



Lav. What more?

Maday. When, by the shrewd suggestion of the dame,
The youth was counselled to give Malatí
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.

Maday. Think, think again.

When I was chased by the ferocious beast,
And had no hope—the 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.

Maday. 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?*

Maday. Why laugh at me? I own I often think

* The *kadamba* flower when full blown is invested with projecting antheræ like the erect bristles of a hedgehog. Delight, according to the Hindus, gives a bristly elevation to the down of the body: the phenomenon here alluded to.



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. All this is in your person plainly told.

Maday. Away, away ! I have betrayed myself,
Depending on your faith.

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.

Maday. Well, I must need
Obey my friend.

Lav. Come, tell us how of late
You pass your time?

Maday. Hear me :

Before I saw the youth I frequent heard
His praise from Buddharakshitá, and pleased
By her description, let my fancy dwell
Upon his absent image till my heart
Was filled with anxious longing to behold him.
At length 'twas willed by fate that we should meet,
Though for brief interval. Oh, 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,

* The Hindu Cupid.



And filled my kind attendants with affliction.
The only remedy I saw was death;
And anxious sought such welcome liberation.
Still Buddharakshitā 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.

Maday. You chatter giddily—I have done with you.

Buddh. Regard her not, be sure that Mālatī
Has for her ear some similar confession.

Maday. Nay, nay, you must not laugh at Mālatī.

Buddh. Well, I have done; and now, my tender friend,
I have a question for you, if you promise me
Inviolable secrecy.

Maday. What breach of trust
Have I committed, that there needs such promise?
My heart is wholly yours and Lavangikā's.

Buddh. If Makaranda cross your sight again
By any accident, what would you do?

Maday. 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 *Rukmiṇī*
Endured from *Purushottama*,† and wrung
Your bridal vows from you?

* The latter part of this speech is somewhat compressed from the original.

† A name of *Kṛṣṇa*. According to the *Hārivaṃśa*, *Rukmiṇī* was the daughter of *Bhishma* king of *Kundina*, and was solicited in marriage by



Maday. (*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.

Maday. 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.

Buddh. You will remember what you have now said:

Maday. 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, Mālatī, asleep?

(*Goes to the couch, Makaranda shows 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!

Kṛishṇa, of whom she was enamoured; but the son of *Bhishma*, *Rukmīn*, jealous of *Kṛishṇa*'s fame, and being incensed by the death of *Kaṇṣa*, his friend, was hostile to the match, and negotiated his sister's marriage with *Śiśupāla* king of *Chedi*, likewise inimically disposed towards *Kṛishṇa*. All the kings of India were invited to the wedding, and amongst them came *Kṛishṇa*, who seeing *Rukmīṇī* proceed to offer her devotions at a temple, waylaid her on her return, and with the assistance of his brother *Balarāma* and his kinsmen carried her off to *Dvārakā*. A hot pursuit followed, and an engagement took place, in which *Rukmīn* was struck to the ground by *Keśava*, but his life was spared at his sister's intercession, and *Kṛishṇa* remained possessed of his prize. The marriage was solemnised at *Dvārakā*, and *Rukmīṇī* remained the chief of *Kṛishṇa*'s wives. He had ten sons by her, of whom *Pradyumna* is the most celebrated. The rape of *Rukmīṇī* is also narrated nearly in the same words, as in the *Hārivaṃśa*, in the 5th section of the *Vishṇu-Purāṇa*, and more in detail in the tenth book of the *Bhāgavata*, and in the *Kṛishṇa-Janma-Khaṇḍa* of the *Bṛahmaivārta-Purāṇa*.



By your avowed affection elevated
To highest ecstasy

Lav. (*Holding up Madayantiká's face.*)

Behold your lover !

The object of your hopes. Within the palace
The servants soundly sleep—the night is dark.
Now show your gratitude, let us take off
Our tinkling anklets, and depart.

Maday. Where should we go ?

Buddh. Where Málátí has gone.

Maday. What ! has she fled ?

Buddh. She has ; now let me see,

What I must think of you. (*Madayantiká weeps.*)

(*To Mak.*) 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 winery odours, redolent it blows. [*Exeunt.*]

* *Káma*, 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.



ACT VIII.

THE MANSION OF KÁMANDAKÍ.

Enter AVALOKITÁ.

Whilst my mistress has gone to the palace of *Nandana*, I will seek Mádhava and Málatí. Ah, there they sit, upon the marble platform crowning the steps of the lake, refreshing themselves after the heat of the day. I will join them.

[Exit.]

THE GROVE.

MÁLATÍ and MÁDHAVA discovered.— *To them, AVALOKITÁ.*

Mádh. 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 *ketakí*.*

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,

Come to my breast, let me but once embrace thee.

Why thus averse? Let those confiding arms,

Upon whose taper length the sudden dew

Start with alarm as if the living gem

Kissed by the moon distilled its gelid moisture,

* A strong-scented flower (*Pandanus odoratissimus*).



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 *kóil'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 !

(Málatí looks at her spitefully.)

Mádh. (Apart.) The dame's disciples

Are all endowed with clear intelligence
And eloquence of speech. *(Aloud.)* How, Málatí,
Speaks Avalokitá the truth ?

(Málatí shakes her head.)

Or are you sworn to silence, by the lives
Of those whom best you love ?

Mádh. (In a hesitating manner.) How should I know, my lord ?

(Pauses.)

Mádh. Delightful, though imperfect sounds ! But see !
What should this mean ? The starting tear-drop steals
From those fawn eyes, and glisten 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 ?



Mál. (To her.) How long must I regret
The absence of Lavangiká : is it
Not possible to gather tidings of her ?

Mádh. (To *Avatáraká.*) What says my love ?

Avat. You have recalled the memory of Lavangiká,
And she is anxious for some news of her.

Mádh. It was but now, I ordered Kalahansa
To go, and secretly collect intelligence
At Nandana's abode. Surely the plan
That was to win my friend a lovely bride
Cannot have failed ?

Avat. Be sure of it.

But tell me, Mádhava :

You gave your life and heart to Málátí,
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 ?

Mádh. 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 Málátí,
Shall be my free-will gift. It has been prest
Already to her bosom—from my hands
Conveyed by her dear friend Lavangiká ;
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.

Avat. Málátí, this garland ought to be
Something in your esteem—be on your guard
It do not pass into a stranger's hands.

Mál. You counsel well.



Mādh. (*Looking out.*) 'Tis Kalahamśa.

Māl. (*Approaching.*) Fate favours you, and Mādayantikā
Is won.

Mādh. (*Embracing her.*) The news is ecstasy.

(*Takes the garland from his neck and throws it on Mālatī's.*)

Ava. The charge consigned to Buddharakshitā
Is well accomplished.

Māl. And I see
Lavangikā again.

Enter hastily KALAHAMŚA, MADAYANTIKĀ, BUDDHARAKSHITĀ,
and LAVANGIKĀ.

Lav. Help, prince! the city-guard have stopped midway
Your gallant friend; he checks pursuit alone.
That we with Kalahamśa 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.

Mādh. Come, Madayantikā, 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 succour 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 Kalahamśa.*]

Ava. Assuredly these heroes will return
Unhurt.

Māl. Do you and Buddharakshitā



MÁLATÍ AND MÁDHAVA.

Apprise Kámandakí of this mischance.
Lavangiká, overtake my lord ; entreat 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.

Mál. Lavangiká delays—why comes she not ?
This is a fearful interval ; dear girl (*to Madayantiká*),
I will go forth along the road, and meet
Lavangiká returning.

Maday. My right eye throbs.* [Retires.]

As MÁLATÍ is going, enter KAPÁLAKUṢḌALÁ.

Kap. Hold !

Mál. (*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 Parvata*,
There to consign thee to a painful death,
Torn piecemeal—victim of my just revenge.

(*Carries off Málátí.*)

Maday. (*Coming forward.*) I will even follow Málátí.

Ha ! Málátí.

Lav. (*Enters.*) 'Tis I, Lavangiká.

Maday. How ! have you seen the princess ?

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

* An unlucky omen in a female—a lucky one in men.



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
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.

Maday. Ah me, unhappy ! I have heard my death.

Lav. But where is Mālatī ?

Maday. 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 Kalahamśa : quick, your news.

*Enter KALAHAMŚA.**

Kal. 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 moonlight—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 dis-
may and confusion, with a clamour which filled the whole
space of heaven, like that emitted by the tossing waves of
Kāliṇḍī† when they were turned from their course by the
mighty plough of *Balarāma*, in fulfilment of the menace

* In the original the women quit the stage searching for Mālatī, and Kalahamśa enters and tells the story to the audience, which is a very clumsy and Chinese mode of conducting the plot. A short speech or two has, therefore, been introduced to connect his narrative with the business of the piece.

† The *Yamunā* or *Jumunā*.



that wine had dictated.* I shall not forget either the prowess of my master Mādhava. 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 Mādhava 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 connections from me, the youths received every honour; and his majesty turning to Bhūrivasu 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 Mādhava 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 *Madayantikā*.) Delightful news for you, nor less
acceptable

To our dear Mālatī: let us haste to find her,

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter MĀDHAVA and MAKARANDA.

Mādh. I cannot choose but marvel at thy prowess,
So more than mortal—breaking thy way resistless
Through all opposing ranks; scattering the timid,

* *Balarāma* having paid a visit to his friends and relations at *Gokula*, spent two months there chiefly in the society of the *Gopīs* or nymphs of that district. On one occasion, being desirous of bathing in the *Jumrā* from which he was a little way remote, he summoned the river to his presence. *Yamunā* refused to come, on which *Balarāma*, being elevated with wine, vowed he would compel her, and accordingly dragged her to him with his ploughshare, the weapon he usually wielded, and only let the river go again upon the promise of future good behaviour.—*Bhāgavata-Purāṇa*, x. 85.



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.

Mádh. 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 Kalahamśaka
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 Málátí.*
Here is the garden gate.

[*They enter.*]

Mádh. 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 Málátí. Ah no ! yet fate is favourable ;
The princely youths return.

* Laughing at Madayantiká, say the commentators, as the cause of so much disturbance. There is some confusion in the text and comment with regard to the speakers of this and the preceding speech.



Mak. and Mādh. But where is Mālatī?

Lav. Where Mālatī? Alas! we thought the tread
Of feet bespoke her here.

Mādh. 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!

Maday. When you had left us, Mālatī despatched
The dame's attendants to their pious mistress—
Lavaugikā 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.

Mādh. My dearest Mālatī,

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. O dearest friend, where art thou?

Mak. (To Mādhava.) Do not yield

Thus to despair—uncertain of her loss.

Mādh. 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.

Mādh. 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 Shakespeare 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."

END OF THE EIGHTH ACT.



ACT IX.

THE VINDHYAN MOUNTAINS.

Enter SAUDĀMINĪ.

From the tall mount *Śrī Śaila*,* I, Saudāminī,
Have sought the royal city *Padmāvati*,
And now the steps of Mādhava pursue.
Unable to endure the scenes where late
His Mālatī was lost, the youth is wandering,
Attended by his ever faithful friend,
Amidst these rugged paths and rocky valleys.

(Alights.)

How wide the prospect spreads—mountain and rock,
Towns, villages, and woods, and glittering streams !
There where the *Pārā* and the *Sindhu* wind,
The towers and temples, pinnacles and gates,
And spires of *Padmāvati*,† like a city

* 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 déclarât 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 connections, 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.

