KISKINDHYA KANDAM
CHAPTER I

THE LAKE PAMPA

Rama, with Lakshmana, having repaired to Pampa, full of lotuses and fishes, began to lament with an oppressed heart. No sooner he cast his eyes upon Pampa, he was stirred up with a mixed emotion of sorrow and joy, and being agitated with passion said, "Look, my boy! How crystal lucid is the water of Pampa, like liquid gem of the bluest hue, and how red lotuses have bloomed in it! What lovely woods fringe its banks, and how the trees with their branches appear like the peaks of a hill! These are the haunts of various beasts and birds. Though I have been greatly afflicted with sorrow for the loss of Sita and at the thought of Bharata's sufferings, yet this beautiful Pampa gladdens my sight. Look, how the deep green turf strewn with blossoms of diverse hues, loosened from their stalks, appear like a beautiful chequered blanket spread on the grass! Here and there, lovely creepers, adorned with bunches of flowers, are embracing the topmost branches of the trees laden with blossoms! My darling! It is now spring, the season of love. See, how gently the breeze is blowing, the flowers are in their bloom, and the forest is fragrant with their odour. Look, how the flowery woods rain their blossoms like drops of rain from the cloud! The trees being shaken by the breeze are shedding their flowers, and the rocky ledges are covered with them. The wind seems to be sprinkling with the flowers; see how many of them it has thrown on the ground, how many are still falling, and how
many hang on the trees. The sportive wind by shaking the branches laden with blossoms is driving off the bees which pursue its course with loud hummings! Hark, what a deep music the wild wind makes as it rushes out of the caves, and how the cuckoos with their songs are reaching the trees to a dance. The fresh, bracing air is delightfully cool and fragrant like sandal, and it removes all fatigue and langour. The trees are being united with one another having their branches inter-laced by the motion of the wind, and the bees are humming on them, being intoxicated by the smell of wild honey. The peaks with blossoming trees on their crests appear to have put on diadems on their heads! Look, how the Cassius is covered with golden blossoms, like one decked in gold and clothed in yellow robes! O, Saumitri, as I am now without Janaki, this spring pains me more, and ruthless Love smites me all the while. Hark, as if the cuckoos are mocking me with their sweet notes. Hear the Datyuha birds warbling at the fountain-side. Their sweet notes afflict me very much. Formerly, Janaki hearing these notes from the cottage called me by her side and expressed her great delight.

Lo! The birds of diverse notes are chirping in the forest and are perched on the branches of the trees. Look, how in each flock, the birds with their mates are cooing in joy, like the sweet humming of the bees. The trees have been rendered vocal by the amorous murmurs of the Datyuhas and by the cries of the male cuckoos. The spring, like fire, is scorching me most—
the red Asokas are its embers, the hum of the bees is its (whizzing) sound, and the coppery leaves are its flame! Lakshmana, since I no more behold my sweet-tongued Sita with fair eyes and lovely hair, then of what use is this life to me? This vernal season, when the wood blooms and resounds with the cuckoo's notes, was most dear to Sita, and her love will soon burn away my soul. I find the lovely trees with their blossoms around me but not Sita amongst them! Alas! this spring has rekindled my grief for Sita. I am being consumed by her thoughts, so vernal breeze can not fan me cool.

"Lakshmana! Look, how the frantic pea-cocks, with their hens, are dancing in joy, spreading their tails, glowing like crystal window-lattice. They are aggravating my pain of separation. Look, how the pea-hen dances in amorous joy seeing the pea-cock dancing on the cliff, and the pea-cock spreading its beautiful wings is approaching his mate emitting a shrill cry, as if, in jest. Look, how the hen, being smitten by love, follows the pea-cock. There is love even amongst the birds: Surely, no Rakshasa has brought Sita here, or the pea-cocks would not have danced in joy. If large-eyed Janaki were not carried away, she too would have been smitten with such an amorous longing.

"Lakshmana! Look, how the flowers in consummate bloom fall on the ground with bees humming on them, and how the birds welcome one another with warbling notes, exciting all amorous thoughts. If the vernal season comes where my Janaki is now confined, she
will certainly pine like me. Even if the spring does not appear there, still Sita will not survive my absence, or it might be that spring has appeared there while she is being oppressed by the enemy. But what will she do? Certainly, my darling of a slender make, of sweet accents, of golden hue, and having eyes like the petals of a lotus will die in this spring. I am sure, she will not survive my separation: in truth, we were deeply attached to one another.

'O Lakshmana! I am ever thinking of Janaki and this sweet cool breeze, scented with the fragrance of vernal flowers, appears like fire to me. The sweet breeze that I loved so much in company of Janaki is causing me great pain in her absence. Formerly, this bird which cried from the sky¹, now caws delightfully from the top of the tree; so it once presaged my separation from Sita, but now it foretells my reunion with her.

'Look, how the birds perched on the flower-trees are delighting all by their sweet minstrels. The blooming Tilaka, being tossed by the wind, appears like a beauty reeling with wine, and the bees are hastily darting at her. This Asoka, incentive to amorous desires, is demonstrating with me with its clusters of blossoms shaken by the breeze.

'Look, there is the mango-tree in blossoms, like a

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¹ When the bird, apparently a raven, cried overhead, it was an omen indicating his impending separation and when it has perched on the tree near Rama and is cawing in delight it is a happy augury that Sita will be soon restored to him.
gaily decorated beauty smitten with amorous desires. Look at the Kinnaras roaming about hither and thither. The swans and chakravakas are sporting in the crystal stream of Pampa. Deer and elephants have come for drink. Look, how the red lotuses—each like a crimson dawn—have bloomed in it, and the surface of the water is covered with their pollens cast off by the bees. Quite charming is the beauty of Pampa, and the woods that fringe its banks are most romantic. Look, how the lotuses tossed by the wind repeatedly dash against the ripples.

"Lakshmana! I can no longer live without that lotus-eyed beauty, fond of lotuses. Oh, how cruel is Cupid. There is no possibility of getting her soon, but it is Love that is reviving her dear image in my mind. I could have resisted the pangs of amorous love, had not the Spring oppressed me thus with its blossoms and leaves.

"Things that were dear during my union with Sita have lost all charm in her absence. Neither the lotus-bud, nor the red Palasha blossom delights my eye. Mark the lotus-petal is like my Sita's eye, and the breeze issuing from the trees carrying the lotus scent touching its filaments, is like the sweet breath of Sita."

"Lakshmana! Look, how charming the Cassius looks in its blossoms over the hill on Pampa's southern bank. That hill is rich in minerals, and its table-land is illumined with the red Kinsuka flowers, devoid of leaves. Look, there have bloomed Malati, Mallika, Hibiscus,
Karavī, Ketaki, Sindhuvara, Vasanti, Matulinga, Purna, Kunda; Naktamala, Madhuka, Vakulas Canes, Champaka Naga, red and blue Asokas, Lodhra brown like the manes of a lion, Ankula, Kurunta. Churnaka, Paribhadraka, Mango, Patala, Kovidara, Muchukunda, Arjuna, Ubdalaka, Sirisha, Sinsapa, Dhava, Salmali, Kinsuka, red Kuruvaka, Tulashi, Sandal, Shyandam, Hintal and Tilaka. These beautiful trees are covered with creepers, and their branches being shaken by the breeze, the creepers appear to embrace them repeatedly like beautiful women intoxicated with wine.

"My boy! The wind having tasted different sweet things is blowing from hill to hill, from tree to tree in delight. Look, some of the trees are covered with sweet-scented flowers, while some of them are adorned with sweet green buds. The thirsty bees, saying, "this is sweet," "this is full-blown," sit on each and every flower and then hastily leave it in search of fresh honey and thus the ground has been covered with blossoms fallen from the trees. The cliffs being covered with blue and yellow flowers appear as if wrapped with a variegated blanket. Look, what a profusion of flowers bloom in the spring, as if the trees are vying with each other in their floral wealth, and their branches are covered with clusters of flowers, and the bees are humming on them. There a swan sports with his mate in the lucid water of Pampa, causing me great pain. How beautiful is this stream, I now find that the reputation of its beauty is in no way exaggerated. If I can now find Sita and live with her on the bank of Pampa I do not crave for
Ayodhya or of the kingdom of heaven. Surely, all desires and appetites would have been gratified if I could dally with Sita on its emerald green. I am pining for the separation from Sita, and the vernal wood, with its rich blossoms and leaves, is causing me very great pain.

"O, how exquisitely beautiful is Pampa! Its glassy stream is covered with lilies, and various aquatic birds sport in the water. These gay birds remind me of Sita. There the herd of deer reminds me of gazelle-eyed Sita. Her thoughts make me quite restless and sad. I shall only be happy if I find Sita there on the hill, or if that beauty of slim waist breathes this fresh air of Pampa along with me, and then only I shall live. Only the blessed people enjoy the lotus-scented breeze of the Pampa.

"O Saumitri! I don't know how Janaki is living under another's subjection. What shall I say when king Janaka and others will enquire after her welfare? I know not where is she, who has followed this unlucky self to the forest purely from a sense of duty. Being deprived of kingdom I lost my sense, but she cheered me up by her company. How shall I live now in separation? Alas! Janaki's eyes are beautiful like a lotus, and always a sweet, half-suppressed smile hovers on her lips whenever she speaks. Now, my heart sinks, not beholding the lotus-scented countenance of that faultless beauty. Her accents are distinct, clear, sensible and sweet. When shall I hear them again? That chaste lady, though suffering greatly from this exile in the forest, yet always talked to me sweet things, like a
cheerful friend. Alas! What shall I say when mother will enquire about Janaki? Go back and meet Bharata, full of fraternal love. I shall not be able to live in absence of Janaki."

Thus finding Rama weeping like a desolate creature, Lakshmana consoled him with cogent words, "O worshipful one! Just restrain your sorrow, and good will betide you. People, even without any stain of vice, lose their intelligence when overwhelmed with grief. Considering that sorrow is consequent upon separation, forget thy attachment for your dear one. When the wick is moist, it burns with very little oil. O worshipful lord, if Ravana hides himself within the dark hollow of the earth, he won't be saved. Now try to gather information about him. If he hides himself with Sita within the womb of Diti—the mother of the Asuras—I shall surely kill him, if he do not return Sita to you. "Shake off that low despondency and bear up patiently. No body can retrieve lost wealth without endeavour. Energy is the chief requisite for performing an act, and there is no greater power than energy. Everything in this world is accessible to an energetic man; and nothing can deshearten him. By resorting to energy, we shall recover Sita. Banish your sorrow and amorous longing. You are wise and noble, why do you forget this?"

Then, Rama thinking Lakshmana's advice to be sound, restrained his sorrows and in slow gait, but with an anxious heart, walked along the bank of Pampa, covered with trees shaken by the wind. On their way, they surveyed all caves and brooks carefully. Heroic Laksa-
mana followed Rama, ever thinking of the means as to how Rama could be consoled, and he tried to cheer him up all the way by moral and heroic discourses.

At that time, the chief of the monkeys was roaming about in the Rishyamukha mountain and beheld these two mighty princes. He was greatly alarmed by their sight and became sad. Then other Vanaras got frightened and they entered a holy and a pleasant asylum for shelter.

CHAPTER II
HANUMAN

Sugriva was panic-stricken at the sight of Rama and Lakshmana, and cast his anxious look all around. He could not remain at rest in one place and became extremely sad. He began to think with anxious heart and then addressing his counsellors said, “You see, these two young men have certainly been despatched by Vali. They have put on barks just to create our confidence. You see, how in the pretext of wandering they have penetrated into the deep impenetrable forest.”

Then the counsellors seeing those two heroes, carrying bows in their hands, hastily retired to the summit of the hill and sat down encircling Sugriva, their chief. Then other Vanaras, by shaking the hill by their movements, ranged from peak to peak and began to break down the flowery trees by their leaps, and thereby scaring away deer, tigers and cats.

Then of the counsellors seated round Sugriva with
the clasped palms, eloquent Hanumana finding Sugriva thus panic-stricken from fear of Vali, said, "O hero! Don't be afraid. This is Rishyamukha mountain. Here there is nothing to fear from Vali. I do not see that cruel Vali of terrible look, in whose fear you have come away running with an anxious heart. That wicked person has not come to this forest So I can not understand why you are so very afraid."

"O Monkey-chief! By this, you simply betray your apish nature. Through your light-heartedness you can not retain calmness of mind. You are endowed with intelligence, do everything by means of gesture. A foolish king can not rule over the people."

Hearing these reasonable words of Hanumana, Sugriva said, "Who is not struck with fear seeing those two heroes with mighty arms and large eyes, like two heavenly youths equipped with bows and arrows? Methinks they have been sent by Vali. You see, a king has many friends and they have come here out of that friendship. So we should not readily place our confidence in them. An enemy sometimes acts in an extremely treacherous manner, and by creating confidence he destroys his adversary in an opportune moment. So we must first know their motives. Vali is quite an adept in these things: besides, kings are skilled in deceiving and destroying their enemies. We should, therefore, send spies in disguise to ascertain their whereabouts. Hanumana you go in an humble guise and ascertain by gestures and speech who they are. If you find them cheerful, then greet them on my behalf and create their confidence by
my repeated praise. and if from their looks and words you do not find any dark design in them, then ask why have they come to this forest.?”

Being thus commanded by Sugriva, Hanumana went to Rama and Lakshmana from the Rishyamukha mountain. By discarding the form of a Vanara, he cunningly assumed the guise of a mendicant, and after approaching them with great humility, he began with a profuse eulogy, “O heroes! Please tell me who you are. You are highly beautiful to look at and are saints devoted to religious practices; nay, you look like gods. Please tell me why have you come here? You are clad in barks like hermits, but the effulgence of your body shines upon the crystal waters of Pampa. Your locks are matted and your eyes are like the lotus petals. You have frightened the denizens of the forest by reconnoitering the woods on the bank of the Pampa. You carry in your hands bows, like that of Indra, which presages death to your enemies. You are staring like lions and breathing heavily from exhaustion. You are quite heroic and beautiful. The hill has been illumined by your beauty! You are worthy of sitting on the throne, tell me then why are you roaming in the forest? One of you resembles the other. It seems that you have descended from the heavenly region, as if the sun and the moon have come down upon the earth! You have broad chests and your shoulders are like that of a lion. You look like two mighty bulls, beaming with the exuberance of health. You are gods in human form. Your arms are long and round like the trunk of an elephant. Or-
ornaments should adorn such arms, but I don't know why have you not put them on? It seems you can protect the earth with its hills, dales, forests and seas. Your bows, being bright and gilded with gold, look like golden thunderbolts. Those beautiful quivers are full of deadly arrows like venomous snakes. Those two long swords, wrought in gold, look like two snakes that have cast off their sloughs. But, O heroes! Why do you not talk to me?

"You see, in this Rishyamukha hill there lives a hero named Sugriva. He is virtuous and is chief of the Vanaras. He has been roaming throughout the world with a sad heart, being driven off from his kingdom by Vali. I have been sent by him. I am the son of Pavana, a Vanara by nationality, and my name is Hanumana. Pious Sugriva is willing to make you friends. I am his counsellor, I can go wherever I wish, nothing can obstruct my career. It is for Sugriva's benefit that I have come from the Rishyamukha in the guise of a mendicant."

Saying these eloquent words, Hanumana lapsed into silence. Rama was exceedingly delighted at Hanumana's speech, and addressing his brother, Lakshmana, by his side said, "My boy! I was looking for Sugriva—the monkey-chief. His counsellor is now present before me! This Vanara here is an orator, you just speak to him in friendly accents. No body can talk like this, as he has just now spoken, unless he is versed in the Rig, Yayur and the Sama Vedas. He must have heard the whole of the Grammar many a time, for though he has talked much,

1 Wind God.
not a single slang has escaped from his lips and there was no distortion of his face, brows or eyes while he spoke. His words are sweet and simple. How clear, distinct and sweet voice issues from his throat, chest and roof of the palate. He knows what words should be employed first and what last, that enables one to understand the import of each word and to clearly realise the object indicated by them. It is a wonderful speech; it can please even one's enemy, ready to strike with an upraised sword. I know not how a king whose emissary is like this achieves his ends. In fact, whose messenger is such a qualified and eloquent speaker, his works are accomplished even by words."

Then eloquent Lakshmana said to Hanumana, Sugriva's counsellor, "O learned one! We are aware of the noble qualities of Sugriva, and it is why we are looking for him. We shall act according to his directions as you say."

Hearing this clever speech of Lakshmana, Hanumana thinking of Sugriva's victory, became anxious for contracting friendship between Rama and Sugriva.

CHAPTER III
THE INTRODUCTION

Hanumana, hearing the object of Rama's arrival and seeing his peaceful attitude towards Sugriva, thought: "Since Rama has come for some business which is in the hand of Sugriva, surely he will get back his kingdom."

He then cheerfully asked Rama, "O hero! Wh,
have you come with brother Lakshmana to this forest, full of wild and ferocious animals?"

Thereupon, Lakshmana, with the permission of Rama, said, "O hero! There was a virtuous king by the name of Dasaratha. He protected the four castes according to law. He was envious of none, and nobody ever wished him any evil. That king used to rule over the world like a second Brahma, and performed many sacrifices as Agnistoma, etc. Yon is Rama, his eldest son. He is the most accomplished of all the sons. All auspicious royal signs exist in him. He was installed on the throne, but has been deprived of the kingdom, and therefore, he has come to the forest along with me. As in the evening the solar rays follow the glowing sun, so his wife Sita has followed him. I am his younger brother, Lakshmana, and being captivated by his noble qualities I have undertaken to serve him as a servant. He is worthy of enjoying all happiness, and is adorable of all. He is intent upon the well-being of all, but being deprived of all wealth, he is now passing his days in the forest and hath his wife carried off by a Rakshasa. We know nothing about that Rakshasa. Diti's son, named Danu, who was turned into a Rakshasa by a curse has told us this much that Sugriva, chief of the Vanaras, is valiant and wise. He must know who has carried off your wife. Saying this, Danu ascended the heaven with an effulgent body.

"Hanumana! I have told you every thing about Rama. Now, myself and Rama seek shelter of Sugriva. Rama has attained great fame by giving away in charity profuse wealth, and he who was formerly the lord of all,
now seeks shelter of Sugriva. One who is virtuous, and
by whose favour the people became happy, now craves
for Sugriva's favour! The eldest son of king Dasaratha,
who would do honour to all the worthy princes of the
world, now seeks for Sugriva's help. When he being
smitten with sorrow has asked for Sugriva's shelter,
Sugriva, with the leaders of his party, ought to receive
him with grace."

After Lakshmana said this with tearful eyes, eloquent
Hanumana replied, "You are intelligent, gentle and have
your senses under control. Sugriva will certainly receive
you. It is due to his good luck that you have come
here. He has great enmity with Vali. Vali has taken
away his wife and has turned him out of the kingdom.
Since then Sugriva is passing his days in great fear in
the forest. He will now assist you in your search for
Sita with his Vanara followers."

Hanumana again said with sweet words, "Come then,
let us now go to Sugriva."

Then Lakshmana after greeting Hanumana duly, said
to Rama, "Arya! From what has been said by Hanu-
man, the son of Pavana, it appears that some object of
Sugriva will be achieved through your help. It has,
therefore, been good that you have come here. This
hero has gladly said everything quite frankly, and it does
not seem at all likely that he is telling lies."

After this clever Hanumana thought of taking Rama
and Lakshmana to Sugriva, and then throwing off his
false guise of a mendicant, he assumed the form of a
Vanara and left the place by taking Rama and Laksh-
mana on his back.¹

¹ Most of the hill tribes carry burdens on their backs.
A Hillman easily carries one on his back, seated on a chair,
secured by a rope bandage with his head.
CHAPTER IV

FRIENDSHIP

Then Hanumana leaving the Rishyamukha range, arrived at the Malaya hill, and addressing Sugriva, the monkey chief, said, "Here is heroic Rama who has come with his brother Lakshmana. He is the son of king Dasaratha of the Ikshwaku line. He has come to the forest to redeem the pledge of his father. It is for the satisfaction of a queen of that king who propitiated fire by Rajsuya and Aswamedha sacrifices, who gave hundreds of kine in charity to the Brahmanas, and who ruled over the earth strictly according to the standard of truth and honesty, that Rama has come to the forest. In the mean time, Ravana has carried off his wife. He now seeks your help. Rama and Lakshmana are anxious to make friendship with you. They are highly adorables, now receive them with due honour."

Then, Sugriva hearing these words of Hanumana assumed a cheerful look and spoke with delight, "Rama I have heard of your noble qualities from Hanumana. You are pious, devoted to penance and bear great affection towards all. I am a Vanara and you are ready to make me your friend. I feel myself highly honoured and benefitted by this. Now, if friendship with me be agreeable to you, here I do stretch forth my hand, just grasp it with a firm vow."

Rama then accepted Sugriva's hand in delight, in token of friendship, and embraced him warmly. At that time, Hanumana produced a fire by rubbing two
pieces of wood and worshipping it with flowers, cheerfully placed it between the two.

Then they went round the blazing fire and fondly gazed at each other, but none of them felt satiated by gazing at the other.

Then, Sugrīva cheerfully said, "Rama, you are now a dear and a near friend of mine. Our sorrows and joys must now be common."

Saying this, Sugrīva broke down a leafy and a flowery branch of the Sala tree and sat upon it along with Rama. Hanumān, too, with great delight, brought a blossoming Sāndāla branch for Lakshmana’s seat.

Sugrīva then began to narrate with a cheerful look: Being deprived of kingdom, I have been roaming in the forest with a panic-striken heart. I have great enmity with Vali. He has taken away my wife. I have taken shelter in this fortress from fear. Please do that by which I can get rid of that fear."

Then virtuous Rama smilingly replied, "O chief of the monkeys, I know that the outcome of amity is good offices. I shall surely kill Vali, the abductor of your wife. These irresistible sharp shafts of mine, adorned with the feathers of Kanaka, will fall upon him like deadly snakes. You will surely find him slain and shattered like a hill."

Hearing these well-meaning words from Rama, Sugrīva joyfully said, "O chief of men! I shall get back both my kingdom and wife through your grace. You will reduce my enemy, Vali, to such a state that he may not injure me any more."
Thus friendship between Sugriva and Rama was contracted. At that time the left eye of Janaki, like the petal of a lotus, the brownish eye of Vali, and the flaming left eyes of the Rakshasas began to throb.

CHAPTER V
THE REMEMBRANCERS.

Sugriva, again, cheerfully resumed, "Hanuman, the chief of my counsellors and devoted followers, has told me why you have come to the forest with Lakshmana and how Ravana has carried off Janaki when you and Lakshmana had left her alone, and how that seeker of weak moments killed Jatayu. The Rakshasa has caused you grief of separation from your wife, that sorrow will soon be over. I shall bring back your Sita, like Deva-sruti carried off by the Danavas, Whether she be in the sky or in the nether region, I will soon restore her to you. Take my words as true, even gods like Indra and the Asuras would not be able to retain Sita, like poison ous food. O hero! Banish your sorrow, I will bring back your darling. Now, I find that she was Janaki who had cried out, Alas, Rama! Alas, Lakshmana! when the Rakshasa was carrying her away, and she writhed like a serpent on Ravana's lap. Seeing five of us on the summit of the hill, she threw down her ornaments and scarf to us. We have deposited them inside the cave. Let me fetch them here, just see whether you can recognise them or not."

Rama then said to Sugriva of sweet speech, "O friend, soon bring them here. Why are you delaying?"
Sugriva, thereupon, entered a deep cave, and after bringing from there the scarf and the ornaments, he said, “Just see.”

Rama’s eyes then grew misty with tears, as the moon becomes clouded with frost. Being wet with tears for Sita, Rama fell on the ground, uttering “Alack, Sita!” He pressed those ornaments again and again on his heart and panted heavily like a pent-up snake. Then addressing Lakshmana by his side, he broke forth in tears. “Look Lakshmana! At the time of being carried off, Janaki threw down these ornaments and scarf on the ground. Perhaps, she threw them on a grassy turf, or they could not have remained thus unstained as before.”

Then Lakshmana said, “O worshipful one! I do not know her bracelets or ear-rings; every day I bowed to her feet, so I know her anklets.”

Rama then asked Sugriva, “O Friend, tell me whither that dreadful Rakshasa proceeded carrying off my darling Janaki?”

“Where does he live who has caused me such a great calamity? I shall destroy all the Rakshasas for him. He who has kindled my wrath by stealing away Janaki has opened the door of death for him. Who is that person that has abducted my darling from the forest by deceitful means? Tell me, I will soon send him to destruction.”

Then Sugriva said with joined palms, “Rama! I do not know the secret abode of that sinful Rakshasa but I know some thing about his prowess and vicious pedigree. Banish your sorrow and I shall tell you truly
that I shall do that by which you will get back your Janaki. I shall soon kill Ravana with his host by my valour that will gladden you. Don't be overwhelmed with grief, bear patiently. Such nervousness does not become a man like you. You see, I am also distressed for separation from my wife, but a humble Vanara as I am, I do not lament like you. Rama, you are noble, intelligent and gentle, you can easily find consolation. Just restrain that flowing stream of tears. Patience is a dignified privilege of the wise, do not forsake that.

He who is calm and intelligent, never loses his self-possession in danger, loss of wealth. even in a situation that threatens his life. He who is not wise and is not clever in any thing is overwhelmed with grief and sinks down like a heavily loaded boat by the current of the river. My friend! I entreat you with joined hands and for the love that I bear to you. resort to your valour, give up your sorrow. Those who are afflicted with sorrow are unhappy, and they lose their manliness. Sorrow may bring about one's end. So do not indulge in grief. It is not advice, but, as a friend I tell you what is good for you. Maintain the honour of amity by banishing your sorrow.

