanguine wishes with success.  
Best pledge of blissful union is the bond  
Of mutual love; and well the sage\* has said;  
The marriage rite shall prosper, when the eye,  
The tongue, and heart, unite the wedded pair.

*Lav.* The Lady *Mālatī*,

*Kam.* (*Surveying her* )

I view her with affliction and delight.  
Slender her frame, and delicate and pale,  
Like the young plaintain, or the waning moon.  
Soothing and pleasant is she to the eye,  
Though thin and pallid be her cheek, and all  
Declare, the fires of love have triumphed here,  
As well as in the youth's congenial breast.

\* *Angiras.*

One thought alone possesses her, and still  
 She dwells upon her love—her garb is loose,  
 Her soft lip quivers—starting drops suffuse  
 Her gentle lips—her bosom palpitates,  
 And her dark eye in soft abandonment  
 Moist, languid floats—Each look and gesture speaks  
 The fond desires that agitate her youth.

(Approaches.)

*Lav.* (To *Málatí*) Behold.

*Mál.* Priestess, I salute you. (*bows*)

*Kam.* May you enjoy, dear lady, in due season,  
 The fruit of all your wishes.

*Lav.* Pray be seated.

*Mál.* Is all propitious with the Priestess.

*Kam.* (*Sighing*) all.

*Lav.* (*Aside*) That sigh is but the prelude to our play,  
 I have my cue. (*aloud*) And yet, respected Lady,  
 Methinks that sigh is with your words at variance,  
 What can its import be ?

*Kám.* Behold these weeds:

Sorts such a garb with one you call your friend ?

*Lav.* What follows ?

*Kám.* I am grieved, like unmeet union,  
 Should sentence youth, and charms innumerable,  
 Born to no profit, to a worthless bridegroom.

*Lav.* You do not grieve a'one ; the common voice  
 Condemns the minister's assent, and blames  
 His yielding *Málatí*, to be the bride  
 Of *Nandana*, because the king requests it.

*Mál.* (*Aside*) Alas, I am an offering to the monarch,  
 Presented by my father.

- Kám.* 'Tis most strange,  
 How he could overlook the vast defects  
 Of such alliance—but how can those  
 Feel natural affection for their offspring,  
 Whose souls are sunk in schemes of crooked policy.  
 His only thought is a clearly, to secure,  
 The friendship of the monarch's chosen friend,  
 And boon companion—by his daughter's person.
- Mal.* (*Apart*) The king's regard is all in all with him ;  
 His *Málatí* is nothing.
- Lav.* 'Tis as you say, dame,  
 Or why should our young mistress thus be sacrificed,  
 To age and ugliness.
- Mal.* (*Apart*) Ah, luckless wench,  
 A thunderbolt has struck me to the ground.
- Lav.* To you, she ever has been like a daughter,  
 Save her, dear Lady, from this living death.
- Kám.* What can I aid—Fate and her side alone  
 Exact obedience from a daughter. True,  
*Sakuntalá*, of *Kusika's* high race,  
 Bestowed her love on a self-chosen Lord—  
 The king *Dushyanta*.—A bright nymph of heaven  
 Espoused a mortal monarch, *Pururavas*,\*  
 And the fair princess, *Vásavadattá*, scorned  
 The husband of her father's choice, and fled

\* Although it is possible that reference may be here made to the *Puránas* in which the Stories alluded to, are contained, it seems more likely that *Bhava-bhúti* had in his thoughts the dramas of his predecessor *Káli-dás*. The term used for the narrators, is *Akhyána Vída*, those who know stories, the events of past times, *Puravritta*, which would scarcely have been applied to the inspired author or compiler of the *Puránas*.

With prince *Udayana*\*—So poets tell—  
 But these were desperate acts, and must not be  
 Proposed for imitation. Let the minister,  
 Compleat his will—secure his master's favour;  
 With the rich offering of his daughters peace,  
 And yield this maiden to the sovereign's friend,  
 Like the pale moon, to *Ráhu's* fowl embrace.

*Ava.* Mistress, time passes, it were well to think  
 Of *Mádhava*, who needs your aid.

*Kám.* 'Tis well.

Permit me, Princess, to depart.

*Lav.* One moment. (*aside to Málutí*)

Say, shall I ask the dame, who is the youth,  
 And what his origin ?

*Mál* Do so ; I long to hear it.

\* The story of *Udayana's* carrying off *Vásavadattá* makes a very distinguished figure in the lighter literature of the Hindus, and is very fully detailed in the *Vrihat kathá*, but in the popular version of the story *Udayana* carries off the princess by her father's connivance, and no mention is made of a Rival for her hand, King *Sanjaya* as he is termed, in the text, who was the husband of her father's choice. Neither is the circumstance mentioned by *Subandhu* in his poem of *Vásavadattá*, and indeed he seems to have given the story a new form altogether. My own enquiry confirms the remark of Mr. Colebrooke (*As.* Res. X. 451.) on the passage in the text, that no other trace has been yet found of the story to which *Bhavabhúti* alludes. I am better pleased to bear this testimony, because in consequence of misunderstanding the exact purport of Mr. Colebrooke's remark, I considered him to have overlooked an allusion to the Story of *Udayana* in the *Megha Dáta*, which however is merely general, and therefore throws on light on the passage. It seems probable that the story of *Vásavadattá* underwent some alterations subsequent to the time of *Bhavabhúti*, and the original form is lost.



*Lav.* Inform us pious Dame, what youth is this,  
In whom you shew such interest.

*Kám.* The story though of import, needs no preface :  
The sovereign of *Viderbha* boasts for minister,  
The sage and long experienced *Devaráta*,  
Who bears the burden of the state, and spreads  
Throughout the world, his piety and fame.  
Such as himself your father knows him well,  
For in their youth they were in study joined,  
And trained to learning by the same preceptor ; \*  
And rarely in this world, do we behold  
Such characters as theirs ; whose lofty rank,  
Is the abode of wisdom and of piety,  
Of valour and of virtue ; and whose fame  
Spreads white and spotless through the universe.

*Mal.* I have often heard my father speak of him.

*Kám* Bright as the rising moon, whose silver rays  
First streaming o'er the eastern mountain, charm  
The eyes of all mankind, a son from him  
Has sprung—whose opening virtues early give  
Occasion of rejoicing to the world.  
Now, in his bloom assiduous to collect,  
Ripe store of knowledge, has this youth been sent  
From his paternal mansion to our city.  
Here as he passes, many a lotus eye,  
Shoots from each casement, soul subduing glances,  
But reckless he, along with *Makaranda*,  
His friend and fellow of like years and worth,

\* One or two short speeches of interrupting *Kámandakí's* narra-  
*Lāvāngiká* and *Málatí* have tion.  
been omitted as unnecessarily in-

Pursues his toils — his name is *Mádhava*

*Mál.* (*Apart to Lavangiká*) Heard you my friend.

*Lav.* In truth you have escaped

The perilous ocean, and the tree of heaven

Is now within your reach.

(*The Conch is sounded without*)

*Kam.* These echoing tones,

That through the deep recesses of the palace,

Resounding spread, proclaim the evening hour,

(*They all rise.*)

*Mál.* (*Apart*) Alas, my father, thy ambition spurns

A daughter's happiness—yet in my grief,

Some hope I borrow from the youth's descent,

And trust, we meet again.

*Lav.* This is our way.

*Kam.* (*Apart*) So far so well—an unsuspected messenger,

I have discharged my duty—*Mátalí*

Is tutored to our wishes, and inspired

With hatred of the bridegroom—taught to question

Her father's love, reminded of examples

That vindicate the free choice of a husband.

Her admiration of her youthful lover

Is now approved by his illustrious birth,

And my encomium of his high descent :

All this must strengthen and confirm her passion,

And now their union may be left to fate.

[*Excunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

### THE HOUSE OF KAMANDAKI

ENTER *Buddharakshitá* and *Avalokitá*—Meeting.

*Budd.* Ho, *Avalokitá*, where is our Dame.

*Ava.* Do you not know—Di regarding the season for collecting alms,\* she is ever with the Princess.

*Budd.* And where have you been.

*Ava.* I have been to *Mádhava* by her orders, to tell him to repair to the public garden of the temple of *Sankara*, and place himself in the grove of red *Asoka* trees, that extends to the *Kantaki* bower.

*Budd.* For what purpose.

*Ava.* This is the fourteenth day of the dark fortnight. Persuading the Princess that the God *Sankara* is to be propitiated with offerings of flowers gathered by one's self the Dame takes her, and *Lavagiká* thither, and whilst the former is collecting her oblation, she and *Mádhava* will as it were by accident again encounter: but where are you going.

\* Literally the *Pindapáta vē-* or *Bauddha* mendicant: the *lá* explained to signify the hour word means a lamp or ball of any of going round to collect the viands usually of rice or meal: *Pinda* which is the name given, the same authority adds the the commentator says, to the time is the seventh *Gheri*, which Food collected by the *Saugata*, will be one hour after noon.

*Budd.* I am on my way to my friend *Madayantiká* to accompany her to the temple of *Sankara* also. I looked in to pay my respects to the Priestess.

*Ava.* And how speed you in what you have in hand.

*Budd.* As our mistress could wish—I have won the entire confidence of *Madayantiká* and by expatiating on the suitability and merit of *Makaranda*, have excited in her bosom the most lively affection for him.

*Ava.* This is well—Now to our several duties. [ *Exeunt.* ]

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## SCENE SECOND.

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### THE GARDEN.

ENTER *Kámandakí*.

*Kam.* Poor girl—the lesson I have lately hinted  
Has bowed her lofty spirit, and she seeks  
To win me to her: mournfully she pines  
When I am absent; brightens in my presence,  
Whispers her secret thoughts to me; presents me  
With costly gifts: when I depart she clings  
Around my neck, and only lets me leave her.  
When I have vowed repeatedly return:  
Then on my knee she sits, and bids me tell her  
Again the stories of the nymphs that loved,  
And questions o'er and o'er, with flimsy plea,  
Their fate and conduct—then she silent pauses  
As lost in meditation—'tis enough:  
To-day they meet—Daughter—this way—approach.

ENTER *Málatí* and *Lavangiká*.

*Mal.* (*apart*) Alas, my father loves his child no more,

But offers her a victim to ambition ;  
One hope alone sustains me.

*Lav.* Taste, my friend,

The freshness of the breeze, that sweeps the blossoms,  
And wafts around the *Champaka's* perfume,  
Breathing melodious with the buzz of bees  
That cluster in the buds, and with the song,  
The Koil warbles thick and hurried forth ;  
As on the flowery mango's top he sits,  
And all inebriate with its nectar sings.  
The garden gale comes wooingly to sip  
The drops ambrosial from thy moonlike face.  
Come on, those shades invite us.        (*They retire.*)

ENTER *Mádhava*.

The pious dame is here—her presence fills  
My heart with rapture—so the peafowl hails  
The flash that heralds the approaching shower.  
*Lavangiká* ——— the third ——— 'tis she ———  
'Tis *Málatí* — ah me — a sudden chill  
Permeates my heart, and freezes every faculty,  
To marble turned by her moon beaming countenance,  
Like mountains ice bound, by the gelid ray  
Shot on their summits from the lunar gem.  
How lovely she appears, as o'er her frame  
Like a fast fading wreath, soft langour steals  
And heightens every beauty. Now mine eyes  
Are conscious of their being. As I gaze  
My heart consumes, and love lights all his fires.

(*Approaches unobserved* )

*Mal.* (*advancing.*) Come, *Lavangiká* let us pluck flowers  
From this delightful arbour.

*Kam.* Nay rest my child,  
 Thy languid look, and sleepy eyes evince  
 Already, weariness—one might suspect,  
 Thy form such soft abandonment betrays—  
 A lover's gaze were dwelling on thy beauties.  
 Come sit thee here—I have a tale to tell thee.

*Mal.* You are obeyed\* — (*Sits down by Kámandakí, who passes her hand under Málati's chin so as to hold up her face towards Mádhuva.*)

*Kam.* There was a youth, named *Mádhuva*, who shared  
 With you an equal portion of my heart.

*Lav.* So we have heard.

*Kam.* He, from the luckless day,  
 Of *Káma's* festival, has ceased to be,  
 The master of himself, and though he told not  
 His sorrows to the moon or faithful friend—  
 His changing form, still lovely in decay,  
 Revealed the anguish he disdained to utter.  
 I hastened to his aid, and quickly guessed  
 The cause of his distress, when I was told  
 He had beheld this lovely countenance,  
 The moon that swayed the heaving of his heart,  
 Like the deep waters of the tossing main.

*Mad.* (*behind.*) How well she penetrates my secret.†

*Kam.* Reckless of life, his only pleasures now,  
 Are tasks that feed and aggravate his flame.  
 He gazes on the mango buds—he listens  
 Attentive to the Koils song—he breasts

\* Two or three short speeches more protracted but it interrupts  
 are here omitted. the business and is more techni-

† *Mádhuvas* eulogy is rather cal than poetical.

The breeze impregnate with the flowery fragrances;  
 He hugs the lotus blossoms to his heart  
 And basks beneath the deadly lunar beam—  
 This first fond passion preys upon my son  
 And soon, I fear, cuts short his gentle being.\*

*Mal.* (To *Lavangiká.*)

Why does the dame alarm me thus with fear  
 For life so dear to all: what can I say.

*Lav* (To *Kámandaki.*)

You are not terrified alone—like fears  
 Pervade us for the princess—she has often  
 Beheld the youth, as by the palace walls  
 His course has frequent chance:—since when she  
 pines.

As droops the lotus on its slender stem  
 Beneath the scorching sun: her youthful sports  
 Delight no more: pensive apart she sits  
 Whole days, her cheek upon her hand reclined.  
 We fondly hoped those looks that were exchanged  
 In *Káma's* grove, when like the present God  
 The youthful *Mádhava* appeared to grace  
 Love's festival, amidst his blooming votaries,  
 Would dissipate this melancholy mood,  
 And cheer her heart with hope—but passion since  
 Intenser rages in her tender heart,  
 And threatens her existence—oh! befriend us,  
 If but a moment she could view the youth,  
 E'en that, were such relief, as earth receives,  
 When parched by sultry suns, she drinks revived

\* Two short speeches of *Mádhava* and *Málati* are here omitted.

The bland and life-bestowing dew's of heaven.  
 The hapless state of *Málatí* affrights us,  
 Unfit to struggle with the sports of destiny.  
 Do thou exert thy powers, and then the pair,  
 Who claim alike thy pity and regard,  
 Redeemed from death, shall prosper in their loves.\*

*Kam.* My heart is filled with sorrow and delight :  
 I pity her sad state, even whilst I joy,  
 To find her justly conscious of desert.

*Lav.* Behold these proofs, this picture of her Lord.

(*Opening the garment over her breast.*)

And this decaying wreath, strung by his hands,  
 Dear as her life, thus cherished in her bosom.

*Mad.* How enviable its fate—thus like a banner,  
 Floating triumphant o'er that lovely breast,  
 And clinging like a friend around her neck.

(*A noise behind.*)

“ What ho, beware—in youthful strength and sport  
 The Tiger in the Temple's porch confined,  
 Has burst his iron cage, and roams at large,  
 With tail high waving like a banner—vast  
 And mighty limbed, he stalks along the groves.  
 Now in the midst of mangled forms his paw  
 As ponderous as the thunderbo't, has felled,  
 The monster stands – and in his maw engulphs  
 Wide as a cave, the quivering flesh, or grinds  
 The cracking bones with hard sharp pointed teeth—  
 From his deep throat, he roars in thunder loud

† *Lavangiká's* speech is in the original so extremely diffuse and contains so many repetitions and obscurities that by much the most considerable portion of it has been omitted.



And men and beasts fly trembling from the echo ;

Begrimed with blood and dust he follows fast

\* And plies insatiate his death dealing talons—

Look to your lives—as best you may, avoid him.”

*Buddharakshita.* (*Without.*) Alas ! alas, my dear friend

*Madayantiká.* (*rushes in.*)

Oh save us, save us ; *Madayantiká,*

Our friend, the sister of the Minister,

Is singled out and hunted by the tiger.

*Mal.* Oh—horror.

*Madh.* (*Rushing forward.*) Where is the savage.

*Mal.* (*With delight—apart.*) He here.

*Madh.* Now am I blessed indeed ; her gaze surprised

Dwells greedily upon my presence, and enchains me

In flowery bonds, falls on my heart like balm.

And sheds a shower of heavenly nectar o'er me.

*Lav.* Can we not quit the garden.

*Madh.* Follow me. (*going.*)

*Kam.* Beware my son. Though valiant be not rash.

*Mal.* (*Apart to Lavaugiká.*) I tremble now.

*Madh.* A moment pause. I mark the savage spread

Dismay—his course is marked with carcasses

And all his steps sink deep in mire and gore.

Oh horror—we are distant—now he views

A maid—she flies—he follows.

\* This description is also *ranga gamgaluggar abhivrida* somewhat compressed : the original *Prakrit* is very powerful although too much laboured and abounding more than enough thwialliteration *ex.gr. Nara tu-* *gata - guhá gabbha gamdhira ghaggharo valli*—Roaring with a loud roar from the depth of the cavern of a throat filled with the flesh of men and steeds.

*All.* *Maduyantiká.*

*Kam.* Behold a youth advances—now he stoops  
To grasp a fallen sword.

*Mad.* He throws himself,  
Brave youth, before the tiger : 'tis my friend ;  
'T is *Makaranda.*

*All.* Noble valiant youth.

*Madh.* Alas—the beast has wounded him.

*Kam.* Joy—Joy ; the Savage falls.

*All.* What fate have we escaped.

*Kam.* My generous son—he bleeds profusely :  
Supported by the trembling maid, he rests  
Upon his sword, along whose ruddy blade  
The trickling torrent reddens to the ground.

*Madh.* He faints—help holy Dame—preserve my friend.

*Kam.* Fear not, fear not, but hasten to his succor.

*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.\*

### THE SAME SCENE.

*Mádhava and Makaranda brought on by the women insensible.*

*Mal.* (*To Kám.*) Befriend him pious dame—oh save this youth,

Who to preserve my life has risked his own

*The others.* What should we do.

*Kan.* Sprinkle o'er their limbs,

The water of this Ewer, and fan their faces,

With your light robes.

(*They fan the youths and cast water from the Dame's*

*Kamandalu or waterpot carried by an Ascetic.*)

*Mak.* (*Sighs and looks up*)

Why thus alarmed my friend—I am well

Quite well.

*Mad.* (*With delight*) Ah me—he is restored

*Mál.* (*Puts her hand to Mádhavá's forehead.*) *Lavangiká,*

How, happy you, your friend again is conscious.

*Madh.* (*Reviving*) Rash youth—where are you—here to my heart.

(*They embrace—Kamandaki hangs over them*†)

\* An act is therefore constituted by the exit of all the performers after a sufficient interval, and not by mere change of scene.

† Literally—smells their heads, a mode of expressing intense affection—parental yearning—still common in India—and a very ancient oriental practice however odd it may appear to European notions: it was perhaps rather the result of this practice than chance

*Kám.* I revive (*They all express delight*)

*Lav.* We all partake your joy

*Budd.* (*Apart to Madayantika*) You know methinks  
your brave deliverer.

*Mad.* The friend of *Mádhava* :\* I know it all.

*Budd.* Have I not spoke him truly

*Mad.* Were his worth

Less than it shews, you had not so described him.

(*To Málali*) Methinks dear friend yon graceful youth's  
deportment

Betrays some lurking passion—(*Turns to look at Ma-*  
*karanda.*)

*Kam.* (*Observing them, apart*) And it seems :

That form, with heightened interest is invested,

By that which destiny to-day has wrought.

(*Aloud to Makaranda*) Tell us, my son, by what propi-  
tious chance,

Conducted to this grove, you came to save

The life of this dear maid.

*Mak.* I came to seek

My friend, directed to the grove of *Káma*

By *Avalokitá*, and charged with news

I gathered in *Hemant* † and the which

I fear will little please him—when I saw

that Isaac notices the smell of catchesher regarding him as a hus-  
Jacob's person, "and he came near band.

and kissed him, and smelled the † The expression is *Hemanta*  
smell of his raiment, and blessed *Nagara* or the town of *Hemanta*;  
him and said; See, the smell of neither of the commentators  
my son is as the smell of a field offer any remark on the name  
which the Lord hath blessed." which should be that of some

\* Her avoiding his name indi- part of *Ougein*.

This noble maiden flying from the wrath  
Of you ferocious animal.

*Kam.* (*Apart*) 'Tis time

To pledge the faith of *Malúti*. (*aloud*) My son,  
(*To Mádhava.*)

For that I am most happy, that your friend  
Is safe from harm—do you, on my behalf,  
Present some token of regard to *Málati*

*Madh.* Most willingly -- but be it for myself:

To her, I owe recovery from the mist,  
The peril of my friend spread o'er my senses ;  
And for returning consciousness, I pledge her,  
A free will offering each—my heart, my life.

*Lav.* I answer for my friend—she deems the gifts  
Deserving her acceptance—

*Mad.* (*Apart*) On my word

The youth knows when to proffer what is sure  
To meet with willing ears.

*Mal.* (*Apart*) But this news ;

What should it be to render him unhappy.

*Madh.* Now *Makaranda* tell us what you heard,  
That threatened to displease me.

ENTER *A messenger*.\*

*Mess.* (*To Maday.*) Lady, the minister, your brother *Nandana*

Desires your presence—It has pleased the King,

In person to announce, that *Bhúriyasu*

Consents this day to give him *Málati*:

He wills you therefore come, and share his happiness.

*Mak.* He brings you my intelligence.

\* The order is given behind the Scenes in the original.

(*Málatí and Mádhava express their despair*)

*Mad.* (*Embracing Málatí—*)

My dearest friend, this is indeed delightful.  
One city saw our birth; our infant sports  
And opening youth have ever found us friends;  
And now you are my sister—and the pride,  
Of our illustrious house.

*Kám.* In truth my child,

Fate is propitious when she grants your brother,  
A bride like this

*Mad.* We rather thank your prayers.

My friend *Lavangiká*, our every wish  
Is gratified, now we obtain your princess.

*Lav.* It may be : we have no concern with it.

*Mad.* Come wench, (*to Buddharakshitá*) let's hasten and  
get every thing

In order for the bridal.

*Budd.* I attend you (*They rise.*)

*Lav.* (*Apart to Kám.*) This interchange of looks, from  
eyes that roll

Like the soft tremulous lotus, and express  
The dear emotions, and the new delights,  
That fill and agitate the heart, reveal  
This couple conscious of the like desire.

(*Makarandí and Malayantiká*)

*Kám.* No doubt, they taste like pleasure from the look

Soft repeated, and the furtive glance,  
Tells a plain story; side long and slow the eye  
Glides to the angle of the drooping lids,  
Half closed by passion's birth; the brow is raised  
In gentle curve, and the loose veiling lashes,

Tremble in soft abandonment : all speaks  
The inward consciousness of new delight.

*Madh.* (to *Budd.*) Sure I shall see again this graceful  
youth,

The Saviour of my life.

*Budd.* If fate so pleases.

[*Exeunt with attendant.*]

*Mad.* (*Apart*) Now let the thread of hope, long idly cherished,

Snap like the fibre of the lotus stem.

Come boundless anguish, but by death relieved,

And frantic grief : be destiny appeased,

And love work all his vengeance. Adverse fate,

Delights to aggravate my woes, and mocks me

With disappointment, after I have won,

No common prize, affection like my own.

I marked her as she heard her father's will :

Pale as the moon before the morning sun,

Her lovely countenance revealed her sorrows,

And added sharper poignancy to mine.

*Kam.* (*Apart*) I cannot bear his grief ; and hope destroyed—

Life is a burthen. (*aloud*) *Mádhava*, my son.

'Tell me, have you indulged the expectation ;

The minister would give his daughter to you.

*Madh.* (*bashfully*) No, never, never.

*Kam.* Then were you ill apprised

Of past occurrences.

*Mak.* What mean you dame,

That *Málatí* already is betrothed.

*Kám.* You know what you have heard ; to all 'tis known,

That when the Monarch for his favourite sued ;  
 The minister, replied—Your majesty,  
 Is master of your own —————.

*Mál.* So rumor goes.

*Kám.* To-day we learn the king has given *Málatí*,  
 As if she were his own ; but mark me Son ;  
 The bond of human actions is good faith,  
 And promises controul the acts of men :  
 In speech, the seeds of good and ill reside,  
 And all events are upon words dependant.  
 Do you not see, in *Bhúrivasu's* answer,  
 A covert import lies, for *Málatí*  
 Is not the daughter of the Sovereign ;  
 Nor law, nor social decency, acknowledges  
 A monarch's will as the authority  
 To regulate a daughter's bridal compact.  
 Fie on it—It is not to be thought of—  
 And more, my son—Doubt you my vigilance.  
 Why then alarm the tender child with fears,  
 Of such a fate, I would not wish your foes—  
 Confide in me—I will not spare my pains,  
 Nor life, if it be needed to secure  
 Your union with the maiden.

*Mak.* Well resolved.

Their union is most suitable—your heart  
 Most holy dame, though from the world estranged,  
 Is softened still with pity and affection  
 Towards these thy children, and thy active love  
 Howe'er opposed to penance and devotion,  
 Shall like the will of destiny prevail.



ENTER a Messenger.

The Queen commands you, dame, with speed conduct  
The Lady *Málatí* to the palace.

*Kím.* Daughter come.

*Mád. and Mál.* (*interchange looks and sighs*)

*Madh.* (*Apart*) Out on the world's vicissitudes.

Fate like a friend first shews my blooming maid  
With tender passion like my own inspired ;  
Then with capricious fickleness afflicts,  
My heart with deeper anguish.

*Mál.* (*Apart*) Come what may ;

This happiness is mine, I have beheld him.

*Lav.* This barbarous minister has taught my friend  
To hate her being.

*Mál.* (*Apart*) Love of life has borne

Its fruits mature—my father's cruelty,  
Stern as the offerer of human sacrifice,  
And fate, alike relentless, have achieved  
Their task. Ah me, unhappy, to what friend,  
To what kind refuge, can I now repair.

[*Exit with Kúmandakí and Lavangiká.*]

*Madh.* I fear me much, the hope the dame encouraged,  
Sprang from the dread she entertained for her,  
Whom she has loved from birth. My luckless days  
Will bear I doubt no fruit. What's to be done (*thinking.*)  
Apply to horrid mysteries, what else  
Remains. (*to Makaranda*) How now, my friend,  
methinks you grieve  
For *Madayantiká*.

*Mak.* 'Tis even so :

My mind recalls her timid wild embrace,

When fearful as the tender fawn, she clung,  
 With limbs diffusing nectar on my wounds,  
 Around me, heedless of her loose attire.

*Madh.* She will be yours, for *Buddhurakshitá*,  
 Your friend is hers, and whom should she affect,  
 But you whom she embraced as her preserver ;  
 Snatched by your prowess from the monster's fangs,  
 Nor did her looks proclaim you were a stranger.  
 The fond regard those lotus eyes expressed,  
 Was clearly no new lesson.

*Mak.* Let us hence.

Bathe where the *Sindhu* and the *Púra* meet,  
 And then reseek the town.

( *They rise and proceed.* )

This is the Spot.

The union of the streams, whose favoured bank,  
 Beholds the fairest of *Ujjayini's*\* daughters,  
 Forego their robes, and with their tender hands  
 Veiling imperfectly their charms, commit  
 Their lovely bosoms to the friendly wave.—

\* This term fixes the sense in *Púra* may possibly be the same  
 which *Padmávatí* is used ; the as the *Sipra*.  
*Sindhu* is the *Kali Sind*. The

## ACT V.

SCENE.—THE FIELD IN WHICH DEAD BODIES ARE BURNED  
IN THE VICINITY OF A TEMPLE.

ENTER *in the air in a heavenly car and in a hideous garb.*

KAPALAKUNDALA.

Glory to *Saktináth*,\* upon whose steps,  
The mighty goddesses attend—† whom seek  
Successfully alone the firm of thought.  
He crowns the lofty aims of those, who know,  
And hold, his form, as the pervading spirit,  
That, one with their own essence, makes his seat  
The heart, the lotus centre of the sphere‡  
Sixfold, by ten nerves circled. Such am I.  
Freed from all perishable bonds I view,  
The eternal soul embodied as the God,

\* The Lord of *Sakti* or the divine energy under a female personification: in this sense *Sakti* is applicable to every goddess, but it is more especially the name of *Bharáni*, and her lord or husband is *Siva*. as *Bhairava*, the terrific and destructive deity, who is propitiated by offerings of wine and flesh.

\* The *Nári chakra* the heart as the centre of the circle of the different organs and tubular vessels along which the vital air or spirit is conveyed, and this spirit being one with *Siva* (*Sarvam Siva Mayam*) his form or nature (*Rúpa*) may be said to be seated in the heart. The six organs are the ear, the navel,

Forced by my spells\* to tread the mystic labyrinth,  
 And rise in splendour throned upon my heart.  
 Hence through the many channelled veins I draw  
 \*The grosser elements of this mortal body,  
 And soar unwearied through the air, dividing  
 The water-shedding clouds—Upon my flight,  
 Horrific honors wait—the hollow skull  
 That low descending from my neck depend,  
 Emit fierce music as they clash together,

the heart, the throat, the palate and the eye, brow. The *Naris* or tubes are, 101 in number but ten are principal, *Ila*, *Pingalá* *Sushumná*, *Gandhári*, *Hastijihwá* *Púshá*, *Aruná*, *Alambushá*, *Guhá*, *Sankhini*—These all unite in the heart. These notions belong to the *Yoga*. According to other doctrines, and the more obvious meaning of the original text, there are sixteen principal *Náris*. To those who have thus discovered the actual presence of divine spirit in themselves the deity *Síva* gives the eight *Siddhis*. *Mahimá* the faculty of enlarging the bulk; *Laghimá* that of making it light; *Animá* that of making it small or atomic; *Prakámya*, the power of gratifying passion; *Vasitá*—that of subjecting all; *Isitá* supreme sway; *Prápti*—the faculty of reaching or grasping objects however remote, and *Kámavasáytvam* the destruction of natural desire.

† Fixed by the *Nyása*; which is a form of gesticulation made with a short and mystic prayer to the heart, the head, the crown of the head and the eye, as *Om Sírase Namah*. *Om*; salutation to the head—with the addition of the *Kavacha* the armour or syllable *Phat*, and the *Astra* the weapon or syllable *Hum*. The entire *Mantra*, the prayer or incantation, is then, *Om Sírase Namah, Hum, Phat*.

† Agreeably to the text *Abhyását Pasyate Suryam Paramátmánam Atmánam*. By practice (of the *Yoga*) he (the adept) beholds his own soul, the Supreme soul, as the sun.

\* According to some the five senses, or sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch, or the five Elements, Earth, air, water, fire, and *Akás* or ether.

Or strike the trembling plates that gird my loins.  
 Loose stream on every side my woven locks  
 In lengthening braids—Upon my powderous staff,  
 The string of bells light waving to and fro,  
 Jangles incessantly—my Banner floats  
 Up borne upon the wailing breeze, whose tone  
 Is deepened by the echoes it awakes,  
 Amidst the caverns of each fleshless skull,  
 That hangs in dread array around my person.

(*alights and looks about*)

I scent the temple of *Karálá*—near  
 The cemetery, and perfumed of old  
 By fragrant odours from the funeral pile—  
 It is my present object—for to day,  
 My wise preceptor, great *Aghoraghanta*,  
 Calls me to aid him in the powerful rite  
 That terminates his toils—to-day he offers  
 The promised gift—the gem of woman kind,  
 A victim to the Goddess. In this city,  
 The damsel dwells—and I must make her mine.

*Looking out.*

But who comes hitherward—of pleasing form,  
 With braided hair and in one hand a sword;  
 The other—ha—it braves the world's restraints,  
 And soiled with blood determinately grasps  
 A lump of human flesh—and now I look,  
 I know the youth—'tis *Mádkava* the son  
 Of the old dame *Kamandakī's* dear friend.  
 What makes him vender of the flesh of man—  
 It matters not; Now to my work; for see  
 The hour of twilight hovers o'er the west.  
 Along the skirts of the horizon steal

The winding glooms like dark *Tamála* blossoms,  
 And earth's far bounds are lost as if immersed  
 In nascent waters—to the woods young night  
 Her own yet gentle shade imparts, as if  
 A wreath of smoke were wafted through the air,  
 And spread abroad in mist before the breeze.

*Exit.*

ENTER *Mádhava*.

May those endearments yet be mine, that spring  
 From young affection and the dawn of passion,  
 Now first awakened in my *Málatí*;  
 Which for an instant only to imagine,  
 Inspires my heart with extacy unsullied,  
 By all impure admixture—'twere enough,  
 To be enfolded in her arms, to lean  
 My face upon her cheek, or to be prest  
 Against her firm and palpitating bosom,  
 Fragrant with perfume, and with pearls adorned.  
 Yet this is too remote: I will but ask  
 To see her face, the shrine of love, once more.  
 Once more—Ah no; for ever in my view,  
 She lives—assiduous memory constant turns  
 To cherished hopes, and fed by hourly thoughts,  
 One sole idea, engrosses every sense,  
 Till all my inmost soul is *Málatí*.\*

\* The obvious purport of this verse is clear enough, but reference is intended by the original to the practice of identifying the individual spirit with the Supreme Spirit by the intensity of abstract meditation, agreeably to the *Sánkhya* philosophy, and without having corresponding terms to those employed, a close and intelligible translation is impracticable. Part of the preceding, and a subsequent verse have been omitted,

*(A Noise Behind.)*

Now wake the terrors of the place,\* beset  
 With crowding and malignant fiends ; the flames  
 From funeral pyres scarce lend their sullen light,  
 Clogged with their fleshly prey, to dissipate  
 The fearful gloom that hems them round. Pale ghosts  
 Sport with foul goblins, and their dissonant mirth  
 In shrill respondent shrieks is echoed round.  
 Well, be it so. I seek, and must address them.  
 Demons of ill, and disembodied spirits,  
 Who haunt this spot ; I bring you flesh for sale.  
 The flesh of man † untouched by trenchant steel, ‡

as weakening the general effect of the passage. The first describes *Málati's* face in the customary strain, and in the latter *Mádhava* observes that *Málati* is as firmly united with his heart as if sewed to it, with the strong threads of recollection, pinned to it, with the shafts of *Káma*, melted in it, reflected by it, inscribed or engraven on it, set or planted in it, or fixed to it by diamond glue (*F'ajra lepa*)—the verse is curious as illustrative of the progress of the arts. The last is said to be a union of all valuable articles externally, as diamonds, &c. so that they cannot be detached, but how this is effected is not explained. Each of these terms, is said by Jagad-dhara to bear also a metaphysical sense, and to refer to the different scholastic notions of the

mode in which the mind that perceives, and the object of perception, are combined so as to produce consciousness.

\* The *Smasán*, the place where bodies are burnt ; temples of *Durgá* in some of her terrific forms were usually erected in or near it, and monuments of stone or brick were not unfrequently reared where the pile had stood.

† This was a necessary condition : for the goblins, to the great discredit of their taste we must presume, would not condescend to eat female flesh.

‡ Flesh cut off with a weapon, was in disrepute on account of its being too common, in consequence of the number of men killed in battle ; it does not appear how our hero comes by his merchandise.

And worthy your acceptance. (*A great noise.*)

How, the noise

High, shrill, and indistinct, of chattering sprites

Communicative fills the charnel ground.

Strange forms like foxes flit along the sky ;

From the red hair of their lank bodies, darts

The meteor blaze ; or from their mouths that stretch

From ear to ear thick set with numerous fangs,

Or eyes or beards or brows, the radiance streams.

And now I see the goblin host : each stalks,

On legs like palm trees, a gaunt skeleton,

Whose fleshless bones are bound by starting sinews,

And scantily cased in black and shrivelled skin :

Like tall and withered trees by lightning scathed

They move, and as amidst their sapless trunks,

The mighty serpent curls—so in each mouth

Wide yawning rolls, the vast blood dripping tongue\*

They mark my coming, and the half chewed morsel

Falls to the howling wolf—and now they fly.

(*Pauses and looking round.*)

Race—dastardly as hideous—All is plunged

In utter gloom. (*considering*) The River flows before me,

The boundary of the funeral ground, that winds

Through mouldering bones its interrupted way.

Wild raves the torrent as it rushes past,

And rends its crumbling banks ; the wailing Owl

Hoots through its skirting groves, and to the sounds,

The loud long moaning Jackall yells reply.

*Behold* Ah cruel father, she you meant an offering

\* The author indulges here in European taste to be faithfully followed.  
a strain of powerful but disgusting description, too revolting to



To the king's favor, now deserted dies.

*Madh.* (*Alarmed*) What voice was that : so musical and  
wind,

That sounds like the affrighted osprey's cry.

It bursts not unfamiliar to mine ear ;

And penetrates my soul : my throbbing heart

Faint dies within me, and a lifeless chill

Steals along every limb ; my tottering steps,

Can scarce sustain their load : what should this be—

The dreadful sound came from *Karalá's* fane,

Fit scene for deeds of horror—be it so—

I must be satisfied—

[*Rushes off*]

---

SCENE.

---

INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE OF *Chámundá*.\*

---

*Aghoraghanta, Kapálakundalá.*

*Málatí* DRESSED AS A VICTIM.

*Mal.* Unpitying sire—thy hapless daughter dies.

Mother beloved ; remorseless fate consigns

Thy gentle heart to agony. Reversed

\* *Chámundá* was an emanation most respects with the allusions of the goddess *Durgá*, springing in the text. "From the forehead of *Ambiká* contracted with the Demons *Chanda* and *Munda*, detached to seize the latter by wrathful frowns sprang swiftly the sovereign of the *Daityas*, forth a goddess black and of formidable aspect, armed with a scymitar and noose, bearing a ponderous mace, and decorated with a garland of dead corpses, which is thus described in the *Markandeya Purana*, accords in —robed in the hide of an ele-

And holy dame who lived but for thy *Málatí*,  
 Whose every thought was for her happiness,  
 Thy love will teach thee long and bitter anguish.  
 Ah, my dear friend, *Lavangiká*, to thee,  
 But in thy dreams I henceforth shall appear—  
*Madh.* (*Enters Behind*) My fears were true—'tis she—  
 but still she lives.

