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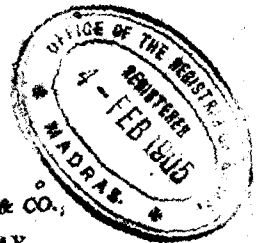
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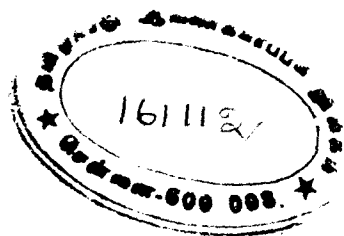
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THE PROBLEMS OF NEW INDIA.

IT was nearly twenty years ago that Mr. (now Sir) H. J. S. Cotton published his remarkable work entitled "New India." At the time of its publication India had been agitated by the bitterness of the Ilbert Bill controversy, and an impetus had been given to the national aspirations of the people by Lord Ripon's beneficent rule. The controversy that was then excited has not yet died out, and the result of that controversy has been to intensify the new-born feeling and aspirations of the people. Lord Ripon did more than any other ruler to exemplify the righteousness of British rule and to exalt that rule in the estimation of the millions of India. He endeavoured to give them political education and a political status in the Empire; and from the magnitude of the opposition which confronted his liberal policy, the Indian aspirations derived stimulus and energy. At this time Mr. Cotton devoted himself to the noble task of interpreting Indian aspirations and feelings and expounding what he considered should be the policy of the British rulers of India. A large majority of his countrymen were in no mood to accept the views he put forth; and he was even reviled for expressing them. Time diminished the bitterness of feeling then created; but the influence of his expressed thoughts remained. As an official the author had no further opportunities of reiterating his views and sentiments. At one time it was even thought that he had considerably modified his original views. But no longer was he permitted to retire from the service than he began to exhibit his old sympathies which are as broad and intense to-day as they were at the time he wrote his book. He has not changed any of his opinions. He

has not recanted a single word of what he then wrote. On the other hand, he has now given to the public a new edition of his book containing not only all that he said twenty years ago, but a good deal more suggested by his later experience and later events. The present volume is bigger than the original one. It reads as if it were written to-day. So up to date is the treatment of topics, so comprehensive is its scope and arrangement, that a perusal of the book hardly leaves in us the impression that it was published for the first time twenty years back. It makes us as much familiar with the policy and measures of Lord Ripon as with those of Lord Curzon; and to the student of Indian politics it would serve as an excellent hand book and an admirable source of information on most modern questions.

The most conspicuous feature of the book is the entire absence of bitterness. Sir Henry Cotton writes like a responsible statesman. He holds his opinions strongly, and expresses them strongly; but in apportioning credit and blame he does justice to all to the best of his power. To the Government he is loyal. To the people he is just. Where the difference comes in, it does from a divergence of political ideals. "No one," he says, "is in a better position than I am to appreciate the benefits which our rule has conferred on India. I have served for thirty-five years as a member of the Indian Civil Service. My father and grandfather were members of that service before me for sixty years. My son is employed in that service. It is my pride that I am, as it were, a hereditary member of the administration, and I have never been deficient in respect and loyalty to the Government. A spirit of devotion to the people of the country is not inconsistent with, and has never obliterated, my sense of official duties. But while I am not slow to recognise the valuable qualities of our English rule, I am equally assured that the benefits we have conferred will never receive their due fulfilment, unless we can raise ourselves above associations of the official groove, and prepare ourselves for the exercise of higher functions than those of mere administration. The Government has deliberately infused new life in the Indian nation, and must not shrink from the responsibilities which are involved in giving full effect to this policy." It is from this starting point that Sir Henry Cotton proceeds; and the whole book is devoted to showing how best the Government can mould and control the rising aspirations of the Indian people.

The book itself is divided into 10 chapters, and deals with the different phases of British rule in their relation to the future of the people. He surveys the forces which have been created by English rule and English education, and indicates how best they can be directed to the advantage of India and England. The New India which he deals with is entirely the creation of British rule, and it therefore devolves on the British Government to so adjust its future that it may form a loyal and devoted adjunct of the great imperial organisation. Indeed, it is impossible to expect that Sir Henry Cotton's views will find favour with the majority of his countrymen in India; and we know that many of them would vehemently oppose them. Nevertheless, his views are quite consistent with the prevailing imperial instincts and are in accord with the principles so repeatedly declared by the wisest of British statesmen, by Parliament, and by the late Queen.

The wide social gulf between Englishmen and Indians is a serious obstacle to the development of that good feeling and harmony which ought to exist among people subject to the same Government. It is a peculiar characteristic of the British, nay of every European race, that they are unable to be one with the races they have conquered or to associate with them freely. In India they have remained, and still remain, as a separate class. Sir Lepel Griffin has said that "so long as the Hindus would not dine with an Englishman, so long as the Indian refused to bring his ladies into the common society, the difficulty of social intercourse between East and West would remain." But Sir Henry Cotton replies that the Hindu does not dine with the Mussalman or with the Indian Christian, or with the Hindu who has visited Europe; the different Hindu castes do not dine together, nor can they intermarry with one another; and yet the relations between them are not strained, and caste system has never stood in the way of social intercourse between the different races and castes of India. The social relations between Hindus and Mahomedans are of the most cordial character; and yet Hindu and Mahomedan ladies never appear in society, and are strangers to those social amenities in which their male relations take part. The same is the case with the Parsees. Racial differences never interfered with the social relations of the Moghul conquerors and their Hindu subjects. Colour prejudice, as it prevails in India, is of recent origin, imported by Europeans; and it is this colour prejudice that creates all the difficulties.

We do not, for our part, complain of this prejudice. But there it is to make social union difficult, if not impossible. Sir Henry Cotton mentions a striking instance of colour prejudice in regard to the late Mr. Justice Mahmud. When that distinguished Indian Judge, during a visit to Madras, was taken by the then Chief Justice, Sir Charles Turner, to the Madras Club, a member promptly came up and told the Chief Justice to Mr. Mahmud's face that "no native was allowed in the Club," and both Sir Charles and Mr. Justice Mahmud had at once to leave the Club premises. Not unnaturally, therefore, does Sir Henry Cotton repudiate the suggestion that "the caste whims and prejudices of our Indian fellow subjects stand in the way of friendship to an extent that renders all other difficulties altogether insignificant into the political thoughts of the rulers as well as of the members of the European community can supply a remedy for this state of things.

But apart from this there are many things in regard to which a greater harmony of thought is possible. In the first place, Indians and Englishmen should realise that both have a common end in view, that end being the unification of the various races and castes into a common whole, so as to be the strength and support of the British Empire in India. A growing consciousness of different interests is not calculated to bring about such a unification; and the endeavour of the wisest men of all races, creeds and castes owning allegiance to British sovereignty ought to diminish these differences as far as possible. It is unfortunately the case that even some of our greatest rulers do not realise the importance of this fact. Lord Curzon, who has spoken best to frustrate that end. As Sir Henry Cotton says, the identification of interests of all classes of Europeans in India has been his lordship's consistent endeavour. They are all fellow countrymen, comrades and friends, the one class engaged in administration, the other in exploitation. "Both are aspects of the same question and of the same duty." "There is no recognition of Indian merits, Indian claims, and the services rendered by Indians. "The ideal of the far off future," says Sir Henry Cotton, "is the perfection of the country by the two-fold agency of British administration and British exploiting: all are alike engaged in the country's ad-

vancement. There is no sign of any appreciation of the capacities and claims of the Indian people, or any thought of the place they are to occupy after generations of foreign administration and exploitation. And yet the thought is one that must be always with us. The prosperity of a country has no meaning apart from that of the human beings who are born and dwell in it. To Englishmen the country may mean the soil of India, with all that is above and below it. To Indians it can only mean the people. This theory of identic British interests denotes, no doubt, the advancement of Englishmen, but it does not contain the welfare and happiness of the children of the soil. On the one side it has directly led to the formation of a solid phalanx of opinion in acute antagonism to Indian aspirations. On the other it has stirred the nascent spirit of Indian opposition, and the bitterness of race feeling has been accentuated by the constant iteration of a policy in which the Indians have no part or share. They have learnt by experience that exploitation spells economic serfdom, and that British interests are hostile to their own. This consciousness of conflicting interests has resulted in a distinct division between the two, and as each insists on its own rights, the difference grows. The Englishman feels irritation when the monopoly of place and power is attacked. The Indian feels bitterness when his claims are resented.

As regards questions of revenue and expenditure Indians and Englishmen hardly agree. There is no protest from Englishmen against the imposition of heavy taxes on Indians; but they would protest most loudly against any taxation which touches them. Against the ever-recurring increase of land assessment and against the numerous other taxes and cesses which fall mainly on the Indians there is no voice heard from Englishmen. But against the income-tax and against every other tax which touches the Englishman's pocket, there is the most persistent and the loudest outcry. The result is that the burden of the people daily increases, and we receive little sympathy from our rulers in our efforts to put a limit on expenditure. The Settlement policy of the Government is daily unsettling the people's minds and diminishing their staying power. Sir Henry Cotton remarks:—"Our dealings with the land have been more destructive of all ancient propriety rights than were the old methods which preceded our own. Our rigid and revolutionary methods of exacting the land revenue have reduced the peasantry to the

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lowest extreme of poverty and wretchedness, and the procedure of our settlement courts has been the means of laying upon them burdens heavier than any they endured in former times. Famine is now more frequent than formerly, and more severe, and it is the irony of fate that our statute book is swollen with measures of relief in favour of the victims whom our administrative system is impoverishing." While more and more is being taken from the impoverished agricultural classes, more and more is being spent in every possible direction.

The growth of military charges is abnormal, and Lord Curzon is necessitating new expenditure by the creation of new administrative departments and highly paid appointments. The land-owning classes feel that their rights in land are being increasingly destroyed, and that more burdens than they can bear are being put upon them. It is assumed for all practical purposes that the land belongs not to the people, but to the State. But what is the State? Let Sir Henry Cotton answer:—"There is no great harm in saying that the land belongs to 'the State' when State is only another name for the people, but it is very different when the State is represented by a small minority of foreigners, who disperse nearly one-third of the revenues received from the land on the remuneration of their own servants, and who have no abiding place on the soil and no stake in the fortunes of the country." And Sir Henry adds that by vigorously asserting the false position "that a party of foreign occupiers who choose to call themselves 'the State' have become the proprietors of the actual soil of India, we have destroyed all other rights of property therein from the Talukdar down to the ryot. The theory of State ownership has enabled the Government to take more and more inducement to them to improve their land and, as Sir Henry truly observes, "short settlements, an exacting demand, an unbending severity in collecting rent have driven the simple husbandman into the clutches of the money lender, and are responsible for their share in intensifying the effects of famine." All these are old tales so often told; but Sir Henry Cotton tells them with a knowledge and authority both of which are bound to command respect. The State landlord would deal with his tenants in one way; but would have the private landlord treat his tenants in a quite another way. There are limits placed on the freedom of the private landlord to enhance his rent; but no such limits are

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placed where the State is the landlord. The law does not restrict the enhancement of the revenue in the latter case: and the Settlement Officer is busy finding out ways and means to appropriate more and more from the impoverished tenant. There is no lack of professions of equity and justice on paper; but in actual practice there is nothing to ensure either. Lord Curzon has proclaimed "moderation in enhancement and sympathy in collection." But this is as vague as it is ineffectual. The Settlement Officer is not bound by it; and the Government has to trust to his natural sympathy with the ryot for its due operation. The result is that he does not realise the excellent intentions of the Government, he only knows that there is no end to the demands of the Settlement Officer and of the Revenue Collector.

The Government derives the bulk of its revenue from land; and the masses of the people have no other means of subsistence. This naturally depresses the economic condition of the people who are exclusively thrown on land. The Government has done nothing real, nothing effective, to ameliorate their economic condition. The British competition has ruined the manufacture and industries of the country. The people have lost immensely by the disappearance of their old industries. The State has also suffered from the same cause so far as its revenue is concerned. But the State makes up for what it has lost in this direction by taking more and more from the agricultural classes. The administration has to be carried on, wars have to be waged, the frontiers have to be protected. For all these the diminishing resources of agriculture are increasingly indented upon. No attempt is made, no effort is put forth, to enable people to stand on their legs when agriculture fails in adverse seasons. No doubt large famine camps are created, and relief administered when millions begin to starve and die; but the moment the season has improved and the crops are harvested, the tax-gatherer is again at the door of the ryot to collect the arrears and the current demand. The Viceroy rejoices, the Secretary of State speaks in loud tones of the great recuperative power of India. But again another famine, further relief operations, and further rejoicing over the prosperity of India. The people are sunk in ignorance, poverty and superstition; and the officials and the educated classes carry on a battle royal as regards the material condition of the country, the one believing or professing to believe in increasing prosperity, the other demonstrating increasing poverty.

