Triumphant, girt with friends, art thou.
Where'er thy wandering steps have been,
Thy joy and woe mine eyes have seen.
Thy glorious deeds to me are known,
The Brāhmans saved, the foes o'erthrown.
Such power have countless seasons spent
In penance and devotion lent.
Thy virtues, best of chiefs, I know,
And now a boon would fain bestow.
This hospitable gift I receive:
Then with the dawn my dwelling leave.

The bended head of Rāma showed
His reverence for the grace bestowed;
Then for each brave companion's sake
He sought a further boon and spake:
'O let that mighty power of thine
The road to fair Ayodhya line
With trees where fruit of every hue
The Vānars' eye and taste may woo,
And flowers of every season, sweet
With stores of honeyed juice, may meet.'
The hero ceased: the hermit bent
His reverend head in glad assent;
And swift, as Bharadvāja willed,
The prayer of Rāma was fulfilled.
For many a league the lengthening road
Trees thick with fruit and blossom showed
With luscious beauty to entice
The taste like trees of Paradise.
The Vānars passed beneath the shade
Of that delightful colonnade,
Still tasting with unbounded glee
The treasures of each wondrous tree.

1 The arghya, a respectful offering to Gods and venerable men consisting of rice, dūrvā grass, flowers etc., with water.
CANTO CXXVII.

RĀMA'S MESSAGE.

But Rāma, when he first looked down
And saw afar Ayodhyā's town,
Had called Hanúmān to his side,
The chief on whom his heart relied,
And said: 'Brave Vānara, good at need,
Haste onward, to Ayodhyā speed,
And learn, I pray, if all be well
With those who in the palace dwell.
But as thou speedest on thy way
Awhile at Śringāvera stay.
Tell Guha the Nishādas' lord,
That victor, with my queen restored,
In health and strength with many a friend
Homeward again my steps I bend.
Thence by the road that he will show
On to Ayodhyā swiftly go.
There with my love my brother greet.
And all our wondrous tale repeat.
Say that victorious in the strife
I come with Lakṣman and my wife.
Then mark with keenest eye each trace
Of joy or grief on Bharat's face.
Be all his gestures closely viewed,
Each change of look and attitude.
Where breathes the man who will not cling
To all that glorifies a king?
Where beats the heart that can resign
An ancient kingdom, nor repine
To lose a land renowned for breeds
Of elephants and warrior steeds?
If, won by custom day by day,
My brother Bharat thirsts for sway,
Still let him rule the nations, still
The throne of old Ikshváku fill.
Go, mark him well: his feelings learn,
And, ere we yet be near return.'

He ceased: and, garbed in human form,
Forth sped Hanúmán swift as storm.
Sublime in air he rose, and through
The region of his father flew.
He saw far far beneath his feet
Where Gangá's flood and Jumna meet.
Descending from the upper air
He entered Śringávēra, where
King Guha's heart was well content
To hear the message Ráma sent.
Then, with his mighty strength renewed,
The Vánar chief his way pursued.
Válúkiní was far behind,
And Gomáti with forests lined,
And golden fields and pastures gay
With flocks and herds beneath him lay.
Then Nandígráma charmed his eye
Where flowers were bright with every dye,
And trees of lovely foliage made
With meeting boughs delightful shade,
Where women watched in trim array
Their little sons' and grandsons' play.
His eager eye on Bharat fell
Who sat before his lonely cell,
In hermit weed, with tangled hair,
Ple, weak, and worn with ceaseless care.
His royal pomp and state resigned
For Rāma still he watched and pined:
Still to his dreary vows adhered,
And royal Rāma’s shoes revered.
Yet still the terror of his arm
Preserved the land from fear and harm.

The Wind-God’s son, in form a man,
Raised reverent hands and thus began:
‘Fond greeting, Prince, I bring to thee,
And Rāma’s self has sent it: he
For whom thy spirit sorrows yet
As for a hapless anchoret
In Dāṇḍak wood, in dire distress,
With matted hair and hermit dress.
This sorrow from thy bosom fling,
And hear the tale of joy I bring.
This day thy brother shalt thou meet.
Exulting in his foe’s defeat.
Freed from his toil and lengthened vow,
The light of victory on his brow,
With Sītā, Lakshman and his friends
Homeward at last his steps he bends.’

Then joy, too mighty for control,
Rushed in full flood o’er Bharat’s soul;
His reeling sense and strength gave way,
And fainting on the earth he lay.
At length upspringing from the ground,
His arms about Hanúmán wound,
With tender tears, of rapture sprung.
He dewed the neck to which he clung:
‘Art thou a God or man,’ he cried,
‘Whom love, and pity hither guide?
For this a hundred thousand kine.
A hundred villages be thine.
A score of maids of spotless lives
To thee I give to be thy wives,
Of golden hue and bright of face,
Each lovely for her tender grace.'

He ceased a while by joy subdued,
And then his eager speech renewed:
CANTO CXXVIII.

HANUMÁN'S STORY.

In doubt and fear long years have passed,
And glorious tidings come at last.
True, true is now the ancient verse
Which men in time of bliss rehearse:
'Once only in a hundred years
Great joy to mortal men appears'
But now his woes and triumph tell,
And loss and gain as each befell.'