† I have in other places identified *Padmāvati* with *Ujjayini*, but I fear upon insufficient grounds, and there are some serious objections to their identity. If they were the same, 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



Precipitated from the skies, appear,
Inverted in the pure translucent wave.
There flows *Lavaṇā's* frolic stream, whose groves,
By early rains refreshed, afford the youth
Of *Padmāvatī* pleasant 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,
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 clustering woods
Of fragrant *sandal*† and the ripe *mālura*,‡

a still older Ougein in a more southerly direction, if not more to the east also. The *Pāri* and the *Madhumatī* named below appear to be the same, as each unites with the *Sindhu* or *Sindh*. If either, or both, intend the *Sipri*, the river that now washes Ougein, it is difficult to conceive how that could have united with the *Sindh*, if by that river the *Kālī Sindh* of the present day be intended. The only confluence in the vicinity of Ougein now is that of the *Seeresepty* (*Sarasvatī*), and *Sipri*, about five miles to the south. The *Chota Sindh* falls into the *Sipri* a long way to the north, and the larger *Sindh* flows into the *Chumbul*. It is probable, however, that the situation of *Padmāvatī* must be looked for more to the south, somewhere in the modern Aurungabad or Berar. It may be intended for the *Padma-nagara*, the place of the poet's nativity, but none of the names of the rivers in its vicinity are traceable in modern maps.

* A name of *Gaṇeśa*, 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 Roxburgh considers a strongly-marked variety of the Malabar *sandal* tree.—*Flora Indica*, 2. 464.

‡ A fruit-tree commonly called *bel* (*Aegle marmelos*).



Recall to memory the lofty mountains
That southward stretch, where *Godávari*
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 *Svarṇavindu** rises,
Lord of *Bhavadā*, whose illustrious image
Is not of mortal fabric. (*Bowing.*) Hail! all hail!
Creator of the universal world. Bestower
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 dew 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 the young 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 sundered.
(*Looking.*)

'Tis noon: the lapwing† for the cassia's‡ shade,

* This was likely to be a *Linga*, for which form of worship *Ujein* 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 Pandits acquainted with any legend relating to it. The name implies the drop (*vindu*) of gold (*swarṇa*).

† The *koyashika*, 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*.



From the *Gambhārī** wings its way. The pelican,†
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 *Tiniśa*§ 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 MĀDHAVA and MAKARANDA.

Mak. How dreary 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.

Mādh. Ah Mālatī, 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 Mādhava,
Once so beloved! Behold me! I am he,
On whom thy hand, bound with the golden thread,||

* The *gambhārī* is a tree (*Gmelina arborea*).

† The *pārnika*, 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 *nāsachinnā*, or the cleft-nose, commonly *Nak-chhali*. 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 *Pārnika* is considered synonymous with *Kumbhīra-nakshikā*, the crocodile fly, commonly *Pankhi* or *Patavīga*—a large moth or butterfly.

‡ The name in the text is *Āśmantaka*, which is one synonyme of *Spondias mangifera*, or hog-plum. It is also a synonyme of *Vraha*, *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 synonyme is *Simśapa* or *Śisu*, *Dalbergia ougeiniensis*.

§ The *Tiniśa* is a tree, the name of which has not been ascertained: carriage-wheels are made of its wood.

|| Part of the marriage ceremony consists in tying a string or thread round the wrist of the bride.



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 flow'rets,
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;
And fate, that piecemeal tears me, spares my life!*

Mak. 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.

(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. *(Mādhava jumps up.)*

* This passage occurs word for word in the original, in the *Uttara-Rāma-Charitra*.—See translation, p. 334.



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*§
Shows bright with countless blossoms: on the summit
Rest the black clouds in lengthening line: the streams
Descend through rows of budding *ketakas*,||
And all the waving woods now laugh, emblazoned
With the *śilindhra*¶ 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 odours of the *sála*†† and *arjuna*,—‡‡

* The *bayas* or *bent*, a kind of cane (*Calamus Rotang*).

† *Yúthiká*, great flowered jasmine (*J. grandiflorum*). It is also a name of a creeping kind of jasmine (*Jauriculatum*).

‡ The *kutaja* is a small tree (*Wrightea antidysenterica*).

§ The *kadamba* has been before alluded to as the *naudea kadamba*, a large and ornamental tree. The corollets of the flower are numerous, forming a large, perfectly globular, beautiful orange-coloured head, with the large white-clubbed stamens projecting.—*Flor. Indica*, 2. 121.

|| The *ketaka* or *ketaki* has been already noticed as a flower with a strong odour (*Pandanus odoratissimus*).

¶ The *śilindhra* 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 dyeing and making ink.

†† The *sála* is a valuable timber-tree (*Shorea robusta*).

‡‡ A kind of tree (*Pentaptera 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 stooping clouds, as purple as the blossoms
Of young *tamála** trees; the rain-drops trembling
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 adamant 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
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.

* A tree remarkable for black flowers (*Xanthochymus pictorius*).



Speak to me ; say, dost thou not know thy friend,
Thy fond and faithful friend, thy Makaranda ?

(*Mādhava appears to recover.*)

Delightful shadows shedding on the world
New life—the cool refreshing drops that fall
From yon cerulean* cloud revive my friend.

Mādh. (*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 *tamāla*. As it stoops
From its high course, it pours its tribute down
Into the river bed, that gliding laves
The ebon *jambū* groves laden with fruit.

(*Rises and bows.*)

Thy form the lightning lovingly entwines ;†

* The expression is *Achira-dhanta-rāja-patta-rachira-māmsala-chhavi*, shades of the tint of *Rāja-patta* which has not long been cleaned. This, the commentators say, implies a light and clear blue ; but why, does not appear. The *Rāja-patta* is properly a royal fillet or tiara. *Jagaddhara* says it means *Kheti* ; and *Malanka* explains it *Rāyāti-prastara* or *Rāyāti* stone. But neither of these words are found in any dictionary, Hindu or Bengali, nor can the pandits explain them.

† An address to a cloud as a messenger to a beloved object is a standing rule in Hindu poetry. A lengthened supplication of such a character I have given to the public in the *Megha-Dūta*, or Cloud-Messenger, the celebrity of which poem probably made such kind of invocation commonplace. We have, however, a similar address in a poet of modern Europe ; and although *Bhavabhūti* may have borrowed from *Kalidāsa*, we cannot suppose *Schiller* was under a similar obligation, when, in his *Maria Stuart*, Mary addresses the clouds :

*Eilende Wolken, Segler der Lüfte,
Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch schiffte,
Grüßet mir freundlich mein Jugendland.
Ich bin gefangen, ich bin in Banden,
Ach ! ich habe kein' andern Gesandten :
Frei in Lüften ist eure Bahn :
Ihr seid nicht dieser Königin unterthan.*

Light clouds, ye barks of air,
Who with ye sails or flies ?
To my youth's home, oh bear



Thy coming, thirsty *chātakas** proclaim ;
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 Mādhava'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.

Mādh. 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 shows—she has been slain,
And all her charms are scattered through the wild.
My love ! my Mālati ! (*He faints.*)

Mak. Obdurate heart, why break'st thou not, afflicted
By Mādhava'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.

Mādh. (*Sighing and rising.*) Such close similitude the hand
of *Brahmā*

My heart's recording sighs—
In captive bonds I lonely pine
Nor other envoy now is mine,
Save ye, who freely track your way,
Nor this tyrannic queen obey.

There are other obvious imitations of *Kalidāsa*, in the original text both of
the *Megha-Dūta* and *Vikramorvaśī*.

* A bird which is said to drink no water but rain.



Creates but sparingly—it must be so.
Ho ! ye who tenant these high-towering rocks
And leafy woods, I call to you ; awhile
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 his female's cheeks
Besmears with flowery dust. Whom should I sue to ?
Vain the request unseasonably proffered.
There, leaning on the *rohiṇi*‡ 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 yon 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.
This is, indeed, the proud exulting monarch

* The commentator is prosaic enough to assert Mádharma addresses the animals of the forest. It may be so ; but the Hindu system authorises an appeal to the *Sthala-Devatás* and *Vana-Devatás*, *genii* of the soil and the forest, to the *Fauns* and *Dryads*, who preside over the mountain and the wood.

† The red-legged or Greek partridge (*Tetrao rufus*).

‡ A tree (*Andersonia rohitaka*).



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 ingenuous fondness for thy mate.
With water fragrant with the rich perfume,
Drawn from the flowery lake, thou wastest 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 Mālatī! False are the joys
That spring from any source but her and thee.

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, sorrowing
friend.

Mādh. My friend, can it be true? Oh, let me be

* Or, more correctly, the *sārasa* or Indian crane.

Convinced by thine embrace. Alas, I die.
I have no hope, my Mālatī is lost! (*Faints.*)

Mak. (Looking.) Alas! the consciousness that my embrace
Had waked, again has flown—what hope is left me!
Alone, the sad conviction now survives
My friend is lost to me. Ah, Mādhava,
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 to do, beholding thus
The fate of Mādhava? 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 Mādhava.*)

Is this the form I have so oft embraced
Insatiate, and whose grace the eye of Mālatī,
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 *Rāhu's* jaws
Consigned—or like the volumed cloud, thin scattered
Before the driving breeze; or like the tree,

* Although not in the text, this expression is perfectly justifiable; for the Hindu mythology accords precisely with the Greek in sending the souls of the dead to receive judgment in the infernal regions; and according to the sentence of their judge, they are thence conveyed to *Tartarus* or *Elysium*, to *Naraka* or *Swarga*, according to their evil or good deeds.



That ere it puts its 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 Málátí ; reflection
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 ;
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 *Gaurí*, 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 Málátí. *(Shows the bakula garland.)*

* Or, I am a *Yogíní*, one who by the practice of the *yoga* has acquired supernatural powers.



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 !

Mādh. (*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 !

Saud. (*Looking at Mādhava, then apart.*) The forms of both
These youths has Mālatī with truth described.

Mādh. Hail, eastern gale ! dissolve the dropping clouds,
And gratify the longing *chūtaka*—

Arouse the peafowl's rapture, and expand

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.

Mādh. Celestial breeze,

Bear, with the fragrant odours thou hast wrung

From the *kadamba* blossoms, to my love,

The life of Mādhava—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.*)

Mādh. Ha ! the wreath I wove

* 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.



Of *bakula* flowers, amidst the sacred shades
Of *Káma's* temple, and long fondly worn
Upon the bosom of my best beloved.
It is the same—this is the part
Lavangiká was pleased to hear my Málátí
Pretend was strung awry; a mere pretext,
To veil the irrepressible delight,
Her radiant countenance too plain revealed.

(Jumps up.)

Now Málátí, 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, whencesoever borne, welcome, most welcome!
When on that gentle form, the scorching flame
Of love resistless preyed, and all her maidens
Despaired—thy grateful succour saved the days
Of Málátí,—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 his garland to his heart and faints.)

Mak. Revive, my friend. *(Fanning him.)*

Mádh. Ha, Makaranda!

Dost thou not see how Málátí's affection
Is sealed with her fair hand—how chanced it? say,
Dost thou not know?

Mak. This holy dame has brought
These traces of the maid.



Mádh. (*Bowing.*) With favouring ear
Receive my prayers,—oh, tell me, Malatí,
Say, does she live?

Saud. Be of good cheer, my son;
She lives.

Mádh. How, where?—oh, speak!

Saud. Some while ago it chanced,
Aghoraghañta at *Karálá's* shrine
Fell by the arm of Mádhava, in rescue
Of his fair maid.

Mádh. Enough! I know the whole.

Mak. How so?

Mádh. *Kapálakuñḍalá*, his partner—

Mak. Is it e'en so?

Saud. My son conjectures rightly.

Mak. Alas! how beauteous did the union show
Of the bright moonlight and the lotus bed,
Till, like a dark unseasonable cloud,
Fate frowning came to intercept their joys.

Mádh. Into what dreadful hands has Málátí
Now fallen!—to what exposed!—O lovely maid,
How couldst thou bear the grasp un pitying
Of the fierce fiend—like the pale struggling moon
By hideous meteor seized? *Kápalakuñḍalá*,
Respect her tender form—repress thy spirit
Malign, and learn benevolence—the flow'ret
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.

Mádh. 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 resumed 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 wondrous chances.

[Exit.

END OF THE NINTH ACT.



ACT X.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.

Enter KÁMANDAKÍ, MADAYANTIKÁ, and LAVANGIKÁ.

Kám. My pride, my child, my Málátí, 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. O my daughter,
I well recall your infant countenance,
Your pleasing prattle, and the transient tears
And smiles, that showed the young teeth budding forth.

