

at the mountain: 'Thy hue shall be gold-gleaming. Pleased am I with thee. Thy undeteriorating head shall be ever gold-hued. And this golden hue of thine shall proceed from my gratification?' Having thus conferred boons on them at that festal place, the celestials, along with the king, (on the sacrifice) having ended, went to their abode.

SECTION XIX.

“**H**aving vanquished Marutta, that lord of Rākshasas—the Ten-faced one—eager for encounter, began to range the capitals of the foremost monarchs (of the earth). And coming to the most powerful crowned heads (in the world) resembling Mahendra and Varuna, the Rākshasa king said: 'Give me battle; or declare—we have been defeated. This I am resolved upon. Otherwise there is no escape for you?' Thereat those wise kings, possessed of great strength, and ever abiding by righteousness, being frightened (at Rāvana's intimidation), took counsel of each other. And knowing the superior strength of the foe, they said,—'We have been defeated.' Dushkanta, O child, and Suratha, and Gādhi, and Gaya and king Pururavā—all these kings said: 'We have been defeated.' And then Rāvana—sovereign of the Rākshasas—presented himself before Ayodhyā, governed by Anaranya, like Amarāvati ruled by Sakra. And coming to that foremost of men—king like unto Purandara himself in prowess, Rāvana said,—'Give me battle; or say I have been defeated. This is my mandate.' The lord of Ayodhyā, on hearing the words of that wicked-minded one, Anaranya, enraged, addressed the

Rākshasa-chief, saying,—‘O king of Rākshasas, I will give thee combat, stay thou. At once prepare for fight, and I also shall go and prepare myself.’ And when he had heard everything (regarding Rāvana), the forces of that foremost of kings that had been intended for conquering (Rāvana), sallied forth ready for bringing about the destruction of the Raksha,—ten thousand elephants, a *niyuta* horse, and many thousands of cars and infantry, O best of men; and, that host consisting of infantry and cars, marched for encounter, covering up the earth. And then, O thou proficient in fight, there took place a mighty and wonderful encounter between king Anaranya and that lord of Rākshasas. And that host, of the king encountering the forces of Rāvana, were extinguished like unto clarified butter thrown into the (sacrificial) fire. And having fought valorously for a long time, the remnant of the royal forces, suddenly coming in contact with the flaming Rākshasa ranks, were destroyed like unto swarms of locusts entering into fire. And he saw the mighty army of that powerful monarch destroyed by the (adversary), like unto a hundred streams absorbed by an approaching ocean. And then himself drawing his bow resembling the bow itself of Sakra, that foremost of sovereigns, beside himself with wrath, approached Rāvana. And brought down by Anaranya, his (Rāvana’s) councillors—Maricha, Suka, and Sarana with Prahasta,—took to their heels like unto deer. And then that son of the Ikshawāku race discharged eight hundred arrows at Rāvana’s head. And like unto showers pouring down on the top of a mountain, his shafts did not inflict any wound (on Rāvana).—And then the king, smitten on the head with a slap by the enraged king of Rākshasas, dropped down from his car. And the king, deprived of his senses, fell down on the earth, with his body trembling all over; as falls in a forest a *sāla* scathed with heaven’s fire. And thereat the Raksha, laughing, spoke unto that Ikshwāku, lord of the ‘earth,—‘What is this that thou hast gathered as the fruit of thy encounter

with me. O king, there is none in this triune sphere that can combat with me. Having hitherto been sunk in lunacy, thou hast not heard of my strength.' As he was speaking thus, the king, whose sounds were fast running out said: 'What can I do in this matter. Verily time is incapable of being controlled. I have been overcome by Time; thou art merely an instrument. What can I do now, when I am going to lose my life? I never turned away from fight; I have been slain fighting. But, O Rākshasa, I shall tell thee something in consequence of the disgrace that the Ikshwāku race has met with (to-day). If I have practised charity, if I have offered oblations into fire, if I have carried on pious penances, if I have governed my people well, then be my words verified! There shall spring in the line of the high-souled Ikshwāku, one named Rāma—son unto Daçaratha, who shall deprive thee of thy life.' As he uttered this imprecation, the celestial kettle-drums sounded like the roaring of clouds; and blossoms showered down from the sky. And then, that best of kings, went to heaven; and when that king had gone to the celestial regions, the Rākshasa (also) went away.

SECTION XX.

“As the lord of Rākshasas was ranging the earth frightening everyone, Nārada—foremost of ascetics, came to that wood mounted on a cloud. And thereupon saluting him, the night-ranger Ten-necked one—enquired after his welfare as well as the occasion of his visit. And that Devarshi—the exceedingly energetic Nārada of immeasurable