CHILIKA

Translated by
KUNJABIHARI NAYAK
RADHANATH RAY

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Translated from Oriya
BY
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FOREWARD

I had the great pleasure of meeting the author of these translations, Sri Kunja Bihari Nayak, in the course of a tour in the Koraput District of Orissa in search of rare tribal languages. In addition to his manifold administrative duties, Mr. Nayak has found the time to interest himself and study with profit a variety of literary and historical topics connected with his native Orissa. Thus he keeps a watchful eye for any objects of antiquarian and archaeological interest which he comes across, and on such matters is a mine of useful information. He is also greatly interested in folk-lore, tribal customs, and allied subjects, and he has used the full opportunities he has had to study these subjects. Finally he is a great authority on and lover of his own Oriya literature, to which subject he has made many contributions, and has still more to make. Among his notable contributions mention may particularly be made of the fact that he has resuscitated and brought to the light of day the works of many unknown writers of Orissa whose works were in danger of sinking into oblivion. To further this end he has amassed a unique collection of old palm-leaf manuscripts, and these have formed the basis of some of his most important contributions.

In addition to his other projects Mr. Nayak has the ambition of making his own Oriya literature more widely known. This literature has a history going back as far as that of its sister languages, and contained names as famous, but it remains not so well known in other parts of India on account of difficulties of language and script. This situation can be remedied by making these works available in translation, and in order to reach the widest public possible, in English translation. It is through such a medium that authors in various Indian languages have attained world-wide fame. In order to obtain the same
result for his own literature Mr. Nayak has devoted much of his not too abundant spare time to this work of translation. The fruits of this labour appear in these pages. Much effort has been devoted to accurate and at the same time idiomatic rendering of the chosen works. The collection, translation should be of great interest, both to the Oriya knowing public who are acquainted with the originals, and to those who wish to make an acquaintance with the productions of Oriya poets through the medium of translation. I wish all success to this meritorious undertaking.

T. Burrow

Professor of Sanskrit in the
University of Oxford
A LINE IN OPINION

Dear Mr. Nayak,

I have read your poems and several times, and like it more each time I read it.

William Young Willetts.
M.A., B.A
Shalford, England
RAY RADHANATH was the poet of nature of Orissa. His last composition "The Chilka" would portray his poetic talents and original thoughts more than any other attempt to expound him. The minutest details of lake Chilka, its scenic excellence and the events of the past that took place on her laps have all been treated, exhaustive and complete, by this poet laureate in his inimitable style which stands unsurpassed even till to-day. The philosophy that this poet tries to pour in his composition, in the fullness of his enjoyment of the sight of the Chilka, stands unique and exquisite throughout. Among the texts embodying fervent and emotioned natural descriptions that Orissa has produced so far "Lake Chilka" stands second to none.

Radhanath Ray wrote many books, small and big. His zeal to take to literature was more actuated by the desire of promoting natural love and national interest among the students and readers than by the desire of giving display to his poetic talents. The reader will throughout find that the fountain of his poetic flow emanated from the deep depths of his genuine feelings.

Radhanath has created "an age" in Oriya literature. Before him we no doubt come across books of high order with touches of sub-limity, but they display so much of linguistic acrobatics that the common reader does not easily understand and assimilate their value. They are, therefore, not much introduced in the study courses. This poet, it seems, has taken all these points into consideration and has translated his poetic genius with much care and caution. His contributions, therefore, enjoy a warm reception by his readers.

Of all his poetic contributions "The Chilka" is the best and the best in each of its aspects. I have, therefore, selected this book for translation. The idea behind this
translation is to make the writers and their writings more widely known. Poetry rendered in the form of poetry and rhymed verses translated into rhymed verses would help maintaining the virgin character of the original text. With this idea in view, I have given, as far as I could be sincere, a true and faithful rendering of the Oriya text, "The Chilka", into English rhymed verses. In places where the real sense and the idea expressed in his original lines by this poet needed careful and faithful conveyance metre in rhymes has not been aptly observed. The modern world in the present trend of poetic literature has, of course, permitted this departure. The reason is that bounds and barriers in literature, of whatever the form, which choke the free flow of expression may be cut asunder. I deem to enjoy this freedom with indulgence.

Poet Radhanath is no more in our midst since 1908. He lived on this soil and was proud to breathe its air and to walk on its floor. He loved the souls of this soil so deep, so dear and so full, that any language would be too feeble to explain. Rivers, lakes, founts, forests and all, and the flora and fauna that Orissa holds - were profoundly pure and pleasing to him. All along, and for all time to come, he will continue to enjoy the prize and praise for his contributions to this language, which are at once patriotic, flowful and meaningful.

Notes on proper nouns and on difficult and intricate points have been carefully given for the easy grasp of the students and readers. The time and thought that was given to this task of translation would aptly be rewarded if it meets the taste of the learned readers.

I am thankful to Dr. T. Burrow, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, for his goodness in going through these lines and for giving a foreward. My thanks are also due to Dr. William Young for casting a line in opinion on this attempt.

K. B. Nayak
Clustered with swans in your blue-watered heart
Chilka in Utkal, prosperous thou art.
In bejewelled elegance here you shine
On the altar of Utkal as beauty's mine.
Your extensive waters kissing the arcs
Cast in thinkers delightful sparks.
Dight in brilliance with smileful face
The east and the west enjoy your grace.
Clusset your blue cast artistic bounds
Thickets of bamboo, islands and mounds — 10
Your sun-sauced space of emerald grace
Shelters Rambhanasi in her southern space,
Were they afraid of the heaven's king,
Sheltered in thy waters lost of their wing?
Were they deigned by the Universal Mother,
Now in accord regain their feather?
The Kalijayi mountain of monastic height
Like a dam of diamond reveals her gait.
Chadaigwa's encharmed snow-white caves,
They come out, as Airabat, fighting the waves. — 20

Chilka:— A lake on the eastern end of Orissa. It is a pleasure-spot known for its past maritime influence.
Rambhanasi:— A small mountain in the bounds of Chilka.
Kalijayi:— This is the place where the floor of the Chilka is the deepest.
Chadaigwa:— It is a small mountain within the boundaries of the lake filled with forest vegetation and fruits. The fringes of this place are conducive for fishing.
Airabat:— A mountain of legendary fame said to have been burst out of the earth.
Lashed by the lake's curling tide
Stands Kankansikhari, there with pride.
Anglers and fishermen for years on its lap
Filled their boats with fishes in hap.
And at Lakshmi's oven scarce did they miss
(To provide for Vimala, a dainty dish.)
Kisseth the water sand-beds high
As the milky path in the autumn's sky.
Across the constellation on welkin's heart
As the line of brilliance sparkles smart,
Likewise on Chilka's aquatic breast
Shining, chalk-white, the sand-beds rest.
Ridged and rocky, saucy but sweet,
Thy beauteous sites are delight's retreat.
Caves and peaks, forests and den,
Rills, rivulets, attract but men!
The perfidious passes, precipices high,
Whom the travelling sun accords well nigh.
Dark-deep gaps of the caverns of this lake,
Flash the hood-jewel of many a snake.
Forts and temples torn by era,
Tangled and tortured by forest and flora
Ruin, as though, personified here
Echoes the transient feature of the sphere.

Kankansikhari:— The poet mentions that boatsmen and
fishmen carry from this place 'Adyaphol' to the
kitchen of Lakshmi and thereby provide novel
dishes. In satiric colloquial of Orissa Adyaphol means
fish. If this is the derivation the oven
ought to be the town of Puri itself which is
abode; otherwise the meaning may not
reasonable sense as Goddess Lakshmi is
vegetarian profferage. In the bounds of
seat of Vimala is again located. She is
vegetarian dishes too. The poet, therefore,
Tender foliage, the fresh green grass,
The constant play-ground of the rare dear race,
Extensive stretches, they ravish the mind
Assisted throughout by mirage behind.
Isles green with growth they favour
To raise thy beauty, lustre and flavour.
Divers beauty’s collective form:
In picturesque Utkal you surpass in charm.
Many a day often did I travel
And saw in India varieties novel:
The north and the south and all to boot,
Favoured by times I travelled en route.
India’s frontier arch ranges high,
The snow-capped Himalayas I witnessed in joy.
Mountains and caves in scores at its feet.
And rocks at its top soaked in sleet,
Peaks after peaks, overlapped, bland,
As fine arts on the skies they shine forth grand.
Berg on its head is held as crest,
And with the sacred Ganges threaded its breast.
Seated in snow-white, ancient and steep,
Silent, sequestered, solitary and deep;
The moment these heights by my sight did fall
Shocked and surprised my elements all.
To maintain my normal how not I knew!
Courage, composure lost at its view.
In frightful regard, with speechless lore
I tendered these words that sprang from the core:

he writes that fish too was being taken from this place to Puri for the Bhog of Vimala. Adyaphol ‘the first fruit’, i. e., the fruit that is borne in the first month of the Hindu year, Vaisakh (April-May). If that were so it should be mango. Some Ashadhua, a forest fruit of no appreciable taste. This fruit is also available in this place.
"Obeisance to thee, the soul of the Devas; The preceptor of Gouri, the repose of the Jevas."
The dreary deserts of Rajasthan I saw
Layered with rock-rows inspiring but awe,
Not a drop of water nor an avenue tree,
Ruffled and coarse, morose and sultry.
Abominous it is as the destructive blaze,
Grilling the region by sun god's rage.
Films of poisonous heat it flakes
As though the heaves of haunted snakes
Heated atmosphere's ferocious rays
Tortures the travellers pace by pace.
In arches of mirage water to spot,
And shade in bouldered precipices nought.
It is as though the diseased in thirst
Lying in his bed with high hopes burst
Aspires to secure an immaculate glass
From the rose-rowed, blue tank of the choicest class — 90
(Wishful the hope and happy the thought
But never to action yoked and wrought.)
Awe-inspiring, desolate sight of that course
Lurks in memory today on your shores.

