JIVAGA CHINTAMANI

A

PAPER READ

BY

RAI BAHADUR SALEM RAMASAWMY MUDALIAR, M.A., B.L.,

BEFORE THE

GRADUATES' ASSOCIATION.

Madras:

PRINTED AT THE NATIONAL PRESS,
100, MOUNT ROAD.

1891.

JIVAGA CHINTHAMANI—A PAPER READ BEFORE THE GRADUATE'S ASSOCIATION

BY

S. RAMASAWMY MUDELLIAR.

THE paper I am going to read before you to-night is on Jivaga Chinthamani, a great Tamil epic poem. The name of this poem stands first among the five great epics, which, with the title of Panchakaviyami are said to exist in the Tamil language. Unfortunately, out of these five, only three appear to have come down to us and every attempt to find out whether the remaining two poems are still in existence has been hitherto unsuccessful. We are indebted to the unremitting zeal of my esteemed friend, Saminatha Ayar, Tamil Pundit in Kumbaconum College, for the publication of this book. He most carefully examined and corrected for nearly five years the numerous manuscripts which he was able to procure from different parts of the Presidency, and he brought out at his own expense, this admirable edition of the book in 1887. Every page of it shows his high scholarly attainments, and his thorough conscientiousness. The step that he took of publishing it at his own cost was rather a hazardous one for his means, and though some generous minded men came to his help after the book was published, he has not yet been able, I fear, to recoup himself for all the labour and money he expended on the undertaking. I bring this matter so prominently to your notice as it shows the great difficulties under which our scholars are labouring at present in carrying out such praiseworthy undertakings, and in the hope that a society may be formed to encourage the publication of such books, which after all are the most enduring monuments of the greatness of a nation. Little is known about the author of this great poem, and the time when he lived. I cannot however

agree with the late Dr. Bower in the opinion expressed by him in his edition of the First Book of the poem which was prescribed as a text-book for the B. A. Examination in 1870, that the author lived about 7 or 8 hundred years ago. He certainly lived long before Kamban, whose great work the Ramayanam in Tamil seems to have been composed more than a thousand years ago. There is plenty of internal evidence to show that Kamban must have studied this book most carefully, as he has borrowed largely ideas, and images from it, though like all true men of genius, he has reproduced them enriched a hundredfold from the vividness of his own imagination, and embodied them in words of unrivalled beauty which his command over all the resources of the Tamil language enabled him to do. There can however be little doubt that the present work is one of the most ancient poems now existing in the Tamil language. The name of the author is given as Thiruthakka Thevar. He belonged to the Jain sect and the poem itself was written to commemorate the heroic deeds of a Jain King, and to instil into the minds of its readers, the best principles embodied in that religion. The author himself says in the last verse that the poem was merely a garland he had woven in praise of Aruga to be placed at his feet. Mr. Saminatha Ayar states in his preface that the story of Jivagan is to be found in Sanskrit also. It would be an interesting question to find out whether the poet took his story from Sanskrit, or whether the latter is merely a reproduction of the story from his work. That question however has only an antiquarian interest, and may be left alone for the present. Before I proceed to deal with the poem itself, I have a word to say about the commentary. The Commentator is the great Nachinarkiniyar who has laid all students of Tamil literature under a heavy obligation by his invaluable commen-

taries on many of the best books in the language. It is said that he was a Sivite Brahmin, who lived in Madura, but the information available about him also, is very scanty. It is not too much to say that, but for his valuable commentary on this poem, which is said to have been the result of several years' labour, many portions of it would be quite unintelligible now. The praise bestowed on him by Rev. Bower, that his comments are the masterly productions of a logical mind is well deserved. The commentary is always to the point and lucid. The grammatical and other difficulties are explained with great care and precision. I have however to confess that I have not adopted his interpretation of the verses, in all instances. The tradition is that he submitted his first commentary to the great Jain scholars of his day, but they did not approve of his interpretation of the verses apparently when the result of such interpretation was to lower the character of the hero in the eyes of the public. In order therefore to remove this dissatisfaction, which an interpretation based on the plain meaning of the words seemed to produce in the minds of the Jains, the commentator twisted and tortured the words in some instances to extract from them a meaning more in harmony with the feelings of the Jain community. Having no such difficulties in my way, I have accepted the plain meaning of the words. With these few prefatory remarks, I shall now proceed to give you a brief analysis of the poem itself, endeavouring to the best of my power to present in an English dress some of the noble thoughts, pathetic incidents, and fine imagery with which the poems abounds. In the words of the Rev. P. Percival, quoted in Dr. Bower's preface, "the work is so replete with credible incidents, so wrought up by the vigour of literary talent, so interspersed with remarks involving the keenest introspection into the grounds of human action, so rich in religious sentiment, so redolent of all the attrac-