He ceased: Hanúmán mighty-souled
The tale of Ráma's wanderings told
From that first day on which he stood
In the drear shade of Dañḍak wood.
He told how fierce Virádha fell;
He told of Śarabhanga's cell
Where Ráma saw with wondering eyes
Indra descended from the skies.
He told how Súrpañakhá came,
Her soul aglow with amorous flame,
And fled repulsed, with rage and tears,
Rift of her nose and severed ears.
He told how Ráma's might subdued
The giants' furious multitude;
How Khara with the troops he led
And Triśiras and Dúshan bled:
How Ráma, tempted from his cot,
The golden deer pursued and shot,
And Rávañ came and stole away.
The Maithil queen his hapless prey,  
When, as he fought, the dame to save, 
His noble life Jaţáyus gave: 
How Řáma still the search renewed,  
The robber to his hold pursued, 
Bridging the sea from shore to shore,  
And found his queen to part no more.¹

¹ I have abridged Hanumán's outline of Řáma's adventures, with the details of which we are already sufficiently acquainted.
CANTO CXXIX.

THE MEETING WITH BHARAT.

O'erwhelmed with rapture Bharat heard
The tale that all his being stirred,
And, heralding the glad event,
This order to Šatrughna sent:
'Let every shrine with flowers be gay,
Let incense burn and music play.
Go forth, go forth to meet your king,
Let tabours sound and minstrels sing.
Let bards swell high the note of praise
Skilled in the lore of ancient days.
Call forth the royal matrons: call
Each noble from the council hall.
Send all we love and honour most,
Send Brāhmans and the warrior host,
A glorious company to bring.
In triumph home our lord the king.'

Great rapture filled Šatrughna's breast,
Obedient to his brother's hest.
'Send forth ten thousand men' he cried,
'Let brawny arms be stoutly plied,
And, smoothing all with skilful care,
The road for Kosal's king prepare.
Then o'er the earth let thousands throw
Fresh showers of water cool as snow,
And others strew with garlands gay
With loveliest blooms our monarch's way.
On tower and temple porch and gate
Let banners wave in royal state,
And be each roof and terrace lined
With blossoms loose and chaplets twined.'

The nobles hasting forth fulfilled
His order as Śatrughna willed.
Sublime on elephants they rode
Whose gilded girths with jewels glowed,
Attended close by thousands more
Gay with the gear and flags they bore
A thousand chiefs their steeds bestrode,
Their glittering cars a thousand showed,
And countless hosts in rich array
Pursued on foot their eager way.
Veiled from the air with silken screens
In litters rode the widowed queens.
Kausalyā first, acknowledged head
And sovereign of the household, l. c.:
Sumitrā next, and after, damos
Of lower rank and humbler names.
Then compassed by a white-robed throng
Of Brāhmans, heralded with song,
With shouts of joy from countless throats,
And shells' and tambours' mingled notes,
And drums resounding long and loud
Exulting Bharat joined the crowd.
Still on his head, well-trained in lore
Of duty, Rāma's shoes he bore
The moon-white canopy was spread
With flowery twine engarlanded,
And jewelled chouries, meet to hold
O'er Rāma's brow, shone bright with gold.
Though Nandigrāma's town they neared
Of Rāma yet no sign appeared.
Then Bharat called the Vānar chief
And questioned thus in doubt and grief:

'Hast thou uncertain, like thy kind,
A sweet delusive guile designed?
Where, where is royal Ráma? show
The hero, victor of the foe.
I gaze, but see no Vánars still
Who wear each varied shape at will.'

In eager love thus Bharat cried,
And thus the Wind-God's son replied:

'Look, Bharat, on those laden trees
That murmur with the song of bees;
For Ráma's sake the saint has made
Untimely fruits, unwonted shade.
Such power in ages long ago
Could Indra's gracious boon bestow.
O, hear the Vánars' voices, hear
The shouting which proclaims them near.
E'en now about to cross they seem
Sweet Gomati's delightful stream.
I see, I see the car designed
By Brahmá's own creative mind,
The car which, radiant as the moon,
Moves at the will by Brahmá's boon;
The car which once was Rávan's pride,
The victor's spoil when Rávan died.
Look, there are Raghu's sons: between
The brothers stands the rescued queen.
There is Vibhíshaṇ full in view,
Sugriva and his retinue.'

He ceased: then rapture loosed each tongue:

From men and dames, from old and young,
One long, one universal cry,
'Tis he, 'tis Ráma, smote the sky.
All lighted down with eager speed
From elephant and car and steed,
And every joyful eye intent
On Rāma’s moonbright face was bent.
Entranced a moment Bharat gazed:
Then reverential hands he raised,
And on his brother humbly pressed
The honours due to welcome guest.
Then Bharat clomb the car to greet
His king and bowed him at his feet,
Till Rāma raised him face to face
And held him in a close embrace.
Then Lakshman and the Maithil dame
He greeted as he spoke his name.¹
He greeted next, supreme in place,
The sovereign of the Vānar race,
And Jámbaván and Bāli’s son,
And lords and chiefs, omitting none.²
Sugrīva to his heart he pressed
And thus with grateful words addressed:
‘Four brothers, Vānar King, were we,
And now we boast a fifth in thec.
By kindly acts a friend we know:
Offence and wrong proclaim the foe.’
To King Vībhūśāṇ then he spake:
‘Well hast thou fought for Rāma’s sake.’
Nor was the brave Śatrughna slow
His reverential love to show
To both his brothers, as was meet,
And venerate the lady’s feet.