The soul of the Devas: — Here the quotations of Kalidasa have been echoed. (Devatatma)

Devas: — The gods or the deos.

Gouri: — The spouse of Lord Shiva. She chose the Himalayas as the place of her permanent abode. At various stages she loved and lived in the Himalayas, sometimes in deep meditation, sometimes in pastime and most of her times as the consort of the Lord Shiva. The poet, therefore, terms the Himalayas as the preceptor of devas.
The abominous Vindhyas I travelled in slow,
In those smoky vapours of a hundred flow,
Rewa's alarming, uprorious flow,
Her plunging feats obstreperous lo!
The moment it falls by the ear or the sight,
Elements shocked by ripples of fright.
Herefore have I heard of the triple branched Ganges
Falling from Hara's locks, from the Himalayan ranges,
The flowful river of transparent grace
Spraying its surf ever at the space,
And blend with sun god's crimson beams
Acts as the author of the rainbow, it seems.
The thrilling thunders of the falls I knew;
Aquatic acrobatics from the heights to view,
The southern plateau, the wearied course,
I traversed the tract at will performe.
The woods of Dandaka youthful and green,
Where Nature in silence sings serene.

Vindhyas:— The Vindhya mountains separating the southern plateau of India from the north.
Rewa:— River Narmada in South India.
Hara's locks:— That forest area of the Himalayan range wherefrom the Ganges starts.
Dandaka:— The Dandakaranya. A deep dense forest area in southern bounds of Orissa. From these woods says Ramayana, Sita, the spouse of Sri Ramachandra, was usurped by Ravana, the king of Lanka (modern Ceylon). Under the 2nd Five Year Plan launched by the Government of India the development of this area has been taken up at an estimated cost of two hundred crores of rupees by the Union (Refugee and Rehabilitation Department).
Spots of sanctity and Ashrams of sages,
Rivers, mountains and caves of ages,
Dight in flora, divers and grand,
Densed with deep woods artistic they stand.
These are the belts the Daityas did strike,
Dusana, Trisira and Khara and the like.
When clamorous clouds rain with sparks,
And peals of thunder thrill the arcs,
The race of peahens that Maithili did rear
At the sight of the light of the clouds they cheer.
And the blue-throated peacock dancing in gay
Shows the hermitage of Rama till to-day
Sitting by the caves, mighty and vast,
Where in overwhelming sound flows but fast
Godavari through stretches high and steep.
And falls at a point accountfully deep,
There, dear Chilka, serene and great,
Did I for a while think of your state?

Ashrams:—Hermitages. Forest academies for moral studies.

Dusana, Trisira and Khara: They were the lieutenants of king Ravana with demoniacal instincts. They haunted the Dandakas while Rama was sojourning there while on exile. They tried to put him to a lot of troubles and attempted to kidnap Sita. Finally they succumbed to his arrows.

Maithili: Sita, the daughter born in the kingdom of Mithila.

Godavari: The longest perennial river in south India passing through the Dandakaranyas. During his exile Sri Ramachandra resided on the fringes of this river for more than a year. The poet here indicates that relics and reminiscences of His stay in the Dandakas are there to be seen even till to-day.
I travelled the western territory vast
That was oft in the grips of wind blast.
The horizon hazy and hoarse with hue,
The blue waters kissing the welkin blue,
Waves after waves over again in leaps,
Beseems they hurl to swallow the ships.
These vast sceneries in consternation stark
During my tour in Bharat did I mark.
Profound and mighty, awe-inspring, vast,
Sceneries throughout stationed me aghast.
Self existence of the twinkling, glistering stars
As the dazzling light of the sun but mars,
Collected elements and composure did wane;
Consumed that profundity essence of man.
Treating them as preceptors in regard and fear,
I held you in memory as my lovely dear.
For sadhus and saints alluring those scenes,
Listless and lorn for others it seems.
Graced by the sunshine the lote does bloom.
Others but singe or sink or swoon.
Blest again by the moon's bracing glow
Happy and delightful they blow in slow.
Likewise marking your pleasing form
Heart swings in sweetness and charm.
Not vast but pacific as thou art,
Confusion replaced by elevation of thought.

Bharat: The sincere call of the ancients to the souls of India was “action to attain the Light”. ‘Bhā’ in Sanskrit means light and ‘Rat’ means attraction. The inner meaning of Bharat, therefore, means “be attracted to the Light.”

Sadhus: Good and noble men that crave to be away from the worldly worries.
Never in sorrow or heaviness the mind
Sinks by your shores, beauteous and kind.
Guileless your state, sublime and sweet.
Inspired, ravished, the mind does greet.

And the cult of dualism I embrace on thy spot
"You are the teacher, I am your taught"

Universal music blended in your form
Echoes throughout in all its charm.
Nataratories rocking in your tidal swing,
As though from floating mansions they sing.
In the wake of welkin in swarms when they wade,
Your blue bosom sparkled with touches of shade.
Gangoie in the game of fishing apt,
Furling its feathers with attention rapt,

Striking at the swimming fishes from the wave
(Secures its desired hunt in an ace.)
Lashing tides here and there
Meeting the birds of colours rare.
Yellow and rosy, red, blue and dark,
Kissing, closeting, encharm the arc.
Sarali's voice sounds but sweeter,
And vies with the music of the Goddess of the water
Exhibit the fishes in clusters and clumps
Their brilliance in the water thro' joyful jumps.
The scaled Bhekta revealing its form
Mocks at the pearl's lustre and charm.

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*Cult of Dualism*: The faith of the 'Supreme and the subordinate.'

*Universal music*: Musical sound of the atmosphere heard in silence.

*Gangoie*: A hunter bird.

*Sarali*: A fish of a sizable type.

*Bhekta*: A very large fish.
The tail of Sankocha like venom-cast spear;
its uglier built inspires but fear.
Plays the Sisumar tossing its sides;
In a twinkle dives and comes out of the tide.
Magar, the master fish, crowned in black.
Swims in the waters with a swimmer's knack.
Crores of lives secure their meal.
From your storehouse, Chilka, full with we store,
Charitable you are feeding the crores,
Unending your reserves, inexhaustible your store.
What of sojourns or those that depend on your fare,
All cherish their aims at your care.
Swans and cygnets soaring in chaste
Like clusters of stars lustre thy state.
Unknown in season wherefrom this shrouded
Invited they enjoy and discourse on thy forum.
When the muddy water is clean, unsoiled,
And the lily in the pond smiles in mild,
The union of Kumbha and the Southern Queen
That begot the luminary of peerless gleam,
The hour it rises minstrels of Nature
In muse or music adore your feature.

Sankocha: Of the fish family with bladed fins.
Sisumar: A lovely fish available in the Chilka (round tortoise shape)
Magar: Of the whale family.
The characteristic features of the lovely Chilka
embodying all these creatures, and the swarms of
swans decking its bounds, have been aptly described
by this inimitable poet.
Kumbha: A sage of puranic fame, one of the earlier sages.
Are they the inmates of the autumn fair?
At the close of the season wherefore they repair?
From place to place they soar in soft
As envoys of autumn, prosperous and aloft.
Glowing, resplendent, the lunar night,
The immaculate streams flowered in white—
Dight in Malati gardens of ranks,
Dressed with the snow-white lily, the tanks
Deigned by the soothing grace of the autumn.
These are the holdings the swans that own.
Clean, immaculate, the descent of this line;
They soar, therefore, amid environment pristine.
The world of this class is faultless and pure,
Unsullied, unbeguiled, unsophisticate and sure.
They wade in the welkin column by column
As banners of victory of the sublime autumn.
Prosperous, bounteous and beauteous thy bounds;
Flowers and fruits and with corn it abounds!
Mango and jack and nut trees shine,
Kesar and Tamala and Muchkhund and jasmine.
Asok, the exponent of the elegant spring,
And Kadamb that smiles when the clouds do ring;

Southern queen: In the Puranas she is otherwise named as Dakhina (The union of Kumbha and the southern queen here means 'Agastya'. It is a very shining planet rising in the southern arc specially during the period from the beginning of autumn to the close of winter. It is said in history that this star was guiding the course of the maritime travellers from Barigaza or Broach to Bagdad).

Malati, Kesar, Tamala and Muchkhund: Sweet scented Indian flowers.

Kadamb: A large flower tree which smells in bloom specially during the rainy season,
The fond fruit of Shiva, the illustrious Bel,
The peepal plant, worthy of hail,
Whose leaves waver ever but slight,
And the age old Sanmoli of accountable height,
Where the constant couple, the doves do nest
And flutter in free sitting at rest.
The village gods' well built bowers and towers
Scarlet bunches of godiban flowers.
Kaniar standing by Shiva's gate
Caters to the bee in her golden plate.
And the simple village maids adore with cheers,
These yellow flowers in their foreheads and ears.
Decked in emerald the palm trees shine
Straight on the fringe of pools in line.
Under whose arms shelter and enjoy
Baya and her partner in boundless joy.
Dreadful vipers by the trunk of this tree
Blinking and tossing they play in free.
In the cradle of the boughs lustered in gold
Young birds rock in pleasure untold.

