

Bhāsa

The Minister's Vows

(Pratijñā-Yaugandharāyaṇam)

translated by

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In parentheses Publications

Sanskrit Series

Cambridge, Ontario 2000

INTRODUCTION

Many are the stories of Udayana the king of the Vatsas and his adventures in Ujjain. The capital of the Vatsas (also called Vamsas) was at Kauśāmbī, the modern Kosam, on the banks of the Jamna near Allahabad.¹

In Buddha's days their king was called Udayana (Pali Udena). The stories of how he obtained his wives seem to reflect some ups and downs of that little kingdom between the powerful neighbours of Ujjain and Magadha.

Vāsavadattā, the first queen, represents an alliance with Ujjain and Padmāvati, the second queen an alliance with Magadha. King Udayana, the hero of these tales, is represented as the perfection of chivalry, specially skilled in the management of elephants and of the lute. He captured the heart of Vāsavadattā, the Princess of Ujjain, by teaching her the lute. He carried her off on a stolen elephant. To do all this he must be in Ujjain. The story brings him there as a prisoner of war. But such a perfect hero could never be defeated in the ordinary way. He could only be captured by some trick. The ruse employed was that of the famous artificial elephant made to hold a hundred soldiers. This was made to look like a huge blue elephant and placed in a remote glade of the forest. King Udayana is induced to leave his army to hunt this wonderful elephant. Completely deceived in spite of his elephant lore, he is captured and taken to Ujjain.

Our play begins at a point where Udayana has set out, and his minister, Yaugandharāyaṇa, gets news of the trick which the king of Ujjain intends to use. The minister has sent for a man to take a message of warning to the king. A soldier Hamsaka arrives and describes in a long dialogue with the minister how the king was captured and taken to Ujjain. The minister, full of remorse at the inadequacy of his precautions, makes a solemn vow that he will outwit the victorious king of Ujjain and restore Udayana to Kauśāmbī. (ACT I.)

¹Long disputed, this identification has been finally established by R. B. Daya Ram.

Bhasa's scene of the artificial elephant was criticized by Bhāmaha as incredible. Is this the scene so criticized?

The next act introduces us to a domestic scene in the palace at Ujjain. The old king cannot make up his mind about his daughter's marriage, and speaks of various suitors. "Why these details?" says the queen. "Give her to such a one that we may never rue the day." "Oh yes," replies the king, "it is easy for you to say that now, and for me to listen to your reproaches afterwards." As the king puts the question—"Which seems to thee most worthy?" a chamberlain bursts in with: "The king of the Vatsas," and relates the capture of Udayana.

Here, as in the queen's mention of her daughter's latest craze to learn the lute, the audience gets hints of what is to come; a frequent feature of these plays.

The account of Udayana's capture and the orders given for his reception redound to his honour. The king begins to waver. (ACT II.)

In the third act the minister, Yaugandharāyaṇa, communicates his plot to his colleague, Rumaṇvān, and the jester of the Vatsa court. They meet in Ujjain disguised. The jester appears as a mendicant prattling about a bowl of sweets. To him come a Madman and then a Buddhist monk. The three forgather in a Fire Shrine, and we learn who they are. The plot is to infuriate a female elephant so that Udayana's assistance might be sought. He will then mount and ride away. Unfortunately the Vatsa king is enamoured of the Ujjain princess, and will never go without her. Yaugandharāyaṇa makes his second vow and swears his king shall take the maid as well. They break up their conference, the madman going out gibbering to the boys in the street. (ACT III.)

In an amusing interlude an intoxicated page, really a Vatsa spy, describes how he pawned the elephant Bhadrāvātī. Then he tells us of the capture of Yaugandharāyaṇa. "What is this?" asks a soldier. "All Kauśāmbī is here except the wall and the gatehouse."

The captive minister converses with a minister of Ujjain. A chamberlain arrives with a present from the king of Ujjain and the news that their Majesties propose to make the best of things and celebrate the marriage by means of painted portraits. (ACT IV.)

Two of the principal characters in the story do not appear at all. We are told so much about the hero, Udayana, the king of the Vatsas, that it is almost with surprise we realize at the end of the play that we have never seen him. We seem to know him by his impulsive actions, his daring, his pride, and his readiness to fall in love, but all his words and whims have been reported by others. The author may well have felt that Udayana should not appear while he

was in captivity. Vāsavadattā, was still a girl not yet betrothed. We do not see her, but we are continually reminded of her existence and of her importance as a factor in the plot. There were several variant versions of the story, and it is not quite clear what is supposed to have happened between act ii and act iii or between act iii and act iv. Indeed, there seems to be some inconsistency. In act ii the conversation of the king and queen about their daughter seems to lead up to the well-known incident of the music lesson—in which Udayana, introduced behind a curtain as a teacher of the lute, is taunted by his pupil and lifts the curtain.

The queen says Vāsavadattā has gone to a lady-musician for a lesson on the lute. “Whence this sudden desire for music?” asks the king. “She saw another girl playing and wishes to learn herself.” “That is just like a girl,” grumbles the king. “And there is something I was to tell you,” adds the queen; “she would like a teacher, she says.” To which the king, “What does she want a teacher for, just when she is about to be married? Her husband will teach her.” The audience must inevitably think of Udayana as the teacher and the husband.

Later on the chamberlain brings in Udayana’s famous lute, and the king sends it to Vāsavadattā.

Then hearing of Udayana’s wounds his heart softens towards his enemy. He orders that the captive is to be treated with every consideration. There should be no tactless talk.

Learning that he had been carried into the Middle Palace and placed near the peacocks’ perches, he is dissatisfied, and commands that the wounded man be taken into the *mañibhūmikā* to shield him from the sun.

By the end of the act he begins to feel some affection for his defeated adversary, whom we in the audience all know to be his future son-in-law.

Now in act iii a very different incident is used to introduce Vāsavadattā to Udayana, and we learn that the Vatsa king is in prison. “His fetters clank as he bows before the gods” (iii. 4). But he still has (or has recovered) his lute. “So by the very consent of his enemy he can come out of prison, grasping the lute, which shares his sorrows, and subdue the elephant.” Then we are told that the Princess Vāsavadattā went in an open palanquin to worship at a shrine opposite the prison gate. Udayana happened to be taking the air outside the prison gate with the permission of the superintendent. “Then the palanquin was halted for the men to change shoulders, and he saw the princess as clearly as you like.” And then the prison was turned into a garden of delight and he was ready to play a comedy of passion.

“But surely,” objects the minister, “the king cannot have fallen in love with her?” “Troubles, sir, comes in shoals,” replies the jester, “That is exactly what he has done.”

The music lesson is referred to in *The Vision of Vāsavadattā* in which Udayana speaks of his pupil. When did it take place? We can hardly place it before act iii, and suppose that the jester and the ministers knew nothing about it. Indeed, the usual account is that Yaugandharāyaṇa arranged it. We must suppose, then, that the music lessons were arranged between act iii and act iv. This would fit in as the means of carrying out the minister’s second vow to carry off “both the king and the long-eyed maid.” (iii. 9.)

This involves postponing the departure of Udayana, which had been arranged for the following day. Also it involves a modification of the usual account of the music lesson as the occasion of the first meeting of the lovers.

Is it possible that act ii is by a different hand? The first act, or something like the first act, we know was written by Bhāsa, as the main idea of it and some details have been criticized. The third act is vigorous and original. Every one enjoys the Interlude, with the intoxicated page who pawned the elephant, and here we find the old verse common to the *Arthaśāstra*. The rest of the fourth act merely glorifies Yaugandharāyaṇa, and tells us that the king and queen have determined to celebrate the marriage between the Vatsa king and Vāsavadattā, by means of painted portraits. (The painted portraits reoccur at the end of *The Vision of Vāsavadattā*.) For the stage act iv is slow with no dramatic movement or situation. It alludes to the music lesson (iv. 18) and to Mahāsena’s kindness.