*Aghora* (*Running round quickly as in \*worship*)

Hail—Hail—*Chámundá*, mighty Goddess hail!  
 I glorify thy sport, when in the dance,\*  
 That fills the court of *Siva* with delight,  
 Thy foot descending spurns the earthly Globe.  
 Beneath the weight the broad backed tortoise reels;†  
 The ‡egg of *Brahmá* trembles at the shock;  
 And in a yawning chasm, that gapes like hell,

phant, dry and withered and hideous with yawning mouth and lolling tongue and blood shot eyes, and filling the regions with her shouts." Having slain the demons she bore their heads to her parent goddess, who told her that having slain *Chanda* and *Munda* she should thence forth be known on earth as *Chámundá*. She is also termed *Káli* from her black colour, and *Karálá* or *Karálábadaná* from her hideous countenance.

\* The stage direction is *Treatam parikrámatí* which may also mean only proceeding quickly, but the limits of the stage must restrict this motion, and the act of circumambulating an object of

worship or respect is an essential part of the homage to be offered.

\* This dance is the counterpart of that which *Siva* himself is supposed to perform, and of which notice was taken at the opening of the play. In this rite the Pride of *Sivá* is described only in her terrific form as *Chámundá*, in which she is invested with a garb ornaments and attributes, similar to those of *Siva* himself, or with those of *Káli*.

† The Earth is in some legends supposed to rest upon the back of a tortoise.

‡ The Egg of *Brahmá* is the world, the Orphic or mundane Egg which floated amidst the

The sevenfold main\* tumultuously rushes.

The elephant hide that robes thee, to thy steps  
Swings to and fro—the whirling talons rend  
The crescent on thy brow—from the torn orb  
The trickling nectar falls, and every skull  
That gems thy necklace laughs with horrid life—  
Attendant spirits tremble and applaud.  
The mountain falls before thy powerful arms,  
Around whose length the sable serpents twine  
Their swelling forms, and knit terrific bands,  
Whilst from the hood expanded, frequent flash  
Invenomed flames—

As rolls thy awful head,  
The lowering eye that glows amidst thy brow, †  
A fiery circle designates, that wraps  
The spheres within its terrible circumference :  
Whilst by the banner on thy dreadful staff,  
High waved, the stars are scattered from their orbits.  
The three eyed God exults in the embrace,

water before creation, and from which *Brahmá* the first horn emerged according to some legends, but which according to others merely resolved itself into the upper and lower spheres.

\* According to the Geography of the *Puránas* the Earth consists of a series, of a central circle and six other annular continents, separated from each other by as many oceans of different fluid substances.

† In the different terrific forms

of *Sivá* and *Durgá* a necklace of skulls forms an invariable decoration as does the crescent or half moon on the forehead, and as we have before had occasion to observe the moon is considered to be the peculiar reservoir of *Amrita* or the beverage of immortality.

‡ The eye in the forehead is one peculiar characteristic of *Siva* and of his consort when armed with his terrors.

Of his fair Spouse, as *Gauri* sinks appal led,  
 By the distracting cries of countless fiends,  
 Who shout thy praise—Oh may such dance afford,  
 Whate'er we need—what e'er may yield us happiness.\*

*Mahd.* (*Behind*) What luckless chance is this, that such a  
 maid,

With crimson garb and garland like a victim,†  
 Adorned for sacrifice, should be the captive  
 Of impious wretches,‡ like a timid fawn  
 Begirt by ravenous wolves: that she, the child  
 Of the all powerful minister, should lie  
 Thus in the jaws of death—Ah, cruel destiny—  
 How ruthless are thy purposes—

\* *Jagaddhara* is rather shocked to think that these praises of *Chamunda* should fail of producing their due effect but consoles himself by the reflexion that the worshippers were disappointed of their object either on account of their wickedness, or their inaccurate pronunciation of some part of the ritual.

\* We had occasion to notice these paraphernalia more particularly in the *Mrichchakatī*: in like manner the ordinary victims of the Greeks were adorned with crowns and garlands—as were human victims: as thus in the *Clouds*, in the scene between *Socrates* and *Strepsiadēs*;

*Socr.* Now take this chaplet—wear it.

*Strep.* Why this chaplet?

Wouldst make of me another *Athamas*.

And sacrifice me to a cloud.

So also in the *Heraclidæ*, *Macaria* when offering herself as a victim to secure the triumph of the Athenians, exclaims,

“To the scene of death.

Conduct, with garlands crown me.”

The Translator of *Euripides* also observes, that human sacrifices at their first origin appear to have consisted of virgins or young men in the state of celibacy, and in this respect the selection of *Málitī* offers another analogy,

\* *Pashanda* and *Chandála* heretics and out casts—these epithets indicate little respect for the worshippers of *Durgá* and

*Kap.* Fair maid,

Think upon him whom thou in life hast loved,  
For pitiless death is near thee—

*Mál.* Ah *Mádhava*,

Lord of my heart. Oh may I after death,  
Live in thy memory—They do not die,  
Whom love embalms in long and fond remembrance.

*Kap.* Poor child—her heart is *Mádhava's*—no matter—

Come what come may—we must delay no longer.

*Aghor.* (*Raising his sword*) This offering vowed to thee,  
divine *Chámundá*,

Deign to accept—

*Mudh.* (*Rushes forward and snatches Málátí up in his arms*)

Vile wretch, forbear.

*Kap.* The term

Profane, is thine.

*Mal.* Oh save me, save me (*embracing Mádhava*)

*Madh.* Princess do not fear.

A faithful friend, who in the hour of death,  
Finds courage to declare his love, is near thee—  
Be of good courage—on this impious wretch,  
The retribution of his crimes descends.

*Agho.* What sinful youth is this that interrupts

Our solemn rite.

*Kap.* The lover of the Maiden,

The pupil of *Kámandákí*, who treads,

their application so publicly which he gives the texts; they are declared, would lead us to infer “Let him not eat from the leaf that the author’s sentiments were of the asclepias nor slay a female those of his age—*Jagaddhara* nor child” and “Females of states that in the rite two legal every description of being, it is prohibitions are violated of well known, are not to be slain.”

These precincts for unholy purposes.  
And vends the flesh of man.

*Madh.* Inform me Princess,  
How has this chanced.

*Mal.* I know not I reposed,  
At eve upon the terrace : when I woke,  
I found myself a prisoner — But what led  
Your steps to this retreat.

*Malh.* (*Ashamed*) By passion urged,  
Incited by the hope my life might be,  
Yet blest by this fair hand, I hither came,  
'To invoke the unclean spirits of the dead.  
Your cries I heard, and instant hurried here.

*Mal.* And wert thou thus regardless of thyself,  
And wandering here for me.

*Madh.* Blest was the chance,  
That snatched my love from the uplified sword,  
Like the pale moon from *Ráhu's*\* ravenous jaws.  
My mind is yet with various passions tossed,  
And terror, pity, wonder, joy and rage,  
By turns possess my soul.

*Agho.* Rash Brahman boy,  
Thou seek'st thy fate—the pitying stag defies  
The tiger in the rescue of his doe,  
And both are made the forest monarch's prey—  
So shalt thou perish, who dar'st hope to save  
The victim of my sacrifice. Thy blood,  
As flies the severed head before my scymitar,  
Shall stream an offering to the mighty mother  
Of all created beings.

\* The node or dragon's head moon is the supposed cause of whose attempt to swallow the Eclipses.

*Madh.* Wretch accursed,

Impious and vile. Couldst thou raise thy sword  
Against this delicate frame, that timid shrunk,  
Even from the flowers her fond companions cast,  
In sportive mood upon her : but my arm  
Like †*Yama's* mace now falls upon thy head.

*Mál.* (to *Madhava*) Lord of my life, refrain from violence :  
His crime is baffled, let him be. Avoid  
All needless peril.

*Kap.* (to *Aghora*) Holy Sir—be firm,  
Destroy the culprit.

*Madh.* and *Agho* ;\* (to the women) Banish your alarms  
The villain dies—what other chance should wait  
The issue of the contest, when the Lion,  
Whose talons light upon the elephant's brow,  
As falls the thunderbolt upon the mountain,  
Raises their might against the feeble deer.

*A noise behind.*

What ho—ye who are now in search of *Málalí* !  
The venerable Priestess, whose commands,  
Are ever wise, enjoins ye to surround,  
The Temple of *Keralá*—this can be  
The act of none but him who ministers  
To the terrific Goddess, and the Princess,  
Can be an offering for no other shrine.

*Kap.* We are surrounded.

† *Yama* is the Regent of hell and judge of the dead, he rides upon a buffalo and is armed with a ponderous mace.

\* We are familiar with such consentaneous declaration in the Italian opera but not in the re-

cited Drama. It is common however in Spanish plays for two or three characters to speak together in the same words with such trifling modifications as may be necessary to render them applicable to the speaker.

*Agho.* Greater is the need  
Of manly resolution.

*Mal.* My dear father,  
My venerable mistress.

*Madh.* I will place  
The Princess out of peril with her friends,  
Then swift return for vengeance. (*he carries Málalí off  
and returns confronting Aghoraghanta*)  
Now let the falchion piece meal hew thy form  
Ring on thy bones, and cleave thy sinewy joints,  
Sport in the yielding marrow, and divide,  
Resistless in its fury, limb from limb.

*Exeunt fighting.\**

\* The Hindu theatre is as particular as the French in prohibiting the exhibition of death upon the stage--the commentator observes, the combatants disappear *Álakē sákshád badh* *ánabhidhánat* from its not being allowed to represent slaughter visibly in a drama, agreeably to the Horatian precept--*‘Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.’*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.



## ACT VI.

### A PUBLIC PLACE.

ENTER *Kapálakundalá*.

Alas—the cruel *Mádhava* has slain,  
My venerable Master, in the cause  
Of *Mábuti*—In vain, I strove to stay  
His ruthless hand ; he spurned my supplications.  
What now remains—vengeance—Yes, *Mádhava*,  
Thou yet shall feel my fury — no repose  
Can the Destroyer of the serpent brood,  
Expect to taste — the mother snake retains,  
Her wrath unmitigated, whets her fangs,  
And hoards her venom. wakeful for revenge.

(*Without*)

Ho, warriors, haste, be quick in preparation  
Appointed by the Elders—Let the *Brahmans*  
Recite auspicious strains—Let all devise,  
Ingenious shows and fitting invocations  
Propitiating fate—for near at hand,  
The bridegroom train approaches—Till they come,  
Obedient to the holy dame's injunctions,  
The stately line of noble Ladies leads.  
The maiden to the Temple of the deity\*

\* According to the Hindus, every city has its own *Sri*, its own fortune or prosperity which in former times seems to have been represented by an image with a temple of its own—the practice amongst the ancients of considering a

city under the protection of some well known divinity is more familiar to us, but an analogous superstition with that of the Hindus also prevailed amongst the polytheists of Europe. Thus in the Seven chiefs before *Thebes* ; The

That guards our walls, to pray that nought molest  
No evil interrupt the happy rite.

Quick—let a guard in rich caparison  
Arrayed, upon the brilliant train attend.

*Kap.* 'Tis well—I will keep vigilant watch,  
And in the bustle of this marriage feast,  
I may perchance some fit occasion seize,  
To wreak my vengeance upon *Mádhava*.

*Exit.*

SCENE SECOND.

INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE.

ENTER *Kalahansa*.

I was ordered by my Master who is concealed within the  
shrine here with his friend *Makaranda*, to go and see whe-  
ther the Lady *Málatí* leads the procession to this Temple.  
I shall delight him.

ENTER *Mádhava* and *Makaranda*.

*Mád.* How wil this end—from the first day I saw  
The lovely maid, events succeeding add

<p><i>Theban</i> women seek their shrines of the Gods who are the guardians of the city. Yet therefore to the ancient images Confiding in their sacred power I ran, When at the gates sharp sleet of arrow shower Drove hard; my fears impelled me to implore The blest Gods to protect the city's strength. N. B. And <i>Virgil</i> states that on the fall of Troy the Deities</p>	<p>who had protected the empire departed from the shrines, <i>Exces- sere omnis adytis arisque relictis</i> <i>Dii, quibus imperium hoc ste- terat.</i> <i>Æn. 2.</i> The Gods that <i>Æneas</i> car- ried with him to Rome appear to have been of this order, the Penates of Troy. <i>Effugies sacrá divum Phry- giúque Penates.</i> The Public Penates were those who presided over for- resses and cities—</p>
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Fresh fuel to my passion—and to day  
 The crisis comes—will the sage dame's device,  
 Secure me bliss, or end in disap ointment.

*Mak.* Fear not my friend—her wisdom cannot fail.

*Kal.* (*Approaches*) My lord you are favoured by fortune.  
 The Lady *Málatí* is on the road, at the head of the pro-  
 cession.

*Mad:* Can it be true.

*Mak.* Why should you doubting question—

They are at hand—for hark a hollow murmur,  
 Like that of rushing clouds, before the ga e  
 Comes sudden on the ear—and now the drum  
 That peal in joy drown every other sound—  
 Here from the lattice we may see their march.

*Kal.* Look master—see how the white umbrellas float  
 like trembling lotuses in the lake of the atmosphere—the nu-  
 merous banners undulate like waves as they play before  
 the wind of the Chowris, which hover about like swans—  
 and now the elephants advance, their bells tinkling as they  
 stride; they are mounted by be vies of damsels singing songs  
 of rejoicing, and blazing like rays of light with glittering  
 jewels of varriegated tints, as if they were so many porti-  
 ons of the heavens decorated with fragments of *Indra's* bow,

*Mak.* The state of *Bhúrivasu* is in sooth,

Most princely—As the countless jewels shoot  
 Their blaze into the sky, the heavens reflect  
 The countless hues, as if the Peacock's plumage  
 Or the mixed colours of the painted Jay,  
 Played through the air—or China's gorgeous silks,  
 Vested the Atmosphere, or *Indra's* bow  
 Displayed throughout its many coloured radiance.

*Kal.* The throng of attendants hastily forming a circle fall off to a respectful distance, and keep back the crowd with staves covered with silver and gold: her Elephant painted with vermilion resembles the ruddy dawn, or with the starry garland\* on her brow looks like the brilliant night. But she herself, the lovely object of all eyes, as pale and delicate as the new moon, advances from the ring.

*Mak.* The beauteous damsel well becomes the grace  
Of bridal honours. Her emaciate form,  
And pallid cheek, although they plainly shew  
Deep rooted grief, heighten her love iness,  
Like some fair plant just budding into flower  
And withered at the core—behold my friend,  
The Elephant kneels.

*Madh.* And *Málatí* descends;  
And with the priestess and her faithful friend  
*Lavangiká*, comes hither. (they withdraw.)

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SCENE THIRD.

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INSIDE OF THE TEMPLE.

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*ENTER Málatí, Kamandakí and Lavangiká.*

*Kám.* (To herself.) May fate assist the wishes of our hearts;  
And may the just Gods crown them with completion:  
May I attain my aim, and this device  
That binds the children of my friends in love,  
Secure their future happiness.

*Mal.* (Apart) Ah me;  
What best occasion will afford the means  
Of death to free me from the world; but no  
Death comes not to the wretch who prays his aid.

\* The *Nakshatra má'á*—a garland of twenty seven pearls, the number of the *Nakshatras* or lunar mansions.

*Lav.* (*Apart*) This final parting from her love has plunged  
My poor friend in despair.

ENTER a female attendant with a Basket.

*Att.* (To *Kám* in *lithí*.) His Excellency, Dame, desires me  
to inform you that His Majesty has sent this bridal dress,  
and these ornaments, that *Málati* may put them on in  
presence of the deity—

*Kám.* 'Tis rightly judged—the place is most propitious.  
Let us behold the gear.

*Att.* This is the corset of white silk ; this is the red mus-  
lin mantle—these are the ornaments ; this, the necklace—this  
is sandal, this the chaplet of flowers.

*Kam.* (*Apart.*) It were a pleasant trick, and *Madayantiká*  
Will not be sorry to behold the youth—  
(*Aloud*) Inform the minister—it shall be done,  
As he directs. (*Exit servant.*) Daughter *Lavangiká*  
Attend the princess to the inner shrine.

*Lav.* Where tarry you mean while.

*Kam.* I would remain,  
Alone, and leisurely investigate,  
The value of these jewels.

*Exit.*

*Mal.* (*Apart.*) Ever, *Lavangiká*.

*Lav.* This is the door—Here let us enter—

(*They enter. Scene changes to the interior of the Temple.*)  
—*Mádhavi*, *Makrandi*, and *Kulhansi* discovered.

*Mak.* They come—let us conceal ourselves awhile,  
Behind this pillar. [They hide.

\* It was customary also but at *Athens*, no virgin was  
amongst the Greeks for the allowed to be married before  
intended bride to pay her adoration to some divinity before  
worshipping *Minerva*, who as  
in the present instance, was the  
her marriage, usually to *Diana*, tutelary deity of the city.

ENTER *Máláti* and *Lavangiká*.

*Lav.* Here is the perfume for the person—here  
The flowery garland.\* (*offering them*)

*M.l.* What are they to me.

*Lav.* Consider my dear friend—you are sent here  
By your respected mother to propitiate  
The deity—and thus invoke good fortune  
On the commencement of the marriage rite.

*Mal.* Why thus distract a wretch whose heart is torn,  
With pangs intolerable, and whose mind  
Is tortured by the wanton cruelty  
Of unrelenting fate.

*Lav.* Alas—what would you say.

*Mal.* Whatever he, whose fortunes are like mine,  
Blighted by unavailing hopes, might counsel.

*Mak.* Heard you.

*Madh.* I heard—what little cheers my heart.

*Mal.* (*Embracing Lavangiká.*) My dearest friend—the  
Sister of my Soul.

Your hapless *Máláti*, about to die  
Unwedded—begs one proof of your affection.  
From earliest infancy you have replied  
Unvarying to my confidence—ah, now,  
Do not the first time disappoint my hopes—

\* Garlands made part of the  
bridals as well as sacrificial orna-  
ments amongst the Greeks,  
thus in *Agamemnon*. Clytem-  
nestra in addressing Achilles;  
Offspring of Thetis, pity my  
distress,  
Eucor a virgin named, tho'

falsely named,  
Your bride: yet I with flowers  
adorned her brow,  
And fancied that I led her to  
your arms;  
But now I to the bloody al-  
tar lead.  
*Iphigenia in Aulis.*

Bear still my image in your heart, and see  
 The lotus lovely countenance of *Mádhava*,  
 The shrine of each auspicious excellence. (*Weeps.*)

*Madh.* (*Behind.*) Delightful words, that fortunately shed  
 Their nectar through my heart, and o'er my frame  
 Diffuse the powerful medicine that restores  
 The vigorous bloom of life's decaying flower.

*Mal.* Then tell the brave preserver of my life,  
 He must not, if he ever prized my love,  
 When he shall hear that I am dead, attempt  
 His days, but live to cherish my remembrance.  
 Tell him, I hope he will not wholly lose  
 The recollection of this life's events,  
 Although the tenant of another world,  
 I here shall live in memory alone.  
 Do this and all your *Malati's* desires  
 Your kindness will bestow.

*Mak.* Alas poor girl.

*Madh.* The sad yet sweet tones of her fond despair  
 Awake contending sentiments—her grief  
 Excites both joy and pain, and fills my mind  
 With anguish and delight.

*Lav.* I am overcome  
 With horror—let me hear no more my friend  
 Words of such evil omen.

*Mal.* Ah *Lavangiká*.  
 You love the life of *Málatí* alone;  
 Not *Málatí*.

*Lav.* What mean you.

*Mal.* I have borne,  
 Thus long a hateful life, sustained alone  
 By flattering promises I yet might wed

The Lord of my election. This is past—  
 But 'tis my firm resolve to end my days,  
 Free from the stain of violated faith  
 To the divinity, whom I have served—  
 Then do not thou oppose me in my purpose.

*Falls at her feet.*

*Mak.* Her love is boundless.

*Lavangiká* beckons to *Mádhava*.

Go take her place.

*Madh.* I tremble.

*Mak.* 'Tis a sign

Of present happiness.

*Madh.* I go. (*approaches gently and takes the station of  
 Lavangiká who retires.\**)

*Mal.* (*Kneeling,*) Speak your assent my friend

*Madh.* Forego such desperate purpose, simple maid :

My heart, dear girl, will never bear thy loss.†

*Mal.* Behold me prostrate till you give consent.

*Madh.* What can I say—desponding as thou art—

Do as thou wilt, but first this fond embrace.

*Mal.* Now I am blest (*rises and throws herself into Má-  
 dhava's arms.*)

I have but half my friend ;

For my fast flowing tears obscure my sight.

Firm as the lotus cup, and smooth with down,

Thy form recalls a contact that allays

\* The situation that ensues and Prakrit according to the is rendered extravagantly im- commentator, *Saralé Súhasa* probable by the dialogue. If the *rúgam parihara Rembhohru* discovery were natural it would *muncha Samrambkau, Vira-* not be undramatic. *am viraháyásam sohrum tava*

† This verse is both Sanscrit *chittam asahamme,*



The fever of my grief; oh bear its owner;  
 With hands thus elevated to your brow,  
 My farewell message—'Tis long since these eyes  
 Have lost the sight of thy engaging countenance,  
 As brilliant as the broad bright beaming moon,  
 And lovelier than the full blown lotus flower.  
 The sufferings of my frame, which not the rays  
 Of the mild lunar orb, nor the cool breath  
 Of Malaya could appease, have long distressed  
 My friendly train, with bitterest affliction.  
 Firmness long since has fled this captive heart,  
 Uprooted by resistless destiny,  
 Impetuous torturing me with fruitless hope—  
 I hope no more. Let me still live, dear friend,  
 In your remembrance, and when I am gone,  
 May this, the work of *Mádhava*, preserved  
 Next to your heart, when'er it meet your gaze,  
 Bring to your mind the *Málatí* you loved—

*Goes to hang the Garland round the neck of Mádhava and  
 discovering her mistake starts back in alarm.*

*Madh.* (*Apart.*) The gentle pressure of her heaving bosom  
 Has spread delightful coolness through my frame,  
 As if combined upon my skin were strewed  
 Sandal and Camphor—*Saivala*\* and pearls—  
 The lotus fibre or the moonstone's dew.

*Mal.* *Lavangiká* betrays me.

*Madh.* Gentle maid—

\* An aquatic plant (*Vallisneria*) of supposed cooling powers.

Your own experience only cannot teach you,  
 What others have endured—but this believe ;  
 Such days as you have passed, such have I known,  
 Whose fevered flames have raged in every vein,  
 And anguish wrung conscious existence from me.  
 Thy love alone preserved my fleeting life.

*Lav.* You are ensnared my friend as you deserved.

*Kal.* This mutual confession is pleasant enough.

*Matk.* Princess you are merciful—it is true,  
 My friend has undergone so sad a time,  
 And yet exists—now may his hopes be crowned,  
 And with that plighted hand the golden thread  
 Shall gird, be happiness his future portion.

*Lav.* How can you name the golden thread that girds  
 The bridal hand—observe you not her heart,  
 Is agitated with the apprehension,  
 Of an immediate and unwelcome marriage.

*Mal.* (*Apart.*) Out on it—what is this, it ill becomes  
 The daughter of a noble race.

*Kam.* (*Entering*) How now—  
 My gentle child.

(*Malati throws herself into her arms*)

*Kam.* Look up, behold the youth who shared your sufferings,  
 Whose eyes first caught the flame; whose heart was  
 next,  
 To thee alone devoted; and whose frame  
 Like thine emaciate equal passion shews.  
 Behold him here—Dismiss this weak timidity—  
 Be love obeyed and destiny fulfilled.

*Lav.* What marvel dame, our friend should be alarmed.

This is, to say the truth, a fearful personage—  
The conqueror of the fierce and impious wretch,  
Who braved his fatal arm, when on the night  
No moon illumes, and with no good intent,  
He trod the confines of the funeral ground.

*Mak.* (*To himself.*) Well said *Lavangiká*—the double  
bond,

Of love and gratitude is well suggested.

*Mal.* Alas my parents.

*Kam.* *Mádhava* my son.

*Madh.* Command me.

*Kam.* This is this dearest gem of *Bhúrivasu*,  
The mighty minister, whose feet are blazoned,  
With the bright diadems of prostrate princes.  
Fate, pleased congenial merit to unite,  
And Love and I their instrument, confer  
This treasure to your care. (*Weeps.*)

*Mak.* Our hopes are gratified  
By your kind aid.

*Madh.* But why these tears.

*Kam.* My son, long cherished friendship has endeared  
The interests of your house to me, and now  
That love is consummated, for mine old  
And tried affection, and for other causes,  
I may demand, you listen to my councils.  
Then heed my words, and pledge your faith to me,  
You cherish this dear child most tenderly,  
When distant from her anxious sire, and me—  
(*About to fall at the feet of Mádhava.*)

*Madh.* (*Preventing her.*) Forbear—forbear ; your kindness overpowers me.

*Mak.* Why should you need assurance dame of this—  
The object of your praise—the living festival  
Of human eyes—replete with warm affection,  
And brilliant worth—why, one were irresistible—  
'Their union is your surety.

*Kam.* My son (*to Mādhaba.*)

*Madh.* Behold me.

*Kam.* *Mālatī* my child.

*Lav.* She waits upon your will.

*Kum.* Remember children—  
A virtuous wife, and a respected lord—  
Are each to either all—kindred and friends,  
Wealth, love, and life, and all the heart should covet.

*Mak.* 'Tis justly said.

*Lav.* What further has the dame  
To order.

*Kam.* *Makaranda*—take these robes,  
And dress you for the bridal.

*Mak.* As you will.

Behind this curtain\* I can make my toilet. (*retires*).

*Madh.* The act is easy but the end is arduous.

*Kam.* Out on thee—what hast thou to do in this.

*Madh.* I trust me to your judgement.

\* *Chitra, Javanikā*, a painted curtain, it is rather arras or tapestry—he describes it as cloth suspended in a temple before the covering the walls of a temple-adytum—according to *Matan-*

ENTER *Makaranda* in female attire.\*

*Mak.* My friend—behold your *Malatí*.

*Madh.* (*Embracing him.*) In truth,  
The priestess highly favours *Nandana*,  
To yield his admiration, for an instant,  
A bride like this.

*Kam.* Now my dear children (*to Málití and Mádhava*)  
leave

This Temple by the sacred grove, and pass  
Quick to the garden of my Sanctuary.  
In the pavilion, *Avalokitá*,  
Awaits your coming, with all means prepared  
To celebrate the nuptial ceremony.  
The rite accomplished, to the grove retire  
Where round the Areka trees, the betel vine  
Curls its pale leaves, as pallid as the cheek  
Of the fair dames of *Kerala* who mourn  
Their absent lords†—The beauties of the scene  
Begirt with waving oranges, and musical  
With the sweet tone of numerous choristers,  
Who sip delightedly the jujube's juice,  
Shall breathe a warmer rapture on your loves.  
There loiter till your friend, and his fair maid,  
The princess *Madayantiká* shall join you.

*Madh.* This were indeed to crown my happiness.

\* A rather expeditious affair but as the dress consists almost solely of one long wrapper not so unmanageable as some of the transformations of a *Mathews*. † Malabar. They are often alluded to in this strain, and it is to be supposed therefore that the women of this province are of a fairer complexion than usual in India.

*Kal.* If luck befriend us this will surely be;

*Madh.* There cannot be a fear.

*Lav.* Heard you my friend.

*Kam.* *Lavangiká*

And *Makaranda*—we must now depart.

*Mál.* What ; must you go, *Lavangiká*.

*Lav.* (*Smiling*) I must.

This is our way.

*Exeunt Kámandakí, Lavangiká and Makaranda.*

*Madh.* Like some fair lotus is this trembling hand,  
Along whose slender stalk, the downy filaments  
Erect extend, and from whose leaflet fingers  
The pearly drops from love engendered fall—  
I clasp it now in mine—as with his tusk,  
The Elephant entwines the tender flower,  
And gently wrests it from its native lake.

*Exit with Málaká.*

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

## ACT VII.

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### THE PALACE OF NANDANA.

ENTER *Buddharakshitá*.

So far so well. *Makaranda* well became his disguise as *Málatí*, and by the instructions and good fortune of the Dame, has played his part unsuspected, and has been wedded to *Nandana* in the palace of the minister. *Kámandakí* then took leave, and went home, anticipating that the attendants would all be wearied with the bustle of the festival of bringing the bride to her husband's house, and that the evening would be favourable to the execution of our design. In the mean time *Nandana* impatient to possess his bride, first endeavoured to sooth her alarms, and humble himself at her feet : finding this in vain he had recourse to violence, but he was so severely handled by the supposed maiden that he was compelled to desist. Enraged at the treatment—the tears starting from his eyes with pain and vexation, and his speech inarticulate with fury, *Nandana* vowed he would have no more to say to one, who was no better than the wanton of a boy—with this determination he left the house, and now on this pretext, we may bring *Madayantiká* and *Makaranda* together. *Exit.*

SCENE SECOND:

*Lavangiká, and Makaranda on a couch in woman's attire,  
discovered.*

*Mak.* You are confident that *Buddharakshitá*,  
Will make no blunder, and so disappoint  
The project of the priestess.

*Lav.* Never fear,  
And hark—the tinkling foot bells—that proclaim  
Their near approach: quick, spread this mantle over you,  
And seem to sleep. *(he lies down as she covers him.)*

ENTER *Madayantiká* and *Buddharakshitá*.

*Mad.* My brother is indeed  
Most grievously displeased with *Málatí*.

*Buddh.* No doubt.

*Mad.* But this is unbecoming—let us go  
And take to task this rude ill mannered girl.

*Buddh.* This is her chamber door.

*Mad.* *Lavangiká*.  
Sleeps your fair friend.

*Lav.* Yes, do not break her slumbers.  
She has been sadly vexed of late, and now  
Her cares awhile forgot, she tastes repose.  
Here gently, seat you on the couch.

*Mad.* *(Sits down)* Indeed  
She may be vexed; that she is rude I'm sure.

*Lav.* How should she not be fretted -- with a husband  
So gently kind, affectionate and mild,  
So skilled to win a maiden's confidence,  
As is your brother.



*Mad.* Hey *Buddharakshitá*

We came to tell a very different story.

*Buddh.* Perchance not quite so different.

*Mad.* How so.

*Buddh.* 'Tis true she treated with but scant respect

The husband prostrate at her feet ; still this

Was maiden bashfulness, and might be pardoned.

You cannot deem so of your brother's anger,

Who in resentment of a coy resistance,

Such as became a virgin bride to offer,

To boisterous violence, forgot all sense

Of his own dignity, and had recourse

To sheer abuse—such conduct is disgraceful

To you, not us—The poets well observe—

Women like flowers are of tender fabric

And should be softly handled—they detest

The furious passion that would force their love

Impatient, ere their confidence be won.

*Lav.* Alas—who ever heard of such behaviour.

In many a house, men of exalted rank

Are wedded unto maids of gentle birth ;

But who, like fire the breeze blows into flame,

Is rendered furious by the chaste reluctance

Of his young, fair, and unoffending bride.

A husband's harshness renders home distasteful

To the desponding wife, tortures her heart

With poisoned shafts, and makes her wish for death.

Occurrences like these compel a family

To murmur sorely when a girl is born.

*Mad.* (To *Buddh.*) Our friend *Lavangiká* seems sadly  
grieved.

What fault so heinous is my brother charged with.

*Buddh.* Did we not hear his words.

*Mad.* What were they.

*Buddh.* " I will naught

Of one no better than a stripling's wanton."

*Mad.* Folly—insanity—my friend *Lavangiká* ;

It is with shame I look you in the face.

But I should have some voice in this affair,

So hear what I advise.

*Lav.* I am attentive.

*Madh.* Dismiss the memory of my brother's rudeness.

Remember only that he is the husband

Of our friend *Málatí*, and, to confess

The truth, you must admit there was some cause

For this intemperate language, though unmeet

For female ears.

*Lav.* I know no cause.

*Madh.* It has been noised abroad,

That *Málatí* had plighted her affection

To the youth *Mádhava*. This is no mystery—

But now, dear friend, exert your utmost skill,

That such ill starred aversion to her husband,

May utterly be rooted from her heart :

If not, a grievous shame will light upon her,

For wives resentful and ungentle plague

The hearts of men—this fear that I have hinted

You will not speak of.

*Lav.* Hence you heedless girl,  
 To be beguiled by loose report so easily:  
 I hold no further talk with you.

*Mad.* Nay—nay.  
 Be not displeased: you need not hesitate  
 To own the truth—what, I suppose we knew not.  
 That *Málatí* had nearly pined to death,  
 On *Mádhava's* account: we did not mark  
 The delicate beauty of her wasting form,  
 Like the young tender *Ketaki*—we saw not  
 The animating influence of the wreath  
 Of *Vakula* flowers, wove by the hand of *Mádhava*;  
 Nor did we note the evident sympathy  
 Each frame expressed, when either shewed as wan  
 As the moon's pallid disk when morning dawns—  
 You may forget, that I beheld their glances,  
 When in the garden of the flower-armed god,  
 The youth and maiden met: their eyes encountering  
 Swam with delight, and brilliant flashes shot  
 From each soft orb, uttering intelligibly  
 The language prompted by the soft emotion  
 That played through every agitated limb—  
 Then, when the news arrived the king had given her  
 In marriage to my brother—was not a change,  
 As if the hand of adverse fate had scorched  
 Her charms, and rudely from its living bands  
 Had wrung her heart, that moment manifest—  
 Nay, I remember too—

*Lav.* What more.

*Mad.* When by the shrewed suggestion of the Dame,

The youth was counselled to give *Málatí*  
 Some token of his happiness, that his friend,  
 The brave preserver of my life, was brought  
 Again to conscious being—he presented her  
 His heart—and life—and if I heard aright,  
*Lavangiká* replied, “my friend esteems  
 These liberal gifts most worthy her acceptance.

*Lav.* And who was he—the saviour of your life,  
 I have forgotten him.

*Mad.* Think—think again—

When I was chased by the ferocious beast,  
 And had no hope—that guardian youth appeared,  
 And heedless of a person which enshrines  
 The worth of all the world, quick interposed  
 His powerful arm to snatch me from destruction.  
 For me, he braved the monster’s mighty blows,  
 Falling like thunder strokes; his manly breast  
 Was scored with wounds, and ruddier than a wreath  
 Of crimson roses. But the tiger plied  
 His fangs and claws in vain—the hero triumphed—  
 The furious savage fell beneath his sword.

*Lav.* Ah, I remember now—’Twas *Makaranda*.

*Mad.* Whom say you.

*Lav.* *Makaranda*. (*taking hold of her.*)

How now—

What are we all alike—how chances it  
 That one so free from passion should betray  
 Without apparent cause, this agitation,  
 And blossom like the round *Kadamba* flower.\*

\* The *Kadamba* flower when projecting antheræ like the full blown is invested with erect bristles of a hedge-hog—

*Mad.* Why laugh at me: I own I often think  
Of that brave youth, who reckless of his safety  
Rushed to my aid, and snatched me from the jaws  
Of all devouring fate—I frequent view him,  
As the sharp pain of his innumerable wounds,  
Forced the big drops from his exhausted limbs,  
And leaning on his sword, awhile he stood,  
Then closed his lotus eyes and fainting fell—  
Content to leave this glorious living world,  
For *Madayantiká*, and in her presence.  
Should I think less of one who saved my life.

*Buddh.* Then why this evident uneasiness.

*Mad.* Away—away— It is because I find,  
My oldest friends mistrust me.

*Lav.* Nay, dear girl—

We know that which we know—come—be composed  
Confess the truth—there should be no disguise  
Amongst such friends as we are—let us taste  
The pleasure mutual confidence bestows.

*Buddh.* *Lavangiká* is right

*Mad.* Well I must need,  
Obey my friend.

*Lav.* Come tell us how of late  
You pass your time.

*Mad.* Hear me: when first  
I saw this youth with *Buddharakshitá*,  
Confiding in her consciousness, I checked not  
My heart from dwelling on his pleasing image.

delight according to the Hin- to the down of the body—the  
dus gives a bristly elevation phenomenon here alluded to.

A brief indulgence—Destiny full soon  
Withdrew his presence—It was then I found  
How deep a wound had \**Madana* inflicted—  
Life was distasteful to me—on my form  
The scorching flames of passion fiercely preyed,  
And filled my kind attendants with affliction.  
The only remedy I saw was death ;  
And anxious sought such welcome liberation.  
Still *Buddharakshita* opposed my purpose,  
Assuaged my growing sorrows, and persuaded me  
Still to endure this transitory world.  
My dreams since come to animate my hopes ;  
Place in my eyes the object of my wishes,  
Bring to my ears the music of his voice,  
Fold me within his grasp, and picture more  
Than I dare tell you—till I wake and view  
Ah me—the world a lone and dreary waste.†

*Lav.* 'Tis honestly avowed, and well I know,

It costs our friend here no small pains to hide  
Some of these feelings from your tittering train.

*Mad.* You chatter giddily—I have done with you.

*Buddh.* Regard her not, be sure that *Málati*,

Has for her ear some similar confession.

*Mad.* Nay—nay—you must not laugh at *Málati*.

*Bud.* Well I have done, and now my tender friend,

I have a question for you, if you promise me

Inviolable secrecy.

\* The Hindu Cupid. is somewhat compressed from

† The latter part of this speech the original.

*Mad.* What breach of trust

Have I committed, that there needs such promise.

My heart is wholly yours, and *Lavangikú's*.

*Buddh.* If *Makaravla* cross your sight again

By any accident, what would you do.

*Mad.* My eyes would rest unwearied on his form,

And on my heart would heavenly rapture fall.