Maday. and Lav. O dearest friend, more radiant than the moon,
Ah, whither hast thou flown ? can fate assail,
Remorseless thus, thy form as delicate
As the *śirisha* blossoms, and pursue thee
Unfriended and alone ? O Mádhava !
Thy promised joys are blighted in this world.

Kám. 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. Obdurate heart,
Despairing, still to torture me !
(*Beats her breast, and falls on the ground.*)

Maday. Nay, do not yet
Yield to despair.

Lav. Alas, my life is bound
With bonds of adamant, and will not leave me.

Kám. 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 can'st 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 lap, his brow and forehead
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.

Kám. 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

* Literary, an ivory doll; *danta-pāñchālikā*; *danta* here meaning the tooth of the elephant.

† 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.



Reunion with our friends in days to come,
Abandonment of present life would yield
No fruit but vain repentance.

Lav. Be it so.

Kám. Daughter, Madayantiká.

Maday. 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.

Maday. Away, I am not subject to your will.

Kám. (Apart.) Alas! there is no hope.

Maday. (Apart.) Dear husband, fare thee well.

Lav. This is the loftiest point, and far below

The Madhumatí twines its glittering zone.

Kám. 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.

Kám. Who comes!—

My son,

Enter MAKARANDA.

Without your friend!—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,
Despising life and spurning worldly hopes,
Since he has learned his daughter's death, repairs,
To cast himself into the raging flames
At Swarnavindu's shrine.—Alas, we all
Shall mourn his fate.

Lav. and Maday. How short an interval
Rejoiced those lovers in each other's sight!

Kám. 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.

Māl. (*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,
Can'st 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?

Kām. 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. Behold our friend!

Enter MĀDHAVA carrying MĀLATĪ senseless.

Mādh. 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?

Mādh. With her we hither speeded
Swift from *Śrī-Parvata*; but when we heard
The news the forester imparted to us,
I missed her suddenly.

Kām. and Mak. O dame of power,
Befriend us still; why hast thou disappeared?

Maday. and Lav. My Mālatī, I speak to thee, thy friend—
Priestess, preserve us; still she is insensible;
She does not breathe, her heart is still. Alas!
The sire and daughter are to each other,
In turn, the instrument of death.



Kám. My dear child!

Mádh. My love!

Mak. My friend!

Kám. (*Looking up.*) What welcome drops are these
That fall from heaven to aid us?

Mádh. 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.

Mádh. 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 balmy shower.

Kám. Blest news!

All. Our happiness is now secure.

Kám. My child!

Mál. The priestess!

(*Falls at her feet. Kámandakí raises and embraces her.*)

Kám. 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.

Mádh. (*To Makaranda.*) My faithful friend,
This breathing world may now be well endured.

Mak. In sooth, it may.

Maday. and Lav. Dear Málatí, confirm
The happiness we see, by your embrace.

Mál. My dearest friends! (*Embraces them.*)

Kám. Tell me, my sons, how chanced these strange events?



Mádh. Our past misfortunes were the wrathful work
Kapálakuṇḍalá's revenge inspired ;
And that we 'scaped her toils, our thanks are due
To this propitious and all-powerful friend.

Kám. Aghoraghaṇṭa's death was then the source
Of these mischances !

Maday. and Lav. Strange vicissitude !
After repeated trials, adverse fate
In kindness terminates its chequered course.

Enter SAUDÁMINÍ.

Sau. (To Kámandakí.) Hail, holy dame !—your scholar pays
you homage.

Kám. Saudáminí, most welcome.

Mádh. and Mak. Then we owe
Our succour to the priestess : this, her first
Disciple—all is clear.

Kám. 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.

(Embraces her.)

Thou hast deserved the praises of the world,
Whose lofty powers, the harvest of the seed
By early study sown, are shown by deeds
That shame the mightiest masters. *

Maday. and Lav. Is this Saudáminí ?

Mál. It is : by her,
The friend and pupil of my pious guardian,
The fierce Kapálakuṇḍalá was foiled.
She bore me to her dwelling, and there leaving me

* The expression is rather singular, "exceeding a *Bodhisattwa*—a pious person endowed 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*, show that the play was composed before their decline.



Secure, conveyed the wreath of *bakula* flowers
To snatch you from despair.

Maday. 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
Of Bhūrivasu. (*Gives her a letter.*)

Kām. (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 ?

Mādh. I do, and all I wished,
Thus hearing, have obtained.

Māl. The lingering dart
Of fear is now extracted from our hearts.

Lav. The loves of Mālatī and Mādhava
Will now no more be thwarted.

Mak. See, where come
Our other friends, and faithful Kalahāṁśa.

Enter AVALOKITĀ, BUDDHARAKSHITĀ, and KALAHĀṂŚA.

All. (Bowing.) Glory to Kāmandakī, the sage
Perfector of all aims ! Glory to Mādhava,



The moon that sheds delight on Makaranda !
Now Fate propitious smiles.

Lav. Who does not share
This general joy ?

Kám. And that our story,
Full of strange varied incidents, is closed
In happiness, deserves congratulation.

Sau. And Devaráta and his ancient friend,
Will see with joy their children now are joined
In that affiance they so long projected.

Mál. (Apart.) Hey—how is this ?

Mádh. and Mak. (To Kámundakt.) How sorts the dame's discourse
With past events ?

Lav. (Apart to Kám.) What's to be said ?

Kám. (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
Saudáminí and me to take those cares
That might secure your union, hoping thus
To shun the anger of exalted rank.

Mál. (Apart.) What marvellous secrecy !

Mádh. and Mak. It moves our wonder.
Yet must the schemes of the illustrious, planned
For virtuous ends, and prudently conducted,
Ever enjoy success.

Kám. 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.



Mádh. (*Bowing.*) My happiness henceforth is perfect : all
The wish I cherish more, is this ; and may
Your favour, 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.*



REMARKS ON MÁLATI AND MÁDHAVA.

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 uncivilized 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 beneficially 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

Málatí alone,
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

The passion of Málatí is equally intense with that 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 Madayantiká are much less mere lovers than Mádhava and Málatí. The cautious, though devoted perseverance of Kámandakí is maintained throughout ; and the benevolence of Saudáminí is well contrasted with the malignity of Kapáluṇḍalá.

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 *Bhavabhūti* than in those of *Kalidāsa*, but less fancy. There are few of the elegant similitudes in which the latter is so rich, and there is more that is commonplace, and much that is strained and obscure. In



none of his dramas does *Bhavabhūti* make any attempt at wit, and we have no character in either of his three dramas approaching the *Vidūṣhaka* of either of the two preceding pieces. On the other hand, he expatiates more largely in the description of picturesque scenery and in the representation of human emotions, and is perhaps entitled to even a higher place than his rival, as a poet.



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MUDRĀ-RĀKSHASA,
OR
THE SIGNET OF THE MINISTER.
A Drama,
TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL
SANSKRIT.



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PREFACE.

THE MUDRĀ-RĀKSHASA is a drama of a very different description from either of the preceding, being wholly of a political character, and representing a series of Machiavelian stratagems, influencing public events of considerable importance. Those events relate to the history of CHANDRAGUPTA, who is very probably indentifiable with the *Sandrocottus* of the Greeks; and the drama therefore, both as a picture of manners and as a historical record, possesses no ordinary claims upon our attention.

The object of the play is to reconcile RĀKSHASA, the hostile minister of NANDA, the late king of *Palibothra*, to the individuals by whom, or on whose behalf, his sovereign was murdered, the Brāhman CHĀÑAKYA and the prince CHANDRAGUPTA. With this view, he is rendered, by the contrivances of CHĀÑAKYA, an object of suspicion to the prince with whom he has taken refuge, and is consequently dismissed by him. In this deserted condition, he learns the imminent danger of a dear friend, whom CHĀÑAKYA is about to put to death; and in order to effect his liberation, surrenders himself to his enemies. They offer him, contrary to his expectations, the rank and power of prime minister; and the parties are finally friends. It is unnecessary to describe the plot more fully in this place.

Simple as is the subject of the drama, there is no want of action in its development. The stratagems of CHĀÑAKYA are varied, numerous, and well connected, and although there is occasionally some want of probability in their execution, yet they are made to contribute very successfully and ingeniously towards the production of their combined result. It must be acknowledged, that the political code from which they emanate exhibits a morality not a whit superior to that of the Italian



school; but a remarkable, and in some respects a redeeming principle, is the inviolable and devoted fidelity which appears as the uniform characteristic of servants, emissaries, and friends: a singular feature in the Hindu character which it has not yet wholly lost.

The author of the play is called in the prelude *Viśākhadatta*, the son of *Prīthu*, entitled *Mahārāja*, and grandson of the *Sāmanta* or chief *Vateśwaradatta*. We are not much the wiser for this information, as we can scarcely venture to conclude—although it is not impossible—that the *Chouhan* chief of Ajmer, *Prīthu Rai*, who was killed at the end of the twelfth century by the Mohammedans, is here intended. There is nothing unusual in a prince's being an author, or at least a reputed one, and the closing speech of the drama clearly refers to the victorious progress of a foreign foe, whom it may not be unreasonable to connect with the *Ghorian* invasion.*

The late Major Wilford has called the author of the *MUDRĀ-RAKSHASA*, *Ananta*, and quotes him as declaring that he lived on the banks of the *Goddavari* (*As. Res.* vol. v. p. 280). This, however, must be an error, as three copies, one of them a *Dekhini* manuscript in the *Telugu* character, have been consulted on the present occasion, and they all agree in the statement above given.

There is a commentary on the drama by *Vateśwara-Miśra*, a *Maithila Brāhman*, the son of *Gaurīpati-Miśra*, who has laboured with more pains than success to give a double interpretation to the composition, and to present it as a system of policy as well as a play. Another commentary by *Guhāsena* is said to exist, but it has not been met with; and the one referred to, owing to the commentator's mystification of obvious meanings, and the exceedingly incorrect state of the manuscript, has proved of no advantage.

It may not here be out of place to offer a few observations

* At the same time it is to be observed, that according to the *Prīthvi Rai Rājasa*, the father of *Prīthu*, the king of Ajmer, was named *Someśwara*, and his grandfather *Ananda*.



on the identification of CHANDRAGUPTA and SANDROCOTTUS. It is the only point on which we can rest with anything like confidence in the history of the Hindus, and is therefore of vital importance in all our attempts to reduce the reigns of their kings to a rational and consistent chronology. It is well worthy, therefore, of careful examination; and it is the more deserving of scrutiny, as it has been discredited by rather hasty verification and very erroneous details.

Sir William Jones first discovered the resemblance of the names, and concluded CHANDRAGUPTA to be one with SANDROCOTTUS (*As. Res.* vol. iv. p. 11). He was, however, imperfectly acquainted with his authorities, as he cites "a beautiful poem" by *Somadeva*, and a tragedy called the coronation of *Chandra*, for the history of this prince. By the first is no doubt intended the large collection of tales by *Somabhatta*, the *Vrihat-Kathā*, in which the story of NANDA'S murder occurs: the second is, in all probability, the play that follows, and which begins after CHANDRAGUPTA'S elevation to the throne. In the fifth volume of the *Researches* the subject was resumed by the late Colonel Wilford, and the story of CHANDRAGUPTA is there told at considerable length, and with some accessions which can scarcely be considered authentic. He states also that the *Mudra-Rākshasa* consists of two parts, of which one may be called the coronation of CHANDRAGUPTA, and the second his reconciliation with RĀKSHASA, the minister of his father. The latter is accurately enough described, but it may be doubted whether the former exists.

Colonel Wilford was right also in observing that the story is briefly related in the *Vishnu-Purāṇa* and *Bhāgavata*, and in the *Vrihat-Kathā*; but when he adds, that it is told also in a lexicon called the *Kāmāndakī*, he has been led into error. The *Kāmāndakī* is a work on *Niti*, or Polity, and does not contain the story of NANDA and CHANDRAGUPTA. The author merely alludes to it in an honorific verse, which he addresses to CHĀṆAKYA as the founder of political science, the Machiavel of India.