The optimists, however, cannot deny that the industries of the country have disappeared, that arts and manufactures have declined, and that all those classes who were once engaged in industries have been thrown on land. The proportion of persons in India who are dependent on art or commerce or mechanical production, or working or dealing in mineral products, Sir Henry Cotton estimates at 15 per cent., as against 80 per cent. in the United Kingdom. But even this is on the assumption that all those who are not engaged on land are engaged in industries. The beggar population of India subsisting on the charity of the people is enormous; and there are further large numbers of people who, for want of occupation and livelihood, take to crime and live by crime. Of course, criminal classes are common to all countries; but in no country is the beggar population so large as in India in proportion to its population. In European countries there is no bother from beggars. The Poor Law takes care of the maimed, blind and destitute. Hence Sir Henry Cotton's proportion is subject to large deductions. Indeed, there is an appearance of prosperity in big towns and cities. But, as Sir Henry observes, the development of petty occupations and menial employments, the increased use of brass pots, cheap cotton cloths, and umbrellas among the people, afford but a poor compensation for the variety of social and industrial life once spread throughout the country. Along with the disappearance of the great manufactures of the country and the loss of the subtle and refined Oriental arts, there have also disappeared that constructive genius and mechanical ability which designed the canal system of Upper India and the Taj of Agra. Such new enterprises as have sprung up are entirely in European hands, the capital is European, and the profits go to Europe. To these causes the increasing poverty of India may be mainly traced. But a further cause of poverty, as Sir Henry shows, is the drain from the country. Before the Mutiny this drain amounted to two or three millions only. Now the home charges alone exceed seventeen millions, of which nine millions and a quarter are on account of interest on funded and railway debt, and four millions three hundred and fifty thousand pounds are on account of pensions paid in England. But this whole sum is exclusive of the remittances on account of private gains of merchants, planters, bankers, railway companies, government officials and so on.

Further, only 10 per cent. of the public debt of India is held in India itself; and the interest on the remaining 90 per cent. is therefore, sent to England and not circulated among the people. Even of the 10 per cent. we have not ascertained how much is held by Europeans in India. Yet Lord Curzon finds nothing disadvantageous to India in European capitalists bringing money into India and taking away their profits. Referring to His Lordship's characterisation of India's economic drain as a "copy-book fallacy" and as "a foolish and dangerous illusion," Sir Henry Cotton remarks:—"But how can it be denied that it could be vastly more beneficial to India if the wealth produced in the country were spent in the country? India is the field where capital is invested, but all the interest that is reaped therefrom passes to the pocket of the investor, and he takes it to England. To say that it makes no difference to India whether the wealth made in India is taken away elsewhere or spent in the country itself is not the doctrine of economic science; nor is it the language of common sense. India is not inhabited by a savage primitive people who have reared no indigenous system of industry or art, who are ignorant of their own interests, and who are incapable of advance in civilization. They look back on their past with a just sense of pride, and under the influence of English education are stimulated with new aspirations and legitimate ambition. India is poor, and there are those who believe that in consequence of the political conditions it is becoming poorer; but the ambition of its people is to take their place among other nations in the future federation of the world. They are convinced that the prosperity of their country depends on the diminution of its economic drain and on the conservation of its resources for ultimate development by indigenous agency. Their opposition to the exploitation of their country by foreigners is based upon their conviction that this exploitation is a real obstacle to their progress and a source of present and future trouble to their nation."

Sir Henry Cotton deals at length with remedial measures. We do not desire to discuss them here. But we must say that they are not of the narrow one-sided kind, but embracing all aspects of the economic problem. Those who take interest in the subject will find many valuable suggestions in the book. These must appeal no less to the Government than to the people. The systematic encouragements of indigenous arts and industries is

strongly recommended as essential. Indeed, the difficulties in the way are many and varied; they are as much political as economic. The tariff policy of the British Government is always designed for the protection and promotion of British interests as opposed to Indian. India is not in the position of the self-governing colonies; it has to submit to the mandate from England; and the Government of India is powerless, even if it desires, to protect Indian interests in preference to those of the British merchant and manufacturer. It is difficult to suggest a remedy for this; yet a remedy must be found if the problem is to be solved. In India itself capital is rare, and under the existing conditions of unequal competition even such capital as is available will not be easily forthcoming. The policy of the Government in the past having destroyed Indian arts and manufactures, Government itself must put forth efforts to help the people to gradually regain their lost position. But there are yet no signs of anything effectual being done in this direction. The Indian public opinion has been roused to the importance of the subject, but it feels its helplessness. The Cotton Mills in Bombay in which Indian capital has been sunk are working under depressing conditions. Other new industries have been established, but they are more or less on their trial. A wise Government might, indeed, take note of these activities, and might encourage and help them to the best of its power. But its sympathies have not yet been enlisted on the side of the Indian manufacturer. Even the magnificent offer of 30 lakhs of rupees made by Mr. Tata has not met with excessive sympathy at the hands of the Government; and the way in which the great Parsi millionaire was treated has disgusted many people. Yet it is better to hope than to despair, and let us hope that the salvation of India may come at last from the genius and sympathy of British statesmen and the patriotic efforts of the people themselves.

Sir Henry Cotton recognises that administrative reform is as much necessary as an economic measure as industrial improvement; and he adds that the keynote of administrative reform is the gradual substitution of Indian for European official agency, which is necessary also on higher grounds than those of economy. Educated Indians have been claiming a larger share in the loaves and fishes of office as a matter of right and justice; and nothing short of a liberal concession will satisfy them. Sir

Henry Cotton is by no means indifferent to the administrative qualities of his own countrymen which he acknowledges freely. "But from the essential circumstances of the case, due to the constitution of a Foreign Government and alien administration," he goes on to observe, "the British Officials labour under disqualifications for which the general excellence of their work can afford no compensation. It is apparent that, while natives of mature age will work for less pay than youthful Europeans, their knowledge of the language and customs of the country gives them in other respects an immense advantage. Natives of India do not require to take long furlough to Europe to recruit their strength, their thoughts are not unceasingly distracted by interests and associations wholly foreign to their country and the work in hand, they have, of necessity, a more perfect insight into the character and conduct of the people. However great the merits of European officers may be they can never be so great as to counterbalance advantages like these. The superiority of the natives of the country in administering law and justice to their own people is indeed a fact that cannot be seriously disputed. Many Indian gentlemen may be enumerated, who have sat as Judges of the High Court, whose intellectual attainments and high moral virtues sufficiently vindicate the competence of natives to exercise the most responsible judicial functions. At the same time, the judicial appointments in the lower grades of the service are already filled by natives and there is abundant testimony to show that they discharge their duties with integrity and ability." No testimony can be higher than that of a late Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Selbourne, who spoke as follows from his place in Parliament:—

My Lords, for some years I practised in Indian cases, before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and during these years there were few cases of any imperial importance in which I was not concerned. I had considerable opportunities of observing the manner in which, in civil cases, the Native Judges did their duty, and I have no hesitation in saying—and I know this was also the opinion of the judges during that time—that the judgments of the Native Judges bore most favourable comparison, as a general rule, with the judgments of the English judges. I should be sorry to say anything in disparagement of English judges who, as a class, are most anxious carefully to discharge their duty, but I repeat that I have no hesitation in saying that in every instance, in respect of integrity, of learning, of knowledge, the soundness and satisfactory character of the judgments arrived at, the native judgments were quite as good as those of English Judges.

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whom have done something to be gratefully remembered by a subject people. But Lord Curzon comes under a different category altogether. Of him Sir Henry Cotton is compelled to write as follows:—

"He has placed the seal upon a great change in our relations with the independent princes of India, who have now been relegated to the position of vassals of the Viceroy. He has arrested the progress of education and set back the dial of local self Government in the metropolis of India. His confidence in the capacity of a bureaucratic administration of foreigners to solve political problems of any degree of complexity is unbounded, and amounts to a prejudice which has proved most detrimental to popular and national aspirations. The trend of his policy has been to exclude the children of the soil from positions of trust and responsibility, and to deny them the opportunities of acquiring the qualifications necessary for their success in the posts monopolised by Englishmen, and to limit the avenues of their employment in the public service. There has been a perceptible tendency during the past few years for the Government to recruit a larger number of its well paid officers from England, and this tendency has been noticeable not in one department only, but in all. However great may be Lord Curzon's energy and his activity in working through an official agency, it is the more to be deplored that he lacks the higher genius of educating the people by making them work for themselves, of evoking their powers by affording them opportunities for their exercise, and of raising them from a condition of mere passive subjection to a capacity for the discharge of higher responsibilities. A nation is the best administered which can manage its own concerns with the least aid from Government; and no system of administration can be progressive or beneficent which crushes out the self-reliance of the people, and blights their legitimate aspirations to realise their destiny through their own exertions."

The last sentence expresses a truth which the noblest British statesmen would be proud to uphold. But Lord Curzon's idea of imperial rule is of a lower sort. His Empire is one in which the white man should rule and should have the best, while the subject races should toil for and be ever inferior to him; and his entire policy has been directed to this end. It is hopeless to expect that the intelligent natives of India will be content to accept this position. They will insist upon the equality of rights and status with their English fellow subjects, and they will in the end claim the same rights as the self-governing Colonies of Britain enjoy at present. Every reform, every change in the administration, has to be designed with this ultimate end in view, if the British Government is to fulfil its mission in this country, and if the people of India are to be satisfied with their condition. Lord Curzon's policy, being quite the reverse, cannot endure, and so long as it endures, cannot satisfy the people.

The one which is destined to endure, and which is calculated to inspire confidence in the people, to make them regard the British Government as their own, to elevate their patriotism and sense of public duty, is that which is reflected in the Proclamation of the late Queen, in the Local Self-Government scheme of Lord Ripon, in the reconstitution of the Legislative Councils under Lord Cross's Act of 1892. Each of these marks the foundation of British policy inspired by the highest wisdom and foresight of British statesmanship. The efforts of some people, and especially of Lord Curzon, have been directed to undermining that foundation, and not to broadening it or erecting a superstructure upon it. We have naturally no admiration or love for the later wisdom, nor would we admit that the authors of the Parliamentary statutes of 1833, 1853 and 1892, and the inspirer of the Proclamation of 1858 were less wise or far-seeing or less devoted to the interest of British rule, than Lord Curzon or any of the reactionaries who follow in his wake. It may be that their intentions are the same as those of men who have gone before them; but the people of India will be slow to understand this, and they will continue to denounce the policy which not only deviates from the earlier policy and principles, but tends "to crush every spontaneous formation as it arises, while at the same time professing to encourage local initiative."

Whatever smaller men may say, there can be no doubt of the fact that the generous policy of earlier days has wonderfully succeeded in spite of great obstacles. The success of Lord Ripon's Local Self-Government Scheme was fully acknowledged even by such a Viceroy as Lord Elgin; but that success, as Sir Henry Cotton points out, has been achieved in spite of the conditions with which it was universally fettered. "Freedom from official tutelage is essential to healthy and independent growth. This principle cannot be enunciated too often or too distinctly, and it is the more necessary to dwell upon it as, from the nature of the case, its application is very repugnant to the rising, ambitious and energetic advisers of Government." The Municipalities are subjected to any amount of annoyance by local officials, many of whom make it their constant business to interfere in everything and to be little and misrepresent the work of these bodies; and it is notorious that self-respecting men find it more and more difficult to continue their connection with or service for them. This kind of step-motherly treatment of growing institutions

must have a most unwholesome effect on the public spirit of local inhabitants and on their desire to render gratuitous service for the public.

In the higher atmosphere of the Legislative Councils, where statesmen preside and where publicity is unavoidable, the merits and services of non-official Indians are more readily acknowledged. There narrow-minded and fault-finding officialdom has no opportunity of restricting the usefulness of non-official Indian gentlemen; consequently we hear nothing said against what Sir Henry Cotton truly calls "the greatest of administrative reforms which has been effected in India since Lord Ripon's time."

It is a duty which Britain has taken upon herself to impart higher instruction to the people of India, to direct and mould the national mind, and to assist in their intellectual and moral progress. This duty cannot be properly discharged unless the rulers also agree to afford scope for the exercise of national talents and virtues, and for the gradual realisation of national ambitions. Among those who have realised this imperial duty of the British rulers, Sir Henry Cotton is one of the most conspicuous. He has nobly and generously exerted himself to impress his countrymen with the importance of this duty. His writings and speeches, and his example and efforts have all been directed to this end. Long may he live to continue his noble labours for the good of India and her people and no less for the permanence, prosperity and glory of British rule, is the most earnest wish and the most ardent prayer of every loyal and patriotic Indian who feels grateful for the blessings which his country has received at the hands of its British rulers.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BROWNING.

"O God, where do they tend—these struggling aims?
What would I have? What is this 'sleep' which seems,
To bound all? Can there be a 'waking' point
Of crowning life?"—*Pauline.*

ROBERT BROWNING is a bugbear to many; for his poetry is a hard nut to crack. Original in thought and in form, much in advance of his time, in both, least observant of the conventions of society and not at all national in his verse, the poet was till recently a favourite but of the few while to the masses he was a hieroglyphic. The thoughtful and clear-eyed few knew that the sweetest fruit has the sourest rind, and Mrs. Browning compared him to a pomegranate, which 'if cut deep down the middle, shows a heart within blood-tinctured of a veined humanity.' To cut up the rind and take hold of the blood-red gems within was the object of the Browning Society started by Dr. Furnivall and Miss Hickey. Thanks to the earnest and indefatigable labours of this Society which has ranked him with Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth,—for the interpretation, elucidation, and exposition of whose poems similar societies had been brought into existence,—and thanks to the fervour and enthusiasm of Mrs. Sutherland Orr whose *Life and Hand-book* of Browning bear the *imprimatur* of the poet himself, the difficulty of interpreting Browning has been minimised, and his message and teaching have been made clear to mankind. Yet the fright that had once taken hold of the reading public has not left them, and we have to wait and see what length of time they will take to throw off the fright altogether and embrace the poet.