At the same time it must be admitted that the Court Scene is clever, and if it be by a second hand, that second hand was skilful, and reminds us of the delicate handling of several scenes in *The Vision of Vāsavadattā*.

Note. Dr. Sarup will not admit any inconsistency. He thinks acts iii and iv form a harmonious whole with Act ii and give a logical development of the course of events in continuation of act ii. He admits that the playwright’s version of the lover’s first meeting differs from that of other writers, but no other version is given in this play. He thinks the music lesson came later, the famous lute having been restored to Udayana in the meantime, or at any rate in time to charm the elephant. The reversal of the sympathetic treatment of the captive king he would ascribe to the influence of the minister, Bharatarohaka.

Some inconsistency, of course, would not be necessarily fatal to authenticity.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(In order of appearance.)

Stage-manager and **Actress**, only in the Prologue to introduce the play. The name of the Sūtra-dhāra “holder of the strings” is derived from some form of puppet play.

In Kauśāmbī

Yaugandharāyaṇa, the principal minister of Udayana the Vatsa king.

Sālaka, the intended messenger not required.

Vijayā = Portress, stock name of a female doorkeeper.

Nirmuṇḍaka, “Shaveling,” servant in the minister’s household.

Hamsaka, “Gosling,” a soldier of Udayana’s escort, returned.

Brahman.

In Ujjain

Chamberlain of the Avantī Court. (**Bādarāyaṇa.**)

King of Ujjain, **Pradyota** or **Mahāsena.**

Queen of Ujjain (**Aṅgāravatī.**)

Jester (Vasantaka) of Kauśāmbī, disguised as a beggar.

Madman = Yaugandharāyaṇa in disguise.

Buddhist Monk = Rumaṇvān the other Vatsa minister.

Two soldiers (or servants).

Page (a Vatsa spy) who feigns intoxication.

Two servants.

Bharatarohaka, minister of Ujjain.

N.B. Two principals, **Udayana**, king of the Vatsas, and **Vāsavadattā**, princess of Ujjain, do not appear at all.

PROLOGUE

[*At the end of the Opening enter the **Stage-Manager.***]

Stage-Manager.

May the son of Yugandhara² protect you, he that is styled the infant King, lord of a mighty host, of exceeding great vigour who, allied with his own energy, gave victory to Indra.³(1)

[*Walks about, looking towards the back of the stage.*]

Come here, good lady.

[*Enter an **Actress.***]

Actress. Here I am, sir.

Manager. Come now, sing us something. After that, when the audience has been put into a good humour by your song, we will begin the performance. Why, good lady, what is this hesitation? Are not you going to sing?

Actress. I have had a dream, sir, this very day, that all is not well with my relatives, so I wish your honour would send a man to find out how my people are.

Manager. Very well,

A man will I send palpably fit for the purpose.

[***Yaugandharāyaṇa's** Voice behind the scene.*] Sālaka, are you ready?

Manager.

Just as Yaugandharāyaṇa here

is sending out his man.(2)

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

²Skanda son of Śiva.

³By paronomasia the verse introduces the names of Vāsavadattā, Mahāsena, Yaugandharāyaṇa, and the King of the Vatsas.

ACT I

[The scene is in the Vatsa Palace at Kauśāmbī.]

[Enter **Yaugandharāyaṇa** with **Sālaka**.]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Sālaka, are you ready?

Sālaka. Quite ready, sir.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. You have a very long way to go.

Sālaka. The devotion with which I serve your honour will go still further.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Ha! A strong man or a devoted man will go far. For,

A difficult task should be entrusted to devoted agents, or to a connoisseur of qualities held in esteem.

Whosoever be the plan by which efficiency is purchased, success or failure depends on the dictates of fate.(3)

To-morrow the king is to leave the Bamboo Forest and pass through three of the densest woods to the Elephant Forest, and you must wait on him before he starts.

Sālaka. I suppose, sir, I shall be sent With a letter containing the gist of the business.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vijayā.

[Enter **Vijayā**.]

Vijayā. Here I am, sir.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vijayā, hurry up that letter and the ribbon.⁴

Vijayā. Yes, sir. [Exit.]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Have you ever been that way before?

Sālaka. No, but I have heard about it.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. That, too, is a sign of an intelligent man. Well, a report has reached us, that Pradyota means to hoodwink our king by setting up a

⁴*Pratisâra*. "Cord or ribbon worn as an amulet"

blue elephant and masking its body with forest elephants. I only hope our master's judgement has not already been led astray. But oh, how fearful Pradyota must be of the king of the Vatsas! The inefficiency of his vast army is manifest. For,

A huge force he clearly has, but lacking in unity of action, a number of brave warriors there are therein, but no devotion.

So in the hour of battle he prefers to resort to a trick. For every army without devotion is no better than a wife that lacks the same.(4)

[Enter Vijayā.]

Vijayā. Here is the letter. The queen-mother says the ribbon is being prepared quickly by all the married ladies.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vijayā, my compliments to her Majesty, and would she let me have the ribbon whether it is prepared by all the married ladies, or is only a single one.

Vijayā. Very well, sir. *[Exit.]*

[Enter Nirmuṇḍaka.]

Nirmuṇḍaka. Your honour's health.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. How now, Nirmuṇḍaka?

Nirmuṇḍaka. Your honour, Haṃsaka is here, he has come from his Majesty.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What, Haṃsaka, come alone? Sālaka, you can take a moment's rest. Either you will have to go doubly quick or else take your ease.

Sālaka. Very well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Nirmuṇḍaka, bring in Haṃsaka.

Nirmuṇḍaka. Very good, sir. *[Exit.]*

Yaugandharāyaṇa. That Haṃsaka, who has never before left the king's side, should have come here alone fills me with apprehension. For, Like a man who comes home from abroad, after leaving his kinsfolk in trouble, my mind is now on tenter-hooks. Shall I hear good news or bad?(5)

[Enter Haṃsaka and Nirmuṇḍaka.]

Nirmuṇḍaka. Come in, sir.

Haṃsaka. Where is his honour?

Nirmuṇḍaka. That's him standing there. Go up to him.

Haṃsaka. *[Approaching.]* Your honour's health.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Haṃsaka, do not say the king has gone to the Elephant Forest.

Haṃsaka. Why, sir, the king went there yesterday.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Alack! It's useless sending. We have been deceived. But is there any hope? Or must our life end this very day?

Haṃsaka. The king still lives at least.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. "Still lives"—that indicates a lesser calamity. My master must have been taken prisoner.

Haṃsaka. Yes, your honour's guessed right. The king's been taken.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What, my royal master taken prisoner? Alas! alas! a mighty task has been accomplished by the good fortune of Pradyota. From this day on there is clear proof of the incapacity and disgrace of the ministers of the Vatsa king. Where is Rumaṇvān now, so wise in dealing with events before they happen? What has become of the cavalry? For,

This devoted cavalry recruited from good families, captivated by the friendship of the king—every trooper fit with exercise and versed in tactics—was it bought by the foe? or lost in a trackless jungle? Or was it all overwhelmed and destroyed in battle?(6)

Haṃsaka. If the king had been accompanied by the whole of his escort this misfortune would not have happened.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What! my master was not accompanied by the whole of his escort?

Haṃsaka. Hearken, your honour.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. You are tired with your journey. Sit down.

Haṃsaka. Very good, sir. [*Sits down.*] Hearken, your honour. One night just before dawn, a pleasant time for riding, the king crossed the River Narmadā by the sandy ford, and, leaving the ladies encamped in the Bamboo Forest, he set out for the Elephant Forest by a path fit for wild animals with nothing but an umbrella and a force just sufficient to cope with a herd of elephants.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Yes, and then?