¹ In these respectful salutations the person who salutes his superior mentions his own name even when it is well known to the person whom he salutes.

² I have omitted the chieftains’ names as they could not be introduced without padding. They are Māinda, Dwivid, Nila, Rishabh, Suhēp, Nala, Gavāksha, Gandhamādan, Śrābbh, and Panā.
Then Ráma to his mother came,  
Saw her pale cheek and wasted frame,  
With gentle words her heart consoled,  
And clasped her feet with loving hold.  
Then at Sumitrá’s feet he bent,  
And fair Kaikeyí’s, reverent,  
Greeted each dame from chief to least,  
And bowed him to the household priest.  
Up rose a shout from all the throng:  
‘O welcome, Ráma, mourned so long,  
Welcome, Kausalyá’s joy and pride,’  
Ten hundred thousand voices cried.  
Then Bharat placed, in duty taught,  
On Ráma’s feet the shoes he brought:  
‘My king,’ he cried, ‘receive again  
The pledge preserved through years of pain,  
The rule and lordship of the land  
Enterusted to my weaker hand.  
No more I sigh o’er sorrows past,  
My birth and life are blest at last  
In the glad sight this day has shown,  
When Ráma comes to rule his own.’  

He ceased: the faithful love that moved  
The prince’s soul each heart approved;  
Nor could the Vánar chiefs refrain  
From tender tears that fell like rain.  
Then Ráma, stirred with joy anew,  
His arms about his brother threw,  
And to the grove his course he bent  
Where Bharat’s hermit days were spent.  
Alighting in that pure retreat  
He pressed the earth with eager feet.  
Then, at his heft, the car rose high  
And sailing through the northern sky
Sped homeward to the Lord of Gold
Who owned the wondrous prize of old.¹

¹ The following addition is found in the Bengal recension: But Vaiśravaṇ (Kuvera) when he beheld his chariot spied unto it: ‘Go, and carry Rāma, and come unto me when my thought shall call thee’. And the chariot returned unto Rāma: and he honoured it when he had heard what had passed.
CANTO CXXX.

THE CONSECRATION.

Then, reverent hand to hand applied,
Thus Bharat to his brother cried:
‘Thy realm, O King, is now restored.
Uninjured to the rightful lord.
This feeble arm with toil and pain
The weighty charge could scarce sustain,
And the great burthen wellnigh broke
The neck untrained to bear the yoke.
The royal swan outspeeds the crow:
The steed is swift, the mule is slow,
Nor can my feeble feet be led
O'er the rough ways where thine should tread:
Now grant what all thy subjects ask:
Begin, O King, thy royal task.
Now let our longing eyes behold
The glorious rite ordained of old,
And on the new-found monarch's head
Let consecrating drops be shed.’

He ceased: victorious Ráma bent
His head in token of assent.
He sat, and torses trimmed with care
His tangles of neglected hair.
Then, duly bathed, the hero shone
With all his splendid raiment on.
And Sítá with the matrons' aid
Her limbs in shining robes arrayed.
Sumantra then, the charioteer,
Drew, ordered by Śatrughna, near,
And stayed within the hermit grove
The chariot and the steeds he drove.
Therein Sugríva's consorts, graced
With gems, and Ráma's queen were placed,
All fain Ayodhyá to behold;
And swift away the chariot rolled.
Like Indra Lord of Thousand Eyes,
Drawn by fleet lions through the skies,
Thus radiant in his glory showed
King Ráma as he homeward rode,
In power and might unparalleled.
The reins the hand of Bharat held:
Above the peerless victor's head
The snow-white shade Śatrughna spread,
And Lakshman's ever-ready hand
His forehead with a chourie fanned.
Vibhíshaṇ close to Lakshman's side
Sharing his task a chourie plied.
Sugríva on Śatrúnjay came,
An elephant of hugest frame;
Nine thousand others bore, behind,
The chieftains of the Váñar kind
All gay, in forms of human mould,
With rich attire and gems and gold
Thus borne along in royal state
King Ráma reached Ayodhyá's gate
With merry noise of shells and drums
And joyful shouts, He comes, he comes.
A Bráhman host with solemn tread,
And kine the long procession led,
And happy maids in ordered bands
Threw grain and gold with liberal hands.
Neath gorgeous flags that waved in rows
On towers and roofs and porticoes,
Mid merry crowds who sang and cheered
The palace of the king they neared.
Then Raghu's son to Bharat, best
Of duty's slaves, these words addressed:
'Pass onward to the monarch's hall,
The high-souled Vánars with thee call,
And let the chieftains, as is meet,
The widows of our father greet.
And to the Vánar king assign
Those chambers, best of all, which shine
With lazulite and pearl inlaid,
And pleasant grounds with flowers and shade.'