Thus being consoled by the sweet words of Sugriva, Rama wiped his face stained with tears, with the end of his cloth. And after recovering himself, Rama embracing Sugriva, said, "You have done what a well-wishing friend should do. I have grown calm at your words. It is always difficult to get such a friend in times of difficulty and distress. Now, you will have to accomplish two
things, to search for Janaki and to kill that Rakshasa. You will have to put your utmost endeavours in these two things. Now, tell me frankly what shall I do for you? As seeds in a fertile soil become fruitful during the rains, so all your actions will be crowned with success. What I have just told you with a spice of pride, know it to be true. I have never told any lie, nor will I ever do it in future."

Thereupon, Sugriva, with his followers, became extremely delighted at this promise of Rama. Then, Rama and Sugriva taking their seats in a secluded spot talked about their sorrows and joys. Being assured by Rama, Sugriva banished all his doubts about his success.

CHAPTER VI
FRIENDLY DISCOURSE

Being extremely pleased with Rama's words, Sugriva said, "When I have got such an accomplished person like you as my friend, I do no more doubt that I shall be favoured by the gods. Not to speak of my kingdom, by your help I can secure even the kingdom of heaven. Having contracted friendship in the presence of sacred fire, I have risen in the esteem of my own people. You will also, by degrees, realise that I am a worthy friend of yours, but for this I need not advertise about my own qualities now. O independent spirited one! Affection and regard of a noble person like you always remain constant. True friends say that gold, silver and ornaments are the common properties of all friends. A
friend is a friend, whether he be rich or poor, happy or miserable, good or bad. For friendly love, it is not difficult to forsake one's wealth, happiness or even his native land."

Then, Rama observed to Lakshmana, endowed with the prowess of Indra, "What you have said is not untrue."

On the following day, finding Rama and Lakshmana sad, Sugriva cast restless look all round, and seeing a blossoming branch of the Sala he broke it and sat upon it with Rama.

Hanuman also offered a Sala branch to Lakshmana.

Rama took his seat and appeared like a calm sea. Then Sugriva said, "My friend! Vali has driven me away. He has stolen my wife; I am roaming about in great distress in the Rishyamukha hill. Vali is my mortal enemy, and I am greatly afraid of him. You are destroyer of all fears, be favourably disposed towards this helpless creature."

Thereupon, virtuous Rama replied with a gentle smile, "My friend, it is by doing good that one becomes a friend and by doing injury that another turns to be an enemy. Now, Vali has become your enemy for his own misdeed, and I shall myself destroy him. You will find him shattered by my sharp arrows adorned with teachers." This filled the martial chieftain Sugriva with delight, and after thanking Rama profusely said, "Rama! You are the refuge of the afflicted and you are also my friend. Therefore, I have expressed my sorrows to you. You have become my friend by accepting my
hand, in the presence of fire, and I vow to you that you are dearer to me than life. Mental agony has made me weak. You are my friend, so I tell you every thing without any reserve."

Saying this, Sugriva burst into tears. He could not then speak out any thing, and with great fortitude restrained his tears that was about to break into torrents, and heaving a deep sigh and wiping off his eyes, he resumed, "My friend! Vali has turned me out of his kingdom by talking harsh words. That wicked fellow has stolen my wife, and has cast into prison my friends. He is always anxious to take away my life, and for this he had despatched many Vanaras on several occasions, but I put them to death. To speak you the truth, when you came here I was alarmed at your sight, so I dared not come out. People may be frightened even by a trifle because of fear. Now, only Hanuman and others like him are my friends. These affectionate Vanaras always protect me. They rise and sit at my word. What shall I say more? Please know this much, my friend, that my present miseries will be over by the destruction of Vali of renowned valour. my life and happiness simply depend upon his death. Rama! Being afflicted with sorrow, I have told you even the means of the removal of my sorrows. Whether you be happy or unhappy, you will have to give shelter to me."

Rama asked, "Sugriva! What is the cause of this hostility with Vali? I am eager to know it. After hearing that I shall judge of the comparative strength of you two and decide your course of action and shall..."
do that you may be happy. I have been greatly irritated by hearing the tale of disgrace and it is agitating my heart, like a current of water swollen during the rains. Dost thou now confidently and freely speak so long I fix my string to the bow. As soon as my arrow will be discharged, your enemy will be destroyed."

CHAPTER VII
THE TALE OF ENMITY

Sugriva then began to narrate the cause of enmity, "Rama! Powerful Vali is my elder brother. He was highly esteemed by my father and I too greatly honoured him. After father's death, the counsellors conferred the Vanara Kingdom on Vali, for being the eldest son. When he began to rule over the vast ancestral kingdom, I obeyed him like a slave.

"There was a formidable Asura by the name of Mayavi. He was the son of Dundubhi Danava. Formerly, Vali had incurred his hostility concerning a woman. One night, when all had fallen asleep that Asura appeared at the gate of Kishkindhaya and challenged Vali to a fight by emitting terrible roars like that of a lion. Vali was then asleep, but he could not bear those roars and rushed out in great haste. When he rushed forth in great wrath for the destruction of the Asura, I bowed to him and tried to dissuade him, his wives too did the same, but he pushed them aside and sallied forth in wrath. Then, I followed him out of brotherly love."

"Seeing us from a distance, Mayavi began to run
away in fear and, we chased him with great speed. At that time, the moon rose in the sky, and the paths were clearly visible in that light. The Asura then entered a spacious and impregnable cave screened by weeds and grass, and we at once stood barring the mouth of the tunnel. Vali seeing Mayavi had entered the hole, said in wrath, 'Sugriva, stand cautiously at the mouth of this cave, let me enter and kill the enemy in fight.' Hearing this I asked his permission to enter, but after making me swear by his feet to stand at the entrance, he entered the tunnel."

Thus a year passed. Standing at the entrance of the hole I thought Vali had been killed. On account of my affection for him, I was greatly alarmed and my mind was filled with dark misgivings. After a long time, I found warm blood coming out of that hole. I was startled by that sight. At that time, I heard the noise of the Asuras engaged in a fight, but I heard no voice of Vali. From all those signs, I concluded that Vali was dead and I stopped the mouth of the hole, and after performing the Tarpan rites to his spirit, came back to Kishkindhya with a sorrow-laden heart. My friend! With great care I kept secret all these about Vali, but afterwards the counsellors somehow came to know of these and made me king.

"When I was thus ruling over the kingdom according to law, Vali returned after slaying his enemy, and seeing me installed on the throne, he used very hard expressions towards me, addressing his counsellors to speak the truth. At that time, I could have chastised
him sufficiently, but thinking of the dignity of brotherly relation I restrained myself. When Vali entered the palace after the destruction of his enemy, I greeted him with due honour, but he did not bless me with a cheerful countenance. I bowed down placing my crown at his feet, but great rage prevented him from showing me any favour.

"Then, for my welfare, I humbly said, O king! By good luck, you have returned safe after destroying your enemy. I am helpless, you are my lord. I am holding your umbrella of many ribs, like the full-moon just risen, and your Choutri; please accept my service. For about a year I stood with a distressed heart at the entrance of the tunnel, then I found blood oozing out of the hole through its mouth. I became greatly anxious at this and was overwhelmed with grief. Then, I stopped the mouth of the hole with a stone and returned to Kishkindhya with a sad heart. Then the citizens and the counsellors installed me on the throne even against my will. Forgive me for this. You are the worshipful King, and I shall be your obedient servant as before. Your absence is the cause of my installation. Now, this city with its inhabitants and ministers is safe. Your kingdom was entrusted in my hands as a trust and I protected it as such. O hero! I bow down to you, and implore you with joined palms to forbear thy wrath. A kingdom without a king incites lust of conquest in others, and it is from this apprehension that the citizens and the counsellors, being of one mind, forcibly installed me on the throne."
"Rama! When I was humbly submitting these things, Vali abused me greatly and after assembling the citizens and his favourite counsellors said in their presence "Citizens and my ministers! You know that, one night an Asura, named Mayavi, angrily challenged me to a fight. At this I came out of the palace, and this cruel brother of mine also followed me then. That Mayavi seeing us coming out, fled away in fear and we ran after him. He then entered into a dreadful hole. Thereupon, addressing this cruel fellow, I said that I could not return to the city before killing the enemy, and asked him to wait at the mouth of the hole till I returned after accomplishing the task. I entered the cave thinking that Sugriva would remain stationed at the entrance. About a year elapsed in search of Mayavi; after that, I got sight of him and sent him with his comrades to the abode of death. The Asura then groaned in agony and his blood filled the cave. When I came out after slaying that Asura, I could not find any way out of the cave. Then I repeatedly called aloud, 'Sugriva. Sugriva,' but no Sugriva answered. I was extremely distressed at this, and then began to kick at the door again and again till at last the stone fell down from its mouth. Then issuing from the hole I came to the city. But you see how Sugriva forgetting all brotherly love tried to secure my kingdom. This cruel fellow shut me in that cave.' Saying this, shameless Vali turned me out with a single piece of cloth on me. He drove me away after taking my wife. I roamed over the world in his fear, and being extremely afflicted with the loss of my wife, I have
taken shelter in this Rishyamukha hill. For some special reasons Vali cannot come here. My friend! I have now told you everything about the cause of our enmity. I am innocent and I have to suffer all these for nothing. I am thus being greatly tormented by my fear of Vali. O, destroyer of all fears! Show me thy favour by destroying the cause of my fear."

Then, heroic Rama replied with a smile, "My friend! All these irresistible shafts of mine will be showered upon wicked Vali. So long I do not see the wicked abductor of your wife, he lives. From my own experience I can well tell what an ocean of grief thou hast been plunged into. I shall come to your rescuc. You will soon get back your kingdom and wife."

CHAPTER VIII
PROWESS OF VALI.

Sugriva hearing these cheering words of Rama with a good deal of eulogy said, "My friend! In your anger you can destroy all the world like the sun in the hour of universal dissolution. Your bright shafts can pierce one's heart. I shall now give you an account of the prowess of Vali, please listen to it attentively.

"Wonderful is the might of Vali. Within the early hours of dawn he can travel from the eastern ocean to the western one and from the southern to the northern one. That hero ascending a mountain tosses up its peaks and receives them back like balls, and breaks down big trees to prove his strength."

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1 The expression is Kanduka, the sport of tossing up balls and catching them as they descended, was prevalent even among the girls.
"Formerly, there lived an Asura in the form of a buffalo, called Dundubhi, huge as a peak as the Kailasa. He possessed the strength of a thousand elephants. One day that huge giant being proud of a boon challenged the bellowy Deep into a fight. Then the god of the sea rising from the waves said, "O hero! I won't be able to fight with you. There is a mountain adorned with fountains and caves named Himalaya. He is the father-in-law of Sankara and the shelter of all saints. He can afford you satisfaction in fight."

"Then Dundubhi finding the Sea-god thus cowed down with fear, hastily arrived at the Himalayas, and by flinging huge blocks of white granite on the ground began to shout in heroic pride. Then Himalaya, of peaceful appearance and sweet looking, like a mass of white clouds, being seated on one of his peaks, said, "O Virtuous one! I am not efficient in fight. I am the shelter of people devoted to penance, so it does not behove you to inflict any pain on me."

"Dundubhi replied with red hot eyes, "If you are incapable to fight with me, or if you have lost all jest for a fight in fear, then tell me who will be able to fight with me?" Then the good speaker, Himalaya, said, "O hero! There lives a powerful Vanara-chief named Vali in the beautiful city of Kiskindhaya. He is the son of Indra—the king of the gods. He will fight a duel with you as king of the gods fought with Namuchi. If you wish for a fight, go to him. He is a great warrior, and his valor is quite irresistible."

"These words filled Dundubhi with great rage and he
rushed towards Kishkindhya, like a heavy cloud during the rains. assuming the dreadful form of a buffalo tossing his sharp horns. Arriving at the city-gate he began to emit loud roars like the sounds of a drum. He broke down trees and plants, rent the earth with his hoofs and, like a mad elephant, pierced the gate with his horns. At that time, Vali was in the inner court of the palace. Being unable to hear the roars he came out with his wives, like the moon surrounded by the stars. Then the Chief of the Vanaras—the inhabitants of forest—briefly asked, 'Why are you emitting those roars obstructing the city-gate? I know what thou art. Now, run away with your life.' Thereupon, Dundubhi replied with red-eyes, "Don't say anything before the ladies. First fight with me, then I shall realise your might. I shall restrain my wrath till the rising of the sun giving you time to enjoy. You are Chief of the Vanaras, satisfy them by your embraces and with gifts of love. Have a last look of beautiful Kishkindhya and install some one like you on the throne after summoning your consellors. To-morrow, I shall humble your pride. To kill one who is unguarded, or a weakling, or an intoxicated person like you, is to commit the sin of destroying a foetus, hence I restrain myself. Go and enjoy yourself freely with your women."

"Vali was enraged at those words, and after dismissing Tara and his other wives, said with a laugh, "If you are not afraid of fighting, don't think me drunk, but consider

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1 After all it seems nothing but a wild buffalo—described as a demon—but to kill it, it requires Herculean strength.
me drunk with the delight of battle." Saying this, Vali, wearing the golden necklace conferred by your father, took the formidable Asura by the horns and hurled him down on the ground by emitting a heroic roar. Dundubhi began to bleed through the ears. But both were determined to win. Vali, powerful as Indra, began to strike Dundubhi with his fists, kicks, stones and logs of wood. Dundubhi too struck in his turn but grew exhausted by degrees.

"Vali then raised him up and threw him on the ground. Dundubhi began to bleed profusely through the nose and the ears, and, at last, he breathed his last.

"Then Vali hurled that dead Asura about a league off. At that time, drops of blood from Dundubhi's mouth fell on the hermitage of Matanga Rishi. At this the great saint grew highly angry and enquired in his mind who was that wicked fool that had contaminated him with stains of blood. While he was thinking thus, he found a huge dead buffalo at a distance. By the power of Yoga he understood it to be the doing of a Vanara and cursed the act saying, "That Vanara who has committed this act won't be able to enter my hermitage. He will die instantly if he comes here. He who has stained my hermitage with blood and broken down the trees and plants by throwing this body of the demon if he comes within a Yoyana of this hermitage will instantly die. Let his followers now leave this place and go wherever they like, or I shall curse them in the same manner, I bear fatherly love towards this forest, and the Vanaras destroy its leaves, roots, blossoms and
buds. I pardon them this day, but if I find any one of them to-morrow he will be turned into stone on account of my curse and will long remain in that state. "Hearing these words of the sage Matanga, the Vanaras left the place and went to Vali. Seeing them, Vali enquired after the welfare of the Vanaras of the Matanga forest.

"Then they narrated to Vali all about Matanga's curse. Thereupon, Vali immediately proceeded to the asylum of Matanga and begged to be forgiven, but the wrath of the sage was not to be appeased, since then Vali is living in fear and does not venture to come to the Rishyamukha mountain. Knowing that Vali has no access here, I am living with friends in this forest. Look, there lies the huge skeleton of proud Dundubhi. Look, at these seven palms adorned with leaves and branches. They can at one time be divested of their leaves by the prowess of Vali. I have given you an account of his extraordinary prowess. Now, tell me how will you be able to kill him in a fight?" Thereupon, Lakshmana asked with a smile, "Sugriva! What will induce you to believe in the defeat of Vali?"

Sugriva replied, "Formerly, Vali many a time pierced these seven palms, if Rama can pierce one of them with an arrow, if he can throw off the skeleton of this buffalo two hundred bows off, I shall consider Vali as dead."

Sugriva again said, "Vali, heroic and proud of his might and his valour known to all, is quite irresistible. Thinking all these I have taken shelter with Hanuman and others in this Rishyamukha hill out of fear. Rama."
You are deeply devoted to your friends and having got thee I think I have got shelter in the Himalayas, but to speak you the truth, fear of Vali is uppermost in my mind. I don't know your might in battle. However, I do not belittle you in his comparison, nor do I frighten you, but I have been really frightened. My friend! Your heroic form and courage bespeaks of your valour like fire hidden under ashes.

Then Rama smilingly replied, "Sugriva! If you have no confidence in our valour, then I shall give you convincing proofs."

Saying this, Rama at ease pushed the skeleton of Dundubhi with the toe to ten Yoyanas. Thereupon, Sugriva said to Rama, effulgent like the sun, "Rama! At that time Vali was drunk and exhausted and the corps of Dundubhi was still fresh, but now the skeleton is dry, devoid of flesh, hence light. However, now pierce a palm tree with your arrow, then I shall be able to judge the prowess of the two."

"Just discharge your arrow by bending the bow, like unto the trunk of an elephant; it will surely pierce through the palm. Rama! What is the good of any more discussion, do what you think best for me. Like the sun amongst the energising objects, like the Himalayas amongst the mountains, like the lion amongst quadrupeds, you are the foremost in prowess amongst men."

Then, Rama to enquire Sugriva's confidence, took up his bow and a dreadful shaft and discharged it aiming at the palms, resounding every quarter with the twang
of his bow. As soon as that shaft was discharged it pierced through the seven palms, a rock and the innermost region of the earth and in a minute again came back to the quiver!

Sugriva was simply astonished at this heroic feat of martial Rama, supremely skilled in the use of arms. He fell prostrate on the ground and profoundly bowed down to him and then, with clasped palms, gratefully said, "Rama! What to speak of Vali, you can destroy in battle with your arrows even the gods with Indra and others at their head. Who can resist him in battle who can pierce through with a single shaft seven palms, a rock and the nether region? I have been more than satisfied. Now, I entreat you with joined palms to kill for my benefit Vali, my enemy in the form of a brother."

Rama then embracing good-looking Sugriva, in sweet language, said, "My friend! Let us start direct from the Rishyamukha to Kiskindhya. You go ahead and challenge in a fight Vali, your false brother."

CHAPTER IX
THE CHALLENGE

After this, they all arrived at Kiskindhya and concealed themselves behind the screen of trees by entering a dense forest.

Sugriva then tied his cloth round his waist and summoned Vali with a terrible roar that seemed to rend the sky.

At this, heroic Vali was greatly enraged and as the
sun travels from the Eastern mountain whence it emerges to the Western hill where it sets, so Vali came out in a hurry. A great duel was fought between the two, as between the Mercury and the Mars in the sky. Being overwhelmed with rage, they began to strike each other with their fists and palms. At that time, Rama stood hid behind a tree, holding a bow in his hand. Rama found one quite indistinguishable from the other, like the twin Aswini brothers, so he refrained from discharging his deadly shaft.

In the meantime Sugriva was defeated by Vali, and he fled in fear of his life towards the Rishyamukha, finding Rama not coming to his rescue. Vali pursued him in great anger. Being beaten and exhausted, Sugriva entered a deep forest with a bleeding body. Seeing that Vali gave up the chase in fear of curse, saying, "Go, thou art saved."

After that, Rama with Lakshmana and Hanuman arrived at the place where Sugriva was. Seeing Rama, Sugriva, with a downcast look and struck with shame, pathetically said,

"Rama! You first gave me proofs of your valour, and asked me to challenge Vali to a fight, then you suffered me to be beaten by my enemy! I can't understand your conduct. You should have told me plainly that you would not leave this place, nor would kill Vali."

Rama then consoling Sugriva said, 'My friend! Please don't be angry. Hear me why I did not shoot my arrow. Both you and Vali looked quite alike by your statures

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and dress. At that time, I could not detect any difference between the two, either in voice, movement, dress, colour, look, or in prowess. I stood dumb-founded in confusion and was alarmed by that resemblance. So I could not discharge my deadly shaft, fearing that I might strike you down and thus end our friendship. People would have condemned me if, as a fool, I would have destroyed you through my ignorance or childishness.

"Moreover, it is a great sin to kill one who has asked for shelter. My friend! What shall I say more, myself, Lakshmana and Sita shall always be at your service, and I live under your shelter. You are our only stay in this forest. Go now, and again fight a duel without any fear. You will immediately perceive Vali rolling on the dust struck by my arrow. Now, before you enter into the arena of battle put on some mark so that I may recognise you. Lakshmana! Pluck that sweet-scented and auspicious, blossoming Naga creeper and put it round Sugriva's neck." Thereupon, Lakshmana brought a blossoming Naga creeper from the foot of the hill and tied it round the neck of Sugriva. Then, with that flowery creeper round his neck, Sugriva looked as beautiful as a cloud tinged with the evening rays of the sun, with flocks of cranes hovering under it! Being thus encouraged by Rama, Sugriva became desirous of starting for Kishkindha again.
CHAPTER X
ENCOURAGEMENT

Then, Rama, with Lakshmana, taking sharp and gilded arrows proceeded towards Kishkindhya ruled by the prowess of Vali. First of all, walked Sugriva with the creeper tied round his neck. After him went Lakshmana, heroic Hanuman, Nala and powerful Vanaras. On their journey, they saw many beautiful caves, forest and peaks. They saw lotuses in clear pools, bloomed like the buds of Vaidurya gem and heard the joyful cries of swans, Chakravakas and other aquatic birds.

As they proceeded, they found trees bent down with heavy profusion of flowers, lucid streams running to the sea, tall cliffs, deep caves, flocks of deer running fearlessly in the forest. They saw terrible, wild elephants with white tusks ranging along—the destroyers of river-banks and raiders of pools. They met monkeys huge as elephants and covered with dust. Seeing all these, the followers of Sugriva advanced on their way.

Coming across a dense forest, Rama asked Sugriva, "Look there a deep forest, dark as a patch of clouds under the sky! Its skirts are surrounded by plantain-groves. Tell me, my friend, what forest is this? Great is my curiosity to know."

Then, Sugriva, while proceeding, replied, "It is an extensive asylum, it removes all languor, and abounds in palatable fruits and roots. Here lived seven Rishis called Saptā Janas. They always lived in water with their heads hanging down, and fed upon air after seven days. These saints after seven hundred years repaired
bodily to the heavenly region. By virtue of their penance, this asylum is inaccessible to the god and the Asuras. Even beasts and birds do not enter here. Those who enter there through ignorance meet with death. Here, the jingling sounds of the ornaments of the nymphs and their sweet notes are constantly heard, and one can always smell sweet odour. Here always burn three kinds of fire, like Garhapatya. Look, there rises its pink flame like the wings of a pigeon, and the tops of the trees lit up by the flame appear like Vaidurya hills. Rama! Bow down to these saints reverentially with Lakshmana. Those who show them honour become free from all fears of disease."

Then, Rama with Lakshmana bowed to the saints with clasped palms, and Sugriva with the Vanaras delightfully proceeded, and they, at last, arrived at impenetrable Kishkindhy, protected by Vali.

After arriving at Kishkindhy, they stationed themselves behind a screen of trees and stout-necked Sugriva, fond of woods, being surrounded by the Vanaras, angrily challenged Vali to a fight, tearing the sky with a terrible yell. It seemed, as if, a cloud, steered by the wind, was thundering at that time.

Then Sugriva, of red hue like the rising sun, with the slow gait of a proud lion, looking at Rama said, "Rama! We have now arrived at Kishkindhy, the city of Vali. It is full of golden instruments and Vanaras and is decorated with flags. You have promised to bring about the destruction of Vali. Now redeem that
pledge, as the present season fills the creepers with fruits, so fructify that promise."

Thereupon, Rama said, "For putting that flowery Naga creeper round your neck, you look beautiful like the moon encircled by the sky. Now, point out to me your enemy in the guise of your brother. I shall remove your fear and enmity with a single shaft. He will roll in the dust as soon as he comes within my sight. If Vali, coming within my view escapes with his life, accuse me then. I have penetrated seven palms in your presence, so consider Vali as slain by me. I never speak any falsehood even at the risk of my life, nor shall I do it in future for any gain. So banish your fear. I tell you, I will redeem my pledge. As Indra fructify the seedlings with rain, so I shall fulfil my promise. Now, set up such a roar so that Vali, adorned with gold necklace, may come out. Vali is proud and fond of fighting. If you challenge him, he will certainly come out of his inner apartments, leaving the company of his wives. A hero can never brook any insult by his enemy. Specially when he knows himself to be truly gallant, he won't stand it before his wife."

Then Sugriva, of golden yellow hue, set up a terrible roar which seemed to rend the sky. Thereupon, the bovine cattle became frightened and pale, like damsels contaminated by the touch of third persons for the fault of the king.¹ The deer ran away in fright.

¹ i. e., for want of proper protection.
CHAPTER XI
TARA'S COUNSEL

Impatient Vali, of golden hue, heard the terrific roar of his brother from the inner apartment. As soon as he heard it, he began to tremble in rage. He felt himself humiliated, and grew dim like the sun in the eclipse. His eyes flamed in anger like glowing cinders. He looked terrible for his teeth, and appeared dreary like a pond whence lotuses have vanished, but where remain only the bare stalks. He came out tearing the earth by his heroic treads.

At that time, Tara embracing him out of love, said with great mortification and fear, "O hero, as people in the morning rising from bed discard their garlands worn at night, so give up your anger which is carrying you away like the impetuous current of a river. Tomorrow fight with Sugriva. Though your enemy is not more powerful than you, though you are not in any way insignificant, yet I forbid you not to go out so suddenly. Listen to me why I prevent you now. Formerly when Sugriva challenged you to a fight, you went out and defeated him and he fled away, being wounded by you.

"It has caused great apprehension in me to think that he, who once had run away being defeated and beaten by you, would again venture to challenge you in a fight. The pride and energy with which he has set up his terrible roars, indicate that there is some deep mystery behind it. Perhaps, Sugriva has not come without some succour. Probably, he has taken some body's
protection, and it is for his prowess that Sugriva has set up such a terrible roar. Sugriva is intelligent and clever, so he will never contract friendship with him whose valour he has not tested.

"O, hero! I shall tell you to-day what I have once heard from prince Angada. He had heard all these from his emissaries and then has related to me.