Haṃsaka. When the sun had risen the space of an arrow-shot and we had gone so many leagues and were still a league away from the Madagandhīra Mountain, we sighted our herd of elephants, throwing up mud from a pond as uneven in appearance as stone-work half finished.⁵

Yaugandharāyaṇa. And what then?

⁵The rounded slatey backs of the elephants splashed with wet mud resemble a wall of dark grey boulders being built.

Haṃsaka. While the troops were reconnoitring and the herd, getting suspicious, had formed up in a mass, a certain foot soldier, the author of all this trouble, came up to the king.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Stay. Did he not say he had seen about a league from the place an elephant that was blue all over, except the nails and tusks, with its body covered by jasmine creepers and *sāl* trees?

Haṃsaka. What, your honour knew about that? Then the mischief has happened while we were awake.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Ah, Haṃsaka, a man may be awake, but fate is stronger. Go on.

Haṃsaka. Then the king honoured the cruel fellow with a gift of a hundred gold pieces and said: “It must be that sovereign elephant called Blue Lotus that I have read of in a treatise on elephants. Do you attend carefully to this herd, while I go with my lute and bring in that other tusker.”

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What, then, was Rumaṇvān doing to neglect his master at that moment?

Haṃsaka. No, no! With all courtesy the minister tried to dissuade the king. “Quite possibly you might capture even the elephants of the quarters, Airāvaṇa and the rest. But frontier districts being difficult to protect are always troublesome. People living on the frontier are shameless and devoid of good breeding. So let us leave this herd to the infantry only and all of us go together. Your Highness should not go alone.”

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Did Rumaṇvān say this to the king before the army? I wish I too could show such unspeakable devotion to my master. What happened then?

Haṃsaka. Then the king silenced the minister with an oath touching his life, got down from the elephant “Dark Cloud” and mounted his horse Sundarapāṭala. Then the sun being less than half-way in its course, with only twenty soldiers, away he rode.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. To victory! Alack, in my zeal I am forgetting your previous story. Well, proceed.

Haṃsaka. Then after we had gone about double the distance, we sighted at a hundred bow-lengths that counterfeit of a divine elephant. Its blue colour was lost in the shadows of the *sāl* trees of the same hue, but it was revealed by the bright pair of tusks sticking out as it were from nothing.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Say rather, Haṃsaka, it was our misery that you sighted. Well, go on.

Haṃsaka. Then the king dismounted from his horse and drew near with a salute to the deities and with his lute in his hand. Then there arose behind us a mighty uproar that seemed to be concerted with one purpose.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. An uproar, you say? Go on.

Haṃsaka. When we faced about to ascertain the cause of the uproar, that artificial elephant manned by warriors instead of elephant-men advanced towards us.'

Yaugandharāyaṇa. And then?

Haṃsaka. Then the king heartened the young noblemen, calling them by name and their family names. "This is just one of Pradyota's tricks," says he.—"Follow me," he says; with valour will I now counter the enemy's move for ill his unfair start," and with these words he rushed on the foe.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Rushed on the foe? Nay, but he was right.

A high-minded hero relying on his courage, mortified at being deceived, and set in a narrow strait—what else could he do?(7)

Proceed.

Haṃsaka. Playing as it were with his horse Sundarapātala, who obeyed his slightest wish, he struck with even greater fury than he had intended, exerting himself to the utmost because the enemy was so much more numerous. Then when all his following was dead or wounded, with only myself to protect—no, no, to be protected by him, wearied with fighting the livelong day, fallen from his horse on account of buffets innumerable, at the dread hour of the darkening sun, the king swooned away.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. The king swooned away? What then?

Haṃsaka. Then to the best of their power they outraged the king, binding his person like a common fellow's with rough creepers, torn out recklessly from the nearest thicket.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What, outraged the king?

Bonds were fixed on his arms in place of bracelets. Huge in the shoulder, those two arms with their expanding sinews are as thick as elephants trunks, while the hands thereof make the bow vibrate, endlessly fixing on arrows carried afar, arms that are busy in homage to brahmans, arms that honour his friends with their embraces.(8)

At what time did the king recover consciousness?

Haṃsaka. Why, your honour, when the wretches had done with their insults.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Thank heaven, though they assaulted his person they could not mar his glory. And then?

Haṃsaka. When they saw the king had come to, those wretches ran off in all directions, describing the valour of our royal master by crying “He has slain my brother, he has slain my father... and my son, and my mate—” and so forth.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What happened then?

Haṃsaka. Another strange thing. After urging one another on, one of them resolved to do a dreadful deed. Brutally he grasped the king’s locks, dishevelled in the press of battle, and dragged his face to the south, then gripping the sword in his hand he took a run, to give force to his onset and—

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Stay a moment, Haṃsaka, that I may get my breath.

Haṃsaka. And at the pace he was going the brute stumbled where the ground was slippery with pools of blood, and fell down helpless, balked of his fell design.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Down he fell, the wretch. Yes,

When the Earth is not harried by foemen’s chariots and is free from confusion of castes, herself protected she guards her lord in distress.(9)

Haṃsaka. Then there appeared on the scene one of Pradyota’s ministers called Śālāṅkāyana, whom the king had stunned with a blow of his spear. He gave the order for no violence.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Well?

Haṃsaka. Then he saluted the king, a rare courtesy at such a time, and had him freed of his fetters.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. My master released! Well done, Śālāṅkāyana! Distress can change even an enemy into a friend. Haṃsaka, I feel somewhat relieved. And what did this excellent person do next?

Haṃsaka. The king was too badly wounded to ride, so this gentleman had him put in a litter, with many courteous expressions of sympathy, and took him to Ujjain.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. My master taken away!

This is the very disgrace we feared, this surpasses Pradyota’s expectation. His very pride involves our king in misery.(10)

How shall the king look at him, whom erstwhile he ignored? Perfect in speech, how shall he listen to cowardly taunts? How shall

he restrain his wrath made impotent by capture? A prisoner is humiliated be he well treated or insulted.(11)

[*Enter Portress.*]

Portress. Sir, here is the ribbon.

Yaugandharāyaṇa.

These things are brought at a time when the destruction of our good fortune makes them useless, like the auspicious lustration of a charger, when the war is over.(12)

Portress. Here is the ribbon, sir.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Put it away, Vijayā.

Portress. What am I to say to the queen-mother?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Yes, Vijayā, there's that.

Portress. What's that?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. This.

Portress. Speak, sir, do speak out.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Well, it cannot be suppressed. I shall inform her Majesty. Vijayā, steel your heart. [*Whispers.*] It's like this ...

Portress. Ah!

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vijayā, your name forbids weakness.

Portress. So, I will go, unhappy.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Do not tell her Majesty all at once, Vijayā, that the king has been taken prisoner. One must guard a mother's heart, so tender with affection.

Portress. How am I to tell her, then?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Listen.

First discourse on the evils of war, suggesting dangers. When the meaning is doubtful, death suspected and grief at its height, then report the actual facts.(13)

Portress. I will manage it. [*Exit.*]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Haṃsaka, why didn't you go with the king?

Haṃsaka. Sir, I was set on doing myself that honour, but I was charged by Śālaṅkāyana to go to Kauśāmbī and report the news.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What was his intention, to reduce us to despair? Or is he ridding himself of the attendance of a devoted servant?

Haṃsaka. Very likely.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. By his arrogance he stands revealed, and in the success of all his undertakings he can rejoice. But did the king say nothing about me?

Hamsaka. He did, your honour. As I took respectful farewell of the king, half-blind with unshed tears, seeming as if he had much to communicate, he said to me, “Go and see Yaugandharāyaṇa.”

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Speak out freely, these are the words of the king.

Hamsaka. “Go and see Yaugandharāyaṇa.”

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Nay now, did he say nothing of all the ministers of the council, and only mention me?