He ceased: and Bharat bent his head;
Sugríva by the hand he led
And passed within the palace where
Stood couches which Śatrughna's care,
With robes and hangings richly dyed,
And burning lamps, had seen supplied.
Then Bharat spake: 'I pray thee, friend,
Thy speedy messengers to send,
Each sacred requisite to bring
That we may consecrate our king.'
Sugríva raised four urns of gold,
The water for the rite to hold,
And bade four swiftest Vánars flee
And fill them from each distant sea.
Then east and west and south and north
The Vánar envoys hastened forth.
Each in swift flight an ocean sought
And back through air his treasure brought,
And full five hundred floods beside
Pure water for the king supplied.
Then gift by many a Bráhman sage,
Vasishtha, chief for reverend age,
High on a throne with jewels graced
King Rāma and his Sītā placed.
There by Jābāli, far revered,
Vijay and Kāśyap's son appeared;
By Gautam's side Kātyāyan stood,
And Vāmadeva wise and good,
Whose holy hands in order shed
The pure sweet drops on Rāma's head.
Then priests and maids and warriors, all
Approaching at Vasishtha's call,
With sacred drops bedewed their king,
The centre of a joyous ring.
The guardians of the worlds, on high,
And all the children of the sky
From herbs wherewith their hands were filled
Rare juices on his brow distilled.
His brows were bound with glistening gold
Which Manu's self had worn of old,
Bright with the flash of many a gem,
His sire's ancestral diadem.
Śatrughna lent his willing aid
And o'er him held the regal shade:
The monarchs whom his arm had saved
The chouries round his forehead waved.
A golden chain, that flashed and glowed
With gems, the God of Wind bestowed:
Mahendrā gave a glorious string
Of fairest pearls to deck the king.
The skies with acclamation rang,
The gay nymphs danced, the minstrels sang.
On that blest day the joyful plain
Was clothed anew with golden grain.
The trees the witching influence knew,
And bent with fruits of loveliest hue,
And Ráma's consecration lent
New sweetness to each flowret's scent.
The monarch, joy of Raghu's line,
Gave largess to the Bráhmans, kine
And steeds unnumbered, wealth untold
Of robes and pearls and gems and gold.
A jewelled chain, whose lustre passed
The glory of the sun, he cast
About his friend Sugríva's neck;
And, Angad Bálí's son to deck,
He gave a pair of armlets bright
With diamond and lazulite.
A string of pearls of matchless hue
Which gleams like tender moonlight threw,
Adorned with gems of brightest sheen,
He gave to grace his darling queen.
The offering from his hand received
A moment on her bosom heaved;
Then from her neck the chain she drew,
A glance on all the Vánars threw,
And wistful eyes on Ráma bent
As still she held the ornament.
Her wish he knew, and made reply
To that mute question of her eye:
'Yea, love; the chain on him bestow
Whose wisdom truth and might we know,
The firm ally, the faithful friend
Through toil and peril to the end.'

Then on Hanúmán's bosom hung
The chain which Sítá's hand had flung:
So may a cloud, when winds are still,
With moon-lit, silver gird a hill.
To every Vánar Ráma gave
Rich treasures from the mine and wave:
And with their honours well content
Homeward their steps the chieftains bent.
Ten thousand years Ayodhya, blest
With Rāma's rule, had peace and rest.
No widow mourned her murdered mate,
No house was ever desolate.
The happy land no murrain knew,
The flocks and herds increased and grew.
The earth her kindly fruits supplied,
No harvest failed, no children died.
Unknown wore want, disease, and crime:
So calm, so happy was the time.¹

¹ Here follows in the original an enumeration of the chief blessings
which will attend the man or woman who reads or hears read this tale
of Rāma. These blessings are briefly mentioned at the end of the first
Canto of the first Book, and it appears unnecessary to repeat them
here in their amplified form. The Bengal recension (Gorresio's edition)
gives them more concisely as follows: 'This is the great first poem blessed
and glorious, which gives long life to men and victory to kings, the
poem which Vālmīki made. He who listens to this wondrous tale of
Rāma unwearied in action shall be absolved from all his sins. By lis-
tening to the deeds of Rāma he who wishes for sons shall obtain his
heart's desire, and to him who longs for riches shall riches be given.
The virgin who asks for a husband shall obtain a husband suited to her
mind, and shall meet again her dear kinsfolk who are far away. They
who hear this poem which Vālmīki made shall obtain all their desires
and all their prayers shall be fulfilled.'
APPENDIX.

UTTARAKĀṆḌA.

The Rāmāyan ends, epically complete, with the triumphant return of Rāma and his rescued queen to Ayodhyā and his consecration and coronation in the capital of his forefathers. Even if the story were not complete, the conclusion of the last Canto of the sixth Book, evidently the work of a later hand than Vālmīki’s, which speaks of Rāma’s glorious and happy reign and promises blessings to those who read and hear the Rāmāyan, would be sufficient to show that, when these verses were added, the poem was considered to be finished. The Uttarakāṇḍa or Last Book is merely an appendix or a supplement and relates only events antecedent and subsequent to those described in the original poem. Indian scholars however, led by reverential love of tradition, unanimously ascribe this Last Book to Vālmīki, and regard it as part of the Rāmāyan.

Signor Gorresio has published an excellent translation of the Uttarakāṇḍa, in Italian prose, from the recension current in Bengal;¹ and Mr. Muir has epitom-

¹ The Academy, Vol. III., No. 43, contains an able and interesting notice of this work from the pen of the Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Cambridge: ‘The Uttarakāṇḍa,’ Mr. Cowell remarks, ‘bears the same relation to the Rāmāyaṇa as the Cyclic poems to the Iliad. Just as the Cypria of Stasinus, the Æthiopic of Arctinus, and the little Iliad of Lesches completed the story of the Iliad, and not only added the series of events which preceded and followed it, but also founded episodes of their own on isolated allusions in Homer, so the Uttarakāṇḍa is intended to complete the Rāmāyaṇa, and at the same
ized a portion of the book in the Appendix to the Fourth Part of his Sanskrit Texts (1862). From these scholars I borrow freely in the following pages, and give them my hearty thanks for saving me much wearisome labour.