"Rama, the prince of Ayodhya, has come to the forest with Lakshmana. They are born of the Ikshaku family. They are unconquerable and heroic, and have come to the Rishyamukha mountain for Sugriva's well-being. I have heard that mighty Rama will help your brother in battle. He is like the Doomsday-fire. Rama is the shelter of the righteous and of the distressed. Fame follows his foot-steps. He is wise, prudent and obedient to his father. As the Himalayas are the home of all minerals, so he is the abode of all virtues. He has no equal on earth, so it is not proper for you to incur his hostility.

"O, hero! I do not wish to kindle your wrath, but I have something more to submit, please hear me. Do thou immediately declare Sugriva as heir-apparent to the throne. He is your younger brother, it is your duty to maintain him. Whether he remains near or at a distance, he is no doubt your friend, and I do not find another friend of yours like him in the world. By banishing your enmical feelings, win him over with gifts and proper honour. Enmity with him is not good for you. Let him stand by your side. Nothing is good to you but brotherly love, my Lord! If you regard me as
your well-wisher, then consider what I am saying is for your benefit. Be pleased and abide by my words. Rama is powerful like Indra, do not quarrel with him."

But Vali's end was near, so he did not listen to the well-meaning words of Tara.

CHAPTER XII
THE FALL OF VALI

Then Vali reprimanding Tara, of moon-like countenance, said, "Ah, my timid creature! Why should I put up with his anger since my brother, who is my enemy, is roaring so haughtily? Brave people, who do not run away from the battle-field and who have never experienced any defeat, prefer death to ignomy. Now Sugriva is challenging me to a fight, how can I brook his boast?"

"Ah, my darling! Don't be anxious for me from fear of Rama. He is virtuous and full of gratitude. Why should he be inclined to commit evil? Go back with your maids. Why do you follow me here? I have got sufficient proof of your devotion towards me. Don't be afraid on my account, I shall fight with Sugriva. I shall not kill him but shall humble his pride. I shall not override your wishes. He will be dealt with mercifully. He will run away even being struck with fists and sticks. That vicious one will never be able to withstand my prowess and skill in battle. My darling! You have given me good counsel and evinced great love for me. For my sake, please go back with your women. I assure you that I shall inflict only defeat on Sugriva."
Then, sweet-speached Tara embraced Vali and began to shed gentle tears. She prayed and recited Mantras for the victory of Vali and re-entered the inner apartment with her maids, oppressed with grief. After this, Vali panting heavily like a serpent with anger, hurriedly came out of the palace and cast his look all around to get a sight of Sugriva. He saw golden-yellow Sugriva, standing like a column of fire by tying up his loins with a piece of cloth. Then mighty-armed, heroic Vali tied his clothes firmly and rushed forward with clinched fists. Sugriva too in anger raised his fists and with red-hot-eyes rushed towards Vali.

Thereupon, Vali said, "Look here! I have clinched my fist and knitted my knuckles closely. I will kill thee with this blow."

Sugriva too answered in wrath, "I will crush your head by this fist-blow and immediately despatch you to the realm of death."

Thereupon, Vali attacked Sugriva and began to strike him vehemently. Then blood began to flow all over Sugriva's body, like rills and fountain trickling down a hill. But Sugriva fearlessly uprooted a Sala tree and hurled it like a thunder on Vali. Vali, being smitten by that blow, became overwhelmed like a loaded boat in the sea. Both were equally strong, skilful and quick to take advantage of another's mistake. They shone like the sun and the moon in the sky, and began to strike each other vigorously with their fists, arms, legs and nails. Both were wounded and both began to bleed. Both tore the sky with their angry yells.
But after a short lapse of time, Vali regained his strength, and Sugriva became exhausted and was worsted in the fight. Sugriva became extremely angry, and indicated by signs and gestures his loss of strength to Rama.

Rama finding Sugriva thus over-powered and repeatedly casting anxious looks all round, took up a dreadful shaft for the destruction of Vali. He then fixed it on the bow-string, like the wheel of destruction. Beasts and birds were frightened by the twang of his bow and fled away in different directions in fear of destruction. That flaming shaft, like a flaming thunderbolt, with a terrific din, smote Vali on the breast. Heroic Vali thus being struck by Rama fell prostrate like the flag-staff of Indra raised at the time of the full-moon in the month of Aswina. His voice was choked and he became senseless.

As the great God, Rudra, emits fire with smoke from the third eye of his forehead, so Death-like Rama, foremost of men, discharged that foe-destroying flaming arrow, worked with silver and gold. Being struck by that arrow and being bathed in blood, Vali fell like a blossoming Asoka tree grown on the hill.

CHAPTER XIII

GRAVE ACCUSATION

Then Vali, adorned in gold, measured his full length on the ground like a cut-down tree, and Kishkindhya grew dark like the moonless sky. Still then the jewelled necklace given by Indra shone round his neck, for
which, his radiance, life and strength did not seem to forsake him altogether. For that gold necklace, he looked like an evening cloud, whose fringes had been tinged with crimson light. His beauty appeared to have been divided between the necklace, and his body, with the shaft struck to his heart. Being struck by Rama's arrow, he attained heavenly bliss. At that time, he looked like a flame about to be extinguished, or like king Yayati fallen from heaven, on account of the waning of his religious merit; or as if Time had brought down the sun on the ground on the day of universal dissolution. Vali was irresistible as Indra, had broad chest, long arms reaching up to the knees, bright countenance and yellow eyes. Rama with Lakshmana gazed at him and with great respect drew near him with gentle steps.

Thereupon, Vali spoke to warlike Rama bold and hard words, but just and appropriate. He said, "Rama, I was engaged in a fight with another man, what for did you then strike me down? You are born of a noble family, you are heroic, mighty and compassionate, you are firm in your resolutions, you are energetic and are always engaged in the welfare of people, you have proper ideas of time and place, and all people speak highly of you; moreover, knowing that control of passions, heroism, forgiveness, patience, righteousness, chastisement of the guilty, all these kingly virtues exist in you, and thinking of your high pedigree, I came to fight without paying any heed to Tara's warning. So long I did not behold you. I thought that
since I was engaged in fight with another person, and consequently off my guard, Rama would not strike me. But now I find you to be wicked, unrighteous while passing under the guise of righteousness. You are like a well, hid in the grass, and fire under ashes. You are a wicked villain though passing for an honest man. I did not know you to be a hypocrite feigning piety, and addicted to vicious deeds. I have not slighted you in any way, nor have done any wrong to your city or to your province. I am an innocent denizen of the forest—a Vanara—living on fruits and roots. Nor was I engaged in a fight with you, why did you strike me then? You are a famous man and a prince, you are of pleasing appearance, and outwardly look to be virtuous! Tell me now, who being born of a Kshatriya family having education and discretion and possessing all the outward semblance of a virtuous man, can act so dastardly without any hesitation or remorse?¹

¹ This event conclusively proves that Rama was not an out and out creation of Valmiki's imagination. Valmiki would have by all means avoided (had it solely depended on his imagination) such a stain on Rama's lily-white character. The event had some historical background behind it, and Valmiki, in spite of his deep love of ideals could not be false to history, nor could he omit inconvenient facts, as some modern writers of history do, because of their pet theories or narrow patriotic zeal. This conclusively proves that Rama is not a myth, nor is the Ramayana an allegorical poem.

This act of Rama may, however, be justified from a poetical point of view. Rama who had recently lost Sita, became deeply affected when he heard Sugriva's tale of
"Tell me why are you wandering about in the form of a mendicant? A king should have sense of equity and charity, but you have none. I am a Vanara and you are a man. Why did you smite me then? Gold, silver, land and such other tempting things are the incentives to compass another's death, but how could you be tempted by our wild fruits and roots? A king should at any cost and fearlessly enforce laws and discipline and mete out favour and punishment. He should not act according to his whims. But, Rama! You are whimsical, haughty and fickle and too narrow-minded in the discharge of royal duties. You have no respect for righteousness, no regard for what is profitable or good, but you are swayed by your senses and lust. Now tell me how would you defend yourself amongst the virtuous after killing me? Those who encompass the death of the king, Brahmanas and kine, those who commit treachery, those who are thieves, deceitful and atheists, those who kill their friends, those who commit adultery with the wives of their preceptors, those who marry before their elder brothers, all go to hell. I am, king of the Vanaras and certainly you have committed sin by destroying me.

"Rama! My skin, hairs, bones and meat are not of any use to a man like you. Of the clawed animals (possessing five nails) only a rhino, a porcupine, an sorrow similar to his own, and he readily promised to help the latter, and acted on the impulse of the moment, like a Shakespearean hero, with hot blood and a ready hand.
iguana, a hare and tortoise can be eaten by a Brahmin or a Kshatriya. Though I possess five nails, yet my flesh is not approved by the Shastras, so you have killed me for nothing. Alas! Darling Tara told me what was true and beneficial but I slighted her words through ignorance. The earth, in spite of you, seems to be husbandless just as a gentle damsel appears to be when married to a man who has renounced his faith! You are wicked, treacherous and mean. How a villain like you could be born of king Dasaratha? You are characterless and have deviated from the path of virtue. It is a pity that I have been destroyed by a man like you. Defend your conduct in a decent society? I had no concern with you, but you have applied your prowess against me, whereas those who have wronged you remain quite untouched! To speak the truth, you would have met death at my hand to-day, had you openly fought with me. It was difficult to attack me, but you have attacked me by concealing yourself from my view, as a serpent bites a person when asleep. Surely, you have committed sin by this act. You have compassed my destruction for Sugriva's well-being, but had you told me about the recovery of Janaki I could have restored her in the course of a day. I could have made over to your hand wicked Ravana, the abductor of your wife, by bidding his neck with a chain. As Hayagriva stole white Gandharbhi Sruti so I would have brought her at your bidding from the bottom of the sea, or from the nether region. It is proper that Sugriva should ascend the throne after my death, but it is highly improper for
you to strike me thus unjustly. Every living being is doomed to death, hence I am not at all sorry for death, but tell me what hast thou gained by my death?"

Then noble Vali's tongue became dry. He was smarting under pain for wounds all over the body inflicted by the arrow, and staring at Rama, glowing like the sun, Vali lapsed into silence.

CHAPTER XIV
RAMA'S REPLY.

Heroic Vali lay like the sun shorn of its lustre, like a cloud devoid of water, and an extinguished flame. Rama being thus reproached, said in modest and upright words, "Vali! Why do you blame me through childishness, being ignorant of duty, love and of popular customs? Without learning anything from the elders and preceptors you have ventured to take me to task."

"This land, with all its hills and forests, belongs to the Ikshakus, and they are the chastisers of all human beings; of beasts and birds. Now, truthful and straightforward Bharata himself had assumed the charge of

Sruti—The revealed knowledge, of course, the sacred Vedas, here compared to Swetawatari (white Gandharvi). Now, Aswatari may mean either the wife of the great serpent who was supposed to live in the nether region (i.e., a Nagini) or a female Gandharvi.

I have preferred the latter meaning. Hayagriva, (having the neck of a horse) a Daitya prince, stole the Vedas at the end of a cycle of creation (Kalpa). Vishnu assumed the form of a Fish and rescued the Veda by killing the Daitya king. There is an Upanishad named Swetawatara—Translator.
protecting this land. He is modest, versed in polity, and is skilled in chastising the wicked and in protecting the good. He has appropriate notion of time and place and knows the real significance of religion, desire and wealth. Now, he is the ruler of the earth; we and other princes tour over the world at his command for the spread of righteousness. When that various king of kings himself rules over the world who will dare violate the order of religion? You are irreligious, passionate and characterless, and you have committed breach of kingly virtues. Father, elder brother, and preceptor should always be treated as one's father, while younger brother, son, and pupil should be regarded as one's son. And this is what is sanctioned by religion. The religion of the saintly people is indeed difficult to understand but the immortal soul that dwells in every body's heart can discern what is good or bad. You are fickle-minded your other Vanara companions are also fickle, restless and foolish. As a blind man can not lead another blind man, so how would you be able to discern right and wrong by consulting your companions. Don't abuse me simply from anger. Now listen to me why I have struck you.

"By violating eternal principles of righteousness, you have ravished your younger brother's wife. Noble Sugriva is still alive, his wife, Ruma, is according to the Shastras is your daughter-in-law. You have committed great sin by securing her. You are a libertine, and have violated religion. I have, therefore, punished you. There is no other meet punishment, but death for him who acts against humanity and violates immemo-
rable customs. I am born of a noble Kshatriya line, how can I overlook your crime? Death-sentence is legally awarded to him who being infatuated with lust, becomes attached to his daughter, born of him, sister or brother's wife. Now Bharata rules over the earth. We are under his service. You have deviated from the path of virtue, how can we them overlook it? Bharata is engaged in governing the world according to the rules of righteousness, and that intelligent ruler punishes him who is sinful and vicious. Bharata is always prompt to strike down lustful people. We have punished you at his tacit wish.

"I have as great friendship with Sugriva as with Lakshmana. Sugriva promised me his help for the recovery of my kingdom and wife, and I also promised to help him, in the presence of other Vanaras. How one like myself can break his promise? Know, therefore, thou chief of the Vanaras, that for these reasons, I have punished you. It is my duty to chastise you. If you had any regard for righteousness, you would have willingly submitted to punishment. Those who are virtuous, help their friends. Manu has, in two verses, given directions for the purification of character and the virtuous people believe in the efficacy of them, I have also acted according to them. Manu has said that those who are punished by the king for their offences, the sins are expiated by that punishment and they go to heaven like the virtuous people.¹ The guilty are, at least, absolved from sin either by atone-

¹ Manu—Book VII Verse 8.
ment or by punishment, but the king who, instead of punishing the offender sets him free, commits a great sin. O chief of the Kapis! Formerly, a Baudhā Sanyasi committed sins like you, and my worshipful fore-father, Mandhata, chastised him. Other kings too in order to rectify him, dealt out due punishments to him. Besides such punishment by the sovereign, there is penance by which all sins are atoned. Therefore, do not lament any more. I have punished according to the sanctions of morality; we are not free, but governed by religion.

"O hero! I have something further to add, listen to it, but don't be offended. I am not at all sorry for striking you from concealment. People capture (mriga) deer by means of noose or trap, either openly or by lying in ambush. The deer might be frightened, might be unsuspecting, might be off its guard, or cautious, might be at bay or run-away, but men living on flesh commit not the slightest sin by killing it. Even pious princes hunt in the forest. Now you are a Shakhā-mriga, a monkey. It doesn't matter whether you fought with me or not. I have struck you since you are a deer². The king is the defender of his people's faith and his duty is to do him good, hence the lives of his tenants are at his command. A king is a god who visits the earth in the form of a man, so one ought not to envy

1 This expression proves that this portion is a later interpolation. Translator.

2 Mriga means deer. Shtkha mriga (an arboreal deer) means monkey. Thus there is a pun upon the word. Translator.
him, abuse him, insult him or utter anything unpleasant towards him, I have only performed the duties appertaining to my class, but being ignorant of right and wrong, you are unjustly accusing me through your anger."

At this, Vali got true spiritual vision and considered Rama to be absolutely innocent. He then said with folded palms—

"Rama! Your words are true, and not unreasonable. You are good and I am bad, how shall I reply to your words? However, you should not take any offence for whatever unpleasant or unjust things I might have uttered against you through ignorance or mistake. You have personal experience of righteousness. You are engaged in the welfare of your subjects, your supreme intelligence is your guide for proving one's guile and punishing him accordingly; and I am the foremost of all sinners. O, Virtuous soul! Please save me now by pious counsels."

By that time tears choked Vali's throat and his voice became faint. Being nearly dead like an elephant stuck in the mud, he broke forth in a distressed voice looking at Rama. "O, Rama! I am not the least sorry for myself, nor I think any thing about my friends and relations, but I feel distressed with thoughts about Angada, there, adorned with gold bracelet. I have brought him up from his boyhood and in my absence he will grow sad, and will pine away like a dried up pond. Angada is my only son, he is a mere boy, his intelligence has not yet ripened. I love him dearly,
please protect him now. May you ever remain gracious to Sugriva and Angada. Please help them in their good actions and prevent them from doing any wrong. As you look upon Bharata and Lakshmana, so kindly look upon these two. Virtuous Tara is guilty towards Sugriva on my account, but let not Sugriva insult her in any way. He who is obedient to you, and with your help, has recovered his kingdom, is capable of ruling over the earth, even heaven is quite accessible to him. Rama! What shall I say more? Though Tara forbade me, but courting death at your hand, I was engaged in a duel with Sugriva."

Saying this Vali lapsed into silence.

Then Rama finding Vali free from all doubts and suspicions, consoled him with pious words, "O Vali! do not blame us, nor consider yourself guilty. We are more conversant with the principles of religion than you are, so listen attentively to what I say. He who punishes the punishable and he who receives the punishment will not lose their spiritual bliss, for each one has done his part. Now, you have been absolved from guilt for this punishment and being thus punished, you have won your religious merit. Now banish all your sorrows, fears and mistakes. Angada will be as affectionately brought up by me as you, and Sugriva will never slight him in any way."

Then Vali hearing these sweet words of Rama—the repressor of enemies in battle—replied with cogent words,

"O hero! I am smitten with arrows and about to
lose my consciousness, please forgive me, for what I have said through ignorance. "Be propitiated."

Vali who had already received injuries all over the body being struck with stones and trees, lay prostrate by the shaft of Rama and became unconscious through excessive pain.

CHAPTER XV.

TARA

In the mean time, Tara heard that Vali had been slain by Rama's arrows. Hearing that cruel news she became extremely anxious and came out of Kishkindhya taking Angada with her. At that time, the powerful Vanara retinue of Angada was running away in fear at the sight of Rama. Tara met them on the way. As the deer run away in different directions when the lord of their herd is killed, so they were running away, every one being borne down with extreme sorrow and fear, as if Rama's shaft was after each of them.

Thereupon, Tara asked them with a distressed heart, "O Vanaras! Why are you running away frightened and distressed, leaving behind your king, before whom you always used to march? I have heard that cruel Sugriva has taken Rama's help for the kingdom, and Rama has killed Vali by striking him violently with an arrow from a distance. Why are you so afraid, Rama is far off from here."

Then the Vanaras, capable of assuming different forms at will, said in one voice, "O thou with son alive! Do thou go back. Protect your son, Angada, death
himself assuming the form of Rama has carried away Vali, Rama's arrows have pierced through trees and huge stones. Vali has been struck by that thunderbolt-like shaft. On the extinction of that Indra-like mighty ruler, the Vanara hosts are hurriedly fleeing away in great consternation. Let the heroes now defend Kishkindhya and install Angada on the throne. All will submit if Vali's son be installed as king. But, O queen, we think you should not live here any more. Hanuman and other Vanaras will soon enter the fortress. Both those who have wives and those who have not, will enter here. Formerly, we ill-treated them. They are most covetous and we are very much afraid of this.

Thereupon, Tara gave a fitting reply to their words. "My husband is dead, what shall I do with my son? There is no need for kingdom, nor is there any necessity for self-defence. I shall take my shelter under his feet who has been killed by Rama's arrow."

Saying this, being overwhelmed with grief, Tara ran forward in tears, striking repeatedly her forehead and breast with her palms. Proceeding some distance she saw her husband, the destroyer of enemies and irresistible in battle, who could hurl huge stones and move about freely in the battle-field like the wind, who could emit terrible roars, was lying on the ground, slain by a single hero, as if a lion has been killed by a tiger, rapacious for flesh, as if a cloud was lying idle, by discharging all its content, like unto a sacred pile of stones decorated with flags, and altars revered by people that had been scattered and broken by Garura,
the king of birds, in quest of snakes. At a little distance, Rama stood reclining his body on a mighty bow, by the side of Lakshmana and Sugriva. Tara passed by them, came near Vali and fainted in grief as soon as he beheld him.

At last, she awoke from her stupor with a cry on her lips, "A worshipful lord." Finding Vali to be dead, she burst into tears.

Then Sugriva beholding Tara weeping and Angada by her side grew extremely sad.

Tara, with a moon-like countenance, seeing her husband, huge as a rock, lying on the ground like a fell-down tree, slain by the deadly shaft of Rama, burst into bitter lamentations with a sorrow-stricken heart, embracing her dead lord. "O mighty hero! Why dost thou not talk to me? Perhaps I am guilty of some iniquity? Get up and lie on some better bed. A king like you never sleeps on the ground. Perhaps, you love the earth more than you do love me, since you have embraced it in death leaving me behind. Perhaps being engaged in a just conflict you have built another beautiful city like Kishkindhya in the heaven, or how could you renounce your love for this city? You used to sport with us in fragrant woods, now there will be an end to all such things. I have been rendered destitute and desolate by your death. My heart must be very hard, since it has not yet broken seeing you lying on the ground. You drove away Sugriva by taking away his wife, and this is the consequence of that act. You neglected, through your perverse judgment, what I spoke to you for your
well-being about this fight. My lord! I think you will entice the minds of the heavenly nymphs, clever in speech and proud of their beauty and youth. It is Time that has destroyed you, though you were under the control of none, but it has dragged you by force before Sugriva. You were engaged in fighting with another person and Rama is not the least sorry for striking you so dastardly! I have never suffered in life, now I shall have to suffer the sorrows of widowhood and live like a helpless woman, a poor object of pity. My heroic Angada was till now happy. I have brought him up with great care, but I know not what treatment he will receive from his angry uncle. Angada! Have, with all your heart, a last look of your virtuous father. You will not see him any more. My lord, when you went to any foreign land, you used to console Angada by kissing his head, and told me all you had then to say. By your death, Rama has achieved a great thing—he has been absolved from his pledge to Sugriva. Sugriva! Your desire is now fulfilled. Your enemy has been destroyed, you will get back your darling Ruma and rule over the kingdom free from all anxiety.

"Alas! My lord! I am crying bitterly, why do you not welcome me? I am your darling. Your beautiful wives are here, just cast your look once upon them."

Then the Vanara-women being stricken with sorrow at Tara's lamentations began to cry surrounding Angada on all sides.

Tara broke forth again; "O Lord! Are you leaving Angada behind for good in your eternal journey to an
unknown land? Angada is beautiful and well-dressed. In accomplishments, he is like you, don’t leave him behind. O hero! If I have offended you any how through my carelessnes, I entreat you by your feet, please forgive me.”

Lamenting thus bitterly Tara with other Vanara women, at a little distance from Vali, resolved to starve themselves to death.

CHAPTER XVI

CONSO LATION

Then Hanuman, the chief of the Vanara hosts, seeing Tara, like a star fallen on the ground from the sky, gently said, “O, Queen! All creatures reap the consequences of their acts. good or bad. You look poor and distressed with sorrow, but tell me for which worthy object of sorrow you are thus mourning? You are yourself an object of pity, yet for which poor object of pity, you are showing this generosity? I know not who mourns for one having himself this body, like unto a bubble of water! O lady, with thine son alive now look after prince Angada and decide what to do after Vali’s death. Thou knowest that life and death are most uncertain on earth. One should, therefore, do what is best after the death of one’s husband or son, and should not mourn for the loss. He is now dead, under whom hundreds of Vanaras received their shelter. This hero used to discharge his kingly duties according to the sanctions of morality, and was endowed with many kingly virtues, such as charity, forgiveness, ar. equality of treatment.
Now, he has attained the worthy abode of kings, so do not any more mourn for him. These mighty Vanaras and this Vanara kingdom belong to you. Sugriva and Angada have been greatly affected with grief, just direct them to perform the funeral rites of Vali. Let prince Angada rule over the kingdom under your directions.

"That thing is now arrived for which a person prays for the birth of a son, so wait for nothing else."

"Tara! Install Angada on the throne, surely you will be happy, seeing him installed on the throne."

Then Tara, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her husband, sorrowfully replied, "I do not care for hundred sons like Angada. It is my duty to follow my dead husband. What authority I have over the Kapi kingdom or in installing Angada on the throne? Sugriva is Angada's uncle; all these things now belong to him. Don't think that I shall of my own accord confer the kingdom on Angada. It is the father and not the mother who is the guardian in the case of a son. Nothing else is good for me either in this world or in the next, but to take shelter under the feet of Vali and to lie down by the side of the hero."

1 The expression Kapi, literally, means a monkey, but here neither Kapi nor Vanara literally means a monkey. The Vanaras were certainly not apes or monkeys.

The Vanaras, in all probability, appear to be Dravidians who had developed a high order of civilisation, as the ruins of Mahenjo-Darra testify. The Aryans, however, had not much liking for them. They seem to have been described as Vanaras from derision by the white Hindus probably for the dark complexion and dwarfish figure. They appear to be as much civilised as the Aryans. Their conduct, words and sentiments all point out to this.

2 Apparently it refers to the custom of Sutee.
CHAPTER XVII
LAST WORDS OF VALI

At that time, Vali, being on the point of death, was casting looks all around and heaving faint sighs. Seeing Sugriva standing before him, addressing the victorious hero in clear accents said,—

"Sugriva! I was being daily dragged down by my inevitable, perverse understanding, because I became addicted to sin, so you should not take any offence with me. Perhaps it was not in our luck to enjoy the double bliss of fraternal love and the enjoyment of kingdom, or why should such a thing happen at all? However, take charge of governing these denizens of forest, as I shall immediately leave behind this mortal life, kingdom, splendour and spotless fame. O hero, I have something more to add and you will have to do it, though it may be very difficult for you to perform. Look at my son, Angada, lying on the ground with tearful eyes. He is a tender boy, he has been brought up in affluence and deserves to be happy. He is dearer to me than life. I leave him behind and I ask you to protect him as your son under all circumstances and to give him what he may ask of you. Now, you are his protector and you are like a father unto him, giver of everything. If he is frightened at any time, remove his fears as I used to do. This handsome lad is quite heroic like you, and will help you in the destruction of the Rakshasas. He is younger and powerful and will perform feats like myself on the field of battle. Sushena's daughter, Tara, is an adept in ascertaining subtle
meaning of things, and is capable of giving sound advice in times of difficulty and what she may advise know to be the best and follow it without hesitation. Let not her words go in vain. It is also your duty to work fearlessly for Rama, or you will be guilty of sin, and if he is insulted in any way it will surely do you harm. Now, put on this heavenly gold-necklace, with the glory of victory attached to it, as after my death it will lose that halo by coming in contact with my corpse."