tions of poetic genius, so full of circumstances evincing the condition of the arts and the customs of social life at the period of its composition, that the scholar, the poet, and the antiquary must be equally impressed in favour of the talent of the author and the unrivalled power of the language in which he has embodied the splendid creations of his imagination." I feel that my powers of expression are too feeble to do full justice to the poet, but I still hope to be able to give you a general idea of the character of the book, and I sincerely trust that the interest that I may create in the minds of such of you as know Tamil will induce you to read the book for yourselves and thus form a true estimate of its merits. The poem opens with an invocation addressed to that Supreme Being who is the permanent abode of all great qualities and the source of all true happiness, and whose praise is heard in all the three worlds. The author next pays his obeisance to the assembly of the learned and the wise, whose support will enable him to carry out successfully the work he has undertaken. He offers his apology for the imperfections in his book and begs his wise readers to use their good sense to extract and beautify the thought embodied in his faulty words as they would wash a precious stone to purify it and see it in its true glory. Would anybody reject corals and pearls found in the sea, because the sea water is saltish? Why should they deal otherwise with his words? The author then proceeds to give a brief outline of the story he has to narrate. This concludes his preface. The poem itself is divided into thirteen books or Ilambagams, most of them being named after the ladies whose espousal by him is described in the book. The first is called Namagalambagam, so called after the goddess of learning, whom he may be said to have espoused in his youth. The poet says that he would first describe the beauty of the

country, Emangatham, over which the King Sachanthan father of Jevagan, the hero of the poem, ruled. As rain is the source of all prosperity in a tropical country, the poet gives a short description of the rainy season. He describes how the black clouds gathered on the mountain tops like droves of elephants and melted into rain in lightning and thunder; how the impetuous torrent descending from the mountain sides carried the wealth of the mountain into the plains, and flooded the river Saravu which flowed through the country; how the cultivators, collected in hundreds of thousands on the banks, directed the powerful current into channels for irrigating their lands. The poet then describes the agricultural operations from the yoking of the huge oxen and buffaloes to the plough, to the gathering in of the harvest in mountain-like heaps. The poet describes in glowing and often hyperbolical terms the fertility of the soil and the fruitfulness of the trees. He gives a vivid description of the picturesque appearance of the country during the harvest season. The innumerable carts loaded with produce of various kinds moving in slow procession, the rows of buffaloes returning home with their udders full to overflowing after feeding on the plentiful grass, the gladdening notes of birds heard in all directions, and the innumerable other features of a land to which nature has been bountiful. He refers also to the amusements of the people such as ram-fights, cock-fights, &c., witnessed by eager crowds, and concludes with a description of the buildings scattered all over the country where the way-farer could get food and fruits, water and flowers for the mere asking. In the language of the poet this earthly paradise is the place where men should live whether the object they have in view is to lead a life of austerity and self-denial or a life of pleasure and enjoyment, and whether they wish to prosecute study or heap up wealth. The poet next des-

cribes the capital of this country known by the name of Rajamapuram which was environed by countless gardens and tanks. The city was divided into three parts. In the outer part were to be found stalls for elephants and the places set apart for various kinds of exercise, such as driving chariots, riding horses, practising the use of swords, bows, &c. In the middle part, where the din of voices speaking the eighteen languages was to be heard as if the ocean had broken its bounds, were huge buildings whose tops seemed to touch the clouds. The inner part or city proper was surrounded by a deep moat and a high wall on which were mounted all kinds of weapons and machines of attack and defence. The poet describes the various parts of this inner city beginning with the locality occupied by prostitutes who, for a few coins of gold varying from one to a thousand pieces, sold their persons to the best bidder. There was every thing in their houses to attract the eye and the ear of the visitor, the floor rubbed with sandal, the beds strewn with flowers, and the walls hung with garlands and painted with scenes appealing to the softer passions of man. They themselves were adorned with jewels and flowers and dressed in silken garments while the odour of sandal and scented powder pervaded their person. The ear was charmed by the sweet music proceeding from their fine voices and from the musical instruments, which they touched with consummate skill. The whole scene was such as to make a man believe for the time that he was in paradise. The poet next describes the bazaars ranged for miles in straight rows with their valuable stores of precious metals, stones, silk and other merchandise heaped up in profusion, with the busy buyers going in and out like bees swarming in a hive. He then describes the palatial buildings occupied by the rich, the numerous temples devoted to the worship of Aruga and the busy thoroughfares crowded with elephants

and chariots. The sound of music and rejoicing was to be heard everywhere; all the year round there were festivals celebrated and sacrifices performed. He describes next the palace of the king with its four domes and its inclosed garden. After this preliminary description of the surroundings, the poet takes up the thread of the story of king Sachanthan. Nature had showered on him her choicest gifts—beauty and strength, wealth and liberality, valour and kindness. The poet describes him as one whose anger against his enemies was as deadly as the poison of the cobra, but whose kindness to those who sought his protection was as soul-stirring as ambrosia. His wife whose name was Vijia, was the daughter of the king of Vedaya. Her beauty was such as to command the admiration of even celestial beings. The poet admits that it would be difficult to give an adequate description of her person but still makes an attempt. He gives a description of all her features from head to foot—her jet black hair, her forehead shaped like the crescent moon, her lips red like the cova fruit, her well shaped nose, her eyebrows which looked as if they had been drawn by a master painter, her large eyes which sent a thrill of pleasure even into the heart of an ascetic, her small ears, her fine neck, her tapering fingers, her swelling breasts which enslaved the heart of the beholder and seemed a fit residence for gods, her slender waist, her smooth and beautifully shaped thighs, her well turned ankles and her small delicate feet. The description however is so general that each reader is welcome to fill in the details from the features of the lady he admires most. The king had fallen in love with her, even before she came to live with him from her father's house. He had painted her on the canvass of his heart and sanctified and worshipped her as if she were a deity, offering to her the flowers of his devotion and the water of his love. But when she actually