"After Rāma had returned to Ayodhyā and taken possession of the throne, the rishis [saints] assembled to greet him, and Agastya, in answer to his questions recounted many particulars regarding his old enemies. In the Kṛta Yuga (or Golden Age) the austere and pious Brahman-rishi Pulastya, a son of Brahmā, being teased with the visits of different damsels, proclaimed that any one of them whom he again saw near his hermitage should become pregnant. This had not been heard by the daughter of the royal rishi Triṇavindu, who one day came into Pulastya's neighbourhood, and her pregnancy was the result (Sect. 2, vv. 14 ff.). After her return home, her father, seeing her condition, took her to Pulastya, who accepted her as his wife, and she bore a son who received the name of Viśravas. This son was, like his father, an austere and religious sage. He married the daughter of the muni Bharadvāja, who bore him a son to whom Brahmā gave the name of Vaiśravaṇa = Kuvera (Sect. 3, vv. 1 ff.). He performed austerities for thousands of years, when he obtained from Brahmā as a boon that he should be one of the

time to supplement it by intervening episodes to explain casual allusions or isolated incidents which occur in it. Thus the early history of the giant Raivaṇa and his family fills nearly forty Chapters, and we have a full account of his wars with the gods and his conquest of Lankā, which all happened long before the action of the poem commences, just as the Cypria narrated the birth and early history of Helen, and the two expeditions of the Greeks against Troy; and the latter chapters continue the history of the hero Rāma after his triumphant return to his paternal kingdom, and the poem closes with his death and that of his brothers, and the founding by their descendants of various kingdoms in different parts of India.'
APPENDIX.

guardians of the world (along with Indra, Varuṇa, and Yama) and the god of riches. He afterwards consulted his father Viśravas about an abode, and at his suggestion took possession of the city of Lankā, which had formerly been built by Viṣvakarman for the Rāxasas, but had been abandoned by them through fear of Vishnu, and was at that time unoccupied. Rāma then (Sect. 4) says he is surprised to hear that Lankā had formerly belonged to the Rāxasas, as he had always understood that they were the descendants of Pulastya, and now he learns that they had also another origin. He therefore asks who was their ancestor, and what fault they had committed that they were chased away by Vishnu. Agastya replies that when Brahmā created the waters, he formed certain beings,—some of whom received the name of Rāxasas,—to guard them. The first Rāxasa kings were Heti and Praheti. Heti married a sister of Kāla (Time). She bore him a son Vidyutkeśa, who in his turn took for his wife Lankataṅkaṭā, the daughter of Sandhyā (V. 21). She bore him a son Sukeśa, whom she abandoned, but he was seen by Śiva as he was passing by with his wife Pārvati, who made the child as old as his mother, and immortal, and gave him a celestial city. Sukeśa married a Gandharvī called Devavatī who bore three sons, Mālyavat, Śuṃali and Māli. These sons practised intense austerities, when Brahmā appeared and conferred on them invincibility and long life. They then harassed the gods. Viṣvakarman gave them a city, Lankā, on the mountain Trikūṭa, on the shore of the southern ocean, which he had built at the command of Indra......

The three Rāxasas, Mālyavat and his two brothers, then began to oppress the gods, rishis, etc.; who (Sect. 6, v. 1 ff.) in consequence resort for aid to Mahādeva,
who having regard to his protégé Sukeśa the father of Mālayavat, says that he cannot kill the Rāxasas, but advises the suppliants to go to Vishṇu, which they do, and receive from him a promise that he will destroy their enemies. The three Rāxasa kings, hearing of this, consult together, and proceed to heaven to attack the gods. Vishṇu prepares to meet them. The battle is described in the seventh section. The Rāxasas are defeated by Vishṇu with great slaughter, and driven back to Lankā, one of their leaders, Māli, being slain. Mālayavat remonstrates with Vishṇu, who was assaulting the rear of the fugitives, for his unwarriorlike conduct, and wishes to renew the combat (Sect. 8; v. 3 ff.). Vishṇu replies that he must fulfil his promise to the gods by slaying the Rāxasas, and that he would destroy then even if they fled to Pātāla. These Rāxasas, Agastya says, were more powerful than Rāvaṇa, and could only be destroyed by Nārāyaṇa, i.e. by Rāma himself, the eternal, indestructible god. Sumāli with his family lived for a long time in Pātāla, while Kuvera dwelt in Lankā. In section 9 it is related that Sumāli once happened to visit the earth, when he observed Kuvera going in his chariot to see his father Viśravas. This leads him to consider how he might restore his own fortunes. He consequently desires his daughter Kaikasi to go and woo Viśravas, who receives her graciously. She becomes the mother of the dreadful Rāvaṇa, of the huge Kumbhakarna, of Sūrpanakhā, and of the righteous Vibhīśaṇa, who was the last son. These children grow up in the forest. Kumbhakarna goes about eating rishis. Kuvera comes to visit his father, when Kaikasi takes occasion to urge her son Rāvaṇa to strive to become like his brother (Kuvera) in splendour. This Rāvaṇa promises to do. He then
goes to the hermitage of Gokarna with his brothers to perform austerity. In section 10 their austere observances are described: after a thousand years' penance Ravana throws his head into the fire. He repeats this oblation nine times after equal intervals, and is about to do it the tenth time, when Brahmā appears, and offers a boon. Ravana asks immortality, but is refused. He then asks that he may be indestructible by all creatures more powerful than men; which boon is accorded by Brahmā together with the recovery of all the heads he had sacrificed and the power of assuming any shape he pleased. Viblishana asks as his boon that "even amid the greatest calamities he may think only of righteousness, and that the weapon of Brahmā may appear to him unlearnt, etc. The god grants his request, and adds the gift of immortality. When Brahmā is about to offer a boon to Kumbhakarna, the gods interpose, as, they say, he had eaten seven Apsaras and ten followers of Indra, besides rishis and men; and beg that under the guise of a boon stupefaction may be inflicted on him. Brahmā thinks on Sarasvati, who arrives and, by Brahmā's command, enters into Kumbhakarna's mouth that she may speak for him. Under this influence he asks that he may receive the boon of sleeping for many years, which is granted. When however Sarasvati has left him, and he recovers his own consciousness, he perceives that he has been deluded. Kuvera by his father's advice, gives up the city of Lankā to Rāvana." Rāvana marries (sect. 12.) Mandodari the beautiful daughter of the Asur Maya whose name has several times occurred in the Rámâyana as that of an artist of wonderful skill. She bears a son Meghanaḍa or the Roaring Cloud who was afterwards named Indrajit from