Bel : Aegle folia. The Indian bel tree.
Sanmoli : Locally known as Simuli. It is a big flower-bearing tree. It has a long botanical life. The flowers are stark red with no smell.
Godiban : A scarlet coloured flower.
Kaniar : A yellow flower. It resembles the characteristic golden ear ring of the village house-wife. In the villages of this locality young guileless girls use this flower as ear ring.
The palm tree : The palm trees in places near about Chilka have the semblance of the colour of the emerald.
Baya : An intelligent bird deft in the preparation of nests.
Here stands the banyan as thy worthy son,
(In height and gait second to none.)
And whose aerial roots weft to coil
And formed into a pillar touches the soil.
Many a tiresome walker that wade
Console and solace at its soothing shade.
The silent forbearer of tortures of weathers,
And equally the healer of pains of others.
The coral fruits and leaves sapphirine,
And in form majestic the rural's shine.
The Yellow bird, the Gundichree, the minstrels of rank,
Mid-day melodies sing from its flank.
By a row of these trees and such others dimmed
Hamlets on thy shores look gentle and trimmed. —260

The yonder banyan: The poet here hints perhaps at a particular banyan tree on the western fringe of the Chilka, enamoured of its wide-spread branches, dark shade and thick leaves.

Torture of weathers: The poet here was specially struck by the onslaughts of the year 1805. A heavy cyclone took a toll of about 200 human lives besides a lot of others. The same year drought also followed in this area. Here and in its neighbouring tracks of Palur, Biridi and Huma about half-a-thousand human souls succumbed to the gaps of hunger and want. No State attention was paid to this catastrophe. Hence the term; "silent forbearer."

Gundichree: A chirping creature, specially during mid-day.

Yellow bird: A nice looking bird endowed with a melodious tone.

Hamlets: The hamlets of fishermen on the western fringes of Chilka. They have a reputation for their goodness and warm reception.
Gently served by zephyr on thy border,
*Ketaki* blooms in artistic order.
Many a time have I seen them ere;
Every time novel but they glare.
Though once seen to see again is the wish;
Eternal quality of beauty is this.
Contentment rests not at beauty's view;
The more we see the the more it is new.
The western arbour, the abode of art;
A moment's glimpse captures the heart.

*From mild-blue* to blueness, and to blueness deep
Sloped, bestepped, rock ranges neap.
Beauty's fair, the mount of *Bhaleri* high
On thy western sides kisseth the sky.
And whose evergreen borders are massaged throughout
By thy sapphire waters day in and day out.
Ochre passes here and there,
and notable peaks of mention does it bear.
*Jatia* scrubbled and herbed in green
Stands across thy waters clean.

---

*Ketaki*: A good smelling flower.

*From mild-blue*: The water assumes different shades at different times of the day.

*Bhaleri*: A mount of sizable height forming the western board of the Chilka. Ochre in colour the mountain has a lot of peaks, small and big. The beauty of the west coast of Chilka has become appreciative due mainly to the existence of this mountain casting diverse natural view.

*Jatia*: A small mountain on the fringes of Chilka grown with stunted scrubs.
Tides in wrath hard and slow
Strike this mountain many a blow.
Continued triangular attack in vain;
Vanquished they expose their weakness in vain.
Forests on thy fringe shaded in dark,
For the sports of Tethys a befitting park.
The ferns arched by nature bland,
By slush weeds based they shine forth grand.
And beseeches the immortal fairies fair
There with pearls adore their hair.

How again the plantless, rock-layered and dry.
The twin hills of Singheswar stand in coy.
Ledged by the mountain of Ghantasila loft
Flows Salia with its water soft.
Thoughts enter the moment I gaze
The sizable Solari of amethyst glaze.

---

Forests: Rangchutia, Jogi and other small hills are also included.

Fairies fair: If one goes into its past history he would find that it is not merely the muse of the poet. They were all a truth of the past.

Pearl: The water drops of Chilka, sparkled by light and shade, display charming pearl-like colours day and night.

Singheswar: A small mountain on the west flank of Chilka.

Ghantasila: A mountain named after a favourable spirit said to be living here. She was divining weather conditions to mariners and boatsmen who, during early days, started to set sail in the Chilka from here.

Solari: A small mountain here, locally named as such.
Celestials in *Maya’s chariot* rather
Cleaving the earth they come out of the nether.
Usurping *Aparajita’s* blue paints tender
Suave stand the hill ranges yonder.

*Khandahana* resembling an elephant’s head,
Where travellers miss their course in dread.
The forest of *Gaunia* skies that woos,
Deep and close dense with bamboos.
And webbed in jung spreading darkness in day,
The soil of sweet roots, the friend of play.
*Mainak* of the size of a cobra’s hood,
Where *Ranpureswari* seated gentle and good.

---

*Maya’s Chariot*; Maya was a mythological artizan deft in aeronautics. His chariot, it is said, was so excellent that they were only meant for use by the gods.

*Aparajita*: A flower, mild blue in colour, with pleasing smell. The Hindu Goddess vouchsafes victory when this flower is proffered.

*Khandahana*: A mountain on the western bank of the Chilka of the shape of a crescent sword.

*Gaunia*: A small basket shaped knoll densed with thorny trees. Thorny and knotty it is spread with webs.

*Mainak*: Another small rocky hill on the western coast of the Chilka.

*Ranpureswari*: The goddess wielding the destiny of Ranpur, a feudatory state, since merged with Orissa, about 33 miles from here. This deity, it is said, was installed by the past rulers of Ranpur on the mount of Mainak as a token of their sovereignty over the area during the past.
These are the knolls in thy western space.
Shine as streaks of musk on thy face.

While rowing on boat from thy eastern source
One covers in accord thy blithesome course.
These are the sceneries, pleasant and sweet;
One after another happily they greet.
Dusky and dim denuding the dew
As mountains by scales are clear to view,
Likewise the rocks and isles are seen
As sapphire villas rising from the water clean.
Every step of forward course
One marks the ranges' original source.

Fine sceneries to broadness shone;
Diverse colours emanate from one.
Blended, reflected shade and light
In luxurious lustre capture the sight.
Play the evening clouds in the space
Amid shining sun's charming rays.
Here and there on the mountain peaks
Swing the clouds with golden streaks.
And here and above beauty's charm
Reflected, rehearsed on thy flexible form.

Unequalled thy beauty here on this zone;
May be in the heavens to man but unknown.
Unforgettable thou art by him who knows,
O, fairy form, the wiper of woes!
Devotees of beauty, servants of the muse
How long to enjoy forever thy views!
To define your beauty feeble is speech.
Heart can enjoy, to heart does it reach.
Many a flow from pilgrim centres,
Flowing your sacred bosom but enters.

The river that rinses Nilachal's feet,
And bathed by the gods, consecrated, sweet:
The arboret of *Punag*, prosperous and *dūp*,
By the tapas of *Bhrigu* blest and shone,
*Bhargavi*, named after this sage,
The source to attain the heavenly stage,
Whose curling waters transparent and blue
Snatches the mind the moment we view.
When daughters of *dwija* bathe or gloat,
Their visage reflected as golden lote.

Here is *Ratnachira*, perfumed its water,
And blest bathed by *Lakshmi*, the Dwija’s daughter.
Her name with *Gopinath*, the witness of the globe
Goes down blended deep with love.

---

*Punag*: Of the flower species.

*Bhrigu*: A master saint among the hierarchy of the ancient Indian saints.

*Bhargavi*: A river taking its course to Chilka. Bhrigu, it is said, was absorbed in ecstacy on its banks. The river is, therefore, named after this sage.

*Dwija*: The twice born, as Max Muller puts it. It means one who, after a certain period from birth, is held to have been consecrated to divinity thro’ hymnal and ritual processes. They are also termed as Brahmans.

*Ratnachira*: A rivulet entering the Chilka.

*Lakshmi*: The daughter of a Dwija. It is said that thro’ her peerless charm and unqualified devotion she won the heart of Lord Gopinath who ultimately accepted her as His spouse. Bathing in Ratnachira Lakshmi lost herself in the thought of the Lord, till at least her ambition was cherished. This episode has again a philosophical back-ground.

*Gopinath*: The Lord of the Universe.
Strolling there in the beatious orchard
Thro’ her peerless grace she won our Lord.
_Dadhichhee_, the master saint kind and slow,
Whose prayers and austerities purified the flower
This is that _Daya_, that represents our Lord
Clement, compassionate here in this world.

_Daya_ is compassion, and this is that stream’ve
_Dhauli_ in its mirrored waters does gleam.
The sportive ground of the _universal Queen_,
The forest of _Akamba_, cupreus and green.