When Vali said these out of brotherly love, the fire of enmity was extinguished in Sugriva; his joy of victory was gone, and he became extremely sad like the moon in the eclipse, and after taking the gold chain he began to nurse his elder brother as the occasion required. After this, Vali seeing that his end was near, addressing Angada affectionately said, "My boy! Now, try to possess proper knowledge of time and place and being indifferent to good and evil, and bearing with fortitude both pleasure and pain you should place yourself entirely at Sugriva's service. I have reared you up till now, it is now your time to do your duty, or Sugriva will never have any regard for you, if you neglect your duties. You should keep yourself aloof from the enemies of Sugriva, and should loyally serve your master by suppressing greed and other selfish desires. Do not be too much intimate with Sugriva, nor be wanting in friendship. Too much of everything is bad, hence you should always follow the golden mean."
By this time Vali's eyes became expanded and teeth disclosed, he then gave up his ghost in great pain.

Then the Vanaras, at the death of their chief, burst into tears saying, "Alas! The king of the Kapis has ascended to heaven, and the city of Kishkindhya has grown dark. Hills and dales appear to be lonely, and we too have grown inert! How that great warrior could die at all who removed our fears by killing the wicked Gandharva named Golaha after a strenuous fight for full fifteen years?"

The Vanaras became extremely depressed and restless like so many wild cows in a forest infested with lions, when the head of their herd is killed.

At that time, Tara gazing upon the countenance of her dead husband, was plunged into an ocean of grief and fell upon the ground by embracing her lord, as a tender creeper for its support twins round a broken tree.

CHAPTER XVIII

TARA'S GRIEF

Then, famous Tara after kissing Vali's mouth, addressing her dead husband said, "My lord! O how painful! You are lying on hard, uneven ground, strewn with gravels, for disregarding my words; or perhaps you love the earth more since you are lying in her embrace and never even care to talk to me! O brave hero! It is really a wonder that Rama could be won over by Sugriva, but he henceforth Sugriva will be
reckoned as a hero! Those Bhallukas and Vanaras that used to wait upon you, now mourn thy loss. Angada is crying in grief and I am lamenting bitterly, but how is it that thou hast not still awakened at the sound of our cries? It is bed of the heroes, which, formerly in battle, thou didst cause thine enemies to lie upon, but, at last, thou art stretched upon it! Thou wert born of a noble family and wert greatly fond of war, but where hast thou gone leaving me thus destitute and lonesome? Let not prudent people henceforward marry their daughters to warriors. Just look at me, I was the wife of a hero, but just now have turned a widow! My dignity and happiness are gone and I have been thrown into an ocean of grief. Perhaps, my heart is made of adamant, for it is not as yet rent into hundred pieces beholding my husband dead! My lord! Thou wert my friend, and husband is most dear to a woman, but alas! thou art now dead. The woman who has lost her husband may possess sons or wealth, but still she is called a poor widow by the wise. O hero! Thou art lain in a pool of blood, issued from your own body, as if you are lying on a red sheet dyed with lac. You are besmeared with dust and blood, and I cannot embrace you with my weak arms. Alas! The cause of Sugriva's fear has been removed to-day by a single shaft of Rama. Sugriva has, at last, been victorious in mortal enmity. O hero! The arrow has stuck deep into your heart. I am afraid you may feel pain if I touch your body, so I have refrained from it, and am simply gazing upon you from a distance."
Thereupon, Nala extracted the arrow from Vali's body, like the dreadful snake that had entered a mountain cave. The arrow was red with blood and tinged with the rays of the dying sun. As soon as the arrow was drawn out, jets of blood began to flow from the wound like torrents of water from a rock coloured with minerals and red earth. Vali was all over covered with dust due to the duel. Tara brushed them gently with her palms and washed them with her tears. Then addressing brown-eyed Angada said,—

"My boy! Look, the last stage of the king has arrived. This day has witnessed the end of his sinful enmity. Now, the great hero, resplendent as the newly risen sun, is leaving for the next world; just pay your last homage to him." Thus being directed, Angada took up his father's feet in his plump round arms uttering his name.

Thereupon, Tara said, "My lord! Angada is bowing at your feet, but why do you not, as before, bless him saying, 'May you live long.' Alack! As a cow with its calf stands by the side of her bull slain by a lion, so I am standing before you with my son. You commenced the sacrifice of battle, but how could you at the end bathe in the stream of Rama's shafts without me? Why do I not see that golden chain that was presented to you by Indra being pleased with your valour in

1 After the performance of a sacrifice or religious rite the performer takes his bath with his wife, otherwise those will be incomplete. Hence a Sanskrit expression for wife is *Sahādhārmini* or a help-mate in religion.
battle? Thou art dead, but royal splendour still lingers in you, as the resplendent rays never forsake the dying sun. You neglected what I said for your well-being, nor could I at that time prevent you from fight, so I am now doomed with Angada, and the royal fortune has at last forsaken me along with you."

CHAPTER XIX
SUGRIVA'S REPENTANCE

Tara wept being deeply distressed with sorrow. At that sight, Sugriva was greatly pained and became extremely sorry for the death of his brother, and went to Rama with his followers. Generous-hearted Rama had royal signs on his person and held a formidable bow and arrows dreadful like snakes. "O king! Your promise has been fulfilled, I have got the kingdom, Vali has been killed, but the mind of this unfortunate self is extremely vapid. Queen Tara is crying incessantly, the citizens are crying aloud. The king is dead and prince Angada's life is at stake. Then what shall I do now with the kingdom? Formerly, being insulted I grew impatient and angry and for that I agreed to the death of my brother, but I have become greatly penitent for it. It is now better for me to retire to the Rishyamukha for good. There I shall anyhow pass my days by adopting the vocation of my race. Even heaven does not now appear covetable to me for the death of my brother. That intelligent hero told me, 'Go away I won't destroy you.' To speak the truth, these words were worthy of him, but my act and my words only
become me. Can a man even whose greed for enjoyment is great, taking into consideration the pleasures of kingdom and the pain inflicted by death wish for the death of his accomplished brother? Vali had not the least desire to kill me, fearing that his influence might in any way be curtailed, but what a hateful thing I have committed through my wicked perversity. When I was running away being struck with the branch of a tree, and giving vent to my rage against you, Vali consoling me said, 'Go never do it again.' In fact, Vali all along maintained his brotherly love, honesty and piety, but I have betrayed lust, anger and my apish nature. My friend! As Indra, the king of the celestials became guilty of iniquity by slaying Viswarupa, so I have committed unthinkable, unexpiable, undesirable, and most reprehensible sin by killing my brother. The earth, water, trees and women took share of Indra's sin, but who will participate in the sin of a Kapi? Who will bear this burden? Having perpetrated such an unrighteous act as the destruction of my line, I do not deserve any respect from my subjects. Not to speak of sitting on the throne, I do not deserve even to be nominated as heir-apparent to the throne. I have committed a hateful sin, condemned by all people and it will deprive me of all bliss in the next world. As a volume of water always tends downwards, so the mighty stream of grief has borne me down. The sin of fratricide like an elephant with its tusks of penitence, is striking me like unto the bank of a muddy stream. Alack! As fire drives alloy from gold so sin has driven away all virtne from me. It is for me that these powerful
Vanaras and Angada are almost half-dead with sorrow. A good and obedient son may easily be had, but a son, like Angada, is never to be found. Alas! Is there any such place where one can get his brother?

"O friend! Heroic Angada won't survive this day. If he does survive, Tara may live, or she will die in grief for her son. I, therefore, wish to enter into fire in order to place me on the same level with my brother and his son. These Vanaras under your directions will search for Sita. They will carry out your work even after my death. Do thou please approve my proposal, as it is really disgusting and painful for me to live, guilty of destroying my own line."

Hearing these words of Sugriva, overwhelmed with grief, Rama, the protector of the world, became distressed in mind and his eyes grew dim with tears and in great anxiety he repeatedly looked to tearful Tara, weighed down with sorrow.

At that time, gazelle-eyed, brave Tara lay embracing Vali on the ground. Thereupon, the chief Counsellors of the Vanaras raised her up, and as they were conducting her to a different place, Tara saw Rama standing at a little distance holding bow and arrow in his hand, resplendent with his own effulgence like the glowing sun. Seeing him (hitherto never seen before) marked with all the signs of royalty, she recognised him to be Rama. Being quite disregardful of her person on account of deep sorrow, in faltering gait she approached high-souled and pure Rama mighty as Indra and being overwhelmed with sorrow and distress said.
"O hero! You are highly virtuous, there is no limit to your good qualities, you have controlled your senses and your fame is everlasting and wide, you are forgiving like the earth, you have a strong physique and your eyes are crimson, you have surpassed the beauty of a mortal being and have got the celestial beauty of a heavenly angel. You have bow and arrows in your hand, now put an end to my life with that shaft with which you have slain Vali, for being dead I shall be close to him, and he will never talk to any other woman but myself. O, lotus-eyed hero! In the heavenly region the nymphs in their glittering apparels will approach Vali, adorning their hair with red blossoms and wearing shining coronets on their heads. But as he is greatly distressed by my absence, he would not feel happy at their sight, or in their company. O hero! As you have been distressed with sorrow for Janaki in this romantic Hilly Valley, Vali too in heaven will likewise be sorry and grow pale for me. Thou knowest how a handsome man becomes afflicted on account of the separation of his wife.

"I, therefore, entreat you to kill me also. Vali will never be able to bear my absence. O, noble-minded one! Never think that by killing me, you will incur the sin of slaying a woman, but if you destroy me, considering me to be the soul of Vali, you will not be guilty of any iniquity for killing a woman. You see, the husband and the wife are quite inseparable and this is proved by the authority of the Vedas and by their equal rights in the sacrifice. On this earth there is not a
better gift to the wise man than wife, and, for religious merit, you just give me my dear one, and by virtue of this gift you will not be guilty of any impiety. O hero! I am helpless and overwhelmed with sorrow, and I am now being dragged away from my husband, so do not be indifferent about my death. I shall not retain my life in absence of gifted Vali, whose gait was (majestic) like that of a great tusker, and who used to wear gold necklace worthy of a chief.”

At this Rama tried to console Tara with reasonable words. “O, the darling of a hero! Do not entertain such a dark design. God has created all beings and He has bound them with pleasure and pain. All created beings are under His law and none can override Divine dispensation. By the grace of God you will be happy and your son Angada will be declared as heir-apparent to the throne. You are the spouse of a hero, so you should not lament like this.”

Tara, who was shedding ceaseless tears, thus being consoled by mighty Rama, controlled her grief.

Chapter XX
Consolation by Rama

Then Rama being grieved with great sorrow said to Sugriva and Angada in consoling words, “You see sorrow and lamentations do no good to the dead—try to do what is now necessary to perform. It is not proper to violate popular practice which you have observed so long. Don’t waste any further time. Delay may interrupt the performance of due rites. You see
Time is all-powerful in this world. It is Time that creates, it is Time that accomplishes everything, and it is Time that leads all creatures to action. In fact, none can do anything overriding the elements of Time. Man is governed by his fate, the fruit of his actions in his previous birth and Time works in concert with fate. Time is eternal it is partial to none, it is no productive cause or power in itself, friendship or kinship cannot obstruct it, it is quite beyond any body’s control, but wise people perceive the consequences of their works done in time. Religion, Wealth and Desire are subject to it. Vali by virtue of his royal accomplishments, such as forgiveness and charity, enjoyed wealth and happiness on earth. Now by leaving the world he has got his real self (or true state). He had conquered heaven by his virtues, now by resigning his body on the field of battle, he has really occupied it. What has happened to that high-souled Vali’s luck is the proper award of Time. So don’t grieve for it. It is proper to perform those duties which appertain to the present occasion or time.”

Then Lakshmana gently said to Sugriva, benumbed with sorrow, “Sugriva! Now perform the cremation ceremony of Vali with Tara and Angada. Procure sufficient dry fuel and sandal wood. Angada has been distressed by the death of his father, just console him. This city belongs to you, so do not be dead and inert with grief. Angada! Now procure, garland, cloth, clarified butter, oil and other scented articles. O Tara! Bring a conveyance soon, utmost haste is necessary
now. Let only the capable and strong Vanaras carry Vali, and let the horse-carriers get themselves dressed."

Saying this Lakshmana went near Rama and stood by him. Under these directions of Lakshmana, Tara in reverential mood entered a cave and brought out a conveyance. The conveyance was worthy of being carried by heroes. It looked like a large beautifully constructed chariot. It had a precious seat inside worthy of a king and had various designs of birds, trees and of warriors wrought around it. It was built with great skill. Its joints were strong and it was decorated with excellent ornamental works. It had latticed windows. It was decorated profusely with floral wreaths, garlands of lotuses and various precious clothes. It was sprinkled with red sandal paste, and over it was spread a saffron-coloured canopy like the halo of a rising sun. Seeing that conveyance Rama said to Lakshmana, "My boy! Soon take the body of Vali to the cremation-ground and perform his funeral rites. Thereupon, Sugriva with tears along with Angada, placed Vali on the hearse and decked his body with garlands and ornaments, and addressing the carriers, Sugriva said, "Go now to the bank of the river and perform his funeral rites. Let the Vanaras proceed in front of the hearse by distributing precious jewels and let them cremate the body of their lord with all the pomp and grandeur worthy of a wealthy monarch."

Thereupon, the carriers proceeded with the hearse and other Vanaras, as if rendered shelterless, followed the hearse in tears. At this, the Vanara women living
under Vali cried in distress, "Alas, O hero, O, alas." Tara and other queens followed the coffin weeping. and for their cries the forest and the hill seemed to bewail for Vali.

When they all arrived at the bank of a river, the Vanaras prepared a funeral pyre on its sacred bank washed by the waters of the stream. The carriers then lowered the hearse from their shoulders and stood aside with grief-stricken hearts.

Then Tara seeing her husband's body placed upon the hearse, took up his head upon her lap and broke forth with a distressed heart, "Ah chief of the Kapis! O hero! Ah, my husband! Please cast your look once upon me. You used to love me very dearly, now I have been greatly distressed by your death, just look at me once. You are dead, but it seems your countenance is still lit up with smiles, and you still look ruddy like the rising sun, as you looked while alive. Now, Death himself in the garb of Rama has snatched you from our midst, and we all have been rendere! husbandless by the stroke of a single shaft! Alas! Those Vanara women with their moon-like faces were much dear unto you. They are not accustomed to walk fast and they have come a great distance on foot, and don't you perceive this? Look at Sugriva. See Tara and other counsellors and the grief-afflicted citizens stand round you. Now despatch them first and after they are dismissed from view we shall dally in amorous sports in the forest."

Tara was thus bewailing in grief at the sight of
which other Vanara women were smitten with sorrow and conducted her to another place.

There Angada with tearful eyes with the help of Sugriva placed the body of his father on the funeral pyre and after setting fire to it with due rites, he circumambulated round the funeral pyre of his father, bound for the eternal journey.

After this, the Vanaras after cremating the body of Vali duly went to the stream for Tarpana (for performing watery rites to the spirit of Vali) and placing Angada ahead of them, Sugriva with Tara performed the Tarpana.

Thus mighty Rama being stricken with sorrow like Sugriva, had all the obsequious ceremonies of Vali performed by the Vanaras.

CHAPTER XXI -
SUGRIVA’S CORONATION

Sugriva was overwhelmed with grief and as he was putting on a piece of wet cloth, the Chief Counsellors surrounded him and approached Rama. Then as the saints with joined palms approach Brahma, Hanuman with a glowing red face like the rising sun and who looked like a golden peak addressing Rama humbly said, “Rama! It is through your favour that Sugriva has got back his vast ancestral kingdom. This kingdom could not be conquered by the Vanaras of beautiful teeth, but it has been subjected to their control through your favour. Now permit Sugriva to carry on the royal duties along with his friends in the city. He has taken.
his bath and he will worship you with perfumes, garlands and jewels. Please enter that beautiful cave and delight the Vanaras by conferring the kingdom on his hands and making him lord.”

Thereupon, noble Rama spoke unto Hanuman, “I shall not enter any city or village so long as I observe the mandate of my father. Let Sugriva enter the rich city and there you install him duly on the throne.”

Saying this to Hanuman, Rama turned to Sugriva and said, “My friend! Nominate mighty Angada as heir-apparent to the throne. This heroic and gentle prince is worthy of being your heir-apparent.

“He is the eldest son of Vali and he is like his father in heroism and prowess, so he will surely be able to bear the heavy burden of a kingdom. The rainy season has now set in and ever-drizzling Sravana is the first of the four rainy months and military expedition is forbidden in this month. So you now repair to Kishkindhya and and let us put up in the hills. This table-land\(^1\) is spacious and beautiful and there is no scarcity of water or fresh air, and there is profusion of lotuses here.”

“We shall live here, do you now go home, rule over you kingdom and enhance the delight of your friends, and when the month of the Kartika (the Autumn) comes, make arrangements for the destruction of Ravana. Let this programme remain settled between us.”

Thereupon having thus obtained permission of Rama Sugriva went to Kishkindhya (so long) protected by Vali.

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1 The word in the original means a cave. It denotes a cosy place of habitation.
The Vanaras also entered the city by surrounding Sugriva. The subjects bowed down lowering their heads at the sight of the Vanara king. He responded to their greetings, raised them up and entered the palace.

Then friends of Sugriva busied themselves with the coronation ceremony of Sugriva, Golden umbrella, golden staff, white chowris, sixteen virgins, various jewels, different seeds, medicinal herbs, condensed milk, sprouts of plants, white clothes, sandal, sweet-scented garlands, both aquatic and land flowers, fried paddy, Priyadgu creeper, honey, clarified butter, curd, tiger-skin, fine pair of sandals, Kumkuma, red powder, Gorachana (a bright yellow fragrant prepared from cow's wine), ungents dyed with various flies and Arsenic, golden ores were brought. Then the friends and relations of Sugriva commenced the coronation ceremony of Sugriva by entertaining the Brahmanas with profusion of eatables and by the distribution of apparels. Those who were conversant with the Mantras, began to perform sacrifice by placing fire on the sacred Kusha grass.

Then Gaya, Gavaksha, Gavaya, Dharabha, Gandhamadana, Vainda, Dvidhia, Hanuman and Jamvuvan made Sugriva seated on a golden seat, facing the east upon the roof of the palace, decorated with wreathes and draped with excellent coverings. The water of the rivers, of the places of pilgrimage, of the seven seas, and sweet-scented crystal water was collected in golden jars. The Vanaras with that water and with corns invested the crown on Sugriva as the celestials did on
Indra according to the rules laid down by the sages. The Vanaras became mightily pleased at this.

After this, Sugriva declared Augada as heir-apparent to the throne according to the directions of Rama. Thereupon every one spoke highly of Sugriva and praised Rama and Lakshmana repeatedly. At that time, every one at Kishkindhya, felt happy and the whole city was decorated with flags.

Thus when the coronation ceremony was over, Sugriva sent information to magnanimous Rama that he had got back the kingdom along with his wife, Rûni.

CHAPTER XXII
THE PRASRAVANA HILL

In the meantime, Rama with Lakshman retired to the Prasravana hill dense with trees, creepers and shrubs and resounded with the deep roars of lions and tigers. There bears, monkeys, wild cats and *gopu-chhas* were to be found straying about hither and thither. Rama selected a spacious cave for habitation and addressing Lakshmana said, "My boy! It is a spacious and beautiful cave, and there is plenty of breeze. We shall pass the rainy season here, Look! How excellent is its peak! Various kinds of minerals, and white, red and black stones abound in it. There is plenty of river-frogs, and various flower trees and creepers, such as Malati, Kunda, Sindhuvâra, Sirisha, Kadamva, Arjuna, Sarjana adorn the place. O gentle one! This cave is worthy of our habitation having.
its north-eastern part low and the western part high. At the entrance of the cave, there is a spacious smooth stone, black as collyrium paste. Near about the cave lies a pond full of full-blown lotuses and there the sweet notes of birds and cries of wild peacocks are continually heard. There is a beautiful peak on the north of the cave; it is of lustrous hue like collyrium, and appears as if a deep blue cloud had risen in the sky! Behold! There is another peak on the south. It is silvery white and shining with various metals, as if it is extending its head like the Kailasha mountain. In front of the cave, a stream like the Mandakini in the Chitrakuta hill is flowing towards the west. It is free from weeds and along both its banks stand Sandals, Tilakas, Salas, Atimuktus, Saralas, Padmakas, Vanir̄̄s, Stimidas, Vakulas, Ketakas, Hintalas, Sirishas, Kadamas, Vetashas, Kritamalakas and other trees and plants. This river is beautiful like a well-dressed damsel. Chakrabakas, swans and cranes always sport in its water and on account of precious gems found in it everywhere, it appears as if the stream is smiling. Here, it is covered with blue lotuses, there have bloomed the red ones, there the stream is white with lilies and lotuses. It is visited by aquatic birds and by hermits for bath."

"My boy! Behold the beautiful Sandal trees, and the Kukubha trees rising high as if in jest. It is a very beautiful place and we shall happily live here. At a short distance, is situated woody Kishkindhya. Hark the music rising from there and the voices of the
Vanaras in accompaniment of Mridanga.¹ Sugriva has got back his kingdom and wife. He is now master of immense wealth and is passing his days in enjoyment with his friends.”

Thus Ram concluded, and decided to pass his days in the Prasravana hill. The hill was indeed a pretty one and there were various pleasant objects near about, but Rama could not in any way feel happy. He pined in grief for Janaki—who was ever present in his memory. Rama witnessed the moon rising in the sky. He stretched himself on the bed, but could not sleep. His grief seemed to be rekindled into fierce flames and he began to shed ceaseless tears.

Seeing that, Lakshmana, deeply smitten with sorrow, entreatingly said, “O hero! Don’t be overwhelmed with grief. It is not unknown to you that too much grief destroys everything. You are decent, energetic and have regard for every day duties. Now if you lose your energy on account of grief, you would not be able to destroy that shrewd Rakshasas in battle. So banish your sorrows, retain your energy and you will be able to destroy the Rakshasas with his whole brood. Not to speak of him, you will be able to destroy even the whole world (if you please). It is now rainy season. wait for the autumn, and when autumn comes you will destroy Ravana with his family and the chiefs under him. O, worshipful one! I am only trying to rouse your talent, valour, as at the time of sacrifice people rekindle the

¹ A musical instrument to keep time like the Tambour.
sacrificial fire covered with ashes by offering oblations to it."

At this, Rama praised Lakshmana greatly for his reasonable words and said, "My boy! You have said what a well-wisher and a devoted hero should speak. Do not cast off this grief standing in the way of action. It is no doubt necessary to display one's full prowess when occasion for putting forth one's valour arises. I agree to your words and shall wait for autumn and for Sugriva's pleasure. Heroes never forget the favour they have received from others, but if they be ungrateful good people are pained by it."

Thereupon, beautiful Lakshmana greatly eulogised Rama for his cogent words evincing his good sense and said, "O Arya! Your object will soon be gained with the help of Sugriva and your enemies will be destroyed. Somehow pass the rains in expectation of the autumn. So now forbear your wrath and live with patience these months of rain in this hill frequented by lion.

CHAPTER XXIII
THE RAINS

Rama dwelling on the summit of the Malyavan hills addressing Lakshmana said, "My boy! The rains have set in. The sky is overcast with clouds like the ranges of mountains. The sky after drinking the humour of the ocean through the sun's rays was enceinte for nine months and is now delivering its showers. Ascending the sky with the flights of clouds one may adorn the sun with Kutaja and Arjuna flowers. See how delightful
twilight is reflected from the cool evening clouds with amber fringes; it seems as if the wound of the sky has been dressed with a piece of torn cloth (clouds crimsoned with blood-like evening rays). The whole firmament appears to be pining in love, pale—sprinkled with the evening rays like sandal, and heaving sighs in the form of soft breezes. The earth was scorched with heat and now being wet with showers is emitting vapour like hot perspiration of Sita, racked with grief. The delicious, gentle breeze perfumed with Ketaki blossom and cold for blowing through the camphor boughs can literally be drunk, from the cup made by the hollows of the palms by knitting them together. The hill is covered with Arjuna and Ketaki flowers and being bathed with rains appears like anointed Sugriva bathed in showers. This hill having clouds for black deer-skin, stream of water for sacred thread and the sound of the wind blowing at the mouth of the cave appears like a Brahma engaged in studies! Being struck by lightning as if by golden lashes, the sky neighs like a horse. The lightning in the deep blue clouds appears like Janaki on the lap of Ravana! The moon and the stars are not visible, they have disappeared in clouds.

"Look! The Kutaja blossoms have bloomed over the peak and are covered with the vapour rising from the ground; the earth appears to have been gladdened at the advent of rains. I am now overwhelmed with grief for Janaki and the sight of these flowers makes me extremely sad. There is no more dust, the air is exceedingly
cool, the heat and evils of summer have subsided. Kings have entirely abstained from their expeditions and people living in foreign lands are returning home, and the Chakravakas eager for the Manasa lake are flying thither with their mates. The roads are muddy, hence hardly a conveyance plies through them; some parts of the sky are bright while other parts are dark with clouds; so it looks like a tranquil sheet of water locked in rocks. The mountainous streams are most impetuous now. Their waters have turned red being tinged with various mineral dyes; and Sarala and Kadamva flowers are floating on their waters, and the peacocks are crying (in wild glee) on their banks. Ripe and juicy black berries, dark as bees, and ripe mangoes are falling on the ground by force of the wind.