1 Muir, Sanskrit Texts, Part IV., pp. 414 ff.
his victory over the sovereign of the skies. The conquest of Kuvera, and the acquisition of the magic self-moving chariot which has done much service in the Rāmāyana, form the subject of sections xiii., xiv. and xv. "The rather pretty story of Vedavatī is related in the seventeenth section, as follows: Rāvaṇa in the course of his progress through the world, comes to the forest on the Himālaya, where he sees a damsel of brilliant beauty, but in ascetic garb, of whom he straightway becomes enamoured. He tells her that such an austere life is unsuited to her youth and attractions, and asks who she is and why she is leading an ascetic existence. She answers that she is called Vedavatī, and is the vocal daughter of Vrihāspati's son, the rishi Kuśadīvāja, sprung from him during his constant study of the Veda. The gods, gandharvas, etc., she says, wished that she should choose a husband, but her father would give her to no one else than to Vishṇu, the lord of the world, whom he desired for his son-in-law. Vedavatī then proceeds: "In order that I may fulfil this desire of my father in respect of Nārāyaṇa, I wed him with my heart. Having entered into this engagement I practise great austerity. Nārāyaṇa and no other than he, Purushottama, is my husband. From the desire of obtaining him, I resort to this severe observance." Rāvaṇa's passion is not in the least diminished by this explanation and he urges that it is the old alone who should seek to become distinguished by accumulating merit through austerity, prays that she who is so young and beautiful, shall become his bride; and boasts that he is superior to Vishṇu. She rejoins that no one but he would thus contemn that deity. On receiving this reply he touches the hair of her head with the tip of his finger. She is greatly incensed, and forthwith cuts off her hair and
tells him that as he has so insulted her, she cannot continue to live, but will enter into the fire before his eyes. She goes on “Since I have been insulted in the forest by thee who art wicked-hearted, I shall be born again for thy destruction. For a man of evil desire cannot be slain by a woman; and the merit of my austerity would be lost if I were to launch a curse against thee. But if I have performed or bestowed or sacrificed aught may I be born the virtuous daughter, not produced from the womb, of a righteous man.” Having thus spoken she entered, the blazing fire. Then a shower of celestial flowers fell (from every part of the sky). It is she, lord, who, having been Vedavati in the Krita age, has been born (in the Treta age) as the daughter of the king of the Janakas, and (has become) thy [Rāma’s] bride; for thou art the eternal Vishnu. The mountain-like enemy who was [virtually] destroyed before by her wrath, has now been slain by her having recourse to thy superhuman energy.” On this the commentator remarks: “By this it is signified that Sītā was the principal cause of Rāvana’s death; but the function of destroying him is ascribed to Rāma.” On the words, “thou art Vishnu,” in the preceding verse the same commentator remarks: “By this it is clearly affirmed that Sītā was Laxmī. This is what Parāśara says: “In the god’s life as Rāma, she became Sītā, and in his birth as Krishnā [she became] Rukminī.”

In the following section (XVIII.) “Rāvana is described as violently interrupting a sacrifice which is being performed by king Marutta, and the assembled gods in terror assume different shapes to escape; Indra becomes a peacock, Yama a crow, Kuvera a lizard, and Varuṇa a swan; and each deity bestows a boon on the animal

1 Muir, Sanskrit Texts, Part IV., 391, 392.
he had chosen. The peacock's tail recalls Indra's thousand eyes; the swan's colour becomes white, like the foam of the ocean (Varuṇa being its lord); the lizard obtains a golden colour; and the crow is never to die except when killed by a violent death, and the dead are to enjoy the funeral oblations when they have been devoured by the crows.”