Before estimating the philosophy of Browning, a few words of him as a man and poet will, I think, not be out of place. It is now about fifteen years since the great poet passed away; and when he departed this life, he was seventy-seven winters, a ripe old age indeed. This long term, exceeding the biblical three score years and ten, falls naturally into three periods: the period of bachelorship, the period of married life, and the period of widowership. Robert Browning was a bachelor till 1846, for a period of thirty-four years, when he met and married, though clandestinely, the life-long invalid Miss Barrett, the greatest

poetess of the age, in whom he found a kindred soul. She died in 1861, leaving a son, and the widower passed away twenty-eight years hence. This three-fold division is important as it has a bearing on the nature of the poet's work. The early poems composed before his marriage are characterised by the intellectual dominance, and the poems of the middle period exhibit the marriage of thought and passion, while the poems of the last period record their divorce, a little too flagrantly. *Pauline*, *Paracelsus* and *Sordello* typify the first period, as they contain severe intellectual analyses of human nature. The *Bells* and *Pomagnates* distinguish the second and are popular for their sound and sense, and because they are the offspring of the wedded union of head and heart, thought and passion, intellect and emotion. The *Ring and the Book*, *Balaustion's Adventure*, and the *Dramatic Idyls* stand out as the partheno-genetic children of these divorced powers, curious products, freaks, monsters of literature. Apart from the differentiating characteristics of the poems of these periods, what strikes the mind of the general reader of his works is his persistent optimism all through life. Whether this was due to his possession of a good digestion or to his happy temperament we do not know. But we can boldly conjecture and confidently put it down to a happy combination of both. It is this feature of the man reflected in his poetic compositions that acts as a tonic on the fallen spirits and gives strength and *verve* to the disappointed, pessimistic fighters of the world. It is perceptible in the *Epilogue to Asolands*, the last fragmentary poem of the author, as much and as vividly as it is seen in his earliest poetic effusion of *Pauline*.

Thought is caviare to the general, and the word *philosophy* is a bitter pill, a hard marble, to swallow for many a money-and-land-grubber of the West. "Your average Englishman," says Carlyle, "does not greatly care whether there be a god or not, provided the price of stock does not fall. If you want to awaken his real beliefs, you must descend into his stomach, purse, and the adjacent regions." Ruskin too observes in the same strain. "The ruling goddess of England may well be described as the goddess of getting-on or 'Britannia of the market.'" It is long since you built a great cathedral, but your railroad mounds are vaster than the temple of Ephesus and innumerable; your chimneys are more mighty and costly than cathedral spires; your harbour piers, your warehouses, your exchanges, all these are built to your great goddess of getting-on. She formed you and

will continue to form your whole nature as long as you worship *lier*." To these men philosophic thinking is a pernicious habit which only serves to intensify the bad opinions they have of others or of themselves, and philosophising is spinning empty cobwebs of theories by the lazy thankless noodle. They would advise their sons, like the father of Humphrey in *Temporal Power*, not to turn philosophers, and chill their best impulses and most generous enthusiasms, as philosophy, in their enlightened opinion, would make them over-cautious and doubtful of their friends and discontented with their lives. Divine philosophy, how slighted and insulted art thou in these days of materialistic advancement! But thank God the orientals are ever loyal to thee; they worship thee with all their heart; they cling to thee even when there is no rag to their back and no crumb to their stomach. They have ventured to carry thy standard over-lands far and near and to make many a spiritual annexation in the country of Franks and in the land of Aztecs. May the day be not far when the east and the west shall be indissolubly linked so that either may give what the other lacks and both of them enjoy a fuller and richer life!

'Man,' says Kaut, 'has a structural relation to Nature and to God.' Nature, Man, and God are, then the three great themes of philosophy, however philosophers may differ in respect of details. To find out and expound the views of Browning on these points is the object of this paper, and I shall, therefore, confine myself to them.

First, *Nature*. Poets in general make nature, external nature, wear the colours of the spirit: she is joyous or sorrowful, merry or sad, as the mind of man is. They make a large use of the Pathetic Fallacy, and Tennyson's *Lotos-eaters* has a plethora of it. With the *Lotos-eaters* it is always afternoon. But it is not the case with Browning. Nature is not made by our thought nor does she reflect our passions. He considers Nature as a form of the creative joy of God, as suggesting the infinite joy to man. She is altogether apart from man. She is no Proteus, assuming different forms. Thus Browning is a dualist as man in general is. He does not countenance the supremacy of matter over mind, or mind over matter, nor does he uphold the theory of double-faced unity or of mental illusion. He is scrupulously exact in his view of Nature as a separate entity from Man. Nature is no doubt alive in the poet's thought, but not with the poet's life. The Earth and the Sea are not the images of our mind, but they are gigantic creatures who are quite distinct from

us. If there is any relation between Nature and Man, it is that of Ariel to Prospero and Miranda or to Gonzalo, the relation of a creature whose nature is radically different from that of man and who yet helps us to complete our joy. The following passage from *The Englishman in Italy* is one of the many occurring in his poems, illustrating the existence of Nature as a separate entity from man.

Oh those mountains, their infinite movement,
Still moving with you;
For, ever some new head and heart of them
Thrusts into view
To observe the intruder; you see it
If quickly you turn
And, before they escape, you surprise them.
They grudge you should learn
How the soft plains they look on, lean over
And love (they pretend)
Cower beneath them.

Another from *Fifine at the Fair* to the same effect describes a stormy sunset. The clouds barricade the Sun against his rest and he plays with them till Night, angry with the opposition, comes armed with her terrific mace, shatters them, and makes herself queen of the world. Men are but silent spectators of the scene

For as an edifice of cloud in the grey and green
Of evening, built about some glory of the west,
To barricade the sun's departure,—manifest,
He plays, pre-eminently gold, gilds vapour, crag and crest
Which bend in rapt suspense above the act and deed
They cluster round and keep their very own, nor heed
The world at watch; while we breathlessly at the base
O' the castellated bulk, note momentarily the mace
Of night fall here, fall there, bring change with every blow
Alike to sharpened shaft and broadened portico
In the structure; heights and depths, beneath the leaden
stress

Crumble and melt, and mix together, coalesce,
Reform, but sadder still, subdued yet more and more
By every fresh defeat, till wearied eyes need pore
No longer on the dull impoverished decadence
Of all that pomp of pile in towering evidence
So lately."

Again, in *Saul*, verse X, David thinks that Mount Hermon wears his snowlike breast-plate and discharges it when it pleases him and that it exists like a giant only to guard us from the tempests.

These passages show, besides his deft hand at naturalistic descriptions, his intense love of colour. Browning's view of nature has been illustrated by the significant fable of the *Blind men and the elephant*, and his recent monographer puts it in this wise:

"Five blind men went to visit an elephant. One of them seized its trunk; and asserted that an elephant was a kind of serpent; another embraced its leg and was ready to die for the belief that an elephant was a kind of tree. In the same way to the man who leaned against its side, it was a wall; to the man who had hold of its tail, a rope; and to the man who ran upon its tusk, a particularly unpleasant kind of spear. Although the blind men found out very little about the elephant, the elephant was an elephant, and was there all the time. The blind men formed mistaken theories, because an elephant is a thing with very curious shape. And Browning firmly believed that the universe was a thing with a very curious shape indeed."

"The world

—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all"

—*Fra Lippo Lippi.*

"This world is no blot for us,
No blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

—*Ibid.*

Secondly, *Man*. He is another form of the creative joy of God; and all Nature has prognostics of him. He is the roof and crown of all created things. He differs from nature in that his life is dashed with sorrow and pain while that of Nature is unalloyed joy. The first postulate of wisdom for man is to know himself, to understand the conditions under which he holds his tenure, and the limitations of his powers. A knowledge of this imperfection leads him to hope for perfection. To him existence is justified by its incompleteness. The orthodox theologian may hold a different view. He may say that existence is justified by its completeness; for otherwise, he thinks, the imperfection of God's creation is derogatory to the all-perfection of the Maker; it is a blot in His scutcheon. But this view ignores the conditioned life of man, the soul in prison, shut out from the rays of light by the maddened monkey of the mind. It is the aim of human life to work with might and main in this work-day world

and aspire to the realisation of Self. Without this aspiration human life is good for nothing. The motives of action are many and diverse. Some minds are swayed by the lust of fame; some by the thirst for knowledge; others by beauty, wealth, and power. These are but means to the great end; but men forget the fact: they take the means for the end. All these are intended to intensify that longing for transcending the limits of human nature and realising the great Self.

"O in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendour ever on before,
In that eternal cycle life pursues,
For men begin to pass their nature's bound."
—*Paracelsus*.

"Plenitude be theirs
Who looked above,"—*Easter Day*.
"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what is a heaven for?"—*Andrea Del Sarto*.

Hence discontent with human imperfection is the mother of progress; satisfaction with it is a sign of decay and ruin. In this imperfect world we see but arcs on every side, but elsewhere we have perfect rounds. Man wishes to go from the arc to the round as instinctively as the calf longs for the cow. If his wishes fail, failure is not a thing to daunt him. It is no extinguisher but a feeder of hope. It is a blessing in disguise. The spider failed seven times but captured its citadel when it made one more effort. It taught Robert Bruce how to persevere and win.

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of the days?"—*Abt Vogler*.

"Failure that leaves an unroached ideal before the soul is in reality a greater boon than success which thinks perfect satisfaction has been reached. The failure to grasp all on earth makes, if we love, the certainty of a success beyond the earth." Patience and perseverance will overcome mountains; only we must have the true end in view. The immediate or mediate ends must not blur our vision and make us mistake them for the ultimate end. "Man has Forever." From this two things are clear: the limitations of life make it impossible for us to attain perfection on earth, but honest and steady work makes it possible in the hereafter, in the bosom of God. This militant optimism is pervading all his works. It suffered no change as years

advanced. To the last day of his life it possessed him. The expression of it began in *Pauline*, and it was no jot unabated in *Asolando*. It is a golden string running through the beautiful garland of his poems.

The lover in *Pauline* is a life-story of the fall of the logician. The pleasures of the intellect do not satisfy the craving soul, and the temporary satiety only increases the 'hunger for God.' Caught in the mesh of the net spread by the great Archimago of Intellect, the lover seeks absolute goodness and beauty in the things of the earth. He seeks them in vain in the arts until imagination takes him off from the clutches of intellectual pride slowly corroding his soul, and makes him peep into the infinite.

All knowledge is the aspiration of *Paracelsus*: all beauty, that of *Aprile*; and all power based on the possession of all knowledge and beauty, that of *Sordello*. All of them fail at first; for their aspiration is earth-bound; and their failure clears the mist of ignorance from their vision, and they see the true end. The parting words of *Paracelsus* express the necessity for faith in life eternal.

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."

Sordello, the popular poet of North Italy, is ambitious of political power, because he is a genius. He fails in its pursuit; for, he hesitates between filial duty and personal conviction, and is guided by no life beyond. He is contrasted with *Eglamour*, the poet without genius, who fails in life because he is satisfied with the worldly benefits, and with *Naddo*, the critic, who is a compound of both, who holds the opinion that what society has stamped must be good. In brief, *Paracelsus* and *Sordello* pass into the infinite there to be completed.

In the *Epilogue to Asolando*, the philosophy of life is beautifully and vividly summed up by Browning in a few undying words, a philosophy which gave him peace of mind and to which he, like *Herakles* in *Balaustion*, adhered all his life long:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

"No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer?
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'speed'—light on, fare ever
There as here!"

Thus Browning truly kept his word to his dying wife—to be a fighter to the end.

Next to his optimism, his love for man is brought out in his poems in a very striking and conspicuous manner. He makes no distinction between man and man. He has no faith in environment and heredity. He knows that the fair lily springs upon the filthy dunghill. In the selection of subjects for his poems he goes to the extreme of apotheosising trifles; he selects his heroes from the nooks and corners of history. He holds that in the heart of them all divinity lies in no degree less intense than in the hearts of great personages whom history has recognised as the great moulders and shapers of human destinies. Hence his choice of Paracelsus as a poet, Abt Vogler as a musician, Master Hughes as a violinist, Andrea del Sarto as a painter, Karshish as a physician, Rabbi Ben Ezra as a religionist, Prince Hohenstiel as a political villain, and Cleon as a poet, musician, painter, sculptor, all in one. This love of the grotesque may not be relishing to some readers and may be unpardonable, but looked at from the humanitarian point of view, it is bright and shining. No man is absolutely good or bad, but in every man, however evil, there is always a grain of truth, a touch of goodness, worthy of his manhood.

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out."

This is the keynote of Browning's *chef d'œuvre*, *The Ring and the Book*, the greatest epic of the nineteenth century, the epic of free speech. It is a marvel of scholarship, of intellectual discrimination of character, and of poetic expression, and comprises twelve beautiful versions of the same police story by different characters. The *Book* is the parchment roll of the trial of the Italian murder case. Count Guido murdered his wife in 1698, for he thought that he had been duped by Pompilia and her putative parents that she was a heiress, and that she had run away with the priest Caponsacchi and begotten a child for him. Each character concerned is made to tell its own tale of the murder and make its own defence. It is not *audi alteram partem* but *audi multum partem*. However enveloped in myth and

sham each version be a pearl of truth is sure to be found in the centre of it; and the particles of truth taken in the aggregate make up the sun. That is the function of the truth-seeker. What is the *Ring* then? It is the poet's imaginative alloy added to the gold of fact imbedded in the dusty book found buried in a heap of rubbish in an Italian stall and purchased for a *lira*. The mixture was necessary to make it workable, and the result is a splendid series of ringing parallels in biographical psychology, *curing* the spiritual guilt of Caponsacchi. The same spirit of patient listening to what others say of themselves runs through all his *Dramatis Personæ*. Their elaborate *apologia* demonstrate the magnificent patience of the poet. Prince Hohenstiel defends his policy of expediency with all his zeal; Bishop Bloomgram supports worldly clericalism; and Mr. Kudge ably puts forth that there is something in spiritualism despite the pranks and impostures of spiritualists.