Hamsaka. That is so.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. If he sends you to me alone, it is because my precautions were inadequate, because I have not earned his salt, because I have made no return for the dignity bestowed upon me.

Hamsaka. Very likely.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. The king shall see me another man.

Be it in the enemy’s capital, in bondage or in the forest, be it in the next world, if destruction come upon him, he shall find me equally devoted.

I shall outwit that king who thinks himself the victor, and my lord, restored to his kingdom, shall praise the faithful servant at his side.(14)

[*Behind the Scene.*] Woe, woe, the master taken.

Yaugandharāyaṇa.

There are the women wailing to ease their grief as best they may, thereby proclaiming the incapacity of the ministers.(15)

[*Enter Portress.*]

Portress. The queen-mother, sir,—

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Yes?

Portress. Says—

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What?

Portress. “To such a gallant king of the Vatsas, surrounded by his friends, this thing has happened. What can be done in the face of Fate? So we must honour his friends and take heart. Now there is one man who is too wise to be despondent in difficulties, or lose heart before obstacles, who does not despair when he has been tricked, or abandon his life when he fails. That man I request, first as the friend of my Vatsa, and secondly as his minister, like another son, to restore my son to me.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Ah, those are brave words from her Majesty, characteristic of the royal house. I reverence her for her esteem. Vijayā, some water.

Portress. Yes, sir. [*Exit and re-enters.*] Here is water.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Give it me. [*Sips.*] Vijayā, what did her Majesty say?

Portress. “My son, restore my son to me.”

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What did the king say, Haṃsaka?

Haṃsaka. ”Go and see Yaugandharāyaṇa.”

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vijayā,

If I do not liberate the king, seized by the enemy’s force, like the moon by Rāhu, my name is not Yaugandharāyaṇa.(16)⁶

Portress. So be it, your honour. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Nirmuṇḍaka.*]

Nirmuṇḍaka. A strange thing, sir. A number of brahmans were bidden to a feast for the good of the king. Another brahman, dressed as a madman, saw them there and laughed aloud, saying: “Eat freely, reverend gentlemen, eat to your hearts’ content. Prosperity is coming to this royal house.” And then right on the words he vanished.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Is this true?

[*Enter a Brahman.*]

Brahman. These are the peculiar clothes that reverend brahman wore and left behind for some purpose of his own. It was the Blessed Dvaipāyana that came disguised in these clothes.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. So Dvaipāyana came here.

Brahman. Yes.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Let us see those clothes.

Brahman. Here they are, sir.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Why, now, I am transformed, Look you, Sir, I feel as if I had reached the king’s presence. These clothes have been left for my instruction.

This madman’s guise, donned by the holy man, will cover me and liberate the king.(17)

[*Enter Portress.*]

Portress. Your honour, the queen-mother says she wishes to see her son.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. At once, I come. Good sir, wait for me in the chapel.⁷

⁶This is the minister's first vow.

⁷*Śāntigṛha*. A small room for the performance of propitiatory rites.

Brahman. Very well. [*Exit.*]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Haṃsaka, now you may rest yourself.

Haṃsaka. Very well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Lead the way, Vijayā.

Portress. As your honour wishes.

Yaugandharāyaṇa.

Fire springs from wood which is rotated: the earth when dug yields water. Nothing is impossible for men of daring. All efforts starting on the right, road come to fruition.(18)

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II

INTERLUDE

[*The scene is in Ujjain, the capital of Avanti.*]

[*Enter the Chamberlain.*]

Chamberlain. Ābhīraka! Go, Ābhīraka, and take this message from Mahāsenā to the keeper of the gate. “The noble Jaivanti, preceptor of the king of Benares, has arrived to-day on an embassy. Let him be lodged in comfort without regard to the ordinary treatment of an envoy. Every effort must be made that he may enjoy the hospitality due to a guest.” Ah, so it goes on from day to day. Embassies are sent by royal houses of suitable rank to sue for the hand of the Princess, but Mahāsenā refuses nobody and favours none. Now why is that? Surely it is Fate that is controlling the princess’s marriage. For

It is manifest that our Monarch awaits an envoy from that king whose destined bride she is. Until that envoy comes, he knows, but disregards the qualities of other kings.(1)

Ah! the cowering of the attendants in this place shows the master is at hand. So here comes Mahāsenā.

His sturdy arms are studded with sapphires, glistening like blades of *dūrvā* grass, and encircled with golden armlets; and he issues from this forest glade of golden palms like the God of War from a thicket of reeds.⁸⁽²⁾

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE INTERLUDE.

[*Enter the King of Ujjain with his retinue.*]

King.

⁸Kārtikeya the God of War was said to have sprung from a thicket of reeds.

Kings reduced to servitude carry on their coronets the dust from my charger's hooves. Yet am I not content while the virtuous Vatsa king bows not his head, proud as he is of his elephant lore.(3)

Bādarāyaṇa!

[*Enter the Chamberlain.*]

Chamberlain. Greeting.

King. Is Jaivanti lodged?

Chamberlain. Yes, lodged and suitably entertained.

King. You have done well. Your zeal is ever for the glory of the royal house. An honourable reception is ordained for all arrivals. But every one I question about the marriage of the princess conceals his own opinion. [*Looking at the Chamberlain.*] I think you wish to speak, Bādarāyaṇa.

Chamberlain. It is nothing. An idea struck me about the marriage.

King. Come now, no concealment. This business concerns everybody. Speak out.

Chamberlain. Mahāsenā, this is what I would say:

From day to day envoys are sent by royal houses of the proper rank to sue for the Princess' hand; but your Highness refuses nobody and favours none. Now why is that?

King. Bādarāyaṇa, this is how it is. I am so eager for the best qualities in the bridegroom, and so fond of Vāsavadattā, that I cannot make up my mind.

For first of all I have set my mind on his coming from a noble house, and then he must have a tender heart, for this quality, though gentle, is powerful.

Thirdly he must have beauty, no virtue indeed, but women dread its absence. Lastly he must be fierce and strong to protect his youthful bride.(4)

Chamberlain. All these virtues are not found in these days combined in one man, except in Mahāsenā.

King. That is what makes me hesitate.

To find a good mate for his girl, needs a father's greatest care. The rest depends on Fate. Contrariwise I have never seen it go.(5)

But the mothers always grieve when a daughter is given in marriage. So ask the queen to come here.

Chamberlain. As your Highness commands. [*Exit.*]

King. Ha! This embassy from the King of Benares reminds me of Śālaṅkāyana, who went to capture the Vatsa king. Another day and no news from the good brahman.

Though our plan was based on his favourite sport, all his ministers are there to exert their zeal.(6)

[Enter the **Queen** with her retinue.]

Queen. Mahāsena, greeting.

King. Pray be seated.

Queen. As my lord commands. [*Sits down.*]

King. Where is Vāsavadattā?

Queen. She has gone to Uttarā, a lady-musician, for a lesson on the Nārada lute.

King. Whence this sudden desire for music?

Queen. She happened to see Kāñcanamālā playing on a lute and wished to learn herself.

King. That is just like a girl.

Queen. And there is something I was to tell you.

King. What is it?

Queen. She would like a teacher, she says.

King. What does she want a teacher for, just when she is about to be married? Her husband will teach her.

Queen. Oh! Has the time really come for my little girl to go?

King. Come now. You were always pestering me with, “It must be arranged, it must be arranged.” So why are you distressed?

Queen. I am anxious for her betrothal. It is parting from her that pains me. But to whom is she betrothed?

King. We have not yet decided.

Queen. Not even yet?

King.

A maid unwed is a source of shame, and when betrothed, of an anxious mind. ’Twi’xt love and duty mothers are in a sorry plight.(7)

Vāsavadattā is certainly of an age to attend her father-in-law. And to-day there has come another envoy, the noble Jaivanti, preceptor to the king of Benares. I am attracted by his reputation. [*Aside.*] She says not a word. But she is agitated and her eyes are filled with tears. How can she come to any conclusion? Well, I must tell her about it. [*Aloud.*] As suitors for alliance with us there are the kings...