**Churiana** : A flower bearing tree abundantly available at Sakhigopal, the seat of Gopinath.

**Dadhichhee** : _Dadhichhee of the Bhagavata_ was an astute devotee and a great saint known for his austere sacrifices. His seat of meditation was the banks of the river, _Daya_. Deigned by the grace of the Lord, _Dadhichhee_ attained perfection here. This spot where the Lord showered his mercy is named after _Dadhichhee_. Its original sanskrit name is _Dadhibhadra_, locally called _Daya_. The mount of _Dhauli_ is a seat of the Buddhist Hinayanas. It is situated on the fringe of the river _Daya_. _Roy Radhanath_, therefore, means here that this place which is the renowned seat of Buddhism and its adjoining stream, the _Daya_, which is the symbol of Divine kindliness represents the true characteristics of Orissa.

**Daya** : A small river with a historic background as above.

**Dhauli** : A small mountain of laterite and chalk stone. Caves here were cut very easily for saints to shelter in. There are also stones of granite nature.

**Universal Queen** : The poet has in his mind perhaps _goddess Bhagavati_ located at Banpur, a place nearby.
Under the shady leaves passeth in slow
The fluting Gandhavati with its crystal-clear flow.
Amid thickets of Ranpur taking its course
Streams Mandakini in darting force.
Coming in contact with these holy team,
Grand, gorgeous, thy blue features gleam.

Streams spring forth and streams enter;
Holy as you are the holies' shelter.
You are, Chilka, beautious and pure;
Beauty sustains on your lovely lure.
For then your arch of isles and shore
The pantheon of gods and goddesses adore.
*Bhagavati* and *Tara* and *Chandi*, they chose
Fondly thy banks as their seats of repose.

---

**Akambra**: Bhubaneswar, the present capital of Orissa and the area extending the Chilka.

**Gandhavati**: A small river with percolative rills even in summer. Whistling and hissing it flows with a tremendous speed during rains. Hence the poet description as such.

**Ranpur**: One of the states in the former eastern states agency now dissolved in Orissa. It is situated to the north western corner of the Chilka. From the Sankhomal and Potiamal hill tracts of this state many nalis and rivulets, small and big, take their course to the Chilka. The flow of Mandakini is one of them.

**Mandakini**: A small river rising from the Banpur hills.

**Bhagavati**: That is the Universal Queen. She is a famous deity located at Banpur, near Chilka, prayed and proffered by the Hindus in frightful respect. Her form was contemplated from the Tantric Era when the cult of 'devotion through fear' was extant.
Chhandaswar, the inscented Nagawar’s lover,
Here on thy shores is seated in his tower.

What of time and clime, — a glimpse of the sight?
Narrowness replaced by elevation outright.
Aware, O age old witness of the past
Fall and rise of man thou art.
In the days bigone here on your bank
Many a kingdom flourished and sank.
Decayed frames that time did mince
To-day these remains your blue waters rinse,
Heroes and kings and many a victor
Started their conquest here on your sector.

Sound of war-drums rent the sky
Their banners waving on the welkin high.
Resting on success, lasting and sure
They ventured to sail on your waters pure.
In the course of their voyage across your spine
The line that was drawn on your blue being fine
In a moment faded likewise the race
They won was lost, alas, through days.
What fruit, O warriers, at last did you lay
Millions in your cruel ardour to slay?

Row long your rule survived the time?
Why then resort to carnage and crime.
Fame sick, O heroes, despite thy toil
Could you perpetuate your sway on this soil?
Easy to capture the captives thro’ fame,
Can time be won over ever by this game?
You are, Chilka, of historic rank
The shelter of devotees, our Lord on your flank

---

_Tara and Chhandi_: Forest goddesses in the pantheon of Hindu idolatry.
To accept the butter with pleasure he deigned
From the hands of Manika, the illustrious maid. — 410

Sitting sequestered a day on the spot
The march of Kanchi captured my thought.

**Manika:** She was a milkmaid in a hamlet near the Chilka. During the reign of Purushottam, ruler of the Ganga line of Orissa, the war of Kanchi took place. It is said that the Lord Himself led the party from Orissa. On the way, across the Chilka, Manika supplied milk to Lord Jagannath and, in turn, received a diamond ring as her prize. This truth is also ratified by the other two poets, Dr. Mahatab and Pandit Gopalbandhu Das who, in all the intrinsic sense are the real torch bearers of modern Oriya literature because every devout denizen of Orissa believes this episode to be more a fact than ever a fiction. There is a small village by name Manikapatna, said to be named after this milkmaid.

**Kanchi:** Otherwise named as Kanjeervaram. It was a seat of the East India Company for a long time where Col. Bailee, it seems, received a signal defeat by the Sultan's forces. The war in question was between the King of Utkal, Purushottam Dev, and Kalabala-swar, the Ruler of Kanchi. Kanchi surrendered. Armistice was signed. Padmavati, the Princess of Kanchi, was given in marriage to Purushottam. Better relations were established. This fight took place between the 1st eighties of the 15th century. It was truly a fight between two ideals, the progressive extremists of Orissa and the democrats of the Krishna valley region. They were otherwise known as Vaishnavas and the Ganapatyas. The former
My elements in the wave of times did glide,
I saw in somnolence a celestial bride.
Kalpana her name; how nice her frame!
A friend of the muse, the delective dame.
Pleased at my ardent devotion as she —
Divine vision she bestowed on me.
The scene here that I marked behind
Sustains forever in the corridor of mind.

The wind waving the flag of the mast
Boats from the south were proceeding fast;
Seated in them soldiers and men;
Their arms sparkling with the rays of the sun

succeeded. The latter was absorbed in Vaishnavism.
As a proof of this fact Ganesh, the principal deity
of the king of Kanchi was brought and installed at
Puri. The Bhakti cult, the main branch of
Vaishnavism, is the gift of Kanchi to Orissa. The
revelation of Sakhigopal at Satyabadi, the composi-
tion of Gita Govinda, the reverent recitals and soft
music of the Gita Govinda by Padmanabha (not
impossible if this same Padmanabha was, of late, the
queen of Purushottam), are all the outcome of the
bitter war of Kanchi. Madhvacharya was the
profounder of the Bhakti cult and the Krishna river
valley region was the first to embrace it. The
marital relations of Utkal with Kanchi brought, in
it evident, a new cult and renaissance to Orissa.

Kalpana: A spinstress; born of the poet’s muse, standing
before his mind’s eyes, while brooding over the past.

Divine vision: Clear mental perception.
The flag of the mast: According to Russel a white flag was
being used in the Kalinga barges.
Sparkling arms: It indicates the excellent quality of the
arms used.
Fanned by aura the emblems unfold
Deride the dazzle of the red hot gold.
While pace by pace glide the rows
Anthem in chorus from your soul they sound.
Vessels on your heart wade how sweet,
Their bodies made of elephant's teeth.
Scarlet canopies starred in gilt,
With argent staff the ceiling is built.
Under this cover swing like gems
Flowers and foliage knit to anadems.
Enthroned there a peerless queen,
Unequalled on earth in lustre and gleam.

Fanned by aura: The invasion seems to have taken place at the advent of the spring.

Anthem: From A.D. 1139 to A.D. 1816 the national anthem of Kalinga was: "Lord of the Ganges, possessor of rich and well trained elephantry, ruler of the Gowdas, emperor of the region of Utkal comprising of 9 crores of human souls, valour of the valients, O mighty ruler of a prosperous and majestic kingdom, victory unto you." This anthem was being recited in chorus on all the festive occasions, military parades, in the portals of the royal palace and daily at the lions gate of Puri.

Elephant's teeth: Ships made of ivory. In the Raghuvansam its author, Kalidas has also mentioned that Utkal had ships made of ivory.

Peerless queen: Padmavati, the princess of Kanchi. Goddess Lakshmi; the embodiment of all beauty and wealth was born of the sea in the year of creation when it was churned by the collective efforts of the Devas and the Daityas.
Seated in Parijat and born of the sea
Sweet, beautiful Indira is she?
(And adored in elegance with bouquets of  
Does she reveal amidst auspicious showers).

Her face shrouded with a sorrowful mark
And her eye brows tinged with shyness stark.
Sparkless her forehead with vermilion bloom!
Ringlets of gem in her lobes do loom.
Long and dark her well grown hairs
Preserves the beauty of her back that gleams!
Beseems enamoured of the perfume of her body
The humming bees disturb the lady.
Waving the lote in her beautiful arms
She avoids the worry of these honey hued swarms.

Her maidens in their blue and bespangled glance
That outwits the lotus; and with their graceful face;
Toileting in divers though not with care,
With their twinkling eye brows and visage fair,

Parijat: A romantic flower in the garden of Divine.
Indira: Goddess Lakshmi representing wealth, welfare, prosperity, plenty and grace.
Vermilion bloom: It symbolises all that is good in women of our country.
Ringlets of gem: Indian women in their youth like and use them widely.
Hair: Long hairs was indicative of the beauty and prosperity of Indian women. Hairs bobbed were not loved by our fair sex in those days.

Perfume of her body: The perfume was not thro’ application of any external toilet. It was inborn.
And with argent rows in their hands well built and fine
Steer the corvette all at a time.
In continued process thy waters lashed
Plunge in waves, furious and flashed.
To vie with the beauteous eyes of the dame
Blush in thy waters fishlings of fame.

The soft sable locks of the bride
Mock beseems at the blueness of thy tide,
And perhaps these breakers for the reasons same:
Strike the sides of the bark in shame
The helmet of flowers in the bulk of her hairs,
Petals of lotus wavers and glares.
A second sloop of similar built
Made of ivory and shining as gilt.
A posse of men of equal gait,
Whose features sparkle by duty's light

In mariners' role happy and hale
Across the breakers how deft they sail.
In that bedecked frigate burnished and meet
Adores the king a well furnished seat.
Young and hyperiab of a lion's pose;
Gravity and elegance the visage does disclose.
A crescent sword dazzles in the hand;
Courage inspired at his demeanour grand.