The birth of NANDA and of CHANDRAGUPTA, and the circumstances of NANDA'S death, as given in Colonel Wilford's account, are not alluded to in the play, the *Mudrá-Rākshasa*, from which the whole is professedly taken, but they agree generally with the *Vrihat-Kathā* and with popular versions of the story. From some of these, perhaps, the king of *Vikatpalli*, *Chandra-Dāsa*, may have been derived, but he looks very like an amplification of Justin's account of the youthful adventures of *Sandrocollus*. The proceedings of CHANDRAGUPTA and CHĀNĀKYA upon NANDA'S death correspond tolerably well with what we learn from the drama, but the manner in which the catastrophe is brought about (p. 268), is strangely misrepresented. The account was no doubt compiled for the translator by his pandit, and it is, therefore, but indifferent authority.

It does not appear that Colonel Wilford had investigated the drama himself, even when he published his second account of the story of CHANDRAGUPTA (*As. Res.* vol. ix. p. 93), for he continues to quote the *Mudrá-Rākshasa* for various matters which it does not contain. Of these, the adventures of the king of *Vikatpalli*, and the employment of the Greek troops, are alone of any consequence, as they would mislead us into a supposition, that a much greater resemblance exists between the Grecian and Hindu histories than is actually the case.

Discarding, therefore, these accounts, and laying aside the marvellous part of the story, I shall endeavour, from the *Vishṇu* and *Bhāgavata-Purāṇas*, from a popular version of the narrative as it runs in the south of India, from the *Vrihat-Kathā*,* and from the play, to give what appear to be the genuine circumstances of CHANDRAGUPTA'S elevation to the throne of *Palibothra*.

A race of kings denominated *Śaiśunāgas*, from *Śiśunāga* the first of the dynasty, reigned in *Magadhā*, or *Behar*: their

* For the gratification of those who may wish to see the story as it occurs in these original sources, translations are subjoined; and it is rather important to add, that in no other *Purāṇa* has the story been found, although most of the principal works of this class have been carefully examined.



capital was *Pataliputra*, and the last of them was named NANDA or MAHĀPADMA-NANDA. He was the son of a woman of the *Śūdra* caste, and was hence, agreeably to Hindu law, regarded as a *Śūdra* himself. He was a powerful and ambitious prince, but cruel and avaricious, by which defects, as well as by his inferiority of birth, he probably provoked the animosity of the Brāhmans. He had by one wife eight sons, who, with their father, were known as the nine NANDAS; and, according to the popular tradition, he had by a wife of low extraction, called *Murā*, another son named CHANDRAGUPTA. This last circumstance is not stated in the *Purāṇas* nor *Vṛihat-Kathā*, and rests therefore on rather questionable authority; at the same time, it is very generally asserted, and is corroborated by the name *Mauṛya*, one of CHANDRAGUPTA'S denominations, which is explained by the commentator on the *Vishṇu-Purāṇa* to be a patronymic formative, signifying the son of *Murā*. It also appears from the play, that CHANDRAGUPTA was a member of the same family as NANDA, although it is not there stated that he was NANDA'S son.

But whatever might have been the origin of this prince, it is very likely that he was made the instrument of the insubordination of the Brāhmans, who, having effected the destruction of NANDA and his sons, raised CHANDRAGUPTA, whilst yet a youth, to the throne. In this they were aided by a prince from the north of India, to whom they promised an accession of territory as the price of his alliance. The execution of the treaty was evaded, very possibly by his assassination; and to revenge his father's murder, his son led a mingled host against *Magadhā*, containing amongst other troops, *Yavanas*, whom we may be permitted to consider as Greeks. The storm was averted, however, by jealousies and quarrels amongst the confederates. The army dispersed, and MALAYAKETU, the invader, returned baffled and humbled to his own country. CHANDRAGUPTA reigned twenty-four years, and left the kingdom to his son. We have now to see how far the classical writers agree with these details.



The name is an obvious coincidence. *Sandrocottus* and CHANDRAGUPTA can scarcely be considered different appellations. But the similarity is no doubt still closer. Athenæus, as first noticed by Wilford (*As. Res.* vol. v. p. 262), and subsequently by Schlegel (*Indische Bibliothek*), writes the name, *Sandrakoptus*, and its other form, although more common, is very possibly a mere error of the transcriber. As to the *Andracottus* of Plutarch, the difference is more apparent than real, the initial sibilant being often dropped in Greek proper names.

This name is, however, not the only coincidence in denomination that may be traced. We find in the play that CHANDRAGUPTA is often called *Chandra* simply, or the moon, of which *Chandramas* is a synonyme; and accordingly, we find in *Diodorus Siculus*, the king of the *Gangaridæ*, whose power alarms the Macedonian, is there named *Xandrames*. The *Aggramen* of Quintus Curtius is merely a blundering perversion of this appellation.

There are other names of the prince, the sense of which, though not their sound, may be discovered in classical writers. These are *Vrishala*, and perhaps *Maurya*. The first unquestionably implies a man of the fourth or servile caste; the latter is said by Wilford to be explained in the *Jāti-Vivēka* the offspring of a barber and a *Sūdra* woman, or of a barber and a female slave (*As. Res.* vol. v. p. 285). It is most usually stated, however, to mean the offspring of *Murd*, as already observed, and the word does not occur in any of the vocabularies in the sense attached to it by Col. Wilford.* It is sufficient, how-

* Colonel Tod considers *Maurya* a probable interpolation for *Mori*, a branch of the *Prāmāra* tribe of Rajputs, who in the eighth century occupied Chitore. He observes, also, that Chandragupta in the *Purāṇas* is made a descendant of *Schesmag* of the *Takshak* tribe, of which last no other mention has been found, whilst instead of *Schesmag* the word is *Sisunāga*; and with respect to the fact of the princes belonging to the *Prāmāra* tribe, no authority is cited. Colonel Tod, like the late Col. Wilford, is sparing of those specific references, which in all debateable points are indispensable.

—See *Transactions Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. i. p. 211. Also *Account of Rajasthan*, p. 53.



ever, to observe, that the term *Vrishala*, and frequent expressions in the drama, establish the inferior origin of CHANDRAGUPTA, a circumstance which is stated of the king of the *Gangaridæ* at the time of Alexander's invasion by Diodorus Siculus, Quintus Curtius, and Plutarch.

According to the two former of these writers, *Xandrames* or *Chandramas* was contemporary with Alexander. They add, that he was the son of the queen by an intrigue with a barber, and that his father, being raised to honour and the king's favour, compassed his benefactor's death, by which he paved the way for the sovereignty of his own son, the ruling prince. We have no indication of these events in the Hindu writers, and CHANDRAGUPTA, as has been noticed, is usually regarded as the son of NANDA, or at least a relative. It may be observed that his predecessors were *Sûdras*, and the character given to MAHÂPADMA-NANDA in the *Vishnu-Purâna*, agrees well enough with the general tenour of the classical accounts, as to his being of low origin and estimation, although an active and powerful prince. If NANDA be the monarch alluded to, there has been some error in the name; but, in either case, we have a general coincidence in the private history of the monarch of the *Gangaridæ*, as related by the writers of the east or west.

If the monarch of Behar at the time of Alexander's invasion was NANDA, it is then possible that CHANDRAGUPTA, whilst seeking, as the Hindus declare, the support of foreign powers to the north and north-west of India, may have visited Alexander, as asserted by Plutarch and Justin. We cannot, however, attach any credit to the marvellous part of the story as told by the latter; nor can we conceive that a mere adventurer, as he makes *Sandrocoptus* to have been, should have rendered himself master of a mighty kingdom, in so brief an interval as that between Seleucus and Alexander, and by the aid of vagabonds and banditti alone.

Although, therefore, the classical writers had gleaned some knowledge of CHANDRAGUPTA'S early history, it is very



evident that their information was but partially correct, and that they have confounded names, whilst they have exaggerated some circumstances and misrepresented others. These defects, however, are very venial, considering the imperfect communication that must have subsisted between the Greeks and Hindus, even at the period of Alexander's invasion, and the interval that elapsed before the accounts we now possess were written. These considerations rather enhance the value of both sets of our materials. It is more wonderful that so much of what appears to be the truth should have been preserved, than that the stories should not conform in every particular.

However questionable may be the contemporary existence of Alexander and *Sandrocoptus*, there is no reason to doubt that the latter reigned in the time of Seleucus Nicator, as Strabo and Arrian cite the repeated declarations of Megasthenes, that he had often visited the Indian prince. Seleucus is said to have relinquished to him some territories beyond the Indus, and to have formed a matrimonial alliance with him. We have no trace of this in the Hindu writers, but it is not at all improbable. Before the Christian era the Hindus were probably not scrupulous about whom they married; and even in modern days, their princesses have become the wives of Mohammedan sovereigns. CHANDRAGUPTA, however, had no right to be nice with respect to the condition of his wife; and in whichever way the alliance was affected, it was feasible enough, whilst it was a very obvious piece of policy in CHANDRAGUPTA, as calculated to give greater security to his empire and stability to his reign. The failure of Seleucus in his attempt to extend his power in India, and his relinquishment of territory, may possibly be connected with the discomfiture and retreat of MALAYAKETU, as narrated in the drama, although it may be reasonably doubted whether the Syrian monarch and the king of *Magadh* ever came into actual collision. It is very unlikely that the former ever included any part of the Punjab within his dominions; and at any rate it may be ques-



tioned, whether CHANDRAGUPTA or his posterity long retained, if they ever held possession of the north-western provinces, as there is no conjecturing any resemblance between the names of the *Maurya* princes (*As. Res.* vol. ix. table) and the *Amitrochates* and *Sophagasenas*, who reinforced the armies of Antigonos, the son of Seleucus, and of Antigonos the Great, with those elephants that were so highly prized by the successors of Alexander (Wilford, *As. Res.* vol. v. p. 286, and Schlegel, *Indische Bibliothek*), although, as shown by Schlegel, the names are undoubtedly Sanskrit and Hindu.

All the classical writers agree in representing *Sandrocoptus* as king of the nations which were situated along the Ganges, which were the *Gangaridæ* and *Prasii*—called, however, indifferently, but no doubt inaccurately, *Gargaridæ*, *Gandaridæ*, and *Gandarii*, and *Prasii*, *Parrhasii*, and *Tabresii*. The first name was probably of Greek origin, expressing, as *Raderus* and *Cellarius* justly observe, the situation of the nations in the neighbourhood of the Ganges; but in truth there was a nation called the *Gandhari* or *Gandaridæ* west of the Indus, whom the classical authors often confound with the *Gangelicæ* nations, as has been shown in another place (*As. Res.* vol. xv.) The other appellation, which is most correctly *Prasii*, is referable to a Hindu original, and is a close approximation to *Prācī*, the eastern country, or *Prācīyas*, the people of the east, in which division of *Bharata-Khaṇḍa*, or India, *Mithilā*, the country opposite to *Behar*, and *Magadhā*, or *South Behar*, are included by Hindu geographers. Both Greek and Hindu accounts are therefore agreed as to the general position of the people over whom CHANDRAGUPTA reigned.

Finally, the classical authors concur in making *Palibothra*, a city on the *Ganges*, the capital of *Sandrocoptus*. Strabo, on the authority of Megasthenes, states that *Palibothra* is situated at the confluence of the *Ganges* and another river, the name of which he does not mention. Arrian, possibly on the same authority, calls that river the *Erranobos*, which is a synonyme of the *Sone*. In the drama, one of the characters



describes the trampling down of the banks of the *Sone*, as the army approaches to *Pataliputra*; and *Pataliputra*, also called *Kusumapura*, is the capital of CHANDRAGUPTA. There is little question that *Pataliputra* and *Palibothra* are the same, and in the uniform estimation of the Hindus, the former is the same with Patna. The alterations in the course of the rivers of India, and the small comparative extent to which the city has shrunk in modern times, will sufficiently explain why Patna is not at the confluence of the *Ganges* and the *Sone*; and the only argument, then, against the identity of the position, is the enumeration of the *Erranobous* and the *Sone* as distinct rivers by Arrian and Pliny: but their nomenclature is unaccompanied by any description, and it was very easy to mistake synonymes for distinct appellations. *Rajamahal*, as proposed by Wilford, and *Bhagalpur*, as maintained by Franklin, are both utterly untenable, and the further inquiries of the former had satisfied him of the error of his hypothesis. His death prevented the publication of an interesting paper by him on the site of *Palibothra*, in which he had come over to the prevailing opinion, and shown it to have been situated in the vicinity of Patna.*

It thus appears that the Greek and Hindu writers concur in the name, in the *private history*, in the *political elevation*, and in the *nation* and *capital* of an Indian king, nearly, if not exactly contemporary with Alexander, to a degree of approximation that cannot possibly be the work of accident; and it may be reasonably concluded, therefore, that the era of the events described in the following drama is determined with as much precision as that of any other remote historical fact.