Queen. Why these details? Give her to such a one that we may never rue the day.

King. Oh yes, it is easy for you to say that now, and for me to listen to your reproaches afterwards. This is a difficult matter, so do make your own choice, my queen. Listen,

Our ally of Magadha, Benares' king, the lords of Vaṅga, Surāshṭra, Mithilā, and Śūasena, all of these attract me by their various qualities. Which seems to thee most worthy?(8)

[Enter Chamberlain.]

Chamberlain. The king of the Vatsas.

King. What is this, the king of the Vatsas?

Chamberlain. Pardon, Your Highness, pardon. In my haste to give you good tidings I forgot the proper procedure.

King. Good tidings, you say?

Queen. [Rising.] Long live the king.

King. [Joyfully.] Why would you miss the good news? Pray be seated.

Queen. As my lord commands. [Sits down.]

King. Rise and speak freely.

Chamberlain. [Rising.] The honourable minister Śālaṅkāyana has captured the king of the Vatsas.

King. [Delighted.] What did you say?

Chamberlain. [Repeats.] The honourable minister Śaṅkāyana has captured the king of the Vatsas.

King. Udayana?

Chamberlain. Yes.

King. The son of Śatānika?

Chamberlain. Certainly.

King. The grandson of Sahasrānika?

Chamberlain. The same.

King. The lord of Kauśāmbī?

Chamberlain. Of course.

King. The expert musician?

Chamberlain. So they say.

King. Actually the Vatsa king?

Chamberlain. Why yes, the Vatsa king.

King. Then is Yaugandharāyaṇa dead?

Chamberlain. Not he, he is in Kauśāmbī.

King. Is he? Then I don't believe the Vatsa king is taken.

Chamberlain. Oh yes, believe me, your Highness.

King.

Your tale of Udayana's capture passes my belief. As well say you lifted the Mandara mountain in the palm of your hand. His enemies recount his heroism in battles and Yaugandharāyaṇa's strategy resounds in our ears.(9)

Chamberlain. Pardon me, your Highness. I am an old brahman. I have never told your Highness a lie.

King. That is so. Who is this welcome messenger Śālaṅkāyana has sent?

Chamberlain. No messenger. The minister has come himself in the fastest chariot, with the Vatsa king before him.

King. Come himself? What joy! To-day let the army lay armour aside and rest in comfort. From to-day on princes will have no fear, and no need of secret espionage. The sum of it is—to-day I am myself.

Queen. The minister brought him here?

King. Yes.

Queen. Then we shall not affianced Vāsavadattā to any one at present.

King. This man is my enemy vanquished in battle. Bādarāyaṇa, where is Śālaṅkāyana?

Chamberlain. He is waiting at the Happy Gate.

King. Go and tell Bharatarohaka to receive the minister with the honours due to a prince and bring him in with the Vatsa king.

Chamberlain. As Your Highness commands.

King. Stay a moment.

Chamberlain. I am here.

King. None should be denied a sight of the Vatsa king.

My people have heard of his deeds, now let them see mine enemy all fury within, like a lion captured for a sacrifice.(10)

Chamberlain. As your Highness commands.

Queen. We have known many occasions of rejoicing in this royal house, but I do not remember ever to have seen my lord so delighted.

King. Nor do I remember ever hearing such delightful news as the capture of the Vatsa king.

Queen. It really is the king of the Vatsas?

King. Why, of course!

Queen. I have heard of many royal houses sending to seek an alliance with us. This prince sent nobody.

King. My queen, he ignores my very name, not to speak of desiring an alliance by marriage.

Queen. Ignores? Is he a boy or a fool?

King. He may be a boy, he is no fool.

Queen. What makes him so haughty?

King. The Bharata dynasty, with its long roll of famous Royal Sages and its tradition of deep learning. He is proud of his hereditary knowledge of music. His youthful beauty makes him vain. His people's remarkable attachment makes him confident.

Queen. The very qualities one would desire in a son-in-law. By what perversity has his disability arisen?

King. My queen, would you lend your admiration to an unworthy object? Look you,

Like a fire started in a forest and burning the whole world put together, the flames of my authority are quenched at this man's boundary.(11)

[*Enter Chamberlain.*]

Chamberlain. Your Highness, greeting. Śaṅkāyana has been honourably received as commanded. He has requested me to present to your Highness this jewel of a lute, called Ghōṣavatī. It used to be played by the Bharatas in the Vatsa Rāja's family. [*Shows the lute.*]

King. I accept it as an auspicious trophy of victory. [*Takes the lute.*] So this is the famous Ghōṣavatī.

Melodious to the ear with a natural harmony when the strings are pressed by finger-tips and set vibrating with a finger-nail, this lute perforce will tame the hearts of elephants like the magic art in the incantation of a sage.(12)

Ah! what joy it brings to use as one wills the treasures won in battle.

My eldest son Gopālaka pursues the charms of polity, and Pālaka the younger shines in manly exercise, music he detests.(13)

So where would this lute be well-bestowed? Did you say, my queen, that Vāsavadattā had taken to the lute?

Queen. Yes.

King. Then give her this one.

Queen. If you give her a lute she will be wilder than ever for it.

King. Let her enjoy herself. It will be hard enough in her father-in-law's house. Bādarāyaṇa, where is the princess?

Chamberlain. She is with the minister.

King. And the ruler of the Vatsas?

Chamberlain. He was so tractable and had so many wounds on his feet and body, that he was carried into the Middle Palace on a litter.

King. I am sorry he has so many wounds. That is the fault of his undaunted valour. In these circumstances it would be too cruel to neglect him. Bādarāyaṇa, go and tell Bharatarohaka to attend to his wounds.

Chamberlain. As your Highness commands.

King. Nay, stay a moment.

Chamberlain. I wait.

King. Every significant gesture should be met with constant attention. His wishes should be inferred from his expression. There should be no talk about defeats or war, but a blessing uttered if he sneezes or anything like that. Compliments should be tactful.

Chamberlain. As your Highness commands.

[*Exit and re-enters.*]

Greeting, your Highness. The Vatsa king had his wounds dressed on the way. It is too soon, they say, for a second dressing. The noon-day sun is at its height.

King. Where is the proud warrior?

Chamberlain. Near the peacocks' perches.

King. Oh, fie! That's no place to shelter in. Bid them take him in to the inlaid room⁹ to shield him from the sun.

Chamberlain. As your Highness commands. [*Exit and re-enters.*] Your Highness' commands have been carried out. The minister Bharatarokaha desires an interview.

King. Evidently he does not approve of kindness to the Vatsa king. It goes against his policy. I must talk him round.

Queen. Is the marriage settled?

King. No, not quite decided.

Queen. There is no hurry. My little girl is still a child.

King. As you please, Madam. You may withdraw now.

Queen. As my lord commands. [*Exit with retinue.*]

King. [*Thoughtfully.*]

At first his arrogance made me his foe, and when he was brought in here I was barely neutral. But now that I hear of his exhaustion in battle, his sorry plight, his life in danger, I feel—nay, I know not what I feel.(14)

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

⁹MAN%IBHLMIKM. JEWEL ROOM.