---

_Steer the corvette_: The poet proves that our ancient women were deft in the intricacies of maritime travel.
_N. B.:_ In these lines the poet has expressed his best.
_Marriage advents, spartan spirits of Indian womanhood, maritime influence of ancient Orissa, the social costumes and dresses and the adorns and embellishments that kissed our royal scions, have all been exquisitely described.

_King_: King Purushottam Deb of Udaipur.
Is service to the country thro' duty on field:
Is his spartan flare and fervour revealed? —480

Extends his might from north to the south, n
From the banks of Subarnarekha to Rushikulya's mouth.
The golden umbrella that protects his being
Introduceth he is of Utkal's king.
At the entrance gate with swords and shaft
Petrols were watching with attention rapt.
Podhans and Samants and hillmen of the lake |
At the message of messengers were keeping awake.
And there seeing teams of men
With the flag marked with Vishnu's weapon. —490
With bended heads they tendered their pranam,
When the carvettes reached sailing in calm.
And the captives sang in chorus sweet,
"To thee, O beautiful, in Utkal we greet.
Exalted Princess of Kanchi, we extol:
Your beauty wins the minds of all.
In the omniscient Lord's creation vast
The symbol of beauty alone thou art.

Subarnarekha: A river in the northern extremities of Orissa.

Rushikulya: A river about 13 miles from the southern tail end of Chilka. Kind Purushottam and his descendants held sway over this area and established small towns on the shores of this river. The small towns of Purushottampur, Pratappur and Makundapur on the banks of Rushikulya and Tikyetpur on the Suvarnarekha stand as the truthful evidence of this fact till to-day.

Golden umbrella: A ruler who held absolute sovereignty over a territory can hold such an umbrella. Such rulers were also termed as Chhatrapatis.
Blessed at thy advent Utkal's mure,  
As the earth touched by the Ganges pure.  
The home of Utkal will always shine  
As the store house of prosperity, serene and sublime.  
In the crystal-clear water as the lotus floats,  
And the goddess of wealth in the house of lotus,  
Likewise Orissa, the ever engaged host  
To own you on her laps would forever boast.  
(And at your auspicious advent on Utkal's realm  
Prosperity forever w'ld reign at the helm).  
Hallowed Purushottam of power and fame  
O, slayer of foes, victory in your name.  
How stern your vow, how strong your stand  
To free the world from the faulty hand.  
Owing this bride of peerless beauty  
Displayed in the world your rightful duty.  
Sweet and charming the parley of the two;  
Prowess here to beauty does woo.  

Podians and Samants: Military chiefs and commanders of  
the forces of Utkal.

Vishnu's weapon: The 'Chhakra' symbolising the supreme  
might & prowess of the kind of Utkal. It is again a  
symbol of truth and non-violence.

Goddess of wealth: She is known as Lakshmi in sanskrit.  
Her fond flower is the lotus.

The ever-engaged host: The host implied means Puri. In  
this cosmopolitan seat of the Hindus thousands are  
fed every day without class discrimination. Hence  
the poet uses the word 'Sadasraya', i.e., the altar to  
sHELTER each and all.

Purushottam: The King of Utkal, ostensibly from A.D. 1479  
to 1506. He was great, gifted, kind and capable.
The moon has joined Chitra rather
And Sripati with Roma, the universal Moth-
Cherished the desire of the Creator fast
To see this happy union at last.

Welcome, receptions, sermonised grand;
Heaven and earth echoed with band.
Parted in pomp mountains and caves;
And heralded this news the aerial waves.
Chilka overjoyed on this occasion of joy
Set its torrents to clap in high.
In that blasting uproar meditation lost
The sights in my dream disappeared fast.
Retrieved from dream I realised in vain.
All that I saw were the fancies of the brain.

Captured as lief my glimpse in my wake
Lustred in blue the extensive lake.
Shining, resplendent, in majesty and grace,
The eternal features my glance does embrace.

**Rightful duty**: The kings of Orissa were brooming the altar
of Puri as a token of their subjugation and service
to the Lord. This act was looked down upon by
other rulers. Kanchi was one among them. This
imperious attitude, means the poet, was not
democratic in character. Hence the marriage of
Purusottam with Padmabati is held by him as duty
rightfully done.

**Chitra**: The 14th Star in the jodiac mythologically described
as the loveliest and the dearest lady of the moon.
Though this star is grouped in the demonic nena-
cluster it ushers all that is auspicious when the moon
comes in union with it in the house of Libra.

**Sripati**: The Lord of Lakshmi. The Supreme Lord.

**Roma**: The spouse of our Lord.
Thy fierce from you reserve to play
On those that invade to sack and slay.
Cool, soothing and sheen is sapphire,
Touched by the rays flares as fire:
Likewise, O' Chilka, at the inroad of foes
Yoked your strength in accelerate force.

Your ferocious form a day did meet

Of his raid of Utkal, Raktabahu, with his fleet.
To the cult of ‘tamas’ clinging the savage
Many a man like flies did ravage.
Trampling the strong-hold of Utkal to ashes,
And streaming its surface with the blood of the masses,
The mine of gems, Bharat’s soul,
Looted, unawares, its treasures all.
With his success and booty hilarious high
Homewards the victor was sailing in joy.

By the rigors of your seize his blithesome odes
Changed, in a moment, to mournful notes.

Raktabahu: He was a nomad from the southern belts of India, most possibly a dravidian chief. He raided Orissa and sacked its belongings. Nothing concrete is known about this raider from history. His raid was actuated more by the aim of sack and ravage than by the flare of imperialism. Some again hold that he was a mythical monster. But this conclusion is not true since there were such invasions from the south, specially from the Vengi lines, during the post Buddhistic eras.

Tamas: Prohibited acts which, in the ultimate analysis, are harmful to the doer himself.

Mournful notes: There was severe cyclonic attack on Raktabahu while he was sailing in the Chilka during his return journey. His gayful songs of success faced the the fatal strokes of the Chilka.
Hurdled his course in furious force;  
The earth and the skies darted with roars;  
Haimavati, the wish-yielding goddess, her command  
From the mount of Kaliyayi issued at hand.  
And when she set on thy torrents her trident of gold  
Thy lather-crowned waves rushed with courage manifold.  
And marking this signal like the lion of Utkesari,  
They ran in haste to devour the ferry.  

And hark, the king of the lake with a fleet of tides  
Ordered by thee to the spot did stride.  
Winds in different waves did blow  
Forty and nine, fast and slow.  
Quivering, maddening, tremendous force;  
The crack of the doom may ensue perforce  
The possessor of Vajra, the slayer of demons,  
Armed with lightning, the king of the heavens  
Indra, the mighty, seated in white  
Rose up and started his march to flight  

Clouds from heaven’s canopy flashed;  
The sphere trembled, shaked and splashed;  
All the mountains blaring in rage  
Called, as though, each other to wage.

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Savage: He caused much bloodshed more for money than for honout. Hence the term savage.

Haimavati: The deity presiding over the forest area of the Chilka. This deity is much adored even to this day.

Kalijayi mountains: This is truly the Inachcape spot of the Chilka.

Trident of gold: The rod of behest.

Utkesari: The lion among kings of Ushab

Vajra: The lightning strokes.
From peak to peak raved and rent;
From Bhaleri to Solari the message was sent.
In the mirror of your breast reflected bright
The hanging clouds flashed with light.
Nature, as though, releaseth the destructive blaze
Thy form desolate revealed on the stage.

The chief of the demons stricken with fear
Felt in vain his prowess here.
And lo, the unwise demon towards his last
Got the wisdom and realised fast
That there exists here on this earth
A mightier force to buffet his strength.
And he learned at last lashed by the carapace
Nature dreads not to the frown of man.
Thy galloping, ludicrous waves like toys
Flung the sloops high up the skies.

(Tortured by time, fateful and grave)
Cried the apostate shelter and save.
Tossed, tormented, mangled and cleft,
All did fall and nothing was left.
And all by the wrath of Nature rived,
None to convey the message survived.

_Bhaleri to Solari_: Indications about these two mountains have been given earlier.

_Message_: The message that Raktabahu, after indiscriminate loot and carnage was sailing back homewards and was now rowing in the Chilka with his fleet and booty.

_Demon_: Of the demonical instincts.

_None to convey the message_: This very fact goes to show that the wreck was complete.
That pomp and revelry paled wherefore?
Victors’ corpse float on thy core.
Urged by the crave of plunder they came,
And rightly avenged for their faulty game.

By the ripples of their eyes the moment when they bade
Fear and awe throughout did pervade.
Their indication was action, their word was law;
Ached this land with fear and awe.
(wherefore faded their fame so high) in
Faint and feeble to fan out a fly.
Those in the height of their conquest fell.
The fourteen worlds were a smaller belt,
Alas, their life-less flames lie as chaff
On a pyre of cubits three and a half.

On the sightly peaks of Bhaleri behold,
Erects the sun the throne of gold.
Patches of shadow on the reefs to view,
Changes the landscape from russet to blue.
Lulling the slopes with tinkles and tolls,
Flocks of sheep return from the knolls.