"You've heard what I confess: I don't unsay
A single word: I cheated when I could,
Rapped with my toe joints, set sham hands at work,
Wrote down names weak in sympathetic ink,
Rubbed odic lights with ends of phosphor-match,
And all the rest; believe that: believe this,
By the same token, though it seem to set
The crooked straight again, unsay the said,
Stick up what I've knocked down; I can't help that,
It's truth! I somehow vomit truth to-day.
This trade of mine—I don't know, can't be sure
But there was something in it, tricks and all."

The next subject of importance connected with Browning's philosophy of life is his idea of the relationship between man and woman. In his view man and woman hold an equal position: they are of equal value for the progress of the race. He does not, like Tennyson, set apart a whole poem to define the relationship: it is found in solution in every one of his poems about man and woman. Good and evil are found in women as much as in men. A woman may be cultured and yet not devoid of her femininity. Browning himself enjoyed sixteen years of unclouded marital happiness and, therefore, sets a high value on the love of woman as the refiner and elevater of man. His poems of love are numberless. Love in all its variety is the theme of many a song of his. There are lyrics of love, antenuptial, nuptial and post-nuptial, and others dealing with might-have-beens, and memories, and weariness of love. Besides

variety, there is individuality characterising each of them. Each portrait differs from the rest, in some essential point or other. The unconscious influence of women for good is illustrated in Pippa. Pauline merges herself in her lover for a time and then, emerging from him, develops her own individuality. Michal is an excellent and fruitful mother. The magic spell of love finds its illustration in Palma who, by the witchery of her person, and by the flashes of her intelligence, lures Sordello into politics and loses him. This is tantamount to saying that politics is not the sphere of women. Polyxena is partly the political woman and partly the sensible and loving wife of a strangely tempered man. Ansel adores Djabal but loves Lois, and her religious enthusiasm leads to her death and the death of love with it. Desdemona-like is Mildred, an innocent girl who does not know when to speak and when to set the seal to her lips, and who, thereby, loses her lover and her brother. Hesitancy in love between gratitude and policy is portrayed in Colombe, a star of frank innocence in the cloudy firmament of a court. Constance, the jealous Constance, is a liar in grain, though she puts on the mask of self-sacrifice, and tries the true love of Robert in that disguise. Pompilia, like Marian Erle, is a star of purity, ennobling and healing mankind. Except Count Guido whose devilish nature scouts all good influence, the conventional Archbishop and Governor pity her and the monk and the Pope admire her. Her life is a crucifixion and she dies in full faith and love of God. Her sense of gratitude for her rescue from her foul friend makes her long for her spiritual union with the soldier Saint Caponsacchi in eternity. These are her parting words, burning with her hate for Guido and shining with the forgiveness of eternity.

"I could not love him, but his mother did.
His soul has never lain beside my soul:
But for the unrescuing body.—thanks!
He burned that garment spotted by the flesh.
Whatever he touched is rightly ruined: plague
It caught, and disinfection it had craved
Still but for Guido; I am saved through him
So as by fire; to him—thanks and farewell!"

Akin to Pompilia is Balaustion, the patriotic girl of Athens, who is a cultured genius. Her culture arms her with fortitude and courage in the crises of her life and saves not only herself but all who have come in contact with her. "She is a dear

friend of sombre Euripides and lures Aristophanes, the mocker, into seriousness." Thus sound education given to women sharpens their natural intelligence and stands them in good stead when they are harassed by trials and difficulties incidental to feeble humanity.

Thirdly, God. Browning's conception of God as the author of Nature and Man is that of the world in general. The imperfect man looks for his perfection in God. The poet propounds no teleological theory for it, though there is a savour of design in the finiteness of God's creation. 'God's in His heaven, All's right with the world.' So sings the silk-winding girl of Asolo, to whom the existence of God is a fact. But how to reach Him on high is a question that has puzzled the brains of poets, theologians and philosophers. Reason can no doubt help us in the ascent, but Faith alone can lift us to God. Live a pure life without any ostentation, whether you live in the East or in the West, in Asia or Europe, in Palestine or Arabia, in Greece, Italy, France, Spain, England or Russia; whether the life lived is that of a king, rabbi, apostle, fakir, grammarian, poet, peasant, priest, painter, musician, soldier, sailor, statesman, or merchant. This would be the answer of Browning. He inveighs against ritualism, against the "Raree Show of St. Peter's Successors" and "To-day's Buffonery of Posturings and Petticoatings." He advises the guilty pair in *Red Cotton Night-Cap Country* that their sins cannot be expiated by the valuable gift of some precious jewel or rich lace but by their leaving them.

A pure life is a religious life, the life that will bind back (ligo) the soul under lock and key to God, the golden chain where-with we are bound to the feet of God. By the religious life, the poet does not mean ascetic life, the life of seclusion and flesh-mortification, but the life of a hard worker led by the flaming beacon of the infinite life. Caliban, the philosophic savage, proudly compares himself to Setebos, his mother's deity, point by point, in a whisper, as a third person would do, but shrinks back and falls flat upon his face at the clap of thunder, fearing that it is the act of the offended deity. This is the religion of fear. Earthly happiness is the bait thrown by the religion of reward. Duty for duty's sake is what the religion without bargain demands. The highest of all consists in the soul merging into God, which cannot be effected without realising the Isis behind the veil. Thus fear leads to love, and love is selfish or unselfish, and unselfish love leads to the Love of Love. These

are but different stages on the road to the love of Heaven. They have been fixed by the wise men of the world to suit the differing capacities and powers of men in the world. So no kind of religion is to be condemned as all point to the grand ultimatum. In this respect Browning is cosmopolitan. He hates fraud in religion with great vehemence. He hates the worldly clerical; for he is a pious fraud. He says, 'Be a man of the world but do not deceive the world with the cloak of religion on.' All the intellectual fencing of Bishop Blougram does not half convince Gigadibs. There may be spirits in the world, working miracles, but the present day spiritualists are cheats and mountebanks and deserve unfeeling exposure. Of his trickery Mr. Sludge, the Medium, himself makes a clean breast.

Suffering is not a thing to be hated but greeted. As Mrs. Browning has it in *A Vision of Poets*,

"Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And Life is perfected by Death."

Suffering brings out the dormant virtues into activity, and the crown of suffering, death, opens eternity.

"Only grant my soul may carry high, through death, this
life unspilled;
Brimming though it be with knowledge, life's loss, drop by
drop distilled;
I shall boast it mine.—the balsam—bless each kindly
wrench, that wrung
From life's tree its inmost virtue, tapped the root whence
pleasures sprung,
Barked the bole, and broke the bough, and bruised the
berry, left all grace,
Ashes in death's stern alembic, loosed elixir in its place,
—*La Saisiaz*.

Men live a pure life, and yet suffer. A Hindu will account for suffering in this life by his doctrine of Karma. He suffers now for the sins committed in the previous birth. Thus he will take us to a succession of births and the transmigration of souls. But Browning does not go so far. He admits the law of retribution. Sebald tells his guilty paramour, 'I have done the deed and pay its price.' So does Lady Mildred in *A Blot on the Scutcheon*: 'Sin has surprised us. So will punishment.' All in justice suffered by a pure soul in this life finds its explanation in its future life. Thus the question of immortality comes to the fore. It is discussed in *La Saisiaz*. In it the poet reviews one

by one all the arguments adduced to establish it. The first of them is the apparent goodness and wisdom of God. This does not satisfy him. The next argument of the apparent omnipotence is met by the strife of right and wrong in this life. Others say we want it anyhow; but this want may be neglected in the midst of many wants that cannot be completely fulfilled in this life. Everybody admits that the soul is not the body, but the question is whether it survives the body or is extinguished with it. Defeated on all hands, the arguer says that we believe in it, as reason cannot solve it. All these arguments do not carry conviction to him but only show that probably the soul is immortal. It is only a probability, and his own experience goes to corroborate it. His existence, 'I am,' gives him a hope that there is the second life. The soul of man responds to the call of God. Such a hope brings peace into the mind of the sufferer and braces him up to bear all ills with unflinching courage, and solve the riddles of life. "We sleep to wake."

To conclude. Nature and man are forms of the creative joy of God. Nature moved up to man; and, as progress is man's distinctive mark, he moves ever higher and higher in order to perfect himself. When he has reached what he conceives to be the ideal here, his aspiration does not cease. 'In completed man begins anew a tendency to God.' Cleon says,

"I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus,
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire of joy,
—To seek which the joy-hunger forces us:
That, stung by straitness of our life, made strait
On purpose to make prized the life at large—
Freed by the throbbing impulse we call death,
Who while a worm still, wants his wings.

M. S. PURNALINGAM PILLAI.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF TAMIL LITERATURE.

DREARY as the prospect may well appear to the earnest student of Tamil Literary History, as in fact does early South Indian History in general, there have, of late, been brought to light some considerable body of Tamil literature which throw a flood of light upon the much doubted, though often debated, period when literary activity in Tamil reached its high watermark. Scholars are much divided in opinion as to the *S'angam* having ever existed at all except in the active imagination of later poets and the idle tongue of tradition. This is not strange considering how much truth is generally overgrown and interwoven with fable and legend. Whether wantonly or otherwise, the truth is very often hidden almost beyond recognition in later literature; and early scholars in modern Indian Research have unwittingly contributed their own quota to the very same end. Much has, therefore, even to be unlearned before making an attempt to learn something about this distant past of the oldest of the Dravidian languages of South India. Even in the traditions handed down to us, much distorted though they are, there are certain cardinal facts and characters standing clearly marked out from the rubbish outgrowths. It will not, therefore, be without interest to attempt to place these facts in the light in which they appear, on an unbiassed and impartial enquiry.

An attempt will, therefore, be made in this paper to set forth the available evidence literary and historical which tend towards the following conclusions:—

(a) That there was an age of great literary activity in Tamil to warrant the existence of a body like the traditional *S'angam*.

(b) That the period of the greatest *S'angam* activity was the age when S'enguttuvan S'era was a prominent character in politics.

(c) That this age of S'enguttuvan was the second century of the Christian Era.

(d) That these conclusions are in accordance with what is known of the later History of South India.

There are a number of works in Tamil literature of a semi-historical character of a later and of an earlier time; and these alone will be relied upon here, not altogether eschewing tradition of a reliable character as the sequel will amply shew. So far as tradition is concerned, there had been three Tamil *S'angams** that flourished at or about Madura and of these the third is all that we can presume to speak about. This *S'angam* had for its members 49 critics and poets who constituted a board of censors. There were 49 Pandya rulers among whom were Mudathirumaran and Ugra-Peruvaludhi who actively patronised the *S'angam*. This last personage is the sovereign before whom the Kural of Tiruvalluvar received the *S'angam imprimatur*. It is not out of place to remark here that the author of the Kural was not among the *S'angam* members, and there were a large number like him at different places as will appear in the sequel.

Taking this Ugra-Pandyan for reference a number of poets and Kings could be grouped round him from internal evidence of contemporaneity without having recourse to any legends concerning them. But it is first of all necessary to shew that it is probable that Tiruvalluvar was a contemporary of Ugra Pandyan. Apart from the verse in praise of the Kural ascribed to him, it is a well-known fact that Tiruvalluvar had a sister by name, or rather title, Avvaiyar. This poetess sings of this same Pandyan and his two friends the Chola Killi who performed the *Rajasuya* and the Cheraman Mavenkô although the names of these personages are not mentioned as such in the poem 367 of Puranânûru. But poem 21 of the same collection by Iyarmulungilar specifies his victory over Vēngaimārbān and the taking of the 'great fortress of the forest.' (Kanapperayil.) It also refers to the fame of this Pandyan, transcending the skill of poets. This Ugra-Pandyan is credited with having got the collection Ahavanûru made. Certain mythical achievements are ascribed to one Ugravarman Pandyan in the Madura Sthalapurana and the Halasya or Tiruvilayadal, which achievements are alluded to in the 'Epic of the Ankiel. (Silappadhikaram)†.

Leaving aside Ugra-Pandyan for a while, the greatest of Avvaiyar's patrons—in fact almost the patrons—were Adiyaman Neduman Anji and his son Pohuttelini. Their territories were

* The poem quoted at page 2 Note. Silappadhikaram, Canto XI., ll. 20—31.

in the Modern Mysore Province with the capital at Tagadur,* a place of some consequence in later history in the Mysore District not far from Nanjanagôdu near Mysore town. There was an Adiyamân about the same region who, as the Chola viceroy, was driven across the Kavery when Talakadu was captured by the famous Ganga Raja, the general of Vishnuvardhana Hoysala before 1117 A.D. Of the many poems in the Puranânûru collection ascribed to Avvaiyar, the great majority celebrate Anji one of the last seven patrons of letters, as patronage went in those days. Several of these mention the hero and his son by name. Poem 91 gives the hero's name and refers to the gift to her of the black gooseberry supposed to confer immortality on the lucky eater thereof. The same incident is referred to with the name of Avvaiyar put in it in the poem Sirupânarruppadai † of Nallur Nattattanar included in the 'Ten Tamil Idylls' another *S'angam* collection. The poem has for its special object the celebration of E'rumanattu Nalliyakkon, a petty chief over Vellore, Amur and other places near about, as the most liberal among the liberal patrons of those days, viz, the Chera, the Chola and the Pandaya and the seven last patrons. Poem 99 of the Puranânûru is of importance as giving us another clue to a different synchronism of the utmost consequence. This poem celebrates Anji's conquest of Tirukkovalur and states that the hero's fame transcended the capacity of the poets of an elder generation, and yet poet Parananar sings to-day of the glory of your conquest of Tirukkovalur.