*Buddh.* And if by love directed he should offer

Such gentle violence as *Rukmini*

Endured from *Purushottama\** and wrung

Your bridal vows from you.

\* A name of *Krishna*: according to the *Hari Vans*, *Rukmini* was the daughter of *Bhishmaka* king of *Kundina*, and was solicited in marriage by *Krishna* of whom she was enamoured, but the son of *Bhishma*, *Rukmi* jealous of *Krishna's* fame and being incensed by the death of *Kansa*, his friend, was hostile to the match, and negotiated his sister's marriage with *Sisupala* king of *Chedi*, likewise inimically disposed towards *Krishna*. All the kings of India were invited to the wedding, and amongst them came *Krishna*, who seeing *Rukmini* proceed to offer her devotions at a temple, way laid her on her return, and with the assistance of his brother *Balarama* and his

kinsmen carried her off to *Dwaraka*: a hot pursuit followed, and an engagement took place in which *Rukmi* was struck to the ground by *Kesava*, but his life was spared at his sister's intercession and *Krishna* remained possessed of his prize. The marriage was solemnized at *Dwaraka* and *Rukmini* remained the chief of *Krishna's* wives. He had ten sons by her, of whom *Pradyumna* is the most celebrated. The Rape of *Rukmini* is also narrated nearly in the same words as in the *Harivansa* in the 5th Section of the *Vishnu Purana* and more in detail in the 10th Book of the *Bhagavat*, and in the *Krishna Janma Khanda* of the *Brahmavaivertta Purana*.

*Mad.* (*Sighing*) Why tease me,  
With such vain hopes.

*Buddh.* Nay answer me.

*Lav.* Those sighs  
Deep drawn, betray the secrets of her heart,  
And give you plain reply.

*Mad.* What do you think of me.  
He bought this body when he risked his own,  
And snatched me from the tiger—I am his.

*Lav.* 'Tis generously and gratefully resolved.

*Bud.* You will remember what you have now said:

*Mad.* Hark. (*drums without.*)  
The drum proclaims the second watch begun.  
I must disturb my friend, and try to soothe  
Her indignation at my brother's conduct,  
And then to rest—why, *Málatí*—asleep.

(*Goes to the couch, Makaranda shews his face, and catches hold of her hand.*)

Hey who is this.

*Mak.* Fear nothing gentle maid ;  
Let not that palpitating breast distress  
Your slender waist—in me, behold your slave  
By your avowed affection elevated  
To highest ecstacy.

*Lav.* (*Holding up Maḍayantiká's face.*)  
Behold your lover,  
The object of your hopes, Within the palace,  
The servants soundly sleep—the night is dark.  
Now shew your gratitude, let us take off  
Our tinkling anclets, and depart.

*Mad.* Where should we go.



*Buddh.* Where *Málatí* has gone.

*Mad.* What, has she fled.

*Buddh.* She has ; now let me see—

What I must think of you.

(*Madayantiká weeps.*)

(*To Mākā.*) Noble youth

My dear friend gives to you—herself.

*Mak.* This is

A glorious conquest, and to day I reap

The harvest of my youth—upon whose festival,

In proof of friendship, the fish-bannered god\*

Presents me in his bounty this dear maid.

Come, by this private entrance let us fly—†

Our nightly journey will not want its pleasures.

The breeze that cool and fragrant sweeps along

The lofty terrace, or the palace top,

Reveals the joyous scenes it has surveyed,

As with the camphory balm, and flowery perfume,

And winy odours, redolent it blows. *Exeunt.*

\* *Kama* or Cupid who bears upon his banner the *Makara* an aquatic monster, something like the sign of the Zodiac, Capricornus. † The original here directs their exit and the following lines are supposed to be spoken in the street.

END OF THE SEVENTH ACT.

## ACT VIII.

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### THE MANSION OF KAMANDAKI.

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ENTER *Avalokitá*.

Whilst my mistress has gone to the palace of *Nandana*,  
I will seek *Mádhava* and *Malatí*. Ah, there they sit—upon  
the marble platform crowning the steps of the lake, refresh-  
ing themselves after the heat of the day—I will join them.  
*Exit.*

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### THE GROVE.

*Málatí* and *Mádhava* discovered—To them, *Avalokitá*  
*Madh.* Night, ever friend to love, now spreads its shades.

Faint in the east the gentle moonlight gleams  
Pale as the Palm's sear leaf, and through the air  
The slowly rising breezes spread around  
The grateful fragrance of the *Ketaki*.\*  
How shall I win this maid to confidence.  
My dearest *Málatí*; whilst I retain  
The cooling influence of the evening bath,  
You are oppressed with heat: the trembling drops,  
Steal from your hair, and quiver on your bosom;  
And o'er your graceful form, the down erect  
Profusely rises: whilst you suffer thus  
Cling to my side, as once you favoured me.

\* A strong scented flower (*Pandanus odoratissimus*.)

Why thus averse. Let those confiding arms,  
 Upon whose taper length the sudden dews  
 Start with alarm, as if the living gem  
 Kissed by the moon distilled its gelid moisture,  
 Twine round my neck—and if this may not be—  
 Why may I not be blessed with your discourse.  
 What, if this frame, long scorched by southern gales  
 And by the lunar beams, may not aspire  
 To your embrace—yet, let mine ear distressed  
 By the wild *Koī's* song, be now regaled  
 By your melodious voice, more musical  
 Than are the choirs of heaven.

*Ava.* (*Advancing*) What folly, this—  
 What inconsistency—late in my presence  
 When *Mádhava* but a brief interval  
 Had disappeared, you were most miserable ;  
 And thus exclaimed ——“ Where can my lord delay ;  
 Would he were come — that I might gaze upon him,  
 With eyelids never veiled, and all reserve  
 Discarded wholly, I might fly to him,  
 And clasp him in my arms” — those were your words ;  
 And now, what contrast.

(*Málatī looks at her spitefully.*)

*Madh.* (*Apart.*) The Dame's disciples  
 Are all endowed with clear intelligence,  
 And eloquence of speech (*aloud.*) How, *Málatī*,  
 Speaks *Avalokítá* the truth.

(*Málatī shakes her head.*)

Or are you sworn to silence by the lives  
 Of those whom best you love

*Mal.* (In a hesitating manner.) How should I know, my lord—(pauses)

*Madh.* Delightful though imperfect sounds—but see  
 What should this mean—The starting tear drop steals  
 From those fawn eyes, and glistens on that cheek—  
 Upon whose pallid hue the moon beams play,  
 As if the lunar orb desired to quaff  
 The nectar of its beauty.

*Ava.* Why is this ?

Why start these tears ?

*Mal.* (To her.) How long must I regret

The absence of *Lavangikā* : is it

Not possible to gather tidings of her

*Madh.* (To *Avalokitā*.) What says my love.

*Ava.* You have recalled the memory of *Lavangikā*,

And she is anxious for some news of her.

*Madh.* It was but now, I ordered *Kalahansa*

To go, and secretly collect intelligence,

At *Nandana's* abode — We need not fear —

The plan that was to win my friend a bride

Cannot have failed.

*Ava.* Be sure of it.

But tell me *Mādhava* ;

You gave your life and heart to *Mālatī*,

When brought again to consciousness—suppressed

By fear for *Makaranda's* bleeding wounds,

Now, if that friend beloved should win the maid,

And thus your happiness should be increased,

What gift remains to speak your gratitude,

To him who may impart the pleasing tidings.

*Madh.* She tells me what to do. (*looking at his bosom.*)

This garland, wove

Of the sweet flowers of that beauteous tree,  
That graced the grove of *Madana*, beneath  
Whose conscious shade I first saw *Málatí*,  
Shall be my free will-gift.—It has been prest  
Already to her bosom—from my hands  
Conveyed by her dear friend *Lavaníkú* ;  
And in her error, thinking that she gave  
The garland to *Lavangiká* again,  
To bear to me, it came to me once more  
From her, by whom, all that I prize is given me.

*Ava.* *Málatí*—This garland ought to be  
Something in your esteem—be on your guard  
It do not pass into a stranger's hands.

*Mal.* You counsel well.

*Madh.* (*Looking out.*) 'Tis *Kalahansa*.

*Mal.* (*Approaching.*) Fate favours you and *Madayantiká*  
Is won.

*Madh.* (*Embracing her.*) The news is ecstasy—  
*Takes the garland from his neck and throws it on Málatí's*

*Ava.* The charge consigned to *Buddharakshitá*,  
Is well accomplished :

*Mal.* And I see  
*Lavangiká* again.

ENTER hastily *Kalahansa*, *Madayantiká*, *Buddharakshitá*,  
and *Lavangiká*.

*Lav.* Help, prince, the city guard have stoped midway  
Your gallant friend—he checks pursuit alone ;  
That we with *Kalahansa* might escape.

*Kal.* And as we fled, we heard on every side  
The gathering tumult ; so that I fear fresh force  
Has joined the guard.

*Ava.* Alas—how sad a chance ;  
One hour produces happiness and terror.

*Madh.* Come *Madayantiká*, my dwelling  
Is honoured by your presence—for my friend,  
His prowess is well known—be not alarmed ;  
Dread not, though singly he contend with multitudes—  
To such as he—odds are of little moment—  
He needs no succor but his own right arm,  
Resistless as the Lion, when delightedly  
He rings his clashing claws, and cleaves asunder,  
The elephant's broad temples, from whose hollows  
The trickling dew flows over the shattered cheek—  
Ambitious to pursue the glorious path  
A hero treads, I haste to aid my friend.

*Exit with Kalahansa.*

*Ava.* Assuredly these heroes will return ]  
Unhurt —

*Mal.* Do you and *Buddharakshitá*  
Apprise *Kámandakí* of this mischance—  
*Lavangiká*, overtake my lord ; intreat him,  
That he and his brave friend will think of us,  
And shun all needless danger—go, be speedy.

*Exeunt the three.*

*After a pause.*

*Mal.* *Lavangiká* delays—why comes she not :  
This is a fearful interval—dear girl (*to Madayantiká*)  
I will go forth along the road, and see

If any of our friends return

*Mad.* My right eye throbs.\* (*retires*)

*As Málalí is going ENTER Kapálakundalá*

*Kap.* Hold.

*Mal.* (*Screams.*) Ah! Husband (*in an under tone—stops terrified.*)

*Kap.* Yes, call upon him.

Where is your love—the murderer of the pious—

The youthful paramour of wanton girls.

Let him—your husband save you—if he can.

Bird of the wild, that tremblest to behold

The hovering hawk—what canst thou hope—long  
marked

My prey. I bear thee with me to *Sri Parvatá* :

There to consign thee to a painful death,

Torn piece meal—victim of my just revenge.

*Carries off Málalí—*

*Mad.* (*Coming forward.*) I will even follow *Malatí* ;

Ha! *Málalí*.

*Lav.* (*Enters.*) 'Tis I, *Lxwangikú*.

*Mad.* How, have you seen the Princes.

*Lav.* I have not.

Scarce had we left the garden's boundaries

When hearing the increasing noise, the youth

Sprang speedily away, and in an instant

Was lost amidst the throng : in vain I followed

And thought it better to retrace my steps.

As I returned, I heard from every house

\* An unlucky omen in a female—a lucky one in men.

Regret for *Makaranda* and his friend—  
 The citizens were grieving for their fate.  
 The king, they said, had been informed the youths  
 Had borne away the daughter of the minister,  
 And furiously incensed had sent his guards  
 To seize the fugitives—himself awaiting  
 Upon the palace terrace their return.

*Mad.* Ah me unhappy, I have heard my death.

*Lav.* But where is *Málatí*—

*Mad.* She went to watch

The road you should return—I then pursued  
 Her steps, but have not seen her since—most likely  
 She has gone into the garden—

*Lav.* Let us seek her—Hold, who comes here.

'Tis *Kaluhansa*, quick, your news.—

\**Enter Kalahansa.*

*Kala.* We have got well out of the scuffle—Oh dear me.  
 I think I now see the glittering gleam of the polished Sabres flashing in the moon light—a pretty but awful appearance: and then what a tumult from the hostile force: assailed by the irresistible, merciless, and active *Makaranda*, they fled in dismay and confusion, with a clamour which filled the whole space of heaven, like that emitted by the tossing waves of *Kalindi*† when they were turned from their course by the mighty plough of *Balaráma* in fulfilment of the menace that wine had dictated.‡ I shall not

\* In the original *Kalahansa* connects his narrative with the enters and tells the story to the business of the piece.

Audience which is a very clumsy † The *Yamuná* or *Jumná*.

and Chinese mode of conducting ‡ *Balaráma*, having paid a the plot. A short speech or two visit to his friends and relations has therefore been introduced to at *Gokula*, spent two months



forget either the prowess of my master *Mádhava*—he soon cleared the road of the soldiers: they ran with no little speed, those who could, while covering the road with heaps of various weapons thrown away in their flight, from the concentrated thunder stroke of his formidable arm—The king has truly a regard for merit—His eye dwelt with complacency on the lovely countenances of *Mádhava* and *Makaranda* as they stood before him on the terrace—whither after the affray was composed by the monarch's attendants they had been respectfully conducted.—Having heard their rank and connexions from me, the youths received every honour, and his majesty turning to *Bhúricusu* and *Nandana* who stood nigh, —their faces as black as ink with rage and disappointment, said to them very condescendingly; How now—are you not content with kinsmen such as these, ornaments of the world, eminent in worth and descent, and handsome as the new moon—so saying he withdrew to the interior and *Mádhava* and *Makaranda* were dismissed,—they are now coming and I have been sent on before to carry the tidings to the Pious Dame.

*Lav.* (To *Madayantiká*) Delightful news for you, nor less acceptable

To our dear *Málatí*: let us haste to find her.

*Exeunt severally.*

there chiefly in the society of being elevated with wine vowed the *Gopis* or nymphs of that district—he would compel her, and accordingly dragged her to him with desirous of bathing in the *Jumna*, his plough share, the weapon from which he was a little way he usually wielded, and only let remote, he summoned the river the river go again, upon the to his presence. *Yamuná* refused the promise of future good behaviour—*Bhágavat* x. 65-

ENTER *Mádhava and Makaranda.*

*Madh.* I cannot chuse but marvel at thy prowess  
 So more than mortal—breaking thy way resistless  
 Through all opposing ranks ; scattering the timid,  
 And levelling the fiercest with thy arm.  
 On either hand the frightened troops retired,  
 As forced my friend a path amidst the wave  
 Of battle, tossing with innumerable heads.

*Mak.* I do foresee the valiant will lose credit  
 With their fair nymphs, who in these festal nights,  
 Irradiated with the lunar beam,  
 Pledge deep the wine cup, and impatiently  
 Court amorous dalliance from their lords returned.  
 They will declare that men are pithless grown,  
 When they shall find how ill the limbs are tuned  
 To love—crushed, bruised, and mangled by thy vigour.

*Madh.* We must not be unmindful of the clemency  
 The king displayed, whose favour overlooked  
 So readily our offences—come—I long  
 To hear the story *Kalahansaka*  
 Has told, I know full well, to both the damsels.  
 You must prepare to tell the tale again,  
 Whilst *Madayantiká* declines her head,  
 Veiling her eyes with modesty, afraid  
 To meet the sidelong smiling glance of *Málati*.\*  
 Here is the garden gate.

\* Laughing at *Madayantiká* text and comment with regard to say the commentators as the speakers of this and the preceding speech—there is some confusion in the

*They enter*

*Madh.* How—all deserted.

*Mak.* Alarmed, no doubt, at hearing our return  
Was intercepted, they must have dispersed,  
And hid themselves amid the garden shades.  
Search we about.—

*They search, and enter Lavangiká and Madayantiká.*

*Lav.* Ho *Madayantiká*.

Here's *Málati*—Ah no—yet fate is favourable ;  
The princely youths return—

*Mak.* and *Madh.*—But where is *Málati*.

*Lav.* Where *Málati*—alas, we thought the tread  
Of feet, bespoke her here.

*Madh.* My heart misgives me—

My mind on that dear maid alone intent  
Desponds, and all my inmost soul gives way.  
My left eye throbs—and then these words—ah me  
What hope remains, she's lost to me for ever.

*Mad.* When you had left us, *Málati* dispatched  
The Dame's attendants to their pious mistress—  
*Lavangiká*, she bade, convey her prayers  
To her loved Lord, to shun all needless peril.  
Next anxious for your tidings, she herself  
Went forth to watch the road—and since that time  
I saw her not—we were even now engaged  
In quest of her, amidst the shady groves,  
When we encountered you—

*Madh.* My dearest *Málati*.

How many thoughts of evil omen crowd  
Upon my spirit—if 'tis in sport thou hidest,

Forego the barbarous pastime, if in anger,  
Behold me humbled—if thou wouldst try my love,  
The test is undergone: oh, yield reply—  
My heart can bear no more—now thou art cruel.—

*Women.* Oh dearest friend where art thou.

*Mak.* (to *Mádhava.*) Do not yield

Thus to despair—uncertain of her loss.

*Madh.* Oh think what agony she must have suffered,  
In terror for my safety.

*Mak.* That may be.

But we have not yet thought to seek,  
The venerable priestess.

*Women.* Let us fly to her.

*Madh.* Yes let us haste.

*Mak.* (*Apart.*) If we should find the damsel with the  
dame,

'Tis well: if not, I tremble for her life.

Alas, too often is the happiness,

That Kindred, Friends or Lovers, taste, as brief

As Lightning's transient glare.

\* So Sha kespeare says of the happiness of Lovers, it is,

“Brief as the lightning in the collied night”

And again, of the interchange of vows between *Romeo* and  
*Juliet* it is,

“Too like the lightning which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say it lightens.”

## ACT IX.

### THE VINDHYAN MOUNTAINS.

ENTER *Saudáminí*.

\* From the tall mount *Sri Saila*, I, *Saudáminí*,  
Have sought the royal city *Padmávali*,  
And now the steps of *Mádhava* pursue.  
Unable to endure the scenes where late  
His *Málatí* was lost—the youth is wandering,  
Attended by his ever faithful friend,  
Amidst these rugged paths, and rocky vallies.

*Alights.*

How wide the prospect spreads—mountain and rock,  
Towns, villages and woods and glittering streams.  
There, where the *Pára* and the *Sindhu* wind

\* This is precisely in the style of one of the Prologues of Euripides, who as Brumoy observes, thought it expedient that a leading character should announce himself to the audience as speedily as possible, or according to Boileau, *Qu' il declarat son nom. Et dit, Je suis Oreste ou bien Agamemnon.* The Hindu writer is, however less minute than the Grecian, who makes his characters not only introduce themselves but their connexions to the audience. The Chinese historical Drama offends by the same self-enunciation of the person and purposes of the character, much more extravagantly and constantly than the Hindu.

The towers and temples, pinnacles and gates,  
 And spires of \**Padmávatí*, like a city  
 Precipitated from the skies, appear,  
 Inverted in the pure translucent wave.  
 There flows the *Lavana's* frolic stream, whose groves,  
 By early rains refreshed, afford the youth  
 Of *Padmavati*, p'asant haunts, and where  
 Upon the herbage brightening in the shower  
 The heavy uddered kine contented browse—  
 Hark, how the banks of the broad *Sindhu* fall,  
 Crashing, in the undermining current.  
 Like the loud voice of thunder laden clouds,

\* *Padmávatí* as has been noticed is identified by the poet with *Ujjayin* (p. 57.) but the city must have been situated much nearer to the mountains than at present from the description here given. The old city however lay two miles north of the present, according to Sir J. Malcolm, Dr. Hunter says one, and there must consequently have been a still older *Ougein* in a more southerly direction if not more to the East also. The *Párá*, and the *Madhumatí* named below, appear to be the same, as each unites with the *Sindhu* or *Sindh*. If either or both intend the *Sipra*, the river that now washes *Oujein*, it is difficult to

conceive how that could have united with the *Sindh*, if by that river the *Kalí Sindh* of the present day be intended. The only confluence in the vicinity of *Ougein* now is that of the *See-respty* (*Saraswatí*) and *Sipra* about five miles to the south—the *Chota Sindh* falls into the *Sipra* a long way to the north, and the larger *Sindh* flows into the *Chumbul*. It seems most probable that *Ougein* stood more to the South East than it now does, and nearer to the sources of the *Sipra* and the *Sindh*, in which direction we have also a range of mountains which may be those alluded to in the text.

The sound extends, and like *Heramba's*\* roar,  
 As deepened by the hollow echoing caverns,  
 It floats reverberating round the hills.  
 Those mountains coated with thick clustring woods  
 Of fragrant *Sandal*† and the ripe *Málúra*,‡  
 Recall to recollection the tall hills  
 That southward stretch, where the *Godáveri*  
 Impetuous flashes through the dark deep shade  
 Of skirting forests, echoing to her fury—  
 Where meet the *Sindhu* and the *Madhumati*,  
 The holy fane of *Svernavinduṣ* rises,  
 The lord of *Bhagavati*, whose famed image  
 Is not of mortal fabric. (*bowing.*) Hail, all hail;  
 Creator of the universal world—Bestower

\* A name of *Ganesá* who having the head is supposed to have the voice of an elephant.

† The tree specified in the text is the *Chandana* which usually signifies *Sandal*, but the commentators intimate, what Dr. Roxburgh (*Flora Indica*) confirms—that the white or true *Sandal*, only grows on the mountains of Malabar or the Malaya mountains—The commentators suppose the *Rakta Chandana* may be the red Sanders (*Pterocarpus Santalinus*) but perhaps the tree intended may be the *Santalum* or *Syrium myrtifolium* which grows in the northern circars and which Dr. R. considers

a strongly marked variety of the Malabar *Sandal* tree. *Flora Indica* 2. 464.

‡ A fruit tree commonly called *Bel*. (*Ægle marmelos.*)

§ This was likely to be a *Linga*, for which form of worship, *Ugcin* was particularly celebrated about the period of the Mohammedan invasion, and probably long before. Of the particular deity or *Linga* however here alluded to, no mention elsewhere has been traced, nor are the *Pundits* acquainted with any legend relating to it. The name implies the drop (*Vindu*) of gold (*Sverna.*)

Of all good gifts—Source of the sacred *Vedas* ;  
 God of the crescent crested diadem—Destroyer  
 Of love's presumptuous power—Eldest Lord  
 And teacher of mankind, all glory be to thee—

*Going.*

This mountain is in truth a grateful scene.  
 The peaks are blackened with new dropping clouds,  
 And pleased the peafowl shriek along the groves.  
 The ponderous rocks upbear the tangled bowers,  
 Where countless nests give brightness to the gloom.  
 The inarticulate whine of young she-bears,  
 Hisses and mutters through the caverned hills ;  
 And cool, and sharp, and sweet, the incense spreads,  
 Shed from the boughs, the elephant's tusk has sun-  
 dered—

*Looking.*

'Tis noon : the \*Lapwing for the †Cassia's shade,  
 From the ‡*Gambhári* wings its way. The Pelican§

\* The *Koyashthika* which as the commentators say is a synonyme of the *Tittibha* or Lapwing.—It is also said to imply the *Kowa* meaning perhaps the crow.

† The *Cassia Fistula*.

‡ The *Gambhari* is a tree, (*Gmelina arborea*.)

§ The *Párnika* which is considered by some to be the same with the *Panikauri* which according to Buchanan as quoted in Carey's Bengali Dictionary is a kind of Pelican (*Pelecanus fuscicollis*.) In the Vocabularies it appears as a synonyme of *Násachinná* or the the Cleft-nose



Whose beak has sipped the acid fruit\* beside  
 The stream, hastes now to plunge amidst its waters.  
 The Gallinule creeps panting to the hollow  
 The † *Tinisa* presents, and lower down,  
 Amidst the woods, the wild fowl make reply,  
 To the soft murmuring of the mournful Dove,  
 As in her nest she pours her frequent song—  
 Enough—I now will to the youths, and offer them  
 Such consolation as I may. [Exit.]

ENTER *Mádhava* and *Makaranda*.

*Mak.* How deary is the state, when nor the mind  
 Dare cherish hope, nor may indulge despair—  
 Like helpless brutes fate whirls us round at will  
 And ever plunges us in new misfortune—;

*Madh.* Ah *Málatí* where art thou—how so soon  
 Couldst thou desert me ere my truth was known.  
 Remorseless maid, relent—behold my sorrows.  
 How canst thou prove thus cruel to that *Madhava*.  
 Once so beloved,—behold me.—I am he,

commonly *Nakchhalí*. But what bird is intended by that appellation is not known unless it be a kind of Toucan---or Horn-bill according to some authorities *Purnika* is considered synonymous with *Kumbhíra makshiká*, the Crocodile fly commonly *Paukhi* or *Putarínga*--a large moth or Butterfly--- Hog plum. It is also a Synonime of *Virana*, *Andropogon muricatus*, and of other plants, but that intended by the author is a leguminous plant as the bird is said to have tasted the *Simbi* of the plant, the Pod or legume. Another Synonime is the *Sinsapa* or *Sisu*, *Dalbergia Ougeiniensis*.

\* The name in the text is *Asmantaka* which is one Synonime of *Spoudida Mangifera* or name of which has not been ascertained: carriage wheels are made of its wood.

On whom thy hand, bound with the golden thread,\*  
 Conferred in other days embodied bliss.  
 Alas, my friend, where in the world again  
 Shall equal tenderness be found——I, long,  
 Endured with withering limbs, like drooping flowrets,  
 The feverish pangs of love, till in the end,  
 Unable further to sustain the conflict,  
 I was content to cast away my life  
 Like worthless grass—What then remained for me,  
 But to secure with gentle violence,  
 That precious hand. Before the marriage rite,  
 Ere I had dared to hope, you may recall  
 My still increasing passion, sealed with tears,  
 Emaciate limbs, and heart distracting anguish.  
 Such as I was, I am, and still my mind  
 Is tossed with agony. How strange it is,  
 This heart that sorrow lacerates does not break ;  
 This frame that sinks with anguish, cannot lose  
 Its conscious being—on my vitals preys  
 A burning fire, yet turns them not to ashes ;  
 Fate piecemeal tears my bliss—yet spares my life.  
*Ma'.* As fierce as destiny, the flaming sun,  
 Accords but ill with your exhausted strength :  
 Let us here rest awhile upon the marge  
 Of this wide lake—across whose shallow waters,  
 Cool with the spray, and fragrant with the odours  
 Gleaned from the yet young lotus, gently blows  
 The fresh and friendly breeze—It will revive you.

\* Part of the marriage ceremony consists in tying a string round the wrist of the bride.

*They sit.**(Makaranda continues—to himself.)*

I will endeavour to divert his thoughts—

*(Aloud)* My friend, a moment interrupt your tears.

Behold awhile the beauties of this lake,

Where on its slender stem, the lotus trembles,

Brushed by the passing Swan, as on he sails,

Singing his passion.

*Mádhava jumps up.**Mak.* He heeds me not, and now would hence—my friend

One instant pause—taste the delightful perfume

That o'er the wave the bending Bayas\* scatters,

Or †Jasmine clustering round the flowery shore.

Observe, how smile the mountains, thickly set

With budding *Kutajas*,‡ up to the very peaks,

Where stretches dark the canopy of clouds,

Inspiring rapture in the dancing peafowl.

Thick on the hill's broad bosom the *Kadamba*§

Shews bright with countless blossoms : on the summit,

Rest the black clouds in lengthening line : the streams

Descend through rows of budding *Ketakas*,||\* The Bayas or Bent a kind of cane (*Calamus Rotang*)† *Yuthiká* great flowered Jasmine (*J grandiflorum*.) It is also a name of a creeping kind of Jasmine. (*J auriculatum*)‡ The *Kutuja* is a small tree (*Wrightea antidysenterica*.)§ The *Kadamba* has been before alluded to as the *Naudea Cadamba*, a large and ornameu-tal tree. The corollets of the Flower are nunnous, forming a large perfectly globular beautiful orange coloured head, with the large white clubbed stigmas projecting *Flor. Indica* 2. 121.|| The *Ketaku* or *Ketaki* has been already noticed as a flower with a strong odour. (*Pandanus odora tissimus*.)

And all the waving woods now laugh emblazoned  
With the \**Silindhra* and the *Lodhra*† flowers.

*Madh*, I mark, my friend, the distant woods present  
A beauteous sight, but what of that—Ah me,  
What else should thought suggest—the days approach  
When the long line of clouds shall shed on earth  
Their amaranthine drops—trembling in the breeze  
That from the east comes powerful, and embued  
With the rich odors of the *Sál*‡ and *Arjuna*§—  
Those days that boast the grateful interchange  
Of heat and moisture, and the fragrant breath  
The earth bestows, sprinkled with genial showers.  
Ah! *Málatí*, how can I bear to contemplate  
The young ||*Tamála* bowed beneath the weight  
Of the light rain; the quivering drops that dance  
Before the cooling gale; the joyful cry  
That echoes round, as pleased the peafowl hail  
The bow of heaven propitious to their loves. (*Faints*)

*Mak*. How hapless is the state of my dear friend—  
My heart of adamantine mould could feel  
Some taste of pleasure—now alas all hope  
For *Mádhava* is lost. How void of sense  
He lies—Ah! *Málatí*, how canst thou be

\* The *Silindhra* is a tree the name of which is not yet to be found in Botanical works on Indian plants.

† The *Lodhra* or *Lodh* is a tree (*Symplocos racemosa*) the astringent bark of which is used in dying and in making ink.

‡ The *Sál* is a valuable timber. tree (*Shorea robusta*.)

§ A kind of tree (*Pentaptera Arjuna*.)

|| A tree remarkable for black flowers (*Xanthocymus pictorius*.)

Thus unrelenting—once for him you scorned  
 Your friends and ventured boldly—He has done  
 No wrong to thee, then why this stern desertion.  
 He does not breathe—Fate robs me of my happiness.  
 My heart is rent—my fibres fall apart.  
 The world is blank—I burn with inward fires—  
 My soul sinks plunged into the glooms of hell,  
 And dim obscurity veils every sense.  
 What shall I do—The gentle source of pleasure  
 To friendship's heart; the orb whose radiance shed  
 Ambrosia on the eyes of *Málatí*—the happiness  
 Of *Makaranda*, the bright ornament  
 Of all the world, now perishes—alas  
 My friend—my *Mádhava*—thou wast to me  
 The *Sandal* of my form, the autumnal moon  
 Of these fond eyes—and rapture to my heart.  
 Now am I slain—untimely fate uproots  
 A life that knew no other wish than thee—  
 Remorseless, deign to smile upon thy friend.  
 Speak to me—if but to say—dost thou not know  
 The anguish of your old companions's breast.

(*Mádhava* appears to recover.)

Delightful shadows shedding on the world  
 New life—the cool refreshing drops that fall  
 From yon cœrulean cloud\* revive my friend.

† The expression is *Achira dhauta Rájá patta ruchira chhavi* which has not long been cleaned; this the commentators say im-  
 plies a light and clear blue, but why does not appear. The *Rájá patta* is properly a royal fillet or tiara. *Jagaddhara* says it means *Khetí*, and *Malanka* explains it

*Madh.* (*Recovering.*) Where in this thicket may I hope  
to find

An envoy to my love—ha, yonder winds  
Around the mountain's brow, the gathering cloud ;  
Black as the tall *Tamála*—As it stoops  
From it's high course, it pours its tribute down  
Into the river bed, that gliding laves  
The ebon *Jumbu* groves laden with fruit.

(*Rises and bows.*)

Thy form the lightning lovingly entwines ;  
Thy coming, thirsty †*Chátakas* proclaim ;

*Ráyúti prastara* or *Rayati* stone. *Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch*  
but neither of these words are *schiffte,*  
found in any Dictionary, Hindi *Grüßet mir freundlich mein*  
or Bengali, nor can the Pundits *Jugendland.*  
explain them. *Ich bin gefangen, Ich bin in Ban-*

\* An address to a cloud as a *den,*  
messenger to a beloved object *Ach ich habe' kein andern ge-*  
is a standing rule in Hindu poe- *adnten*  
try. A lengthened supplication *Frey in Lüfter is eure Bahn*  
of such a character I have given *Ihr seyd nich dieser königinn*  
to the public in the *Megha Duta* *unterthan.*  
or *Cloud Messenger*, the celebri-  
ty of which poem probably made *Light clouds, ye barks of air,*  
such kind of invocation com- *Who with ye sails or flies?*  
mon place. We have however a *To my youth's home, oh bear,*  
similar address in a poet of mo- *My hearts recording sighs---*  
dern Europe and although *Bhu-* *In captive bonds I lonely pine*  
*vadhuti* may have borrowed *Nor other envoy now is mine,*  
from *Kalidás* we cannot suppose *Save ye, who freely track your*  
*Schiller* was under a similar ob- *way*  
ligation when in his *Maria Stuart.* *And no tyrannic queen obey.*  
*Mary* addresses the clouds. † A bird which is said to drink  
no water but rain.

*Eilende wolken, Segler der Lüfte*

The east wind fans thee with its gentle breath ;  
 And *Indra's* bow irradiates thy course—  
 Hark ; with deep voice, he answers, and the sound  
 Mixed with the Peacock's raptured cry, reverberates  
 Along the echoing caves. He bids me speak.—  
 Majestic cloud—if haply as thou roamest—  
 Free on thy airy path, thou shouldst behold  
 My love—allay the conflicts of her mind.  
 Tell her her *Mádhava's* distress—but heed,  
 You do not snap the slender thread of hope  
 That now alone sustains her fragile life.  
 He onward bends his course. I too will hence. (*going.*)

*Mak.* Alas, the reason of my noble friend  
 Is clouded by insanity—Pious dame  
 Observe his state, and lend thy guardian aid.—

*Madh.* How now—the beauty of my love I view  
 In these young buds—her eye, the deer display,  
 The Elephant has stolen her gait—her grace  
 The waving creeper shews—she has been slain,  
 And all her charms are scattered through the wild.  
 My love—my *Málati* (*he faints.*)

*Mak.* Obdurate heart—why break'st thou not, afflicted  
 By *Mádhava's* affliction—as my friend,  
 The shrine of all desert, lord of my life,  
 The fellow of my childhood's sports—in youth  
 My fond associate, thus laments his love.

*Mal.* (*Sighing and rising.*) Such close similitude the  
 hand of *Brahmá*.  
 Creates but sparingly—it must be so.  
 Ho', ye, who tenant these high towering rocks,  
 And leafy woods I call to you ; a while

Grant me attention\*—Tell me have you seen  
 Amidst these wilds a nymph of loveliest beauty,  
 Or know ye where she strays—I will describe  
 Her charms—Love rages tyrant in her bosom,  
 But lavishes his bounties on her form—  
 Alas, the peafowl as he dances wild  
 With rapture, drowns my sorrows with his cry—  
 With rolling eyeballs the *Chakora*† flies  
 After his mate—the Ape in sport besmears  
 His cheeks with flowery dust—whom should I sue to;  
 Vain the request unseasonably proffered  
 There, leaning on the *Rohin's*‡ hollow stem, the elephant  
 Wearied supports his trunk upon his mate ;  
 With the sharp points of his vast tusks he rubs  
 The corners of her eyes—he fans her form  
 With his broad ears, and thrusts into her mouth  
 The broken fragments of the incense bough.  
 How blest the master of the forest herd.  
 But you dejected animal bewails  
 His absent female. To the muttering clouds  
 He breathes no murmured echo—from the lake  
 He gleans no grateful fodder, and he roams  
 With humbled brow, where silent sits the bee,  
 Deprived the nectar of the frontal juice.  
 Enough of this despondence – I will hence.

\* The commentator is prosaic enough to assert *Mūdhava* addresses the animals of the forest. It may beso; but the Hindu system authorises an appeal to the *Īthala Devatas* and *Vana Devatas*, Genii of the soil and the forest, to the *Faun*, and *Dryads* who preside over the mountain and the wood.

† The red legged or Greek Partridge (*Tetrao rufus*.)

‡ A tree (*Andersonia Rohitaka*.)



This is indeed the proud exulting monarch  
 Of the huge herd : his mighty roar invites  
 Grateful his willing mate ; down his broad cheek,  
 The viscid fluid sheds such cooling odour,  
 As from the newly ripe *Kadamba* breathes.  
 He rends away the lotus leaf, and stem,  
 And roots, and filaments, as in the lake  
 He madly plunges, frightening from their nests  
 The osprey and the heron,\* and to the tune  
 Of his ferocious love, his ponderous ears  
 Waved dancing, lash the water into foam.  
 I will approach him. Sovereign of the wild,  
 Thy youthful prowess merits praise no less  
 Than thine ingenious fondness for thy mate.  
 With water fragrant with the rich perfume,  
 Drawn from the flowery lake, thou washest down  
 The savoury morsels of the lotus stalk,  
 With which thou erst hadst fed her—then in sport  
 Thou scatterest with thy trunk the silvery spray  
 Upon her brow—ah shame—why wav'st thou not  
 The straight stemmed lotus over her, as a shade  
 Against the sun—Ah me—upon the brute,  
 I waste the hours due unto my friend.  
 Yet *Makaranda* I lament the most  
 In this, I grieve alone—nor would I taste  
 Of any pleasure that thou couldst not share—  
 Perish the day that is not spent with thee,  
 And with my *Málati*. False are the joys,  
 That spring for any source but her and thee.—

\* Or more correctly the *Sáras* or Indian Crane.

*Mak.* Alas, amidst his wanderings he recalls  
 The fervour of his friendship—and some chord,  
 Awakes his love, though reckless of my presence.  
 (*Advances.*) Behold me here—your faithful, sorrow-  
 ing, friend.

*Madh.* My friend, can it be true—oh let me be  
 Convinced by thine embrace—alas, I die.  
 I have no hope—my *Málati* is lost—(faints.)