came to live with him he was completely caught in the toils of her love. Like a celestial drinking the divine nectar or a bee sucking the honey from a lotus flower or an elephant chewing the sweet juice of the sugarcane, or a bird pecking at a ripe fruit he drank the intoxicating cup of pleasure and enjoyment without getting ever tired of it. He utterly neglected the affairs of state which got into confusion. Among his ministers there was one called Kattiangaran, whom the king loved as his own life. He sent for him and after informing him how unbearable it was to him to be separated from his wife even for a moment, he asked him to attend to the affairs of State in his stead. The minister offered a faint resistance saying that his accepting the burden of State would be like a dog trying to carry a howdah hitherto carried by an elephant, but he yielded soon to the pressure of the king and was proclaimed as regent in his place. On hearing of this foolish act of the king many of his ministers, chiefly a man called Nimittagan tried their best to alter his mind. Nimittagan enumerated numerous instances of men who, by their exclusive devotion to pleasure, had become the objects of scorn and infamy. To all these remonstrances he only replied that the decrees of fate were unchangeable and the length of a man's life and the extent of his pleasures and sufferings had all been fixed for him at the very time of his conception. Finding the king obstinate all of them desisted. The king attached himself more and more to his wife and never got satiated with the pleasure he derived from her society. While they were passing their time in this way, Vijia had one night a bad dream. She was trembling with fear, when she got up in the morning. After worshipping Aruga she went to her husband and recounted to him the nature of her dream. She saw in her dream, she said, an Asoka tree in full bloom dry up and fall to the ground

and a young plant shoot up from its roots with eight garlands on its top. When she asked him for an explanation of the dream he said that the young plant was her son, and the eight garlands his eight wives, and the old tree was himself, and the dream was a warning that he would die. She swooned when she heard these words, but the king brought her back to consciousness and restored to her composure of mind by pointing out that it was but a dream after all, and she was foolish to be terrified by it. While they spent their days in such sweet intercourse the king came to know that his wife had conceived. At the suggestion of a minister who had misgivings that the downfall of the king was not far off, he ordered a machine, which could move in the air, resembling a peacock to be made by a skilful workman. Vijia was soon taught how to work it. The poet then describes how the downfall of the king soon came about. Kattiangaran, having brought the whole kingdom under his control, told his Councillors one day that some deity which was inimical to the king was always prompting him to put the king to death. The Councillors were thunderstruck when they heard these words. Some of them ventured to point out to him the base ingratitude and sinfulness of the act and the inevitable punishment that would follow it, but such advice only had the effect of exasperating him and confirming him the more in his wicked intention. He soon completed his arrangements for the overthrow of the king and his relatives by making handsome presents to his own partisans and by sending to the jail the friends and relatives of the king. He then took the final step and surrounded the king's palace with his army. When his attendants informed him of it, the king was roused to a sense of his danger and promptly issued orders to them to shut the gates and arm themselves. He turned to his wife and said her dream had come to pass. He tenderly

embraced her and told her that an educated woman like herself, well instructed in the word of God, should not give way to grief like a foolish illiterate woman but bear with fortitude her misfortunes. He pointed out that all human connection was but of a temporary nature and it was but in the nature of things that they should appear and disappear; it was folly to mourn over it. He persuaded her to ascend the machine which he had built and sent her away, entrusting her to the care of God, while the hearts of both were rent with unspeakable grief. He then turned on his enemies like a lion standing at bay and died sword in hand fighting bravely to the last. Thus ended the life, says the poet, of this great King, swallowed up by that serpent called Kattiangaran. A description is given of the obsequies of the King. The poet then relates what befell the bereaved wife who, while leaving the city heard the drums of Kattiangaram beaten in triumph and alas knew but too well what that meant. The machine dropped on the burning ground near the city. While she stood there weeping, she seemed to illustrate, the poet says, the vicissitudes of human greatness—but a moment ago she was like a deity in her palace and now she is in this desolate place surrounded by human skulls, where the lurid flames proceeding from the burning corpses threw a ghastly light around her. The pains of childbirth, seized her there and she was delivered of a son. Her words of anguish love and despair as she stooped over the new-born infant are full of pathos and beauty and one must read the original to realize the picture which the great artist draws, contrasting the surroundings in which the child should have been born, amidst the rejoicings of a whole nation, with his present miserable surroundings and the gloom in which his future was enveloped. The poet then narrates how a Sylvan deity came to the help of Vijia and cheered her up and foretold her that the child would be soon taken proper care of, and would live to rule over the world. By her