* "Asiatic Researches," vol. xiv. p. 380.



APPENDIX TO PREFACE.

1.

PAURĀṆIK ACCOUNTS OF CHANDRAGUPTA.

THE son of *Mahānandin*, born of a *Śūdra* woman, a powerful prince named *Mahāpadma*, shall put an end to the *Kshattriya* rule, and from his time the kings will be mostly *Śūdras* void of piety. He will bring the earth under one umbrella, his rule being irresistible, and he will reign like another *Bhārgava*. He will have eight sons, *Sumātya* and others, who will be kings of the earth for one hundred years. A Brāhman will destroy these nine *Nandas*, and after their disappearance the *Mauryas* will reign in the *Kali* age. That Brāhman will inaugurate CHANDRAGUPTA as king.—(*Bhāgavata-Purāṇa*, 12th *Skandha*.)

Mahānandin will be the last of the ten *Śaiśunāga* princes, whose joint reigns will be three hundred and sixty-two years. The son of *Mahānandin* or *Nanda*, named *Mahāpadma*, will be born from a *Śūdra* mother. He will be avaricious, and like another *Paraśurāma*, will end the *Kshattriya* race, as from him forwards the kings will be all *Śūdras*. He, *Mahāpadma*, will bring the whole earth under one umbrella, his rule being irresistible. He will have eight sons, *Sumātya* and others who after him will govern the world. He, and these sons, will reign for a period of one hundred years, until *Kauṭilya*, a Brāhman, shall destroy the nine *Nandas*.

After their destruction the *Mauryas* will possess the earth, *Kauṭilya* inaugurating CHANDRAGUPTA in the kingdom.—*Vishnu-Purāṇa*.

The comment explains *Maurya* thus;—so named from CHANDRAGUPTA, the first, who derived this name from his mother *Murā*, one of the wives of *NANDA*.



2.

STORY OF NANDA, AS RELATED BY VARARUCHI
IN THE VÁIHAT-KATHÁ.

I now returned from my sojourn in the snowy mountains, where by the favour of Śiva I had acquired the *Pāṇiniya* grammar. This I communicated to my preceptor *Varsha*, as the fruit of my penance; and as he wished to learn a new system, I instructed him in that revealed by *Swāmi-Kumdra*. *Vyādi* and *Indradatta* then applied to *Varsha* for like instructions, but he desired them first to bring him a very considerable present. As they were wholly unable to raise the sum, they proposed applying for it to the king, and requested me to accompany them to his camp, which was at that time at *Ayodhyá*; I consented, and we set off.

When we arrived at the encampment we found everybody in distress, NANDA being just dead. *Indradatta*, who was skilled in magic, said: "This event need not disconcert us: I will transfuse my vitality into the lifeless body of the king. Do you, *Vararuchi*, then solicit the money: I will grant it, and then resume my own person, of which do you, *Vyādi*, take charge till the spirit returns." This was assented to, and our companion accordingly entered the carcase of the king.

STORY OF YOGANANDA.

The revival of NANDA caused universal rejoicing. The minister *Sakatāla* alone suspected something extraordinary in the resuscitation. As the heir to the throne, however, was yet a child, he was well content that no change should take place, and determined to keep his new master in the royal station. He immediately, therefore, issued orders that search should be made for all the dead bodies in the vicinage, and that they should forthwith be committed to the flames. In pursuance of this edict the guards came upon the deserted carcase of *Indradatta*, and burning it as directed, our old associate was compelled to take up his abode permanently in



the tenement which he had purposed to occupy but for a season. He was by no means pleased with the change, and in private lamented it with us, being in fact degraded by his elevation, having relinquished the exalted rank of a *Brāhman* for the inferior condition of a *Sūdra*.

Vyādi having received the sum destined for our master, took leave of his companion *Indradatta*, whom we shall henceforth call *Yogananda*. Before his departure, however, he recommended to the latter to get rid of *Śakatāla*, the minister, who had penetrated his secret, and who would, no doubt, raise the prince CHANDRAGUPTA to the throne as soon as he had attained to years of discretion. It would be better, therefore, to anticipate him, and as preparatory to that measure, to make me *Vararuchi*, his minister. *Vyādi* then left us, and in compliance with his counsel I became the confidential minister of *Yogananda*.

A charge was now made against *Śakatāla*, of having, under pretence of getting rid of dead carcasses, burned a *Brāhman* alive; and on this plea he was cast into a dry well with all his sons. A plate of parched pulse and a pitcher of water were let down daily for their sustenance, just sufficient for one person. The father, therefore, recommended to the brothers to agree amongst themselves which should survive to revenge them all, and relinquishing the food to him, resign themselves to die. They instantly acknowledged their avenger in him, and with stern fortitude refusing to share in the daily pittance, one by one expired.

After some time *Yogananda*, intoxicated like other mortals with prosperity, became despotic and unjust. I found my situation therefore most irksome, as it exposed me to a tyrant's caprice, and rendered me responsible for acts which I condemned. I therefore sought to secure myself a participator in the burthen, and prevailed upon *Yogananda* to release *Śakatāla* from his captivity, and reinstate him in his authority. He therefore once again became the minister of the king.

It was not long before I incurred the displeasure of *Yoga-*



nanda, so that he resolved to put me to death. *Śakatāla*, who was rejoiced to have this opportunity of winning me over to his cause, apprised me of my danger, and helped me to evade it by keeping me concealed in his palace. Whilst thus retired, the son of the king, *Hirakṛyagupta*, lost his senses, and *Yogananda* now lamented my absence. His regret moved *Śakatāla* to acknowledge that I was living, and I was once more received into favour. I effected the cure of the prince, but received news that disgusted me with the world, and induced me to resign my station and retire into the forests. My disappearance had led to a general belief that I had been privately put to death. This report reached my family. *Upakośā*, my wife, burned herself, and my mother died broken-hearted.

Inspired with the profoundest grief, and more than ever sensible of the transitory duration of human happiness, I repaired to the shades of solitude and the silence of meditation. After living for a considerable period in my hermitage, the death of *Yogananda* was thus related to me by a Brāhman, who was travelling from *Ayodhyā* and had rested at my cell.

Śakatāla, brooding on his plan of revenge, observed one day a Brāhman of mean appearance digging in a meadow, and asked him what he was doing there. CHĀÑAKYA, the Brāhman, replied: "I am rooting out this grass which has hurt my foot." The reply struck the minister as indicative of a character which would contribute to his designs, and he engaged him by the promise of a large reward and high honours to come and preside at the *Śrāddha*, which was to be celebrated next new moon at the palace. CHĀÑAKYA arrived, anticipating the most respectful treatment; but *Yogananda* had been previously persuaded by *Śakatāla* to assign precedence to another Brāhman, *Subandhu*, so that when CHĀÑAKYA came to take his place he was thrust from it with contumely. Burning with rage, he threatened the king before all the court, and denounced his death within seven days. NANDA ordered him to be turned out of the palace. *Śakatāla* received him into his house, and persuading CHĀÑAKYA that he was wholly innocent of being



instrumental to his ignominious treatment, contributed to encourage and inflame his indignation. CHĀÑAKYA thus protected, practised a magical rite, in which he was a proficient, and by which on the seventh day NANDA was deprived of life. Śakatāla, on the father's death, effected the destruction of Hiraṇyagupta, his son, and raised CHANDRAGUPTA, the son of the genuine NANDA, to the throne. CHĀÑAKYA became the prince's minister; and Śakatāla, having attained the only object of his existence, retired to end his days in the woods.

3.

STORY OF NANDA AND CHANDRAGUPTA.

BY A PAÑDIT OF THE DEKHIN.

(From a Manuscript in the collection of the late Col. Mackenzie,
Sanskrit, Telinga character.)

After invoking the benediction of *Gaṇeśa*, the writer proceeds: In the race of *Bharādhwāja*, and the family of the hereditary councillors of the *Bhosala* princes, was born the illustrious and able minister *Bhāvāji*. He was succeeded by his son *Gangādharma*, surnamed *Adhwaryu* (a priest of the *Yejur-Vēda*), who continued to enjoy the confidence of the king, and was equal to *Vrihaspati* in understanding.

By his wife *Krishkāmbikā*, *Gangādharma* had two sons, who were both employed by the *Rājā*, *Sāhuji*, the son of the preceding prince. The favour of the *Rājā* enabled these ministers to grant liberal endowments to pious and learned *Brāhmins*.

The elder of the two, *Nṛisīṃha*, after a life passed in prayer and sacred rites, proceeded to the world of *Brahmā*, leaving three sons.

Of these, the elder was *Ānanda-Rāja-Adhwaryu*. He was noted for his steadiness and sagacity from his childhood, and in adult years deserved the confidence of his prince, *Sāhuji*. He was profoundly versed in the *Vedas*, a liberal benefactor of the *Brāhmins*, and a skilful director of religious rites.

Upon his death and that of the youngest brother, the sur-



vivor, *Tryambaka-Adhvaryu* succeeded to the reputation of his ancestors, and cherished his nephews as his own children.

Accompanied by his mother he proceeded to the shores of the *Ganges*, and by his ablutions in the holy stream liberated his ancestors from the ocean of future existence.

He was solicited by *Sāhu*, the king, to assume the burthen of the state, but regarding it incompatible with his religious duties, he was unwilling to assent. In consideration of his wisdom and knowledge he was highly venerated by the *Rājā*, and presented with valuable gifts, which he dedicated to pious rites or distributed to the *Brāhmans*. Having on a particular occasion been lavish of expenditure, in order to gratify his sovereign, he contracted heavy debts, and as the prince delayed their liquidation, he was obliged to withdraw to seek the means of discharging them. On his return he was received by *Sāhu* and his nobles with high honours, and the prince, by the homage paid to him, obtained identification (after death) with *Tyāgeśa*, a glory of difficult attainment to *Yayāti*, *Nata*, *Māndhātṛi*, and other kings.

The brother of the prince, *Sarabhaji*, then governed the kingdom and promoted the happiness of all entrusted to his care by *Sāhu*, for the protection of piety, and rendering the people happy by his excellent qualities: the chief of the *Brāhmans* was treated by him with increased veneration.

The land of *Chola* is supplied at will by the waters of the *Kāverī*, maintained by the abundant showers poured down constantly by *Indra*; and in this land did the illustrious *Sarabhaji* long exercise undisturbed dominion and promote the happiness of his people.

Having performed with the aid of his reverend minister the late rite to his brother, he liberally delivered *Tryambaka* from the ocean of debt, and presented him with lands on the bank of the *Kāverī* (the *Sahyagiriṇī*), for the preservation of the observances enjoined by religion and law.

And he diffused a knowledge of virtue by means of the *Tantra* of the son of the foe of *Kāma* (*Kārttikeya*), as com-



municated by *Brahmā* to *Nārada* to relieve his distress, and whatever learned man takes up his residence on the hill of *Swāmin*, and worships *Skanda* with faith, will undoubtedly obtain divine wisdom.

Thus, on the mountain of *Swāmin*, enjoying the favour of *Gīṛīśa*, does *Tryambaka* reside with uninterrupted prosperity, surrounded by his kinsmen, and sons, and grandsons, and *Brahmans* learned in the *Vedas*, engaged in the performance of the holy rites and the worship of *Īśwara*. May he live a thousand years!