*Mak.* (*Looking.*) Alas—The consciousness that my em-  
 brace

Had waked, again has flown—what hope is left me.  
 Alone, the sad conviction now survives  
 My friend is lost to me—ah—*Mádhava*—  
 I now may banish all those needless fears  
 For your tranquillity, my anxious heart  
 Has in its love unceasing entertained—  
 Ah, happier were the moments of distress  
 That still evinced perception. All is over.  
 And now, this body is a barren load ;  
 Life is congealed—the faculties are dim,  
 And all the world a blank—Time is the source  
 Of ceaseless anguish, and the living world,  
 Cold, dead, and cheerless, now that thou art gone.  
 Now what have I do, beholding thus  
 The fate of *Mádhava*—it shall be so—  
 From this tall mountain summit, will I plunge  
 Into the stream—the herald of my friend,  
 And glad precede him to the shades below\*

(*Approaching and looking at Mádhava.*)

\* Although not in the text tifiable for the Hindu mytho-  
 this expression is perfectly jus- logy accords precisely with the

Is this the form I have so oft embraced  
 Insatiate—and whose grace the eye of *Málatí*,  
 Bewildered with a love till then unknown,  
 Delighted drank—how wonderful, combined  
 Such countless merits with such early years—  
 Upon the world's tiara didst thou shine  
 The glittering gem, and now thou fall'st, a prey  
 To death—like the full moon to *Ráhu's* jaws  
 Consigned—or like the volumed cloud, thin scattered  
 Before the driving breeze, or like the tree,  
 That ere it puts it goodliest blossoms forth,  
 Consumes to ashes in the forest's blaze.  
 Let me once more embrace him, and address  
 My last farewell to my expiring friend—  
 Shrine of pure knowledge, and of noblest worth ;  
 Lord of the life of *Málatí*—Reflexion  
 Of all surpassing loveliness—Divinity  
 Of female hearts—Autumnal moon that swayed  
 The tide of friendship's main—and charmed the days  
 Of *Makaranda* and the pious priestess —  
 My friend, my *Mádhava*—accept this last,  
 This fond embrace—from him whose life began  
 Before thou wast, and who now terminates  
 His blighted days. A little while he lives—  
 And do not thou forbid his fixed design—  
 Through life I have partaken of thy fortune,  
 And drank in childhood of thy mother's milk ;

Greek in sending the souls of judge, they are thence conveyed  
 the dead to receive judgement to *Tartarus* or *Elysium*, to *Ná-*  
 in the infernal regions, and ac- *raka* or *Swerga*, according to  
 cording to the sentence of their their evil or good deeds.

It must not be, that thou shalt quaff alone,  
The sad libations of thy sorrowing kin.

(Leaves him and retires.)

Deep underneath the precipice, the stream  
Flows rapid—Mighty Lord of *Gauri* hail—  
Grant me with *Mádhava* such future birth,  
That, as in this life, I again may be,  
In that to come—his follower and friend—

(Going to precipitate himself is withheld by *Saudáminí*)

Forbear—my son—forego your desperate purpose

*Mak.* And who art thou—that seek'st to stay my will.

*Saud.* Art thou not *Makaranda*.—

*Mak.* Let me go—

I am that luckless wretch.

*Saud.* In me behold,

The mistress of supernal power,\* and see

The vestiges of *Málatí*—(shews the *Bakula* garland.)

*Mak.* How—lives she.

*Saud.* Do not fear—but what insanity

Is this, and how unwelcome to your friend—

Where is he.

*Mak.* With despair o'ercome, even now

I left him—let us seek him—haste—

*Madh.* (Recovering.) Who wakes

My soul to sorrow once again—the wind,

Scattering the new and heavy laden clouds,

Regardless of my woes, has broke my slumbers—

*Mak.* Blest sight—my friend revives

‡ Or I am a *Yoginí* one who by the practice of the *Yoga* has acquired supernatural powers

*Saud.* (*Looking at Mád hava—then apart,*) The forms of  
both

These youths—has *Málatí* with truth described.

*Madh.* Hail eastern Gale—disperse the drooping clouds,  
And disappoint the longing *Chátaka*—  
Silence the peafowl's cries, and turn to stone  
The blossoms of the *Ketaki*—awhile—  
The absent lover lost to sense forgot  
His misery ; thou again hast called his soul  
To conscious agony: what wouldst thou more—

*Mak.* The all pervading wind diffuses life  
To creatures animate

*Madh.* Celestial breeze,  
Bear, with the fragrant odors thou hast wrung  
From the *Kadamba* blossoms, to my love,  
The life of *Mád hava*—or rather breathe  
From her, impregnate with the cooling perfume  
Of her delicious form—thou art alone  
My hope.

(*Bows with joined hands applied to his forehead.\**)

*Saud.* This is the season to present  
The well known garland. (*Throws it over his hands.*)

*Madh.*—Ha—the wreath I wove  
Of *Bakula* flowers, amidst the sacred shades  
Of *Kama's* temple, and long fondly worn  
Upon the bosom of my best beloved—  
It is the same—this is the part

§ In the *Anjali*—or respectful obeisance, the head is slightly bowed--the palms of the hands are brought together, and raised laterally to the middle of the forehead, so that the tips of the thumbs only are in contact with it.

*Lavangiká* was pleased to hear my *Málatí*  
 Pretend was strung awry ; a mere pretext,  
 To veil the irrepressible delight,  
 Her radiant countenance too plain revealed.

( *Jumps up* )

Now *Málatí* behold—ah no, you heed not  
 My hapless state—my parting breath escapes,  
 My heart desponds—my body is on fire,  
 And darkness spreads around me—oh be quick ;  
 You need not mock my sorrow—cast upon me  
 One bliss-diffusing glance—oh, be not pitiless.

( *Looking round, then at the garland.* )

How did she give me this—welcome dear wreath  
 The favourite of my love—and long her friend—  
 Oh whence so ever borne, welcome, most welcome.  
 When on that gentle form, the scorching flame  
 Of love resistless preyed, and all her maidens  
 Despaired—thy grateful succor saved the days  
 Of *Málatí*—she clasped thee to her bosom,  
 And dreamt she pressed her lover to her heart ;  
 Well I recall thy various passages  
 Between my neck, and that of my beloved,  
 Engendering tenderness, exciting hope  
 And animating passion's glowing fires.

( *Puts the garland to his heart and faints.* )

*Mak.* Revive my friend—( *fanning him.* )

*Madh.* Ha *Makaranda* !

Didst thou not see—how *Málatí's* affection  
 Was sealed with her fair hand—how chanced it say—  
 Dost thou not know.—

*Mal.* This holy dame has brought  
Some tidings of the maid.

*Madh.* (*Bowing.*) With favouring ear  
Receive my prayers--oh tell me--*Málatī*  
Say, does she live.--

*Saul* Be of good cheer my son ;  
She lives.

*Madh.* How--where--oh speak.

*Saul.* Some while ago it chanced,  
*Aghora ghanta* at *Kurúlú's* shrine  
Fell by the arm of *Máuhava*, in rescue  
Of his fair maid.--

*Madh.* Enough--I know the whole.

*Mak.* How so.

*Madh.* *Kapálakundalá*--his partner.--

*Mak.* Is it e'en so--

*Saul.* My son conjectures rightly.--

*Mak.* Alas--how beauteous did the union shew  
Of the bright moon light, and the lotus bed,  
Till, like a dark unseasonable cloud,  
Fate frowning came to intercept their joys.

*Madh.* Into what dreadful hands has *Málatī*  
Now fallen--to what exposed--oh lovely maid  
How couldst thou bear the grasp un pitying  
Of the fierce fiend--like the pale struggling moon  
By hideous meteor seized. *Kúpalakundalá*  
Respect her tender form--repress thy spirit  
Malign, and learn benevolence--the flowret  
By nature delicate, should not be crushed  
With blows, but gently twined around the brow.

*Saud.* Enough—be calm—remorseless as she is,

She dares not harm the maid—I will prevent her

*Madh. and Mak.* (*bowing.*) Accept our thanks—oh say,  
to what we owe

Thy friendly care.—

*Saud.* It is enough at present,

To learn, that in your cause I will exert

The powerful knowledge, mystic rites and prayers,

Devout observance and a sainted teacher,

Have armed me with—come *Mádhava*—attend me!

(*Takes hold of Mádhava, and they disappear.*)

*Mak.* Astonishing reverse—the fearful gloom

Yields to the lightning flash of hope, and instant

The cheated eye resumes its wonted faculty—

(*Looks round.*)

How now—my friend not here—what can this be :

The dame is powerful in her magic rites,

But this alarms me—from one fear escaped

Another comes to agitate my heart.

My mind is tossed amidst delight and dread,

And doubts one moment caused, subside the next—

I'll seek the priestess, who amidst the woods

Is roaming with her friends, and to her ear

Impart these wonderous chances—

*Exit.*

END OF THE NINTH ACT.



## ACT X.

### ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.

ENTER *Kámandaki, Madayantiká and Lavangiká.*

*Kam.* My pride, my child, my *Málati*, where art thou—  
Oh yield me a reply—your countless graces,  
Your modesty, your elegance, your gentleness  
Rise to my memory, consume my frame,  
And rend my heart asunder. Oh, my daughter,  
I well recall your infant countenance,  
Your pleasing prattle, and the transient tears,  
And smiles, that shewed the young teeth budding  
forth.

*Mud. and Lav.* Oh dearest friend, more radiant than the  
moon,

Ah whither hast thou flown: can fate assail  
Remorseless thus, thy form as delicate  
As the *Sirisha* blossoms, and pursue thee  
Unfriended and alone. Oh *Mádhava*  
Thy promised joys are blighted in this world.

*Kam.* Alas my children, in your fond embrace  
And new delight, fate, like a rising gale,  
That fells the tree and tender vine together,

Has struck ye to the ground.

*Lav.* Oh cruel maid,

How can you punish thus the stony hearts  
That cease to beat with hope.

*Mad.* Nay do not yet,  
Yield to despair.

*Lav.* Alas, my life is turned  
To adamant, and will not leave me.

*Kam.* My dear child ;

From birth, *Lavangiká* was dear to thee,  
And dost thou not compassionate her now,  
Disdaining life—Deprived of thee, her days  
Are fading into gloom, as fluttering sinks  
The lamp no oil supplies—How canst thou quit  
*Kámandakí* within whose garb enfolded,  
Thy infant limbs to health and beauty grew.  
From the maternal breast, wast thou confided  
A \* delicate plaything to my guardian care ;  
At first to ply thy sports, but more advanced  
To learn the duties of thy state : now grown  
To years mature, I have beheld thee wedded  
To a loved husband, picked from all the world.  
More than a mother's claims upon thy love,  
Have I—Ingrate—thou leav'st me to despair.  
Ah me, I vainly hoped I should behold  
A beauteous boy, hang fondly at thy breast,  
Or sport upon thy lip, his brow and forehead

\* Literally, an ivory doll; *Danta pancháliká* ; *Danta* here meaning the tooth of the Elephant.

White with protecting flour,\* his lovely face  
Brightened with causeless smiles.

*Lav.* Most holy dame,

I can no more endure this load of life :  
This precipice relieves me of the burthen :  
Grant me your blessing that in after life  
I may once more behold my friend.

*Kam.* My daughter,

Life is alike unwelcome to my bosom,  
Deprived of my dear children, and despair  
Invades my heart, but different merits claim  
A different birth, and if we should not gain  
Reunion with our friends in days to come,  
Abandonment of present life would yield  
No fruit but vain repentance.

*Lav.* Be it so.

*Kam.* Daughter, *Madayntiká.*

*Mad.* Your commands—

If they direct me lead the way to death,  
Behold—I am prepared.

*Lav.* Dear friend—refrain

From self-destruction—Keep me in your memory.

*Mad.* Away, I am not subject to your will.

*Kam.* (*Apart.*) Alas ! there is no hope.

\* The powder of white mustard is applied to the top of the head and the forehead, and other parts of a new born child, as a protection against evil spirits. A mixture of the same with oil and rice is scattered about in every quarter upon the commencement of a sacrifice to keep off ghosts and fiends.

*Mad. Apart.*) Dear husband, fare thee well.

*Lav.* This is the loftiest point, and far below  
The *Madhumati* twines its glittering zone.

*Kam.* Enough—our purpose brooks not of delay.  
(*They are about to cast themselves down.*)

[*Without.*] Astonishing reverse—the fearful gloom  
Yields to the lightning flash of hope.

*Kam.* Who comes, —  
My son.

ENTER *Makaranda*.

Say how is this.

*Mak.* A dame of more than mortal powers has used  
Her art in our behalf.

[*Without.*] A fearful crowd is gathered—*Bhúrivasu*,  
Desp'ing life, and spurning worldly hopes,  
Since he has learned his daughter's death, repairs,  
To cast himself into the raging flames  
At *Svernavindu's* shrine—Alas, we all,  
Shall mourn his fate.

*Lav. and Mad.* How short an interval  
Rejoiced those lovers in each others sight.

*Kam. and Mak.* 'Tis most miraculous; what strange  
events

This day alternate; drops of fragrant sandal  
And sharp edged swords in the same shower commingle;  
And sparks of flame, and streams of heavenly nectar,  
Descend together from unclouded skies.  
The life restoring drug with poison blends  
And light and gloom; and destiny entwines  
The thunderbolt and lunar rays together.

*Mal.* (*Without.*) Dear father hold—oh, let me view  
again,

The lotus of thy countenance—oh turn  
Thy gaze upon thy child—how, for my sake,  
Canst thou desert thyself, the brilliant boast  
Of an auspicious race whose fame pervades  
Both earth and heaven—ah, wherefore purpose thus,  
Again to plunge me into bitterest woe.

*Kam.* My daughter how is this : art thou redeemed  
From death, once more to be exposed to peril ;  
As lurk the demons of eclipse to seize  
The feeble moon scarce struggling out of darkness.

*Lav.* Beho'd our friend—

ENTER *Mádhava* carrying *Málati* senseless.

*Madh.* Alas ! from danger rescued, has again  
Fear fallen upon thee—who shall bar the gate  
To shut out adverse destiny.

*Mak.* My friend  
Where is the dame.

*Madh.* With her we hither speeded,  
Swift from *Sri Párvata*, but when we heard  
The news the forester imparted to us ;  
I missed her suddenly.

*Kam and Mak.* Oh Dame of power  
Befriend us still ; why hast thou disappeared.

*Mad. and Lav.* My *Málati*, I speak to thee, thy friend—  
Priestess, preserve us, still she is insensible ;  
She does not breathe, her heart is cold. Alas,  
The sire and daughter are to each other

In turn, the instrument of death.

*Kam.* My dear child.

*Madh.* My Love.

*Mak.* My friend.

*Kam.* (*Looking up.*) What we'come drops are these  
That fall from heaven to aid us.

*Madh.* She revives—

Long sighs relieve her labouring breast, her heart  
Resumes its pulse ; her gentle eye unfolds,  
And from unconscious stillness that dear face  
Once more expands, as at the dawn of day  
The lotus bares its bosom to the sun.

(*Behind.*)—Deaf to the king's entreaties, and the prayers  
Of *Nandana*, though humbled at his feet,  
Upon the flaming marge, the minister  
By me has been prevented, and recalled  
To life and joy.

*Madh. and Mak.* (*Looking up.*) Mark, holy dame—From  
heaven,

The kind magician pours upon our hearts,  
The nectar of her tidings: they surpass  
The virtue of the ba my shower.

*Kam.* Blest news.

*All.* Our happiness is now secure.

*Kam.* My child!

*Mal.* The priestess!

(*Falls at her feet, Kámandaki raises and embraces her.*)

*Kam.* Restored to life my child, to life restore  
Your friends, and with your fond embraces, cool

As lunar rays, reanimate existence,

In those who live for you.

*Madh.* (To *Makaranda*.) My faithful friend;

This breathing world may now be well endured.

*Mak* In sooth it may,

*Mad. and Lav.* Dear *Málati* confirm

The happiness we see, by your embrace.

*Mal.* My valued friends. (*Embraces them.*)

*Kam.* Tell me, my sons, how chanced these strange events.

*Mad.* Our past misfortunes were the wrathful work

*Kapálakundali's* revenge inspired ;

And that we 'scaped her toils, our thanks are due

To this propitious and all powerful friend.

*Kam.* *Aghoraghanta's* death was then the source

Of these mischances.

*Mad. and Lav.* Strange vicissitude:

After repeated trials, adverse fate

In kindness terminates its chequered course.

ENTER *Saudámini*.

*Sau.* (To *Kámandaki*.) Hail holy Dame—your scholar  
pays your homage.

*Kam.* *Saudámini*—most welcome.

*Madh. and Mak.* Then we owe

Our succour to the priestess: this, her first

Disciple, all is clear.

*Kam.* This is well done.

And many a life preserved has sanctified thee.

'Tis long since we have met, dismiss this reverence,

And let me grateful press thee to my bosom.

*Embracing her.*

Thou hast deserved the praises of the world,  
 Whose lofty powers, the harvest of the seed  
 By early study sown, are shewn by deeds  
 That shame the mightiest masters \*

*Mad. and Lav.* Is this *Saudáminí*.

*Mal.* It is: by her,  
 The friend and pupil of my pious guardian,  
 The fierce *Kapálakundalá* was foiled.  
 She bore me to her dwelling, and there leaving me  
 Secure, conveyed the wreath of *Bakula* flowers,  
 To snatch you from despair.

*Mad. and Lav.* She has indeed,  
 Been scarcely less propitious to us, than our old  
 And reverend preceptress.

*Madh. and Mak.* The bright gem,  
 That grants whatever is desired, demands  
 The suppliant's prayer: the Dame's assistance came  
 All unsolicited.

*Sau.* (*Apart.*) These thanks oppress me—  
 Respected mistress, from the king I bear  
 A letter to the youth—it was inscribed  
 With *Nandana's* concurrence, and the assent

\* The expression is rather singular, "exceeding a *Bodhisatwa*"—a pious person with miraculous powers, and who is considered as an inferior incarnation of *Buddha*—it is, however in harmony with the character of *Kámandakí*—whose sanctity and the respectful allusions to the *Bauddhas*, shew that the play was composed before their decline.



Of *Bhúrivasu*. (gives her a letter.)

*Kam.* (Takes it and reads.)

“ Unto all, be health—

“ The King commands—We are well pleased to greet

“ A Son in you—of noble race descended ;

“ Amongst the worthiest eminent, and late

“ From great calamity redeemed—and more ;

“ In love and grace to you, we do permit

“ Your well loved friend, to wed the youthful maid,

“ Whom first affection yielded to his hopes”

You hear my son.

*Mad.* I do, and all I wished,

Thus hearing, have obtained.

*Mal.* The lingering dart

Of fear is now extracted from our hearts.

*Lav.* The loves of *Málati* and *Mádhava*

Will now no more be thwarted.

*Mak.* See, where come

Our other friends, and faithful *Kalahansa*.

ENTER *Avalokítá*, *Buddharukshitá*, and *Kalahansa*.

*All* (bowing) Glory to *Kámundaki*—the sage

Perfector of all aims : glory to *Mádhava*—

The Moon that sheds delight on *Makaranda*.

Now Fate propitious smiles.

*Lav.* Who does not share

This general joy.

*Kam.* Our interesting story

Full of strange varied incidents, is closed.

There still exists cause for congratulation.

*Sau.* And *Devaráta* and his ancient friend,  
Will see with joy their children now are joined,  
In that affiance they so long projected.

*Mal.* (*Apart.*) Hey—how is this.

*Mak. and Madh.* (*To Kámandakí.*) How sorts the Dame's  
discourse

With past events.

*Lav.* (*Apart to Kam.*) What's to be said.

*Kam.* (*To her.*) We need no longer fear  
The wrath of *Nandana*, now we obtain  
His sister's aid (*aloud.*) 'Tis even as you have heard.  
Whilst yet I taught your fathers, they agreed,  
That when their children came to years mature,  
Their hands should be united, and they left  
*Saudaminí* and me, to take those cares  
That might secure your union, hoping thus  
To shun the anger of exalted rank.

*Mal.* (*Apart.*) What marvellous secrecy.

*Madh. and Mak.* It moves our wonder.

Yet must the schemes of the illustrious, planned  
For virtuous ends, and prudently conducted,  
Ever enjoy success.

*Kam.* My son, what more remains.

The happiness that was your earliest hope  
By my devotions, and the skilful pains  
Of my disciples, is at last ensured you.  
The king and *Nandana* approve the suit  
Of your dear friend, and hence no fear prevents

His union with his love. If yet there be  
A wish ungratified, declare it, speak.

*Mad.* (*Bowing.*) My happiness henceforth is perfect: all  
The wish I cherish more, is this, and may  
Your favor, holy Dame, grant it fruition.  
Still may the virtuous be exempt from error  
And fast to virtue cling—may monarchs merciful,  
And firm in equity, protect the earth—  
May in due season from the labouring clouds  
The fertile showers descend, and may the people  
Blest in their friends—their kindred, and their children  
Unknowing want, live cheerful and content.

[*Exeunt all.*

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The preceding Drama requires less allowance for any peculiarity in national manners than most of the specimens of the Hindu Theatre. It offers nothing to offend the most fastidious delicacy, and may be compared in this respect, advantageously, with many of the dramas of modern Europe, which treat of the passion that constitutes its subject.

The manner in which Love is here depicted is worthy of observation, as correcting a mistaken notion of the influence which the passion exercises over the minds of the Natives, of at least one portion of Asia. However intense the feeling, and it is represented as sufficiently powerful to endanger existence, it partakes in no respect of the impetuosity, which it has pleased the writers of the West to attribute to the people of the East;

The barbarous nations, whose inhuman love,  
Is wild desire, fierce as the Suns they feel.

The fierceness of their Suns is a very efficient cause for the gentleness of their passions, and the hardy children of the north find their complicated system of social restraint, insufficient to curb those impulses which they derive from a less enervated frame and a more lofty spirit.

If however the love of the Hindus be less vehement than that of the Goth, Dane or Norman of uncivilised days, it is equally remote from the extravagance of adoration which later times have learnt from those who never taught the lesson, the mirrors of Chivalry, who were equally vowed to the service of God and the Ladies. There is no reason to think their love was a whit purer than that of any other people or time, but the fancy was favourable to poetical imagination, and has undoubtedly influenced the manners of modern Europe. The heroine of this drama is loved as a woman: she is no goddess in the estimation of her lover, and although her glances may inflame, no hint is given that her frowns can kill---At the same time *Mádhava's* passion is as metaphysical as need be, and

*Malati* alone,  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein----

The passion of *Málati* is equally intense with of *Juliet* but her unconquerable reserve, even to the extent of denying her utterance to him she loves more than life, is a curious picture of the restraint to which the manners of Hindu Women were subjected, even whilst they were in enjoyment, as appears from the Drama, of considerable personal freedom.

The fervour of attachment which unites the different personages of the Drama so indissolubly in life and death, is creditable to the national character. Unless instances of such disinterested union had existed, the Author could scarcely have conceived, much less depicted it.

There is no great discrimination of character in the piece, nor could it be well expected as the business is so limited. It is not however wholly wanting and *Makaranda* and *Madayantikú* are much less mere lovers than *Mádhava* and *Málatí*. The cautious, though devoted, perseverance of *Kámondakí* is well maintained throughout, and the benevolence of *Sáudaminí* is well contrasted with the malignity of *Kapáukundalá*.

The incidents of the story are varied, and some of them are highly dramatic—they are rather diffusely spread out, but they are all essential to the denouement, the concurrence of all parties in the union of the lovers.

There is more passion in the thoughts of *Bhavabhúti* than in those of *Kálidása* but less fancy. There are few of the elegant similitudes in which the latter is so rich, and there is more, that is common place, and much that is strained and obscure. In none of his dramas does *Bhavabhúti* make any attempt at wit, and we have no character in either of his three dramas approaching the *Vishakha* of either of the two preceding pieces—on the other hand he expatiates more largely in the description of pictures and scenes, and in the representation of human emotion, and is perhaps entitled to even a higher place, than his rival, as a poet.



UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA,

OR

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF RAMA,

A DRAMA

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKRIT,

BY

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, ESQ.

*Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c.*

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*UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA,*

OR

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF *RAMA.*

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The *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*, or Continuation of the History of *Ráma*, is one of the three Dramas attributed to *Bhavabhúti*, and the internal evidence of the composition fully corroborates the traditional appropriation. The style is equally vigorous and harmonious as that of *Málalí* and *Múdhavu*, several of the sentiments found in that play recur in this, and the general character of the two Dramas notwithstanding the difference of their subjects offers many analogies. We have the same picturesque description, and strong pathos, in both.

The subject of the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra* is, as the name implies, a continuation of the history of *Ráma*, the prince of *Ayodhya*, and comprises the events that occurred subsequent to the war which constitutes the subject of the *Rámáyana*. It is taken from the last or supplementary section of that poem, one of the two principal poetical works of the Hindus not wholly mythological, and which have some pretensions to be included in the Epic class. It is however more correctly speaking a continuation of a play by the same author, the *Víra Ráma Cheritra*, in which the martial exploits of *Ráma* as described in the *Rámáyana* are dramatised. The date at which the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra* was composed, cannot be deduced with certainty from any thing that occurs in the course of the play. It offers nothing however that is incompatible with the period, at which the author is said to

have flourished, or the eighth century, as noticed in the introduction to *Málatí* and *Mádhava*. The style is classical, and although elaborate, is not deformed by extravagant refinement. The thoughts are pure, and undisgraced by conceits, and altogether the composition belongs to the era of good taste in Hindu writing. But the most decided evidence of an early date is furnished by the allusions to the *Vedas*, and to some parts of the Hindu ritual which are not now familiarly known, and which there is reason to think have long fallen into disuse. The condition of the Hindu religion must have been very different, when this Drama was composed, from any under which it has been observable for some centuries past.

The story of *Ráma* has been communicated to European readers so fully, in the writings of Jones, Wilford, Maurice, Ward, and Faber, as well as in the Hindu Pantheon of Moor, and in the translation of the two first books of the *Rámáyana* by the Revd. Messrs. Carey and Marshman of Serampore, as well as probably by this time in the translation of the whole poem by Augustus Schlegel, that the events which precede the action of the following Drama, will be familiar to many of those who may peruse it. In order however to render it intelligible to those to whom the story may be unknown, a brief recapitulation of the previous adventures of its hero may not be superfluous. The author himself has not thought a preparation of this kind unnecessary even for a Hindu audience, as he has introduced, with some ingenuity, a summary sketch of the leading incidents of *Ráma's* previous career. A reference to the notes accompanying that part of the Drama will more fully explain the

circumstances there alluded to, and supply some particulars of *Ráma's* adventures not comprised in the following brief narrative.

The Deities of the Hindu Pantheon by no means enjoy undisturbed possession of divinity, and they are obliged to contend for their own supremacy, or for the protection of the world, with various formidable races known as *Asuras*, *Daityas*, *Dánavas*, and *Rákshasas*, or different orders of Titanic and Gigantic beings of super human strength and vitality, who from the earliest periods,

Extrahere montes ad sidera summa parabant,  
Et magnum bello sollicitare Jovem—

Of these, the *Rákshasas* bear the least of a celestial character, and belong to the malignant creations of ancient and modern fable, who to gigantic strength and stature unite particular hostility to man, and an appetite for human flesh. In the poetical mythology of the Hindus they are descended from *Brahmá* through one of his will-born progeny, the Sage and Saint *Pulastya*, but their numbers are every day augmented by the addition of the disembodied Spirits of wicked men, condemned to this form for a season, in punishment of their crimes, and the class also comprehends sundry deformed and hideous bands, who are especially attached to the service of the God of wealth, and are supposed to keep watch over his treasures.

The first and most celebrated of the posterity of *Pulastya*, were *Rávana* and his brethren.—

—propago

Contemtrix superum, scævæque avidissima cædis,  
Et violenta

The half brother of *Kuvera* the God of wealth, *Rávana*, a *Rákshasa* with ten heads, dispossessed that deity of his capital *Lanká*, in which he seated himself, and thence spread terror not only over the world, but throughout the heavens, compelling many of the subordinate Divinities to perform the menial functions of his palace. To terminate these violences and alarms, *Vishnu* was obliged to come down to Earth, where he was born as *Ráma* or *Rímachandra*, the eldest son of *Dasaratha*, a Prince of the solar Dynasty and sovereign of *Ayodhya* or *Oude*, by his wife *Kausalyá*. Other portions of the same deity animated the sons of *Dasaratha*, by his other wives *Kaíkeyi* and *Sumitrá*, the former of whom gave birth to *Bharata*, and the latter to *Lakshmana* and *Satrughna*—a number of the progeny of the minor deities, and the attendant spirits of heaven, likewise assumed terrestrial shapes, and in the form of apes and bears became the warriors and allies of *Ráma*.

Whilst yet a lad, the services of *Ráma* were solicited by the sage *Viswámitra* to repel and slay the fiends by whom the religious rites of himself, and other pious individuals were interrupted. *Ráma* accordingly accompanied him, destroyed the *Rákshasi* or female fiend *Táraká*, and slew or chased other evil genii from the residence of the sages—on this occasion *Viswámitra* transferred to *Rama* and his descendants, the command of the celestial weapons, or the power ‘to wield the elements’ in war.

After these exploits *Viswámitra* conducted *Ráma* to *Mithilá* the kingdom of *Janaka*, whose daughter *Sítá* now marriageable, was to reward the prowess of the prince who should bend a bow, given to an ancestor of the Monarch of *Mithilá*

by the God *Siva*. *Ráma* alone succeeded in the attempt, and snapt the bow asunder. The indignity thus offered to his tutelary divinity, aroused the wrath of *Parasuráma*, a previous incarnation of *Vishnu*, still upon Earth, who coming to *Mithilá* to defy and exterminate *Rámuchandra*, was foiled by his junior, and obliged to return, humbled and in peace, to the retirement whence he had hastened on hearing of the bow's being broken. *Ráma* received the recompense of his vigour in the hand of *Sítá*, and at the same time *Urmilá* her sister, and *Mándaví* and *Srutakirtti*, her cousins, were married to the other three sons of *Dusaratha*.

When *Ráma* approached to years of maturity, his father, by the advice of his ministers, and according to the wishes of his people, proposed to associate him in the government as *Yuva Rájá*—Young King, or *Cæsar*; a delegation of authority that seems to have been constant under the old political system of the Hindus, and traces of which have been preserved to the present day, in the petty Hindu states to the East of Bengal—Domestic intrigue however forced *Dasaratha* to forego his purpose, and to change the elevation of *Ráma* into exile. His second wife, *Kaikeyí*, instigated by the councils of a female attendant, insisted upon the king's fulfillment of a promise which he had formerly made, and which like the pledge of the Gods of *Olympus*, was not to be recalled, whatever mischief might ensue. *Dasaratha* when formerly wounded dangerously in battle, was preserved by the cares of *Kaikeyí*, in acknowledgment of which service, he offered her two boons whenever she should demand them. These she now claimed, the installation of her son *Bharata*,

and the banishment of *Rama* for fourteen years, and *Dasaratha* was forced to comply, although upon the departure of his son, he expired with grief. *Bharata* refused to accept the succession to the throne, and hastened after *Rama* to bring him back to the capital, but that prince, in veneration of his father's memory, determined to fulfill his injunction notwithstanding his decease, and leaving *Bharata* regent during his absence, repaired to the forests of Southern India, accompanied by his wife, and *Lakshmana* his brother.

Conformably to current traditions, and the evidence of names assigned to different places in the peninsula, *Rama* passed from *Ayodhyá* to the South East, and first established himself near the sources of the *Godáveri* in the *Dandaka* forest. On his journey, and during his residence in the thickets, he encountered and discomfited various members of the *Rákshasa* tribe, and amongst others maltreated *Surpanahká* the sister of *Ravana*, requiting the tender sentiments with which he inspired her, by cutting off her nose and ears.—She first applied to her brothers, *Khara* and *Dushana* who guarded the forests with numerous bands of *Rákshasas*, to avenge her, but when they were slain in the quarrel by the sons of *Dasaratha*, she carried her complaints to *Ravana* in *Lanká*, and instigated him to resent the injuries that had been inflicted on her person, especially by inspiring him with a passion for *Sítá*. In order to effect his purpose *Ravana* repaired to *Panchávatí*, the residence of *Rama*, with *Maricha* the son of *Táraká* who transforming himself into a deer beguiled *Rama* from his cottage in chase of the supposed animal—*Lakshmana* by desire of *Sítá* going to look for his brother, she was left alone, on which *Ravana* approach-



ing her as an old mendicant, then discarded his disguise and carried her off. On his way he was at first stopped by *Jatáyus*, a mythological being, a chief of the winged tribes, and a friend of *Dasaratha*, who was speedily overcome, and left mortally wounded, and *Rávana* effected his retreat to *Lanká* without further opposition.

On returning to his cottage, and searching for his missing bride, *Ráma* discovered the wounded *Jatáyus*, and before he expired learnt from him who was the Ravisher of *Sítá*, but not his residence; in quest of which, he plunged into the forests in the central part of the peninsula, and by the advice of a headless monster, whom he slew, repaired to the mountain *Rishyamuka* at the sources of the *Pampá* river, where *Sugriva* the monarch of the monkies held his court—On arriving at this spot, he found the monkey monarchy distracted by intestine divisions, and *Sugriva* deprived of his wife and shorn of his authority by his brother *Báli*. *Ráma* having formed an alliance with *Sugriva*, engaged and killed *Báli*, and restored to his associate the supreme sovereignty over the baboons, and the capital *Kishkindha*. *Sugriva* in acknowledgement of this service, dispatched his principal monkies in all directions to discover *Sítá*, in which search *Hanumán* was successful—the party he accompanied, headed by *Angada*, the son of *Báli* proceeded southward to the sea, where they encountered *Sampúti* the brother of *Jatáyus*, by whom they were apprised of the site of *Lanká* and the detention of *Sítá* there by its ten headed king. *Hanumán* undertook to seek her there, and jumping across the arm of the sea, obtained access to the palace where *Sítá* was confined, and an interview with that princess. Having thus ascertained

the place of her existence, *Hanumán* after setting *Lanká* on fire, returned to *Ráma*, and conveyed to him the information which he had been sent out to procure.

On receipt of this intelligence, *Ráma* accompanied by *Sugriva* and an innumerable host of his monkey subjects, advanced to the point of the Peninsula, opposite to the northern extremity of Ceylon, where a passage across the channel by which that island is separated from the Coromandel coast was accomplished, by casting rocks and mountains into the sea, and thus constructing a bridge, the vestiges of which are said to be still visible in the reef of rocks which render the straits of Manar impassable to vessels of burthen. At this point *Ráma* was joined by *Vibhíshana*, the brother of *Rávana* who having in vain counselled the restitution of *Sítá*, and incurred by his advice the displeasure of the sovereign of *Lanká*, deserted his cause, and went over to the enemy.

Having crossed the Sea and encamped in the vicinity of the capital of *Rávana*, the baboon army was encountered by the monstrous bands in the service of *Lanká*, and a variety of engagements ensued, which although attended with the occasional discomfiture of the assailants ended in the utter defeat of the *Rákshasas*, and the death of *Rávana* by the hands of *Ráma*. Upon his fall, *Sítá* was recovered, but before being re-admitted to her husband's embraces she was compelled to vindicate her purity, by undergoing the ordeal of fire. Having passed unhurt through the blazing pile, and been further justified by the oral testimony of *Brahmá* and other Gods, as well as the spirit of *Dasaratha* her father in law, she was once more united to *Ráma*, who installing

*Vibhishana* in the kingdom of *Lanká*, over which he is supposed still to reign, he returned to *Ayodhyá* where *Bharata* gladly restored the sovereignty to his Brother.

The incidents that immediately followed the return of *Ráma* to his Capital form the Subject of the Drama, and therefore require no notice in this place : the catastrophe is however differently brought about in the *Rámáyana* and *Raghuvansa*, a poetical account of *Ráma* and his race, and closes in a different manner. *Ráma* discovers his sons in consequence of their recital of the *Rámáyana* at his sacrifice, and *Sítá* upon her innocence being recognised by the people, is suddenly carried off by the Goddess of the Earth, and disappears for ever. This denouement is very judiciously altered to her reunion with her sons and husband, in the play. *Ráma* died soon after the disappearance of *Sítá*, and divided his kingdom between his sons, but *Kusa* being the elder and having established his capital at *Ayodhyá* is regarded as the continuer of the line of *Raghu*. The *Kachwaha Rajputs*, affect to derive their descent from *Kusa*, whilst another *Rajput* tribe, the *Badkija* regard *Lava* as the founder of their race.



# UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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### MEN.

*Ráma.* King of *Ayodhyá*.

*Kusa,* } his twin Sons.  
*Lava,* }

*Lakshmana.* The brother of *Ráma*.

*Chandraketu.* The son of *Lakshmana*.

*Válmiki.* A holy Sage, the author of the *Rámáyana*, and preceptor of *Kusa* and *Lava*.

*Junaka.* The father of *Sítú*, formerly king of *Mithilá*, now leading an ascetic life.

*Sambúka.* An ascetic killed by *Ráma*, but appearing in his spiritual character.

*Ashtavakra.* An ascetic.

*Sumantra.* The Charioteer of *Chandraketu*.

*Durmukha.* An emissary employed by *Ráma*.

*Saudhátaki,* } two of *Valmiki's* pupils.  
*Bhándáyana,* }

*A Vidyádharma.* A male Spirit of air.

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### WOMEN.

*Sítá.* The wife of *Ráma*.

*Arundhatí.* A pious dame, the wife of the sage *Vasishthá* and guardian of *Sítá*.

*Atreyí.* A pious dame, the wife of the sage *Atri*.

*Kausalyú.* The aged mother of *Ráma*.

*Vásantí.* The guardian spirit of the forest of *Janast'hána*.

*Tamasú.* A River Goddess.

*Muralá.* The same.

A *Vidyadhari.* A female Spirit of air.

*Characters in the Scene in the last Act.*

*Gangú.* The Goddess of the Ganges.

*Prithiví.* The Goddess of the Earth.

Celestial Spirits, guards, pupils, &c.

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The Scene of the First Act is in the Palace of *Ráma* at *Ajodhyá*, of the second, in the forest of *Janast'hána* along the *Godáveri*—in the rest of the piece, it lies in the vicinity of *Válmiki's* hermitage at *Bithúr* on the Ganges.