"Look! The cloud, huge as a hill, is adorned with lightnings as flags and cranes as wreathe[d]ers, and emitting roars like an elephant on the field of battle.

"How beautiful the forest appears in the evening, the ground is covered with green turfs and wet with dews and the peacocks dance over it! The clouds being heavy with rains, are journeying with a deep rumbling sound by resting repeatedly on the high cliffs. The cranes are flying in delight under the clouds and they

This piece beginning from here till the end of this chapter, in all probability is an interpolation by a subsequent writer, and its description bears some analogy with that of famous Meghaduta. Kalidas thus asks the cloud: "I am speaking of the path alone which thou wilt have to go resting thy feet on mountains whenever thou wilt feel tired."
appear like a garland of lotuses shaken by the breeze hanging under the sky. The earth being covered with grass and variegated with new-born insects look like a damsel clothed in parrot-like green cloth with pink stripes of lac-dye. Sleep is approaching God Narayana, the ocean, the river, the delighted cranes, the cloud, and all look beautiful to the eye. Kadamvas have bloomed in the woods, the peacocks hold their dances, and the bull betrays his profound attachment for the heifer, and the fields have grown exceedingly beautiful with corns.

"Wild infuriated elephants are emitting terrific roars. By the side of the rill, elephants delighted with the fragrance of Ketaki and maddened with the sound of the water-falls are gambling with the peacocks. Lovers pining for their sweet hearts are sad and the Vanaras are very happy. The black bees lying flat on the blossoming branches of the Kadamva are belching for having drunk too much floral juice in festive joy, and the bees sticking to boughs of the ripe black-berries, as glowing embers, seem eager even to devour the branches. The cloud with lightning appears like a charging elephant. Look, an elephant was about to enter the woods but hearing the deep rumbling of the cloud, he took it to be his rival and at once turned round for a fight. The forest now presents a variegated view, resonant with the humming of the bees and cries of the peacocks. Here the spot is full of water and is surrounded by the blossoming Kadamvas, Sarjas, Arjunas and
Kandalas and there are songs and dancings of the peacocks and it appears like a drinking place.

"The wings of the birds have grown pale with rains and when they are thirsty they drink in delight drops of water hanging like pearls on the leaves. Hark, as if a musical concert is being played in the woods,—the humming of the bees is its lyre, croaking of the frogs is its gutteral sound, rumblings of the cloud are the sounds of Mridanga. Sometimes dancing, sometimes emitting shrill cries, sometimes perching on the tops of the trees, the beautiful peacocks have commenced the music of the forest. Aroused from their long sleep by the rumbling noise of the clouds, frogs are uttering various cries being smitten with rains. The river is proudly flowing towards the sea—its lord—carrying the Chakravakas on its stream, and its banks are falling in the water. Deep blue clouds heavy with water rest upon clouds of similar nature. The bees after embracing the lotus with its filaments washed with rains are flocking to the Kadamvas adorned with pollens. The elephants are infuriated, the bulls are happy, the hills are lovely, the princes are now idle. At this time Indra sports with the clouds. Clouds heavy with rain hang low in the sky and thunder like the deep roarings of the sea floods the earth with rivers, lakes, tanks, and pools. Rains fall heavily, the wind blows hard, and the rivers pull down their banks. The mountain like a king is exhibiting his beauty and wealth, being bathed with water from the cloud-jars sent by Indra and brought by the wind. The earth has been gratified with recent
showers, and the sky has become dark with clouds. The streams running in the hills appear like strings of pearls, and stones tumbling down on account of the current of the stream appears like a torn necklace! Streams of water everywhere, as if the pearl-necklace of a heavenly nymph has been broken asunder in times of amorous dalliance. The birds have taken shelter in the trees, the lotuses are closed and the Malati has blossomed, so it appears the sun is about to set. Kings have now refrained from military expeditions, and troops have halted in their march as if being obstructed simultaneously by rains, enmity and (bad) paths. Those Brahmanas who chant the Sama hymns were waiting for the month of Bhadra: now their time for the study of the Vedas has arrived. At this time, Bharata, the king of Koshala, having repaired to his house and having stored all provisions is now observing religious rites in Aśvara. The Saraju is now brimful with rains and surging with currents, as if Ayodhya herself is making a noise in delight. Great is the beauty of Rains. Sugriva is now enjoying himself, his ambition for victory has been fulfilled, he has got back his wife and regained a vast kingdom. But, my boy! I have lost my kingdom and Janaki. I am overwhelmed with grief. The rains will not soon be over, Ravana is a formidable foe, so there is no probability of destroying my enemy. Sugriva is no doubt faithful to me, but on account of the rains, the time is unfit for journey and way-faring is most difficult. I can not even mention anything about the search of Sita. Besides, Sugriva after great pains and
sufferings has regained his wife, and my mission is an arduous one; so I do not wish to speak anything now. After enjoying sufficient rest Sugriva will himself search for Sita in due time. He is grateful and will never forget my help. Lakshmana! This is why I shall bid my time, awaiting Sugriva's pleasure and the autumn. Heroic nature never forget the debt of gratitude."

At this Lakshmana, of winning look, greatly praised Rama's speech, and showing proofs of his intelligence said, "O Arya! Your object of desire will soon be attained by the help of Sugriva. So anyhow pass the rains in expectation of the autumn."

CHAPTER XXIV

HANUMAN'S ADVICE

Here Sugriva after the destruction of Vali got his Kingdom. His object of desire has been attained, and he passed his days in joy with his darling Ruma, with much-coveted Tara and other women, as Indra lives in the midst of the heavenly nymphs. He was himself far removed from all anxieties, his kingdom was entrusted to the hands of his ministers, he was quite indifferent about the supervision of their works and had no suspicion about them, rather had the fullest confidence in them. At that time, he was not anxious for acquisition of wealth or religious merit, but being addicted to pleasure he preferred undisturbed seclusion always.

After some time, Hanuman, the son of Marut, versed in the sacred lore and polity and having sense
of proper time for each work, finding the sky clear, free from clouds and lightning and lit up with the rays of moon, and finding the Sarasas missing the welcome drops of rain, approached Sugriva and addressing him with sweet, and well-meaning words which were calculated to teach the ways of acquiring piety, forgiveness, equity and other virtues, said.

"O king! Thou hast acquired kingdom, lasting reputation and vast wealth. You should now try to acquire friends. His wealth, influence and fame increase who renders friendly help in time. He indeed acquires a vast territory with the help of wealth, friends and power of chastisement, who has free and clear intelligence. O chief of the Kapis, you are virtuous and gentle. It is your duty to fulfil your promise to your friend. Many a trouble occurs to him who does not do the work of his friend, renouncing all other things. Delay defeats the end of an action, and no great result follows even if something significant is accomplished. We are delaying in rendering our services to our friend, so you should now be up and doing in searching for Janaki. O destroyer of enemies! The time for performing your friend's work will soon be over. Wise Rama fully knows the value of time and is quite conversant with the seasonableness of a thing. Still he has not told you anything even finding that the season is over though utmost alacrity should be observed. He is as yet patiently waiting for you. He is the cause of your prosperity, he is a friend in your adversity, there is no limit to his goodness and really wonderful is his nature. He has
done much for you in the past, you should now help him in return, and should send chief Vanaras in search for Janaki. Delay before he openly speaks about it won't be so much culpable as after the actual expression of his wish. O king! You perform even his work who has not rendered you any help, now what shall I say about him who has destroyed your enemy and restored you to the throne? You are a hero and you ought not to wait for Rama's orders just for his satisfaction. Rama, by dint of arms, can subdue even the gods and the Demons, but he is simply waiting for your promise. He has helped you a good deal by destroying Vali even at the risk of public opprobrium? We should, therefore, search heaven and earth for Janaki, Wonderful is the prowess of Rama. Not to speak of the Rakshasas, even the gods fear his might. Do what is agreeable to him with all your heart. There are many irresistible Vanaras under your command, and none will be able to thwart their course in heaven and on earth. Now, just direct us what we are to do."

Intelligent Sugriva agreed to this reasonable proposal of Hanuman and asked energetic Neela to mobilise the Vanara troop from different quarters. "Do thou now see that my army with their captains arrive here without delay. Let the Vanaras from distant places march here soon, and when they arrive, you yourself count their numbers. Whoever will fail to reach here within fifteen days will be punished with death. Go now with Angada to fetch the Vanaras."

Thus giving directions to Neela, heroic Sugriva retired to the inner apartments of the palace.
CHAPTER XXV
IN THE AUTUMN

Here Rama was racked with grief at the advent of the autumn. Rama observed the pink-yellow sky, the bright lunar disc, and the sweet autumnal night white with the rays of the moon. He then thought about the amorous sports of Sugriva and about the quest of Sita and concluded that the time for marshalling the army was over. He was greatly smitten with sorrow and being almost stupefied with grief thought of Sita dwelling in his heart. Being seated on a peak shining with minerals, Rama broke forth in bitter lamentations at the sight of the beauties of the autumn with a distressed mind:—

"Alas! Who with her sweet Sarasa-like voice used to warble with the Sarasas (cranes) in the hermitage, who was delighted by the sight of the golden blossomed Asana trees and who was roused from her sleep by the sweet cacklings of ducks and swans, I know not how that sweet dimsel is faring now in my absence! How will she, with lotus-like eyes, survive hearing the notes of the Chakravakas living in pairs? In her absence, I am not feeling happy even at the sight of the hills, rivers and forests. She is most tender, so must have been greatly distressed by the grief of separation, and her sorrows will be greatly increased by the advent of the autumn."

As the Chataka bird becomes anxious for drops of water from the cloud, so Rama grew anxious for Sita. By that time graceful Lakshmana returned after gather-
ing fruits in the hill, and found Rama plunged in intense grief. He was greatly pained at the sight and addressing him said, "O worshipful one! What will you gain by yielding to the pangs of love? Why do you allow your manliness thus to be overcome? Now concentrate your mind upon action; grief is undermining your power of concentration which alone can put an end to all sorrows. Be cheerful and energetic and resort to your manliness, the only means of accomplishing your task. O hero! Janaki is your wife and nobody can possess her, for who can escape from being scorched by touching the burning flame?"

Rama hearing these words of Lakshmana which could not be easily dismissed, replied, "My boy! Your words are reasonable, well-meaning and are consonant with morality, and it is proper that I should accede to them. It is necessary to acquire a vision of reality by the concentration of mind and to be engaged in work, and it is proper not to enquire about the consequence of an uncommon action."

Janaki's thoughts were ever uppermost in Rama's heart, and his countenance withered and grew thin. Addressing Lakshmana he said, "My boy! Indra has drenched the earth with rains, and has produced crops.

1 Here is a piece of theology. Rama says that he will now try to acquire a knowledge of reality by meditation and by the concentration of mental faculties. Henceforth he will devote himself to action than waste his time in idle speculations about the far-reaching consequence of an act. The Gāṇḍa preaches the same doctrine.
Formerly, the clouds with their dark blue lotus-like hue enveloped all quarters, now they appear clear like an elephant devoid of temporal sweat. The wind has ceased to blow fast, carrying the fragrance of Kutaja and Arjuna flowers. Neighings of elephants, cries of peacocks, and the sounds of fountains have ceased. The hill with its cliffs washed with rains, free from impurities and being flooded with moonlight appear exceedingly beautiful. Today the autumn has appeared by dividing its beauty between the boughs of the Saptaparna trees, the brilliance of the sun, moon and stars and the gambols of the elephants. The lotuses have bloomed under the rays of the sun. Look, for the presence of the autumn the bees have resorted to the Suptaparna flowers and the humming noise of the bees are carried by the wind. Bulls and elephants have become proudly restive.

"Look! The Chakravakas have come from the Manasa lake, their bodies are covered with the pollens of lotuses, and spreading their large and beautiful wings they are resting on the banks of the rivers. The streams now are crystal clear. The peacocks finding the sky free from the clouds have discarded their tails, and appear quite anxious. They are even indifferent to their dear mates and have no hankering for enjoyment. Look, the topmost branches of the golden Asana trees are bent down with blossoms and sweet fragrance has filled the air. Just see how beautiful the forest appears with these trees! The elephants being infuriated and intoxicated with lust, are roaming about with she-elephants
in the woods, inhaling the odour of the Saptaparna flowers. The sky is bright as a sword, the current of the rivers has abated, and the cool autumnal breeze is laden with the sweet odour of the water-lilies. All quarters of the globe are now free from darkness. Mud has been dried by the rays of the sun, and dusts have risen after a long time. It is now time for the belligerent kings to launch into action. The bulls look healthy at the advent of autumn, and they are sporting by rolling in the dust and bellowing in the midst of heifers in delightful expectation of a fight. Great attachment is shown by the she-elephants for their mates. The peacocks in sorrow flock to the river bank, but come back being reproached by the cranes. Infuriated elephants, emitting temporal sweat, are drinking in the lake by trampling down the lotuses, by putting the Karandavas and the Chakravakas into fright. Ducks and swans are sporting in the river which is now strewn with sands and free from mud. The breeze blows now gently, the fountains are dry, and the frogs are silent. Snakes of deadly venom, so long starved in their holes, are now out in quest of food. Look, how the evening, crimsoned by the dying rays of the sun, gently wanes in the sky, and one by one the stars are being revealed by the rays of the moon. The night appears like a woman in white, having for her countenance the beautiful moon and the stars for her eyes, and the soft moon-light for her cloth! The cranes having fed upon the ripe grains in delight are flying in rows and appear like so many garlands shaken by the
wind! Look, how beautiful the lake appears; there the lilies have bloomed and a swan sleeps amongst them! The lake looks like the clear blue sky adorned with the moon and the stars, and the pool looks like an elegantly dressed courtesan adorned with ornaments, having the restless ducks for its (tinkling) zone, and the blooming lotuses for a garland! The sound set up by the wind in the rocky cave, mingled with the music of a flute and the bellowings of a bull have swelled in volume. The Kasha flowers have bloomed on the river-bank and being waved by the breeze appear like a piece of white cloth shaken by the wind! The bees, mad for having drunken honey are yellow with the pollens of the lotuses, and are proudly following the course of the wind with their mates. The water is crystal-clear, and lilies have bloomed in it. The paddy is ripe, the breeze is gentle, the moon is bright, and the notes of the Kraunchas are continually heard; from these it appears that the rainy season is over. The river having fishes for its girdle, is flowing gently, like a damsel fatigued by enjoyment at night moves slowly in the morning. The waving Kasha flowers look like a white silken cloth and being strewn with the Chakravakas and moss, appear like the sweet countenance of a young bride decorated with ornamental pigments and delightful figures or leaves. Cupid himself seems to have appeared in the forest with his for-

1. Cf. Kumar Shambhavam and Meghaduta.—Pattralekha is a kind of toilet, in which figures of delicate leaves were sometimes drawn on cheeks with sandal paste or orpiment. This practice may still be found in certain
midable bow to chastise the separated lovers! Clouds
have gratified all by pouring their contents and have
disappeared by filling the rivers, lakes and pools. The
river in the autumn is gradually showing its bank, as a
bashful virgin being shy of the first union very slowly
uncovers her thighs. This is the time for military
expedition but I do not see Sugriva, or any preparation
for it. Four months of rains appeared long as hundred
years; now the autumn has arrived and Asanas, Kovidi-
daras, Saptaparnas, Bandhujivas and Tamalas have
bloomed on the hill. Swans and cranes are sporting on
the banks, but I am pining for Sita. Alas! Where is
she now, who had entered the inaccessible Dandaka
forest as into a pleasure-garden and who followed me
like a devoted Chakravaka bird? Lakshmana! I have
lost my kingdom, fortune and Sita, still Sugriva is not
doing me any favour. Perhaps, he is indifferent about
me thinking that I am a foreigner, helpless, poor and
distressed, and being insulted by Ravana. I have
asked for his protection. He promised to help me in
search for Janaki, but being himself crowned with
success has forgotten his promise. Go now to Kiskin-
dhya and tell that fool infatuated with vulgar pleasures,
that he is a villain who breaks his promise made to his
parts of India where young boys and girls decorate their
faces with ornamental impressions with white sandal
paste after a dip in the Ganges. A similar custom was
prevalent in England in Elizabethan times, when ladies
sometimes used to adorn their faces with ornamental
patches by sticking small bits of paper on them.—t
Translator.
benefactor who in his turn solicits for a favour. Once a word, good or bad, escapes one's lips, he should stick to it, and that is the nature of a hero. Dogs and foxes tear off the flesh of that ungrateful wretch, after death, who is indifferent to his friend having himself gained his object. Ask him if he wants to witness my gold plated-bow like lightning. Does he want to hear the twang of my bow like the angry booming of a thunder?

"Lakshmana! It is really strange that Sugriva will be indifferent knowing that a hero like you is my helper whose valour he has sufficiently witnessed. I have contracted friendship with him for search of Janaki but he never thinks of redeeming his promise to me. Four months have elapsed, but Sugriva seems to have no knowledge of it, being addicted to pleasure. He has given himself up to drink and revelry with his friends and courtiers; therefore, he does not feel any pity for us, racked with pain. Do thou repair to Kishkindhya, inform Sugriva of my wrath and tell him that the road trodden by Vali, after death, is not too narrow to allow him passage. Ask him to keep his promise and not to follow the path of his brother. I have slain Vali in battle and if he now shrinks from keeping his promise I shall destroy him with all his family and relations. My boy! Do what you think best in the matter. I have become really impatient for this delay."
CHAPTER XXVI
LAKSHMAN’S WRATH

At this Lakshmana replied in wrath, “O Arya! Certainly, Sugriva’s sense is not commendable. If he does not behave properly and does not acknowledge that his fortune is due to his friendship, then he won’t be able to enjoy royal wealth for a long time. Finding you not in any way offended, but favourably disposed, he has changed his mind and does not think of returning your benefits. So let him die and meet Vali after death. A kingdom should not be placed in the hands of such a worthless man. O worshipful one! I can not control my anger. I shall destroy that liar to-day. Let Vali’s son, Angada, with the Vanaras search for Sita.”

Saying this, highly enraged Lakshmana stood up taking the bow and arrows in his hand.

Seeing that Rama gently said, “A man like you, never commits such a sinful act. He who can subdue his anger according to the dictates of his conscience, ought not think of destroying his friend; cultivate good feeling for his former services, give up your anger. Gently tell Sugriva only this, “Friend! The time for the quest of Janaki is about to be over.”

Obedient Lakshmana at once bowed down to Rama’s words, but in anger he took up a Death-like formidable bow, as that of Indra. At that time, he looked like the high-peaked Mahendra hill; wrath and despair began to scorch his heart like a burning flame. Wise as Vihaśpati, Lakshmana decided in his mind what he would say and what might Sugriva reply. Burning with the

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smouldering fire of rage he proceeded with a sad mind in quick paces towards Kishkindhya. By the intensity of his speed he tore down rocks and trees and brushing aside every obstacle with proud steps, Lakshmana proceeded like a mighty elephant. The hill seemed to tremble under his heroic tread.

After sometime, the best of the Ikshwakus beheld the inaccessible city of Kishkindhya, surrounded by the Vanaras and encircled by the hills. Lakshmana with his lips pressed in suppressed anger saw formidable Vanaras strolling outside the city-gate. Seeing Lakshmana they pulled up huge trees and rocks. Thereupon, Lakshmana was doubtfully inflamed with rage, as fire is fed with fuels, and his lips quivered in anger.

Then the Vanaras seeing Lakshmana thus enraged and terrible as Death were stricken with fear, and ran away in various directions. Thereupon, the chief of the Vanaras entered Sugriva's palace and sent information about Lakshmana's arrival and his anger. But at that time the tamorous king of the Vanaras was enjoying with Tara; so he did not pay any heed to their words. After that, those Vanaras huge as clouds, came out of the city being directed by the ministers. Some of them were grim-visaged and had claws and teeth like those of a tiger, and some were strong as elephants. Heroic Lakshmana was greatly incensed at their sight. Then the Vanaras openly stationed themselves at the crossing of the ditch round the city wall. Then Lakshmana thinking Sugriva's blunder and of his brother's interest pressed forward. His eyes became red and he began to
breathe hard. At that time, he looked like a five-
hooded serpent having the sharp end of the arrow as his
tongue, the bow for his expanded hood, and his valour
for venom. Angada being greatly alarmed at this,
approached Lakshmana with a distressed mind. Laksh-
mana with angry look said, "My boy! Go and quickly
inform Sugriva of my arrival. Tell him that Lakshmana,
being greatly distressed by his brother's sorrows, is
standing at the gate, and if you please you may pay
heed to his words now. Communicating this to Sugriva
quickly come back to me."

Angada became restless at these hard expressions of
Lakshmana. His face grew dark and he went to Sugriva,
and bowing down to Tara and Ruma communicated
everything to Sugriva. Sugriva was deeply buried in
sleep under the influence of liquor and in amorous
langour, so he could not catch even a syllable of what
Angada had said.

The Vanaras welcomed Lakshmana with a gentle
voice, and to rouse Sugriva from sleep they set up a
terrible roar like the roarings of a thunder. Sugriva
was then roused from sleep. His eyes were red with
wine and he became restless at that noise.

At that time, two intelligent counsellors of Sugriva
named Yaksha and Probhava, of handsome look, came
with Angada hearing everything from the latter's lips.
They sat before Sugriva and after greeting him, with
sweet and cogent words said, "O king! Rama and
Lakshmana, born of men, are kingly and firm in their
promises. They have conferred the kingdom on you.
Lakshmana has come to submit something according to Rama's directions, and at his instance Angada came to you before. With his red angry eyes Lakshmana is scorching the Vanaras at the gate. So hasten to him so that his anger may be appeased. Do what virtuous Rama has asked you to do and try to redeem your promise."

Hearing of Lakshmana's wrath, Sugriva immediately left his seat, and ascertaining the gravity of the present occasion, addressing his counsellors, Sugriva said, "You see, I have not said any improper thing to Lakshmana, nor I have behaved improperly with him. I do not know why he is angry. Perhaps some enemy of mine anxious to find out dark spots in me has poisoned his ears with a false report about me. Now some one amongst you according to his own intelligence try to ascertain the true cause of his anger. I am not afraid of Rama or of Lakshmana, but I do really fear the loss of friendship and then regret that a friend has been angry without any cause. It is easy to contract friendship, but it is very difficult to maintain it owing to the fickleness of mind. Very slight cause may bring about a rupture. I am grateful to Rama for his help and I have not as yet succeeded in doing anything in return, and for this have great misgivings in my mind."

Then Hanuman replied with reasonable words, "O king! It is no wonder that you have forgotten the favour you have received. For your interest great Vali, mighty as the king of the gods, was destroyed by heroic Raghava, and I doubt not that he has been offend-
ed and so he has despatched Lakshmana for this. Look, the autumn has come.

"The Saptaparna has blossomed, the stars look bright. The lakes and rivers have become transparently clear, but you have not noticed all these on account of your hilarious enjoyment, and it seems you do not understand that this is the time for making military preparations. Heroic Lakshmana has come just to make you aware of your indifference. Rama is now extremely distressed with sorrow for being separated from his wife. So you must be prepared to hear a few hard expressions from Lakshmana's lips. You are guilty, so try to appease Lakshmana with joined palms; there is no other alternative. It is the duty of the ministers to give proper advice to the king; hence I have given out the unalloyed truth without any hesitation. Rama in his anger can subdue the gods and the demons, but you have received his favour; so it is your duty to please him in every possible way and not to provoke him in any manner. Do then now bow at his feet with your son and relations and be obedient to him, as a wife to her husband. O king, never try to set Rama and Lakshmana at naught even in your thoughts. You yourself have got sufficient proofs that their prowess is really wonderful."
CHAPTER XXVII
KISHKINDHYA

In the meantime, Lakshmana hearing everything from Angada, entered the city of Kishkindhya. Mighty Vanaras were stationed at the city-gate, and they stood up with joined palms at the sight of Lakshmana. Lakshmana was extremely angry and was breathing heavily. The Vanaras were greatly alarmed at that, and they dared not come near him.

Arriving at the gate, Lakshmana found the interior of the city highly picturesque, adorned with gems and rich with high palatial buildings and gardens, laden with fruits and flowers. Good-looking Vanaras, like the offsprings of gods and Gandharvas capable of assuming different shapes at will, were strolling about, dressed in beautiful apparels and putting on beautiful garlands. The air was laden with the sweet fragrance of Sandal, Aguru and lotuses, and its high-ways were watered with sweet-scented water. Clear streams ran like silver threads. On his way, Lakshmana saw the excellent abodes of Angada, Mainda, Dvivida, Gavaya, Gavakha, Sharabha, Bidyunmali, Sampati, Suryaksha, Hanuman, Viravahu. Suvahu, nobileminded Nala, Cumada, Sushena, Jamvuvan, Dadhivaktra. Neela, Sumitra and of other prominent Vanaras. Those houses were grey like clouds, adorned with garlands full of fragrance, stored with grains and inhabited by beautiful damsels. Lakshmana gradually passed by them and beheld Sugriva's palace. It was like the abode of Indra, the king of gods. Its beautiful walls were crystal rock,
and the top of the house was white as the summit of the Kailasha mountain. The Vanaras in arms were guarding its inaccessible gate provided with a golden arch. Various fruits and flower trees surrounded the palace and the ever-green Kalpatree of deep blue hue like that of a cloud, presented by Indra; and always bearing fruits and flowers, spread its delightful shade.