advice the mother left the child on the ground with the king's seal ring on its finger and retired from the place to a distance. A merchant named Kanthukadan (கந்துக்கடன்) who came there to bury his dead child saw the infant and hearing it sneeze, while an unknown voice exclaimed "Jiva" which means live, gladly, took it up and going home presented it to his wife Sunandi (சுனந்தை) as her dead child which had revived. Vijia retired to a nunnery in Thandakaranya to pray for the long life and prosperity of her son. The child which was called Jivagan was brought up by Kanthukadan and his wife as one of their own children and given an education befitting his birth. The preceptor, after he had taught the boy everything he had to learn, and given him sound advice as to his conduct in life, revealed to him the secret of his birth and the history of his parents. Jivagan was plunged in a sea of grief and anxiety when he heard the narrative, but was cheered up by his preceptor, who however extorted from him a promise that he would not give vent to his anger for a year more. The first book of the poem closes with the departure of Jivagan's preceptor.

The second book is called Govindiarilambagam. The poet relates how Jivagan recovered from robbers some cattle which they had carried away while the animals were grazing in the forest. The shepherds appealed in the first instance to the king who sent his troops, but when they were defeated by the robbers, he refused to help them further. The head of the shepherds Govindan offered to give his daughter in marriage to the man who was able to recover the cattle from the robbers. Jivagan and his companions attacked and defeated them and recovered from them the cattle they had stolen. In fulfilment of his promise Govindan offered him his daughter in marriage with a suitable dowry, but Jivagan got her married to one of his companions Padumugan as he himself being a kshatria his first wife should, according

to law, be one of his own caste. The second book closes with the marriage of Govindan's daughter to Padumugan.

The third book called Gantharvathathiaril ambagam relates the marriage of Jivagan to Gantharvathathi, the daughter of Kaluzhavakanan (கழுவாகனன்) King of Ganthara. The poet narrates how this came about. There was a merchant in the city of Rajamapuram named Sreethathan. This man carried his merchandise by sea to an island for sale and having disposed of it took his passage back with the money he had earned. On the way he was overtaken by a storm. The poet gives a vivid description of the storm. The sky became overcast; there was terrific thunder and lightning and the rain began to pour. The mast of the ship was broken and the ship itself was soon filled with water and foundered. Srithathan was washed ashore as he had taken hold of a broken mast. He met there a person called Tharan who offered him consolation in his misfortune and taking him to his house treated him with hospitality. Tharan invited Srithathan to go with him to see the king of the place called Kaluzhavahan and related to *him* the prediction made by astrologers when the king's daughter Gantharvathathai was born that she would be married to a man living in Srithathan's own city Rajamapuram and further added that though the king had not given out whether he was going to act on the information given by the astrologers or not, he had still declined the offers made for the hand of the princess who had attained a marriageable age. The two then proceeded to the king's palace. Srithathan was received with great cordiality by the king who after making inquiries as to his connection took him apart and opened to him his mind about his daughter. He told Srithathan that she was a most accomplished musician and that it was his wish to entrust her into his hands to be taken to Rajamaparum and married to the person who was able to

beat her in a musical contest. The mother of the girl was grieved to hear of the way in which her daughter was to be disposed of, but the king pacified her. He loaded Srithathan with rich presents and delivered to him his daughter with a suitable retinue. Srithathan on returning to the sea-shore was rejoiced to find there the ship and his companions both of whom he had taken for lost. Tharan told him that the foundering of the ship was a delusion which he had practised upon him at the instance of the king. Srithathan returned to the city amidst great rejoicings in his family. He built a palace for the residence of Gantharvathathai and after obtaining the king's permission caused it to be proclaimed that she would be given in marriage to the person who excelled her in playing on the lute. On the appointed day Royal princes and brahmins and vysias came in large numbers eager to win her. The poet describes in glowing language the beauty of the palace where the musical contest was to take place. Gandarvathathai fully adorned, was taken in procession to the palace accompanied by her female retinue armedwith bows and arrows. The citizens crowded the streets to see her pass and exclamations of wonder and admiration were heard on all sides at her dazzling beauty. On reaching the hall she seated herself behind a silken curtain and sang accompanying herself with a lute. She sang so well that it was impossible to distinguish between her voice and the sound of the lute. Her male competitors tried their skill one after another but retired with downcast faces, beaten in the contest. It went on for six days with the same result. Jivagan's companions suggested to him that he should show his skill and win the maid. He sent one of his companions to his foster-father to obtain his permission. It was given with reluctance, as he had received warning that very day from some friends in the palace that the king who looked upon Jivagan as a