An interval of twelve years occurs between the First Act and the remainder of the play: the time of each Act is that of representation.

# UTTARA RAMA CHERITRA.

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## A DRAMA

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### PRELUDE

ENTER *Manager*.

*Mana*. I bow to the feet of the illustrious poet *Bhava—bhúti*.\*—By thus honouring the celebrated bards of old we propitiate the Goddess of eloquence who is a portion of the Supreme Spirit.

This being the festival of the glorious† *Kálapriya Náth* I apprise you, Sirs, that we purpose representing the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*, the composition of *Bhavabhúti*, entitled *Sri-Kantha*—of the race of *Kásyapa*, and assimilated to an equality with *Brahmá* by the favour of *Saraswatí*.‡ I enact a native of *Ayodhyá*§ and a stranger approaches—

\* This salutation must of the name now given to a whole course be the work of a later province or kingdom *Awadh* or hand: the whole of this brief *Oude*. It was formerly confined introduction is very peculiar. to the capital, the kingdom bearing the designation of *Kosalá*.

† The *Málatí* and *Mádhava* was composed for a similar festival, as has been noticed. It was for many years the sovereignty of the princes of the Solar line. The remains of the ancient city are still to be seen at the town of *Oude*, situated on the banks of the *Ghagra* 79 miles from *Lucknow* and adjoining *Fyzabad*.

‡ The Goddess of eloquence and wife of *Brahmá*—the allusions to *Bhavabhúti*'s family descent have been explained in the *Málatí* and *Madhava*.

\* *Ayodhya* is the original of

This is the season of the inauguration of the renowned *Ráma*, the threatening meteor of the race of *Pulastya* ;\* and the drum of rejoicing, sounds unweariedly by night and day—but, what should this mean—why are the public places to day so silent and unfrequented.—

\* Intending especially the Giant king of *Lanká*, *Rávana*, and his brothers destroyed in the war with *Ráma*. *Ravana* was the son of the sage *Visravas* by *Naikasi* the daughter of *Sumáli*, a demon, who observing the splendor of *Kuvera*, a son of the sage by his wife *Irvirá*, directed his daughter to propitiate the sage that she also might have children by him. Having succeeded in obtaining the good graces of *Visravas*, *Naikasi* had by him *Rávana*, *Kumbhakerna*, and *Vibhishana*, and a daughter *Surpanakhá*.

*Rávana* was engendered after the performance of a sacrifice with fire, in consequence of which he was born of an uncounted appearance with ten heads and twenty arms—*Visravas* his father, was the son of *Pulastya* one of the will begotten sons of *Brahmá*—although therefore a holy sage, he is often alluded to as the progenitor of the *Rákshasas*, of which race *Rávana* and his brethren were such distin-

guished members. *Uttara Ramayana* and *Padma Purána*. The *Bhágavat* agrees nearly with them but names the mother of the *Rákshasas*, *Kumbhinasi*.

A very different legend is given in the *Vana Parva* of the *Mahábhárat*. *Pulastya* the son of *Brahma*, begot *Kuvera*, who who by paying great attention to his graud father was made by him immortal and appointed the God of wealth. His capital was *Lanká*, and the *Rákshasa* swere his guards. His currying favour with *Brahmá* incensed his father, and *Pulastya* assumed the form of a holy sage named *Visravas*. To propitiate this wrathful manifestation of his father, was *Kuverá's* next object and with this view he gave him three *Rákshasis* as handmaids, *Pushpotkatá*, *Ráká* and *Málini*—by the first *Visravas*, had *Kumbhakerna* and *Rávana*, by the second *Khara* and a daughter *Surpanakhá*, and by *Málini*, *Vibhishana*. We have a different account again in the *Linga Purana*



ENTER *Actor*.

*Act.* The monkey chiefs,\* and friendly fiends, and all the warriors in alliance with the prince, have been dismissed to their several homes; in their stead, the holy sages have arrived from various realms, and their reception has been the occasion of perpetual festivity.—

*Mana.* True—and the mothers of *Rághava*,† under the guidance of *Vasisththa*,‡ and with *Arundhati*§ to preside in the sacrifice, have departed to the dwelling of their son in law.—

*Act.* I am a stranger here you know—inform me who is this son in law.—

(ch. 63.) *Pulastya* had by *Ilavilá*, the daughter of *Trinavindu*, a son, named *Visravas* who had four wives *Devavarnini* the daughter of *Vrihaspati*, *Pushpotkata* and *Ráká* (or *Váká*) the daughters of the demon *Mályavan*, and *Naikasi* the daughter of the Demon *Sallaki*: by the first he had *Kuvera* or *Vaisravana*, by the second *Mahodara*, *Prahasta*, *Mahaparswa*, and *Khara*, and *Kernanasi* a daughter; by the third he had *Trisiras* *Dushana* and *Vidyujjihwa* and *Syamika* a daughter, and by the last or *Náikasi* the virtuous *Vibhishana*.

\* *Ráma* was accompanied on his return to *Ayodhyá* by *Vibhishana* the brother and successor of *Rávana* and by the mon-

key chiefs, *Sugriva*, *Angada*, and *Hanumán*—they assisted at his coronation, and then returned to their dwellings in the *Dekhin*, and *Lanká*.

† Or *Ráma*; the term is a patronymic implying his being a descendant of *Raghu*. His mothers are the widows of his father *Dasarathu*—*Kausalyá* the mother of *Rama*; *Sumitrá* the mother of *Lakshmana*, and the youngest son *Satrughna*, and *Kaikeyi* the mother of the third son *Bharata*.

‡ The family priest of *Rama's* race, the son of *Brahmá* in one birth, and of *Mitra* and *Váruna* or the sun and the sea in another.

§ *Arundhati* is the wife of the Sage.

*Mana.* The late king\* *Dasaratha* had a daughter named *Sántá*, whom he gave to king *Lomapáda* to adopt, and whom *Rishyasringa*† the son of *Vibhándaka* espoused‡—He now holds the ceremony of the§ twelve years sacrifice, and the elders have gone to assist as its celebration—leaving with his permission, the daughter of ¶ *Janaka* at the capital, But, come, time wears—let us go meet our friends at the Palace as was appointed.

*Act.* But tell me, in your opinion, has the tit'e of *Most Pure* been very judiciously granted by the king to his bride.

\* *Dasaratha* the son of *Aja* and father of *Râma* was a distinguished prince of the Solar dynasty. *Buchanan* supposes him to have lived in the 15th century before the Christian era.

† *Rishyasringa* the deer-horned was born of a doe, and had a small horn on his forehead, whence his name.

‡ These circumstances are all narrated in the *Râmáyana* at length. Book 1 Sections vii. ix. x. *Lomapáda* was king of Anga.

§ This number offers some analogy to the visits of Gods to Ethiopia's blameless race when; "Twelve days the powers indulged the genial rite." *Macrobis* however would read this, twelve hours or the interval between Sun set and Sun rise, when Jove as that planet is below the horizon: it is true the

original leaves him at liberty to propose such a reading as neither days nor hours are specified in this place. The return of the deities however is more specific. Twelve *days* were passed and now the dawning light

The Gods had summoned to the Olympian height.

The same critic conceives also that some allusion may be made to the signs of the Zodiac (*Sat.* 1. 23. *Sonn.* *Scipion.* lib. 2.) The number has very possibly some secret import, astronomical or mythological, both amongst the Hindus and Greeks.

¶ *Janaka* was king of Mithila and a man of great piety and learning. He was the reputed father of *Sitá* the wife of *Râma*, having found her an infant in the earth upon ploughing it for a sacrifice.

*Mana.* Mind your own affairs—why talk upon improper subjects—men are ever evil disposed towards the purity of words and women.

*Act.*—Most maliciously—true—especially as the calumnies insinuated against *Vaidéhi*,\* in consequence of her residence in the dwelling of the *Rákshasa*, were refuted by her passing the fiery ordeal.†

*Mana.* Yet should such reports as are still current reach the king they will cause him great distress.

*Act.* The sages and the Gods will provide for the best—Where is his Majesty (*listening.*) Oh, I hear, *Janaka* his father in law has just left him to return to his own kingdom,

\* *Sítá* hears the patronymic *Vaidehi* as the daughter of the king of *Videha*.

† After the recovery of *Sítá* from *Rávana*, *Rama* welcomed her coldly, and after intimating some suspicions unfavourable to her chastity, refused to receive her: on which *Sita* determined to commit herself to the test of Fire. Having entered the fire prepared for this purpose in the presence of the Gods and of *Dasaratha*, the deceased father of *Rama*, it proved innocuous, and *Agni* its deity restored *Ráma* his bride unhurt, and declared her purified by the ordeal she had undergone. *Dasaratha* also bore testimony

being thus dissipated, he joyfully received his bride. *Uttara Kámáyana*. According to the *Brahmá Vaivertta Purána*, *Sita* herself was not carried off by *Rávana*. Her shadow or *Chháyá* being substituted by *Agni* for her substance. It was this semblance also that entered the fire in order to give *Agni* an opportunity of restoring the original to *Ráma*. The *Padma-Purána* (*Patála Khand*) dispenses with the ordeal, but brings forward *Agni*, *Váyu*, *Varuna*, *Brahmá* and *Dasaratha* to swear to *Sita's* innocence. *Brahmá* further consoles *Rama* by declaring, it was necessary *Sítá* should have been carried off by *Rávana*, as his rape of a virtuous woman

and the king has quitted his seat of justice to repair to the inner apartments, and console the queen.

*Exeunt.*

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## ACT I.

### SCENE FIRST.

---

#### THE PALACE.

*Ráma and Sítá, discovered.*

Droop not dear *Sítá* ; our respected friends,  
 Have parted from us with no less reluctance  
 Than we have felt, but duty must be done.  
 To loftier claims must self indulgence yield,  
 And they who venerate their household fire,  
 Must bear the task such sacred charge imposes.\*

was the only cause of destruction to which he was subject, agreeably to the curse denounced upon him by *Nala Kuvera* and the previous boon conferred upon him by *Brahmá*. In the *Uttara Khand* of the same *Purána* she enters into the

fire as in the other authorities.

\* The maintenance of a perpetual fire implies also the observance of all the occasions on which sacrifices with fire are offered, and all those duties which a householder is enjoined.

*Sita.* I know the truth of this, my dearest Lord,  
 But still to separate from our nearest friends,  
 And cherished kindred, cannot chuse but grieve us.

*Ram.* True, love—

But these, the sorrows of a feeling heart,  
 Are the sad portion of man's social life :  
 'Tis hence, the wise repair to caves and woods,  
 To que l desire by solitude and penance.

ENTER *Attendant.*

*Rámabhadra*—(*Checking himself.*) *Mahárája.*

*Ráma.* (*Smiling.*) My worthy friend: I better love to hear  
 The name of *Rámabhadra*, from the mouths  
 Of those who were my father's followers.\*  
 What is your message.

*All.* *Ashtávakra* waits :

From *Rishyasringa's* hermitage.

*Sit.* What should delay his entrance.

ENTER *the Ascetic Ashtávakra.*†

*Ash.* Health and Peace to both.

\* The mode here adopted of delineating *Ráma's* kindly disposition is very Shakespearian.

† *Ashtávakra* is the hero of a curious legend in the *Mahábhárat.* *Kahora* his father was the pupil of *Uddálaka* and married his preceptor's daughter—he was so much addicted to study that he rather neglected his bride, when far advanced in her pregnancy, and was rebuked for his conduct by his son yet unborn—the father indignantly pronounced, that he should be born crooked in punishment of his impertinence, and hence his name *Ashta* eight (limbs) and *Vakra* curved.

*Ram.* Respect await you venerable Sir—  
Be seated.

*Sit.* I salute you with respect ;  
And hold me highly honored to receive  
The pious kinsman of my sainted Sister.

*Ram.* No cares disturb my brother's holy peace,  
Nor my respected sister's.

*Sit.* Dwell we ever in their recollection.

*Ash.* Assuredly—They are well—Lady, to you,  
The sage *Vasishtha* thus addresses him.  
Thy mother is the all-sustaining Earth ;  
Thy father is a king of no less fame

*Kahora* went to the great sacrifice of *Janaka* king of *Mithilá* soon after the birth of his son—to that festival came a seeming *Bauddha* sage who overcoming all his competitors in argument had them thrown into the river. *Kahora* venturing to encounter him, suffered this fate. When *Ashtávakra* was in his twelfth year, he first heard of his father's mischance, and to revenge it, set off for the yet unfinished sacrifice, it being one of those already noticed, as of twelve years duration. Although young in age the Saint was mature in wisdom, and overcame his father's conqueror; when he insisted on his being thrown into the river, the supposed disputant

declared himself to be the son of *Varuna* the god of the waters, who had commenced a similar sacrifice with that of *Janaka*, at the same time, and to secure the attendance of learned *Brahmans*, had adopted the expedient of sending his son to defeat them in disputation, and give them a subsequent ducking: the object being effected, they were dismissed with honour, and the parties separated mutually content. *Ashtávakra* by his father's instructions bathed in the *Samangá* river, and by so doing was rendered perfectly straight. *Mahábhárat, Vana Parva.* He was married to the daughter of the sage *Vádanya. Dána Dherma.*

Than the primæval patriarchs ; thy Lord  
 Draws his proud lineage from the King of day,  
 And his illustrious house have ever owned  
 Our spiritual guidance : what alone remains ;  
 That from thee spring an offspring to inherit  
 The conjoint honors of each glorious race.

*Rama.* I thank the sage. In this imperfect world,  
 Man's tardy speech lags after things foregone ;  
 But with the saints, the thoughts their lips express,  
 Precede, and presage sure, events to come.

*Ash.* *Arundhatí* and all the holy dames,  
 And *Sántá*—bid thee well consider this :  
 If thou have hope of heirs, what must be done,  
 Must be effected speedily.

*Ram.* Declare it.

What must be done.

*Ash.* This *Rishyasringa* tells me to impart.  
 Let the fair \*Queen repair unto the forests.  
 Such separation gives to *Ráma* happiness,  
 And I shall see her bearing on her lap  
 A smiling progeny.

*Ram.* So let it be.

Is there aught else *Vasish'tha's* wish ordains.

*Ash.* Attend.

The holy sacrifice absorbs our care ;  
 And you, my son, are young in years and power.  
 Remember therefore that a king's true wealth,

\* Or in the text *Kathoragerbhá*, in reference to her protracted pregnancy.

His real glory, is his people's welfare.

*Ram.* So \**Maitravaruni* has ever taught us :

And I am ready, pity, pleasure, love,

Nay even *Sítá*, to resign, content,

If it be needful for the general good.

*Sit.* In this, my Lord, does honor to his race.

*Ram.* Who waits. Attend upon the sage.

*Ash.* (*Rises and circumambulates them* )

Behold the Prince.

[*Exit.*

ENTER *Lakshmana.*

*Laksh.* Glory to *Ráma.*

Come my most noble Brother, on these walls,

Behold a skilful artist has pourtrayed,

Your story as he learnt the tale from me.

*Ram.* You have the skill,

To dissipate our queen's uneasiness—

How far proceeds the tale good Brother.

*Laksh.* To where the Queen

Was purified by flame.

*Ram.* Most pure by birth,

She needed not the consecrated wave,

Nor sacred fire, to sanctify her nature.

*Laksh.* Daughter of sacrifice, respected *Sítá*

Secure of a devotion that will cease

With life alone—forgive me.

*Ram.* The base herd,

Of men, may censure rank and worth unheeded :

\* A name of *Vasishtha*, the son of *Mitra* and *Varuna*.



But their foul calumnies do not deserve  
By thee to be repeated. The flower that breathes  
With nature's fragrance, on the brow should blossom,  
Nor with contempt be trampled on the ground.\*

*Sita.* Come let us see these paintings-

[*They rise and Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE SECOND.

---

THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE WITH  
A PAVILION.

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ENTER *Lakshmana, Sítá* and *Ráma*.

*Laksh.* Behold the picture.†

*Sita.* What are these that crowd

Around my Lord and seem to hymn his praises.

\* This idea occurs in *Málati* and *Máthava* see page 119.

† A long scroll in compartments apparently fixed against a wall. Such pictures, being panoramic representations of holy place usually, are still not uncommon, whilst the *Máhabhárata* and *Rámáyana* in illuminated and embellished portable scrolls are very frequent. It is not uncommon also in the western

provinces to meet with a kind of fresco painting upon the walls of gardens, or enclosures of tanks: a favourite subject for this kind of embellishment about *Mathura* and *Vrindavan* was the repulse of the British before *Bharatpur* in 1805. They will now, probably (1826) be effaced, to make room for the delineation of its capture.

*Laksh.* They are the heavenly arms, that *Viswámitra*,\*  
 The holy sage from *Kusa* sprung—the friend  
 Of all mankind, obtained from great *Krisáswa*,†  
 And gave them to the Prince to wage the fight

\* *Viswámitra* was born a prince in the Lunar dynasty. According to the *Rámáyana* he was the fourth from *Prajápati* but the *Bhágavat* makes him the fifteenth from *Brahmá*—they agree in calling him the Son of *Gádhi* who according to the first was the son of *Kusaná-bha*, and according to the second, the Son of *Kusámba* two different sons of *Gádhi*. *Viswámitra* was sovereign of *Kanoj*, and engaged in war with the sage *Vasisishtha* for the possession of the all bestowing Cow. In this contest the Cow produced all sorts of forces, particularly *Mlechhas* or barbarians, by whose aid *Vasisishtha* overcame his adversary. There can be little doubt that this legend is a metaphorical account of a real transaction, and that by the Cow we are to understand India, or the most valuable portion of it, for the sovereignty of which either two princes, or two tribes, the Brahmans and *Kshetriyas*, contended, one of the parties calling to their aid the barbarians, the Persians,

and not impossibly the Greeks, triumphed by their means. *Viswámitra* was born a sage in consequence of his mother partaking of some charmed food prepared by the *Muni Richika* for his wife, her daughter. After observing the superior might of the Brahmans, he engaged in a course of austerities to rise from the martial order in which he was born, to that of the sacerdotal, and ultimately compelled *Brahmá* to grant him that elevation. *Rámáyana* 1. Sect. 41--52 *Mahábharat. Adi. Porva. Bhágavat* ix. 15. &c.

† Two Sovereigns of the name of *Krisáswa* are traceable, one a king of *Ayodhyá* the other of *Visálá*. The position of the former in the solar genealogy stands thus in Buchanan's authorities;

*Bhágavat Vansa Latá Hari Vans.*  
*Nikummbha Nikumbha Neliyumbha*  
*Várhanaśwa Várhanaśwa Sanghatáśwa*  
*Krisáswa Krisáswa Krisáswa*  
*Senajit Yuvanáswa Prasénajit*  
*Yuvanáswa Yuvanáswa*

But the *Vishnu Purána* goes from *Nikummbha* to *Prasenajit*

With that malignant demon *Túraká*\*—

*Ram.* Pay reverence *Silá* to the arms divine.

The ancient sages deemed themselves most blest  
To view them for a while ; and painful toils,  
Thousands of years endured, by Gods themselves,  
Obtained these weapons for the wars of heaven.†

at once, omitting the two intermediate princes.

*Krisáswa* the sovereign of *Visála* is the son of *Samyama* and father of *Somadatta* according to the *Bhúgavat* and *Vansa Latá*. Buchanan is mistaken in supposing the former interposes a *Sahadeva* between him and *Samyama*. *Devaja* or *Devaka* is the son of *Samyama*, with *Krisáswa* or his brother—the mistake arises from considering *Saha*, with, as part of the name—the text has *Samyamad ásít Krisáswa Saha Devaja* ; explained by the comment, *Dewajena* or *Devakena Sakita*.

Buchanan places the *Ayodhya* prince in the 18th century before Christ and the Sovereign of *Visála* in the 14th—the latter is therefore made subsequent to *Ráma* who is supposed by him to have flourished in the 15th.

Neither of these persons however appears to be the *Krisáswa* of the text who is more probably a sage—one so named, a *Muni*

or *Devarshi* is said to have married two of the daughters of *Daksha*, *Jayá* and *Vijayá* according to the *Rámáyana*, but *Archi* and *Dhishaná* in the *Bhagavat*.—He is also said to have been a writer on dramatic representation whence an actor or dancer is termed in the *Amera Kosha* *Krisaswi*—nothing further of him has been ascertained.

\* A female fiend the daughter of the *Yaksha Suketu* and wife of the *Daitya Sunda*. She was changed into the form of a *Rákshasi* after the death of her husband by the curse of the sage *Agastya*. Having devastated the flourishing districts of *Malaja* and *Karusha* and obstructing the sacrifices of the sages, *Viswámitra* applied to *Ráma* for aid, and her destruction was his first exploit. *Rámáyana* 1. 23—25.

† These weapons are of a very unintelligible character. Some of them are occasionally wielded as missiles, but in general they

*Sita.* (*Bowing.*) Receive my adoration —

*Ram.* They will aid

Thy children.

*Sita.* I am grateful.

*Laksh.* 'Tis here, the scene

Is changed to *Mit hilā*.\*

*Sita*—Yes, I see my Lord.

Dark as the deep blue lotus is his hue,  
 And strength and grace in every limb appear—  
 The dazzled eye shrinks from his lovely face,  
 With graceful curls set off, whilst high disdain  
 Swells every feature, as with force divine,

appear to be mystical powers, exercised by the individual, such as those of paralysing an enemy, or locking his senses fast in sleep, or bringing down storm and rain and fire from heaven. In the usual strain of the Hindu mythology they are supposed to assume celestial shapes, endowed with human faculties, and in this capacity are alluded to in the text. The list of them, one hundred, is given in the first book of the *Rāmāyana*, and there also they are described as embodied, and address *Rāma* saying—"Command us Oh *Rāghava* of mighty arm—Here we are, Oh chief of men, command us, what shall we do for thee. The Son of *Raghu* replied; Depart all of you, and in time of necessity when called to

mind, render me assistance. They then circumambulated *Rāma* and having said, So be it, received his permission to depart, and went whence they came." The *Rāmāyana* calls them also the Sons of *Kriṣṇaswa* and the sons of *Jayā* and *Vijayā* the daughters of *Prajāpati*. *Rāmāyana*. I. Sec. 20 26 and 42.

\* The country north of the Ganges between the *Gandakī* and *Kosi* rivers comprehending the modern provinces of *Paraniya* and *Tirhut*: the remains of the capital founded by *Janaka* and thence termed *Janakīpur* are still to be seen according to Buchanan, on the northern frontier; at the *Junickpoor* of the maps.

He snaps asunder the celestial bow.\*

*Laksh.* See where *Vasishtha* and the holy-son  
Of *Gautama*, the priest of *Janaka*, †  
Concur in approbation of the nuptials.

*Ram* No wonder ; for the alliance that united  
*Raghu* with *Janaka*, could to none  
Be else than pleasing, and where *Viswámitra*  
Himself] was donor and receiver.

*Sita.* A solemn scene, where gifts of kine secure  
Auspicious destiny, and four bright youths  
Are knit in marriage bonds with four fair maids ‡—  
Ah well I know its import—there—and then,  
My happiness began.

*Ram.* Nor less the boon  
That ever cherished day on me bestowed ;  
When the sage son of *Gautama*, thy hand  
With golden bands begirt, as if it were

\* This Bow originally belonged to *Siva* who wielded it victoriously against the other gods at *Daksha's* sacrifice, but without success, against *Vishnu*, on which he gave it to *Devaráta* one of *Janaka's* ancestors, subsequent to whom it remained in the family. Like the bow of *Ulysses* it was employed by *Janaka* to ascertain the strength of the candidates for his daughter's hand, none of whom were able to bend it, but it was broken with ease by *Ráma*. *Rámáyana* B. 1. Sec 52, 53 & 62.

† *Satananda*, the son of *Gautama* and *Ahalyá* and family priest of the king of *Methilá*.

‡ The Sons of *Dasaratha* were *Ráma*, *Lakshmana*, *Bharata*, and *Satrughna* ; at the time that *Sita* was married to the former, the other daughter of *Janaka*, *Urmilá*, was given to *Lakshmana*, and the two other brothers were married to *Mándavi* and *Srutakirtti* the daughters of *Kusadhwaaja*, the sovereign of *Sankásya*, or according to the *AgniPurána*, of *Kási* or *Benares*, and brother of *Janaka*.

The festival embodied, placed in mine.

*Laksh.* Beho'd the princess, and this is *Mándavi*—

This *Srutakirti*.—

*Sita.* And the fourth.

*Laksh.* Why ask me ;

You know that this is *Urmilá*.

But here direct your eye—'tis *Bhárghava*.\*

*Sita.* His look alarms me.

*Ram.* Reverence to the Saint.

*Laksh.* You should observe him ; for this hero vain—

*Ram.* (*interrupting.*)

Much else remains that more deserves attention.

*Sita.* This modesty full well becomes my Lord.

*Laksh.* Here we are in *Ayodhyá*.

*Ram.* Happy days—

When yet an honoured Sire was alive,

Whilst yet a mother's love watched o'er our being ;

When all was joy—See here—the youthful bride

Fair *Sítá* wins maternal admiration :

Her smiling countenance resplendant shines

\* The descendant of *Bhrigu*, return to punish him for breaking the bow of that deity. He was compelled however to acknowledge the superiority of the younger warrior, and after deprecating his anger, retired to a life of devotion on mount *Makendra*. *Rámáyana* I. 72. In the *Mahabharat*, *Ráma* shoots arrows at him, and strikes him senseless. and intercepted him on his

With youth and loveliness—her lips disclose  
Teeth white as *Jasmine* blossoms—silky curls  
Luxuriant shade her cheeks, and every limb  
Of slightest texture moves with natural grace,  
Like moon beams gliding through the yielding air.

*Laksh.* Here is the wretched *Manthará*\*

*Ram.* Dismissed

Unnoticed—see the groves of *Sringavérat*†,  
Where from the monarch of the forest tribes  
We met a friendly welcome.

*Laksh.* (*Apart.*) He omits  
What chanced between.‡—

*Sita.* And now behold assumed,  
The braid of penance §

*Laksh.* Yes: the task severe,  
The elders of our race, their state deposed,  
In favour of their progeny adopted, ¶

\* The confidential attendant of *Kaikeyi*, the second wife of *Dasaratha*, by whose instigations that princess opposed *Ráma's* accession to the throne, and insisted on his exile.

ried over to the South bank of the Ganges, a day's march above its junction with the *Jumna*.

‡ Or the circumstances of his exile.

§ The *Játá* or matted hair assumed by *Ráma* and *Lakshmana* on dismissing the royal chariot at the village of *Sringavera* to indicate their entering upon a forest or ascetic life—*Rám.* II. 40.

¶ It appears to have customary for the ancient princes of the Hindus, when enfeebled by

† *Sringavera* was a city on the North bank of the Ganges, or more properly a village, as the country on both sides of the Ganges was here a forest, inhabited by *Nishadas* or wild tribes of whom *Guha* was the chief, by whose assistance *Ráma* *Lakshmana* and *Sitá* were fer-

Was here by youth sustained ; and opening life,  
Content to languish in the forest's gloom.

*Sita.* Behold—the *Bhágíráthí*.\*

*Ram.* Goddess benign, who oer the race of *Raghu*

Thy guardian care extendest, I salute thee—

Thy downward path *Bhagíráth's* prayers propelled

And thy pure waves redeemed his ancestry,

Reduced to ashes by the wrath of *Kapila*,

As through the bowels of the earth they sought

The steed escaped from *Sagara's* sacrifice.†

years to transfer the crown to the successor and retire to a hermitage.

\* The Ganges, so named from having been brought down to earth by the devotions of king *Bhagíráth*.

† *Sagara* purposing to perform an *Aswamedha* or sacrifice of a horse, set, as an essential part of the ceremony, the horse at liberty, who was carried off by one of the Serpents of *Pátála*. The king directed his sons by his wife *Sumati*, sixty thousand in number to recover the steed. Their efforts although unavailing were enough to alarm the gods and demons, and to ensure their own destruction. After penetrating deep towards the subterraneous regions, they came upon the horse grazing near *Kapila*, an incarnation of *Vishnu*

as a sage, whom the Sons of *Sagara* challenged as the thief of the horse. *Kapila* incensed, reduced them all to ashes with a blast from his nostrils. *Ansumán* the son of *Asamanjas*, the son of *Sagara* by his other wife *Kesini*, afterwards discovered the reliques of his uncles, and learned from *Garúra*, their uncle, that the waters of the Ganges were necessary to procure them admission to heaven. Neither *Sagara* nor his successors *Ansumán* and *Dilipa* were able to effect the descent of *Gánga*, this being reserved for the Son and successor of the latter, *Bhagíráth*. The austerities of this prince successively propitiating *Brahmá*, *Umá*, and *Mahádeva*, the Ganges was by their power compelled to flow over the Earth, following *Bhagírátha*, to the Sea, and



Deign heavenly mother to bestow thy care  
 On this thy daughter, and with emulous love,  
 Like chaste *Arundhati*—her days defend.

*Laksh.* See—\**Bharadvāja's* hermitage—the road  
 To *Chitrakúta*,† and the sable tree  
 That shades *Kálinđi's*‡ borders.

*Sita.* Does my Lord  
 Recall these scenes to memory.

*Ram.* Could it be,  
 That I should ever cease to recollect them.  
 I see you now, as on my breast reclined  
 And in my arms sustained, that delicate frame,  
 Exhausted with the long and weary way,

thence to *Pátála* where the ashes of his ancestors were laved by its waters. The Ganges was called *Bhágirathi* in honour of the king, and the ocean termed *Ságara* in commemoration of *Sagara* and his Sons. *Rámá* I. 35.

\* The accounts of this individual are rather obscure, but he was a Muni and expounder of the *Vedas*. In some places he is called the Son of *Vrihaspati*, and in the *Hari vans* is said to have been adopted by *Bharata* as king of *Pratishthana*. In the *Rámáyana* he appears as a Sage residing at *Prayága* or Allahabad where a temple dedicated to him still exists. In the *Mahábhárat* he is described as residing at Haridwar

and the father of *Drona* the military preceptor of the *Pandava* and *Kaurava* princes. He is also the parent of *Arundhati* the wife of *Vasishtha*.

† A mountain not far from the south bank of the Jumna, *Ráma's* first residence in his exile and according to the *Rámáyana* at that time the seat of *Válmiki's* hermitage. Many temples and establishments of *Vaishnava* ascetics exist at this spot, now called *Chitrakote*, and it is at different seasons a place of great resort.

‡ The *Kálinđi* is the Jumna river, the daughter of *Kalinda*, a name of the sun. The tree should be the imperishable *Bér* tree, which has long been famed at *Allahabad*, and which is

Sinks in overpowering slumber.

*Laksh.* Behold *Virádha*\* who denies admission  
To †*Vindhya's* thickets.—

*Sita.* He is too horrible

Mark where my Lord collects the broad Palm leaves —  
And weaves a shade to screen me from the sun.

*Ram.* We come to where amidst the Southern forests,  
By mountain brooks the holy sages dwell,  
And here they spread their simple stores, ‡ and cheer  
The stranger guest with hospitable rite.

*Laksh.* From craggy precipices start the streams,  
And fall like rushing rains into the channel,  
Where amidst hanging rocks, and chasms deform,

still represented by a withered stem in the cave of *Pátála puri* on which it is now traditionally venerated.

underground, but it should appear from the text that it grew in day light, and the play probably preceded the construction of the cavern—there was no doubt a very ancient and venerable Fig tree at Allahabad, perhaps for some centuries, for it is alluded to in various vocabularies, as *Medini* &c. it is also described in the *Kásikhanda* and *Kurma Purána*—the first notice however is in the *Rámáyana* (B. 2 Sect. 41 & 42.) *Rána* with his wife and brother resting under the shade of it, after crossing the Jumna, so that not only was the tree in the open air. but it was on the opposite side of the River to that

\* A Demon of formidable size and aspect, the son of *Kála* and *Satahradú* residing in *Dandaká-ranya* and encountered by *Rána* on his leaving the hermitage of *Atri*.—Having seized *Sitá*, and threatened to devour the princes, he was attacked by them and slain by *Rána Rámáyana* B. I. Sect. 7. 8.

† The *Vindhya* mountains extend across central India, and throw out branches behind *Agra* and *Dehli* to the North, and on the South to the extremity of the Peninsula.

‡ Or, dress a handful of the *Nivara* or wild rice.

And clustering thickets closed against the day,  
Winds the *Godáveri* her arduous course.

*Ram.* Recall'st thou love our humble happy dwelling,  
Upon the borders of the shining stream,  
Where every hour in fond endearments wrapped,  
Or in sweet interchange of thought engaged,  
We lived in transport, not a wish beyond  
Each other, reckless of the flight of time.

*Laksh.* See\* *Panchávatí* next, and here behold  
The demon *Súrpanakhá*.†

*Sita.* Ha, my dear Lord.  
Behold—(as if alarmed.)

*Ram.* How now—afraid of separation,  
Tis but a picture love.

*Sita.* I cannot chuse  
But suffer terror at so vile a presence.

*Ram.* The sad events that *Janasthána*\* witnessed  
Are here too truly traced. Although gone by ;  
The cunning of the fiend, the frowns of fate  
That robbed me of my dearest treasure, still,

\* The forest along the *Godáveri*. *mana* by his brother's commands cut off her nose and ears.—She

† The sister of *Ravána* a female fiend of hideous form and sanguinary propensities. Having seen *Ráma* on the banks of the *Godáveri* she offered herself as a bride to him, and on his refusal to *Lakshmana*, but both rejecting her advances, she attempted to destroy *Sitá*, on which *Laksh-*

fled to her brothers *Khura* and *Dushana*, and incited them to revenge her. *Rámáy.* B. III. Sect. 23. 24.

‡ According to the comment, this place in the present age is called *Nasik*, situated on the *Godáveri*, not far from the western Ghats, and a place of pilgrimage.

Are anguish to my heart. Here—lonely left,  
 The forest saw my griefs, and senseless things,  
 The rugged rock—the eternal adamant,  
 Dissolved in pity of my lorn complainings.

*Sita.* Nor grieved my Lord alone, my every joy  
 Was dashed to earth when I beheld myself  
 Torn from thy arms.

*Laksh.* Let us avert our thoughts,  
 To subjects more auspicious—here, observe  
 Displayed, the v<sup>á</sup>lour of the great *Jatáyu*,  
 The ancient monarch of the winged tribes  
 Of days coeval with a *Menn*'s reign  
 From *Kasyapa* descended\*—Here, extend,  
 The forests of the west, where from the gloom  
 The headless spirit† our devious path arrested.

\* *Jatáyu* a bird of divine nature and descent, and preternatural longevity, the son of *Gaurura*, the son of *Kasyapa*. He was the friend of *Dasaratha* and on one occasion saved his life; that Prince having gone to the ecliptic to rescue *Rohini* from the hands of *Sani*, his carriage was consumed by a glance from the eye of the latter. *Dasaratha* falling was caught and sustained by *Jatáyu* on his expanded wings. When *Sítá* was carried off by *Rávana*, *Jatáyu* attempted to stop him, but was slain by the *Rákshasa*.

† This *Kabandha* or Headless Monster is possibly the original of the Anthropophagi of the East, and the "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." He is described as vast as a mountain, of a sable hue, without legs, but with arms a league long, a formidable mouth in his belly, and a single eye of vast dimensions in his breast. He seized with his long arms both *Ráma* and *Lakshmana* with an intention to devour them, but the princes extricated themselves by cutting off his arms. The monster then enquiring

The mountain \**Rishyamuka* see, and here  
 The dwelling of *Matanga*. †—This, the ‡dame  
 Whose life of penance now obtained reward.

who they were, and being informed of their names, and lineage, rejoiced in his mutilation as the means of freeing him from a form to which he had been metamorphosed from that of a handsome *Dánava*, the grandson of *Danu* one of the wives of *Kasyapa*, in consequence of the imprecation of a *Rishi* named *Shula Sira* as a punishment for his frightening the Ascetics by assuming hideous shapes. The effects of the curse were produced by his defying Indra, who in the contest struck off his head and legs with his thunderbolt but could not kill him, as he had obtained the boon of longevity from *Brahmá*. The appearance of *Ráma* was the term of his transformation, and his body being burnt by his desire, he recovered his original shape and returned to *Swerga*—previously directing *Ráma* to seek the residence of *Sugirwa*. *Ramayana. Aranyakanda* 82. 83. 84.

\* This mountain and the scenes in its vicinity alluded to are said to be known by the same appel-

lations in the neighbourhood of *Ahagundi* a part of the Dekhin the maps of which are disgracefully defective. The mountain itself was the residence of the deposed monarch of the *Meukies* *Sugriwa*. It comprised of course the whole of the tract about the sources of the *Pampa*, but in the *Rámáyana*, *Ráma* passes them before he comes to the dwelling of the monkey chief.

† On the ascent to the mountain occurs the forest of *Matanga* or the *Meghaprabha* wood, in which the trees never wither and the flowers never fade. The Saint and his disciples had long disappeared, but his hermitage had remained inaccessible to noxious or inimical beings, and the cooking utensils left by him awaited in perfect order the arrival of *Ráma*, being destined for his accommodation.

‡ A *Savari* or female forester named *Sravaná* who had attended on *Matanga's* disciples, and whose ascension to *Swerga* was to be the reward of her acting as guide to *Ráma*.

Here are the sources of the *Pampa*,\* where  
 The grief of *Ráma* boke beycnd restraint  
 And fast descending tears at intervals,  
 Concealed from view the beauties of the scene.†  
 Here, mark the Son of air, the monkey chief,  
 Of strength resistless, and wide wasting wrath.  
 The guardian of the world—the firm ally  
 Of *Raghu's* race—illustrious *Hanumán*

*Ram.* Reverence and glory to our hero friend.  
 Here let us pause—for every scene suggests  
 Heart rending recollections.

*Laksh.* But a moment—

Regard the deeds incredible, the hands  
 Of Monkey warriors in their rage achieve—  
 Here—view our triumph‡.—¶ Now we close the scene.