Rāvana then attacks Arjuna or Kārtavīrya the mighty king of Māhishmati on the banks of the Narmadā, and is defeated, captured and imprisoned by Arjuna. At the intercession of Pulastya (Sec. XXII.) he is released from his bonds. He then visits Kishkindhā where he enters into alliance with Bāli the King of the Vānars:

“We will have all things in common,” says Rāvana, “daughters, sons, cities and kingdoms, food, vesture, and all delights.” His next exploit is the invasion of the kingdom of departed spirits and his terrific battle with the sovereign Yama. The poet in his description of these regions with the detested river with waves of blood, the dirge lamentations, the cries for a drop of water, the devouring worm, all the tortures of the guilty and the somewhat insipid pleasures of the just, reminds one of the scenes in the under world so vividly described by Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Yama is defeated (Sec. XXVI) by the giant, not so much by his superior power as because at the request of Brahmā Yama refrains from smiting with his deadly weapon the Rākshas enemy to whom that God had once given the promise that preserved him. In the twenty-seventh section Rāvana goes “under the earth into Pātāla the treasure-house of the waters inhabited by swarms of serpents and Daityas, and well defended by Varuṇa.” He subdues Bhogavatī the city ruled by Vāsuki and re-

1 See Academy, III., 43,
duces the Nāgas or serpents to subjection. He penetrates even to the imperial seat of Varuṇa. The God himself is absent, but his sons come forth and do battle with the invader. The giant is victorious and departs triumphant. The twenty-eighth section gives the details of a terrific battle between Rāvaṇ and Māndhātā, King of Ayodhya, a distinguished ancestor of Rāma. Supernatural weapons are employed on both sides and the issue of the conflict is long doubtful. But at last Māndhātā prepares to use the mighty weapon “acquired by severe austerities through the grace and favour of Rudra.” The giant would inevitably have been slain. But two pre-eminent Munis Pulastya and Gālava beheld the fight through the power given by contemplation, and with words of exhortation they parted King Māndhātā and the sovereign of the Rākshases. Rāvaṇ at last (Sect. XXXII.) returns homeward carrying with him in his car Pūshpāk the virgin daughters of kings, of Rishis, of Daityas, and Gandharvas whom he has seized upon his way. The thirty-sixth section describes a battle with Indra, in which the victorious Meghanāda, son of the giant, makes the King of the Gods his prisoner, binds him with his magic art, and carries him away (Sect. XXVII.) in triumph to Lankā. Brahmā intercedes (Sect. XXXVIII.) and Indrajit releases his prisoner on obtaining in return the boon that sacrifice to the Lord of Fire shall always make him invincible in the coming battle. In sections XXXIX. XL, “we have a legend related to Rāma by the sage Agastya to account for the stupendous strength of the monkey Hanumāt, as it had been described in the Rāmāyaṇa. Rāma naturally wonders (as perhaps many readers of the Rāmāyaṇa have done since) why a monkey of such marvellous power and prowess had not easily overcome
Bāli and secured the throne for his friend Sugrīva. Agastya replies that Hanumat was at that time under a curse from a Rishi, and consequently was not conscious of his own might.1 The whole story of the marvellous Vānar is here given at length, but nothing else of importance is added to the tale already given in the Rāmāyaṇa. The Rishis or saints then (Sect. XL) return to their celestial seats, and the Vānars, Rākshasas and bears also (Sect. XLIII.) take their departure. The chariot Pushpak is restored to its original owner Ku vera, as has already been related in the Rāmāyaṇa.

The story of Rāma and Sītā is then continued, and we meet with matter of more human interest. The winter is past and the pleasant spring-time is come, and Rāma and Sītā sit together in the shade of the Aśoka trees happy as Indra and Śachi when they drink in Paradise the nectar of the Gods. “Tell me, my beloved,” says Rāma, “for thou wilt soon be a mother, hast thou a wish in thy heart for me to gratify?” And Sītā smiles and answers: “I long, O son of Raghu, to visit the pure and holy hermitages on the banks of the Ganges and to venerate the feet of the saints who there perform their rigid austerities and live on roots and berries. This is my chief desire, to stand within the hermits’ grove were it but for a single day.” And Rāma said: “Let not the thought trouble thee: thou shalt go to the grove of the ascetics.” But slanderous tongues have been busy in Ayodhya, and Sītā has not been spared. Rāma hears that the people are lamenting his blind folly in taking back to his bosom the wife who was so long a captive in the palace of Rāvana. Rāma well knows her spotless purity in thought, word, and deed, and her perfect love of him; but he cannot

1 *Academy, Vol. III., No. 43.*
APPENDIX:

endure the mockery and the shame and resolves to abandon his unsuspecting wife. He orders the sad but still obedient Lakshmana to convey her to the hermitage which she wishes to visit and to leave her there, for he will see her face again no more. They arrive at the hermitage, and Lakshmana tells her all. She falls fainting on the ground, and when she recovers her consciousness sheds some natural tears and bewails her cruel and undeserved lot. But she resolves to live for the sake of Rama and her unborn son, and she sends by Lakshmana a dignified message to the husband who has forsaken her: "I grieve not for myself," she says "because I have been abandoned on account of what the people say, and not for any evil that I have done. The husband is the God of the wife, the husband is her lord and guide; and what seems good unto him she should do even at the cost of her life".

Sita is honourably received by the saint Valmiki himself, and the holy women of the hermitage are charged to entertain and serve her. In this calm retreat she gives birth to two boys who receive the names of Kusa and Lava. They are carefully brought up and are taught by Valmiki himself to recite the Ramayana. The years pass by; and Rama at length determines to celebrate the Ashvamedha or Sacrifice of the Steed. Valmiki, with his two young pupils, attends the ceremony, and the unknown princes recite before the delighted father the poem which recounts his deeds. Rama inquires into their history and recognizes them as his sons. Sita is invited to return and solemnly affirm her innocence before the great assembly.