ACT III

[*In Ujjain. Secret meeting of the Jester and the two Ministers of Udayana in disguise.*]

[*Enter the Jester disguised as a beggar.*]

Jester. [*Gesticulating.*] Well now! I put my bowl of sweetmeats on the temple steps, then I counted the gold pieces of my donations and tied them up. Now I turn round and I can't see the bowl of sweets. [*Reflecting.*] That fellow who was hanging about, and I satisfied him with one sweetmeat—he has not followed me. The wall is too high for dogs to get in. The sweets were unbroken as they were cooked and would not attract passers by. Is it possible I ate them myself? If so I'll just bring them up again. Ha, ha! like an old hog's bladder I am bringing up nothing but wind. Or perhaps Śiva has annexed it thinking that what belongs to the Red Goddess¹⁰ belongs to him. [*More gestures.*] Now this young celibate is misbehaving in several ways. Well, I'll just have a look. Why this is my bowl of sweets set at Śiva's feet. Well, I'll take it back. Give me, O Lord, give me my bowl of sweets. O Lord, thou art my thief. Why! my bowl is painted on the wall. I can't see properly because of the darkness of my distress. Well, I'll wipe it off. Ha! ha! well done, Mr. Painter, well done! The colours are so well laid on, that the more I rub, the clearer it becomes. Very good, I'll wash it off. Now where and oh! where is some water? Here we are, a beautiful tank of pure water. Now may Śiva, like myself, be disappointed of this bowl of sweetmeats.

Madman [*behind the scene.*] Sweets, swee-eets-ahoy!

Jester. Curse it, here's a madman has grabbed my bowl of sweets, and laughing as he goes, comes running hither like a foaming stream of dirty rain water in the road. Stop, madman, stop, or I'll break your head with this wooden staff

[*Enter the Madman.*]

¹⁰*Kâtyâyanî.* A name of Durgâ, a wife of Śiva.

Madman. Sweets, swee-eets, ahoy!

Jester. Good madman, bring me my bowl of sweets.

Madman. What, sweets? Where are they? Whose sweets? Are these sweets thrown away or tied up or eaten?

Jester. No, not eaten, and not thrown away.

Madman. Ah, but my mouth waters—that's a sign for eating.

Jester. Good madman, bring me my bowl of sweetmeats. Don't set your heart on another man's goods and get yourself locked up.

Madman. Who, who will lock me up? The sweets protect me.

Dressed in a special way they are ready to give satisfaction. Their price was paid in the king's palace. In the course of time they have become rather soft at the moment.(1)

Jester. Good madman, bring me my bowl of sweets. With this provision I must go to my master's house.

Madman. With this provision I must go a hundred leagues.

Jester. What! are you Indra's elephant?

Madman. Ay, I am the elephant of Indra, only the king of the gods doesn't ride on my back, and I have heard say that Indra was bound with shackles. Then striking with lightning lashes that swallowed the showers of rain and rotating in a whirlwind he burst the clouds that bound him.

Jester. Oh, madman, won't you give it me? Or I shall shout for aid.

Madman. Shout away. Shout! scream! shout!

Jester. Help! help! sirs, an outrage!

Madman. I too will shout for aid. Indra is in bonds, sirs, Indra is in bonds!

Jester. Help! help! an outrage!

Monk [*behind the Scene.*] Fear not, good brahman, do not fear.

Jester. [Joyfully.] When the moon rises all the stars are there. Brahman-hood is down in the world. It is a Buddhist monk with his good works that protects us.

[*Enter a Buddhist Monk.*]

Monk. Fear not, good brahman, do not fear. Who is there here? What's the matter? Why these shouts for help?

Jester. Dear me! This monk is playing the part of a gate-keeper. Good monk, O holy man, this madman has taken my bowl of sweetmeats and won't give it back.

Monk. Sweets! let me see them.

Madman. Have a look, have a look, mister Monk.

Monk. [*Spitting.*] Poh! Pst!

Jester. Oh, what bad luck I have! My sweets have reappeared in the madman's hands only to be spat on by this monk with his good works.

Monk. O reverend lunatic, return, return these sweetmeats, white as the foam of bubbling water, large and soft from many powderings, as sweet as mulled wine. Eat them not, lest they make you waste away.

Jester. Confound it, they have given me vintner's *laḍḍūs* for sweetmeats.

Monk. Return, reverend lunatic, return them, I say. If you don't return them, I shall curse you.

Madman. Gently, please, holy monk. Don't you go cursing me. Take them, do!

Monk. Reverend brahman, just see my power.

Jester. This madman sees the pious monk is about to curse him, and there he stands with my bowl of sweetmeats on the tips of his fingers trembling with fear. Good madman, give back my bowl of sweets.

Monk. Come, sir, come. With these sweets you shall give me a blessing,

Jester. Ha! ha! Give you a blessing with my own. It was I that accepted them as a gift at the hands of a householder. I will offer them to you too. May you be prosperous. This madman is going towards the Fire Shrine. It is midday. This place will be deserted even before noon. I shall just go and deposit the gold pieces of my donations in a house by the way. One man wants my cloth, another my money.

[*They all enter the Fire Shrine.*]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vasantaka! Is this shrine empty?

Jester. Yes, sir, quite empty.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Then let us embrace.

Both. Good! [*They embrace.*]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Well. Well. You have both shown equal efforts. Sit down. You too. Both. Very well.

[*They all sit down.*]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vasantaka, have you seen the king?

Jester. Ay, sir, I have seen his Highness.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Alas! There is no security at night. Now we must wait for the day.

When the day is over, we look for the night: When the dawn is bright, we look forward to the day. Our satisfaction to see time ever passing, must see in troubles the advantages that are to come.(2)

Rumaṇvān. Well said. Though time is all alike, the night is full of obstructions. For

The night is a terror to foes who cannot succeed in their enterprises, or are unpopular in the world and find out their error in the morning.(3)

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Did you speak with the king?

Jester. Ay, sir, his Highness kept me a long while. To-day is the fourteenth day, and I attended him as he took his bath.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Took his bath, you say?

Jester. Yes, his Highness has bathed.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Did he worship the gods?

Jester. Ay, sir, with an obeisance only.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. It is excellent that the king has attained this state of convalescence. For

The joy drums were beaten as the noise of worship died away, when he had bathed and approached the deities: now by the power of Fate his fetters clank as he bows before the gods, worshipping on auspicious days.(4)

Rumaṇvān. Your efforts will soon enable the king to worship properly on the auspicious days.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Vasantaka, go and see the king once more. And take him this message. To-morrow is the day to carry out that plan we discussed for our departure. The elephant Nalāgiri is to be infuriated in the regular old way with charms and herbs. We found a pretext for putting the herbs close to where he stands, takes his bath, has his feed, and lies down. Smoke is arranged for, to be started when the wind is the right way. To increase his rage the elephant opposite is in rut. A house near the stables, with nothing much in it, is to be set alight, for elephants, you know, are so fearful of fire. Conches and drums have been put in the temples to increase their terror. With all that din embodied in these devices to-morrow, Pradyota is sure to seek our master's aid. So by the very consent of his enemy he can come out of the prison, grasping the lute which shares his sorrows, and subdue the elephant. Then firmly seated on the back of Nalāgiri—

He will put the tusker to such speed that the troops can follow his hindquarters in imagination only, and he will leave the Vindhyan forest behind before the lions have finished roaring. In one day he will know three states, in jail, in the wood, and in his own city. He will escape as he was caught, by an elephantine stratagem.(5)

Rumaṅvān. What are you thinking about, Vasantaka?

Jester. I am thinking that all your mighty efforts will be in vain.

Both Ministers. We do not see that.

Jester. I see it first, you will see it afterwards.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Why should our plan fail?

Jester. Because of the wilfulness of the Vatsa king.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. How do you mean?

Jester. You listen to me.

Both Ministers. We are all attention.

Jester. When the eighth day of last dark fortnight was over, her Ladyship the princess Vāsavadattā, accompanied by her nurse, went to worship at the shrine of the holy Yakshiṇī, which is opposite the prison gate. As a young girl, whom all might see in innocence, she was in an open palanquin. They had to skirt the high road, which was flooded with water from a choked-up drain.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Go on.

Jester. That very day the king was outside the prison gate with the permission of an officer named Śivaka, the superintendent of the jail.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Well?