Victors’ corpse: A few other invaders like Raktabahu have also succumbed to the gaps of the Chilka.
N. B.—Raktabahu is here addressed as a demon. It is more for the craze of his plunder than for any thing else.

Fourteen worlds: Indicates the unending feature of the Universe.

Cubits three-and-a-half: Among the Hindus the custom is to cremate the dead bodies which is more scientific. The pyre on which the corpse is placed is 3½ cubits or 63”.

Flocks of sheep: Earlier it has been said that there are many villages near-by of cowmen and shepherds.
Marching buffaloes' crepitate notes
In grim resonance the forest floats.
Smokes of dust sprung from the hoofs
Of the stampede enshroud the forest roofs.

The singing 'aras' were winging to rest
From the lake to the forest, in the trees or the nest.
Russet rays of the eve on their feathers rolled
Cast the lustre of dazzling gold.
Beads of diamond spreading on the landscape
The sun reposed on Bhaleri's lap.
Films of clouds were plucking with care
To anadem their robes these amulets rare.
Mother earth w'th these golden rays
Toilets with grace her sightly face.

Autumn's blithesome fringe of the day
Prosperity's pleasant house of play.
Divers colours and sportive parts
Nature displays in different arts.
Wider Bhaleri's extensive shadow
Gaps in accord the eastern meadow.
Saffron rays of the gloaming in smiles
That kissed the tops of the rifts and the isles,
Fast faded that kinglier sight
Shaded by the saple canopy of the night.

Wicks on the Chilka the crescent of the eve:
In remorse the dove its consort did leave.

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Forest : Including forest roads.
Stampede : The repairing stampede.
Ara : An amphibious singing bird. A tiny bird of mixed colour, it is nice looking and sharp flying. It has neat white furs which are used by farmers for fancy's sake.
The charming, conjuring, crepuscular dust
When seen sprayed on thy blue-watered beach
One feels as though a mansion of pearls
Cleaving the womb of the lake it hurts.
On the fringe of the lake, on the isles and rocks,
Many a bird perching flocks.
And many a saint from the rocky layers
Descend in calm for the gloaming prayers.

Full and serene on the western bay
Staging its role gorgeous and gay
Hangs the fringe of the day in charm
On the occident regions’ magnificent form.
Blessing the space with its brazen bloom.
Looms the moon from the eastern womb.
The pilot star and the moon serene
Hold the sway like king and queen.
The orient dame bathed in snow
Shines supreme besmeared with glow.

Tender and soft with cynthian beams
Toileting her face spangles and gleams

---650---

---660---

_The Dove_: With the close of the day the couple keeps separate from each other. This incident is liked by almost all the ancient poets of India, both Sanskrit and colloquial. It is profusely used as a simile by many poets.

_Many a saint_: The mountains in the core of the Chilka were conducive to human habitation. The area is quite healthy. Hence saints and Sadhus find their asylum in the mounts even to-day.

_Pilot Star_: The evening star first revealed...

_Orient dame_: The eastern orbit personified.

_Bathed in snow_: Mostly a description of the rising evening.
The east and the west both from their side
Display their beauty and glamour with pride.
The east done with lunar rays,
Indued in saffron the western space
Divines, 'the ethereal whole is a blend of the demigods'
A part is Parvati, a part is Sambhu.
Sweep thy extensive waters azure
The beams of the moon, sweet and pure.
Fishing boats on the eastern fair
Shine picturesque here and there
The busy boatsman throughout the day
Fishing, as he could, on the mouth of the bay.
And marking the evening star in slow
Mounting the mount of Bhaleri does glow.
Fixing his thoughts on his home and hearth
Happily rows backwards in stealth.
Kavisurya, the sun of the poets of this land,
His nectarial songs melodious, grand.

Parvati & Sambhu: The primordial parents. As Sir Edwin puts it, the symbolised factors of Light and Virtue.

Fixing his thoughts: This indicates that the boatmen continue their pursuits in the Chilka for days together.

Kavisurya: He was the best and finest poet of Orissa. He was the 2nd stalwart who united the entire Orissa by adopting linguistic moderation in his writings. He was again the first revolutionary who introduced foreign vocabularies, Urdu camp language, Hindi terms and even dravidian usages in his compositions. He created an era in Oriya language through his unique success in weaving out the finest textures of literature by using those broken threads of colloquial Oriya terms which were almost extinct from poetic
The rowing boatsman with his enviable tone
Sings on his journey here in this zone.
And beseesms this music the zephyr of the lake
Far and wide with its waves does take.
The notes of these songs as the soul of delight
Sways over the lofty lake outright.
Dight in white silvery rays,
Smile the directions in lovelier grace
His axium drifts me deep into the thought,
"Let frozen past be forgotten fast". —690

usage. His selection of notes, modes, reeds and rhymes were at once sweet and pleasing coupled with height and elevation. The period from 1796 to 1855 was indeed happy and auspicious for Orissa in having this poet.

Unlike his predecessors this poet has tried to go down to the language of the common man of Orissa. He was the author and he was the actor of many of his writings to find out if what he was writing would suit to the liking of the ordinary man. His writings were adored by all, from the Royal Durbar to the humble hamlet, from the baron to the beggar. His language was chaste and simple, his approach was social and psychological and his presentation was ideal and emulative.

He spent his career in a place, Athgarh, which is about 17 miles from the western coast of the Chilka. His popular songs and melodies are daily recited and sung by the fishermen of the Chilka. The influence of literature of Kavisurya is responsible for the culture of these fishermen. The poet, Radhanath, was overwhelmed at hearing the recitals of Kavisurya in the mouths of the fishermen during his visit to the area.
The flame of his music, the variety of his art,
In a state supper sensual stations my heart.
Higher and higher soars the mind
The invaluable secret of his music to find.
Blessed indeed the muse who, at His command,
Stages her character here on this land.
"Hail to thee, O, erudite bard,
Your auspicious birth was deigned by the Lord.
The burial consumed, no doubt, your frame,
But the victor of time is alone your name. —700

Let frozen past: This is a faithful translation of one of the lines from Kavisurya. Despite odds, the poet was optimistic.

Music: His music and setting was par excellent. His creative command and independence in the sector of music earned for him the title of the father of "Oddissi songs".

Blessed the Muse: Here Roy Radhanath is in the fullest appreciation of Kavisurya. The muse had adequate reason to thank herself for she could express herself in all the fullness thro’ the pen of Kavisurya which was a grace of the Lord designed on Utikal.

Stages her character: Literature was in its efflorescent culmination and the powerful pen of Kavisurya was responsible for it. Truly speaking the speck of the Oriya literature that symbolised the 18 Zamindaris of Ganjam district and the whole of Puri onwards from the later half of the 19th century trace its roots to the writings and novel introductions of Kavisurya.

Erudite bard: Kavisurya — originally his name was Baldev Rath. He was conferred the title of ‘Kavisurya’, meaning the sun of poets, by the Raja, Sri Ram
In the field of letters your character sublime
Would forever be waved in the hands of time"
Seized by the greed of fishing at last
The boatsmen kindle and burn the mast.
An infernal form with charm is sight;
Deadly to touch though dearly to sight.
Bereft of foresight as the fools at last
Succumb to the gaps of destruction fast,
Likewise plunging head long to the boat
The fishes succumb to the huntmens' plot.

The swinging boat on the tossing tides
Now is seen now again it hides.
And oft is concealed the wavered mast
As the hopes in the poor are born and lost.
In silent paces the night is in;
Serenity, calmness replace the din.
The aerial, space, the water and the land,
Beamed, spangled, shine forth grand.
Reveals this grandeur, grotesque and gloss,
The earth is treated with a mercurial wash

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Chandra Chhotroy of Jalantra Estate, probably in the year 1853. He was the poet laureate of Utkal in the year 1855 and was given the title ‘Rayaguru’ i.e. the Royal Preceptor. He was well-read, well-travelled and well-gifted.

*Forever be waved*: He has been immortalised thro’ his writings.

*Boatsmen kindle*: The fish gallop and succumb to the light.
The fishing art in the night in the Chilka is a pleasing sight to see.

*Infernal form*: The poet does nor stand the sight that light should assume the role of a killer.
Smeared with the beams the rocks and the isles
Reflect in the waters of the lake in smiles.
Forests and the knolls and peaks how fine
Attired in silver immaculate they shine.
On the surface of soft leaves, on the granites thee
The beams reflected serene and clean.
Kissed and clasped shade and light
Promote the forest's charm and sight.
The sight resembles the picture of *Hara*,
With the moon on his head, on his body the cobra.—730
Serene and suave the mountainous belt;
Hardly the hum of human is felt.
*Universal music*, the music of the spring,
Magnificence and magnitude of the night they sing.
Beseems obsessed of this *complicated age*
Peace reposed here on this stage.
These are, Chilka, your beauties supreme,
Feasting, felicitous, sceneric, serene.

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**Hara**: The God symbolising destruction. The Chilka's isles and the mounts is compared with the form of Hara, the ripples of the Chilka with that of the cobra and the row of candle lights with the moon.

N. B.—Kavisurya and the culture of this region are intermingled. Hence Roy Radhanath does not try to introduce any poet in his composition other than Kavisurya.