Lakshmana then entered the palace as the sun enters a band of clouds. Lakshmana crossed seven rooms furnished with various seats, and various conveyances standing outside of them. He saw the well-guarded, spacious inner court of the palace where at various places stood golden and silver sets with excellent coverlets. Sweet music, correct in tune and measure, was being played in accompaniment of stringed instruments; young damsels of noble birth, brilliantly attired, were busy in threading beautiful garlands. Sentries and servants stood at different places; they had nice fineries about their dress, nor were they much busy with their work. Gradually Lakshmana entered the inner apartment.

In the meantime, the jingling sounds of anklets and zones were heard. At this, Lakshmana blushed in shame, and in great rage resounded the place with the twang of his bow. As it is not proper to enter a place inhabited by ladies, so Lakshmana stood there, but was deeply irritated at the neglect of Rama's work.

Sugriva stood up at the twanging sound of the bow and thought, "It is clear that Lakshmana, devoted to his brother, has arrived as reported by Angada." At this
thought, Sugriva’s face grew dark and long, and he asked beautiful Tara. “My darling! Lakshmana by nature is gentle, but he has come fired with anger. What may be the cause of his wrath? Do you find any neglect of duty on my part? That hero never grows angry without any cause.”

“Now tell me if you have noticed and dereliction of duty or misbehaviour towards him? Go and yourself see Lakshmana. Try to pacify him, his anger will vanish at your sight. Noble men are never rude to women. I shall see him after that lotus-eyed hero becomes pacified by your words.” Thereupon lovely Tara, with intoxicated look, faltering gait and jingling zone, proceeded towards Lakshmana, stooping a little from the exuberance of her breast. Lakshmana felt nervous at her sight and casting aside his expression of wrath in the presence of a lady, he stood with a downcast look.

Tara was shameless under the influence of liquor and finding Lakshmana rather in a pleasing mood, she boldly began, showing her concern for Lakshmana.

“O prince! Why are you angry? Who has disobeyed your commands? Who has unwittingly entered into a forest-fire fed with dry fuels?”

Thereupon, Lakshmana, showing a greater degree of amiability replied, “Tara! Your husband is under the sway of lust and has no religious insight. He has been indulging in sensual pleasures with his low followers, while we are sad with sorrow. He never thinks of us for the pride of his riches and kingdom. He promised to collect troops after the expiry of the rainy
season. Now time for that has arrived, but being addicted to pleasures under the influence of wine, he is quite ignorant of that. Drinking is not always proper. Under its influence people lose their piety and wealth, they forget their debts of gratitude, and quarrel breaks out even with the best of friends. He is the best friend who is gifted with righteousness and wealth, and your husband has renounced such a friend endowed with these two qualities. However, go and inform Sugriva of our present intentions."

Hearing those well-meaning words, Tara said about Rama's business, "O prince! This is not the time for showing your wrath, nor is it proper to be angry with one's friends and relations. You should forgive him who has resolved to help you in your undertaking. It is not becoming of the noble to be angry with the low; moreover, a virtuous soul like you should not yield to anger. I know why Rama is angry with us and the cause of delay. I am also aware of what is to be done at this moment. I am not even ignorant of the strength of carnal desires for which Sugriva is ever living in the company of women, neglecting all his duties. But I find you blind with rage, hence you cannot now feel the influence of love. Men swayed by lust lose their sense of righteousness, and of time and place, they never discriminate between right and wrong, O hero! The chief of the Kapis, under the influence of lust, lives always close to me and he has lost all sense of shame. But he is a brother to you, please forgive him. Even saintly persons through ignorance fall victims to their
passions, whereas Sugriva is a fickle Vanara. Hence it is not to be wondered at all that he will be deeply engrossed in sensual pleasures."

Tara, after a pause, again began with bold, loving words, and with an intoxicated look, "O hero! though the Vanara chief is under the influence of lust yet he has issued orders beforehand for the collection of troops. Powerful Vanaras from different hills will come for your help. Come with me. Your character is pure, so it would not be sinful to see another's wife as a friend."

Thereupon, Lakshmana entered the inner compartment of the palace and found bright-apparelled Sugriva seated on a golden seat, holding Ruma in deep embrace. He was adorned with jewels and ornaments and looked resplendent as Indra, the king of the gods, and was surrounded by beautiful damsels decked with excellent ornaments and garlands. At that sight, eyes of Lakshmana became red with anger.

CHAPTER XXVIII
LAKSHMANA PACIFIED

Lakshmana being extremely sorry for his brother's sufferings, burnt with rage like a kindling flame and breathed heavily. Sugriva was pained by that sight and stood up from his seat, like the decorated tall flagstaff of Indra. Ruma and other beautiful women also stood up as the stars rise after the moon. Sugriva's eyes were red with wine and he stood before Lakshmana like a Kalpa tree with joined palms.
Lakshmana finding Sugriva in the company of women along with Ruma broke forth in anger, “O chief of the Kapis, that king who is noble, self-possessed, truthful and generous is adorable, but who is addicted to vice, makes false promises to his friends, he is cruel and villainous. You see, if one speaks falsehood for a single horse, then he becomes guilty of slaughter of hundred horses, and one who speaks falsehood for a single cow becomes guilty of the iniquity of slaughtering a thousand cows, and he who shrinks from fulfilling his promise commit the sin of suicide, and he becomes a hindrance to the salvation of his ancestors. That wicked fellow who after gaining his object neglects to perform his friend’s work is ungrateful and is fit to be destroyed. Sugriva! just listen what Lord Swayambhu has said about ingratitude. He has said that ‘even those who slaughter cows, drink wine and break their vows may be saved, but there is no salvation for ungrateful fellow.’ O Vanara, you are neglecting Rama’s work after first gaining your object, so you are a liar, ungrateful, non-Aryan and mean. Had you any mind to make any return for friendly services, then you would have certainly searched for Janaki. You are addicted to vulgar pleasures and false to your vows. Rama did not know before that, like a snake, you have simulated your true character, as a snake conceals its dreadful nature by croaking like a frog. You are a villain, noble Rama out of sheer generosity has con-

1 Perhaps to lure frogs to its fatal grip. It is, however, not a fact but a pure fiction.
ferred upon you the Vanara kingdom. If you forget to render him service, you will without delay follow Vali. The path treated by Vali is not too narrow (to allow you pass). Fulfil your vow and do not follow Vali. You have not as yet seen the thunderbolt-like shafts discharged from Rama’s bow. This is why, being addicted to sensual pleasures you do not think of his affairs.”

When Lakshmana was saying all these, flaring up with his energy, beautiful Tara intervened in the meantime and said, “O hero! Don’t speak like this. The chief of the Kapis does not deserve harsh words, specially from your lips. He is neither cruel nor ungrateful, nor a liar, nor a cheat. He has not forgotten what great services have been rendered by Rama. It is on account of the generosity of that hero that he has obtained kingdom and fame and got Ruma and myself. But to tell the truth, Sugriva suffered for a long time and has recently got taste of pleasure. Therefore he could not attend to his duties in due time. You see saint Visvamitra being infatuated by the heavenly nymph Ghritachi regarded ten long years as one day! When such a virtuous man can be indifferent to his duties, then what to speak of ordinary people? O hero! Sugriva is now under the spell of animal desires. He is quite fatigued and he has not yet been fully satiated. This is the reason of delay. Worthless persons get angry without enquiring into the cause of a thing. So don’t be swayed by anger like a low-born man without knowing any thing. I do now apologise for Sugriva. Please forbear your wrath. Sugriva for Rama’s well-
being can give up kingdom, wealth, paddy, cattle and even Ruma and myself. He will restore Janaki to Rama’s hand after slaying Ravana. In Lanka there are hundreds of millions of formidable Rakshasas. It will be difficult to slay Ravana without destroying them. Lord Vali knew the number of Ravana’s army and this is what I had heard from him. However, Ravana is formidable, and Rama is helpless and it will be difficult for Rama to destroy Ravana unless he takes Sugriva’s help. Now Sugriva has sent envoys in different directions to collect Vanara troops. Those Vanaras will help you. He can not set out to Rama’s work till their arrival. Owing to the excellent agreements that have been made by Sugriva, all are expected to arrive, here even to-day. Millions of Bhallukas and Vanaras will go to you to-day. O hero! Your eyes have become red with anger. Hence we cannot look at Sugriva’s face, fearing that he may lose his life.

At this, Lakshmana was pacified by the reasonable speech of Tara. Thereupon, Sugriva cast off his fear as a piece of soiled cloth, and tore away the charming garland encircling his neck. His intoxication gradually subsided and he humbly submitted to the satisfaction of Lakshmana, “O hero! I have got back my kingdom and reputation through the kindness of Rama. Rama is famous for his achievements in the world. It is impossible for me even to return one hundredth part of his kind services. Now, he will conquer by his own valour with my nominal help, and Janaki will soon be recovered. What assistance needs he who can pierce seven
palms, rocks and the nether region with one shaft, and at whose twanging of the bow the earth trembles with its hills and forests? When he will set out with his troops for the destruction of Ravana, I shall only follow his footsteps, O hero! I am your obedient servant. If I have committed any offence, please forgive it for love and confidence. You see a servant may transgress at every step."

Thereupon, Lakshmana replied with delight, 'Sugriva, having got such a modest soul as you as his help worshipful, Rama is really strong to-day. Your prowess is indeed wonderful and you are capable of controlling your senses. So you are worthy of enjoying the best things of the Vanara kingdom. Now, it is apparent that mighty Rama with your help will soon be able to destroy wicked Ravana. Heroic Rama is truthful and virtuous, and what you have said about him is quite worthy of you. Excepting thyself and Rama who else can speak of his rival like this? In strength and valour you are like Rama. It is due to our good luck that we have got such a help after a long time. Now come with me to Rama. He has been much upset for Janaki's separation. Go and console him. He is deeply lamenting the loss of his darling, and it is for that, that I have spoken such hard things to you. Please excuse me."
CHAPTER XXIX
SUGRIVA'S DIRECTIONS

Then the lord of the Vanaras turned to Hanuman by his side and said, 'The Vanaras that dwell in the Himalayas, Vindhya, Kailash, Dhavalshekhara, Mandara, Mahendra hills, on the other side of the sea, those who live in the west, and those who reside in the Udayagiri and the Astagiri, and those Vanara having the strength of elephants and of collyrium-like hue, those who live in the Padmachala and Anjana hill, those who live in the Meru side, in the great caves, Dhumrachala, beautiful hermitages, fragrant woods, go and also soon fetch those Vanaras of golden hue that dwell in the Maharuna mountain, drinking Maireya wine. Formerly, many swift envoys have been despatched for this. Ask those who are dilatory or addicted to pleasure to come soon. And those who will not arrive within ten days will be punished with death for violating royal commands. Let hundreds of Vanaras set out without delay. Let the space underneath the sky be covered with mighty Vanara hosts, like sable clouds. Those who are adept in travelling, let them speedily collect all the Vanaras of the world.'

Thereupon, Hanuman sent mighty Vanaras in different directions. Then, at once, the Vanaras flew through air,¹ and informed the Vanaras living in the hills, forests, on river bank, sea-shores, caves and other places. Vanaras living in distant quarters came flocking

¹ What does it mean? The original expression is gagand& chari, i.e. one who moves in the sky.
in fear of Death-like Sugriva. Three millions arrived from the Anjana hill, ten millions from the Shitachala and hundreds of millions from the Kailash mountain and those who lived in the Himalayas subsisting on fruits and roots arrived by thousands, dreadful Vanaras of charcoal hue rushed from the Vindhya hill. Those who lived on the shore of the milky sea and in the Jamala woods and subsisted mainly on cocoanuts and those who took shelter in caves and rivers came, as if darkening the sky.

The envoys saw a famous tree in the Himalaya. Formerly, in that sacred hill sacrifice was celebrated for the satisfaction of Gods. There they found delicious fruits and roots sprung from the stream of oblations offered in that sacrifice. The Vanaras—fond of fruits—for the gratification of Sugriva collected excellent fruits, roots, odorous and medicinal herbs.

After informing all the Vanaras and asking them to expedite, they came back to Kiskindhya. After presenting fruits and flowers to Sugriva they said, “O king! We travelled through the hills, forests and rivers and informed all the Vanaras, and they will soon arrive.” At this, Sugriva was exceedingly pleased and he dismissed them after greeting the successful envoys.

After this, brave Lakshmana, to Sugriva’s delight, said, “O chief of the Kapis, if you permit let us leave Kishkindhya.”

Sugriva was exceedingly delighted at these sweet
words of Lakshmana. "Let us go, your word is a mandate to me. Let us now depart."

Saying this he dismissed Tara and other women and called aloud his servants. Then those servants who were allowed to visit the inner compartments appeared before him with joined palms. Then Sugriva, of red hue, said, "My men! Soon fetch me a conveyance," Thereupon, the servants brought a conveyance, and Sugriva asked Lakshmana to get upon it.

After that, Sugriva with Lakshmana got into a glittering golden conveyance. A white umbrella spread over their heads, white yak tails were waved and conch-shells and trumpets were blown and the minstrels sang their hymns of praise. Sugriva had ascended the throne, so he started with all the pomp of a king. A large number of proud and fierce Vanaras went with him, armed with various weapons.

At a short distance, stood the asylum of Rama. Sugriva along with Lakshmana got down from the conveyance and stood before Rama with joined palms. Other Vanaras humbly waited by the side of the lake, strewn with lotus buds.

Rama was greatly pleased seeing Sugriva and his Vanara hosts. Sugriva bowed down at Rama's feet. Rama raised him up and after embracing him with honour and deep regard said, "My friend! Take your seat." Sugriva then sat upon the ground. Thereupon Rama said, "My friend, he is a king who in proper seasons follows righteousness, pleasure and wealth, dividing his time among them. And he who devotes himself to pleasure-
renouncing what is good and righteousness, is like a man that falls asleep on the top of a tree and awakes when he falls down. That king is virtuous who is engaged in destroying his enemies and helping his friends and he attains his desired ends. Oh hero! The time has arrived for making preparations for war, so you should consult with your ministers."

Sugriva said, "My friend! I have retrieved my kingdom and friends through your favour. He who receives a good office and does not requite it, is extremely vicious. Now, Vanaras have arrived from all the quarters of the world. The Golangulas and Bhallukas acquainted with forest and fortresses are waiting with their armies. Oh, hero! The chiefs with their men will join you in the war and bring back Janaki." Virtuous Rama was greatly pleased seeing the warlike preparations of Sugriva, and in his delight he looked exceedingly beautiful, like a blue lotus, and embracing Sugriva repeatedly, Rama said, "There is nothing to be wondered that Indra will pour down rains, that the Sun will illumine darkness, that the moon will render the night bright with her rays, rather it is their nature to do so; so there is nothing strange that a virtuous friend like you will do what is agreeable to his friend. Now I find that you are really of sweet speech and with your help I shall be able to destroy Ravana with his brood. You are my friend and it is proper for you to help me now. In the days of yore, Anulada carried off Sachi, the daughter of proud Pulama, but Indra recovered Sachi by killing him. Thus the wicked Rakshasa has
carried away Janaki for his own death, and I shall soon recover her after his destruction."

Suddenly, the sky was covered with dust which screened the bright rays of the Sun. Gradually, every-thing was enveloped in darkness and the earth with hills and forests began to shake. At a short distance, the Vanara army was seen proceeding from forests and hills, with a deep rumbling noise like that of thunder. The whole space seemed to have been covered with the Vanara hosts. These armies were endowed with great prowess and with sharp teeth. They were crimson in hue like the rising sun, white as the moon and yellow like the pollens of the lotus.¹

Nila, Gavaya, Darimukha, Aswikumar; Maindyia, Dvivida, Jamvana, Rumana, Gandhamadana, Angada, Indrajana, Rambha, Durmukha, Hanuman and others came with millons and millions² of Vanaras. Then Sharava, Kumuda, Vanhi and other heroes arrived. Some of them sat down, some of them frisked about, while others set up heroic yell.

They proceeded towards Sugriva like hosts of clouds and after greeting offered their services and they all stood with their joined palms.

Then Sugriva cognisant of kingly duties introduced³ the chiefs to Rama and then asked them to retire where they liked, and asked them who were versed in military arts to make a selection of the army.

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1. The description appears to be quite perplexing.
2. There is no limit to hyperboles in ancient epics.
3. Quite a modern custom.
CHAPTER XXX
DIRECTIONS TO THE CHIEFS

Thus after being successful in collecting the army, Sugriva said to Rama, "My friend! Those Vanaras, irresistible like Indra, who live within my jurisdiction, have arrived and are living in military barracks. They are formidable as giants and dreadful to look at, their prowess is well known in the field of battle. They are very hardy and active, some of them reside in the hills, some of them in islands and some in forests. These Vanaras are your servants, are obedient to me and well-meaning, and there are mighty forces under them. They will surely be able to achieve our object. What shall I say more, all those forces are at your command. Though I have not forgotten about the search for Janaki, yet you just order them to do as you like."

Then Rama embracing Sugriva said, "My friend! Ascertain first whether Janaki is alive or not, and where does Ravana live. Find out his whereabouts. After that we shall do the needful. We shall not give any orders to the Vanaras. You are their master and the cause of this present undertaking; so you yourself ask them to do what you think to be proper. O hero! Nothing is unknown to you. You are wise and have knowledge of time and season for everything. You are my friend, well-wisher and an object of absolute confidence."

After that, Sugriva addressing the mighty-voiced Vinata said, "O hero! You are versed in morality,
sagacious in deciding course of duties and have knowledge of time and place. You take with you a thousand powerful Vanaras and set out for the East and search, and gather informations about Janaki and Ravana. You should search rivers like the Ganges, the Jamuna, the Saraju, the Kaushaki, the Saraswati, the Sindhu, the Sona, the Mahi and the Kalmahi and search through the provinces of Kalinda Giri, Brama Mal, Videha, Malva, Kashi, Koshala, Maghada, Mahagram, Pundra, Anga, the land of silver mines. Search through islands, hills, and abodes on the summit of the Mandara Mountain. Also search through the houses in the Mandara inhabited by people having ears resembling cloths, reaching their either lips and faces hard and black as iron. They are one-footed but quick in their movements. Also search for her among the descendants of those who are indestructible; go among the carnivorous Rakshasas, good-looking hunters living in islands, and amongst them who have bristling hair, yellow complexion, and who live upon uncooked flesh. Search among those dreadful beings who have the form of a tiger and a man, who live inside water, those who swim like peaks, sometimes who trot like a horse, and sometimes who go about in crafts. Go to the Yava island divided into seven kingdoms and to the gold and silver islands. You will come across the Sisir mountain whose peaks kiss the heaven. The Gods and the Danavas always live there. Do you search for Sita in mountains and forests in these islands. Search for

1. Perhaps it means long ears in metaphor.
Janaki and Ravana in the beautiful places of pilgrimage, and romantic forests standing on the banks of the fast-flowing Sona with red waters near the sea-shore, visited by the saints and Charanas. Search through mountain-caves, dreadful forests, gardens, islands and along the banks of rivers.

"After that, lies the terrible Ikshu ocean; there live huge Asuras hungry from a long time; they by the permission of Brahma feed upon creatures concealing themselves under the shadows. That ocean is dark as the clouds and roar with huge billows raised by the wind. Huge snakes are found in it. Somehow crossing that ocean arrive at the Red-sea. Its water is red and there stands a big Salmali tree and at a short distance from it is the jewelled house of Gadura, the king of birds. It was built with great care by the divine architect Viswakarma. Here are hideous-looking Rakshasas called Mandeha, huge as mountain-peaks, and they hang with their heads downwards. Day after day they are scorched by the heat of the sun and fall into the sea being destroyed by the energy of Brahma, but they revive again, and again hang down on the cliffs."

1. Certainly it can not literally mean birds. We think a race of people is meant as Birds.

2. It is difficult to decipher all these, perhaps it alludes to some natural phenomenon probably to clouds resting on the hills. They rise from the sea by the sun's rays and then fall again into it as rains and this process is eternally repeated.
"Then lies the Khirode ocean, the ocean of milk. It is white like the autumnal clouds and the waves adorning its breast are like a pearl-necklace. There stands a white cliff called the Rishava in it, and in that there are various trees rich in blossoms, and there is a beautiful lake name Sudarshana. In that lake bloom silver-white lotuses with golden filaments. It is always visited by swans and gods, Yakshas, Charanas, Kinnaras, and nymphs for amorous sports.

"Then comes the dreadful Jalada ocean, where exists the mighty fire of Brahmarshi named Aurva in the form of the mouth of a horse. That fire at the end of a cycle of creation consumes the whole world with its movable and immovable things. All aquatic animals always shrink from fear at the sight of that dreadful fire,¹ and their cries are heard from a long distance. On the north coast of that Ocean there is a mountain with lustre of gold called Kanakashila. It extends to thirteen Yojanas. There you will come across Ananta, the upholder of the world, and who is worshipped by all the gods. His silver-white body is clad in blue apparel. He has thousand heads and his eyes are expanded like the leaves of a lotus. There a golden palm tree with three ridges is seen on the peak standing on a dais, —Indra reared it on the east.

"Then lies the golden Udaya hill, and a large number of cliffs kissing the sky have risen several leagues from

¹. Apparently it refers to the volcanic fire sometimes noticed in the sea.
the ground. There are found golden Karnikara blossoms and bright Sals and palms. There is a golden cliff named Saumana six miles\(^1\) in length and ten *Yojanas* in height. In the days of yore, Vishnu at the time of encompassing the three worlds with three paces\(^2\) planted one foot on this mountain and his second foot on the Sumeru hill. In the golden age, the sun was seen in the Jamvudwipa when it ascended the hill through the north. Resplendent Rishis like Vaikanasha, Valakhilla and others live there. By its influence the creatures get light and sight of visible things. At a little distance from it is Sudarshana island. Here every day the twilight of the evening grows crimson by the halo of the golden mountain and by the rays of the sun. The Udaya hill reveals the world and it is the gateway of the heaven. The sun rises in this quarter and is called the East. You should search the heart of this mountain, its cave, rills, forests and valleys for Janaki and Ravana. Beyond this no living creature can go. That space is covered with darkness, it is invisible and boundless, there only resides the presiding Deity of that quarter. We do not know anything existing beyond the Udaya hill. Now you shall search all the places, rivers and hills mentioned by me and also those that I have forgotten to mention. Search all possible places. Return after the expiry of a month or you will be punished with death. Go, ye Vanaras! Soon return after accomplishing the task."

1. 6 miles make one *Yojana*.
2. This in fact refers to the three positions of the sun in the sky, in the morning, noon and in the evening.
CHAPTER XXXI
SUGRIVA'S DIRECTIONS

Then Sugriva despatched towards the south heroic Nila, Agniputra, Hanumana, Jamvuvana, the son of the Grandsire of creation, Suhotra, Sharasi, Sharagulma, Gaya, Gavaksha, Sharabha, Sushena, Bri-habha, Maindy, Divilla, Gandhamadan, Ulkamukha, Ananga and made Angada and Brihadvaja their leaders. He then described to them various inaccessible places.

"You will first repair to the Vindhya Hills having hundreds of peaks, abounding in trees and shrubs and there you will find the Mahanadi full of snakes, the Godavari, the Narmada and the Krishnaveni. Then go to Mekhal, Utkal, Vidarbha, Matsya, Kalinga, Kausika, Ristika, Mahisak, Darsan, Avravanti and Avanti. Then search through the Dandaka forest—through its hills and caves. Afterwards go to Andhra, Pundra, Chola and Kerala province. You will find there the Malaya Hills, its peaks are beautiful and are tinged with minerals and there are excellent sandal woods, flowery trees, and the transparent Kaveri flows there. The nymphs always sport in its stream. You will meet there sage Agastya; greet him with your praise. Then with his permission cross the Tamraparni full of crocodiles and sharks. This stream being hidden in sandal woods flows towards the ocean, as a young beauty goes secretly to her lord.

"Then go to Province of Pandya. You will see there the golden city-gate worked with gems and pearls. Beyond Pandya lies the sea. Sage Agastya placed the
Mahendra Hill in its middle for crossing the waters. Mir Mountain is of gold and is very beautiful with flowers, creepers and trees. A portion of this hill is merged in this sea. Denizens of heaven, Nymphs, Yakshas, Siddhas and Charanas roam about there. even the king of gods, Indra, visits the spots.

"On the other side of the sea an island is seen. It extends to hundred yojanas and is lustrous like gold. Men cannot go there. That island is the abode of Indra—like Ravana. In that sea there lives a Rakshasi named Angaraka. She draws all creatures by her shadow and devours them. You search through the secret places of that island fearlessly.

"In the Southern ocean of hundred yojanas there is a mountain called Puspitaka; its lofty peaks kiss the sky and it is inhabited by the resplendent, Siddhas and Charanas,¹ Athiests, deceitful and ungrateful people can not see the peak that is approached by the sun. Salute the mountain and search for Sita through its creek and corner. After that stands the Sun hill. It extends to fourteen yojanas and you cross that mountain by arduous path. After it lies the Lighting hill. In that beautiful hill, trees and plants bear all sorts of flowers and fruits, and after pertaking their excellent fruits and after drinking delicious honey go to Kunjara hill, delightful to the mind and the eyes; there Viswakarma built the house for sage Agastya. It is one yojana long.