This mention of Parananar is of very great importance to literary history. He was a poet among the *S'angam* members and is credited with a large number among the collection Puranânûru. But Parananar's fame should have been greater, if he enjoyed the patronage of S'enguttuvan S'era, whom he celebrated in the fifth division of another *S'angam* collection 'the Ten Tens' (Padirruppattu). The parentage ascribed to S'enguttuvan there agrees word for word almost, with that given by the author of the 'Epic of the Anklet,' a brother of the King and is even fuller of particulars. The last verse ‡ explicitly gives us the names of the hero and the author, and thus leaves us in little doubt as to the correctness of the connection. It is on these two accounts that the commentator of the latter work relies for his

* Mr. Kanakasabhai Pillai identifies this place with Dharmapuri, Salem District.
† ll. 99-103.
‡ Vide S. A. page 10, footnote on page 11 and Canto 29. Pandit Sambaiyer's Edition recently published pp. 78-76.

fuller account of the Chera's history. From the reference to the S'irupân made above, it is clear that Avvaiyar enjoyed the patronage of Adiyamân Nedumân Anji. Poem 99 of Puranânûru refers to Parananar as having celebrated the same patron. The last verse of the fifth division of the 'Ten Tens' connects unmistakeably S'enguttuvan with Parananar. Thus then it is clear that S'enguttuvan S'era, Adiyamân Anji, Avvaiyar and Parananar must have lived, if not actually at the same time, at least in the same generation. S'enguttuvan was a remarkably great ruler and thanks to the efforts of our modern Nachchinarkiniyar, Pandit Saminatha Iyer of Kumbakonam, we have two great works composed at his court and in his time, which shed a flood of light on contemporary history and which would go a long way in settling many a knotty point in the literary history of South India. These are 'the Epic of the Anklet' (Silappadhikaram) and 'the Jewel Belt' (Manimē-khalai). The first is the work of Ilango, the younger brother of S'enguttuvan who after renouncing life resided at Kunavayil near Karur (Vanji) the ancient capital of the Chera; and the second the companion and supplement, though the earlier composed, from the pen of (rather the style of) Madurai Kōlavanigan S'attan, otherwise known as S'ithalai S'attanar the corn merchant of Madurai. (His head was believed to have been exuding matter on account of the blows dealt by himself whenever he detected errors in other's composition, considering it a misfortune to have to read or listen to such blunders; so uncompromising a critic was he). Before proceeding to a consideration of these great works, it is better to dispose of a few other important characters.

Of the last seven patrons celebrated in the S'irupânarruppadai of Nallur Nattattanar (believed to be one of the *S'angam* forty-nine), there is one Pēhan (otherwise Vaiyavikken Pērum-pēhan) who was so liberal (inconsiderately so) as to give a warm covering to a peacock. This same incident is referred to in poem 145 of Puranânûru ascribed to Parananar. This personage sometime in his life transferred his affections from his wife Kannahi (to be carefully distinguished from the heroine of 'the Epic') and several poets among whom Parananar, made poetical appeals on her behalf.* The others were Kapilar, Arisil Kilar and Perumkunrūr Kilar (poems 43-47 both inclusive of Puranânûru). There is considerable similarity of sentiment in these. Poem 343

* The actual story connecting these is regarded as a fabrication by some scholars.

of the same work is also ascribed to Paranaar and it refers to a Kuttuvan very liberal in the donation of wealth 'brought down hill, country and from oversea.'

Passing on to Kapilar another *S'angam* celebrity reputed by tradition * to be the younger brother of Tiruvalluvar, it is found that he had for his patron and friend, a chieftain Vêl Pari, whose demesne *Parambunâdu comprised 300 villages and who was master of Parambu Hill. Kapilar is credited with having composed the *Kurinji* section of the *Aigurunôru*, the seventh of the works) and the *Inna* (that which is bad and therefore to be avoided) forty. When Pari fell a victim to the treachery of the 'three powers' who made a futile attack on him jointly, Kapilar as his chief friend took his two girls with him to be given away in marriage to some person worthy of them and thus do his last duty to his departed friend. Poems 200, 201 and 202 of the *Puranânôru* refer to the incident † of Pari's giving a car to the creeper *Mûllai* and to Kapilar's offering the girls to Vichchikkon and Pulikadimal ‡ Irungôvêl of Malainadu. Both of them refused to marry the girls and some insult offered as to the social standing of his patron's family the poet resents in poem 202. Poem 201 refers to Irungôvêl having been descended in the 49th generation from the ruler of 'Tuvurai' § who was born from a sacrificial fire. The title Pulikadimal has considerable similarity in its origin to a story which is given as explaining the origin of the Hoysalas in inscriptions of a later time. The following poem resents Irungôvêl's refusal to marry the girls and refers to the destruction of Arayam city the headquarters of this family in consequence of an insult offered to the poet Kalâthalaiyar ¶ by an ancestor of Irungôvêl's. The poet further begs, with biting sarcasm, to be pardoned for his having introduced the girls as the daughters of Pâri instead of as the descendants of Evvi (a chief in the Pandya country).

Kapilar himself is connected with the Chera Mântharam S'eral Irumporai and spoken of with great regard as a poet by

* See Nachelunarkiniyar's Commentary on Su. 35. Tholkappiyam Purathinai.

† Vide Sirupan.

‡ He that killed a tiger.

§ ('Tuvurai' may be either Dwaraka in Guzeral or Dwaravati or Dwarasamudra of the Hoysalas.

¶ Another poet who celebrates Karikala, and his Chera contemporary Perumseraladhan. (Poem 65 Purananuru.)

another poet Porundhiñ Ilangiranaar. Poem 126 by Marôkkattu Nappasalaiyar refers to his having praised Malaiyamân Tirumudikkâri, who was in possession of Mullur Hill. It incidentally refers to the naval strength of the S'era, likening the futility of the author's attempt at celebrating Kâri when Kapilar had done so, to the endeavour to sail a ship in the face of the Chera fleet. Poem 174 by the same author refers, incidentally to Mullur Hill celebrated by Kapilar, and directly to Soliyavenadhi Tirukkannan (otherwise Tirukkilli) who rendered yeoman's service to Peruvirarkilli while in hiding at Mullur. The poem further credits the Malayamân Soliyavenadhi Tirukkannan with having restored the Chola to his position.

Another person that Kapilar celebrates is Tirumudikâri ruler of Malainadu with his capital at Tirukkôvalur and with the hill Mullur. Poems 122 and 123 refer to his having been sought in alliance by the three powers.

Beginning with a consideration of what little is known of these three personages Avvaiyar, Paranaar and Kapilar, we have been introduced to a number of poets and potentates living within a generation of one another. Before proceeding to a consideration of the chief rulers of the age and their geographical location let us turn aside to glean what we can of contemporary history from the two epics of the age of S'enguttuvan, who was, by far, the most important character of the period and about whom we could gather an amount of information from the above works.

The Epic of the Anklet is the story of Kovalan (Gopala, and his wife Kannahi both of the mercantile community of Puhar (Kaveripûmbattinam) and has for its moral the triumph of the wife's chastity and the vindication of the husband's innocence. The story is as follows in brief outline:—Kôvalan, the son of Mâsâttuvan of Puhar was early married to Kannahi the beautiful daughter of Mânâygan of the same place and community; and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and becoming circumstance, as the two parties were of high social standing. After a while the mother-in-law set up her daughter-in-law independently in a different house in the same city provided with all that the young couple may need for conducting a successful and virtuous life as householder and housewife. Sometime after, Kôvalan took a fancy for a highly accomplished and exceedingly loveable professional dancing woman whose skill in her art was unsurpassed—nay even unsurpassable. The lover and mistress led

a happy life and had a daughter the only offspring of their affection. Disconsolate as Kannahi was, she never lost her affection for the husband who had thus given her up, and was quite as faithful to him as she would have been under ordinary circumstances. At the conclusion of the annual festival to God Indra the usual bathing in the sea brought the festivities to a close. This was a day of enjoyment for all and the whole elegant society of Puhar turned out to the beach to spend the day in music, dancing and such other amusement. The happy lovers singing, to the accompaniment of the 'Yâl' (a Tamil musical instrument now gone out of use) by turns, suspected each the other of having changed his or her affection, from the tenour of the songs. Stung by this imagined bad treatment at the hands of his sweetheart Mâdhavi, Kôvalan went home to his house, instead of to hers as usual, and felt quite ashamed of himself for his treatment of the wife who redoubled her attentions to him since she had seen that something ailed her lord. Overcome with remorse Kôvalan confessed to his wife his position with respect to Mâdhavi and communicated to her his resolution to make amends for his past conduct, by entering on business in Madura on his own account, asking her if she would follow him, should he act upon his resolution. Kannahi signified a ready assent and gave her husband the pair of Anklets (Silambu), the only thing valuable he had not as yet given away to Mâdhavi, for providing the requisite capital to the prospective merchant of Madura. That very night the repentent and admiring husband with his faithful spouse started away before dawn unknown to anyone and took his way along the northern bank of the Kavery. Picking up the nun Devandhi, a few miles above Puhâr, they continued their journey to Srirangam and Uraiyur. Thence taking one of the three roads indicated by the Malainâdu Brahman from Mângâdu (Alawayi in Travancore) who was returning from Madura on a pilgrimage to the shrines of Vishnu, they reached the outskirts of the capital city of the Pandyans. Leaving his tender wife in charge of a hospitable shepherdess and her daughters, he entered Madura city the next day to sell one of the pair of anklets. Not finding a ready sale, as the jewel was of very high value, he wandered long before he accosted a goldsmith who was going placeward at the head a number of his apprentices. On Kôvalan's offering the jewel for sale, the wary smith promised to get it sold, with a request that he would keep the jewel with him and wait there till he should send for

him from the place whither he was then going. Proceeding glee-fully to the royal residence he reported to the King that the thief who had stolen Queen's anklet had been caught, with the jewel in his possession and had been kept waiting under promise of purchase. The King, who was much distressed at the loss of the jewel and the pain it caused the queen, asked the jewel to be brought, killing the thief; he actually meant, asking the man and the jewel to be brought, to kill the man if found guilty. The plot of the goldsmith the real culprit, succeeded so well that the king was deluded and the innocent hero was murdered after transacting a pathetic scene much like the one in Shakespeare's Richard III. News of this calamity reached Kannahi, who in great anger, forgot her usual modesty; and bent upon establishing her husband's innocence and the power of her chastity walked boldly forth quite unlike her ordinary self with the other anklet in her hand and rang the bell of justice in the great gate of the palace. This alarm, quite unheard of in the reign of the then Pandyan ruler, aroused the suspicions of the hall-porter that something seriously wrong had taken place. The unusual apparition of a young injured woman with an anklet in one of her hands, anger and grief on the countenance, was immediately announced to the king. Admitted without delay into the royal presence, Kannahi proved that the anklet for which her husband suffered death was hers and not the queen's, demonstrating that the jewel in dispute was filled with rubies. The Queen affirmed hers was filled with pearls. Kannahi cursed that Madura be consumed by fire for this remissness of her king, who rather than survive this disgrace he brought upon a line of illustrious rulers, died immediately. The Queen followed her consort and Kannahi left the city by the western gate towards the hill-country, where she was to join her husband in a fortnight, as promised by the goddess of Madura.

This union of the wife and the husband was seen by the hill-tribes who duly reported the matter to their king, then in camp on the hills, with his Queen and retinue. At the request of the good queen, the king built a temple and consecrated it to the chaste lady (Pattiney Devi) who had undergone so recent an apotheosis.

This is, in the merest outline, the story of the first epic and the second is a sequel to this. Information of all the proceedings at Madura was given at Puhar by a Brahman friend of Kovalan,

who, having bathed at Kumari (Cape Comorin near which was once a river) was baiting at Madura on his homeward journey. The mother and mother-in-law of Kannahi died. The father and father-in-law renounced life and became Buddhistic monks.

Mādhavi, disconsolate at Kōvalan's sudden disappearance sent him an importunate appeal to return, while he was yet on his outward journey to Madura. Finding it of no avail she had been overcome with grief and when news of Kōvalan's death reached her, she gave up life and all its pleasures to become a lay disciple of a Buddhistic monk; while her daughter just blooming into a woman of rare beauty and womanly grace, entered the Buddhistic cloister. "Jewel-belt" (Manimēkhala) was her name and her renunciation forms the subject of the Epic with her name. The heir-apparent of Puhar is very deep in love with her, but she is taken care of by a goddess, who plays the guardian angel much like the Ariel of Shakespeare. To save her from the loving Prince's ardour, she is removed to an island by the goddess while asleep; and there she is initiated into the Buddha mysteries. Having understood her past life, she returns to Puhar with a begging-bowl of extraordinary virtue. The Prince still prosecuting his hopeless love, falls a victim to the jealousy of an angel whose wife's disguise the heroine assumed to keep out her importunate lover, her own husband in a previous life. Consoling the queen and the king in their sorrow for the loss of their son, she leaves Puhar (at the mouth of the Kavery) and proceeds to Vanji (not far from Kranganur at the mouth of the Periyar) where she learns all that the teachers of different religious systems have to teach her. Not satisfied with their philosophy of religion, she is directed to Kanchi by her grandfather, who had betaken himself to Vanji in anticipation of Puhar being overwhelmed by the sea. Manimēkhala proceeds to Kanchi and relieves the place from famine by the use of her begging-bowl. Learning the true philosophy of the Buddha from a saintly monk she stopped there. This is the merest outline of the two epics which are of a dramatic-epic character with something of the narrative in it. Containing, as they do, a great deal of the supernatural, there is yet much that must be regarded as historical. In one word the setting is poetical; but the back-ground is historical.