MAHAMAHOPADHYAYA

formidable rival to himself was very much exasperated with him at that moment because a young dancer whom he wanted to enjoy had shown her preference for Jivagan. The father therefore advised that if Jivagan wished to go to the musical contest he should go with all his companions and dependants well armed. Jivagan and his companions accordingly went there mounted on elephants, chariots, and horses. Armed men accompanied them on foot. When he took his seat Kattiangaran glared at him with anger and surprise. On the other hand everybody else looked at him with admiration at his extreme beauty. The moment Gantharvathathai saw him she lost her presence of mind. Her eyes drank in his beauty while her heart submitted to the overpowering passion of love. He rejected one after another the lutes which were presented to him by Gantharvathathai's maids because they were of faulty make—all but one which he said was faultless like herself but even this he rejected because the string was bad. He called for his own lute and played upon it as an accompaniment to his voice. Everybody present was entranced with the sweet discourse of music. Gantharvathathai thought that his voice and the lute were like a bird and its shadow. When he finished, she began to sing and play on the instrument, but lost command over both. She sat there trembling with shame and sorrow at her defeat. One of her maids held out to her a garland which she received and threw on the neck of her victor in token of accepting him as her husband. When Kattiangaran saw that Jivagan had won her, he roused the jealousy of the princes assembled and instigated them to wrest the prize from Jivagan. Exasperated as they already were with their disgrace and disappointment they gladly accepted his advice and taunted Jivagan with his mean birth. In the fight that ensued Jivagan defeated them and carried home

amidst the rejoicings of the citizens his well-earned bride. His father celebrated his nuptials with her with due pomp. With this marriage the second book of the poem closes.

The third book is, called Gunamaliarilumbagam and in it the poet narrates the story of the marriage of Jivagan to Gunamalai. While he was leading a happy life with Gantharvathathai the spring season came. The citizens went out of the city to celebrate the advent of the season in the gardens adjoining the river. Groups of men and women were to be seen going in palanquins and on elephants carrying the necessary articles for bathing and for amusing themselves. The poet describes a quarrel between two girls Suramanjari and Gunamalai who came to the riverside to enjoy the festival, as to whose scented powder was superior. They lay a wager and send the powders round by their maids for the approval of the people assembled. The girls go at last to Jivagan who by general consent was considered to be the most competent judge in such matters. His decision was in favour of Gunamalai. The other took the defeat to heart and imputing the decision to partiality resolved that she would not see the face of any man till she had brought Jivagan at her feet. She carried out the resolve by shutting herself up in a building to which by the king's orders no male was permitted to go. The poet then returns to the scenes of joy and merriment on the riverside. He describes what Jivagan saw as he moved from group to group of pleasure-seekers-beautiful women bathing with dishevelled hair and disordered clothes or dallying with their lovers on the river bank or playing with balls or swinging themselves to and fro in the swings hanging from the areca trees. The poet then relates the incident of how a dog defiled the food heaped up for the use of Brahmins by eating a mouthful out of it, and how the angry Brahmins nearly beat the animal to

death. Jivagan who happened to pass by, took pity on it and whispered into its ear while it was dying a mantram so that in the next birth at least it might be born as a superior being. The soul of the animal after it left the body took the shape of a celestial who appearing before him, expressed to him his gratitude for the service rendered to him and promised to help him when he stood in need of help. The poet next describes the busy scene of people returning to the city from the pleasure trip and the consternation produced among them by the king's elephant breaking away from its chains and running against the returning crowd in its mad career. He describes the imminent risk which Gunamalai ran of being trampled to death by the elephant and how Jivagan saved her by diverting its attention on himself. When Gunamalai was taken home by her terrified servants she could think of nothing but her gallant rescuer and she began to pine away for him. Nor could Jivagan erase from his memory the handsome maiden whom he had saved and when he drew a picture of it was as he saw her trembling in the presence of the elephant with the terrified look she cast at him. Gunamalai sent a message of love to Jivagan through her parrot and got a reply from him that he reciprocated the love. The inevitable consequence of this mutual love followed, and they were soon united in the bonds of marriage. But they were not long to enjoy each other's society. The king's elephant got sulky and would not take any food. On inquiry, the king came to hear of Jivagan's encounter with it. Fire flashed from his eyes when he heard this and he issued orders to his brother-in-law Mathanan that Jivagan should be arrested at once and brought before him. Mathanan accordingly surrounded Jivagan's house with his men. Jivagan boldly confronted his enemies and prepared to fight, but by his father's advice submitted to the king's order and quietly permitted

himself to be bound with ropes and taken along the streets while the citizens dropped expressions of pity and sympathy for him. The father's attempt to pacify the king was futile and Jivagan would inevitably have been put to death but for his being rescued by the celestial who caused the sky to be overcast by clouds which began to lighten thunder and rain as terrifically as if the end of the world had come. In the intense darkness which overspread the heavens and earth he carried Jivagan away in his arms. When Mathanan found that Jivagan had disappeared he had somebody else hacked to pieces and then reported to the king that he had killed Jivagan for fear he should escape in the darkness. The king was rejoiced to hear it and loaded him with presents. Here the third book ends. I may state here that the commentator has used all his ingenuity to make out that Jivagan was not bound with ropes as it would be inconsistent with his character as a great hero that he should submit to this indignity, but the words of the poet are plain and do not admit of any reasonable doubt.