*Sita.* My dearest Lord this picture has inspired  
 A foolish fancy—may I give it utterance.—

*Ram.* Fear not to speak it love.

*Sita.* I long once more to wander through the shades§  
 Of the brown woods, and plunge amidst the wave  
 Of *Bhagirathi's* cool translucent stream.

\* A river rising in the *Rishya muka* mountain and flowing into the *Tungabhadra* below *Anagbondi*.

† Not however before expatiating upon them at great length, at least in the *Rámáyana*. *Aranyukand* last section.

‡ The death of *Rávana*, and defeat of his troops, with the capture of *Lanká*.

¶ A few exclamatory sentences are henceforward omitted, and the description of the Picture is compressed.

§ *Sita's* exposure required her own concurrence which the desire she has just intimated affords. It is also ominous of what is to follow.

*Ram. Lakshmana.*

*Laksh.* I understand you--and will order forth  
The easy rolling car without delay ;  
As such desires the learned have declared  
Should speedily be gratified.—\*

*Exit.*

*Sita.* But you will sure be with me my good Lord

*Ram.* Cruel : what need to ask your *Ráma* this.

Come, let us enter this pavilion, love.

*Sita.* Most willingly—unusual lassitude

Creeps o'er my frame, and woos me to repose.

*Ram.* Recline, on me, thy couch—and round my neck

Throw those dear arms, more lovely than the band

Of moon gems melting in the lunar ray,

As start the pearly drops.

What can this mean—a sudden transport glows

In every nerve—shedding such strange emotion

I know not whether it be pain or pleasure—

If poison parch my veins, or I have quaffed

The maddening wine cup—can such magic hid

In this fair touch—thus overcome my nature.

*Sita.* It is thy constant love. No charms of mine.

*Ram.* Thy tender voice revives life's languid blossom ;

And whilst its sound subdues each softening sense,

It comes like heavenly nectar on the ear,

And pours its balmy medicine on the soul.

*Sita.* Dear flatterer cease—here let us taste repose

\* The term *Dohada* usually signifies the desire of a pregnant woman or longing to which the Hindus attach equal importance as did the nations of Europe.

*Looking round.*

*Ram.* What seeks my *Sitá*.—Be these arms thy pillow,  
Thine, ever since the nuptial knot united us,  
Thine, in the days of infancy and youth,  
In lonely thickets, and in princely palaces,  
Thine ever——thine alone.

*Sita.* True—true—my ever kind and cherished Lord.  
*(Sleeps.)*

*Ram.* Her latest waking words are words of love,  
And nought of her but is most dear to me.  
Her presence is ambrosia to my sight ;  
Her contact fragrant sandal ; her fond arms  
Twined round my neck are a far richer clasp  
Than costliest gems, and in my house she reigns,  
The guardian goddess of my fame and fortune—  
Oh, I could never bear again to lose her.

ENTER *Attendant.*

*Att.* My Lord there waits—

*Ram.* Who ?

*Att.* Your personal attendant *Durmukha*.

*Ram.* He brings me word of what reports are spread  
Amongst the citizens—go—bid him enter.

[*Exit Attendant.*

ENTER *Durmukha*.\*

*Dur.* (*To himself.*) How can I venture to communicate  
The idle rumours of the giddy people—  
Would that the task had never been assigned me.

*Sita.* (*In her sleep.*) Where art thou dearest *Ráma*.

*Ram.* She dreams that I have left her—or the view

\* The *Kanchuki* or chamberlain; an old Brahman is the fittest person.



Of our pourtrayed adventures has disturbed  
 Her gentle slumbers—ah—how blest is he,  
 Who ever dwells in long confirmed affection,  
 Alike in pleasure or in pain, whose heart  
 Reposes tranquilly in every fortune,  
 And on whose waning, as his budding life,  
 Love constant waits—Oh how can fate be won,  
 To grant such happiness.

*Dur.* Hail to the King.

*Rám.* What hast thou to report.

*Dur.* The people are ill pleased—the general cry  
 Is, *Rámabhadra* disregards his subjects.

*Rám.* What reason have they thus to think of me.  
 Declare what fault they charge me with.

*Dur.* Tis thus they talk (*whispers.*)

*Rám.* Shame on the vile traducer who assails,  
 Domestic happiness—no common means  
 Redeemed\* *Vaidchí* from the former scourge  
 Of foul calumnious tongues—yet scandal foams  
 Like a mad hound with still o'erflowing venom.  
 What's to be done—alas—what choice remains.  
 The general good must be preferred. To that,  
 My father sacrificed his son—his life—  
 And I must do my duty—Now it chances,  
 As by the sage *Vasishtha* 'twas foretold.  
 My noble ancestors—the lofty race  
 That boast the sun their sire, have bequeathed  
 A spotless reputation to my keeping ;  
 And how shall I deserve the glorious charge,  
 If calumny attach to aught that's mine.

\* *Silá.*

Daughter of sacrifice — Fair child of Earth ;  
 Glory of *Janaka's* exalted race ;  
 The loved of Sages and their sainted dames ;  
 Casket of *Ráma's* being ; Cheering light  
 Of the dark forest dwelling—Utterer  
 Of tender eloquence—Alas, what cause  
 Has rendered destiny thy ruthless foe.  
 All thy good deeds distorted turn to ill ;  
 All thy munificence awards thee shame ;  
 And whilst thou art about to give the world  
 A worthy Lord — that world, ingrate, condemns,  
 Thee, to a widowed solitary home,  
*Darmuk'ha* go—bid *Lakshmana* attend,  
 To lead the queen to exile.

*Dur.* How so my Lord—must she whose spotless fame  
 The flame has evidenced ; in whom there live  
 The hopes of *Raghu's* line—be banished hence ;  
 To please a thankless and malignant people.

*Ram.* Nay—blame them not—no lack of love or honour  
 Towards the royal house, but adverse destiny  
 Instils these thoughts—they witnessed not the act  
 Of virtue's wondrous triumph—and their doubts  
 Are venial—go—perform our bidding.

*Dur.* Alas poor queen.

[*Exit.*

*Ram* Cruel task—I have become a Savage—  
 The wife whose every day has passed with me  
 In tenderness and confidence, I yield,  
 Like a domestic bird, to sacrifice.  
 Wretch that I am—why shall my touch impure  
 Pollute these charms—hold me not thus—let loose  
 Your tender grasp, dear *Sitá*, from a man

Whom every crime degrades. You think, you cling  
 Around the *Sandal's* fragrant trunk, and clasp  
 The baleful Poison tree—let go—thus—thus

*Detaches himself and rises.*

What now is life—a barren load—the world—  
 A dreary—arid—solitary wild—

Where can I hope for comfort—sense was given me  
 Only to make me conscious of affliction,

And firmly bound in an unyielding frame.

Departed sires—prophets and sages—all

Whom I have loved and honoured,\* and all ye,

Who have shewn honour and regard for *Ráma*;

Celestial flame—auspicious parent, Earth—

To whom amongst ye, dare I raise my voice,

What name may I invoke, nor wrong its sanctity.

Will ye not shrink from my solicitation

As from an outcast's touch—from me, who chase

My wife, the honour of my house, away,

And doom *Katoragerbhát* to despair,

Like a dread offering to infernal fiends.

*Bows down to Sita's feet.*

Adored *Vailehi*—for the last—last time

Thy lovely feet exalt the head of *Ráma*.

*Without.* Help—help for the Brahman Tribe—

*Ram.* How now.

ENTER *Messenger.*

*Mess.* The assembled Sages on the *Yamuna's* bank,

\* The term is *Abrahmanyam* *Brahmans*, and their incurring  
*Abrahmanyam* implying the some dis tress.  
 absence of protection to the + *Sita*.

Disturbed amidst their ritual by *Lavana*\*  
 The demon, fly to *Ráma* for protection.

*Ram.* Still this profane intrusion—I will send,  
 †*Satrughna*, to chastise this impious son,  
 Of *Kumbhinasi*. (*Going, looks back.*)  
 Alas my queen—what will become of thee.  
 Goddess divine, all bearing Earth—protect  
 This, thine own daughter—at the solemn rite,  
 By thee brought forth : the only stay of *Janaka*,  
 The sole remaining hope of *Raghu's* race.

[*Exit.*

*Sita.* (*Waking.*) Oh my loved husband—Ah—deceived  
 By evil dreams I call on him. How—gone  
 Left me alone—asleep—well—well ;  
 I will be very angry with thee, *Ráma*.  
 I will henceforth be mistress of myself,  
 Suppress my foolish fondness, and will learn  
 Henceforth to chide thee—who attends—how now

ENTER *Durmukha*.

*Dur.* Prince *Lakshmana* requests you will be pleased  
 To come and mount his chariot.

*Sitá.* I will come—

But gently my good friend, the pleasing load

\* The Son of the *Asura* weapon. *Lavana* was sovereign  
*Madhu*, by *Kumbhinasi* the of *Mathurá* to the government  
 daughter of *Visravas* and sister of which his conqueror succeed-  
 of *Ravana*. He inherited from ed. *Mathura* was previously  
 his father, a Trident presented called *Madhuvana* or *Madhu-*  
 by *Sirá* to *Madhu* the holder of *puri* the grove or city of the  
 which was invincible. *Satru-* demon *Mudhu*.

*ghna* subdued and slew him by † The youngest of his Bro-  
 surprising him without his thers.

I bear, retards my steps—Accept my homage,  
Gods of the race of *Raghu* and of *Janaka*,  
Feet of my honoured Lord, and all  
Propitious Saints.—

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT FIRST:

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## ACT II.

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SCENE *JANASTHANA* FOREST.

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ENTER \**Atreyi* a female ascetic.

I see the genius of these groves approach.

She bears her flowery tribute†—

ENTER *Vásanti* the Dryad of *Janasthāna* with  
*flowers which she presents.*

*Vas.* Hail holy Dame—thy presence brings‡

Delight to all our groves and springs—

Thy blessing and thy prayers be mine—

These fountains and these bowers are thine.

Here, in the tall tree's shade repose

Where cool the limpid current flows,

And feast upon the blameless root,

\* The wife of the sage *Atri*, ‡ The conversation of Mytho-  
more usually termed *Anasuyá*, logical personages is so little  
the daughter of *Kerdama Rishi*. attractive in general, that I have

† She comes with an *Arghya* attempted to give it relief in  
a present indicative of respect this *Drama* by a lighter mea-  
sure, at the expence sometimes  
of what it consists, and in this perhaps of close fidelity.  
case is appropriately of flowers.

Or pluck the overhanging fruit,  
 The fitting fare of those who dwell,  
 In silent grove and hermit cell,  
 And consecrate the calm retreat,  
 With pious thoughts and converse sweet.

*Atr.* (*Takes the present*)

Kindness of heart, and gentleness of speech  
 Modest demeanour—innocence of thought—  
 Unsullied nature—and devout associates—  
 These are the charms and mystic powers of virtue,  
 And with sincerity united, hallow  
 The grossness of existence. [*Sits.*

*Vas.* Tell me venerable Dame—

Who thou art, and what thy name.

*Atr.* Behold in me the wife of *Atri*.\*

*Vas.* Tell me—Partner of the Seer,

What thy holy purpose here—

*Atr.* Amidst these forests dwells the great *Agastya*,†

And many other holy teachers here

With him reside—from them, I come, to learn

The holy *Vedas*, having lately left

The lessons of *Válmiki*.‡

\* One of the will-born sons of *Brahmá*, and progenitor of the moon.

† *Agastya* was the son of *Mitra* and *Varuna* conjointly and born in a water jar along with *Vasishtha*. Having commanded the *Vindhyá* mountain to lie prostrate till his return, he repaired to the South of

India, to *Kolapur*, where he continued to reside, and appears to have been mainly instrumental in introducing the Hindu Religion into the Peninsula.

‡ The author of the *Rámáyana* settled at *Chitrakúta* at the time of *Ráma's* exile but at this time *Bithur*.

*Vas.* Yet wise,\* *Prachetas*' son—his mind  
 The deepest, darkest, truths can find,  
 And on him other sages wait,  
 Familiar with the laws of fate,  
 The book of *Brahm* were there made clear—  
 Why then this weary journey here.

*Atr.* I'll tell thee Spirit:—In *Válmík*'s bower  
 What causes were there of delay and hindrance  
 To interrupt the weighty task—Attend.  
 Borne by some Deity, two infant children,  
 Of more than common natures, at the hermitage  
 Arrived, and from their holy studies whiled  
 The gravest sages—nay the very animals  
 Confessed the same surprising fascination.

*Vas.* Their names

*Atr.* *Kusa* and *Lava* were the names assigned  
 By their celestial guardian, and in proof  
 They were not of mere mortal race, they brought  
 Along with them the arms of heavenly fabric.  
 The sage received them ; and with care paternal  
*Válmík* rears them—in their earliest years

\* *Válmík* was the son of *Va- Ráma* reversed or *Mara, Mara*,  
*runa*, the regent of the water in the inaudible repetition of  
 one of whose names is *Prache-* which he remained immoveable  
*tas*. According to the *Adhyát-* for thousands of years, so that  
*ma Rámáyana*, the sage, although when the Sages returned to the  
 a *Brahman* by birth, associated same spot, they found him still  
 in his youth with foresters and there, converted into a *Valmika*  
 and robbers; attacking on one occa- or ant hill by the nests of the  
 sion the seven *Rishis*, they ex- Termites, whence his name of  
 postulated with him successfully, *Válmík*.  
 and taught him the mantra of

The use of arms was their especial study,  
 But when they saw ten summers, he invested them  
 After the kingly fashion with the cord,\*  
 And placed the ho'y *Vedas* in their hands.  
 Such is their aptness, they have far excelled  
 The oldest scholars, whose less active intellects,  
 Toil after them in vain—The mind alike,  
 Vigorous or weak, is capable of culture,  
 But still bears fruit according to its nature—  
 'Tis not the teacher's skill that rears the scholar—  
 The sparkling gem gives back the glorious radiance  
 It drinks from other light, but the dull earth  
 Absorbs the blaze, and yields no gleam again.

*Vas.* 'Tis justly urgèd, and this compels  
 Thy feet to seek our saintly cells.

*Atv.* Another cause disturbed our pious studies—  
 The sage *Válmiki* in his walk, where *Tamasú*,†  
 A placid current glides, beheld a fowler  
 Strike to the ground, one of a gentle pair  
 Of birds, that murmured love upon the bank.  
 Filled with affliction at the piteous sight  
 The sage gave utterance to his wrath, and prompted  
 By the inspiring goddess,‡ thus proclaimed

\* A thread worn by the three first orders of the Hindus over the left shoulder and under the right arm. It is imposed with much solemnity as part of the ceremony of regeneration, whence the three castes are termed *Dwijas* or twice-born. The thread of the military class is made of flax, and should be put on between the ages of ten and twenty two.

† A small river near *Chitrakole* commonly called the *Tonse*.

‡ *Saraswati* or *Váni* the goddess of speech and eloquence.



His thoughts in unpremeditated verse.

“ Hope not, Barbarian, length of days to know  
“ Whose hand could deal so merciless a blow,  
“ One of a harmless pair could thus destroy,  
“ Consigned to death, amidst the thoughts of joy.”\*

*Vas.* ’Twas genius spoke, and first on earth  
A heaven descended art had birth.

*Atr.* The verse was scarcely uttered when—lo—*Brahmá*,  
Appeared before the sage, and thus addressed him ;  
“ Thy Spirit is awakened—now thou feelest  
“ The present God, whose soul is eloquence.  
“ Complete thy task—declare in lofty strain  
“ The deeds of *Ráma* to the listening world.  
“ This day, the new born ray of heavenly knowledge  
“ Breaks on thy sight—First Poet amongst men.”  
This said he disappeared—the sage obeyed  
And first of mortals, clothed in measured language,  
The actions and events of human beings.

*Vas.* To all the world the sacred tongue  
Of gods and *Veds*, shall hence belong.†

*Atr.* ’Tis true, and thus on our retired studies  
Profane intrusion may be apprehended.  
Enough—I now have rested—Friendly spirit  
Show me the way, to great *Agastya’s* dwelling.

*Vas.* The road through *Panchavali* leads ;  
And here across the stream proceeds.

\* The original here inserts † The literal expression is the *Stanza* of the *Rámáyana*, *Hanta. Pandita Sansára—Alas*, I. 2. 18. which is there also stated to be the first *Stoka* or *Stanza* ever composed.

*Atr.* The clear *Godávári*—yonder extends  
*Prasravana*, whose high tops touch the clouds ;  
 This is the sacred forest, *Janasthána*,  
 And thou if I mistake not art *Vásanti*.

*Vas.* You speak my name.

*Atr.* These scenes suggest most painful recollections.  
 My poor child *Jánaki*, twas here thy fate  
 Once placed thee, and I think I see thee still,  
 Although, alas, thy name is all that's left  
 Of one who was so dear to me.

*Vas.* How say you—does aught ill attend,  
 The fortunes of my dearest friend.

*Atr.* Not evil fortune only—evil fame (*whispers.*)

*Vas.* Alas, alas, relentless fate,  
 Is there no limit to thy hate. (*faints.*)

*Atr.* Revive my child—be comforted.

*Vas.* Such gentle *Śítá*, beauteous queen,  
 Thy destiny hath ever been.  
 Ah *Ráma* ! but I will not chide—  
 Declare *Atreyi*, what beside,  
 Befell my hopeless friend, conveyed  
 By *Lakshmana* to forest shade.

*Atr.* It is not known.

*Vas.* But where—oh where—  
 Was then *Vasishtha*'s guardian care:  
 Where was *Arundhatí* divine,  
 And all the chiefs of *Raghu*'s line ;  
 The ancient Queens—Were all content,  
 To mark unmoved such sad event.—

*Atr.* The elders of the race had all repaired

To *Rishyasringa's* hermitage—but late,  
 The twelve years rite is finally effected.  
 They quit the hermit—but *Arundhati*  
 Returns not to *Ayodhyá* whilst deprived  
 Of *Sítá*, and with her the Queens agree.  
 'Twas therefore by *Vasishtha* counselled, they  
 Should for a while be tenants of those groves,  
 Where wise *Válmiki* and his pupils dwell.

*Vas.* And what doth *Ráma*.

*Atr.* He prepares—

An\* *Aswamedh* —

*Vas.* What female shares

The solemn rite—I fear him wed

To some new Queen.—

*Atr.* 'Tis idly said.

A golden image of his cherished *Sítá*

The sacrifice partakes.

*Vas.* 'Tis well.

He holds his faith—yet hard to tell

Men's hearts—the purest comprehend

Such contradictions, and can blend

The force to bear, the power to feel,

The tender bud, and tempered steel.

*Atr.* Already the pure steed, oer whom the charms

By *Vámadeva* spoken, are pronounced,

Is loosed to roam at will—his guards attend

According to the ritual. By the son

Of *Lakshmana*, the noble *Chandraketu*,

Arrayed in mail, and with bright weapons armed,

\* The solemn sacrifice of a horse.

From heavenly arsenals, the bands are led—  
 Scarce went they forth, when lo, a *Brahman* brought  
 His son's dead body to the palace gate,  
 And called for succor to the *Brahman* tribe.  
 Reflecting, when unseasonable death  
 Afflicts his people, that the monarch's faults  
 Must be the cause, full sorely *Ráma* grieved,  
 When to console him came a voice from heaven  
 Commanding him go forth, and seek *Sambúka*—  
 One of an outcast origin, engaged  
 In pious penance—he must fall by *Ráma*,  
 And then the *Brahman's* son will live again.  
 This heard the king assumed his arms—ascended  
 His car celestial, and he traverses  
 Even now the realms in quest of this Ascetic.

*Vas.* Speed *Ráma*—speed—the foe inhales  
 In these deep shades the healthful gales,  
 His only sustenance : but now,  
 Thy coming terminates his vow ;  
 And thy blest steps shall spread around,  
 New glories on this sainted ground.

*Atr.* Come friendly spirit, haste we hence.

*Vas.* I lead—the sun with glow intense,  
 Shoots through the sky, and drives to shade  
 The silent songsters of the glade.  
 Alone amidst the loftiest boughs,  
 The dove repeats her tender vows.  
 By tangling branches overhead  
 A cooling gloom beneath is spread ;  
 Where rests the elephant, reclining

Against the ancient trunk, or twining  
 His tusk around the brauchy bower  
 He scatters round a leafy shower,  
 Of flowery buds, that falling seem  
 An offering to the sacred stream,  
 Whose crystal waters placid flow  
 Along the verdant shore below—

[*Exeunt.*

ENTER *Ráma* in his car.

(*With his sword drawn.*)

Hand—thou hast done thy duty, and let fall  
 The sword of vengeance on the *Súdra's* head,  
 To grant existence to the *Brahman's* son.  
 This act was worthy him of whom thou'rt part—  
 Not such thy deed, when thrusting *Sítá* forth  
 To bear her burthen to the lonely woods.

ENTER\* *Sambúka* as a celestial spirit.

*Sam.* Glory to *Ráma*, death's terrific king  
 Awed by thy prowess, renders back to life  
 The *Brahman's* son—the youth is with his sire.  
 Thou art the benefactor of mankind.  
 To thee I owe the honours that attend  
 My present state, to be obtained alone  
 By acts of piety, not bought with gold.

*Ram.* Long may your happiness endure ;  
 Long may you live a tenant of those realms  
 To which your penances have raised you ; where  
 The pure and unimpassioned sages dwell,  
 And taste the bliss that recompenses virtue.

\* Having been killed by divine hands he of course obtained deification.

*Sam.* Not to my penance, but to thy benevolence  
 I owe this exaltation ; yet I wrong  
 The force of my devotions— which have brought thee  
 In quest of such an abject worm as I.  
 Thou shouldst be sought out by the world, its great  
 And powerful defence—yet thou hast deigned  
 To quit *Ayodhyá* for the *Dandak* forest,  
 And hither bend thy steps in search of me.

*Ram.* And is this *Dandaka* : do I once more  
 Behold the vast, the venerable shades,  
 Awful and dark with aged trees, and echoing  
 With roaring torrents from surrounding hills.  
 The haunt of pious seers, and holy pilgrims.

*Sam.* This is the scene of thy triumphant prowess  
 Where countless demons fell beneath thy sword\*  
 Hence *Janasthána's* timid denizens  
 Pass their calm days in undisturbed devotion.

*Ram.* Lies *Janasthána* here.

*Sam.* Towards the South,  
 It skirts these thickets, through whose spacious bounds  
 Wander at will the monsters of the wild.  
 Fierce o'er the mountain stalks the ravenous Tiger,  
 Or lurks in gloomy caves ; through the thick grass  
 Curls the vast Serpent, on whose painted back  
 The Cricket chirps, and with the drops that dew  
 The scales allays his thirst. Silence profound  
 Enwraps the forest, save where babbling springs  
 Gush from the rock, or where the echoing hills  
 Give back the tiger's roar, or where the boughs

\* Or in the text 14014 principal, *Khara*, *Dushana* and *Rákshusas* besides the three *Trisirá*.

Burst into crackling flame, and wide extends  
The blaze the dragon's fiery breath has kindled.

*Ram.* I recognise the scene, and all the past  
Rises to recollection—these drear shades  
Appalled not *Sitá*, well content to brave  
The forest gloom with *Ráma* at her side.  
Such was her wonderous love, that cheerfully  
She trod the wild. What wealth need man desire,  
Who in the fond companion of his life,  
Has one, that shares his sorrows, and disperses  
The thought of pain with exquisite delight.

*Sam.* Dismiss such melancholy thoughts; observe  
The peafowl's glorious plumage, as he lights  
Beneath yon copse—behold, through tufted grass  
Where come the trooping deer, bounding to covert,  
Nor fear the gaze of man: there cooling fall  
The sparkling torrents; as they flash beneath  
The overhanging willows, or the boughs  
Laden with fruit declining to the stream,  
And vocal with innumerable choristers.  
The she-bear growls along the flowery brink,  
And from the incense bearing tree, the elephant  
Snaps the light branch, and all its gum exudes,  
And breathes rich perfume through the balmy air—  
I quit thee Lord; to visit with thy leave,  
Ere I ascend to heaven, *Agastya's* cell

*Ram.* Be thy path propitious.

[*Exit Sambuka.*

'T was here that long and happily I dwelt,  
Ere other duties. and the cares of empire

Disturbed my tranquil joys—but such our lot —  
 Each various station has its proper claim—  
 The hermit's calm suits not the rank of king,  
 Nor kingly state the peaceful hermitage.  
 Scenes of repose, with lavish nature graced ;  
 Haunts undisturbed of timid birds and deer ;  
 Streams decorated with the untrodden fringe  
 Of flowery blossoms, and luxuriant creepers,  
 I know ye well. Yon distant wavy ridge,  
 Like a faint line of low descending clouds,  
 Defines *Prasravana*, whose lofty crest  
 Was once the vulture king, *Jatáyu's*, seat ;  
 And from whose sides precipitously falls  
 The broad *Godáveri*—At the hill foot,  
 And on the margin of the stately wood,  
 Where the dark trees upon whose branches, bowed  
 Into the broad *Godaveri*, the birds  
 Sang sweet and oft, our leafy cottage stood.  
 And here is *Panchávatí*, long the witness  
 Of our contented stay, and the abode  
 Of *Sita's* dearest friend the fair *Vasantí*  
 The kindly genius of these ancient Shades.  
 Alas, how changed my fortune—Sad I pine  
 In lonely widowhood—affliction sheds  
 A deadly venom through my veins—despair  
 Like a barbed arrow shot into my heart  
 There sticks, and rankles in its cureless wound.  
 Let me beguile the hour, and try to lose  
 The memory of my sufferings, as I gaze  
 Once more on these dear scenes : yet even they



Are not unchanged : where once the river flowed  
 A verdant bank extends, and where the trees,  
 Close wove, denied admittance to the day,  
 An open champain bares its breast to heaven—  
 Scarce could I deem the spot the same, but still  
 The mighty landmarks tower aloft, and round  
 The same tall mountains mingle with the skies.

[*Sambúka returns.*

*Sam.* Al! hail to *Ráma*—thus *Agastya* wills—  
 His glorious spouse the tender *Lopamudrá*,\*  
 And all his pious household—having heard  
 Thy presence in these wilds, they pray to see thee  
 Ere thou reseek *Ayodhyá*.

*Ram.* Be it done.

Bear with me, *Panchavati*, that obeying  
 The pleasure of the sage, I still presume  
 To trespass on thy confines.

*Sam.* Here lies our path—yonder is tall *Kraunchávat*  
 Amidst the dark glens of whose wooded sides,

\* *Agastya* having seen his She was named *Lopamudrá* from  
 ancestors suspended by their the distinctive beauties (*Mu-*  
 heels in a pit, was told by them *drá*) of animals, as the eyes of  
 that they could only be ex- deer &ca. being subjected to  
 tricated from their position by loss (*Lopa*) in her superior  
 his begetting a son. In order charms. When marriageable  
 to obtain a wife for this pur- *Agastya* demanded her of her  
 pose, he made a girl of the father, and although sorely  
 most graceful parts of the ani- against his will, the king was  
 mals of the forest and gave her, obliged to consent to her be-  
 without his privacy to the king coming the wife of the Sage.  
 of *Viderbha* to be his daughter. *Mahábhárat Vana Parva.*

The Raven numerous shrieks. and hoots the Owl,  
And whines through whistling caves the shrilly breeze,  
And countless Peafowl, with discordant shrieks,  
Chase into sapless trunks, and time worn trees,  
The frightened snakes. Far to the South extends  
The lofty range of hills, whose towering peaks  
Are diademed with clouds—whose central caverns  
Roar loud with mighty waters, as from the earth  
The springs of the *Godáveri* burst forth,  
And at whose base, the sacred conflux blends  
In one broad stream, the loud encountering torrents.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## ACT III.

THE *DANDAKA* FOREST CONTINUES.

ENTER *Tumasá and Muralá.*  
*Two River Goddesses.*

*Tum.* How now, sister, whither bent.

*Mur.* By the holy Matron sent,

*Lopamudrá*, charge of care

To *Godáveri* I bear.

Thus the Matron bids me say.

*Ráma* still through many a day

Though exterior calmness screen

His sorrow, deeply mourns his queen ;

And his declining form declares

The anguish that his bosom tears :

For soonest shall the soft heart perish,

That loves a secret grief to cherish,

As gourds with coat of clay encased

Earliest into ripeness haste.

Brooding o'er his bosom's woes,

*Ráma* now desponding goes

Through the forest confines, where

Every object wakes despair.

Fond, he lingers on each spot,

Speaking of a happier lot,

When delightedly he strayed

With his *Sítá*, through the shade.  
 Happiness for ever flown,  
 Now he weeps, and weeps alone,  
 And such sad despairing mood,  
 Nursed by gloom and solitude,  
 May to fierce distraction grow,  
 And the firmest mind o'erthrow.  
 Lest such hapless chance befall  
 Thou his sinking sense recall.  
 Moistened by thy gelid spray  
 Cooling breezes round him play :  
 Balmy with the lotus bloom  
 Shed the breeze its soft perfume :  
 So thy friendship shall dispense,  
 Freshness on each fading sense

*Tam.* 'Tis kindly done, but mightier art  
 To day performs its surer part.

*Mur.* What art.

*Tam.* Attend : 'tis not unknown  
 When *Sítá* helpless and alone,  
 Left by *Lakshmana*, deplored  
 Her hapless fate and cruel lord ;  
 The sudden throes of nature came  
 Distracting, oe'r her tender frame,  
 And wild with agony she gave  
 Her beauties unto *Gunga's* wave.

*Mur.* 'Tis true, and in the moment bore,  
 Two lovely boys—whom to the shore  
 Beneath the wave, the realms of shade,  
 The Goddess of the Stream conveyed :

And there with Earth's great goddess, tended,  
 With pious pains, till time had ended,  
 The first and fond maternal care ;  
 When *Gangu* took the nursing pair,  
 To wise *Válmiki's* hermitage,  
 And gave them to the assenting sage.  
 Now grown in strength and sense, appears,  
 Each youth beyond his childish years,  
 Worthy his high imperial line,  
 The holy Sage and nurse divine.

*Tam.* And now, throughout the regions flies,  
 The fame, the fierce ascetic dies,  
 In *Janusthána's* drear domain  
 By *Rámabhadra's* falchion slain ;  
 And *Lopamudrá, Ráma's* grief  
 To *Gangu* sends—his sure relief  
 The Goddess brings—she comes in haste  
 To see *Godávari*—embraced  
 Some fair pretext, she hither speeds,  
 And with her lovely *Sítá* leads.

*Mur.* 'Twas wisely thought—amidst affairs  
 Of empire, *Ráma's* private cares  
 Are scattered—but whilst thus he wends,  
 And grief alone his steps attends,  
 He feels his loss—but what device  
 To *Ráma* shall his queen entice.

*Tam.* 'Tis thus contrived--the Queen of floods  
 Sends *Sítá* to these ancient woods,  
 To gather flowers, and with them pay  
 Devotion to the God of day,

From whose bright loins the glorious race  
 Of *Raghu* their high lineage trace.  
 And homage therefore should be done  
 This day to their great Sire, the Sun,  
 For that the lucky knot\* has told,  
 Twelve years their rapid course have rolled,  
 Since, from the daughter of the Earth,  
*Kusa* and *Lava* drew their birth.  
 Go forth, exclaimed the Queen, my child  
 Nor fear the monsters of the wild,  
 By my command, the forest train  
 A guard around thee shall maintain ;  
 By her behest too, I attend  
 Her tender pupil to defend,  
 From aught of harm, and hence am found  
 To day upon this holy ground.

*Mur.* To *Lopamudrá* I depart,  
 The blissful tidings to impart.  
 But who comes here—

*Tam.* 'Tis *Sitá*: mark—  
 How lovely through her tresses dark  
 And floating loose, her face appears,  
 Though pale and wan, and wet with tears.  
 She moves along like Tenderness  
 Invested with a mortal dress ;

\* The *Mangala Granthi*. year of a person's life, in the  
 literally rendered in the text. string or thread which is wound  
 The expression alludes to the round the paper scroll on which  
 practice still in use amongst the the calculations of his nativity  
 Hindus, of making a knot every are inscribed.

Or like embodied Grief, she shines,  
That sad oer love in absence pines.

*Mur.* Bowed down by anxious thought, she droops,  
Like the soft lotus as it stoops  
Its head, when some rude hand has broken  
The slender stem—those sighs betoken  
A labouring heart, and withering care  
With wasteful hand is busy there  
For every limb more fragile shows.—  
So when the sun of autumn glows,  
The tender leaflet languid lies,  
Shrinks in the scorching blaze, and dies.

[*Exit Muralá.*

ENTER *Sítá* (as described) with flowers.

*Sítá.* 'Tis very strange—methought I heard the voice  
Of my dear friend *Vásantí* once again.

*Voices in the wood.* The elephant is *Sítá's*, whom the Queen  
With her own tender hands is wont to feed ;  
And now he perishes—as to the stream  
He with his mate repairs, a monstrous elephant,  
Wild from the woods, approaches to assail him.

*Sítá.* Ah my dear Lord—haste, haste thee to preserve  
My favorite from destruction—ah; the view  
Of these familiar scenes, suggests to me  
Phrases alike familiar once—but now—  
Ah me—unhappy—

(*faints.*)

RE-ENTER *Tamasá.*

*Tam.* Revive my child.—(*recovering her.*)

*Ram.* (*Without*) Here guider of the car—here stay  
our course.

*Sita.* What voice was that—oh—it comes o'er my soul,  
Like the low muttering of the thundercloud,  
That promises refreshing dews to earth,  
And calls me back to life.

*Tam.* What means this rapture :  
Why such delight from inarticulate sounds  
Chance uttered.—

*Sita.* Inarticulate, saidst thou :  
To my enraptured ear it seemed  
My dear lost Lord had uttered the blest sounds.

*Tam.* It may be—for 'tis noised amongst mankind,  
The subjugation of the ascetic *Sudra*,  
Conducts the hero to this ancient forest.

*Sita.* Thus pays he faithfully the lofty dues  
Exacted by his station—but he comes—  
Do I again behold him—yes 'tis he ;  
His gait declares him—but how pale and thin,  
Like the fast waning moon in morning skies.  
Oh support me (*throws herself into the arms of Tamásá.*)

*Ram.* (*Rushing in.*)\* Goddess adored  
Celestial daughter of *Viléha's* kings. (*falls fainting.*)

*Sita.* Ah me—illfated—see his lotus eyes  
Close at the sight of me—his deep distress  
O'ermasters every sense—Oh save him ! save him !

[*To Tamásá.*

*Tam.* Dismiss your terrors—you can best restore him :  
That gentle hand can bring him back to life.

\* In the original *Rama* is when they are again discovered, supposed to fall behind the or in the language of the text, scenes and *Sita* goes out to him, Enter *Rama* fainted.



*Sitá.* Say'st thou

(*Kneels, takes one of Ráma's hands in one of hers, and  
applies the other to his forehead.*)

'Tis so—his spirits are recovering.

*Rám.* What should this mean: the heavenly balm that wakes

The dead to life is poured into my heart;

Or from the moon, ambrosial dews descend,

Drop on my soul, and rouse me to existence.

Such is the power that well known touch possesses,

To change insensibility to life,

And cheer the chill of dark despair with hope.

*Sitá.* (*Withdrawing*) Oh this is much for me.

*Rám.* Why; was it not

My *Sitá* that restored me.

*Sitá.* Ah—my lord now seeks me

*Rám.* I will search.

*Sitá.* (*To Tamásá*) I must not meet

His gaze uncalled—He will be angry

That I approach him thus unbid.

*Tam.* Fear not

By *Bhagavati's* powerfull will, enshrined,

You walk unseen, even by the sylvan deities.

*Rám.* *Sitá*—loved *Sitá*—no—she is not here.

Where art thou flown—or was it but a dream.

Oft has my fancy anxiously explored

My *Jánaki's* retreat, and now, illusively,

It finds her in these shades.\*

\* A few speeches that follow also left out, as injurious to the interest of the scene. Several subsequent passages have been

(*Behind.*) Help—Help

Or *Sita's* elephant will be destroyed

*Ram.* My *Sita's* favorite—who dares molest  
The animal she loved.

*Rises, and is going, Enter Vāsantī.*

*Vas.* The pride of *Raghu* in these honoured groves  
Hail, prince !

*Sita.* My friend *Vāsantī*.

*Rám.* Do I see  
My *Sitá's* dearest friend.

*Vas.* The same : but speed  
To save the elephant—cross the *Godáveri*  
Where *Sitá's* name gives virtue to the ford,  
Leaving *Jatáyu's* mountain on the right.

*Sita.* Alas, *Jatáyu* ;  
The forest is a waste deprived of thee.

*Ram.* How many recollections do these names  
Sadly recall.

*Vas.* No more delay—quick follow me—

[*Exeunt.*

*Sita.* Tell me, dear *Tamasá*, cannot in sooth  
The wood nymphs see me.

*Tam.* What should you doubt —  
The might of *Gangá* far exceeds the power  
Of every deity.

*Sita.* Then let us follow  
My lord, and my dear friend.

[*Exeunt.*

THE BANKS OF THE GODAVERI.

ENTER *Ráma* and *Vásanti* and afterwards *Sítá* and *Tamasá*.

*Ram.* Glory to *Godáveri*.

*Vas.* Now, Prince, secure

The victory to him, whom as a child

Thy princess fondly cherished.

*Ram.* Live and conquer.

*Vas.* 'Tis even thus—he triumphs o'er his foe.

*Ram.* Fate, *Sítá*, has obeyed thee, and the elephant,

Whose sportive frolic pilfered from thine ears,

With blithe and slender trunk, the lotus fibres,

Their fragrant pendants—now in earliest youth,

Defies the mighty monarch of the woods.

Nor less his tenderness than prowess—Mark

The arts he practises to gain the favour

Of his loved mate—as he imbibes the wave

Perfumed with lotus buds, and with his trunk,

Sprinkles the fragrant dews upon her form,

Or rears the broad leaf of the lotus, high

Above her head, to screen her from the Sun

*Sita.* Well pleased, my *Tamasá*, I view this child

Of my affections, but, alas, the sight

Recalls the memory of far dearer sons.