The Epic of the Anklet has much to say about the three great things of the South and its companion concerns itself with

three likewise; but the place the Pandyan is taken by the ruler of Kanchi. To begin with the Chōla kings, celebrated by the poets two names stand out:—Those of Karikala and Killi, called indifferently Nedumudikilli, Velverkilli, Mavankilli, &c. Of these two Dr. Hultzsch has the following in his South Indian Inscriptions:—"It will be observed that each of the four documents, which record the names and achievements of these ancient Chola kings, enumerates them in a different order. One of the four kings Kokkili can hardly be considered a historical person, as he is credited with having entered a subterraneous cave and there to have contracted a marriage with a serpent princess, and as the Vikkiram Cholan Ula, places him before the two mythical kings Sibi and Kavera.".....Of Karikala and Ko-Chengan here follows what the same authority has to say:—"A comparison of these conflicting statements shews that at the time of the composition of the three documents referred to, no tradition remained regarding the order in which Ko-Chengan and Karikala succeeded each other. Probably their names were only known from ancient Tamil panegyrics of the same type as Kalavali and Pattinappalai. It would be a mistake to treat them as actual ancestors of that Chola Dynasty whose epigraphical records have come down to us. They must rather be considered as representatives of extinct dynasties of the Chola country, whose names had survived in Tamil literature either by chance or by specially marked achievements."

"To Karikala the Leyden Grant attributes the building of embankments along the Kavery river. The same act is alluded to in the Kalingattupparani and Vikkiram Solan Ula. The Kalingattupparani adds that he paid 1,600,000 gold pieces to the author of the Pattinappalai. According to Porunararrupadai of Mudathana Kanniyar the name of the king's father was Ilan-jetchenni. The king himself is there called Karigal or blackleg or the elephant-leg; while the Sankritized form of his name Karikala would mean death to elephants. He is said to have defeated the Chera and Pandya kings in battle fought at Vennil. According to the Silappadhikaram his capital was Kaveripunn-battinam. In one of his interesting contributions to the history of ancient Tamil literature the Hon'ble P. Coomarasami allots Karikala to the first century A.D. This opinion is based on the fact that the commentaries on the Silappadhikaram represent

Karikāla as the maternal grandfather of the Chera King Senguttuvan, a contemporary of Gajabahu of Ceylon. Mr. Coomarasami identifies the latter with Gajubahu I. who according to the Mahavamsa reigned from (135 A.D.). With due respect to Mr. Coomarasami's sagacity, I am not prepared to accept this view, unless the identity of the two Gajabahus is not only supported by the mere identity of name, but proved by internal reasons and until the chronology of the early history of Ceylon has been subjected to a critical examination."

A careful examination of the first book of the Epic of the Anket shows that during the early part of the life of the hero the king of Puhār was Karikāla Chola. Apart from the fact that the commentator invariably interprets all references to the ruling king as applying to Karikāla [and this in itself is much as the commentator was one who was thoroughly qualified for the task and can, as such, be expected to embody nothing but correct tradition in his commentaries], there are a number of direct references to him—either by name or by the attribute of his having erected the tiger-emblem on the Himalayas. The last four lines of Canto I blesses the ruler "who erected the tiger-emblem on the crest of the Himalayas." There is direct mention of Karikāla's name and his rewarding the poet of the "Pālai" [Pattinappālai]* in one of the manuscripts consulted by the editor; further down lines 158-160 of Canto VI mention as clearly as one could wish, Karikāla as ruling at the time and the commentator explains it as such by giving the passage the necessary expansion, not to mention the allusive but undoubted reference to the same personage in lines 95-98 of Canto V. Of the three kings praised in Canto XVII, there is reference to Karikāla's Himalayan exploit in the last stanza in page 400 and this is the last Chola ruler referred to. Canto XXI, lines 11 *et seq* clearly state that Karikāla's daughter had married the then Chera king whom she joined when he lost † his life in the sea. These would undoubtedly point to Karikāla as having ruled at Kaveripattinam till Kovalan's departure for Madura. The supernatural achievements are clearly nothing more than the fanciful way in which these Buddhistic authors attempt to explain even the most ordinary events.

* Pages 44 and 45—Pandit Saminathaiyar's edition of Silappadhikaram. There is nothing in the lines to lead one to regard them as later interpolations.

† The text has it that when he was drowned she called out for him. The waves shewed him to her when she joined him and both disappeared, much like Kannahi's union with her husband.

nary occurrences. The most cursory examination will discover that it is so and the faith of these authors in the doctrine of Karma comes in for much that would otherwise be inexplicable in the story.

To return to Karikāla. He was the son of Uruvappahār[†] ilanjēchenni and had married among the Nāṅṅūr Vēl class. He is reputed to have assumed the form of an old judge in order to satisfy the scruples of the parties who were afraid that, being a youth, he could not bring mature experience to bear upon the question coming up for decision. His name is actually accounted for as having been due to a fire accident * while yet a baby. He is the hero of the two poems in the "Ten Tamil Idylls", Porunarāruppadai of Mudathāmakanniya[‡] and the Pattinappālai of Rudirāngannanār, for which latter the author received the 16 lacs of gold pieces mentioned above. He defeated the Chera by name Perumsēralādhān and a Pandian whose name is not mentioned in the battle of Vennā †. This Chera wounded in the back in battle retired to the North in disgrace ‡. Rudirāngannanār celebrates another hero, the Tondamān Ilandirayan of Kanchi whom tradition traces to the Chola Killi by a "Naga" princess as stated by Dr. Hultzsch, in the quotation above.

This Killi, otherwise Nedumudi Killi, is the ill-fated successor of Karikāla, in whose reign a catastrophe befell Puhār and brought the Chola fortunes very low indeed. While luckily there are but a few Karikālas among South Indian rulers, there are a number of Killis § among whom it is a matter of great difficulty indeed to fasten upon the individual here mentioned. Fortunately for us, there are certain distinguishing features which give us the clue. One of the exploits of S'enguttuvan S'era is the victory at Nērivayil, a village near Uraiyur [Trichy], where he defeated the nine Killis of the Chola family and thus restored his cousin [brother-in-law] to power. From the Epic of the Anket and the Jewel-Belt, we learn he was the last ruler in Puhār and it was in his reign that the ancient Chola capital was overwhelmed by sea. It is this Killi, whatever his distinguishing epithet, that is the father of the Tondamān referred to by Dr. Hultzsch. While in the Perumbanāruppadai, the commentator Nachchinārkiniya[‡] [who must have lived in the 13th

* The 3rd stanza from the Palamoli quoted at the end of the Porunarāruppadai.

† Lines 143-148. Porunarāruppadai.

‡ Puranānūru poems 65 and 66.

§ Twelve in Puranānūru and nine in Silappadhikaram.

Century A.D. or thereabouts] * makes the Tondamân the son of a Naga Princess with whom the Chola lived in a cave, which is generally taken to mean the nether-world; the Jewel-Belt gives the following much less romantic version of the story which agrees in all other details except the cave, so far as it goes, while accounting for the destruction of Puhâr. Without going so far out as the Hades, we find reference to Naga rulers in India and Ceylon between whom a war once took place for the possession of some Buddha-relic according to the Jewel-Belt. † The same also refers to another race of the Nagas as "Naked cannibals." The story goes on to state that Killi fell in love with a Naga Princess who appeared before him all alone, like a damsel from the fairy land, in what is called the "Kali Kânal" [the grove by the backwater] at Puhâr. After a month of happy life she left him [and this is explained away by preordination], when she had taken her residence in an island near the coast 300 miles away from Puhâr. Some time after she became the mother of a beautiful son, she sent the child to the father through a merchant, whose ship called at the island on its homeward journey. While nearing Puhâr, the ship got wrecked off the coast and the baby's fate was not known for certain. On hearing of this disaster, the king ordered a thorough search to be made and in his paternal anxiety forgot his duty to God Indra whose annual festival had been forgotten. The wrath of the God shewed itself, very likely, in a storm-wave which destroyed Puhâr completely ‡.

This account taken from the Jewel-Belt of the birth of the Tondamân makes Dr. Hultzsch's objection as to the myth, lose edge, and therefore it is quite possible—nay even historical—that there was a human ruler by name Killi who ruled at Puhâr after Karikâla.

Foot Note :—[The decent into the Hades, therefore, will have to be regarded as an eastern figure of speech and nothing

* Mr. Anavaradha Vinayagam Pillai allots him to the 9th Century A.D.
† We find reference to such wars in the Mahavamsa, in the earlier Chapters of the work.

‡ This Kali Kânal is referred to in Canto VII as the place of resort of pleasure seekers—nay a veritable "lover's harbour" in Puhâr.

§ Vide Manimekhalai note, pp. 97 and 98. The island of Ceylon in which is the Adam's Peak sacred to the Buddhists. This Hill is now known as Samantakutani and Samanelai but referred to in the work as Samantam and Samanoli.

|| There is a story of similar import with respect to a Ceylonese king whose wife was abducted by a Chola king under similar circumstances. There are no grounds to connect the two at present, at any rate.

more. There are other incidents throughout these epics which interpreted literally would be quite as absurd; and these are easily accounted for by the author's belief in the doctrines of Karma and rebirths, the main pillars of the Buddhist faith, as also to a modified extent of the Brahmanic. It is this that makes them attempt at accounting for actual phenomena by causes supernatural. This, modern European critics fail to bear in mind and hence all appears grotesquely legendary and absurdly fabulous. These remarks find their full application in the Jewel-Belt though there is hardly any Indian work of a quasi-religious or ethical character in criticising which one could afford to forget these.]

The destruction of Puhâr referred to above accounts for the association of Killi with Uraiyur at the end of the Epic of the Anklet, in the course of which the catastrophe to Puhâr must have happened. The ruler at Kanchi during the period according to the Jewel-Belt was an Ilam Killi the brother of Kalar Killi.

This last ruler of Puhâr is referred to in the Jewel-Belt with the following adjuncts indifferently, viz., Vadiver Killi, Velver Killi, Mâven Killi and Nedumud Killi. With the help of his younger brother, Ilangô [perhaps Ilam Killi of Kanchi] who was probably the heir-apparent as the term would indicate, he defeated the Cheras and the Pandyas on the banks of the river Kâri. * The three poems concerning this personage in the Puranânûru refer to his having been besieged at Uraiyur and Amur by Nalam Killi. After the destruction of Puhâr he must have been reduced to the woful plight from which S'enguttuvan S'era must have relieved him by his victory at Nêrivâyil † over the nine Chola princes who forgot their allegiance to the Killi. This is borne out by the enmity between Nedumudi Killi and Nalam Killi indicated in poems 44, 45 and 47 of Puranânûru. There are besides a number more of Killis each with a distinguishing epithet which would support the existence of the nine Killis [Killi being a generic name of the Cholas like Senni, etc.] The author of these three poems Kovil Kilâr celebrates another Killi who died at Kulamuram. None of these

* Pandit Saminathaiyar's edition of Manimekhalai, page 174 Canto XIX, lines 124-130.

† Nêrivâyil in later History belonged to the Kshatriya Sirkhamani Valamadu, i.e., the region round Uraiyur and the royal Secretary of Virarajendra was the owner of this village as also of Tali Tiruppanangadu. South Indian Inscriptions, Vol. III.

Killī is associated with Puhār. In fact neither in the *Puranānūru* nor in the *Sirupānarrupadai* do we find the city of Puhār associated with these Cholas.

Leaving aside the Cholas, we find the whole time during which the incidents narrated in the two Epics took place taken up by S'enguttuvan S'era, whose capital was at Vanji [Karur] at the mouth of the Periyar on the west coast. His exploits are recorded in some detail in these works and the others referred to already. His father and uncle are celebrated in the two preceding sections of the "Ten Tens." His chief achievements were a naval victory over the 'Kadambu,' two invasions of the North with victories on the banks of the Ganges over Kanaka and Vijaya, sons of Balakumāra, and the victories at Nerivayil and Viyalūr [there is a Viyalur connected with Nanna, an ancestor of Vichchikkōn whom Kapilar celebrates in Poem 200 of the *Puranānūru*]. Like his father, S'enguttuvan also claims to have cut out the bow-emblem on the Himalayas.