The next book is called Pathumiarilumbagam. The story of Jivagan's marrying Pathumi is told in it. The poet describes in it how Jivagan was carried by the celestial to his mountain city and treated with hospitality, how on Jivagan's expressing to him a wish to visit foreign countries to enlarge his knowledge and sources of enjoyment, the celestial gave him directions as to the route he should take, taught him some mantram to cure snake-bites, &c. and taking him to the foot of the mountain bade him adieu. The poet then relates Jivagan's meeting a hunter and his wife, his conversation with them and his inducing them to abstain from taking animal food. He then went to a mountain called Arunapatham and thence to the capital of the Pallava country called Chandrábham. He entered a garden where

a drama was being acted in the presence of the heir-apparent of the king. The poet relates how the eyes of the beautiful dancer who was melting all hearts, happened to fall on Jivagan and were rivetted on his supreme beauty, the dance being forgotten the while, and how the prince on discovering the cause of her disorder to be Jivagan received him with kindness and made him one of his companions. The poet next describes the incident of the king's daughter being bitten by a snake, how all attempts to revive her failed and how Jivagan cured her. The beautiful maiden on slowly opening her eyes and casting them on him found that she had got rid of one kind of poison merely to imbibe another kind called love. Jivagan met her afterwards in her garden and married her in the Gantharva form. He passed two months with her and after giving her hints of the coming separation, left her one dark night while she was sleeping. The poet describes the grief of the young wife when on waking she found that her husband had deserted her. The king sent his men to bring Jivagan back, but they could only get a promise from him that he would return in ten months. With this incident this book closes.

The next one is called Kemasariarilumbagam. The poet says that Jivagan after crossing mountains and forests reached Chitrakootam where he stayed for some days with the ascetics dwelling there and discussed religious questions with them. He then proceeded to the capital of the Daksha country called Kemamapurum. He was received there by a merchant named Suputhran and taken to his house. This man had a daughter called Kemasari and astrologers had told him that the person in whose presence she felt shy would be her husband. It was in consequence of this prediction that the merchant invited every stranger

to his house to ascertain if the presence of the stranger caused any shyness in his daughter. But till now this wished-for event had not occurred. When however she saw Jivagan she felt a novel sensation of shyness and love thrilling through her bosom. The parents rejoiced to find this and married her to Jivagan. He spent two months with her pleasantly and then left her after having given her previous intimation of the coming separation in the form of an allegory.

The next book is called Kanakamaliarilumbagam. The poet describes the incident of Jivagan meeting in a forest a married woman who told him a plausible story that she had been forcibly carried away from her husband by a Vithyatharan, but released through the intervention of his wife, that she was all alone and helpless in that forest and that he should protect her. Jivagan saw the meaning of her overtures but resisted the temptation. When he walked a little distance he met the husband who was bewailing his lot in being separated from his chaste wife who would not even lift her eyes to look at other men's faces. Jivagan could not help smiling when he heard the words of the fond husband showing his misplaced faith. He told him where he would find his wife and passed on. He ascended a steep mountain where there was a temple of Aruga and after worshipping the deity he proceeded through a sandy desert to Yamamapuram, the capital of the Madhyama country. He got into a grove near the city and while seated there met the king's son, who finding that he was a stranger to the place treated him with great courtesy. Jivagan showed him his skill in archery by bringing down a mango fruit which the prince was unsuccessfully trying to hit. He was introduced by the prince to the king his father, who prevailed upon him to undertake the teaching of his sons

in archery. While employed thus, Jivagan went one day into the royal garden and finding flowers of all colors in their full bloom, wove a beautiful garland out of them and made a present of it to a maid servant who came there and cast admiring glances at it. She carried it to her mistress Kanakamalai, daughter of the king. She found that the flowers had been woven into letters which, when spelt, turned out to be a love epistle. Love was kindled in her own heart by reading it and she sent to Jivagan her own garland in return. The maid servant thrust this into Jivagan's unwilling hands—unwilling because he felt the delicacy of his position as tutor to the king's sons. The king however gave his daughter in marriage to him with a view to retain him in his own kingdom and as a reward for making his sons consummate archers and riders. Jivagan was joined in this city by his foster brother who found out his whereabouts through the magical skill of Gantharvathathai. His other companions also joined him soon with an armed retinue. They told him how they had met his mother Vijia, in a nunnery, and how she had asked them to bring Jivagan to see her. Jivagan who had hitherto concealed his birth and name from the king told him who he was, and after obtaining his permission and that of his wife went with his companions to the place where his mother was living. Here the book closes.

The next is called Vimalairilumbagam. In this book the poet describes the pathetic interview between Jivagan and his mother, her advice to him to go and see his maternal uncle Govendan, king of the Vithaya country before he took any steps to regain his kingdom and his promise to do this after going to Rajamapuram for a day to inform his relatives of his existence. With a few companions Jivagan went to his native city and encamped in a grove outside where he spent the night in feasting and

music. The poet then relates how Jivagan when he was walking in the city the next morning picked up a ball which had rolled into the street having escaped from the hands of a maiden who was amusing herself in throwing up and catching five balls, how the handsome girl who ran to the street to pick it up encountered the ardent gaze of Jivagan's eyes and fell a victim to them, how Jivagan was rooted to the spot the whole day in front of her father's shop and thought of nothing but how he could get access to her, how the shopman who had a brisk sale that day and realised a great profit ascribed his luck to Jivagan, invited him to go to his house and after treating him hospitably offered him his daughter in marriage because it had been foretold him that when the feet of the destined husband of his daughter touched his bazaar he would become rich. Jivagan was only too glad to comply with his request. His nuptials with the trader's daughter were duly celebrated. Jivagan spent the night with her and left her the next morning promising to return soon. The book ends here.