How fare my boys

*Tam.* In him, you may behold them—

Such strength and courage as are his, are theirs.

*Sítá.* Ah me, unhappy—not alone condemned

To separation from my lord, but doomed

To live divided from my children.

*Tam.* Fate has so willed it.

*Sitá.* How have I deserved  
 A doom so harsh—what sins have I committed,  
 That the sweet faces of my lovely boys,  
 Shaded with curling locks, and bright with smiles,  
 Where the red lips the budding teeth display,  
 Should never know the kisses of a father.

*Tam.* If fate be gracious, they may know them yet.

*Sita.* As they recur to memory, my bosom.  
 Swells with a mothers passion—and their sire  
 Full in my gaze, I seem once more to live  
 Blest amongst mortals.

*Tam.* Truly it is said ;  
 The love that children waken, is the bond,  
 That binds their parents strongest to their faith.  
 And even when the wedded pair are held  
 By fond affection, still there needs this tie  
 \* To make their happiness compleat and lasting.

*Vas.* Be seated Prince—here in this plantain grove  
 Behold the marble which in happier days  
 Supported thee and *Sitá*—here she sat,  
 And from her hands gave fodder to the deer  
 That boldly crowded round their gentle mistress.

*Ram.* I cannot bear to look upon it. (*weeps.*)

*Vas.* (*Aside.*) Oh, that my lovely friend, could now behold  
 The altered state of her once beauteous Lord.

\* A few speeches of the dialogue are here, and in some following passages, omitted, merely to compress a scene which being devoid of action is extended to a disproportionate length in the original, especially as the speeches of *Sitá* and *Tamasú* sometimes suspend the conversation of *Râma* and *Vásantí* through an inconvenient interval.

His manly form, whose graces ever new  
Were once the grateful objects of her sight,  
Now shrunk and withered, and by ceaseless grief  
Now pale and haggard his once blooming cheeks.

*Aloud.* Put forth your brightest fruits and flowers, ye trees;  
Ye breezes breathe the perfume of the lotus;  
And ye soft choristers pour all your voices  
In sweet continuous song, for *Râma* comes,  
Once more he visits his erst loved domains.

*Ram.* Here let us rest awhile.

*Vas.* Permit me ask

How fares the Prince brave *Lakshmana*.

*Ram.* (*Not hearing her, apart,*)

'Twas in these scenes,  
The gentle *Maitili* delighted fed  
The innocent animals confiding round her.  
Where'er I turn, sad recollections rise,  
And all my heart resolves itself in dew.

*Vas.* The *Mahârâja* dost not speak of *Lakshmana*.

*Ram.* (*Apart.*) Her cold respectful manner, and her voice  
With starting tears, broken and indistinct,  
I comprehend—she knows the tale: (*to her*) the Prince  
Is well. (*weeps.*)

*Vas.* Then why these tears.

*Sitâ.* *Vâsanî*—this is cruel—

My Lord demands respect from all, and most  
From those who love me.

*Vas.* How hadst thou the heart,  
To drive that gentle being from thee—once

She was thy love, thy other, dearer life  
 Light of thine eyes, and nectar of thy soul.  
 How can such deed be credited of *Ráma*.

*Ram.* The world compelled it.

*Vas.* Why.

*Ram.* It knew no cause.

*Vas.* Obdurate man, to heed the world's reports,  
 Alone, nor reck the scorn that waits the cruel.  
 Hast thou forgotten, what disastrous fate,  
 Befel the fawn-eyed *Sítá*, when she dwelt  
 Before in lovely woods—what then occurred,  
 May make thee tremble for what since has chanced.

*Ram.* What horrible suggestions—yes, I see,  
 My *Sítá*, once again, the spoil of fiends—  
 In vain, her slender form and lovely looks  
 Demand compassion—vainly do those eyes  
 Roll wild with terror, fearful as the glance  
 Unsteady, of the yearning fawn, and vain  
 The tender burthen that she graceful bears,  
 To move the savages to pity—where  
 Oh, where, abandoned *Sítá*, art thou now.

*Sita.* My Lord, my honoured—

(*Her speech ceases in convulsive struggles.*)

*Tam.* How now my child.

Nay give thy sorrows way, sufferers should speak  
 Their griefs—the bursting heart that overflows  
 In words obtains relief; the swelling lake  
 Is not imperilled, when its rising waters

Find ready passage through their wonted channel.\*  
 Mark *Rámabhadra*—little cause has he  
 To thank mankind, yet faithful to his duty,  
 He labours for their good, who oft have been  
 The source of ill to him, and still affliction  
 Unceasing for thy loss preys on his life,  
 As scorching summers parch the fragile flower.  
 He knows no pleasures—nor partakes the joys  
 Of social converse—all the recreation  
 He covets—solitude, and sighs and tears.

*Ram.* The haunts of populous life, are not for *Sitá*;  
 Her home I, know, is some sequestered shade,  
 Where she may mourn neglected—but by me  
 And all who pine in misery, her loss—  
 Be satisfied—is felt—is felt most bitterly

*Vas.* (*Aside.*) He is much moved, I will divert his thoughts,  
 To other objects—Look around you, Prince,  
 And mark the scenes that *Janasthána* offers.  
 Behold the spot, where in your shady bower  
 Of twining creepers wove—you often sat,  
 To watch, impatient, *Sitá's* homeward course,

\* *Lit* “By those who are in sorrow their sorrows should be uttered, as the heart in the agitation of grief is upheld by words.” The sentiment is familiar to the Dramas of Shakespear. Thus in *Richard the 3rd.*

*Eliz.* Why should calamity be full of words.

*Duch of York.* Let them have scope, though what they do impart  
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

and in *Macbeth.*

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak  
 Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and makes it break.

From the *Godáveri's* pure stream, and she,  
 Who coming marked remote your fond anxiety,  
 As fearful of rebuke for long delay—  
 Bowed sportively her head, and with closed palms,  
 Touched her fair front to deprecate your anger.

*Sita.* Cruel *Vásantí*—this is unmerciful,  
 Thus with heart piercing shafts, incessantly,  
 To wound the bosom of my Lord, and mine.

*Ram.* Relentless *Jánakí* where'er I gaze,  
 I view thy charms—in vain, for thou art pitiless.  
 My heart is bursting—all my vigour flies me.  
 The world is a wide desert—I am burnt  
 With inward fires—deep, deep, in thickest gloom,  
 My soul is plunged—and all is night around me.

*(faints.)*

*Sita.* Alas, his senses fail him—as his thoughts  
 Revert to me, unhappy—his existence  
 The hope of all, is thus again endangered.

*Tam.* Fear not, your hand revives him.

*(Sítá acts as before.)*

*Vas.* He recovers.

*Ram.* Once more, ambrosia,  
 Spread o'er each limb, by that celestial hand,  
 Restores my parting spirit, and converts  
 My sorrows to ineffable delight.

Joy, joy, *Vasantí*, thou wilt share my joy.—

*Vas.* Whence is this transport.

*Ram.* *Sítá*—she is found.

*Vas.* Where.

*Ram.* Here—before us—dost thou not see her.



*Vas.* Why mock my sorrows, why thus rend a heart  
Already broken by my *Sítá's* loss.

*Ram.* I mock thee not ; I could not be deceived ;  
Too well I know the touch of that dear hand,  
The marriage rite first placed in mine—even now,  
Cool as the snow drift to my fevered palm,  
And soft as Jasmine buds I grasp it—here—  
(*By a sudden effort he catches hold of Sítá's hand.*)

*Sita.* Alas, I yield. (*struggling.*)

*Ram.* *Vásantí*—it is real—  
This rapture is too much—it quite unmans me ;  
'Tis no delusion—touch, and be convinced.

*Vas.* Alas—he raves. (*Sítá gets away.*)

*Ram.* 'Tis gone again—I feared it.  
The world is rotten at the root—my grasp,  
Trembling ill held the tremulous prisoner,  
And it has slipped away—what ; no where ; speak,  
Pitiless *Vaidéhí*.

*Sita.* I am rightly called,  
To mark this agony, and live.

*Ram.* Oh where—  
Where art thou dearest—hear my call—appear.  
Be not unmerciful—oh, fly me not.  
'Tis strange—it must be phantasy, or else  
*Vásantí* would have seen her—do I dream—  
Does *Ráma* sleep, or doth the mighty power  
That framed the universe, and oft delights  
To spread delusion, fabricate a phantom,  
To cheat me of my senses.

*Sita.* Nay, loved *Ráma*,

'Tis I who play a phantom, and deceive thee.

*Ram.* My friend *Vásantí*—those who love me still,  
Can gather little pleasure from my presence—  
Why should I longer cause thy tears to flow.  
Forgive me—let me hence.

*Sitá.* (To *Tamasú.*) Again I lose him.

*Taw.* Yield not to despair—seek we the feet  
Of *Bhavadatí*, to perfect the rites,  
That will for *Kusa* and for *Lava* win  
Auspicious days to come.

*Sitá.* Oh, let me look,  
A little moment longer, on a form,  
I never, never, may behold again.

*Ram.* I go to finish, now, my *Asvamédha*.  
I have my bride.—

*Sitá.* What is it that I hear.—

*Ram.* The image of my *Sitá*  
Wrought of pure gold will grace the festival.\*

*Sitá.* Thou art indeed the son of *Dasarathá*.  
My past affliction all is now effaced—  
Thrice happy she, whom my loved Lord reveres,  
Who glads his heart, and is the hope of nations.

\* Thus in the *Alceste* of *Eu-ripides*, *Admetus* in order to console himself for the loss of his spouse declares, that

By the hand of skilful artists framed.

Her image shall be placed upon my couch.

The spirit with which *Ráma* has the image of *Sitá* formed is much more worthy of a hero and king: in all his conduct indeed he is vastly superior to *Admetus*, and in the delineation of a situation in some respects similar the Hindu poet is equally superior to the Grecian.

*Tam.* You speak your own eulogium love.

*Sita.* Forgive me. (*seems ashamed*)

You must despise this weakness—

*Tam.* Let us depart.

*Sita.* I follow you.

*Tam.* But with averted eye,

Casting its languid looks, not to the path

The feet should tread—the painful effort strives,

In vain to overcome the strong attraction.

*Sita.* I bow me to the feet of my dear Lord,

The source of every blessing. (*fainting.*)

*Tam.* Be of courage.

*Sita.* Alas, how long am I condemned to watch,

The pale moon struggling through contending clouds.

*Tam.* How manifold the forms affection takes,

And yet is one unchanged, as water, seen

In bubbles, eddies, billows, is the same

Unaltered element.

*Ram.* (*In his car—to the charioteer.*) This way, direct  
my rapid car.

*All.* (*Addressing mutually each other.*) May holy mother  
Earth,

The empress of the floods, the Bard inspired,

The sage *Vasishtha*, and his pious dame,

Protect your path, and guide you unto happiness.

## ACT IV.

### THE HERMITAGE OF VALMIKI.

ENTER *Saudhátaki* and *Bhándáyana*.  
*Two Ascetic Disciples.*

*Bhan.* Behold, *Saudhátaki*, our humble dwelling,  
*Válmíki's* holy hermitage, assumes  
The face of preparation—he expects  
Unwonted guests to day : the wild deer feed  
Upon unusual fragments, and the air  
Is filled with savoury odours.\*

*Sau.* There must be  
Some wondrous cause, to make our grey beards lay  
Their lectures by to day.

*Bhan.* There is a cause,  
And that of no mean import.

*Sau.* Tell me, I pray you,  
What venerable ox may we expect,  
To visit us.

*Bhan.* For shame ; refrain from jests :  
The great *Vasishtha* hither brings the queens  
Of *Dasaratha*, with *Arundhati*,

\* The text deals more in particulars; the deer is said to drink the scum of the water in which the ordinary sort of rice as well as wild rice has been boiled and the air is charged with the smell of ghee, boiled rice and vegetables, mixed with the fruit of the *Jujube* in the course of culinary preparation.

From *Rishyasringa*, to our master's dwelling.

*Sau.* *Vasishtha* is it.

*Bhan.* The same.

*Sau.* I crave his pardon—I had thought at least

It was a wolf or tiger we should look for.

*Bhan.* How so.

*Sau.* Why else, was there provided

The fatted calf for his regale.

*Bhan.* Why know you not—

The *Vedas*,\* which enshrine our holy law,

Direct the householder shall offer those

Who in the law are skilled, the honied meal,

And with it flesh of ox, or calf, or goat,

And the like treatment shall the householder

Receive from *Brahmans* learned in the *Vedas*.†

\* He quotes the text *Sa-mánso Madhuperka*, a rather extraordinary liberty in such a place.

† Some texts of *Menu* would seem to authorise the eating of animal food at all seasons, observing merely the preliminary ceremony of offering a portion of it to the Gods or Manes, like the heroes of Homer with whom a sacrifice is only the prelude to a feast, thus. “Having bought flesh himself, or obtained it by aid of another, he who eats it after worshipping the Gods or Manes commits no sin” *Menu* 5. 32.

“He who eats animals which may be eaten is not defiled by the daily practice of the act, for animals which may be eaten, and those who eat them, were alike created by *Brahmá*. 5. 30. He admits also that animal food has been used by ancient sages, even as nourishment without regard to sacrificial consecration. “Deer and birds were killed by *Brahmans* for sacrifice; also for the nutriment of dependants, as was formerly done by *Agastya*.” 5. 22. However, *Menu* prohibits the expenditure of life for the gratification of the appetite, and restricts

*Sau.* You must mistake.

*Bhan.* How so.

*Sau.* Admit the meal of flesh

Was for *Vasishtha* dressed—why was it not

Alike provided for the royal sage.

To *Janaka* were curds and honey given ;

No flesh.

*Bhan.* 'Tis true, for though the sages use

the use of animal food to the *Madhuperka* Sacrifice, and offerings to the manes and to the gods. "*Menu* has declared that animals may be killed in offerings to the gods in sacrifice and the *Madhuperka* but not on any other occasion." The *Madhuperka*—here, implies the respectful reception of a guest which included the presentation of a mixture of curds and honey (*Madhu* honey and *Perka* Aspersions) this is the ceremony alluded to in the text—and agreeably to the law of *Menu* meat was added to the offerings, conformably to the text : "Let him offer to a *Brahman* versed in the *Vedas* a large Ox or Goat" *Miták* p. 48. Mr. Colebrooke observes that "It seems to have been anciently the custom to slay a Cow on this occasion, and the guest was therefore called a

*Goghna* or Cow killer"—A. Res. 7. 289. Flesh was also distributed on public occasions when *Brahmans* were assembled, thus, *Yudhishtira* on taking possession of the splendid hall of audience, constructed for him by *Maya Danava*, fed many thousand *Brahmans* with all sorts of viands, including the flesh of bears and deer. The great repugnance to animal diet that now exists amongst the Hindus in some provinces, must have been of comparatively modern origin—we may be satisfied from the above that the *Brahmans* seldom wanted excuses for partaking of it, and the other castes were not likely to be more scrupulous. In fact, the *Kshetriyas* were especially authorized to use it, and never hesitated to avail themselves of the permission,—thus *Ráma* in his peri-

To eat of flesh, yet *Janaka* foregoes  
 The practice. Sorrowing for his daughter's fate,  
 He leads an anchoret's abstemious life,  
 And in the woods of *Chandradwip* has spent,  
 Long years of solitude and self denial.

*Sau.* What brings him here.

*Bhan.* To see the sage *Válmiki*; and *Kausalyá*  
 Is summoned by *Arundhati* to meet  
 Her ancient friend *Vaideha*.

*Sau.* Let us leave  
 These elders to themselves, and join the youth,  
 Who make the utmost of their holiday.

*Bhan.* Agreed.  
 See from the dwelling of *Válmiki* comes  
 The royal sage—a deep and ceaseless sorrow,  
 Preys on his heart, like a destroying fire,

grinations is described by *Válmiki* the dinner of his Spouse and  
 as catching killing and cooking himself.

Their thirst allayed the princes ply the chase,  
 And a fat stag soon falls beneath their arrows.  
 A fire they kindle next and dress their prize  
 Then, offering to the gods and manes made,  
 With *Sitá* they the social banquet share.—*Rámayana B. II. Sec. 40.*

The *Mahá Bharat* however food, placing chariness of life  
 has in some places a leaning to amongst the first of virtues. a  
 the opposite doctrine, and in the doctrine adopted apparently or  
 the *Dána Dherma* section, *Bhishma* at least more rigidly professed,  
 expatiates to *Yudhishthira* at in order to compete upon an  
 considerable length upon the equal footing with the *Baud-*  
 merit of abstaining from animal *dhas* and *Jains*,

That lighted in the trunk of some tall tree,  
Consumes unseen its sap—let us withdraw.

[*Exeunt.*

ENTER *Janaka.*

My anguish, like a sharp toothed saw, corrodes  
Incessantly my heart—whene'er I think  
Upon my child, my sorrows freshly flow  
Like the continuous current of a river.  
How hard it is, that neither age nor grief,  
Nor penances austere, release my spirit  
From this consuming frame—nor dare I loose  
The vital spark myself, for deepest hell  
Where the Sun never shines, awaits the wretch,  
Who lifts his hands against his own existence.  
By recollection every hour renewed,  
In spite of fleeting years, my griefs survive.  
Alas, my *Sítá*, could not all thy virtues  
Avert this heavy doom—still to my memory  
Recur thy infant charms, thy lotus face,  
Chequered with smiles and tears—thy first attempts  
To give articulation to thy speech.  
Daughter of sacrifice—what now, alas,  
Is thy sad portion—Earth, all mighty goddess,  
And thou bright sun, the god of *Raghu's* race,  
Sages and saints, who should have been her guidance,  
Cruel, why left ye *Sítá* to her fate.  
*Arundhati* approaches ; with her comes  
The queen of *Dasárat'ha*, my dear friend  
*Kausalyá*. Who shall put his trust in life.  
Once in the royal mansion did she shine



The goddess of prosperity—I shame her  
 By such comparisou—yet, now, she bows  
 To tyrant destiny, and pines in anguish—  
 Why should I heed my sufferings, when I mark  
 The sad reverse she feels ; alas her sight  
 That once was bliss, is now as painful to me  
 As brine to a raw wound—

ENTER *Kausalyá, Arundhati, and Attendant.*

*Arun.* You must comply. The sage commands you come  
 To meet the king—he is already here —  
 Why this reluctance Lady.

*Atten.* Be advised.

Arouse your firmnes, madam, and obey  
 The orders of the sage *Vasishth*\*.

*Kau.* I obey.

Yet hard the task to face mine ancient friend,  
 His grief and mine are one, and mine already  
 O'erpowers, my heart—its fibres must give way.

*Arun.* Such pain is unavoidable—the griefs,  
 Man feels when absent from a faithful friend,  
 Renew at his encounter, and again  
 Extend, and deepen through a thousand channels.

*Kau.* Alas, how can I meet his gaze, deprived  
 Of his beloved child.

*Arun.* Think, you behold  
 In him a venerable relative ;  
 To whom the great preceptor oft his race,

\* The attendant has one or two speeches more which are omitted in the translation. + *Yajñaywalkya* a sage and legislator and teacher of one portion of the *Yajur Veda*.

The sacred knowledge of the *Veds* has given.

*Kau.* I see in him a royal sage, the friend  
Of an illustrious sovereign, and the sire  
Of her I called my daughter—ah, I dream,  
Of other days and joys, that destiny  
Has now alas unsparingly destroyed.

*Jan.* All hail, *Arundhati*, to whom the earth  
At twilight bends its waving head in homage :  
Whom the three worlds revere, and who enjoyest  
The love of him, of sages first and best,  
Who lives the source exhaustless of pure light.

*Arun.* May light supreme illumine thee—may the sun  
\*That shines eternal, hallow thee.

*Jan.* My friend ;  
How fares the noble mother of the king.

*Kau.* Alas. (*faints.*)

*Jan.* What's this.

*Arun.* Your sight too well recalls  
Her lord—her children, and the long past days  
Of happiness—now gone—the fond remembrance  
O'ercomes her strength—the matron's heart is still  
As soft and delicate as the tender flower :

*Jan.* Alas, that I should be the cause of suffering

\* The salutation and reply text of *Janaka's* speech is corrupt, but *Arundhati's* reply is, *Param Jyotis te prakasatam. Ayam twam punata Deva Paro Rajā ya esha tapati—May* supreme light enlighten thee, very different from the common Hindu polytheism. The  
are both very curious; the first is a little unintelligible, but both are precisely in the spirit of the *Gāyatri* or sacred verse of the *Vedas*, and indicate a system, may this divine light who glows, purify thee.

To one I have not seen so long, the wife  
 Of my still cherished friend—united with me  
 In closest bonds—dear as my heart, my peace,  
 Dear as my person, or my life itself,  
 The present fruit and object of my being,  
 Or whatsoever else were dearest to me—  
 And is not this his wife—and can I give  
 Her pain, that does not equally afflict  
 My friend, for she was ever one with him,  
 In joy and sorrow—Fate is here alone,  
 To blame, then let me, as I think of him,  
 Forbear to agonise her sinking heart.

*Kau.* Where art thou, dearest *Jánaki*—methinks  
 I still behold thy graceful limbs, as light  
 As lunar rays, and mark thy lotus face,  
 Budding with playful smiles, and shedding pride  
 And fortune on thy marriage celebration,  
 As the delighted monarch, called thee child,  
 And bade thee sit upon his knee, and termed thee,  
 The bride of *Raghu's* loftiest hope, the bond  
 Of *Jánaka's* exalted house, and his.

*Jan.* Imperial *Dasarath*, every way  
 Within my heart, thy memory is secured.  
 Fathers in social life but rarely prize  
 Their daughters, and confine their fond regard  
 To those who wed them—but not thus didst thou,  
 For *Sitá* ever was to thee a daughter,  
 And cherished as thy child—but thou art gone,  
 And the dear seed of our alliance blighted.  
 Fie upon life—the world is now a hell.

*Kau.* My child, my *Jánaki*, in vain I mourn thee,  
Nor will my life, enfeebled by despair,  
Yet bound in chains of adamant, release me.

*Arun.* Take comfort Princess, give your tears some respite,  
Recall the words your pious teacher uttered,  
Who prophesied at *Rishyasringa's* dwelling,  
The dews of happiness would yet descend,  
And cheer the last days of your closing life.

*Kau.* I have no relish, now, for worldly happiness.

*Arun.* You cannot doubt the seer's prophetic sight :  
Trust me, what he hath said, will surely be :  
Whate'er is uttered by the holy *Brahman*,  
Who is the light divine made manifest,  
Must come to pass—the blessing which invoked  
Propitious *Lakshmi* to the nuptial rite,  
Was not unmeaning, nor pronounced in vain—

*A noise behind.*

*Jan.* The boys amidst their sports.

*Kau.* Little suffices to the joys of youth. (*looks out*)  
But who is yonder—strong, and light, and active,  
He bears the noble port of *Rámabhadra* :  
Who should this be—that he so charms my sight.

*Arun.* (*Apart.*) This must be one that *Bhágirat'hi* named  
To me in secrecy—which should it be—  
*Kusa* or *Lava*—we will ascertain.

*Jan.* In sooth, he bears a strong similitude :  
His parted locks, dark as the lotus leaf,  
Denote the warrior tribe, and 'mongst his fellows,  
He shews a proud pre-eminence—it seems  
That *Ráma* once more has become a boy—

Who is this youth that thus delights our sight.

*Arun.* Some *Kshetriya* lad, who here awhile pursues,  
His sacred studies.

*Jan.* You have rightly judged

His birth : for see, on either shoulder hangs,  
The martial quiver, and the feathery shafts  
Blend with his curling locks—below his breast,  
Slight tinctured with the sacrificial ashes,  
The deer skin wraps his body: with the zone  
Of *Murvá* bound, the madder tinted garb  
Descending vests his limbs—the sacred rosary  
Begirts his wrist, and in one hand he bears  
The *Pípal* staff, the other grasps the bow.\*  
*Arundhatí*, whence comes he.

*Arun.* You forget ;

I came here but to-day

*Jan.* (*To the attendant.*) My worthy friend,

Go to *Válmíkí*, and of him enquire

Who is this boy—and tell the boy himself,

Some aged persons wish to talk with him.

*Aten.* As you command.

[*Exit.*]

\* These insignia of the military student are according to *Menu*, with the addition of the ashes of the fuel used in sacrifice, and the bracelet or rosary of the seeds of the *Elæocarpus*, which are not indispensable accompaniments, and indicate a bias to the *Saiva* faith. The *Pípal* staff is a staff made of the wood of the *Pípal* or Holy Fig tree. The zone of *Murvá* is a girdle fastened over one hip and hanging loosely over the other, made of the fibres of a kind of creeper, *Sansevieria zeylanica*.

*Kau.* What think you—will he come.

*Arun.* What busy fancies has his sight suggested :

Dismiss them—they are idle.

*Kau.* (*Approaches.*) The natural graces of expanding youth,

Though lost to fools, familiar to the wise,

Shed not the virtue that in him resides.

*Jan.* As he advances, he attracts my mind,

Firm though it be, as sways the slender rod

Of magnet force, the ponderous mass of iron.

ENTER *Lava.*

*Lava.* To talk with me—and yet I know them not.

How am I to address them—ignorant

What claims their birth, or tribe, or name may give them

To my respect : yet, to the aged this,

At least is due. (*approaches.*) Conceive the brow of *Lava*,

Has bent to do you reverence.

*Arun.* and *Jan.* Long life await you.

*Kau.* Long be thy days\* my child.

*Arun.* Come hither child. (*Embraces him ; then apart.*)

This dear embrace fulfills

Present and past desire.

*Kau.* Come hither youth. (*embraces him.*) He is indeed  
most like,

Not only in his stature, nor in hue

As jetty as the sable leaves that float

Upon the stream, nor in his mellow voice,

Deep as the wild duck's cry when gathering pleased

The fibres of the lotus Stalk—but most

His firm flesh is like *Ráma's* to the touch—

\* The benediction is literally Long be my life.

Hard as the seed cup of the water lily :  
Then in his countenance—there well I see—  
Dost thou not note it—(to *Janaka*.) in his eager gaze,  
The animated, speaking glance of *Sítá*.

*Jan.* I mark it well.

*Kau.* My heart misgives me : hast thou a mother, child,  
Or lives thy father in thy recollection.

*Lav.* Neither.

*Kau.* Whose art thou.

*Lava.* Wise *Válmiki's*.

*Kau.* Say on.

*Lava.* I know no more  
(*Behind.*) Warriors take heed, 'tis *Chandraketu's* order,  
That none disturb the holy hermitage.

*Arun.* The prince is here, he leads the martial escort  
That guards the consecrated steed—haply  
We may behold him—Fortune smiles upon us.

*Kau.* The dear son of *Lakshmana*—  
This is indeed a happiness.

*Lava.* Reverend Sir, who is this *Chandraketu*.

*Tam.* Hast thou ever heard, brave youth,  
Of *Ráma* and of *Lakshmana*.

*Lava.* The heroes  
Of the *Rámáyana*

*Jan.* The same.

*Lava.* I know them.

Their names and actions are familiar to me.

*Jan.* The son of *Lakshmana* is *Chandraketu*.

*Lava.* The son of *Urmilá*, the other daughter  
Of *Mithila's* pious king.

*Arun.* He knows the history.

*Jan.* Since you are so well skilled in this, dear boy,  
Tell us, what other offspring had the sons  
Of *Dasaratha*.

*Lava.* So much of the tale,  
Is not yet taught us.

*Jan.* Is it not composed.

*Lava.* It is, but not imparted—save a portion  
For *Bharata*, the master of the Drama,  
To be performed, prepared, and by the Sage  
Himself, transcribed, for an especial purpose.

*Jan.* What purpose.

*Lava.* To be taught by *Bharata*  
To the\* *Apsarasas*, that they enact it  
Before the king of *Smerga*.

*Jan.* This we would see.

*Lava.* It is not in our dwelling.  
The part I mention was conveyed from hence  
By some, the chosen of the class, and with them,  
Their guide and guard, in arms my brother went

*Kau.* Hast thou a brother child.

*Lava.* I have, his name is *Kusa*.

*Kau.* Is he the elder.

*Lava.* In that his birth had just the start of mine.

*Jan.* Twin brethren are you then.

*Lava.* Grave sir—we are.

*Jan.* Tell us, how far the tale of *Ráma* comes.

*Lava.* To *Lakshmana's* return, when he had left

\* The nymphs and actresses of *Indra's* paradise.



The delicate *Sitá* in the pains of travail,  
 Amidst the lonely woods, deserted thus,  
 To still the foul aspersions of the people.

*Kau.* Alas, my luckless child, how shall thy frame  
 Of tenderest mould, support such trying pangs,  
 Remote from human aid.

*Jan.* Poor helpless queen,  
 Disgrace, the forest terrors, and the pains  
 Of child birth, all, at once assail thy life—  
 The fiends impure close round their fated prey,  
 Nor can thy Sire pronounce the spell of power  
 To chase them baffled to their haunts again.

*Lav.* Dame, who are these (*to Arundhati.*)\*

*Arun.* *Javaka* and *Kausalyá*.

*Jan.* Shame on the thankless race that wronged thy fame,  
 And *Ráma's* haste to listen to their calumnies—  
 The cruel blow that has o'erwhelmed my child  
 Arouses all my soul, and tempts my wrath,  
 To deal with arms, or direr imprecations,  
 Destruction on my *Sitá's* persecutors.

*Kau.* Preserve us Dame—appease the royal sage.

*Arun.* Such expiation still must be performed  
 By all whom public calumny assails.  
 Remember—*Ráma* is thy son: he claims  
 Thy love—the subject race, alike, demand,  
 A king's compassion.

*Jan.* I indulge no hate  
 To either—*Ráma* ever is my son—

\* The stage direction here is *Janak*: *Lava* surveys them with  
 expressed with German preci- respectful and painful curiosity.

And for the citizens, I call to mind,  
 Women and children, men infirm with years,  
 And sacred *Brahmans*, form the varied throng.

ENTER *Pupils*.

*Pup.* The horse, the horse—so often in the *Vedas*  
 Read of, unseen, comes living in our sight.—

*Lav.* The horse—the horse—the mighty beast of war—  
 The beast of sacrifice—how looks he—tell me.

*Pup.* With four firm hoofs he spurns the ground—Erect  
 He bears his arching neck—behind he lashes  
 His flowing tail, and scatters wide the grain.  
 At distance warlike troops observe his course—  
 Come and behold. (*lay hold of Lava.*)

*Lav.* Elders—they drag me from you.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Arun.* Follow your pleasure.

*Ka.* Let us accompany him,  
 I live but in his sight.

*Aun.* His speed defies  
 Our tardy steps—we cannot keep in view  
 So fleet a runner.

ENTER *Attendant*.

*Mess.* I have seen *Válmiki*  
 And to your questions thus replies the Sage,  
 That which is fit for you to know, in time,  
 Shall be made known.

*Jar.* His answer is mysterious—  
 Come matron and my friend; seek we, ourselves,  
 The venerable sage.

[*Exeunt.*]

ANOTHER PART OF THE GROVE

ENTER *Lava* and the *Pupils*.

*Pup.* See prince—is it not wonderful.

*Lav.* I see,

And recognise the *Aswamedhik* steed.

*Pup.* How know you him.

*Lav.* Have you not read

The section that describes him—see—his guards

In mail arrayed, with spears and maces armed.

If you believe me not, go ask of them.

*Pup.* Ho—Soldier tell, why is this steed so guarded.

*Lav.* (*apart*) The *Aswamedha* is the glorious rite

Of all victorious monarchs—they who bend

The haughtiest *Kshetriyas* to their power, and reign

The greatest of the great.

*Guard.* The horse, brave youths—upon the banner look

Or listen to the warriors cry—The steed

Is his: who triumphed o'er the seven fold world.\*

*Lav.* Oh, these are animating sounds,

*Pup.* The prince

Is wise—he rightly said—hark; what a noise.

[*Shouts without.*

*Lav.* What ho, is there no *Kshetriya* on the earth,

That such in-ulting clamours vex the heavens.

*Guard.* Where lives the *Kshetriya* that should dare oppose

The *Maharaja*.

*Lav.* Despicable babblers,

If such there be, they are, and will disdain

This weak attempt to teach them fear—enough:

\* The universe, consisting of seven continents.

Away with idle words, for I, even I,  
 Will bear away the steed, though thickly hemmed  
 With fierce opposing shafts—hear me—my friends,  
 And fellows of my sports, drive off the horse,  
 With clods of turf, and let him scamper hence,  
 To gambol with the deer. (*the Boys run off.*)

ENTER a Soldier.

How now, imp of mischief, what would you do:  
 Away—a line of ruthless troops advances  
 To punish such mad pranks—the Prince observes you,  
 Watching with ready bow, the neighbouring thicket.  
 Quick to yon grove.

*The Boys return.*

(*To Lava.*) 'Tis done—as you desired.

The Soldiers raise their bows, and point their shafts  
 Against you—and the hermitage is still  
 Remote—Fly—fly with the speed of deer. [*run off.*]

*Lav.* Let the shafts fall. (*bending his bow.*)

Oh, this is glorious: the loud rattling bow  
 Rings with the clang of thunder clashing clouds,  
 And wide expands, like *Yama's* yawning mouth,  
 Opened to swallow nations.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## ACT V.

—  
*Behind.*

Ho, Soldiers haste, or we are put to shame.  
See hither speeds the Prince : his charioteer  
Urges the fiery steeds : *Sumantra* whirls  
The lash, and on they bound, whilst o'er the head  
Of *Chandraketu*, his red banner floats  
Loose to the breeze.

ENTER *Chandraketu* in his car driven by *Sumantra*.

*Chan.* What marvel's this, *Sumantra*, what brave hero

Thus from his ceaseless-sounding bowstring rains

A shower of countless shafts upon our host :

Like a bright crest upon the brow of battle

The warrior shines, and as the mantling glow

Of scorn and anger kindles on his cheeks,

He wears a more than human loveliness.

Strange, that a lad, the son of some recluse,

Or holy sage, should with such desperate valour

Singly defy a multitude of foes,

As if he were a scion yet unknown

Of *Raghu's* stock : he gratifies my coming,

With fiery darts that roar along the sky,

Like some wild elephant, that cries with anguish,

When on his front the cleaving falchion falls.

*Sum.* Like thine his person ; and his lofty bearing,

Defies both Gods and demons—as I gaze on him,

I call to memory, *Ráma*, when in youth,  
 He aimed his arrows at the host impure  
 That harassed *Kusika's* exalted son.

*Chan.* I feel abashed when I observe his prowess.  
 Unmoved he stands, though round him madly rages,  
 The storm of battle—through the murky air  
 With clouds of dust obscured, the whirring sword  
 Flashes like lightning—rattle the rushing cars,  
 With jangling bells harsh pealing; onward roll  
 Like thunderclouds the ponderous elephants,  
 Dark laden with the tempest of the war.  
 He shouts defiance, and his battle cry  
 Is heard above the rattling drums—more loud,  
 And more reiterated, than the din  
 Which mountain bowers reverberate to the roar  
 Of the wild elephant: they press upon him—  
 The clustering heads are tossed with rage and terror—  
 He draws his bow—fearful as *Yamú's* mouth  
 That gapes to swallow multitudes—they fall,  
 They break, they fly; haste—onward to their rescue.

*Sum.* (*Apart.*) I dread to bring these daring youths  
 together.

Should *Chandrakétu* fall—and yet his birth—  
 Demands the danger—if *Ikshváku's* heir  
 Be wanting in the hour of peril, where  
 Shall man expect protection.

*Chan.* On every side the cowards yield—oh shame,

*Sum.* Prince, we are now within the hero's hail.

*Chan.* His name—

*Sum.* Is *Lava*.

*Chan.* *Lava*—hero—hear.

Forbear these foes unworthy—here am I—  
On me exhaust thy daring, as on thee  
My prowess longs to satisfy its craving.

*Sam.* He hears you Prince, and for a noble enemy  
Suspends pursuit—e'en so the lion's cub  
Foregoes the timid deer, and turns to brave  
The falling thunderbolt.

ENTER *Lava*.

*Lav.* Hail valiant Prince, your words proclaim you worthy  
Your lofty lineage, and of my encounter—  
See—I obey your call ——— (*noise without.*)  
What, do the slaves, once scattered from the field,  
Return to seek the fight; shall they intrude  
When Princes are my foes—well—be it so,  
Though louder were their shouts than ocean's roar,  
When o'er the wreck of worlds, the blasts of fate  
Drive his tumultuous waves, their clamours yield  
Fresh fuel to my wrath, whose rising fires  
More uncontrollable and fiercely glow,  
Than the dread flames, deep caverned in the Earth,  
And fed with splintered rocks.

*Chan.* Regard them not.

Esteem me as thy friend, for I admire  
Thy merits; and consider thou as thine  
Whate'er to me belongs. Thine, are these troops,  
And should not move thy anger; be thy prowess  
Tried by the test of mine, and mine alone.

*Lav.* (*Turning back.*) This is indeed an honor, to receive  
Such high encomium from this royal youth,

The bravest of the children of the sun.  
 Why measure him with these—yet can I bear  
 These clamorous menaces, that from the crowd  
 Defy me—no—I thus efface my shame.

[*rushes out.*]

*Chan.* Behold him, where he speeds: with high disdain  
 He draws his bow against the crowds in front,  
 Whilst others press his rear—so central gleams,  
 The bow of *Indra*, midst divided clouds,  
 Tossed in dissevered masses by the gale.  
 Ho—warriors hear me—shall we thus be shamed  
 By such unequal fight; shall valiant men  
 Attack a slender youth—shall plaited mail  
 Oppose the deer skin—and the rattling car,  
 And horse, and elephant, combine to crush  
 A single foeman, as on foot he braves ye.

*Lav.* (*Returning.*) He pities me—Indeed! this waste of time  
 Shall cease—with heavenly arms I fight  
 And they no more impede me.