Coming to the Pandyan of Madura, we have two names in the Epic of the Anklet, viz., Nedum Cheliyan, victor over the "Aryan Army" and Ilam Cheliyan who was viceroy at Korkai when Nedum Cheliyan died at Madura. Before discussing these names we have to dispose of one other Pandyan of importance in literary history. When Thiruvalluvar submitted the "Kural" to the *S'angam* critics, the king was Ugra Pandyan, victor over the "big forest fort [Kanapperayil] under the chief Vēngaimarban." The Thiruvilaiyādal Purānam ascribes to him some achievements which are of a legendary character though some might have been possible. These are the very achievements* ascribed to a Pandya ruler by the Malainadu [Hill-country] Brahman from Māngadu, (Alangādu or Alavāyi) then at Uraiyur in the course of a pilgrimage to the shrines of Vishnu, who directed Kovalan to Madura from Uraiyur. This praise would lose all point unless it referred to the ruling Pandyan when the Brahman pilgrim sojourned at Madura, on his visit to Tirumālirānjōlai. The author of the Epic clearly designates him the Pandyan Nedum Cheliyan "victor over the Aryan forces," whatever these forces might have been. There are a number of references throughout the work to the erecting of the fish-emblem on the Himalayas. It is the boast of Kari-

* Canto XI, lines 23-31. There are besides references to these achievements in connection with the ruling Pandyan in many places throughout the work.

kāla Chola, Ugra Pandyan and Nedumcheralādhan [father of S'enguttuvan] that they cut out their respective emblems on the Himalayas. These achievements are clearly ascribed to the reigning Pandyan in the commencing and the concluding lines of Canto XVII. Thus then the Ugra Pandyan* of the Puranas and tradition could not have been any other than the ill-starred Pandyan Nedum Cheliyan of the Epic of the Anklet. Arvaiyar's reference to Parānar referred to above would agree quite well with this identification, as in accordance with that reference Parānar should have been the earlier of the two.

The successor of the Pandyan, apparently his son, Pandyan Ilam Cheliyan otherwise Verrivēl Cheliyan, was in Korkai when his father died and succeeded to his father's estate in the course of the story. We are vouchsafed no other information except that he propitiated the manes of the injured lady Kannahī by the sacrifice of 100 goldsmiths [perhaps a massacre of the class of artisans]. Probably his reign was short and uneventful. He must have been succeeded by Pandyan Nedum Cheliyan victor at Talaiālangānam† over the two other kings and seven chiefs Kapilar is connected with Prince Māntharam S'eralirumporai of the "elephant-look" by Porundhil Ilam Kīranār in poem 53 of *Puranānūru*. This Chera was ruling over Tondi, [Quilandy and not the S'olan Tondi, on the East Coast now in the Ramanad Zamindari] and was the master of Kolli Malai‡ [a hill in the Salem District quite on the border of Trichinopoly]. His position in this region would have been possible only in the light of S'enguttuvan's victories over the Kongus at Sengalam [Red-field], Viyalur about the same region and over the nine Cholas at Nērivāyil [near Trichinopoly]. This personage was taken prisoner by the Pandyan Nedum Cheliyan § of Talaiālangānam fame. At this latter place, the young Pandyan overthrew the "Tamil Army" under the two kings and 'seven chiefs.' This Pandyan was a great celebrity in literature and in his reign flourished a

* Stanza 1 bottom of page 400. Mr. Kanakasabhai Pillai in his interesting papers on 'the Tamils 1800 years ago,' makes Ugra Pandyan the contemporary of the successor of the Killī, the grand-son of Karikala. This would bring Thiruvalluvar's Kural too late for quotation by the friendly authors of the two epics as the Kural received the *S'angam* approval under Ugra Pandyan. [Madrās Review, Vol. II, No. 6]

† He must have been particularly young when he came to the throne, Puram 7.

‡ The last lines of Canto XIV The Epic of the Anklet refer to the reigning Chera as the ruler over the country between the Himalayas with the bow-emblem and Kolli Malai.

§ S. A. Canto XXVIII, lines 115-125. Selaiyain is again a generic name like Pandyan and the father or the son have the adjunct "big" "young" much as Smith senior or junior.

number of poets of the *Sangam* fame.* He is the hero of Māngudi Marudanār's *Maduraikkānji* and Natkīrār's *Nedunāl-vāḍai* among the "Ten Tamil Idylls." He was himself, like several other rulers of those days, including his grand-father, a poet. There are a number of poems relating to him in the collection *Purāṇānūru*. Thus we see that during the course of the story, the rulers of Puhār were Karikala and his grand-son Ko Killi,† of Madura, Nedum Cheliyan identified with Ugra Pandyan and Ilam Cheliyan followed later by Nedum Cheliyan victor over the Tamil army at Talayālangānam; the Chera ruler all the time at Karoor [Vanji] was S'enguttuvan Sera the brother of the author of the Epic and the patron of the author of the Jewel-Belt, the father and uncle of this personage having been the heroes of the 2nd and 3rd section of the "Ten Tens." Chey (Prince) of the "elephant-look" must have been his son and viceroy of the newly conquered territories.

These were the sovereigns of the three kingdoms who flourished in the generation of the literary celebrities headed by the names chosen at the commencement, viz., Avvaiyār, Parānar and Kapilar. These were the three stars of the first magnitude in the literary firmament, as those in the political, of South India. Other poets there were and patrons likewise. Of the latter, mention has already been made of Pāri of Parambānadu and Parambu Hill; Kāri of Thirukkovaḷūr in Malainadu and Mūl-lur Hills; Irungovēl of Arayam in the Western Hill-country of the 'Tuvurai† family with the special distinction of having killed a tiger to save a saint absorbed in contemplation; Pēhan of Nallur in Malainadu [Hill-country]; and Adiyamān Anji of Tagadur and Horse-hill, overthrown according to the 8th section of the "Ten Tens" by the Perum S'eral who overthrew Tagadur. These are all mentioned by name as well as by distinguishing achievements, most of them in a somewhat fabulous garb in the *Sirupanarrupadai* of Nallar Nattattanār. Besides these, we have already mentioned the Prince Ohera of the "elephant look," ruler of Tondi and master of Kolli Hill. To come to the poets, in addition to the three already referred to, we must mention here only a few of the more important, such as Tiru-

* Mr. Kanakasabhai Pillai places a Nalam Killi between these two. [Madras Rev., Vol. II, No. 7.]

† Tuvurai might have been either Duvaraka in Guzerat or Dvaravati or Halebad in Mysore; but the latter does not appear till much later and the name Tuvurai in classical works is always taken to mean Dvaraka.

valluvan Ilangovadigal, S'ithalai S'attanār, Rudirāngannanār, Mudathāmakanniyaṛ, Māngudi Marudanār, Narkīrār and others, whose works are regarded even to-day in high esteem by the Tamil world as masterpieces in their respective departments. Some of the rulers were themselves poets of some merit and Avvaiyār was not the only poetess. The two young daughters of Pāri could compose verses and the elegiacs ascribed to them is proof of their ability in this direction. There is besides a poem in *Purāṇānūru* ascribed to the wife of Bhuta Pandyan, who performed Sattē on the funeral pyre of her husband. These names raise a strong presumption in favour of the view that, as the age of Senguttuvan [including in it a generation either way] was one of great literary activity, it might have been the time when the *Sangam* activity was at its height.* This was the age when the creed of the Buddha was in the ascendant, which like all other reform movements of a later time gave a powerful impetus to the development of the vernaculars of the country. Although the *Sangam* is not mentioned as such in these early works, we find the cultivation of Tamil specially associated with Madura which is often referred to as "Tamil Kūḍal†" despite the fact that a large number of poets mentioned above flourished in other courts. In the traditional lists of *Sangam* celebrities, we find mention of the names of most of the authors referred to above. It is not improbable, therefore, that a board of Censors like the *Sangam* existed about this age at Madura.

Without passing to examine what other literary men could be grouped along with those spoken of already, we might pass on to the consideration of the more important question of the probable age of this great literary activity in South India. The two chief Epics—the "Epic of the Anklet" and the Jewel-Belt,—were Buddhistic, the latter more so than the former; and the other works of the age show considerable Buddhistic influence and follow in this order with regard to dates of composition. The *Kural* is the earliest of the major works, as there are quotations from this work in the companion epics, which acknowledge the quotations even. The two Epics must have been composed

* It will be clear from the above that the author of the *Kural* could not have been much earlier than the friendly authors of the epics. Still they quote with great respect from the *Kural*. This could only be if the *Kural* was authoritatively approved of after being read out before the *Sangam*. S'ithalai S'attanār being one of the August body. Ilango, however, was not among this body although he quotes from the *Kural* likewise.

† *Sirupan* and *Purāṇānūru* and *Kāṇigattapparaḷ* of a later age.

about the same period—the Jewel-Belt preceding the Epic—The Ahanânûru miscellany is ascribed to Ugra Pandyan, before whom the Kural received the *Sangam* imprimatur. The Kundalakêsi is another Buddhistic work and so far as we know of it at present of a controversial character much like the Jewel-Belt in plan of work. This was followed by the Nilakêssitterattu which attempts at refuting Kundalakêsi and must, therefore, be of a later age. If this general course of literary activity is correctly indicated by the editor of “Sen Tamil,” whose account is relied on here, and if we can fix the probable period of this literary activity, this will prove the sheet anchor in the literary chronology of South India.

In the midst of the confused tangle of mere names and names of similar sound and meaning, we have, luckily, just a few distinct characters and characteristics that make the attempt not altogether hopeless, provided the question be approached in the spirit of unbiassed enquiry. Although Killi is quite a common name among the Chola rulers, Karikala is somewhat uncommon. Senguttuvan is definite enough and his Ceylon contemporary Gajabahu's name occurs, luckily for students of Tamil history, but twice among 174 names unlike Vikramabahu for instance. The Kalingattupparani, a work composed about 1080 A.D., refers to Karikala and Ko-Killi in the reverse order, Killi being followed by Ko.—Chengam, Karikala following both. There appears, from the Purananûru, to have been a Killi in the third generation before Karikala; but the Chola succession is fixed as follows with respect to these, taking only such names as are specifically mentioned in the order given below:—Ilanjêthenni, his son Karikala, his grandson Nedumudi Killi. The Kalingattupparani, like the great commentators who must have lived after Jayam Kondân, the author of this work, ascribes to Killi the descent into the Hades. It is just possible that there was a mistake made, as to the particular Killi, whose union with the Naga Princes was thus described by later writers. If this were so, the Karikala of the Himalayan fame could not have been Kulottunga I certainly, nor the viceroy of Koli [Uraiyur] in the reign of his father-in-law Rajendra [1053-1060 A.D.]. There is one other Karikala of the later dynasty * whose epigraphical records are available to us—Aditya, Karikala [Circa 950-985 A.D.] who killed Virapandya in battle as if in sport. But the author of the Kalingattupparani places Karikala three names before Viranârâyana or Parantakas, while Aditya was the eldest son of Parantaka, a grandson of the first of that name. So then we are driven to the necessity of looking for this Karikala far earlier than 900 A.D.

It was shewn above that the works themselves point to an age when the religion of the Buddha was in the ascendant at the probable period when the works under consideration—at least the greatest of them—were composed. Buddhism was overthrown by about the 7th Century A.D. when Hiuen Tsiang was travelling through India and when Tirugnanasambanda flourished. About 750 A.D. a battle was fought between Varaguna Pandyan and the western Ganga king Sivamara, at Sri Parambi [Tirupparambiyam near Kumbliakonam]. This would not have been possible had the Cholas been at all powerful. Nor do the works of the age under review mention the Gangas as so powerful. We are at this period (about 750 A.D.) passing out of the Pallava Ascendency in South India which must have begun about 500 A.D., if not earlier, with Vishnugupta of Kanche, the contemporary of Samudragupta. There is no reference in the works under notice to such premier position of the Pallavas or even the Tondamân rajas—the only Tondaman of the period figuring as a minor chief, Kanchi being a Chola viceroyalty. In the Royacotta * plates, a Pallava king by name Skandasishya, who must have been earlier than Vishnugupta, claims descent from Asvattâman through a Naga Princess. Perhaps by this time the origin of Ilandirayan had been so far forgotten as to make this credible. These considerations lead us to an earlier period for Karikala. This personage is associated with Puhâr even in tradition, and the Jewel-Belt tells us in unmistakeable language that Puhâr was submerged in Killi's reign. All the poems in the Purananûru about Killi, a number of them with distinguishing epithets, connect them with Uraiyur, and none of them is connected with Puhâr. Uraiyur figures as a considerable town in the “Epic of the Anklet.” Even the Sirupanâruppadai does not mention Puhâr. This is a very important circumstance as will appear presently.

When Senguttuvan performed an elaborate sacrifice on the occasion of the consecration of the temple to Pattini Devi [the heroine of the Anklet], there was present, among others, Gajagattupparani places Karikala three names before Viranârâyana or Parantakas, while Aditya was the eldest son of Parantaka, a grandson of the first of that name. So then we are driven to the necessity of looking for this Karikala far earlier than 900 A.D.

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* For a list of this dynasty of kings see the table prefixed to my article, “The Chola Ascendency in South India,” Madras Review for November 1902, or the South Indian Inscriptions, Vol. III, part II, recently published.