An object of his unbounded benevolence, and one to be included in those cherished by his bounties, having worshipped the lord of *Śrī (Vishṇu)*, and acquitted himself of his debt to the Gods and Manes, is rewarded by having it in his power to be respectfully obedient to his (*Tryambaka's*) commands. This individual, named *Āhundi*, the son of the excellent Paṇḍit *Lakṣmaṇa*, of the family of *Vyāsa*, had in his possession, and expounded, the new and wonderful drama entitled the *Mudrā-Rākṣasa*, and in order to convey a clear notion of his drama, the composition of *Viśākha-Datta*, he relates as an introduction the following particulars of the story.

STORY OF NANDA AND CHANDRAGUPTA.

According to the *Purāṇas*, the *Kṣhattṛiya* sovereignty was to cease with *NANDA*. In the beginning of the *Kali* age the *Nandas* were kings so named.

Amongst them *SARVĀRTHASIDDHI* was celebrated for his valour; he was monarch of the earth, and his troops were nine score and one hundred. *Vaktrandaśa* and others were his hereditary ministers, but amongst them the most famous was the Brahman, *RĀKSHASA*.

He was skilled in government and policy, and the six attributes of princes; was eminent for piety and prowess, and was highly respected by *NANDA*. The king had two wives, of whom *Sunandā* was the elder—the other was of



Sūdra extraction; she was the favourite of the king, of great beauty and amiable character—her name was *Murā*. On one occasion the king, in the company of his wives, administered the rites of hospitality to a venerable ascetic, and after washing his feet, sprinkled the queen's with the water; nine drops fell upon the forehead of the elder, and one on *Murā*. This she received with reverence, and the Brāhman was much pleased with her deportment.

Murā accordingly was delivered of one son, of most excellent qualities, who was named *Maurya*. *Sunandā* was delivered of a lump of flesh.

This RĀKSHASA divided it into nine portions, which he put into a vessel of oil, and carefully watched.

By his cares nine infants were in time evolved, who were brought up by RĀKSHASA, and called the nine *Nandas* after their progenitor.

The king when he grew old retired from the affairs of state, consigning his kingdom to these nine sons, and appointing *Maurya* to the command of the army.

Maurya had a hundred sons, of whom CHANDRAGUPTA was the best, and they surpassed the *Nandas* in merit.

The *Nandas*, being therefore filled with envy, conspired against his life, and inviting him and his sons into a private chamber put them to death.

At this time the *Rājā* of *Siṃhala* sent to the court of the *Nandas* a lion of wax in a cage, so well made that it seemed to be alive. And he added this message, "If any one of your courtiers can make this fierce animal run without opening the cage, I shall acknowledge him to be a man of talent."

The dulness of the *Nandas* prevented their understanding the purport of the message; but CHANDRAGUPTA, in whom some little breath yet remained, offered, if they would spare his life, to undertake the task, and this being allowed, he made an iron rod red-hot, and thrusting it into the figure, the wax soon ran, and the lion disappeared.

Although they desired his death, CHANDRAGUPTA was taken



by the *Nandas* from the pit into which he had been cast, and continued to live in affluence. He was gifted with all the marks of royalty: his arms reached to his knees; he was affable, liberal, and brave; but these deserts only increased the animosity of the *Nandas*, and they waited for an opportunity of compassing his death.

Upon one occasion CHANDRAGUPTA observed a Brāhman of such irascible temperament that he tore up violently a tuft of *kūśa* grass, because a blade of it had pierced his foot: on which he approached him, and placed himself under his protection, through fear of incurring the Brāhman's resentment.

This Brāhman was named *Vishnugupta*, and was deeply read in the science of government taught by *Uśanas* (*Saturn*), and in astronomy: his father, a teacher of *nīti*, or polity, was named *Chanāka*, and hence the son is called CHĀÑAKYA.

He became the great friend of CHANDRAGUPTA, who related to him all he had suffered from the *Nandas*.

On which CHĀÑAKYA promised him the throne of the *Nandas*; and being hungry, entered the dinner-chamber, where he seated himself on the seat of honour.

The *Nandas*, their understanding being bewildered by fate, regarded him as some wild scholar of no value, and ordered him to be thrust from his seat. The ministers in vain protested against the act; the princes forcibly dragged CHĀÑAKYA, furious with rage, from his seat.

Then, standing in the centre of the hall, CHĀÑAKYA, blind with indignation, loosened the lock of hair on the top of his head, and thus vowed the destruction of the royal race:—"Until I have exterminated these haughty and ignorant *Nandas*, who have not known my worth, I will not again tie up these hairs."

Having thus spoken, he withdrew, and indignantly quitted the city; and the *Nandas*, whom fortune had deserted, made no attempt to pacify him.

CHANDRAGUPTA being no longer afraid of his own danger, quitted the city and repaired to CHĀÑAKYA; and the Brāhman



Kautilya, possessed of the prince, resorted to crooked expedients for the destruction of the *Nandas*.

With this view he sent a friend, *Indrasarman*, disguised as a *Kshapataka*, as his emissary, to deceive *RAKSHASA* and the rest, whilst on the other hand he excited the powerful *Parvatendra* to march with a *Mlechchha* force against *Kusumapura*, promising him half the kingdom.

The *Nandas* prepared to encounter the enemy, relying on the valour of *RAKSHASA*. He exerted all his prowess, but in vain; and finding it impossible to overcome the hostile force by open arms, attempted to get rid of *Mauya* by stratagem; but in the meantime all the *Nandas* perished like moths in the flame of *CHĀNĀKYA*'S revenge, supported by the troops of *Parvatendra*.

RAKSHASA, being worn in body and mind, and having lost his troops and exhausted his treasures, now saw that the city could no longer be defended; he therefore effected the secret retreat of the old king, *SARVĀRTHASIDDHI*, with such of the citizens as were attached to the cause of the *Nandas*, and then delivered the capital to the enemy, affecting to be won to the cause of *CHANDRAGUPTA*.

He prepared by magic art a poisoned maid, for the destruction of that prince, but *Kautilya* detected the fraud, and diverting it to *Parvatesa*, caused his death; and having contrived that information of his share in the murder of the monarch should be communicated to his son, *MALAYAKETU*, he filled the young prince with alarm for his own safety, and occasioned his flight from the camp.

Kautilya, though master of the capital, yet knowing it contained many friends of *NANDA*, hesitated to take possession of it; and *RAKSHASA*, taking advantage of the delay, contrived, with *Darumarman* and others, machines and various expedients, to destroy *CHANDRAGUPTA* upon his entry; but *Kautilya* discovered and frustrated all his schemes.

He persuaded the brother of *Parvateswara*, *VAIRODHAKA*, to suspend his departure, affirming with solemn asseverations, that



RĀKSHASA, seeking to destroy the friends of CHANDRAGUPTA, had designed the poisoned maid for the mountain monarch. Thus he concealed his own participation in the act; and the crafty knave deceived the prince, by promising him that moiety of the kingdom which had been promised to his brother.

SARVĀRTHASIDDHI retired to the woods to pass his days in penance, but the cruel *Kautilya* soon found means to shorten his existence.

When RĀKSHASA heard of the death of the old king, he was much grieved, and went to MALAYAKETU and roused him to revenge his father's death. He assured him that the people of the city were mostly inimical to CHANDRAGUPTA, and that he had many friends in the capital ready to co-operate in the downfall of the prince and his detested minister. He promised to exhaust all his own energies in the cause, and confidently anticipated *Malayaketu's* becoming master of the kingdom, now left without a legitimate lord. Having thus excited the ardour of the prince, and foremost himself in the contest, RĀKSHASA marched against *Maurya* with an army of *Mlechchhas* or barbarians.

This is the preliminary course of the story—the poet will now express the subject of the drama. It begins with an equivoque upon the words *Krūragraha*, in the dialogue of the prelude. This ends the introduction.

4.

EXTRACTS FROM CLASSICAL WRITERS RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF SANDRACOTTUS.

He (Alexander) had learned from Phigæus that beyond the *Indus* was a vast desert of twelve days' journey, and at the farthest borders thereof ran the Ganges. Beyond this river dwell the *Tabresians*, and the *Gandaritæ*, whose king's name



was *Xandrames*, who had an army of 20,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 2000 chariots and 4000 elephants. The king could not believe this to be true, and sent for *Porus*, and inquired of him whether it was so or not. He told him all was certainly true, but that the present king of the *Gandaritæ* was but of a mean and obscure extraction, accounted to be a barber's son; for his father being a very handsome man, the queen fell in love with him, and murdered her husband, and so the kingdom devolved upon the present king.—*Diodorus Siculus*.

At the confluence of the Ganges and another river is situated *Palibothra*: it is the capital of the *Prasii*, a people superior to others. The king, besides his birth-name and his appellation from the city, is also named *Sandracottus*. *Megasthenes* was sent to him.

Megasthenes relates that he visited the camp of *Sandracottus*, in which 400,000 people were assembled.

Seleucus Nicator relinquished the country beyond the *Indus* to *Sandracottus*, receiving in its stead fifty elephants, and contracting an alliance with that prince (contractâ cum eo affinitate).—*Strabo*.

Phéglas informed him, that eleven days from the river the road lay over vast deserts to the Ganges, the largest stream in India, the opposite bank of which the *Gangaridæ* and *Parthasii* inhabited. Their king was named *Aggramen*, who could bring into the field 20,000 horse and 200,000 foot, 2000 chariots and 3000 elephants. As these things appeared incredible to the king, he referred to *Porus*, who confirmed what he heard. He added, however, that the king was not only of low, but of extremely base origin, for his father was a barber, whose personal merits recommended him to the queen. Being introduced by her to the king then reigning, he contrived his death, and under pretence of acting as guardian to his sons, got them into his power and put them to death. After their extermination he begot the son who was now king, and who, more worthy of his father's condition than his own, was odious and contemptible to his subjects.—*Quintus Curtius*.



Megasthenes tells us he was at the court of *Sandracottus*.

The capital city of India is *Palembothra*, on the confines of the *Prasii*, where is the confluence of the two great rivers, *Erranobous* and *Ganges*. The first is inferior only to the *Indus* and *Ganges*.

Megasthenes assures us he frequently visited *Sandracottus*, king of India.—*Arrian*.

Sandracottus was the author of the liberty of India after *Alexander's* retreat, but soon converted the name of liberty into servitude after his success, subjecting those whom he rescued from foreign dominion to his own authority. This prince was of humble origin, but was called to royalty by the power of the gods; for, having offended *Alexander* by his impertinent language, he was ordered to be put to death, and escaped only by flight. Fatigued with his journey, he laid down to rest, when a lion of large size came and licked off the perspiration with his tongue, retiring without doing him any harm. The prodigy inspired him with ambitious hopes, and collecting bands of robbers, he roused the Indians to renew the empire. In the wars which he waged with the captains of *Alexander*, he was distinguished in the van, mounted on an elephant of great size and strength. Having thus acquired power, *Sandracottus* reigned at the same time that *Seleucus* laid the foundation of his dominion; and *Seleucus* entered into a treaty with him, and settling affairs on the side of India, directed his march against *Antigonus*.—*Justin* 15—4.

The kings of the *Gandarites* and *Prasians* were said to be waiting for them there (*on the Ganges*) with 80,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 8000 chariots and 6000 elephants. Nor is this number at all magnified, for *Androcottus*, who reigned not long after, made *Seleucus* a present of 500 elephants at one time, and with an army of 600,000 men traversed India and conquered the whole.

Androcottus, who was then very young, had a sight of *Alexander*, and he is reported to have said that *Alexander* was



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within a little of making himself master of those countries :
with such hatred and contempt was the reigning prince looked
upon, on account of his profligacy of manner and meanness of
birth.—*Plutarch*, ' Life of Alexander.'



SL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Chandragupta, also called *Vrishala* and *Maurya*.—The young king of *Pataliputra*.

Chāṇākya, or *Vishnūgupta*.—A Brahman, chiefly instrumental to *Chandragupta's* accession to the throne, and now his minister.