1. They seem to be superhuman beings, but it is significant that they have been repeatedly mentioned in all ancient Sanskrit poems.
and ten *yojanas* high and is made of gold and jewels. In that hill there is a city of the Pannagas called Bhagabati. It is always guarded by sharp-toothed, venomous snakes. Its highways are wide and in the city lives their king Vasuki. Enter that inaccessible spot and search through its hidden places." I After that stands the Rishabha hill like a bull. It is full of gem and is exceedingly resplendent. In that hill excellent sandal wood known as Goshirsha, Padma and Harishyam are found. Don't ask any body anything about those sandals. The forest is guarded by a number of formidable Gandharva called Rohita and there reside five Gandharva chiefs named Shailush, Gramone, Shikshan, Lhuka, and Babhru. The earth ends after that Rishabha Mountain and the region beyond it is inhabited by resplendent saints. O Kapi chiefs! After that lies the city of death. It is the dark and dreadful region of the manes of our ancestors. No living creature can go there. However search for Sita in the places I have mentioned to you and also those places that you may come across in your journey. He who will be able to return within a month with the information that he has seen Janaki will be as rich as myself, and I shall consider him dearer to me than life, and he shall ever remain my friend though he may commit offence after offence. O Vanaras! The record of your valour is unbroken; you are born of noble families and have great accomplishments. Do now that you may secure information about princess Janaki."

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1 These Puranik legendary Nagas and Pannagas (snakes) have been identified by the oriental scholars with the Non-Aryan primitive people of India who after the Aryan conquest took their shelter in mountain fortress, caves and forests.
CHAPTER XXXII

FURTHER DIRECTIONS

Then Sugriva approached his father-in-law, Sushena, exceedingly strong and dark as a cloud. After bowing to him with joined palms he asked him to search for Janaki. Then turning to intelligent Archisman, Archmaya and Maricha, he said, "O Vanaras! Follow Sushena with hundred thousands of Vanaras towards the west. Go to Saurasthra, Valhika, Chandra-Chitra, and other rich provinces. Visit large cities and hill-sides abounding in Pannagas, Vakulas, Uddalakas and Utakas, crystal streams flowing to the west, forest, hermitages, deserts, hills and mountain fastness and, search for Sita. At a short distance, you will come across the western ocean ever agitated by the whales, sharks, crocodiles and other sea-monsters. Your troops will rest under the shadow of Tamals, Ketakis and cocoanut trees. After that (you will meet) Murachipathan, Jatapur, Avanti, Angalepa, and the forest called Alakshita, and at a short distance from there you will find the junction of the Indus (Sindhu) and the sea. There is the wooded hill Chandragiri with hundred peaks. In its tableland there is a class of birds known as the Sinhas. They pick up and carry to their nests whales, and elephants and roam about there with a deep rumbling noise. Search there the lofty peaks of the Chandragiri and the nests of the Sinha birds.

"In this ocean lies the Parijat mountain. Its golden cliffs are hundred yojanas high and there live twenty four millions of fiery Gandharvas. Never go near them
and do not touch any fruits or roots there. Those vicious and dreadful Gandharvas always guard them. If you move about with apish cunning, you will have nothing to be afraid of.

"You will then meet the Vajra hill, hard as the thunderbolt. Its length and height are hundred yojanas and it is covered with wonderful trees and creepers and its forest is blue like the lapis lazuli. Carefully look for Janaki through them.

"After crossing one-fourth of the sea you will come across another hill known as the Chakravana mountain. There Viswakarma constructed a wheel with a thousand spikes. Vishnu, the foremost of the male creation, procured from that place a conch and the wheel by slaying two demons named Panchjana and Hayagriva. The hill has spacious caves and beautiful peaks. Look for Janaki and Ravana there. After that stands the Varaha Mountain, which extends to sixty four yojanas. There lies the city of Pragjyotish\(^1\) and there lives a wicked Danava named Naraka. Then you will find the Sauvarna hill; fountains and rills flow through it; wild tigers, lions, elephants, bears roam about it. Another name of Sauvarna is Negha. Formerly, the gods on this hill invested the crown on Indra. Now Indra is its protector. Having passed by that mountain you will come across sixty thousand hills. They are of crimson hue like the rising sun and there you will find golden trees laden with fruits and flowers. Sumeru is the chief of these hills. Formerly, the sun-god being

\(^1\) Modern Assam.
pleased with Sumeru blessed it saying, "Sumeru! Whatever thing might attach to you, by my grace will turn into gold, and those gods and the Gandharvas that take shelter in you will be of golden hue and devoted to me. On this hill in the evening Viswadeva, Vasus and Marutas worship the Sun when He goes down and becomes invisible. The distance between these two hills is ten thousand yojanas, but the sun covers that distance within half a minute.¹ On the summit of the Sumeru, there stands a beautiful white mansion of Varuna. Viswakarma has built it. There are many palaces and trees resounded by the wild notes of various kinds of birds. Behind that hill there stands a stately palm. It is of gold, adorned with ten crowns, and stands on a dais. In the Sumeru lives the virtuous saint Meru Savanî, devoted to penance and meditation. He is effulgent like the sun and mighty as Brahma. Bow down to him by touching the ground with your heads and enquire about Janaki. The sun goes down after travelling over the Sumeru. There is no place to go beyond the land of the sun set in a boundless space enveloped in eternal darkness. We don't know anything about it. Now, go as far as I have indicated to you. Return within a month, or you will be punished with death. Sushena will accompany you. Don't disobey his orders, he is my father-in-law and an object of respect. You are intelligent; still search the western region under his guidance. My object is to requite the services of Rama and I shall consider myself fortunate for it. Do what you think proper in this connection, considering time, place and other things and as situation may arise."

¹ Light travels at the velocity of 1,80,000 miles per second.
CHAPTER XXXIII

DIRECTIONS ABOUT THE NORTH

Sugriva then turning to Shatavali said, "These Vanaras are the offsprings of Yama. Take their counsel and being accompanied by other Vanaras like yourself, proceed towards the north adorned by the Himalayas. It is my wish to requite the good services of Rama and thus pay off the debt of obligation. His case is different. I shall consider myself fortunate even if I can help a man with whom I have not the least interest. O heroes! You always wish me good; so devote yourself to Janaki's search. Rama is the adored object of every body, besides he loves us greatly. So don't be indifferent about his work. Search through the hills and dales of the north by displaying your intelligence and valour. Go to the province of Prasthala, Bharata, Southern Kuru, Madraka and to the lands of the Mleccha, Pulinda, Surasena, Kamboja, Yavana and Barada. Having repaired to the Himalayas search for Janaki through the tracts of Ladras,¹ Padmakas, and the pine forest."

"Next, you will come across Somasrama; the Gods and the Gandharvas live there. At a short distance from it, you will find a lofty hill named Kala containing golden ores. Search its caves and table-lands for Janaki. After that rises the Sudarsena hill and after that stands the Devasakha hill. It is full of forests and wild birds, search its caves, rills and Kanchan woods.

1. A kind of flower. A woman used to powder her face with its white pollens after bath, akin to the modern custom of powdering the face.
"After that, you will come across a vast barren tract of ground. It extends over two hundred yojanas in each direction. There is no mountain, river or trees, and no living creature is found there. Speedily cross that dreadful land. After crossing that dreary region go to the white Kailash, where stands the magnificent palace of Kuvera, the lord of wealth. It is of yellow colour and ornamented with gold. It was built by Viswakarma. In that mountain there is a lake full of lotuses. The nymphs sport in its water and it is always visited by swans, ducks, and here Kuvera, adored by all, sports with the Guhyakas. Search through its table-lands and caves.

"After that comes the Krauncha hill, its caverns are quite inaccessible, enter them very carefully. Great saints, effulgent like the Sun, live there at the request of the gods. After that stands Manasa hill. Formerly God Ananga practised penance in this place. There is no vegetation there, even the gods and the Rakshasas cannot go there.

"After that is the Mainaka hill. There is a palace of Maya Danava. He himself built that palace. There are found women with horse-like faces straying about. After crossing that hill go to the Sidhasram, where live saints like Vaikhanasha and Valakhilya. They have got a tank full of golden lotuses, pink-coloured ducks sport there, and Kuvera's elephant named Sarvabhuma roam there with his mate. After this lies an extensive field. Neither the Sun, the Moon nor the clouds are seen there. Eternal silence reigns there. There saints, holy as gods,
do rest. They have got shining bodies like the Sun, and that place is lighted by the effulgence of their bodies. After that flows the Sailoda river. Kichaka bamboos grow along its bank. The Siddhas cross the river by the help of those bamboos.

"After this lies Uttarakuru, the land of the virtuous people. They are good many rivers and lakes. In those streams and lakes are found red lotuses of gold with leaves of blue gems. There are found pearls big as the Bimba fruit and precious jewels in plenty. Round about the place there are hills containing gems, and various kinds of trees. The scent, juice and touch of these trees are excellent. Fruits and flowers always grow there, and sweet-singing birds are found in woods; superb apparels, excellent ornaments beset with pearls and _lapis lazuli_ are capable of being worn by men and women alike; beds furnished with coverlets, beautiful garlands, palatable food, delicious drinks, beautiful and accomplished young damsels are to be found there. There are Siddhas, Gandharvas and Kinnaras. They are holy but are ever engaged in sporting with men. Sweet music and pleasant sound of laughter are always heard there. Every one is happy, and beautiful objects are always found there.

"After that lies the northern sea. The golden Sonagiri is situated in that. Though the Sun does not

1 Perhaps somewhere in northern Asia it has been mentioned in the Aitareya Brahmana. Vide also B. G. Tilak's: _Arctic Home in the Vedas._

2 So Arran in his _Indica_ writes that the India wool grows on trees; apparently he means cotton.
rise in that region, yet it is illumined by the Somagiri. ¹ From that it appears that the land is devoid of the brilliancy of the sun. There resides Sambhu, the Soul of the universe and the chief of the gods, being surrounded by the Bramharshis. He is Rudra, the lord of the universe. Don’t attempt to go beyond Uttarakuru. Nobody can go there. It is inaccessible even to the gods. Return after seeing it from a distance. Beyond it lie infinite space and eternal darkness. We do not know anything about it. Vanaras! Go to all places that have been described by me and also to other places which I have omitted to mention. Both myself and Rama will be greatly pleased if you can find out Sita. In a short, I shall maintain you with your families with due honour, You too will be able to range about freely with your sweet hearts, being free from all troubles.”

CHAPTER XXXIV
INSTRUCTIONS TO HANUMAN

Then Sugriva relying more upon Hanuman for the accomplishment of the difficult task, said, “O hero! Your course is irresistible in heaven and earth, and through the sky. You know fully the regions of the Auras, Gandharbas, Uragas, of gods and men. Your strength, fleetness and speed are like that of your father, the Wind god. Just think how Janaki can be found out. You are versed in polity and possess extraordinary intelligence, courage and strength. You can frame out a policy and have sense of time and place.”

¹. Perhaps it refers to Aurora Borealis.
Then Rama thus reflected in his mind, "Sugriva thinks that Hanuman is capable of accomplishing the object, and it also seems to me that my end will be achieved through Hanuman. His valour and intelligence have been well tested. Sugriva considers him to be the best of the lot, so there is no doubt of success if he sets out in quest of Janaki."

Revolving these in mind, Rama seemed to be delighted in expectation of the attainment of his object, and handing over to Hanuman, for Janaki's confidence, a ring with his name engraved on it said, "O hero! By this token, Janaki will be able to know that you have been sent by me and she will then meet you without any suspicion or fear. Considering your perseverance and valour I have not the least doubt of achieving my object."

Thereupon Hanuman took the ring with folded palms. He placed it on his head and bowed down to Rama. Being encircled by the Vanara hosts on all sides he appeared like the stainless Moon surrounded by the stars in the sky.

Then Rama said, "Son of Pavana! You are a hero and powerful as the lion: I entirely depend upon you. Do as you can to find out Janaki."

After that Sugriva addressing the Vanaras said, "Go now, ye heroes, search for Janaki as indicated by me."

The Vanaras bowed down to his mandate and proceeded towards different like locusts darkening the earth. Heroic Shatavali set out for the North crowned by the Himalayas; Captain Vinata proceeded towards
the East; Hanuman with Angada, Tara and others went to the South; and Sushena towards the dreadful West. Sugriva despatched each one to each direction according to his worth, and Rama waited in expectation of Sita in the Prasravana hill accompanied by Lakshmana.

Then the Vanaras quickly proceeded to their destinations. They filled the sky with their heroic noise, and each one of them said, "I shall rescue Janaki, destroying Ravana. Some one (boastingly) said, "Wait, I shall alone rescue trembling Sita from nether region slaving Ravana." While another said, "I shall burn trees, pound rocks and dry up ocean." Some said, "I shall jump a league." "I shall jump ten leagues," gave out another. "I shall jump ten thousand leagues," bragged the third. "I shall sojourn over the earth, since nothing can resist my way through hills, forests or the sea," said another.

Thus the Vanaras boasted exulting in heroic pride.

CHAPTER XXXV
RAMA'S QUERY

After the departure of the Vanaras in search for Sita, Rama asked Sugriva, "Tell me my friend! How could you come to know every part of the globe?"

1 Maxmuller says that to the primitive people West was always associated with a feeling of horror. It was to them the region of darkness and Death, for the Sun sets in the West, and darkness always brings elements of fear with it.
Thereupon modest Sugriva replied, "I shall tell you everything, listen to it, friend!"

"Once upon a time Vali resolved to kill a Danava in shape of a buffalo named Dundubhi. That brute out of fear entered a cave of the Malaya Hill, and Vali pursued him. At that time, I patiently waited for Vali at the mouth of the cave. Thus elapsed a long time. I was greatly astonished and sorry at this, and I inferred that my brother was dead. Then to shut Dundubhi I placed a piece of huge stone at the mouth of the cave, and returned to Kishkindhya, and began to live peacefully with my friends, Tara, Ruma and others. In the meantime Vali returned after slaying Dundubhi. I was greatly alarmed at this. I left the kingdom to him and knowing that my brother wanted to kill me I ran away with my friends. Vali gave me a hot pursuit.

"During my flight I have seen different countries, hills and forests. At that time earth appeared to me (small) like the hoof-print¹ of a cow, moving like a fiery wheel, and for the distinct and clear view of everything it appeared like a mirror’s polished face that reflects everything distinctly. First, I went towards the east, there I met various hills, forests and lakes. There I saw the Udayagiri, the haunt of the nymphs

¹ It indicates the ease with which Sugriva travelled over the earth. Mark also the expression, moving like a fiery wheel. It apparently refers to the revolution of the earth and also to its rotundity. The Hindus knew this long before other nations could dream of such scientific truths. Even the Greeks were ignorant of it.
and the Milky sea. Vali chased me there. Then I turned towards the south. There I met the Vindhya mountain and dense sandal woods where Vali remained concealed. Thence out of fear I went towards the West. There I saw different lands and the Astachala or the hill where the Sun sets. There too Vali pursued me and then I ran to the North and I travelled through the Himalayas and Sumeru and went up to the Northern sea. But I could not find shelter anywhere.

"After that intelligent Hanumana said to me, 'Formerly, sage Matanga cursed Vali saying that if Vali would enter his hermitage, his head will be crushed into pieces.' O king! I remember this, and think that the asylum of Matanga will be a safe place for us.' Then I started for that hermitage and since then I have been living in the Rishyamukha hill. Vali could not enter Matanga's hermitage in fear of that curse. My friend! Thus I have seen the whole of the world."

Hanuman with Tara and Angada after searching caves and forests full of ferocious animals reached the south-western peak. It was quite inaccessible on account of caves and forests. There Gaya, Gavaksha, Gavaya, Sharabha, Gandhamadan, Mainda, Dwivida, Jamvuvan and others began to search for Janaki at a short distance from one another. There was an open crevice named Riksha Villa. That was protected by the Danavas.

It was highly difficult to enter there. When the Vanaras oppressed with thirst and hunger searched for food and water they spied that cave. Swans, ducks, cranes and chakravakas were issuing from that cave
wet with water and tinged with lotus pollens. They were delighted at that sight, but found the cave to be quite inaccessible—a fit place for secret abode of the Danava king.

Then Hanuman addressing the Vanaras—the skilful rangers of forests—said, "You are tired for travelling through the rocky region, and are borne down with hunger and thirst. But, lo, swarms of ducks and cranes are emerging out of that cave drenched with water, and the leaves of the trees at the mouth of the cave are moist. It is clear that there is a lake or pool within. Let us now enter the cave."

Then they entered the cave. It was a dreadful place covered with darkness. Wild animals were prowling about hither and thither. But nothing could thwart the vision or vigour of the Vanaras. They walked through darkness in great speed by taking hold of each other. Thus they passed a Yojana, but every one became oppressed with severe thirst and hunger; everybody's face grew thin and dark, and they despaired of their lives; at that time suddenly light burst on their view, and they entered a forest, where there was not even a tinge of darkness, and where golden trees shone like columns of fire! Sal, Tal, Tamala, Punnaga, Vanjula.

Then the Vanaras entered a deep forest and there they met a dreadful Asura. At the sight of the Asura, the Vanaras tightened their loin-cloths and when the Asura challenged them, Angada inflamed with rage for Danava's destruction, struck him with his fist and
the Asura breathed his last vomiting blood. Then the Vanaras elated with victory searched every cave carefully till at last they got tired and took their rest under the trees.

At this, wise Angada in his exhausted voice encouraged the Vanaras saying, "O Vanaras! We have searched hills, dales, forests and caves, but nowhere could we find Janaki, nor that wicked rover of night who has carried away Janaki. But the appointed time is about to be over. Stern is Sugriva's command. Let us search for Janaki without minding any suffering or pain. We ought to banish our idleness, sleep and all feelings of pain. Courage and skill are the key notes of success. We shall certainly reap the fruits of our perseverance and labour. Don't despair, screw up your courage. Sugriva is haughty and he rules with an iron hand and I, therefore, advise this for your welfare. Tell me whether my words are reasonable or not?"

Then Gandhamadana, fatigued and oppressed with thirst, with a weak voice added, "You see what the crown-prince has said is well-meaning and sound. Let us again search for Sita in mountain fortresses, hillforts, forests and rills."

Thereupon, the Vanaras stood up and ascended the silver-mountain looking like a mass of autumnal clouds, and searched for Janaki through the beautiful Lodhra groves and Saptaparna woods. But constant moving about told upon their body and mind, and they again sat down for rest. After removing their fatigue, they again got upon the Vindhya hills and resumed their search.
CHAPTER XXXVI
HANUMAN'S SEARCH

In the meantime the Vanaras were proceeding in utmost speed in quest of Janaki and they searched different countries, hills, forests, lakes and streams.

They travelled during the day, and at night rested in places abounding in fruits and flowers.

Thus nearly a month from the date of their departure was completed. Then the Vanaras gave up the quest in despair and began to return. War-like Vinata with his colleagues came back from the east; Shatavali from the West; and Su-hena with his hosts from the South. Sugriva was by the side of Rama in the Prasravana hill. They came to him and after due greetings said, "O king! We have searched thoroughly hills, dales, dense forests, groves, cities, provinces, islands and many inaccessible places, yet could not find any trace of Janaki. Hanuman has proceeded towards Southern direction. Wonderful is his valour and we doubt not that he will succeed in ascertaining the whereabouts of Janaki."

In the meantime Hanuman with Angada and Tara was journeying through the south. He arrived at the Vindhya hills in company of other Vanaras and searched its forests, caves and valleys, but could not find Janaki anywhere. Gradually they entered into more and more dense forests and then arrived at a place where the trees were destitute of fruits and flowers, where the streams were dry, and where there was no lotus, where roots were scarce, and where no animal or plant could be

http://acharya.org
found. Formerly a sage named Kandu lived there. He was truthful, austere and full of anger. Kandu had a son of ten. That boy died in that forest; at that Kandu flew into rage and cursed the forest. Since then the place had become dreary like that. The Vanaras searched that place too. But nowhere they found any trace of Sita or of Ravana.

Dhava, Champaka. Naga and flowery Karnika stood there with their red leaves, golden bunches, and summits covered with creepers. Those trees were shining like the newly risen sun and had platforms of lapis lazuli round their bright trunks. Somewhere stood flowery creepers of the deep blue, full of bees, somewhere stood crystal lakes full of golden fishes and excellent lotuses. At some places stood seven-storied buildings worked with gold, silver and lapis lazuli, with balconies of gold covered with screens of pearls. At some places, trees of coral hue were bent down with the weight of fruits and flowers with golden bees (hovering on them). The Vanaras saw there beds and seats worked with gold and gems, vessels of gold, silver and bell metal and at another place, heaps of Aguru, Sandal flowers, variegated blankets, excellent clothes, delicious wines, palatable fruits and costly conveyances.

Then they met an ascetic woman at some distance. She was clad in a black deer skin and was of spare diet. She was glowing with her own energy like fire. The

1 In the original it means building made of gold and silver ornamented with lapis lazuli.
Vanaras were greatly astonished at her sight, and stood round.

Then Hanuman interrogated her with folded palms. "Tell me. O Nun! Who art thou and to whom belong this place, these houses and jewels?"

CHAPTER XXXVII
NUN SWAYAMPROBHA

Hanuman again said, "Being oppressed with thirst and hunger we have entered this place. Everything is wonderful here, and we have been greatly astonished. In a word, we have been both frightened and bewildered. To whom do these gold and silver palaces with golden windows covered with nets of pearls belong? To whom do these golden trees, delicious food, golden lotuses, fishes and tortoises belong? Are these the products of your asceticism, or of that of another? In fact, we do not know anything about it. Just narrate everything."

Then the nun replied, "My boy! Formerly, there lived a Danava named Maya. He is known as Visvakarma amongst the Danavas. This Maya propitiated Brahma, Lord of the creation, by his penances, and through the blessings of Brahma he learnt the science of mechanics. He has built these beautiful palaces of gold and silver."

"After that, the Danava-King, Maya, began to live here enjoying all these luxuries and wealth. At that time he became attached to a nymph named Hema."
Thereupon the King of gods, Indra, destroyed him by thunder. Later on, Brahma bestowed all these upon Hema. I am Meru-Savarni's daughter, my name is Swayamprobha. Hema is my dear mate. She is skilful in music and dancing. I am protecting all these things for her. Now tell me why have you come to this dense forest? How could you come to know of this place? I am offering you palatable fruits and roots, and and delicious drinks. Just remove your fatigue and after that narrate to me everything."

The ascetic woman again asked,—"If your fatigue has been removed after refreshment, tell me everything."

Then Hanuman replied without any reserve, "Oh! King Dasaratha's son, Rama, has come to the Dandaka forest with his brother Lakshmana and his wife, Sita. He is the lord of all, and mighty as Indra and Varuna. Wicked Ravana has carried off his wife from Janasthana. Sugriva, the king of Kapis, is his dear friend. He has asked us to search for Sita and Ravana, and at his command we are proceeding towards the south. O worshipful lady, we have searched everything here, but could not find Janaki.

"When we were stricken with thirst and hunger and were at a loss to decide our course of action, we suddenly spied this cave, enveloped in darkness. I asked the Vanaras to enter as I inferred the existence of some lake in the locality. This is why we have come here. We are almost dead with hunger and thirst, and you have saved us by your generous offer. Now tell me what can we do in return?"
Thereupon, Swayamprobhā said, "I have been much pleased with your words. It is my duty to do all this, except that I have nothing else to crave for."

At this, Hanuman replied, "O pious lady! We now ask for your protection. Sugriva has fixed one month's time for searching for Janaki, but that period has expired. Now come to our rescue. We have been greatly frightened for our violating Sugriva's mandate. O honourable lady! Highly responsible duty has been entrusted to us, but everything will be frustrated if we remain confined here."

Then the ascetic woman replied, "You see, one who enters here can not escape with his life. I shall, however, save you by virtue of my spiritual powers; just close your eyes or it will be difficult to succeed."

Thereupon, the Vanaras in expectation of their exit, cheerfully closed their eyes with their beautiful fingers. Then the nun got them out of the cave in a moment and assuring them said, "There stands the fair Vindhya mountain, there is the Prasravana hill, and their lies the deep at a short distance. May good betide you. Let me now depart."

Saying this Swayamprobhā re-entered the cave.

CHAPTER XXXVIII
ANGADA'S DESPAIR

When Vanaras came out, they saw the shoreless ocean rolling before them with its thundering waves.
A month had already expired in exploring the
regions of Maya, and now arriving at the foot of the Vindhyā they began to cogitate. In the meantime the spring appeared and the trees bowed down with flowers and became covered with creepers. They were greatly alarmed at this.

Then the Crown-prince Angada respectfully addressing the elderly Vanaras gently said, "Hear me, Vanaras, we have set out at the command of Sugriva, but we have been delayed by entering this cave. We set out with the understanding that we would finish the search within Kartika, but that appointed period has expired. Now decide what to do. You are versed in polity, you are skilful, war-like and famous. You have set out with me at Sugriva's command, but if you return being unsuccessful you will surely meet with death. Who can be happy by violating the commandment of the Vanara chief? Since the appointed period is over, we should fast ourselves to death.

"Sugriva is stern by nature. He is our master and he won't forgive us for our fault. He will certainly punish us for failing to find out Sita. So let us starve ourselves to death renouncing our home, family and wealth. The king will punish us severely if we return. So it is better to die here. You see, Sugriva himself has not appointed me as heir-apparent to the throne, but Rama. Sugriva bears me grudge from before, so he will punish me severely for this transgression. Why should my friends and relations find me in distress? I should rather starve myself to death on this sacred shore of the sea."
The Vanaras at this sorrowfully remarked, "Sugriva is haughty and Rama is a hen-pecked husband. The appointed time is over, and if we now return without any information of Janaki, Sugriva will kill us for the satisfaction of Rama. One must not return to his master after committing an offence. We are chief amongst Sugriva's attendants. Either we should return with information of Janaki, or we should die in this place."

Then heroic Tara finding the Vanaras thus panic-stricken said, "O Kapis! Don't be cast down with melancholy thoughts. If all of you approve, we may live in this cave. This has been built by the art of Maya and it is inaccessible and there is also plenty of meat and drink. Besides there is no scarcity of flowers and water here. If we live here, we shall have no occasion to fear either Indra, Rama, Sugriva or any body else."