"But Sita's heart was too full; this second ordeal was beyond even her power to submit to, and the poet rose above the ordinary Hindu level of women when he ven-
tured to paint her conscious purity as rebelling: "Beholding all the spectators, and clothed in red garments, Sitā clasping her hands and bending low her face, spoke thus in a voice choked with tears: 'as I, even in mind, have never thought of any other than Rāma, so may Mādhavī the goddess of Earth, grant me a hiding-place.' As Sitā made this oath, lo! a marvel appeared. Suddenly cleaving the earth, a divine throne of marvellous beauty rose up, borne by resplendent dragons on their heads; and seated on it, the goddess of Earth, raising Sitā with her arm, said to her, 'Welcome to thee!' and placed her by her side. And as the queen, seated on the throne, slowly descended to Hades, a continuous shower of flowers fell down from heaven on her head."'

"Both the great Hindu epics thus end in disappointment and sorrow. In the Mahābhārata the five victorious brothers abandon the hardly won throne to die one by one in a forlorn pilgrimage to the Himālaya; and in the same way Rāma only regains his wife, after all his toils, to lose her. It is the same in the later Homeric cycle—the heroes of the Iliad perish by ill-fated deaths. And even Ulysses, after his return to Ithaca, sets sail again to Thesprotia, and finally falls by the hand of his own son. But in India and Greece alike this is an afterthought of a self-conscious time, which has been subsequently added to cast a gloom on the strong cheerfulness of the heroic age."

"The termination of Rāma's terrestrial career is thus told in Sections 116 ff. of the Uttarākāṇḍa. Time, in the form of an ascetic, comes to his palace-gate, and

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1 E. B. Cowell. Academy, No. 43.

The story of Sitā's banishment has already been given, roughly translated from the Rāghuvrāṇi, in the Additional Notes of Vol. I.

asks, as the messenger of the great rishi (Brahmā) to see Rāma. He is admitted and received with honour, but says, when he is asked what he has to communicate, that his message must be delivered in private, and that any one who witnesses the interview is to lose his life. Rāma informs Laxmana of all this, and desires him to stand outside. Time then tells Rāma that he has been sent by Brahmā to say that when he (Rāma, i.e. Vishṇu) after destroying the worlds was sleeping on the ocean, he had formed him (Brahmā) from the lotus springing from his navel, and committed to him the work of creation; that he (Brahmā) had then entreated Rāma to assume the function of Preserver, and that the latter had in consequence become Vishṇu, being born as the son of Aditi, and had determined to deliver mankind by destroying Rāvana, and to live on earth ten thousand and ten hundred years; that period, adds Time, was now on the eve of expiration, and Rāma could either at his pleasure prolong his stay on earth, or ascend to heaven and rule over the gods. Rāma replies, that he had been born for the good of the three worlds, and would now return to the place whence he had come, as it was his function to fulfil the purposes of the gods. While they are speaking the irritable rishi Durvāsas comes, and insists on seeing Rāma immediately, under a threat, if refused, of cursing Rāma and all his family.

Laxmana, preferring to save his kinsman, though knowing that his own death must be the consequence of interrupting the interview of Rāma with Time, enters the palace and reports the rishi's message to Rāma. Rāma comes out, and when Durvāsas has got the food he wished, and departed, Rāma reflects with great distress on the words of Time, which require that Laxmana should die. Laxmana however exhorts Rāma
not to grieve, but to abandon him and not break his own promise. The counsellors concurring in this advice, Rāma abandons Laxmana, who goes to the river Sarayu, suppresses all his senses, and is conveyed bodily by Indra to heaven. The gods are delighted by the arrival of the fourth part of Vishnu. Rāma then resolves to install Bharata as his successor and retire to the forest and follow Laxmana. Bharata however refuses the succession, and determines to accompany his brother. Rāma’s subjects are filled with grief, and say they also will follow him wherever he goes. Messengers are sent to Śatrughna, the other brother, and he also resolves to accompany Rāma; who at length sets out in procession from his capital with all the ceremonial appropriate to the "great departure," silent, indifferent to external objects, joyless, with Śrī on his right, the goddess Earth on his left, Energy in front, attended by all his weapons in human shapes, by the Vedas in the forms of Brahmans, by the Gāyatrī, the Omkāra, the Vashatkāra, by rishis, by his women, female slaves, eunuchs, and servants. Bharata with his family, and Śatrughna, follow together with Brahmans bearing the sacred fire, and the whole of the people of the country, and even with animals, etc., etc. Rāma, with all these attendants, comes to the banks of the Sarayu. Brahmā, with all the gods and innumerable celestial cars, now appears, and all the sky is resplendent with the divine splendour. Pure and fragrant breezes blow, a shower of flowers falls. Rāma enters the waters of the Sarayu; and Brahmā utters a voice from the sky, saying: "Approach, Vishnu; Rāghava, thou hast happily arrived, with thy godlike brothers. Enter thine own body as Vishnu or the eternal ether. For thou art the abode of the worlds: no one comprehends thee, the inconceivable and imperishable,
except the large-eyed Māyā-thy primeval spouse." Hearing these words, Rāma enters the glory of Vishṇu with his body and his followers. He then asks Brahmā to find an abode for the people who had accompanied him from devotion to his person, and Brahmā appoints them a celestial residence accordingly."  

1 Muir Sanskrit Texts, Part IV., Appendix.