The next book called Suramanjariyilumbagam describes how Jivagan went back to his companions in his bridal dress and was congratulated by some of them on his success in love matters, but was piqued when one of them challenged him to gain the love of the girl called Suramanjari who had resolved not to see the hated sight of man or even to hear his name pronounced. Jivagan accepted the challenge and undertook to marry her in the temple dedicated to the god of love (Manmathan) the next day, and having made his arrangements and put on the disguise of a decrepit old brahmin hardly able to walk even with the help of a stick, presented himself at her gate, asked for some food as he was starving and pretended to be deaf and would not take the refusal of the servants to let him in. He looked so weak and pitiable as if a gust of wind would blow him away, that Suramanjari on hearing that an obstinate old man who seemed to be on the point

of death from starvation was waiting at the gate, took pity on him and out of respect for his age, sanctity and distress, took him into her house, fed him sumptuously and, when he pretended to be drowsy and inclined to sleep, offered him her own bed to sleep on. Jivagan waited till it was evening and then began to sing a song with his sweet voice. Suramanjari and the young girls in attendance on her crowded round him and listened to him with rapt attention. He soon got into conversation with Suramanjari's companions and inquired what had made her take this resolve not to see the face of any man and on hearing that Jivagan was the cause of it, inquired if that enemy of hers was not yet dead. They blessed his name and said that they and their mistress were rejoiced to hear that he was still alive. They thanked him for having made their mistress break her resolve and induced him to sing another song. The poet relates how Suramanjari made up her mind to go the next day to Manmathan's temple and pray to that arbiter of love matters to make Jivagan love her. She went the next day accordingly to Manmathan's temple and kneeling before the deity uttered her prayer and got a reply from one of Jivagan's companions who was hidden behind the image that her wish would be fulfilled. Jivagan who had thrown off his disguise met her as she returned from the temple and married her in the Gandarva form. The poet then describes Jivagan's meeting with his foster father and mother and his other relatives secretly. The book closes here.

The next one called Manamagalimbagam describes Jivagan's going to Vithaya country to see his maternal uncle, the affecting meeting between them and the plan they concerted to take the usurper by surprise; how Govindan pretended to be reconciled to Kattiangaran and to believe the story told by him in his epistle

to Govindan that the late king had met his death from one of his own elephants which had become wild and unruly. Govindan assembled his army and accompanied by Jivagan proceeded to Rajamapuram and encamped outside the city. Kattiangaran falling into the trap prepared for him sent rich presents to Govindan which he accepted and sent him others in return. Govindan caused a proclamation to be issued that he was going to give his daughter in marriage to the prince who was able to shoot an arrow through a mechanical contrivance looking like a boar, while it was in rapid motion. The princes came from all countries and tried their luck one after another but were all of them unsuccessful in hitting the mark. The poet gives a lively description of the discomfiture of the princes. Jivagan appeared on the scene at last to the great wonder of his enemy who sat there brooding over his folly in letting him slip through his hands twice. Jivagan took the bow, waited for a good opportunity, and then taking a true aim shot the arrow and made the boar drop on the ground. A celestial voice was then heard to cry out that the lion called Jivagan would kill the elephant called Kattiangaran. But the usurper was not to be terrified by such words. He brought his army together within a short time and appeared on the battle-field with his one hundred sons. The poet then describes the battle between the two armies and the prowess displayed by the warriors on both sides. Jivagan's companions greatly distinguished themselves. Kattiangaran's sons and brother-in-law were equally valiant, but the day went against them. They were all killed. Kattiangaran encountered Jivagan and fought bravely but the young warrior was too strong for him. He died pierced by an arrow from Jivagan's bow. The drum proclaimed his death, and the cessation of the fight. With this the book ends.

The next book opens with Jivagan's entering the city and resuming possession of his father's kingdom. He treated the dependants of Katiangaran with great consideration, rewarded all his own followers, released persons who had been imprisoned by the usurper and razed to the ground the very building where they had been imprisoned. He remitted the taxes for sixteen years made large presents to brahmins and endowments to temples. This book here ends and the next one describes his sending for the wives he had married and left in different places, his celebrating with great pomp his marriage with his uncle's daughter and his leading a happy life with his numerous wives and concubines. He brought large tracts of country under cultivation and ruled justly over his subjects. This book concludes with a description of his prosperous reign.