Rākshasa.—The minister of the last king, the enemy of *Chandragupta*, and whom it is *Chāṇākya's* policy to win over to an alliance with his protégé.

Malayaketu.—Son of the King of the Mountains, leading an army against *Pataliputra*.

Bhāgurāyaṇa.—His supposed friend.

Nipuṇāka,

Siddhārthaka,

Jīvasiddhi,

Samiddhārthaka,

A Man.

} Agents and emissaries of *Chāṇākya*.

Śaṅgarava.—*Chāṇākya's* Pupil.

Chandana-Dāsa,

Śukala-Dāsa.

} Friends of *Rākshasa*.

The son of *Chandana-Dāsa*.

Virādhagupta,

Priyavādaka,

Courier.

} Servants and agents of *Rākshasa*.

Vaihinari.—An attendant on *Chandragupta*.

Bhāduraka,

Jājali.

} Attendants on *Malayaketu*.

Officers and attendants.



WOMEN.

The wife of *Chandana-Dāsa*.

Sohottarā.—An attendant on *Chandragupta*.

Vijayā.—An attendant on *Malayaketu*.

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

Nanda.—King of *Pāṭaliputra*, slain by *Chāṇakya*'s contrivance.

Parvatāka or *Parvateśvara*.—King of the Mountains, at first the ally of *Chandragupta*, but afterwards slain privily by *Chāṇakya*.

Sarvārthasiddhi.—Placed on the throne by *Rākshasa*, after the death of *Nanda*, but retired to a life of devotion.

Vairodhaka.—The brother of *Parvatāka*, and killed by *Rākshasa*'s emissaries by mistake for *Chandragupta*.

Various Princes, Chiefs, Bards, &c.

The scene is laid partly at *Pāṭaliputra*, or *Palibothra*, and partly at the capital, or subsequently at the camp of *Malayaketu*.

The time of each act is that of the action—the intervals of the acts are uncertain.



PRELUDE.

—◆—

Enter the MANAGER.

MAY the craft of that *Śiva* protect you, who, desirous of concealing *Gangā*,* thus evaded the inquiries of his goddess. What is this, so brilliant, that decorates thy brows?†—a digit of the moon—has it no name?—You know the name; it is impossible that you should have forgotten it—I talk of a woman, not of the moon. Let *Vijayā*‡ tell you then, if the moon does not satisfy you.

May the dance of the victor of *Tripura*§ protect you—that dance to which space is wanting. Lightly treads the god, lest he should upset the earth; he cramps his action, lest his arms reach beyond the limits of the three worlds; and he bends his spark-emitting glances on vacuity, lest they should consume the objects on which they gaze.¶ Enough.

I am commanded by this assembly to represent the drama entitled *Mudrārākṣhaśa*, the work of *Viśākha-Datta*, the son of *Prīthu Mahārāja*, and grandson of the chieftain *Vaṭeśwara*—

* As a goddess, *Gangā*, or the deified Ganges, is usually viewed as an object of jealousy by *Durgā*, the wife of *Śiva*.

† On her descent from heaven by the prayers of *Bhagīratha*, *Śiva* received the falling river upon his head.

‡ *Vijayā* is one of the attendants upon *Durgā*.

§ *Śiva*, from his destruction of the three cities of a demon, thence named *Tripura* or *Tripurāsara*, the supposed origin of the modern *Tippera*.

¶ The dance of *Śiva*, and that of his consort, its exact counterpart, have already been fully adverted to in the *Mālatī* and *Mādhava*.



Datta ;* and it is a great satisfaction to me to perform this drama before an audience so capable of appreciating its merits. Justly is it said, the tillage of a blockhead will rear a harvest in a fertile soil ; the luxuriant growth of the grain does not depend upon the talents of the sower. Having, therefore, gone home and summoned my wife,† I shall proceed with my company to the representation. Here is my house : I will enter.

How now ! what festival have we here to-day, that all the domestics are so busy ? One is bringing water, another grinding perfumes, a third weaves a chaplet of many colours, and a fourth is sighing over a pestle. I must call one of them, and ask the meaning of all this. Here, you clever, sharp, sensible hussy, come hither ; you sum of all wishes and decorum, come hither.‡

Enter ACTRESS.

Here am I, sir ; what are your commands ?

Mana. Tell me what is going on here ? have any Bráhmans been invited to do honour to my race, or have any welcome guests arrived, that there is such preparation ?

Act. The Bráhmans have been invited, sir, by me.

Mana. What for, pray ?

Act. There is an eclipse of the moon to-day.

Mana. Who says so ?

Act. The people of the city.

* According to other authorities, however, the father of *Prithu*, *Prithvī* or *Prithivī-Rāja*, was named *Someśa* or *Vigraha-Deva*, and his grandfather *Śarnga-Deva* or *Viśāla-Deva*. The term *Datta* is also more appropriate to a man of the *Vaiśya* tribe than a *Rājput* ; but then *Valeśvaru* is called a *Sāmanta*, a term especially implying a warrior and a chief, and as in the case of the *Jāts*, the agricultural tribes occasionally follow a military life. These considerations, however, leave the individuality of the author very doubtful.—*Asiatic Researches*, vol. xv. p. 407. *Transactions of Royal Asiatic Society*.

† He calls her the *Gṛīha-kulumbini*, literally, the head of the house or of the family ; but by the authority she exercises she should scarcely be less than his wife.

‡ This is obviously imitated from the *Mricchhakatī*.



Mana. Stop your preparations, dame, for the Brāhmanas you have invited: there is no eclipse to-day. Trust to one who has laboured diligently in the sixty-four divisions of astronomy; for observe, when *Ketu*, the angry planet, labours to depose from his high throne the mighty *Chandra*——

(*Behind.*) Who talks of deposing the king?*

Mana. The friendly Sage† is active in his defence.

Act. But who was that who so readily noticed on earth the peril of the monarch?

Mana. I need not heed particularly, but we will find out. I will repeat what I said, and if he repeat his exclamation we may know his voice. Observe, "When the angry *Ketu* endeavours to depose *Chandra*"——

(*Behind.*) Who threatens the king, though I am yet alive?

Mana. Ha! I know;—it is *Kautilya*, as crooked in nature as in name,‡ the flames of whose anger have burnt up the family of *Nanda*. He has caught but part of my speech, and confounds it with an allusion to hostility towards his pupil.

Act. Here he comes: we had better get out of his way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHĀÑAKYA, with his top-knot§ untied.

Where is this babbling wretch that idly threatens
The monarch I have raised? Lives there the man
That does not trembling pray he may behold
These tresses bound again, whose length dishevelled
Hangs an envenomed snake to *Nanda's* race;
A smoky wreath, engendered by the fires

* The original plays upon two words, *Ketu* the planet, or *Malayaketu* a prince, enemy of the present king, and *Chandra* his name, or the moon.

† The planet *Budha*, or Mercury, or in the text the *Budha-Yoga*; but there is no *Yoga* so named, and unless a different system be alluded to, simple conjunction or propinquity must be implied. The term has a double import here: *Budha*, Mercury, or a wise man, referring to *Chāñakya*.

‡ *Kautilya*, implies crookedness, both physical and moral.

§ The single lock of hair left on the shaven head of a Brāhman.



Of my consuming wrath? The fool, unwitting
Of his own weakness, would he play the moth,
And heedless plunge into the deadly flame
Of my resentment, blazing like a meteor,
Fierce o'er the prostrate forest of my foes?
What, ho! Śārṅgarava!

Enter PUPIL.

Your commands, sir.

Chāṇ. A seat.

Pup. It waits you in the porch, sir.

Chāṇ. Bring it here; affairs of weight disturb me.
It is not fit the teacher should endure
A scholar's disobedience.

(Pupil brings him a seat—he sits.)

What should this rumour be, so general noised
Amongst the citizens? They say that Rākshasa,
In stern resentment of the total fall
Of Nanda's race, stirs up th' aspiring son
Of Parvateśwara; who would avenge
His father's death, to join him, and has vowed
To make him lord of Nanda's former realm.
With these designs, they have implored the aid
Of the great monarch of the *Mlechchha* tribes;*
And now, against the sway of *Viśhala*
These fierce and formidable foes combine.
It may be thus—"Tis known to all the world,
I vowed the death of Nanda, and I slew him.
The current of a vow will work its way
And cannot be resisted. What is done
Is spread abroad, and I no more have power
To stop the tale. Why should I? Be it known,
The fires of my wrath alone expire,
Like the fierce conflagration of a forest,

* Literally, by the great *Mlechchha-Rāja*, *mahatā mlechchharājena*.



From lack of fuel—not from weariness.
The flames of my just anger have consumed
The branching ornaments of Nanda's stem,
Abandoned by the frightened priests and people.
They have enveloped in a shower of ashes
The blighted tree of his ambitious counsels :
And they have overcast with sorrow's clouds
The smiling heavens of those moon-like looks
That shed the light of love upon my foes.
Now may *they* triumph—*they*, who late beheld
With downward looks and struggling indignation,
Scarce smothered by their terrors, my dishonour,
Thrust from my seat, and banished from the presence,
Disgraced, but not dejected—now they see me
Spurn Nanda and his offspring from their throne,
As from the mountain's crest the lion hurls
Incensed the lordly elephant.
My vow is now accomplished, but I bear,
In *Vṛishala's* defence, the fatal arms
That have uprooted Nanda's tyrant race,
Like fond affections from the breast of earth ;
And now, in him, his fortune must implant,
Firm as the fragrant lotus in the lake.
Such is the equal fruit of love and hatred ;
And friends and foes confess alike the power
That works their elevation or their fall.
Yet, what avails it, to have rooted out
The stem of Nanda ; what to have allied
Fortune with Chandragupta, unsubdued
Whilst Rākshasa remains ? His faith inflexible
Survives their ruin ; and whilst yet exists
The most remote of kindred to their house,
He is our foe. Well ; be it so !
We must devise with craft to break the league
We cannot face. The sole remaining shoot
Of Nanda's stem, the pious anchorite,

Sarcarthasiddhi, tranquil lies in death ;
Even in the instant Rākshasa had promised
Malayaketu, that more vigorous means
Should be pursued to overturn our empire.

(*Addressing vacancy.*)

'Tis bravely done, thou worthy minister,
Thou saintly priest, thou human *Vrihaspati*.*
The mercenary herd obey their lords
For their own profit : should they hold their faith
In time of adverse fortune, they expect
That future days will give back power and wealth.
How few, like thee, regardless of reward,
And animated by remembered kindnesses,
Unwearied labour in the perilous service
A master no more lives to recompense ?
How shall I change the enmity of such
As thou to friendship ? It but little profits
To court alliance with a fool or coward ;
Nor do the brave and wise claim our dependence,
Unless fidelity confirm their worth.
They, who to intellect and courage join
Devoted faith, are wedded to their lords,
In adverse ever as in prosperous fortune.
I must not sleep in this. To win the chief
Demands my utmost care. Thus far, success
Befriends our cause, and on his head revert
His hostile counsels. Whilst he designed
One of the princes to destroy, and drive
Me hence, I gained his minister, directed
The shaft against Parvataka, and spread
The rumour, Rākshasa had done the deed.
So runs the general credence ; but his son,
Malayaketu, knows the truth. To him

* The regent of the planet of Jupiter, and preceptor and councillor of the gods.



'Twas purposely revealed ; and with the aid
Of Bhāgurāyaṇa, he frightened fled.
Now he is leagued with Rākshasa, and may
Defy our arms whilst aided by his policy.
Yet some discredit must attend his union
With one the world conceives his father's murderer,
A stain no skill nor craft can wipe away.
I have my spies abroad—they roam the realm,
In various garbs disguised, in various tongues
And manners skilled, and prompt to wear the show
Of zeal to either party, as need serves.
At home, my agents, versed in every shift
And quaint device, maintain assiduous quest
Amongst the people of the capital,
And instant note amidst the multitude
The covert friends of Nanda and his minister.
The chiefs, whose ready aid placed Chandragupta
Firm on his throne, are faithful to his cause,
And careful servants keep unwearied watch
To baffle those who would administer
Envenomed draughts and viands to the king.
There is a fellow of my studies, deep
In planetary influence and policy,*
The Brāhman, *Induśarman* ; him I sent,
When first I vowed the death of Nanda, hither ;
And here repairing as a *Bauddha* mendicant,†
He speedily contrived to form acquaintance
And friendship with the royal councillors.
Above them all, does Rākshasa repose

* Literally, " Having obtained great proficiency in the *Dakṣa* political system of *Uśanas*, and the sixty-four *Angas*, or branches of the *Jyotiḥ-Sāstra*, the science of astronomy or astrology."