**Universal music**: Sound of the space felt in sequesteredness.

**Complicated age**: The poet always welcomed frankness and clarity. He was, therefore, disappointed to note that his world should have suffered from inconsistencies. It was obvious that he enjoyed much peace at seeing Chilka in all its beauty, serenity and perspicacity.
The token of the collective beauty of the world
Here on your artistic nature unfurled.

To enjoy this beauty, this happiness on the spot
Me-thinks always is not in my lot.
With the crime of my attached routine in this world,
Headlong, at length, to its prison house hurled.
How alas, I feel heavy and uneasy
This life is spent futile, restless and busy.
As the captive in confinement recollect at last
The days of his freedom and how he lost,
How unhappy I feel the moment I think
In the din and bustle of the world shall I sink. —750

Attached routine: It is clear that Roy Radhanath was, in his latter days, for unattached action as propounded by the Bhagavad Gita. Despite his trials he could not be away from attached routine. This stationed him in heaviness throughout. Like Gandhi he held attached routine as a sort of crime, which courts one in the prison of misery.

This life is spent futile: Roy Radhanath here aims at preoccupations and struggle for existence.

The captive in confinement: It is evident from these lines that the freedom movement of India had considerable influence on Radhanath. “Swaraj our birth right” passed in the Nagpur Session of the A. I. C. C. in 1908 under the Presidentship of Bal Gangadhar Tilak had its indirect impact on the writer.

How unhappy I feel: This evidently discloses that the poet was more saintly in his disposition. Worldly botherations often beset him. He aimed more at peace and solitude in his latter career.
Withal in the corridor of memory always
Thou, O, Chilka, would ramble in grace.
Crave your farewell, dear Chilka, let me go.
Constrained to the painful world shall I throw.
The evening of my life on your western brink
To lead in calm a day did I think.
Easily the craze of beauty to cherish
Here on your shores a day did I nourish.
Had times and fortune favoured my hopes
By now could I settle on your beautious slopes.
By the heels of Jatia my Ashram could I raise;
And how calm could I pass the end of my days.

Painful world: This strikes that the poet had undergone severe on- sloughts before. The laurels of service did not give him the desired peace. His lean constitution, constant indispositions added also to his stoicism. His love disappointments, financial worries are also responsible to errupt in him elements of disinterestedness to the world. Add to this he was a very good sanskrit scholar and the ephemeral character of the world as emphasised in the sanskrit texts left such impressions in his mind as ventilated in this book.

Evening of my life: It is, therefore, evident that during the latter part of his life he visited Chilka and wrote his book on it.

Beauty to cherish: A pure nationalist and a lover of Nature, Radhanath was a sincere, devout and a faithful worshipper of beauty too.

Heels of Jatia: The feet of Jatia are sightly and attractive.

Asram: A place of peace, purity and shelter.
But, alas, like the flippant shadows cast
Hopes ended in hopes at last.
What fool am I to have but rolled
The cream of my days in the scum of the world.
To identify my state with the wealthier team
Even for a moment never did I dream.
Their times, they spend in merriment and play
Luxury and enjoyment is life they say.

Sterile and stony beseems this lot
On different environment this life is wrought

To have but rolled: Here the heart of the poet is ventilated.
Wealthier team: The poet hints at the social situation of his time. He knew that many have amassed wealth and turned rich by unfair means. To him, therefore, the wealthy means a sort of exploiters with no sacrifice. The literature of Marx evidently seems to have its influence on him. He has never selected the effluent as the subject of his text nor has he spared to expose the rich for their usury and exploitation.

Luxury and enjoyment: Indian life proverbially goes with philosophical pursuits. That his India should have clung so much to materialism was what that hurt him more.

Sterile and stony: He of late cultivated a life of restraint. He saw life from log cabin to white house and was convinced that cherishment of material ends is no achievement of the real goal of life. His position as a provincial education head brought for him contact and association of many ruling chiefs and men of material eminence. Their lavish offers were not wanting. But, a wise man as he was, he kept away from them and observed devout restraint throughout.
Futile this existence, a continued strife
A living death it is, not a death in life!
From beginning to the end, today and the morrow
Subjected as I to the stripes of sorrow.
The tragedy of life in the teacher that wrought
Avowed I preferred to be his taught.
In the eye of wisdom, with downcast cast,
To see all around am I used at last.

Futile this existence etc.: He was obsessed by the false routine of this world. The real vision of life that he sought for could not be achieved.

Stripes of sorrow: Struggle that paid no real return. Radhanath well to do, his father, Sundernarain was a staunch disciplinarian. He had a large family behind to maintain. He, therefore, entrusted the management of this family to Radhanath even during his teens. This stood in the way of his higher education. The beginning career of the poet, therefore, was also not happy.

The tragedy in the teacher that wrought: For the entire sixties of the 19th century want and paucity scared his village, Kedarpur and his district, Balasore, in naked awfulness. This brought about a sort of moral breakdown in the head of the family, Shri Sunder narain. Here his teacher meant, perhaps his father under whose care and guidance the career of Radhanath was built. The other inference is general: Radhanath, perhaps, means those authors of the texts who experimented austerity on themselves.

Down cast: Wisdom and downcast can not go together. But the poet tries to aver here that sorrow often captures the wise. But this is not correct. When wisdom is eclipsed by sorrow it is dejection.
Comforts and happiness, - people that term,
With salutations I keep away from them.
The term, happiness, is misleading and false
Never is lasting; it comes to pass.
Not matter it is but a smoky gas,
As though a castle of sand in the space.
Infatuated at the mirage of the world the mind,
Captured by its charm groopes in blind.
But aware of that happiness, frothy and frail.
To appreciate the world perhaps I fail.

—790

Yearning mind, therefore, soars
To lead a life on thy caves and shores.
The store house of peace, - in those caves recluse,
How apt, undisturbed would I serve the muse.
Bhanja, the hero of the poets of this land,
Baldev whose writings are noble and grand;

Comfort and happiness etc: His deep knowledge in the scriptures and religious texts is evident. He has aptly inserted in vernacular here the 22nd couplet of chapter-5 of the Bhagavadgita. The words of the Bible seems also to have had considerable influence on him. He seems to have been moved while reading about Lord Jesus, the giver of all happiness, “He delivered his strength unto captivity, and his glory unto the enemy’s hands.”

Mirage of the world: The transitory character of the world is emphasized here.

Bhanja: Udendra Bhanja. He was born in the 1st nineties of the 17th century. As Kalidasa is to India, Upendra Bhanja is to Orissa. All that Irving speaks of Shakespeare to the English world of Oriya literature. Upendra Bhanja was difficult to understand, but once understood appreciation was spontaneous
These are the twins of the mistress of learning.
(Whose heart for novel art was yearning)
Here in your caves relishing in calm
Sweet your grace and sweetlier thy form

Resigned in calm to the service of letters,
(Severing the world’s subjugate fetters).

and assimilation was easy. His expression were profound, command was perfect, and his presentations were thrilling and romantic. In descriptive literature he was practical, frank and free. His satire was attired with height and elevation throughout. All his writings were of extraordinary high order. Here and there he has displayed linguistic acrobatics, more perhaps to maintain the modesty of his subject than to be deliberately decorative. He was inimitable and his erudition was exquisite. His contributions were the largest and the richest. He was, therefore, conferred the title of the “Emperor of poets”. He hated poetic concealments, he shunned inconsistencies in expression and he never suffered from mental reservations.

Twins: Upendra Bhanja and Baldev. Each was excellent in his own way and each succeeded in introducing novelties in Oriya literature.

Relishing in calm: The poet regarded these two poets and relished their writings more than of any one else.

Sweet thy grace: Both Upendra Bhanja and Baldev derived inspiration from the Chilka. Both during their respective times had occasion to live by the Chilka for a decade or even more.

Resigned in calm etc: Upendra Bhanja of Ghumsoor seems to have spent some of his years at Banpur situated on the northern bounds of the Chilka. The natural
Where is that favour, wherefore am I?
A dream in the wake I visualise well nigh.
Oftentimes before anxious and eager,
Drunk with the cup of hope and vigour,
In that wishful state of a sense I thought,
All my aims to action were wrought.
What dunce am I unaware of my days
To have built in mind the structure I grace.

It is like plucking the flowers from the bough
Of a tree standing on the skies above,
It is, as though, in the mirage a bath,
(False, festidious, fruitless like froth.)
A shadow of the future cast by my eyes
Disrupted my thoughts with a heave of sighs.

environment here was more congenial and charming. Some of his best writings, viz., Koti Bramhanda Sundari (a novel in rhymes were written here. Roy Radhanath, therefore, desired to spend his last days on the banks of the Chilka.

Unaware of my days: The future is undefinable. He refused to accept always that one is the weilder of his own destiny. There is some one above man and we are to abide by his desires and dictates.

Plucking flowers etc: He realised that servitude often consumed the fortitude of man. He, therefore, knew that since he was in service it was not possible for him to fix up his permanent stay on the banks of Chilka. And again the events that would take place after his retirement was not known to him. To him, therefore, he was not thinking on correct practical lines.

Disrupted my thoughts etc: Here the poet steps into complexities. It is difficult to catch him and mark his
In the darkness of that shadow I marked in dismay:  
The spectre of frustration, its perfidious play.  
Thy form, O, Chilka, beautious and kind  
Chased this agree in a moment from the mind.  