(*Stands in the attitude of meditation.*)\*

*Chan.* What is this;

The shouts are stilled.

*Lav.* So much for these revilers.

*Sum.* This is no common deed: the youth must wield  
 Celestial weapons.

*Chan.* It is true; for see,

\* This is a specimen of the ployed is the *Jrimbhaka* or that  
 use of the heavenly arms of which causes drowsiness—its  
 which mention was made in the influence is the result of *Dhyāna*  
 first act. The weapon here em- or meditation.



In fearful change that equal pains the eye,  
Alternate gloom to flashing lightning, yields.  
How like a painted army, stands our host,  
As the resistless charm subdues their senses ;  
And now along the sky, dark vapours float  
In masses, ponderous as the peaks of *Vindhya*,  
And blackness, gathered from the caves of hell.  
Like molten brass, red sullen flames, by fits,  
Glow through the gloom, and loud the breeze awakes  
As 'twere the wind of final dissolution.

*Sum.* Whence could he gain such power.

*Chan.* From whom,

But his great master, wise *Prachetas'* son.

*Sum.* Not his the gifts : *Krisáswa's* progeny

By him, on *Viswamitra* were bestowed,

And he to *Ráma* gave them.

*Chan.* Yet, perchance,

Others, who equally the light of truth

Within themselves possess, may of themselves,

Obtain possession of these self same powers.

*Sum.* Enough. Be on your guard : he comes.

*Chan. & Lav. (Together)* 'Tis strange :

Some hidden cause my heart with rapture fills,

At sight of this fair youth—is it the hope

Of future converse—is it his lofty worth—

Is it the fond transmission of regard

Felt in a former being—or does some tie

Of kindred undiscovered wake delight.

*Sum.* Such is the sympathy that ever binds

Congenial excellence : the world's report,

The aspect of the stars, the eye's caprice,  
 Oft lead to love ere merit wins regard.  
 The sudden friend exacts no pledged requital.  
 The spirit that pervades his inmost core,  
 Is that of 'pure attachment.—(*Looking at Lava, then  
 aside.*) Can it be—  
 Ah no—fate in the germ destroyed  
 The lovely plant—the parent stem cut down,  
 What flower shall blossom more.

*Chan.* I quit the car.

*Sum.* Why so.

*Chan.* To pay my homage to this valiant youth,  
 And do a soldier's duty—to assail  
 At such advantage, one who fights on foot  
 The God of arms\* forbids.

*Sum.* (*Apart*) What shall I do—  
 The Prince's will is worthy of his race,  
 And must not be opposed—yet—can I bear  
 To witness such a conflict.

*Chan.* What will you say,  
 When men shall ask my father's honored friend,  
 If *Chandrakétu* did his duty.

*Sum.* Right—  
 War is the *Kshetriya's* duty, and thy race  
 Has never shrunk from contest: then, proceed,  
 †And shew thee worthy thy illustrious sires.

\* The *Sastra Devatá*, literally rendered in the text—but the Hindu Pantheon recognises no such personage except *Kárti-* *heya* be intended.  
 † Several speeches of little interest are here omitted.

*Lav.* What mingled feelings rise, as I approach him,  
 Dear to the night flower as the rising moon  
 His presence offers rapture to my sight ;  
 But as I grasp the heavy clanging bow,  
 I feel my ardour for the fight revive  
 And all my soul on fire.

*Chan.* (*Descending from the car and bowing to Sumantra*)  
 Accept my friend,  
 The lowly reverence of *Chandrakétu*  
 Born of a race that boast the Sun their Sire.

*Sun.* May your great Sire defend the sons he loves  
 In the dread hour of battle—may *Varáha*\*  
 All mighty and eternal, grant you fame,  
 And victory, and virtue, till you equal  
 The †founder of your house—may the great Sage  
 Your race's guardian aid you : may the gods  
 Of air, and fire, and heaven, and may *Suparna*‡  
 And *Vishnu's* self, infuse into thy heart  
 Their own celestial daring—Be the clang,  
 Of *Ráma's* bow string, and of *Lakshmana's*,  
 The charm of potency to win thee victory.

*Lav.* Prince, you well become  
 The glittering car—this courtesy exceeds.

*Chan.* Do you then mount  
 An equal chariot.

*Lav.* (*To Sumantra.*) Honoured Sir, persuade,  
 The Prince to keep his seat.

\* The incarnation of *Vishnu girath* and father of *Raghu*  
 as a Boar. † *Garura* the monarch of the

‡ *Kakutstha* the son of *Bha-* birds.

*Sum.* So you assent,  
To *Chandraketu's* wishes.

*Lav.* That would I do  
Most cheerfully—but we are foresters,  
The untaught tenants of the wood, and want  
The princely skill to guide the car of battle.

*Sum.* It is more strange that you so well are skilled  
In dignity and courtesy—trust me youth—  
Could *Rámabhadra* but behold thee thus,  
His heart would melt with tenderness towards thee.

*Lav.* His fame has reached me, and I honour him,  
And though I have presumptuously disturbed  
The royal sacrifice, yet not the less,  
I feel deep reverence for the pious chief.  
His vaunting followers alone provoked me,  
To wipe away the infamy they heaped  
On all the *Kshetriya* tribe.

*Chan.* Is it so hard,  
To own a Sire's pre-eminence.

*Lav.* Not so:

But knows the Prince the duties of a Soldier.

*Sum.* You do not know the mighty *Rámachandra*—  
Then speak not of him—you may boast 'tis true  
You mastered feeble hearts like those, in fight ;  
But when a foe like \**Jámadagnya*, bends,  
Beneath your arm, then you may vaunt your prowess.

*Lav.* A mighty triumph truly—is it not granted  
A *Brahman's* weapons are his words, and when  
He wields a warrior's arms, his inexperience

\* The son of *Jamadagni*, *Parasuráma*.

Bears them inert ; to conquer such a champion,  
 And such was *Jámadagnya*—is methinks  
 But scanty matter for a hero's praise.

*Chan.* Enough, enough, what hero heavenly born  
 Descends on earth, to hold in disesteem,  
 The son of *Bhrigu*, he whose fatal arm  
 Had desolated worlds, but pity stopped  
 His all resistless sword.\*

*Lav.* (In an ironical tone.) I know the deeds  
 Of *Raghupati*—long may he enjoy  
 His well earned honours—long may listening worlds  
 Admire the tale of his heroic exploits.  
 Still, glory wait upon the overthrow  
 Of a weak woman ; the advance that shewed  
 No sign of fear when *Khava* felt his valour ;  
 And the bold scheme that conquered *Indrajit*.†

*Chan.* Injurious youth thy pride indeed is vast.

\* He destroyed the *Kshetriya* ordinary tenor of the story, which or military race except, it is said in represents him as exterminating some accounts, those in the Solar them twenty one times, a succession of destructive feats he could line : other statements aver that he exterminated all except some scarcely have achieved, unless he of the females, who were married seven times, "thrice slew the to *Brahmans*, and thus continued the warrior tribe. As how- slain."

† The destruction of *Taraká*, the disturber of the sacrifices of *Viswamitra* is related in the first book of the *Rámáyana*, and the death of a woman is forbidden to a soldier. The backwardness of *Ráma*, or as it is described in the original, the three

*Lav.* Away, great Prince, I do not heed thy frown.

*Sum.* They burst with rage, and every limb is shook

With furious passion—glows each sanguine eye

Like the red lotus—the discoloured cheek,

And agitated brow, are like the moon

Stained with strange spots, or like the water lily,

When o'er its ruffled leaves the black bee spreads

His fluttering wings.

*Lav. & Chan. (together.)* Hence to the field of fight.

steps that were not in advance, does not so occur in the ordinary copies of the *Rámáyana*, and the passage may have undergone some modification as derogatory to the hero. Nothing about *Ráma's* retiring three paces has been met with in that part of the *Rámáyana* which describes the death of *Khara* in the *Aranya Kánda*, but it is admitted that *Ráma* felt alarm, upon the approach of a mace hurled at him by the *Rákshasa*: "Seeing that weapon like the mace of death approaching, the Prince was alarmed, considering that its flight could not be equalled nor opposed by common arrows, the mace of the demon being of celestial origin." The attack upon *Indrajit* which

proved fatal to him was the result of *Vibhishana's* advice, who was aware of a prophecy announced by *Brahmá*, that whoever should interrupt by force of arms a certain sacrifice commenced by that chieftain would prove his destroyer—*Indrajit* was engaged in the rite, when by the recommendation of *Vibhishana*, *Lakshmana* and a party of *Ráma's* host were sent to attack the *Rákshasas* who guarded him. The latter were routed—*Indrajit* abandoned the unfinished ceremony to come to their rescue, and was ultimately slain by *Lakshmana*—the exploit therefore added little to the glory of *Ráma* as he took no part in the conflict, and as its result was predestined.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

## ACT VI.

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ENTER a *Vidyádharma* and *Vidyádhari*  
(a Male and Female Spirit of air) in their car.

*M. Sp.* A fearful fight: less fierce the blows  
When Gods and Titans meet as foes.  
See, Love—what bright achievements grace  
The warriors of the Solar race.  
Strained to each breast the bow is bent,  
The shaft unintermitted sent,  
The jangling bells incessant ring,  
And frequent twangs the rattling string,  
Whilst an alarum, long and loud,  
Is sounded by yon thunder cloud,  
Inflated by supernal power,  
In honour of such battle hour.  
Quick, on each youthful champion's head,  
A shower of heavenly blossoms shed,  
Culled from the nectar breathing tree,  
Of youth and immortality.

*F. Sp.* But what is this—o'er all the sky,  
The sudden streaks of lightning fly.

*M. Sp.* 'Tis *Mahúdeva's* eye of flame,  
That opens on this battle game,  
And from between the awful lashes  
Terrific in its glory, flashes,  
Such sparks, as scattered from the sun

On \**Twashtra's* whirling circle spun,  
 Ah no, I see—the fiery blaze,†  
 'Tis *Chandraketu's* arm displays ;  
 Around his car, with banneret,  
 And spears, and waving chowries set,  
 The fatal radiance rapid dances,  
 And on the chieftain's armour glances,  
 The warrior glows with yellow light,  
 The car is pale with ashen white ;  
 'Tis all in flame ; the God of fire  
 Puts forth his dread resistless ire,  
 And crackling, sparkling, roaring, strong,  
 His lambent furies curl along,  
 Now with the force of falling thunder,  
 They rive the firmest rocks asunder.  
 The air is parching, love—beneath  
 My mantling robe more coolly breathe,  
 And let us to a distance haste.

*F. Sp.* No further need—the peril's past :  
 The scorching vapour glows no more,  
 The clouds distil their ge'lid store,  
 And ponderous through the ether float,  
 As murky as the Peafowl's throat,

\* *Twashtra* the artist of the Gods, the same with *Viswakarma* the father-in-law of *Sūrya*—when unable to endure the splendors of her lord, fled from his embraces, the sun had recourse to her father, who  
 in order to temper his fierceness, put the planet on the grindstone, and took off the edge of his rays.  
 † The *Agneya* weapon, one of the celestial armoury or the weapon of fire.



Save where along their skirts entwine  
The Lightnings like a wavy vine.

*M. Sp.* The shafts of *Varuna*\* arrest  
In *Lava's* hand the fiery pest.  
Yet still in vain—for now the wind  
From every quarter unconfined,  
Comes sweeping forth, as t'would displace  
The world from off its solid base,  
And swift along the tossing sky  
The clouds before its fury fly—  
'Twas wisely done, with *Váyu's*† force  
To stem the torrent's gathering course,  
And scatter thus the gloom of night  
Back to the parent source of light.

*F. Sp.* But who is this, that from his car,  
Alights to intercept the war,  
And with his gentle speech, controuls,  
The fury of these daring souls.

*M. Sp.* 'Tis *Raghupati*‡ he has slain  
The fierce ascetic, and again  
He seeks his realm—his voice they hear  
And cast aside the sword and spear—  
*Lava* is calm—and lowly bends  
The prince, as the great chief descends.  
May fate conclude, as now begun,  
This meeting of the sire and son. [*Exeunt.*

\* The deity of water which element is wielded in the conflict. ment opposed to that of water.  
‡ The Lord or chief of the house of *Raghu*: *Ráma*.

† The deity of wind—the ele-

ENTER *Ráma*, *Lava*, and *Chandrakétu*.

*Ram.* Come *Chandraketu* to my breast, and cool  
With thy embrace the fervour of my heart.

*Chan.* Receive my humblest homage.

*Ram.* Fate, assuredly,  
That gives thee power to wield celestial arms,  
Auspicious smiles upon thy course.

*Chan.* My sire,  
In this, does Fortune smile, that I have found  
A friend in this brave youth : may *Raghu's* Lord,  
Behold him with the same complacent eye,  
He turns on me.

*Ram.* This is indeed a presence  
Of loftiest promise, active and robust.  
As made a soldier's duty to fulfill,  
To guard religion, and protect mankind.  
Nor is there vigour only, lighter graces  
Are there centered, and apparent virtues,  
As if each excellence the world admires,  
Assumed a visible and human form.

*Lav.* (*Apart.*) Is this the mighty chief, the friend of virtue,  
The stay and trust of men, the comforter,  
The living shape of worth—embodied excellence:  
His sight subdues me—all my enmity  
At once subsides—a new and strong affection  
Grows in my bosom—all my pride is gone,  
And shame o'ercomes me—First of the first is he—  
As holiest shrines have oft a holier still.

*Ram.* 'Tis strange, a single glance should soothe my sorrow  
And fill my breast with passionate regard.

What should the cause be—for without a cause,  
How should affection ever be engendered.  
When no exterior motives can be traced,  
Some secret spring must influence the heart.  
Such are the sympathies that nature prompts,  
When to the rising sun, the flower expands,  
And melts the moon gem in the lunar ray.\*

*Lav.* Instruct me, Prince, who is this glorious chief.

*Chan.* The elder of our house.

*Lav.* How, *Raghnátha*—

Blest be the hour that I behold this deity.

(*Advances and bows down to the feet of Ráma.*)

Accept the veneration, Prince, of *Lava*,

The lowly scholar of *Prachétas* son.

*Ram.* Arise, brave youth—forego this prostrate homage,  
And find an equal welcome in my arms.

(*Embraces him.*)

*Lav.* I merit not such graciousness—the less,

That blind presumption led me here in enmity.

Forgive, my Sire, the foolishness of *Lava*.

*Ram.* What faults require forgiveness for my son.

*Chan.* Those of his native valour, for disdainings

The proud pretensions of the guards who followed

The sacrificial steed—he has displayed

\* The doctrine of sympathies the objects whence they are  
was once very familiar to the named—the latter is the magnet,  
philosophy of Europe. The Moon- the other two are fanciful, but  
stone, Sunstone, and Ironstone, probably the idea of them is  
are three gems according to the derived from some natural sub-  
Hindus, the properties of which stance.  
are analogous to the nature of

Himself a hero.

*Ram.* It was bravely done

And like a *Kshetriya*—the true warrior brooks not  
The vain assumptions of superior glory :  
Fierce as the sun may dart his rays, he finds  
The sun stone give them back in fiercer fire.

*Chan.* His brave disdain approves my friend a *Kshetriya* ;  
But more—he wields no common arms ; observe,  
Our troops are motionless, struck thus by him.

*Ram.* ( *To Lava* ) My son, undo the charm, and *Chandraketu*,  
Go forth and range them in array again,  
And soothe their disappointed valour.

*Chan.* I obey.

[*Exit.*

*Lav.* ( *After meditating.* ) The weapon is withdrawn.

*Ram.* My son, these arms.

Are of celestial origin—their use  
A mystery—the gods themselves obtained them  
By ages of devotion, and the *Rishis*  
Of primal days and powers supernal, saw them,  
Self-radiant and endowed with wondrous virtue.  
The holy texts that should enforce their service  
The great *Krisásma* penned,\* and 'twas the toil  
Of full ten centuries—He, to *Viswámitra*,  
His pious pupil taught the mystic lore,  
And I from him received the sacred weapons,

\* Literally, “ he declared to stand the employment of charms, *Viswamitra* the *Upanishad* containing the *Mantra*” it is clear therefore that by the use of these weapons, we are to understand the command over the elements with which we are familiar in the Magic of all countries.

Bound to attend for ever on my race—

Then tell me, *Lava*, by what potent means,

Whence, and from whom, didst thou obtain these arms?

*Lav.* Of themselves—uncalled—unsought for, did they  
come

To me and to my brother.

*Ram.* Thy brother—

*Chán.* We are twin.

*Ram.* Where is he.

*Kusa (behind.)*

What say you, *Lava* is engaged alone

With *Chandrakétu's* train: then shall to-day,

The pride of empire set in ignominy,

The towering crest of *Kshetriya* shall be humbled.

*Ram.* Whom have we here—of deepest jet his hue,

And at his voice, each hair upon my body

Starts up erect—like flowers that lift their heads,

When hollow murmurs tell the coming storm.

*Lav.* 'Tis even he—my elder brother *Kusa*,

Returned from *Bharata's* abode.

*Ram.* My son;

Invite him hither.

*Lav.* I obey—behold him—

ENTER *Kusa*.

This bow whose string emits such vivid radiance

As gleams from heavenly arms, is fit for combat

With any of the mighty chiefs that trace

Their royal lineage, through the high descent

Of *Menu*, *Vaivasvata*, from the sun,

Although of prowess to protect the gods,

And tame the fiercest of the foes of heaven.

*Ram.* What lofty daring does this youth display ;  
 What brave defiance sparkles in his eye.  
 He seems to hold confederated worlds  
 As grass to trample on ; he shakes the earth  
 With his proud tread, and though of tender years,  
 He shews of mountain stature—Is he mortal,  
 Or is it the spirit of valour that assumes  
 A mortal form.

*Lav.* Glory to your arms.

*Kus.* Rather to thine ;

How now—I hear glad news—what's this—war—war.

*Lav.* Restrain this swelling pott, and hither come  
 With due humility.

*Kus.* Why so.

*Lav.* The god like Lord

Of *Raghu's* lineage, deigns to give you welcome.

*Kus.* The godlike hero of our masters' verse,

The guardian of the universal world—

*Lav.* The same.

*Kus.* How may I dare approach such majesty—  
 His presence awes me,\* justly has the Bard  
 That sings his deeds, entitled him divine.  
 Great Sire—the scholar of *Prachetas*, *Kusa*,  
 Bows thus in veneration.

[to *Ráma*.

*Ram.* Rise my child,

And yield me thy embrace. (*embraces him.*) It is most  
 strange:

\* A few short speeches of no importance are omitted.

Alike from either of these youths, the touch  
 Spreads rapture through my frame ; from every pore  
 The dews, affection born, distill, as if  
 External consciousness were manifest :  
 And as my heart dissolves with ecstasy,  
 My form in waves of nectar seems to float.

*Lav.* Please you, Sire,

To rest beneath the shelter of this tree.  
 The sun is high, and on my father's brow,  
 Darts fiercely.—

*Ram.* As you will—(*they sit under, a tree.*)

(*Apart.*) In every look and act, these youths display  
 The majesty that would become an empire.  
 Upon their forms, has nature set signs,  
 Like rays of light within a costly gem,  
 Or drops of nectar on a lovely lotus,  
 That indicate such glorious destiny,  
 As should alone to *Raghu's* sons pertain.  
 Dark as the Dove's blue neck, is their deep hue :  
 Such shoulders has the monarch of the herd :  
 Their dauntless looks are like the angry Lion's ;  
 And like the deep toned music of the drum,  
 Of holy sacrifice, each mellow voice.  
 I see in each, my own similitude,  
 And not alone my likeness—but in much,  
 They wear the lovely semblance of my *Sítá*.  
 The lotus countenance of *Jánaki*,  
 Is even now before me—such those teeth  
 Of pearly whiteness—such the pouting lip,  
 The taper ear, and such the expressive eye

Although 'tis tempered with a manly fierceness.  
 Their dwelling in these groves—the very same  
 Where *Sítá* was abandoned, and so like—  
 And then the heavenly weapons—self presented,  
 That as the sages say, would never quit  
 Our line without due cause—my queen's condition,  
 Burthened with promised joys—these thoughts distract  
 My heart, and fill my soul with hope and terror.  
 How can I learn the truth—how ask these youths  
 The history of their birth.

*Lav.* What should this be: the countenance that sheds  
 Delight on all, is now suffused with tears,  
 Like the bright lotus stained with drops of dew.

*Kus.* Remember, brother—of his queen bereft  
 The mighty *Ráma* cannot chuse but sorrow.  
 Torn from the heart beloved, the world becomes  
 A dreary waste, and this sad separation  
 Is doomed to know no term—how could you utter  
 Such simple doubts, who know the song of *Ráma*.

*Ram.* I am afraid to ask them—let me hush  
 These fancies—my emotion has excited  
 Their notice and their pity—let me be firm.  
 Have you perused, my sons, *Válmíki's* verse,  
 I fain would hear something of his description  
 Of the bright glories of the solar race.

*Kus.* We have perused the poem. I retain  
 Some passages; please you, I will repeat them.

*Ram.* Let me hear them.

*Kus.* “She formed for love; and *Ráma's* tender breast  
 To love, the Prince was now supremely blest;



Nor less her Lord did *Sítá's* thoughts inspire,  
And mutual passion crowned each heart's desire."

*Ram.* I cannot check my tears—so true this strain.

Alas—the uses of the world are now  
Stale and unprofitable—a disordered chaos  
Involved in care, and closed by separation.  
Where is the happiness, on which our hopes  
May rest with confidence: where is the worth  
That mutually delights: where is that firm  
And lasting union of two loving hearts  
Inseparably one, in joy and sorrow.  
Life ever blooms, but error ever blights it.  
Blest be the verse that calls again to mind,  
The least of all the thousand excellences,  
That time, the foe of memory, would rob me of.  
I see my *Sítá* now—when budding youth,  
Expanded day by day into the bloom  
Of woman, and when full blown beauty joined  
With ardent passion, to subdue my heart,  
And animate my every thought with love.  
'Tis past—how wonderful.—(*Sinks into meditation.*)

*Lav.* How lost in thought he seems—not even a sigh  
Steals forth, a sign of life: so silent lies  
Some sacred statue in its holy shrine.

*Behind.*

The Sages of the hermitage—the Queen  
Of *Dasarát'ha*, and *Arundhatí*,  
Alarmed to hear the violence, the youths  
Have offered to the steed—prepare to leave  
These solitudes with all the speed they may,

Yet slow their progress—age retards their flight,  
Their limbs are feeble though their minds are firm.

*Ram.* What, are *Arundhatí* and *Jánaka*,  
*Vasish'ha* and my honoured mother—  
( *Rising and looking out* )

Yes, I behold the monarch *Jánaka*—like a thunder bolt  
His sight affects me : with the holy Priests  
Who joined our hands ; with so much to recall  
The hopes that all have perished ; thus to meet him—  
What task remains for *Ráma* to perform.

*Behind.*

Alas, the unexpected sight of *Ráma*  
O'er comes the aged king—and now the Queen  
Hastening to aid her ancient friend, beholds  
Her son, and senseless falls.

*Ram.* Revive,

My Sire—my dearest mother, live,  
To see thy son—behold him—he is here

*Kusa & Lava*—This way—This way.—

[*Exeunt rapidly.*

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

## ACT VII.

---

AN AMPHITHEATRE ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.\*

---

ENTER *Lakshmana*.

I have obeyed the Sage, and have arranged  
A theatre to hold this vast assemblage,  
Of Gods, and men, and Spirits of Earth, air, ocean,  
The Serpent deities, and all the Forms  
That move and breathe—called hither by *Válmúki*,  
On *Ganga's* sacred banks—that they may hear  
His inspirations, with dramatic art,  
Recited by the nymphs of *Indra's* heaven.  
All is prepared, and the assembly waits—  
And lo, the Prince, who in his palace bears  
The hardships of the Anchorite, approaches.

ENTER *Ráma*.

Now, *Lakshmana*, is the assembly gathered  
For this performance.

*Lak.* All is ready.

*Ram.* Be the youths,

\* A play in a play is a device essential to the plot however as familiar to our theatre—that in this, and the play in Hamlet, both Hamlet need scarcely be mentioned. Beaumont and Fletcher which representations indicate go further and combine Four the opinion entertained by the authors of the moral efficacy of Plays in one—They are not so such performances.

*Lava* and *Kusa*, stationed with the Prince  
Your son.

*Lak.* Your wishes are foreseen—they sit together.  
This is the royal seat.

*Ram.* (*Sitting.*) Let them begin.

ENTER *Manager.*

The sage *Prachetas* son—the oracle  
Of truth, thus issues his commands : let all  
Assembled here, attend to the high tales  
Of wonder, and of holiness, related,  
As by the eye of saintly prescience seen.

*Ram.* Enough—we know the *Rishis* are all holy ;  
Their wisdom is exempted from the stain  
Of passion, and with immortality  
Impregnate—and their words can never fail  
Our reverence and' attention.

(*Sílá within.*)

Alas, alas, where art thou dearest Lord,  
Brave *Lakshmana*—where thou—the Beasts of prey  
Press round me to devour me—me—alone,  
Unsheltered, undefended, in the forest.  
What dreadful pangs—I can no more sustain  
This agony—these fears—I will devote  
My life to *Bhágirathí*.

*Lak.* This is piteous.

*The Manager.* The daughter of the earth, the hapless queen,  
Her Lord abandons to the lonely woods—  
Now, as the pains of travail agonize her,  
Consigns herself to *Ganga's* sacred wave. [ *F. xit.*

*Ram.* (*Starting up.*) Dear love, forbear ;

I fly to thy assistance.

*Lak.* Does my Lord

Remember, what he views, is but a fiction.

*Ram.* Alas, that such a portion should have been

The gift of *Ráma* to his tender bride,

The dear companion of his forest dwelling.

*Lak.* Suppress these thoughts—let us attend the story.

*Ram.* I am armed—pierceless as adamant.

[*sits down.*

ENTER *Sítá* supported by *Prithiví* (the Earth) and *Gangá*  
(the Ganges) each bearing a new born child.

*Ram.* *Lakshmana* I am lost, my senses stray

In a bewildering maze—support me.

*Ganga.* Revive *Faidéhi*. Fate is now thy friend.

Amidst the waves in safety hast thou given,

Two hopes to *Raghu's* line.

*Sita.* Can this be true,

Are these my infants—ah my loved Lord. [*fainting.*

*Ganga.* Resume thy fortitude, my child—revive.

*Sita.* Who art thou.

*Pri.* 'Tis *Bhágirathí*, the protecting goddess

Of your Lord's line.

*Sita.* (*Bowing to Ganga.*) Receive my adoration.

*Ganga.* May the reward of virtue ever wait thee.

Behold thy mother—reverend Goddess—Earth.

*Sita.* Am I so blest.

*Pri.* Let this embrace assure thee.

*Lak.* The queen is fondly cherished by the *Deities*.

*Ram.* Their love for this, their child, o'ercomes their spirits.

This passion of the soul, the common attribute

Of sentient beings, is the knot that binds,  
The cord that holds the universe, and till  
The end of all, perpetuates the race.

*Sita.* Oh I were happy now, could I but think  
I held a place in my dear Lord's remembrance.

*Pri.* Thy Lord---who should he be---hast thou a husband:

*Sita.* Why need I name him---well my parent knowshim.

*Gan.* Queen, reflect (*to Prithivi*)

Thou art the stay of all—and shalt thou share  
The passions of the ignorant: consider,  
What he has done, the honour of his race,  
Imperatively willed; for wide and far  
The stain upon his name was spread:—the test  
In *Lanká* undergone, not elsewhere witnessed  
Was little credited—and it has been  
The triumph of his high and royal race,  
To claim the homage free, and unreserved,  
Of all the world—what then remained for *Ráma*  
In this dilemma, else, than to pursue,  
The course that he has trod.

*Pri.* Goddess, I hear,

Your censures with delight, but strong affection  
Controuls my thoughts and language. Well I know  
The love of *Ráma*, and the grief he feels  
For loss of this dear child, yet still he lives,  
For the sole benefit of his subject tribes,  
For which, in other worlds, rewards await him.

*Sita* Oh, let my mother take  
And hide me in her bosom.

*Gan.* Child, forbear,

Yet many years thy presence shall dispense  
Delight upon mankind.

*Pri.* And for the present,  
These infants claim thy care

*Sita.* A widow I.—

*Pri.* How should this be, whilst yet thy husband lives.

*Sita.* Have I a husband.

*Pri.* Can you then disdain,  
The benefactor of the world, with whom,  
Again united, fame and bliss await you.

*Laks.* Heard you the Queen.

*Ram.*—Let all the world receive  
This testimony—(a noise without) hark, what wonders  
more.

*Sita.* The heavens are overcast.

*Gan.* 'Tis true; observe  
The heavenly arms are visible, the ministers  
Of *Ráma*, from *Krisáswa* first descended,  
To *Viswamitra* next, and last to him.

*Behind.*

Great Queen, all hail—  
Behold the faithful servants of thy children—  
As *Raghupati* erst to thee announced,  
His servants we, the servants of thy sons.

*Sita.* Oh, I am blest, the weapon gods appear  
In all their glory.

*Gan.* Hail, celestial ministers,  
Devoted to the race of *Raghu*—still to work  
The will of his descendants—hail, all hail.  
They disappear—now daughter turn thine eye,

On these infantine pictures of thy Lord.

*Sita.* Ah, who shall minister the holy rites,  
Their birth demands, that great *Vasishtha's* care,  
Has ever solemnised for *Raghu's* race.

*Gan.* 'This, daughter, need not dwell upon thy thoughts.  
When they no more exact a mother's charge,  
We will convey them to *Válmíki's* bower.  
*Prachetas'* son, equal in power and knowledge,  
To *Angiras* or to *Vasishtha*, shall,  
Become their mighty master, and perform  
The ceremonial rites their years require.

*Ram.* This was well thought.

*Lak.* Does not the Prince perceive,  
In this, the birth of *Kusa* and of *Lava*,  
Is covertly apprised him—from their infancy,  
Have they been masters of the heavenly arms;  
They have received each sacred ordinance  
From great *Válmíki*, and their vigorous youth,  
Numbers the years that now have passed away,  
Since the fair Queen was sentenced to the woods.

*Ram.* My heart beats high. I cannot speak my thoughts.

*Pri.* Come, Daughter, with thy presence hallow Earth—

*Sit.* Most gladly—I am weary of the world.

*Pri.* Discharge thy dues maternal—when these boys,  
No more require thee, thou shalt be contented.

*Sita.* Let it be so.

[*Exeunt Sítá, Gangú and Prithiví.*

*Ram.* Gone—she is gone for ever. (*faints.*)

*Lak.* All wise *Válmíki* grant us thy protection—  
For, such the purpose of thy sacred poem.



*Behind.*

Remove the instruments of harmony—and let  
All present, mark the marvels that are wrought,  
By great *Válmíki's* will.

*Lak.* The waters of the *Ganges* are upheaved,  
With sudden agitation—all the sky  
Is crowded with divinities—behold —  
Where rising from the depth, the Queen appears,  
By *Gangú* and by *Prithiví* supported :  
Hither she comes rejoicing

*Behind.*

*Arun.* Receive from us, the pure and faithful wife,  
Unspotted *Sítá*.

*Lak.* Prince, behold these wonders :  
Alas, he still is senseless.

ENTER *Arundhatí* and *Sítá*.

*A. un.* Why thus bashful :  
Haste thee my child, and let the consciousness  
Of that dear hand, restore thy lord to life.

*Sita.* He wakes.

*Ram.* (*Reviving.*) My queen, my love——  
My honoured mother, pure *Arundhatí*  
With *Rishyasínga* and the pious *Sántú*—  
All here—all happy.

*Arun.* Prince, awhile attend ;  
The goddess of thy race in favour speaks.

*Ganga without.*

Lord of the world—remember thy appeal.\*

\* See the first Act.

Thou hast invoked my cares for this, thy queen,  
That as a mother I should guard her ever,  
As if she were *Arundhatí*. Behold.

I have obeyed thy will—my debt is paid.

*Arun.* Again attend, thy mother Earth, addresses thee.

*Prithiví without.*

Lord of the world—remember thy appeal :  
Thou hast committed *Sítá* to my charge,  
And called upon me to protect my child.  
I have obeyed thy will—my debt is paid.

*Ran.* (*Prostrating himself.*)

How have I, sinful as I am, deserved,  
Such heavenly favour.

*Arun.* People of *Ayodhya* ;

Receive your queen, whom the great goddesses  
*Gangá* and *Prithiví*, thus highly honour,  
And now by me, *Arundhatí*, presented you.  
The Gods themselves have testified her purity,  
And Fire borne witness to her spotless virtue,  
From Sacrifice she draws her birth,\* and reigns  
Wife of the greatest of the sun's descendants.  
Recall these things—and yield her veneration.

*Lak.* They feel the matron's censure : all the crowd

Is bent in prostrate homage to the Queen,  
Whilst from above, the guardians of the spheres,  
And rulers of the planets, shed delighted,  
A shower of heavenly flowers.

*Arun.* Lord of the world—imperial *Rámabhadra*,  
In place of her similitude, be *Sítá*

\* *Síta* was born of the earth at a sacrifice performed by *Janaka*.

Herself, the partner of your sacred rite.

*Ram.* Most joyfully.

*Lak.* (To *Sítá*.) Lady and Queen, the shameless *Lakshmana*;  
Is bold enough to offer you his homage.

*Sita.* May length of days reward such worth as thine.

*Aran.* Now may the Sage lead forth the lovely twins,  
*Kusa* and *Lava*, to embrace their parents.

*Ram.* This is joy indeed.—

*Sita.* Where are my children.

ENTER *Válmiki* with *Kusa* and *Lava*

*Val.* Behold your Parents, children; the Prince *Lakshmana*,  
And there you grandsire—this your father's mother.

*Sita.* My dear father too.—

*Kus.* and *Lav.*—Dear father—dearest mother.

*Ram.* (Embracing them) This is a recompense for all our  
sorrows.

*Sita.* Come hither *Kusa*—hither *Lava*—come  
Embrace your mother—now indeed restored  
To life.

*Kusa.* and *Lava.* We are most blest.

*Sita.*—Lord I salute thee (to *Válmiki*.)

*Val.* May thy days be many.

*Sita.* My dear father—thus, with all I love encompassed  
How can I bear so vast a weight of happiness.

*A noise behind.*

*Val.* (Looking out.) The demon *Lavana* is slain, and here  
The Prince of *Madhura* advances ---

*Lak.* All,

Couspires to make our happiness complete.—

*Ram.* I scarce can credit what I see—yet thus

Does fate oppress the prosperous.

*Val. Ráma*—

Is there ought else that may require our aid.

*Ram.* Nought, holy Sire, but this :

May that inspired strain, whose lines impart

This tale, delight and purify the heart ;

As with a mother's love, each grief allay,

And wash like *Ganga's* wave, our sins away.

And may dramatic skill, and taste profound,

Pourtray the story, and the verse expound,

So that due honour ever shall belong

To the great master of poetic song,

Alike familiar with a loftier theme,

The sacred knowledge of the ONE SUPREME.\*

---

This Drama labours under the disadvantage of a subject drawn from national mythology, and although the more interesting on that account to those to whom it was originally addressed, it must lose much of its merit in the eyes of those, to whom the mythos of the Hindus is unattractive or unknown.

Another defect consequent upon the choice of its subject is the want of action : the incidents are few, and although not unconnected with each other, nor independant of the denouement, they occur abruptly, and are separated by intervals of time and place, which trespass a little too strongly upon dramatic probabilities, and impair the interest of the story.

\* The Poet acquainted with the *Brahma Sabda*, the inspired and uncreated *Vedas* as identifiable with *Brahma* or the Supreme being.

Apart from these defects, however, the Drama has much to recommend it, and has more pretension to genuine pathos, than perhaps any other specimen of the Hindu Theatre. The mutual sorrows of *Ráma* and *Sítú* in their state of separation are pleasingly and tenderly expressed, and the meeting of the father and his sons may be compared advantageously with similar scenes, with which the fictions of Europe both poetical and dramatic abound.

Besides the felicitous expression of softer feelings, this play has some curious pictures of the beau idéal of heroic bearing, and of the duties of a Warrior and a Prince. A higher elevation can scarcely be selected for either. The true spirit of chivalry pervades the encounter of the two young Princes, and the quiet devotedness with which *Ráma* sacrifices his wife and domestic happiness to the prosperity of his subjects, is a worthy counterpart to the immolation of natural affections to public interests, which is so frequent in the early history of Greece.

The characters of the Drama are individualised by the features just noticed as belonging to those of the heroic class, and by the sentiments of piety and the tone of authority, which animate the religious personages introduced upon the scene, amongst whom, that females bear so important a part, may be regarded as another characteristic peculiarity. The incidents, as already noticed to, are not numerous, but they are dramatic and interesting, and upon the feelings of a Hindu must have exercised a powerful influence.—To a belief that vivifies all objects, and gives to mountains and rivers divine forms and sentient natures, the representations of this play must have been awful and sublime. The most inferior of the

personages exhibited are the Spirits of air, or of the forest or the flood, who mingle familiarly and affectionately with demigods and deified Sages. Earth the mother of all beings, and *Gangá* the river of the three worlds, are introduced in person, and the final reunion of *Rama* with his family is witnessed, not only by the people of *Ayodhya*, and the elders of either race, but by the congregated deities of Earth and Heaven.

The language of the beings of fictitious existence is either narrative or descriptive, and in the former is simple, and in the latter picturesque. That, of the human characters, is, as usual with our author, rather passionate than poetical, but some brilliant thoughts occur, the justice and beauty of which are not surpassed in any literature. The comparison of *Chandraketu* to a Lion's cub turning to brave the thunderbolt is one of these, and another is the illustration of the effects of education upon minds possessed or destitute of natural gifts. It is needless to specify other passages. The general tone of the piece is imaginative and elevated, and it is entitled at least to the designation of a Dramatic Poem.

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