The Vanaras were pleased at these words, and they said in delight, "So improvise some means with undivided attention so that we may escape the penalty of death."

Angada had clear intelligence. He was an adept in polity and possessed many rare virtues. He listen-

1 Capacity for devotion, listening, or power of appreciation, attending, retaining, debating, discussing, understanding of meaning and of truth are the right adjuncts of a clear intelligens.

2 Equity, Charity, Division and Punishment.

3 Knowledge of time and place, firmness, power of endurance, omniscience, skill in secret counsels, non-enimical, spiritedness, heroism, faith, gratitude, protec-
ed to Tara's advice as Indra did attentively listen to the words of Sukracharya, the preceptor of the Daityas. His valour and courage were bright like the effulgence of the full moon. He was greatly fatigued in carrying out the behest of Sugriva. Then Hanuman well-versed in all the branches of learning, understood from his behaviour that the vast Vanara kingdom was not in his luck. He attempted to change his mind and to create difference of opinion amongst the Vanaras.

Then Hanuman frightening Angada with alarming words began, "O prince! You are more skilful in war than Vali, and you are capable of bearing the burden of the vast Vanara kingdom like him. But the Vanaras are naturally a fickle race, and living here without their wives and children they will never carry out your words. And I say it openly that you will not succeed, even by your policy of divide and rule, to draw Jamvuman, Neela, Suhotra and myself from Sugriva's side. The weak may live by incurring hostility of the strong, but self-defence is indispensable for the weak. Great mischief will ensue from this quarrel. You think this cave safe from Tara's words, but it will be an easy thing for Lakshmana to penetrate into it. Formerly, little injury was done to this cave by Indra's thunder-bolt but Lakshmana will break it down easily like the stalk of a
leaf with his keen arrows, which rive cliffs like a thunder-bolt. O hero! As soon as you will put up here, the Vanaras will leave you. They will never comply with your request, suffering from hunger, rolling in miseries and anxious for their wives and children. At that moment you will be bereft of your friends and well-wishers, and then you will start with fear even at the rustling of a blade of grass. But if with humility you approach Sugriva with us, he will confer on you the kingdom for your being the next heir.

"Sugriva is truthful, pious and pure, and he bears you a great affection; so he won't put you to death. The chief of the Kapis ever loves your mother most ardently; in short, as if he bears his life just to please her, and your mother too has no other issue. Angada, so let us return home."

Hearing Hanuman's submissive speech that was reasonable and that evinced great devotion towards the master, Angada replied, "O hero! Sugriva has not got any patience, purity, sincerity or generosity. These virtues do not exist in him. He who takes the wife of his elder brother, a mother unto him, is indeed a hateful creature. Vali posted this wicked fellow as a guard, but this villain came back stopping the tunnel with a rock. How can you call him virtuous? He is certainly extremely ungrateful who could even forget Rama with whom he had contracted friendship for his own good. Fear of sin is a different thing; he has despatched us simply out of his fear of Lakshmâna. Sugriva is ungrateful, vicious and fickle. He has violated the sacred
injunctions' of Sashtras, and none of his relations will believe him. Be he virtuous or not, I am the son of his enemy and surely he will not spare my life. All these will be disclosed to him. I am helpless and weak, how can I then return to Kishkindhya and live there as destitute? That cruel fellow will surely get rid of me as a thorn by the side of his throne, either by hanging or by solitary confinement. So death from starvation is preferable to me. O Vanaras! Give me your leave and go back. I swear, I shall never return to Kishkindhya. You convey my respectful greetings to King Sugriva, heroic Rama and Lakshmana and to worshipful Ruma. Mother Tara is naturally attached to her son; she will surely die, if she hears the news of my death. Just console her with proper words."

Saying this, Angada greeted the aged Vanaras with tearful eyes and stretched himself on the grass. Thereupon, the Vanaras burst into tears and they began to praise Vali and Angada and to speak ill of Sugriva.

They too then decided to starve themselves to death and after their ablutions they sat round Angada facing the east. At that time, following the example of Angada, each one prayed for death, while talking amongst themselves about Rama’s exile, Dasaratha’s death, conquest of Janasthana, abduction of Sita, death of Jatayu, destruction of Vali and Rama’s anger from the beginning. At that time, the noise of the mighty Vanaras like the deep roaring of the sea drowned the gentle murmuring of the mountain rill.
CHAPTER XXXIX
SAMPATI

Long-lived Sampati lived in that Vindhya mountain. He was the brother of Jatayu, and his valour was known to all. He emerged from his cave and finding the Vanaras resolved to die, said, "In this world everything happens according to the acts done in one's prior birth. After a long time my food has appeared before me! I shall eat these Vanaras one after another, after they give up their ghosts."

Angada was much grieved hearing these words of the greedy Vulture, and addressing Hanuman said, "Look! Death itself has come for the Vanaras in the guise of a bird! Now, we could not execute the royal command, nor could achieve Rama's work. Look, danger is ahead, you have all heard what Jatayu did for Janaki. Every living being, even beasts and birds of the forest, is doing his utmost for Rama. We too shall give up our lives for him. We have exhausted ourselves, but could not find Janaki as yet. Jatayu is happy, for he died in fighting, and thus was saved from Sugriva's hand. What incalculable mischief has been done by King Dasaratha by granting Kaikayi's prayers. Consequently Rama was exiled into forest with Lakshmana and Sita. Vali was slain and ultimately the Rakshasas will be destroyed."

Hearing these painful words, sharp-beaked Sampati sorrowfully said, "Who is it that has struck my heart by the news of dear Jatayu's death? I hear his name after a very long time. I feel gratified hearing about the
virtue of my younger brother. O Kapis! Tell me how Jatayu met with his end, how he contracted friendship with death? My wings have been scorched by the rays of the sun. I wish you to take me down from the mountain." The Vanaras were afraid of Sampati, so they could not confide in his words, though his voice was faltering in grief. They anticipated some cruel mischief from the moment they sighted him. They said among themselves, 'We are now fasting; if the vulture eats us, our wish will be fulfilled.'

At last, Angada having brought down Sampati from the peak said, "O bird! Mighty Riksharaj was my grandfather. He had two sons, pious Vali and Sugriva. I am Vali's son. Vali's heroic deeds are known to all. Now, lord of the earth, heroic Ikshaku prince Rama, along with his brother Lakshmana and wife Janaki has come to the Dandaka forest at the behest of his father. Ravana has carried off his wife from Janasthana. Jatayu, who was friend to Rama's father, witnessed this, broke Ravana's chariot and brought down Sita. Jatayu was old and was borne down with fatigue, so mighty Ravana killed him easily. Rama cremated Jatayu and thus he has attained heavenly bliss.

"Rama then contracted friendship with my uncle Sugriva and has conferred the kingdom on Sugriva after slaying Vali. We have been engaged by Sugriva. We have searched through different parts of Dandaka, but could not find out Janaki, as one does not find the glow of the sun at night. We then unwittingly entered the spacious tunnel made by Maya. Our appointed time
has expired within that tunnel. We are Sugriva's servants. Finding that the allotted time is over we are starving ourselves to death out of Sugriva's fear. Where shall we be safe after provoking the wrath of Rama, Lakshmana and Sugriva?"

Then Sampati replied with tears, "About whose death at the hands of Ravana you have just now spoken was my younger brother, Jatayu. I have grown old and lost my wings, so I have patiently borne the news of my brother's death. To speak the truth, I have not strength enough to retaliate my brother's death. Formerly, myself and Jatayu went to heaven soaring through the sky to conquer Indra after his victory over Vritrasura. When we approached the sun, Jatayu was unnerved by the intense heat of the sun, and I, from brotherly love, protected him under the shadow of my wings. My wings were burnt and I dropped down upon the Vindhya. Since then I have been living here, and have not heard anything about Jatayu till now."

Then Angada said, "O king of the birds! If Jatayu be your brother and if you have heard all and if Ravana's residence is not unknown to you, then tell me where does that cunning Rakshasa live, whether near or far off?"

Then Sampati, to the delight of the Vanaras, said, "You see, I have grown old and have lost my wings, still I shall help Rama with my words. The heaven, the earth and the nether region are not unknown to me. I know of the war between the gods and the Asuras and also of the churning of the Ocean. I am infirm with
age or I would have done service to Rama. O Vanaras! I have once seen wicked Ravana carrying a beautiful young damsel. That woman was trembling and weeping by taking the names of Rama and Lakshmana and throwing down her ornaments one by one. She looked like the dawn glittering over the mountain peak! Her yellow robe against the dark body of Ravana shone like lightning under the sky. She was uttering Rama’s name. Now I infer her to be Sita.

“*The island of Lanka is the place of residence of that villain.* He is the son of Viswasrava and brother of Kuvera. An island will be seen about hundred Yojanas across the sea. Heavenly mechanic Visvakarma has built his palace. Its gates and diases are made of gold, and the palace and its walls are of red hue. Sita is now confined there. He is guarded by Rakshasa women. You will find her on going there. Lanka is girt by the sea on all sides. Now, cross the ocean without delay. I predict through my intuition that you will come across Lanka. Journey along the sky firstly belongs to the pigeons and the Finga birds; secondly, to the parrots and crows; thirdly, to the Bhasas, Kuvaras and Kraunchas; fourthly, to the hawks; fifthly, to the vultures; sixthly, to the proud ducks and then to the sons of Vinata. We are descended from the sons of Vinata. We possess extra-ordinary powers. However, Ravana has committed a wicked deed, and what I tell you would come to pass. I have got supernatural vision on account of the Sauparna¹ powers, and I can see Ravana and Sita.

¹ Clairvoyance.
from here. We are naturally endowed with a long sight. Now devise some means to cross the ocean and take me to the sea shore. I shall perform watery rites for Jatayu."

The Vanaras were mightily pleased at this news of Janaki. They took Sampati to the beach and then brought him back to the Vindhya hill. The Vanaras made great noise in delight. Then Jamvuvan rising from dust asked, "O king of the birds! Just tell us everything about Janaki and save the Vanaras."

Then Sampati finding the Vanaras ready to break their fast and eager to know about Janaki said, "O Vanaras! I shall tell you how I came to know about the abduction of Sita, and from whom, I have been living in this hill from a long time and have grown old. I have got a son named Suparshwa. He feeds me in due time. Lasciviousness of the Gandharvas, anger of the serpents, timidity of the deer and our hunger are most prominent.

"Once Suparshwa went out in the morning in quest of food, but came back without anything in the evening. I was restless with hunger and told him many hard things. Then to pacify me, Suparshwa, said, "O father! To-day in due time I soared into the sky for food and waited by obstructing the passage of the Mahendra hill. Various sea-animals were passing through it. There I saw a dark man of collyrium hue carrying away a damsel, glittering as the resplendent dawn. I thought to capture the both for meal. But that man approached me and with great entreaties begged for passage. Not
to speak of me, even the lowest of creatures forgives him who asks for protection. I gave him passage and in great speed he hied along the sky. Then the Siddhyas and other rangers of the sky appeared and congratulated me on my good luck that I was alive. On enquiry I learnt that the man was Ravana, the Rakshasa chief, and the woman was Rama’s wife, Janaki. She was crying in distress. This is why I am late. O Vanaras! I did not want to display my valour even hearing this from Suparshwa. How could I without wings? I have only power of speech and intelligence, and I shall achieve my end by these with the help of your valour. You are unconquerable even by the gods. You have come long distance at the command of Sugriva. Now get yourselves ready for performing the real work of Rama. Don’t delay, nor be indifferent.”

CHAPTER XL

NISHAKARA’S PROPHECY

When Sampati after bath and Tarpana was seated, surrounded by the Vanaras, he suddenly remembered an incident and began to narrate in delight, “Hear me, O Vanaras! How I came to know of Janaki.” Formerly being scorched by the sun I fell down unconscious and I regained my consciousness after six days. I looked around to ascertain the place where I fell and seeing rivers, lakes, hills and the sea I ascertained that I fell on the Vindhya hill, on the shore of the southern sea. On the hill formerly stood a sacred asylum. I lived

1 It can’t be the present Vindhya mountain.
there for eight thousand years, even after his death. Somehow I got down from the hill and with very great difficulty reached the ground, strewn with Kusha grass. At that time I felt a great desire to see sage Nishakara, and with great difficulty I reached his hermitage. Formerly, I had been many a time there with Jatayu to worship the saint’s feet. When I reached there, gentle breeze was blowing shaking the trees of the hermitage laden with flowers and fruits. I waited for the sage under the shadow of a tree. After a while, I found the resplendent sage coming facing the north, after a dip in the sea. As supplicants surround a man of charity, so he was surrounded by lions, tigers, bears, reptiles and Srimaras. Nishakara then arrived at the hermitage and as ministers and soldiers go back when the king enters his room, so those wild animals at once retired. Then I saw that gentle sage. He was greatly delighted at my sight and after entering his hermitage he immediately came out again and said, 'O Bird, I can not recognise you properly at first since your wings have been burnt and your feathers have undergone a change. I knew two birds of great speed, they were the kings of birds. Of that two you seem to be Sampaati and your younger, I think, is Jatayu. You always came here in human form to greet me. Now tell me why you have been thus punished, and how your wings have been scorched?'

"Then I replied to the sage, 'My Lord! I have sores all over my body. I feel ashamed and I am greatly fatigued too. It is not possible to speak everything now. Hear me, however. Formerly, myself and Jatayu soared

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up in pride to conquer Indra in heaven. When the forest appeared like grass, the rivers like threads, and mighty mountains like the Himalayas, the Vindhya and the Meru like an elephant immersed in a pond, we were dazed by the glare of the sun. We lost our way. With very great difficulty we bowed to the Sun. The sun is large like the earth. As soon as Jatayu looked at the glowing disc he fell down even before he could speak to me. Instantly, I descended and protected him with my wings. Then Jatayu was saved from the intense heat of the sun, but my wings were burnt. I fell down like an inert mass on the Vindhya hill and Jatayu, I presume, on Janasthan. O sage! I have lost my kingdom and my brother, so I have come to cast off my life here by throwing myself from the hill.'

"Saying this, O Vanaras! I began to cry in grief. Then the sage after a moment's reflection said, 'Both wings and feathers will again grow, you will regain your power of vision and bodily strength. I have heard of it and have also come to know of it from my yogic powers that a great thing will happen in future. In the line of the Ikshaku, a son named Rama will be born to king Dasaratha. That truthful hero by the mandate of his father will be exiled into forest with his brother Lakshmana. Ravana, the unconquerable Rakshasa chief, will carry off his wife from Janasthan and hold out various sorts of temptations before her, but that famous lady will ever fast for her deep sorrows. Indra coming to know of this will send her heavenly food. Knowing that it has been sent by Indra she will partake a little
from it and will drop the rest on the ground saying that whether her husband and his brother are alive or not this food is meant for them. Subsequently, the Vanara emissaries of Rama will arrive here and O thou foremost birds, shouldst give them information about Janaki. So do not leave this place at any time. Moreover, where will you go in your present state? Wait, your wings will surely grow on you. I could have restored them even this day, but since by staying here you will be able to do good to the Brahmanas, saints, Indra, preceptors and to the people at large I refrain from doing it.'

"O Vanaras, saying this the sage Nishakara entered his hermitage. Now, I wish to see Rama and Lakshmana. I have no desire to live long, but to breathe my last after seeing them once.

"O Vanaras! I was thus waiting for you. To speak the truth, eight thousand years have elapsed since I have been waiting for this opportunity. After the sage repaired to heaven doubts filled my heart. I greatly despaired on account of my unfavourable circumstances and sometimes even thought of putting an end to my life. But the sage's counsel to keep up my life sustained me and has dispelled my sorrows, as a lamp dispels the darkness of night. I know about the prowess of Ravana and I too've my son Suparshwa to task for not rescuing Janaki at that time.¹ I have heard from the Siddhyas

¹ An unnecessary repetition, all these useless diffusions are interpolations of later age by minor poets.
that Rama and Lakshmana have lost Janaki and I have myself seen Janaki, crying when being carried away. But my son did not do what was his duty to do towards the sons of Dasaratha."

When Sampati was narrating these things to the Vanaras, wings grew on him. Finding him thus fledged with red feather, he became extremely delighted and addressing the Vanaras said, "O Vanaras, just see, by the blessing of the sage I have got back my feathers and I feel myself as strong as I was in my youthful days. Persist in your endeavours, you will surely find Sita. The growth of my wings presages success."

Saying this the king of the birds soared into the sky just to try the strength of his wings.

The Vanaras were extremely delighted at these words of Sampati, and they swiftly proceeded in quest of Janaki towards the south where resided the hero to be conquered.

CHAPTER XLI
ANGADA'S COUNSEL

The Vanaras shortly reached the sea. They found the sky with its stars and plants mirrored on its surface. They took their quarters on its north. They beheld the ocean boundless as the sky; at one place it was agitated by mountainous billows, at another place it seemed to be gently swimming while in another place it appeared to be asleep. They stood stupefied at the sight of the mighty ocean.
Then Angada encouraged them saying, "O Kapis! Don't be depressed. Sadness is miserable. As an infuriated snake destroys a child, so grief destroys everything in life. He who becomes dejected with grief at the time when he should give proof of his valour, his manliness vanishes."

Next day, Angada held consultations with the eldest Vanaras about the means of crossing the ocean. He was then surrounded by the Vanara hosts, and none but Angada and Hanuman could keep them silent. Angada then greeting every body, with due honour, said, "Soldiers, and the aged Vanaras! Tell who amongst you will cross this ocean extending over hundred yojanas? Who will fulfil Sugriva's pledge? Who will deliver us from fear? For whose service we shall again meet our wives and children and shall be able to return to Rama. Lakshmana and Sugriva in cheerful minds? If any amongst you can cross the ocean, he should immediately come forward and give us his assurance."

The Vanaras remained silent at these words of Angada and the whole host stood motionless as inert objects. Angada at this resumed, "You are born of noble families, you are honourable and heroic. Nothing can thwart your course. Now tell me who can you cross the sea?"

Hearing Angada's speech the foremost of the Vanaras began to speak about personal capacities. Gaya said, "I can travel ten yojanas," Gavaksha said, "I can
leap twenty yojanas." Sharva said, "Thirty yojanas are enough for me." Rishava said, "I can cover forty yojanas at ease." Yovanadi said, "I can venture up to seventy yovanas", and Sushesana gave out that he could up to eighty yojanas.

Then old Jambuvan addressing all respectfully submitted, "Formerly we could travel a good deal, but now we have grown old. Still I shan't be able to neglect my present duties. Even now I can cover ninety yojanas, but don't fancy that is my utmost limit. In the days of yore, at the sacrifice of Vali, Lord Vishnu covered the three worlds. I circumambulated him at that time. But now I have grown old. I had great strength in my youth, but at present I can proceed up to that distance but that will not serve our end."

Then wise Angada after showing proper respect to Jambuvan said, "O hero, I can cross this hundred yojanas, but I doubt very much whether I shall be able to return or not."

Then Jambuvan said, "O prince! We know that you have extraordinary power of locomotion. You can easily go hundreds and thousands of yojanas, but it is not proper for you to go personally. It is the master that should give orders, but who can command the

1 There is considerable doubt about the true significance of the word *leap*. To take the word in its literal sense is to acknowledge a physical impossibility as a true fact. Every student of ancient classics know that it is not safe to interpret every thing literally. There is much allegorical in it. Hence I have purposely used the word 'travel.'
master. You are our master and we are your servants. The master is to be protected like wife even by arms. Such is the immemorial custom from generation to generation. You are at the root of our adventure. Those who are adept in work, preserve the main-spring of their action; then success follows as a matter of course. My boy, you are our lord, the son of our former master. We shall muster round you."

Then Angada replied, "If I do not go and no body else comes forward, then we should starve ourselves to death. It we do not carry out Sugriva's command, none will be safe. He can be mightily pleased as well as greatly angry. If we return unsuccessful, we shall surely meet with death at his hands. However, just devise some means from your experience for crossing the ocean."

Thereupon, Jambuvan said, "Angada! This will not lower the reputation of your prowess and valour. I shall now speak of him, from whose prowess we shall achieve our end. I shall now employ him in that undertaking."

Then Jambuvan addressing the cast-down Vanara host said to Hanuman versed in all Shastras, "O chief of the Kapis, why you are silent? Why have you not uttered a single word in this present discussion? In accomplishment you are like Sugriva, and in valour and might like Rama and Lakshmana. Like Gadura amongst the birds you are the foremost among the Vanaras. I have seen many a time that mighty bird capturing huge sea-serpents from the ocean. Your hands are as strong as his wings. In intelligence,
strength and courage you are above the rest. Tell me then why are you indifferent now?

"O hero! Just listen to a tale of old which I am now narrating to you. Once there was a beautiful nymph named Punjikasthala. She was also known as Anjana. She was wife of the Kapi-chief Keshari and daughter of Kunjara. Spotless Anjana was famous for her beauty in the three worlds, and there was none like her on the earth. On account of a curse she was born as a Vanara-woman, but having heavenly virtues innate in her, she could assume any form at her will.

"Once Anjana, with her youth and beauty, was strolling about over the green hills. She was adorned with fine ornaments clad in yellow robes with pink borders and wore an excellent garland on her neck. Wind-god gently wafted the garment of large-eyed Anjana and thus her plump thighs, slim waist, heavy hips and stout breasts became exposed. He was charmed by her beauty and embraced her amorously. Cieste Anjana was alarmed by this and nervously asked who was thus violating her?

"Thereupon, the Wind-god replied, Ah, my beauty! Don't be afraid I am doing you no harm. By embracing you, I am entering your body only in thought. Now, you will bear in your womb a strong and intelligent boy, and he will possess power of locomotion like me."

1 In the original the word means ‘stole’, i.e., removed but I have preferred ‘wafted.’
"O hero Anjana was pleased at these words and she delivered you in a cave. As soon as you were born, seeing the sun rising in the sky you took him to be an edible thing and soared into the sky. At that time, you sprang up three hundred Yojanas, yet you were not discomfitted by the heat of the sun. The king of the gods seeing you thus proceeding in great speed along the sky became highly enraged and hurled his thunder at you. Being struck by it you fell down on a rock and your left jaw was broken. Since then you have been named as Hanuman.

"Thereupon, the Wind-god seeing you thus defeated grew sullen and ceased to blow. At this people of the three worlds got frightened and the gods endeavoured to please the Wind-god. Brahma said, 'This son of the Wind-god on account of my blessing won't be destroyed by arms.' Indra too was glad finding him to have survived the blow of thunder, and he blessed him saying, 'For my blessing the son of the Wind-god will die only at his will.'

"O hero! Thou art son of Keshari by his wife, but hast sprung from the loins of the Wind-god. You are spirited and mighty and nothing can thwart your course. We are in despair of our lives, just save us all. You are skilful and accomplished. Rise up and cross the ocean. Look, Vanara hosts are cast down. Prove your valour. Why are you sitting idle?"

Thereupon, to the delight of the Vanaras heroic Hanuman assumed a form fit for crossing the ocean. The Vanaras were greatly astonished at this, as in old
the people were struck with wonder seeing Vamana covering the three worlds. Hanuman expanded with vigour by brandishing his tail. The Vanaras began to praise him greatly and roared in joy. Hanuman expanded like a lion in his den and shone like a column of smokeless fire. Then rising suddenly from the Vanaras after greeting the aged with due honours he said, "I, the son of the Wind God, can uproot rocks and can always travel along the sky. Nowhere may course is resisted. I shall wheel round thousand times the Sumeru kissing the heaven and shall lash the sea with my two arms and thus shall deluge the rivers, hills and lakes. You will see the sea heaving up with crocodiles and sharks by the force of my legs and thighs." I shall wheel round like Garuda in the sky for a thousand times. I shall approach the sun before he travels from the Udayagiri to the Astagiri and shall fly back again without landing on the ground. I shall overstep the stars and planets. By the velocity of my speed flowers from shrubs and plants will follow my route, and my path being strewn with flowers will look like the milky way in the sky. Everybody will notice when I shoot up or drop down. I am huge as the Mahameru hill and everybody will see steering my course through the cloud. I shall immediately spread out in the voidness of the sky like the lightning in a

1 Vamana is evidently the sun, covering the three worlds with its three positions in the sky—viz, in the morning, in the noon and in the evening.

2 Apparently it refers to swimming. Like the non-stoppage flight of an aeroplane.
cloud. Vanaras be assured, I can apprehend and infer that I shall find out Janaki. I can travel even thousands of yojanas and you will find me returning with nectar either from the possession of Indra or Brahma or with the ruins of Lanka."

When Hanuman was uttering these, the Vanaras gazed at him with delight with their eyes expanded in deep amazement.

Then Jambuvian hearing those encouraging words said, "My boy! You have removed all our sorrows, and let the Vanaras who wish you good, perform acts tending to your well-being. May you cross the ocean with blessings of the saints and with our prayers. So long as you don't return we shall stand here on our foot. You see our lives depend upon your return."

Then mighty Hanuman replied, "O Vanaras! There lies the Mahendra hill at a short distance. It is strong and tinged with various mineral dyes. It will bear the momentum of my speed."

Saying this Hanuman began to range about the hill, from its peak, full of trees, creepers, birds and beasts. Being hurt by his arms the Mahendra began to groan as an elephant when attacked by a lion. Everywhere the beasts and birds started with fear and rocks began to tremble and fall.

Gandharva couples, addicted to drink, and the Vidyadharas left the place. The birds took to their wings and the snakes entered their holes, and some with their half-emerged bodies and panting breath, appeared like streaming pinions of the hill. Even the hermits ran into deep forest out of fear.

In the meantime, heroic Hanuman just to muster his energy began to think of Lanka in his mind.

END OF KISKINDEYA KANDAM