_Holder of veena_, O, mother of weal,  
Thou art unkind to us we feel.  
(Tell us, O, mother, what is our sin  
That we may explain thy grace to win )

_Beauty's store house_ is Orissa's form;  
_Bereft of your grace_ futile this charm.

deficits. The only obvious point is he is indecisive.  
He is perhaps unable to program his line of action.  
Whether what he would do would be on correct lines  
he does not know. He is beset and seems to embark  
on bewilderment.

_Frustration etc_: The inner motive is something else. The  
poet could not give vent to this motive since the  
time, circumstance, position and the rules of conduct  
set by the Government did not permit him to do so.  
As the head of a state education he had, occasion to  
see how teams of children of his land do not find  
scope for proper education due, mainly, to want and  
violation of proper facility. He was hurt at this state  
but at the same time was completely helpless.

_Holder of veena_: The goddess of music and literature.

_Here it lies_: The Chilka.

_What is our sin_: These lines make obvious the inner cravings  
of the poet he never endured to see Orissa any more  
in the grip of ignorance; but since he felt that his  
desire was not going to be implemented during his  
time he felt frustrated.

_Beauty's store house_: This fact need hardly be emphasised.
Devoid, O, Mother, of your care of late
*Famished and zade* is Orissa's state.
Here it lies as the forest flower;
*Unsmelt*, unenjoyed its fragrance and flavour.

A tiny flow is *Sisra*; its name
Is known to the world as the river of fame.

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**Bereft of your grace etc**: The only sad feature in the form of Orissa's beauty was want of class, and why, mass education.

**Famished and zade**: Because Orissa is uneducated and was deprived of holding positions it could not put forth its difficulties in the proper quarters for a redress. Its lot was therefore, to succumb to want. And again the greatness of natural Orissa remains unknown to the outside world as we have no pen, press or platform, so strong as to support our cause.

**Unsmelt etc**: The beautiful parts of Utkal, the rivers, lakes, caves and mountains, temples and places of archeological interest, still remain unknown to the people outside. From all sides and in all phases their beauty and nature are exquisite and superb.

**Sipra**: A small stream called as such in Ujjain in northern India. Kalidasa in his text Raghuvansam has given mention of this river. Research enthusiasts about Kalidasa and his life have of late found that river Genguti was being termed as Sipra. This river is a branch of the Mohanadi and passes thro' the foots of Ratnagiri, about 37 miles from Cuttack. On the banks of this river a village also by name Sipra or Sipura still exists. Genguti in sanskrit means lime clay which indicates the nature of the soil. The soil here is actually so. Kalidasa has also used the term Genguti in many places. It seems evident, therefore,
But our great Mahanadi to-day is mum;  
And remains perhaps known to none.  
Puskar, the flow of a trifling size  
Prayed and proffered to-day by the wise.  
But the lake of Ansupa, beautiful and don,  
Remains in the back ground ignored, unknown.  
When man, O, Mother, is devoid of your grace  
The great descend to the small in an ace.

And the moment thy bounteous grace is cast  
The 'mean' becomes 'the mighty' fast.  
The puny Gobardhan touched by thy grace  
A role, as the king of mountains, it plays.  
And all in respect and regard do greet  
As a great and famous pilgrimage seat.

that the name Genguti was after the nature of the soil and the name ‘Sipra’ is after the village. The description of Sipra also synchronises with the location and the sight of this river. Puspagiri-Mahabhar, one of the famous Universities of ancient India flourished here. It is now held that Kalidas took his study courses here, was born in this region, loved this area though he sujourned throughout India to give display to his parts.

Pushkar: A small lake near Ajmer.

Ansupa: A sizable lake near Banki about 38 miles to the south west of Cuttack. The poet does not covet the fame of these places in other parts of India. What he means is that smaller things assume prominence when great men give mention of them. And things of magnitude remain in the back-ground when there are none to appreciate their merits.

The great descend: Here again the poet reiterates his unimpeachable belief in divine disposition.

Mother: The supreme mother.
The sky kissing ‘Meghasan, the Master of mounts
In the panel of mountains scarce it counts.
Orissa bereft of YOUR goodness and grace
In the texts of repute finds not a place

Misfortune it is that the darkness of ignorance,
Enmasks the elements of fame and florescence.
From darkness to dusk, from dawn to day
(Behold the favours of nature at play).

Gobardhan: The mount of Gobardhan. It is in Brindaban.
It was the sports area of Lord Srikrishna. At a period of cyclone it provided shelter to the cow boys and also served fodder and green foliage to the entire cow kingdom of the area at the finger indication of our Lord. It has, behind it, a hallowed history. Since this was a sportive spot of the Lord this small hillock is today the first-rate place of pilgrimage of the entire Hindu India.

Meghasan: The highest mountain of Orissa, in the district of Mayurhanj.

Texts of repute: The poet is pained to note that such a land of beauty and historic interest should have remained obscure.

From darkness etc: The poet is sanguine that if not today, some day or other illiteracy and ignorance from Orissa will be dispelled. With the advent of Swaraj this ambition has been cherished to a large extent. But in order to quell this mass spell, Radhanath banked much upon the help and patronage of the ruling chiefs of Orissa. Truely speaking the 36 Ruling chiefs of Orissa made almost an united effort to ward the scourge of illiteracy from Orissa. With this determinate aim in view they themselves wrote many
In no time the lot of culture of this land
W’ld bloom forth smiling serene and grand.
The morning star of the Ganges mark,
Riseth at the close of this darkness stark.
It is the hallowed Bamra’s chief
The adored Basudeva, the harbinger of relief.

For all the future retained his name
In the quill of quality carving his fame.
(Methinks now on Orissa’s spot)
Pales, how soon, ignorance to nought.

books and were the distinguished authors of many valuable volumes. Not only that; they also took to translation and editing. They earned for themselves the role of poets, patrons, promoters and preceptors. Sonepur, Bolangir, Bamra, Mayurbhanj, Keonjhar and Kalahandi have definitely gone down in the history of linguistic revolution and literary renaissance of Orissa. In the ex-zamindari areas of Ganjam the ruling chiefs of Parlakhemundi, Dharakote, Chikati and Surangi and Athgarh deserve top rank mention. Roy Radhanath here gives mention to a few of such patrons.

The morning star of the Ganges: Sir Basudeb Sudhal Deb of the state of Bamra. His contributions to the cause of Oriya literature were of no mean order. He was a poet and a patron of poets. Radhanath’s visit to this state was in the year 1908. Shortly after his return he died at Cuttack. His visit to Turikhol in Bamra was well commemorated: The Ruling Chief of Bamra, Sari Satchidanand, has inscribed a self composed poem about the poet. It is thought provoking. It is again clear proof of the ruler’s love and respect to the poet.
And mark on the east on the advent of this morn,
Sparks of culture anew are born.
And behold the gem, the scion of the sun line
Ascends in our east hopeful and fine.
*Sri Ramachandra* he is, the well deserved name
To dispel our darkness of ignorance he came.

*Meghasan* crowned with radiant shine
Whose arbour is his place of pleasant pastime
Full at his command *shooting and its art*
In the drive of coursers how dexterous and smart.

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**Pales ignorance etc**: With the birth of these good men the poet visualises that better days for Orissa will usher in.

**Sri *Ramchandra* Bhanj**: The ruling chief of the state of Mayurbhanj. His liberal donations are responsible to establish many seats of culture and learning in Orissa. He was extremely good and kind to all the citizens of Orissa. Those who wished to do something good to the collective cause of Orissa, received his help. Poets, writers, politicians and nationalists—all alike found shelter and solace under his liberal arms.

**The well deserved name**: He was kind to his subjects. He was never exacting. He was patient, prudent, polite and astute.

**Meghasan**: The highest mountain in the state of Mayurbhanj. Meghasan in sanskrit means the seat of the clouds.

**Shooting and its art**: He was deft in the art of shooting. He maintained the aristocracy of a true Khatriya throughout.
The lotes worthy of bestowal to the muse
Favoured by this time would bloom in profuse.
Bhanja like the novel sun of grace
Rising scatters affable rays.
Served by these beams the lotus would blow
In the heart of poets smiling and slow.

With them, O, Mother of learning and art
(Adored in the cushion of lotus as thou art).
Sons and daughters of Utkal would resign
Unto thy service blessed and benign.
Again these ravishing rays would soothe
Thy bounds, O Chilka, rough and smooth.
(And aware of this fact your felicitous spot
Acts aptly to promote our thought.)
Fitting, favourable, felicitous thy spot,
The emanating source of wisdom and thought

Poets and the learned and all of that rank
Would chose to spend their days on thy bank.
Donating, as a pleasure lake, to their delight thou then
Would win the love of all the men.

Lote: To the Indians this flower is the token of all that is good. It is widely used in the poetic sector. The conferment of “Padma Bhusan” and “Padmasri” by the Government of India to eminent men in the respective sectors of their achievements is rightly cherished.

Bhanja: Shri Ramchandra Bhanja Deo of Mayurbhanj and not like the one as confused in the commentaries of the book “Dasapoie”.
Cushion of lotus: The goddess of learning is seated on the bed of lotus which signifies wisdom. Prosperity and well-being is attached to the bloom and freshness of the lotus.

Resign unto thy service: The literature of a nation signifies its greatness. To see, therefore, that every son and daughter of Utkal should devote to the cause of literature was the inner urge of Ray Radhanath.

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