Jester. Then the palanquin was halted for the men to change shoulders, and he saw the princess as clearly as you like.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. What then?

Jester. What then? you ask. Why, the prison has turned into a garden of delight and he is ready to play a comedy of passion.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. But surely the king cannot have fallen in love with her?

Jester. Troubles, sir, come in shoals. That is exactly what he has done.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Rumaṅvān, my friend, steel your heart. We shall become old men in this disguise.

Jester. And, sir, he said to me: "Tell Yaugandharāyaṇa the plan as arranged does not please me. I am thinking of a particular insult to Pradyota at the very moment of my departure. Do not think I am blinded by passion: I am seeking redress for my humiliation."

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Oho! What a speech for the mockery of his foes! What consummate assurance! How distressing for his friends! The king desires delights at the wrong time and place. Verily,

The bare earth with a bed of straw made by his own hands can still make him proud. He can find sustenance for love in the jingle of the

fetters on his feet. What prisoner would not be ripe for love, if the men told off to guard him addressed him as “King”?(6)

Jester. Come, sir, our devotion is proved, we have done our manly best. Let us jolly well leave him and go home.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Is this Vasantaka? Oh, Vasantaka, do not talk like that!

Shall we abandon one that is smitten by woe and by love, who depends on his friends and cannot awake when he should?(7)

Jester. We shall go on like this till old age.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. That would be highly commendable.

Jester. It might be, if people knew about it.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. People are nothing to us. All our efforts are for our master’s good.

Jester. Even he doesn’t know.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. He will know in good time.

Jester. When will that good time come?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. When we succeed.

Jester. Then you must be able to take the king out of prison, and the princess out of the palace.

Rumaṇvān. There it is, you must see to it.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Both! Very well, this is my second vow.

If the king does not carry her off, like Subhadra ravished by Arjuna, or a lotus plant by an elephant, my name is not Yaugandharāyaṇa.(8)

And again.

And I bear not away the one and the other, both the king and the long-eyed maid, I am not Yaugandharāyaṇa.(9)

[*Listening.*] Ah, some noise. See what it is.

Jester. Very well, Sir. [*Exit and re-enters.*] I can see people strolling about in crowds enjoying the evening air. What shall we do now?

Rumaṇvān. There are four doors to the Fire Shrine. Let us break up our meeting.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. No, no, not our meeting, let us break up the assembly of our foes. We must play our parts.

Both. So be it. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

Madman. Oho! the Demon is swallowing the moon. Let go, let go the moon, I say! If you don’t, I’ll smack you on the mouth and make you let go. Look, here is a mad horse running loose. Now he’s at the cross-roads. I shall

mount him and eat my alms. Here are the little masters. Beat me. No, don't you beat me. What do you say? dance a bit for you. Look, little masters, look. Oh, you little masters, beat me again with your sticks. Don't you beat me, or I will beat you.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV

INTERLUDE

[*In Ujjain.*]

[*Enter a Soldier.*]

Soldier. The princess Vāsavadattā wishes to go bathing, and all this while I cannot find the page who attends her elephant, Bhadravatī. Good Pushpadantaka, I cannot find the page-boy. What do you say? He has gone to the tavern and is drinking liquor. Well, you may go. [*Stepping round.*] Here is the liquor shop. I will just call him. Ho, page-boy! page-boy!

Page. [*behind the Scene.*] Now who is this calling me on the high road, “Page-boy! page-boy!”?

Soldier. Here comes the page, his eyes as red as China roses, full of liquor, laughing aloud and as drunk as drunk can be. I won’t stand in his way. [*Stands aside.*]

[*Enter the Page as described.*]

Page. Now who is this calling me on the high road: “Page-boy, page-boy!”? When I came out of the drinking-shop my father-in-law saw me, and full of wrath was he. Right into my mouth was popped a morsel of meat all seasoned with butter and pepper and salt, and a jug of good liquor as well. When the daughter-in-law is tight she falls love-sick, but the old woman raises the stick.

Blessed are they that are drunken with wine, blessed are they that are anointed with wine, blessed are they that have bathed in wine, blessed are they that are scuppered in wine.(2)

Wretched are those rich fools who hear the misery of their son’s wives and never try a cask of liquor. So I know whether there’s a hell or not in the world of the dead.

Soldier. [*Approaching.*] Ho, page-boy, I have been looking for you for an age! The princess Vāsavadattā wishes to go bathing, and her elephant is not to be found. You are drunk, and loafing round here.

Page. Quite right. She is tight, that man is tight, I am tight, and thou art tight—every mortal thing is tight.

Soldier. Never mind about every mortal thing. What are you loafing about here for, and why have not you brought back Bhadrāpīṭhika?

Page. Hence wander I, here I drink, herewith I drink, don't be cross. What's to be done?

Soldier. Stop that irrelevant chatter. Bring the elephant at once.

Page. Let her come, let her come. The trouble is, I have pawned her hook.

Soldier. What do you want a hook for? Bhadravatī is so gentle by nature. Go and bring her at once.

Page. Let her come, let her come. The worst of it is, I have pawned her half-moon necklet.

Soldier. Bhadravati could be bound with flowers, what does she want a half-moon necklet for? Bring her along at once.

Page. Let her come, let her come. Only, alack-a-day! I have pawned her bell.

Soldier. She wants to play about in the water, what do you want a bell for? Bring her at once.

Page. Let her come. Alack, but I have pawned her whip.

Soldier. What do you want a whip for? Bring her at once, I say.

Page. She shall come, but alack!

Soldier. Alack what?

Page. Alack, I've been and—

Soldier. You've been and—

Page. Alack-a-day! why Bhadra—

Soldier. Bhadra—?

Page. Yes, alack! Bhadravati.

Soldier. What about Bhadravati?

Page. I've pawned her too.

Soldier. You are not to blame, but the tavern-keeper who takes a royal mount for liquor.

Page. Alas! I told him—don't lose the interest on your capital.

Soldier. Ha! there is some noise.

Page. Alack! I know, I know. Bhadravatī is breaking out of the tavern-keeper's house and running away.

Soldier. What do you say?

[*Voice in the air.*] His Majesty the King of the Vatsas has taken Vāsavadattā and departed!

Page. [*Joyfully.*] May my master meet no obstacles!

Soldier. Now you may drink, and roam about as tipsy as you like.

Page. Ah, who is drunk with liquor or delight? Whose is this intoxication? We are the spies appointed each to our own place by Yaugandharāyaṇa. I will just give a signal to my friends. Here they are, running about like snakes that have just sloughed their skins. O, my friends, hearken to my words:

May the man who fights not in return for his master's salt have no new vessel filled with water, consecrated with its coat of *darbha* grass, but go to Hell.(3)

But where is the noble Yaugandharāyaṇa? Ah, here is his lordship. He has thrown aside his lunatic's disguise and donned many garments, swathing his head in a white turban; with a keen bright sword in his hand, while the left grasps a leather buckler embossed with gold, he looks like a lightning cloud with the edge of the moon just showing.(4)

Aha! a great fight has begun.

Slaying tuskers with their drivers and troopers with their chargers, plunging for a while forcibly into the mighty host, now his arm is broken by a pestle blow from the tusk of a giant elephant, and he has lost his weapon, but even so he holds his ground facing the foe.(5)

Alas, he is taken, the noble Yaugandharāyaṇa. I must be at his side. [*Exit.*]

Soldier. What is this? All Kauśāmbī is here except the wall and the gatehouse. Well, I will report this business to the ministers. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE INTERLUDE.

[*Enter two Servants.*]

Together. Out of the way, out of the way, sirs, out of the way!

First Fellow. Ugh! my throat is bursting but I can't shout loud enough.