The next book which is the last one is called Muthi Ilambagam. It is a long one. It describes how Jivagan's mother and foster-mother after seeing him happily settled retire into a nunnery to lead a pious life in spite of Jivagan's remonstrances, how he felt depressed by this event, how his ministers with a view to wean him from his sorrow got up a pleasure party for his amusement and arranged for a mock fight in boats between the king and Gantharvathathai who was to represent Kathiangaran, the weapons of attack being garlands and scented powder and syringes and the army on both sides being made up of the female attendants in the palace. The poet gives a sprightly description of the mock fight, how the king's followers were unable to bear the impetuous attack of Gantharvathathai and appealed to the king who came to their rescue and turned the tide of battle by the incessant play of the syringe and how Gantharvathathai taking advantage of the king's disinclination to attack her for fear of giving pain to her tender limbs tied up his hands with a garland. At that moment her wet clothes giving way exposed her

person and the king laughingly called her attention to it. She felt a sense of shame at the exposure and hid her face in his bosom. So the mock fight ended. The poet describes other scenes of pleasure and enjoyment in which the king and his wives whiled away their time with the help of music and dancing. The poet then narrates how all of the king's wives conceived and brought forth sons in due time and how the children grew up and received a suitable education when they came of proper age. The king reigned thirty years. The poet then describes the last act of drama—how it came about that the king got tired of lly pleasures and abandoning his kingdom became an . One could easily foresee in the case of a man agan who was draining the cup of pleasure to the at he should feel satiated with it. Conscience al- s prick such a man that he was not doing anything fo piritual welfare. The poet narrates how this ha One day in spring when nature was attired in all l dour and the earth was strewn thickly with flowe ious kinds and the heavens resounded with the sw of birds and the humming of bees as they moved ver to flower sipping honey, Jivagan took his wive garden to enjoy the beauties of nature. They bro o small parties and amused themselves in various culling flowers or rocking themselves to and fro or climbing hillocks or bathing in the streams. eet sounds of music and enjoyment were to be he y where. The king now joined one party and now nd was like the bee sucking honey now from one ow from another. He at last separated himsel l of them and seating himself near a jackfruit tr uplated the scene around him. The poet relates h re the king's eyes a monkey who had been faith is usual companion effected a reconciliation wit after great difficulty and to seal it plucked ruit and tearing it open

offered her some of the fruits. The gardener who came there then drove the monkeys away and appropriated the fruit himself. This reminded the king forcibly of what he had done to Kattiangaran by depriving him of the kingdom and appropriating it himself. The thoughts of the king were then lead from this to the fickleness of all worldly pleasures where one sees those he loves most perish like a tree rooted up by a hurricane. He thought how much better it was to give up this fleeting enjoyment and seek that which was permanent and unalloyed. He returned home with a resolve to seek the advice of wise men and resisted all the attempt of his wives to re-inspire in him the love of sexual pleasure. He went accompanied by them to the temple of Aruga and sought for instruction from two charanas (ascetics) whom he saw seated under an Asoka tree in the temple. One of them explains to him the methods by which men can attain either of the two ends of human existence—temporary bliss or final [illegible]e. The charana commences his disquisition by [illegible] the king's attention to the gradually ascending sca[illegible]ient creatures and to the rarity of the boon [illegible] born a civilized human being free from blemish [illegible]racter and from personal defects and disease. [illegible] refers to the uncertainty of life some being carr[illegible]y in their infancy or youth, others in the prime of [illegible]hood, and others again after all their powers [illegible]cayed. He speaks of the suffering in hell met[illegible] all beings according to the nature of their [illegible]tions in thei present birth. But their suffering [illegible] always begin only after their death but often ir[illegible]fe time through the cruelty of other creatures ar[illegible]ally of man who kills them to gratify his appetit[illegible]rks them to death to gratify his ambition. Nei[illegible] sea nor the forest nor the mountain affords th[illegible]e against the attack of their enemies. But how [illegible] human beings themselves suffer through lust of [illegible] unsatisfied passion and

through the ravages caused by disease and the infirmities of old age! Even the celestials are not free from suffering and decay. The only refuge from all these evils is to be found at the feet of that Great Being who sits resplendent on His throne under the shade of the Asoka tree adored by celestial beings. It is by acting according to His law that one can dispel the darkness in which his mind is shrouded. The charana then explains the nature of those laws and how they can be obeyed. It is only by controlling one's passions and leading a pure and holy life in peace and charity with all other creatures that this can be done. By practising different kinds of virtues persons attain different kinds of temporary bliss. But to attain beatitude the person seeking it should be able to see what that object is which really exists, understand its nature and thoroughly impress it on his mind. He will then free himself from the effects of actions good and bad which have been so long clinging to him and attain endless knowledge power and bliss. The king eagerly drank in the words of wisdom proceeding from the Charana's lips and heard also from him an account of his former births and how his imprisoning the young of a swan in a previous birth accounted for his being imprisoned in this birth. The king trembled when he heard these words. When he returned to his palace he announced his resolve to give up the world and its ways and he transferred his kingdom to his sons. The poet gives a pathetic description of the grief of the king's wives when they heard of his resolve. He turned a deaf ear to all their wailings and lamentations in tones which would have melted even trees and rocks. They recalled in vain to his mind the incidents connected with his wooing them. The only advice he gave them was that they should follow his own example. They unwillingly followed his advice feeling how hard it was to divest themselves from all those pleasures which they had hitherto enjoyed so keenly. The poem concludes with a description of the austere life lead by Jivagan and his wives and how they in the end were released from this mortal coil and attained the objects of their wishes—he beatitude, and they celestial pleasure.

4718.
V. 4(23)

MADRAS :—PRINTED AT THE NATIONAL PRES