† Having the marks of a *Kṣhapāṇaka*, which usually designates a *Bauddha* mendicant ; but, as hereafter shown, the individual is a *Jain*, not a *Bauddha*, and the confusion of terms is worthy of notice, as characteristic of a period subsequent to the disappearance of the *Baudāhas* in India.

In him implicit confidence. 'Tis well [Rises.
 We triumph in his aid. Then none shall dare
 Deride our purposes. The kingly burthen
 Unbending, Chandragupta shall sustain,
 And vigilantly guard his regal prize.
 He must not hope for indolent delights,
 Whose daring wins a throne. The king of men
 And monarch of the woods alike must vanquish
 Frequent and fierce aggression, to enjoy
 In peace the prey their prowess has achieved. [Retires.

*Enter NIPUŌAKA, a spy in the service of Chāṇakya, disguised, and carrying a scroll, or cloth with figures of Yama on it.**

Devotion to Yama† alone be selected,
 For only by him is existence protected :
 Their servants all other gods leave in the lurch,
 When Yama his messenger sends in their search,
 But trust we to Yama, and well are we sped,
 With a friend whilst alive, and a friend when we're dead.
 I'll enter here, show my pictures and chaunt my song.

(Entering Chāṇakya's house.)

Pup. Stop, stop ! you must not enter here.

Nip. No !—pray, whose house is it ?

Pup. It belongs to my preceptor, of well-selected name. ‡

* A *Yama-pāṭā*. It should seem to be a sort of raree show. The show-man probably held something of a religious character ; the person and his accompaniment are now unknown.

† The *Hindu Pluto*.

‡ *Sugrīhītanāma ārya-Chāṇakyaśya*. This phrase is of constant occurrence in the preceding dramas, as well as this, and indicates the importance attached, not to well-sounding, but to lucky or propitious appellations. This superstition was common amongst the nations of antiquity ; and, according to Cicero, care was taken in the lustration of the people, that those who conducted the victims, and on the formation of the army that the first soldier on the muster-roll should have auspicious names : Cum imperator exercitum, censor populum lustraret, bonis nominibus qui hostias ducerent, eligebantur, quod idem in delectu consules observant, ut primus miles fiat bono nomine.



Nip. Then it belongs to a brother professor ; so let me pass. I must have some talk with him, and let him see what I know.

Pup. What can you teach my master, pray ?

Nip. Don't be wroth. One man cannot know everything ; he may know some things, to be sure ; and so may even such as I am.

Pup. How dare you detract from my master ? He knows everything.

Nip. Does he know, think you, by whom *Chandra** is disliked ?

Pup. What has he to do with such knowledge ?

Nip. He will know what is to be known, I daresay ; but you only understand this, that the lotus cannot bear *Chandra* ; its disposition is counter to its shape and beauty : the place abounds with such.

Chdh. (*Overhearing.*) He means, the minds of men are yet averse

To Chandragupta.

Pup. What nonsense do you chatter ?

Nip. I talk very good sense, if——

Pup. What ?

Nip. Those who hear me understand me.

Chdh. (*Aloud.*) Advance ; you will find one, friend,
Willing to hear and understand.

Nip. Long life to your Excellency !

Chdh. (*Apart.*) Amidst my many missions I forget
What was assigned Nipuñaka. Oh ! I remember,
He was to gather and report the state
Of public feeling. Welcome, friend ; sit down.

Nip. As your honour commands. (*Sits on the ground.*)

Chdh. Now for your news. What say the citizens ?
How do they stand affected ?

Nip. Your Excellency has removed all their grievances, so

* The moon, or Chandragupta.



that they cannot choose but be well affected to the auspicious Chandragupta. There are, however, in the city three men attached personally to the minister Rākshasa, who cannot bear His Majesty's prosperity.

Chán. They weary of their lives then—who are they?

Nip. The first is a *Bauddha* beggar.

Chán. (*Apart.*) A *Bauddha* beggar—excellent! (*Aloud.*) His name?

Nip. *Jivasiddhi*.

Chán. (*Apart.*) My own true emissary. (*Aloud.*) Well, who next?

Nip. Rākshasa's very particular friend, the scribe *Sākata-Dása*.

Chán. (*Apart.*) A scribe—a matter of light moment; yet

'Tis well not to despise a foe though humble:

He has been noted—and *Siddhārthaka*

Fastened upon him as a friend. (*Aloud.*) The third?

Nip. Is also the friend of Rākshasa, an inhabitant of *Push-papur*, the head of the jewellers, named *Chandana-Dása*. In his house the wife of the minister was left when he fled from the city.

Chán. (*Apart.*) This man must be, in truth, his friend:

To one, alone, he valued as himself,

Would Rākshasa commit so dear a charge.

(*Aloud.*) How know you that the wife of Rākshasa

Was left in trust of *Chandana-Dás*?

Nip. This seal-ring will apprise you.

Chán. (*Taking the ring * and reading the name.*) Rākshasa—
Rākshasa is in my grasp! (*Aloud.*) How got you this?

* *Angulija mudrá*, a finger-ring seal. Seals or signets of this kind were from the earliest periods commonly used in the East. Ahasuerus takes his signet off his hand and gives it first to Haman and again to Mordecai: and Herodotus notices that each of the Babylonians wore a seal-ring. The Greeks and Romans had their rings curiously engraved with devices, and that cast by Polykrates into the sea was the work of an engraver whose name the historian has not thought unworthy of commemoration. Thus also in the Demagogues of Aristophanes:—

“*Demus.*



Niv. I will tell your Excellency. It was your pleasure that I should take note of the sentiments and conduct of the citizens. To gain free access to their habitations I assumed this disguise, and amongst other houses I entered that of Chandana-Dāsa. Exhibiting the *Yama* show, I commenced my ballad, when a little boy of about five years of age, of a most lovely appearance, his eyes sparkling with the curiosity common at his years, ran out from a verandah in the court. Cries of, "He is gone out—he is gone out!" uttered by female voices, proceeded instantly from the apartment adjoining, and a woman

"*Demus.* This is no ring of mine; it tallies not

With my device, or much my eyes deceive me.

"*Sausage-seller.* Allow me, sir. What might be your impression?

"*Dem.* A roasted *thrūm* in thick fat enclosed.

"*Saus.* I see no *thrūm*.

"*Dem.* What the impression then?

"*Saus.* A wide-mouthed gull, high seated on a rock,

In act to make a speech."

The use of the seal amongst the ancients, as amongst the Orientals to the present day, was not, as with us, to secure an envelope, but to verify letters and documents in place of a written signature. Amongst the natives of Hindustan, both Mohammedan and Hindu, the seal is engraved with the name of the wearer; and the surface being smeared superficially only with ink, the application of the seal to the paper leaves the letters which are cut in the stone, white on a black ground. Such also was the manner in which the seals of the Greeks and Romans were applied. It might be suspected that the translator of Euripides was thinking of a seal of wax on the outside of a letter, in the following passage in *Iphigenia in Aulis*:

"*Attendant.* But how, if I speak thus, shall I find credit,

Or with your daughter, or the royal dame?

"*Agamemnon.* The seal which on that letter I have stamped,

Preserve 'unbroken.'"

It is literally "Take care of the seal which you bear on that letter." The stage direction should be probably "giving his ring to the messenger," a mark of confidence, and a confirmation of the previously impressed signature, which would induce Clytemnestra to trust him implicitly. There could be no need to charge the messenger not to break, or not to efface, a mere impression within a folded letter, as it is previously described; and if that impression alone were sufficient to inspire belief, it was unnecessary for the messenger to require of Agamemnon to grant any further token. *Sphragis*, the word used in all these places, is placed by Julius Pollux amongst the synonymes of finger-ring seals, *Episēmoi daktylioi*.



coming to the door caught hold of the child and dragged him in with some little resistance. She exposed her person with evident caution, so that little more of her was distinguished than a pair of very beautiful arms. In the struggle with the child, however, this ring, which, as it is a man's ring, was probably too large for her finger, slipped off, and rolling near my foot, stopped there, like a modest woman stooping to make a bow. I took an opportunity of picking it up unobserved, and finding that it bore the name of Rākshasa, I brought it to your honour.

Chdā. Sārngarava!

Enter PUPIL.

(To Nipūñaka.) You may withdraw, now I have heard the story:

But before long your toils shall be rewarded.

Nip. As you command.

[Exit.]

Chdā. Paper and ink! What shall I write? By this
Is Rākshasa to be subdued.

Enter a FEMALE SERVANT.

Serv. Victory to your Excellency!

Chdā. (Apart.) I accept the omen.* *(Aloud.)* Soñottará,
what news?

* Great importance is attached to the fortuitous expressions of individuals throughout these dramas, and a prosperous or unprosperous result anticipated from the thoughts or the words, by the person to whom they are addressed. The Greek plays are full of similar instances, and they are sufficiently abundant in every other department of classical literature. Cicero cites various curious examples in his book "De Divinatione." That related of Lucius Paulus is very analogous to the instance in the text. "Lucius Paulus the consul had been appointed to conduct the war against Perseus. On returning to his house in the evening he found his little daughter Tertia full of grief, and on asking her what was the matter, replied, 'Persa (a puppy so-named) is no more.' Taking her up in his arms, and kissing her, the consul exclaimed, 'I accept the omen,' and the event corresponded with the expression." The effect of the omen seems also with the Hindus, as well as the Greeks and Romans, to have depended in a great measure upon a person's applying it, and signifying his acceptance of it. The phrase addressed to Chāñakya is a customary one to princes and ministers, *Jayatu āryak!*, and



Śoñ. His Majesty Śrī-Chandra has sent me with his profound respects, to request your assistance in paying the final honours to Parvateśwara; and it is his wish to make an offering to learned Brāhmanas of the jewels and valuable articles worn by that prince.

Chāñ. (*Apart.*) In all he meets my wishes. (*Aloud.*) Go, Śoñottarā,

Inform the king his purpose is most fitting,
And should be speedily performed. As for the gems,
They are no doubt of cost, and should be given
Only to Brāhmanas of repute. Those I will send
When I have put their merits to the test,
To take the presents at his hands.

Śoñ. I obey. [*Exit.*]

Chāñ. Śarṅgarava, seek out Viśwāvasu;
Bid him and his three brothers from the king
Receive those gifts, and then repair to me.

[*Exit Pupil.*]

What further purpose shall I give the letter?
My spies inform me, of the *Mlechchha* princes,
The chiefest five, or Chitravarman, king
Of Kulūta—the king of Malaya, Nṛsimha,
The lion-voiced—the monarch of Cashmir,
Brave Pushkarāksha—Sindhusheṇa, prince
Of Saindhava, for enemies o'erthrown
Renowned; and powerful with his hordes of horse,
Meghāksha—Pārasika's sovereign:* these
Are friends of Rākshasa. I write their names;
Let Chitragupta† wipe them from the record.—

it is rendered prophetic by Chāñakya's assent, *Grīhīto 'yam jaya-śabdaḥ*—“The word *jaya* (victory) is accepted.” *Oionon dechesthai*, Omen arripere, and *śabdaṁ grīhītum*, are terms of similar import in the three languages.

* The position of Kulūta is not known; that of Malaya, the western Ghats, is very oddly introduced as a kingdom other than Hindū. *Saindhava*, is Sindh and Balochistan; and *Pārasika*, Persia.

† The registrar of *Yama*, or the recorder of the dead.