Second Fellow. Curse it all, what with all this excitement over the abduction of the princess Vāsavadattā, I may yell, but nobody hears me. Curse

it, what do you say, “What’s the reason for clearing the road?” Yaugandharāyaṇa has been taken prisoner. “How was he taken?” say you? Well, listen to me. For a moment with nothing but his sword he checked the first onrush of the army. But his sword failed him, struck by the tip of the tusk of the elephant, Beautiful in Victory. Through the fault of his sword he was taken, by no fault in his valour.

First Fellow. I say, you’d better take care. There’s all Kauśāmbī here except the wall and the gatehouse.

Together. Get down, your honour, do get down!

[*Enter Yaugandharāyaṇa, carried on a plank bed with his arms bound.*]

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Here I am.

Here am I, who rescued the Vatsa king from his enemies’ hands.

Though I was taken captive in the battle by the fault of my blade, I removed my master’s trouble, so “Victory!” say I, and enter the place with joy.(6)

It is an easy thing, Sir, for widowers to go and live in the forest. Affliction is pleasanter for those who have had their heart’s desire. For those that have stored up merit, death brings no regret. For I,

Disregarding enmity, fear, and insult alike, have accomplished my work with my designs, by self-control and arrows, ending the glory of the foe and the disgrace of my friends. Thereby have I won victory, the king himself, and great renown.(7)

The Two Servants. Out of the way, out of the way, sirs, out of the way!

Yaugandharāyaṇa. No one wishing to see me should be driven aside. Let the brave servants of the king gaze at me, brought to destruction by the force of my devotion to my king. This should strengthen or destroy the desire of those who pray in their hearts for the title of minister.(8)

Servants. Out of the way, out of the way. Have you never seen Yaugandharāyaṇa before?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. They have seen me before, but not like this. Concealed in the guise of a madman running about in the streets my form is familiar, but now they will see my work.(9)

[*Enter the Soldier.*]

Soldier. Good news for you, sir. The Vatsa king has been captured.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Impossible.

Freed long since from durance in the foeman's city, he has gained the forests on Bhadravati and escaped. Will he fall into captivity now, while the leagues pass in the twinkling of an eye?(10)

Did you hear, good sir, how he was taken?

Soldier. Pursued and overtaken by the Mountain of Reeds.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. The elephant could do it, but he is not properly handled.

It is by training a rider can draw out the speed of a tusker. Who will ride him now the Vatsa king has left him?(11)

Soldier. Sir, the minister says, you are to be lodged in the arsenal. That place is guarded by our men.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Oh, what a ridiculous order!

When watch and ward were needed on every side, after fastening in that fire, that we call the Vatsa king, then your ministers were fast asleep. Now the jewel is gone, why lock up the case?(12)

[They walk round.]

Soldier. Here is the arsenal. Pray enter, your honour.

[Enter another Soldier.]

Second Soldier. The minister's orders. Remove his fetters.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Give me that relief. Bharatarohaka evidently wishes to see me. And I want to see him,

With his spirit depressed by my words, maddened by anger, defeated when my stratagems were started and devoid of valid counter-schemes, ignorant of the good counsels in the Treatises, overcome by a greater intelligence, with his face down-cast from shame like a wrestler knocked out by a counter-stroke.(13)

[Enter Bharatarohaka.]

Bharatarohaka. Where is he, where is Yaugandharāyaṇa?

He carried out his duty by deception, it is painful to look at him, and how shall I upbraid him now that he is ruined for his master's sake? For a long time his work was hampered, but his plans were well directed. Like an angry snake that is overpowered, he kept raising his head.(14)

Soldier. Yaugandharāyaṇa is waiting for your honour in the arsenal.

Bharatarohaka. Very well.

Craftily outwitted in his ministry by the blue elephant, he is waiting now to reproach me with that hostile act.(15)

Soldier. Your honour, here is the minister.

Bharatarohaka. [*Approaching.*] Hail, Yaugandharāyaṇa.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Hail.

Soldier. Ah! what a deep voice! The whole place is filled with his one word.

Bharatarohaka. [*Sitting down.*] The name Yaugandharāyaṇa is familiar, sir, but not the person. I am glad to see you.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. You are glad to see me, say you? Gaze at me. My limbs you see are smeared with blood, in keeping with the usage of a warrior, but I am calm as Droṇa's son after he had slain the murderer of his father.(16)

Bharatarohaka. Ah! the self-esteem of one whose ruse with an elephant succeeded through trickery.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Through trickery, say you? Now you may well say that.

What of that fraud with an elephant constructed under the *sāl* and *mallikā* trees, and our king lying bound on the ground with his arm for a pillow? And it is fraud, forsooth, if my king by his skill can charm a wild elephant with his lute "No blame to me if I follow your lead."(17)

Bharatarohaka. But, Yaugandharāyaṇa, to take the daughter of Mahāsenā as a pupil and carry her off unplighted, without the fire as witness, was that robbery worthy of you?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Nay, say not so. My master has married her.

Born in the Bharata house, the valiant Lord of the Vatsas, will he give a girl instruction and not the title of wife?(18)

Bharatarohaka. Then again Mahāsenā has shown kindness to the Vatsa king. Why doesn't he consider that?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Nay, speak not thus.

If the Mountain of Reeds obeys his command he does but bide by the words of the skilled. So your master liberated mine to save his own skin and give life and glory to his friends.(19)

Bharatarohaka. If, as you say, he was only released to capture Nalāgiri, your master was not imprisoned afterwards.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. No, he sees to that from fear of being reproached with ingratitude.

Bharatarohaka. They say, sir, you are well known for your learning in the Law of States. What does the *śāstra* enjoin for enemies defeated in battle?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Death.

Bharatarohaka. If the Vatsa king was deserving of death why did we treat him well?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. It was in consideration of the fact that he did not carry off your king himself.

Bharatarohaka. Your master thinks even that was possible?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Of course.

Your king was in the hollow of his hand, yet my king in his virtue spared him. Unless one rides the lord of elephants the standard will not fall.(20)

Bharatarohaka. Very well, but in all these hostile acts against Mahāsena what was your idea with regard to Kauśāmbī?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Oh, what an absurd question!

In spite of you all he has gone, why talk of future actions?

When a tree is uprooted, why toil to lop its branches?(21)

[*Enter a Chamberlain.*]

Chamberlain. [*Whispering.*] That's how it is.

Bharatarohaka. Speak out loud.

Chamberlain.

“Though many wiles were used, you did no wrong. I have no quarrel with your qualities, pray accept the chalice.”(22)

That's the message.

Yaugandharāyaṇa. Ah me!

The houses I had fired still smoulder, so it is with the hearts of ministers. Here am I honoured, who should be punished, while the best honour for an offender is death.(23)

[*Lamentations are heard behind the scene.*]

Bharatarohaka. Ah !

What is this noise arising suddenly from the palace roof, like the screaming of ospreys attacked by a falcon?(24)

Just find out what it is.

Chamberlain. As your honour commands. [*Exit and re-enters.*]

Her Majesty, Aṅgāravatī, with her heart overwhelmed by grief, wished to throw herself down from the palace, but Mahāsena addressed her with these words: “Thy daughter has been married by the law of the warrior caste. Why now dost thou grieve on an occasion for rejoicing? So let us celebrate the ceremony of marriage between the Vatsa king and Vāsavadattā painted in a picture.” So now,

All of a sudden the women are performing the auspicious rite, the proper order disordered by delight, and the things they use for luck are wet with tears of joy.(25)

Yaugandharāyaṇa. So Mahāsenā considers it an alliance by marriage. Then hand me the chalice.

Chamberlain. Pray accept it. [*Offers him the chalice.*]

Bharatarohaka. What further favour, sir, shall Mahāsenā bestow on you?

Yaugandharāyaṇa. If Mahāsenā is pleased with me, what else should I desire?

EPILOGUE

May the kine be without blemish and, subduing the sovereignty of his foes, may our Lion King rule over this earth in its entirety!