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So much being admitted, it requires a different method of argument to show that Indians are not fit for the Executive line; and the opponents of native advancement are resourceful enough to contend that the qualities required in a Judicial Officer are essentially intellectual, in which Indians excel, but that the Executive branch demands qualities other than intellectual, such as energy, decision, self-reliance, power of combination and organisation, managing power and so forth, in which Indians are presumed to be deficient without giving them an opportunity to prove them. The position then is this: Indians have proved equal to any responsibility which they have been called upon to discharge. They are presumed to be unequal to those which they have not been given and will not be given an opportunity to demonstrate their fitness for. As Lord Lytton himself once confessed, this kind of moving in a vicious circle has long been the practice of Anglo-Indian statesmen. His Lordship said:—"We do not employ natives more largely, because they are not well qualified, and they are not well qualified because we do not employ them enough." The extended employment of Indians in the higher services has been acknowledged by competent authorities to be an urgent necessity. Sir William Hunter said: "You cannot work with imported labour as cheaply as you can with Native labour; and I regard the more extended employment of the Natives not only as an act of justice but as a financial necessity. If we are to govern the Indian people efficiently and cheaply, we must govern them by means of themselves, and pay for the administration at the market rate of Native labour." The same view was expressed by the Duke of Devonshire, as Secretary of State for India. He said: "If the country is to be better governed, that can only be done by the employment of the best and most intelligent of the Natives in the Service." Another Secretary of State, Lord Iddesleigh, said: "If they were to discharge their duty towards India, they could only discharge that duty by obtaining the assistance and counsel of all who were great and good in that country. It would be absurd in them to say that there was not a large fund of statesmanship and ability in the Indian character." Sir Henry Cotton says nothing more than what these distinguished authorities have said. Only what he says has the authority of close personal knowledge, acquired by his intimate acquaintance with India and its educated classes. He does us justice and

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nothing more than justice, but he is inspired by a generous sympathy which others do not feel. With regard to the alleged inferiority of Indians for executive service Sir Henry remarks:—"The Natives of India are assumed to be unfit to have charge of districts; it is convenient to assume that all Englishmen are cool and wise in danger, while no Natives are so, and that consequently only Englishmen and no Indians are competent to be trusted with independent charge. By a process of the grossest self-adulation we persuade ourselves to believe that Natives are only useful as ministerial servants, but that the work of a district, if it is to be done at all, demands the supervision of an English Officer. The truth, however, is that the Indians, as of course they must be, are the backbone of our administration. The burden and heat of the day are already borne by Native subordinates; and in the event (as occasionally must be the case) of an incompetent European being in charge of a district, the whole of the work is done by his Native deputies and clerks." It is impossible to avoid bitterness and ill-feeling between the European and the Indian when arguments such as Sir Henry Cotton mentions are used to justify the exclusion of Indians from the higher administrative posts; for the Indians can only feel that their rulers are adding insult to injury by employing such reasons.

There have not been wanting British statesmen to plead for equality of rights and justice for all classes of His Majesty's subjects. Lord Northbrook once said in the House of Lords that "whether it was Lord Dalhousie with his imperial instincts, or Lord Canning with the responsibility laid upon him of dealing with the Mutiny or Lord Lawrence with his great knowledge of the internal organisation of the country, or Lord Mayo, associated from childhood with the conservative party—all alike held that there should be no distinction of class or race, and there should be one law for all classes of Her Majesty's subjects." But quite different is the principle which seems to guide Lord Curzon who has no faith in political agitation, much less in the political education of the people and in the concession of political rights to them. He has expressly emphasised a distinction between Englishmen and Indians both as regards their status and as regards their rights. It is interesting to contrast his achievements with the achievements of many of his predecessors, of Cornwallis, of Bentinck, of Canning, of Lawrence, of Mayo, of Northbrook, of Ripon, of Dufferin, and of Laundowne, all of

bahu of Lanka surrounded by sea [as opposed to Mavilangai of E'rumanattu Nalliyakkôn]. This Gajabahu of Ceylon, Ilan Cheliyan of Madura and Killi of Uraiyur built temples to the same deity, following the lead of the Chera. The question now is whether this Gajabahu is the first or the second of the name. The first Gajabahu ruled a single monarch of Ceylon from 113 A.D.-135 A.D.; the second as one of three from 1142-1164 A.D. as in the list appended to Miss Duff's chronology of India. Dr. Hultzsch's challenge to the Honourable Mr. Kumarasamy is to establish by internal evidence that the Gajabahu mentioned was the first and not the second of the name. As to the other part of his objection, it must have become clear from the above that for the myth about Killi, later writers alone are responsible; and enough direct evidence has been adduced to show that Karikâla was ruling at Puhâr when Kovalan began life as a married man and that his daughter was the wife of the Chera king then reigning. To return to Gajabahu, let us for the sake of argument take him to be the second of the name. We know something of the history of South India in the middle of the 12th Century and the geographical distribution of powers. The Chola rulers ought to have been either Vikrama or Kulothunga; the rulers of Madura, either Vira Pandyan or Vikrama Pandyan; the sovereigns of the Chera country were Vira Kerala Varman and Vira Ravi Varman, of the Mysore country Vishnuvardhana and his son Narasimha. There were no separate rulers at Kanchi except that it was an alternative capital of the Cholas. There was an Adiyaman no doubt, about this period [somewhat earlier], but he was the Chola viceroy at Talakad [not connected with Tagadur], who was driven across the Cauvery by Ganga Raja, the famous general of Vishnuvardhana. There were no Kongu rulers such as are mentioned in the Epic of the Anklet. Gajabahu himself was in no plight to come to Vanji* [Karur] at the mouth of the Perar not far from the modern Kranganur [Kodungalûr]. Gajabahu was fighting his own battles nearer home with his two neighbours, Mânâbharana and Parâkramabâhu, and it was all he could do to keep himself from being permanently overwhelmed.

The first Gajabahu invaded the Chola country to bring back the inhabitants of Ceylon, carried off by the Chola army on a

* Vanji itself was not the Capital of the Chera. The Capital of Kerala was Quilon at the time and during the period of the Chola Ascendancy (900-1300 A. D.)

previous invasion of the island during his father's reign; they were then in bondage at the city of Cauvery in the country of Soli. He brought back besides the relics and the begging-bowl of the Buddha ["which aforetime had been carried away by the Dhamilas"]. The Rajaratnakari, while ascribing the same achievements to him, states that the Ceylonese went of their own accord "to serve at the River Cauvery."* He is there said to have brought a number of the Tamils and settled them in Ceylon. In the Rajavali, however, there is an even more elaborate version. The ruler is there called Rajabahu [which may be due to a misselection]. He was accustomed to make solitary night rounds, when he heard the wailings of a widow in her house; for her two sons had been taken captive by the king of 'Soli Ratta.' The "Adigars" [officers] failing to discover anything wrong, the king sent for the woman and learnt from her that 12,000 families had been carried away, "when the king of Soli Ratta made his descent upon the island." The same achievements as in the previous account are recorded with the addition "that the king of Ceylon also, upon that occasion, brought away the foot ornaments of Pattiny Devi †, and also the four arms of the Gods." This Pattiny Devi could have been no other than the heroine of the Epic known as Pattiny Devi or Pattiny Kadavul. This must have been regarded as a valuable relic in those days when relics played such a prominent part in religion. As to the begging-bowl of the Buddha, a bowl of extraordinary virtue had been brought by Manimêkhalâ from an island south of Puhâr, where there was a Buddha seat as well, which had the divine quality of letting people into the secrets of their former existence, a belief in which was one of the cardinal doctrines of Buddhism. The Jewel-Belt also states that two Naga kings fought for the possession of this Buddha-seat. These then are the native accounts of the Ceylonese chronicles with respect to Gajabahu the First; but unfortunately the reference to Pattiny Devi does not occur in the earlier compilations. This is matter for great regret. It must, however, be noticed that all these works were compiled from earlier writings and living tradition.

* Vol. II, pages 57-58. This mention of the river instead of the town would show that when the Rajaratnakari was compiled the existence of the town was passing into oblivion.

† The distinction between the Chola country and other parts of South India is not carefully made in the Mahavamsa. Sometimes they specially talk of Soli Ratta, at others of Malabar generally, meaning not the Malabar Coast necessarily but India generally.

Here follows what the learned translator of the works has to say about them :—" So carefully has the text been handed down that the discrepancies found to exist between the more ancient and modern copies are very slight indeed." "The Rajâvali is a work of different hands and compiled from local histories; it is used as a corollary or addition to the two preceding works continuing the narrative through the struggles between the Portuguese and their rivals, the Dutch, etc."

All tradition, therefore, and the historical circumstances attending the story of these epics point to the first Gajabâhu as the Ceylon ruler who was present at the celebration of the sacrifice by S'enguttuvan S'era and if the Rajâvali could be relied on the conclusion would be forced upon us. As it is, however, there is but little ground to connect these events with the second Gajabâhu, as some scholars would have it.

As to the date of the first Gajabâhu the chronicle gives 113-135 A.D. as the period of his reign. Whatever be the real worth of this actual date we have little reason to regard that of his successor namesake as inaccurate. It has been pointed out that the middle of the twelfth Century could not possibly be the time when the poets flourished. There is the Kalingattupparani the date of composition of which could not have been much later than 1080 A.D. certainly not later than 1118 A.D. Sundaramûrti Nayanar, whom the late Mr. Sundaram Pillai placed in the 8th Century A.D. refers to Pari * the patron of Kapilar, and the general tenor of the epic points to Buddhistic times which the 12th Century was not. Taking the Buddha Nirvana, at 477 B.C. instead of 543 B.C., as pointed out by General Cunningham, the reign of Gajabâhu I. would go up to 179-201 A.D. Until it is proved that the earlier dates of Mahavanisa are unreliable† [except for this error], these dates will have to stand and the period of the greatest literary activity in Tamil must thus be put down as the second and third centuries of the Christian Era at the latest. This would be quite consistent with the power of the Tamils in the centuries preceding the Christian Era when they several times invaded Ceylon and imposed themselves on the Ceylonese as

* The reference is to the complaint which the devotee makes in respect to the lack of liberality in people in his days although one should choose to describe a miser as a patron liberal as Pari, much as Bacon complains of learned men turning Faustina into Lucretia.

† Prof. Rhys Davids finds the Chronicle borne out in important details by the inscriptions among the finds of the Sanchi tope, &c. (Buddhist India, pp. 299-300).

usurpers about the middle of the first Century B.C. These facts coupled with the Emperor Asoka's reference to these Tamil powers along with the five Hellenistic Potentates warrants great probability with respect to the high state of civilisation of the Tamils.

Besides the mention of Gajabâhu, we find mention of a number of other rulers in the course of the 'Epic of the Anklet,' who were some of them friendly and others hostile. The friendly kings were the "Khundred arnas" who provided S'enguttuvan with a fleet of ships with which to cross the Ganges, when he invaded the Northern country to punish Kanaka and Vijaya, sons of Bâlakumârâ, who spoke disparagingly of the Tamil rulers. These brothers were helped by Uttara, Vichitra, Rudra, Bhairava, Chitra, Singa, Dhanathura and Sveta.* Mr. Kanakasabhai takes the "hundred Karnas" as equal to Satakarnin of the Matsya-purana. But against this, there is the objection, that the Tamil poet mentions, the hundred persons, the Karnas; † and in one place the author even talks of "the Karnas" without the hundred.‡ Besides, as would appear from Dr. Bhandarkar's Dekhan, the name Satakarnin was that of a dynasty and not of only one ruler. The name Satakarni alone appears in the early part of the list and his date is 40 B.C. to 16 A.D. [see 166, Bombay Gazetteer, Vol. I, Part II.] The word itself could be taken to mean "keen-eared", (rather than hundred-eared) figuratively. It is hard to understand how a contemporary could have rendered it with the number attached not to the ears but to men. Besides, these were ruling in Southern India, although Magadah was included in their dominions. So then even if the "hundred Karnas" meant Satakarnin, the particular sovereign might have been Yegna Sri who ruled from 154-174 A.D., in the Mahârâshtra and 172-202 A.D. in Telingana. If this be so, we have also a Vijaya, mentioned in all the puranas, who was in Telingana from 202-208 A.D., but as against this, there is the objection that S'enguttuvan crossed the Ganges and fought with Vijaya and his brother on the northern bank of the Ganges. This notwithstanding, that S'enguttuvan must have flourished about this time, could be inferred from the fact that S'enguttuvan's father, Pandyan Nedumcheliyan and Karikâla all claim victory over the

* S. A. Canto XXVI, 11 180-185.

† S. A. XXVI line 149.

‡ Ibid XXVII, page 177.

Aryan forces. It is very likely that the Tamil forces helped in the overthrow of the foreigners by Gotamiputra Satakarni,* and the direct mention of gifts to Karikâla by the Rajas of Bundelkand [Vajranadu], Magadha and Malava [Avanti] could not be altogether a figment of the imagination, since it is so very definite. All circumstances attending point to the 2nd Century A.D., as the era of S'enguttuvan; and the era of the greatest literary activity may be taken to be the 2nd and 3rd centuries after Christ.

Buddhism was introduced into South India during the last quarter of the 3rd Century B. C. It must have taken some time to strike root and in those days must have been somewhat slow in spreading. Judging from the exposition of it as in the Jewel-Belt, we might take it that it was as yet tolerably free from any element of corruption so as to evoke the admiration of even Christian scholars like the learned translator of the Ceylonese chronicles. The early centuries, after Christ may, therefore, be regarded as the age of Buddhistic Ascendancy in South India. When Fa Hain was travelling in India, there was already the early signs of revulsion, and Brahminism returned to the fray. In the next two or three centuries Buddhism was swept off the country and the restoration of Brahminism was completed when Hieun T'sang came to India, chiefly through the agency in the Tamil country, of the earlier Saivaitic devotees and perhaps some among the Vaishnavaitic. From this time the struggle is not so much between Buddhism and Brahminism, as between the latter and Jainism.

In the first centuries of the Christian Era then we find India south of the Tungabhadra thus politically divided. If we start at the source of the Kavery and follow its course till it meets the Amarâvati near Karoor, and then go up the latter river continuing our journey till we reach the Palnis and the Western Ghats, we shall have marked the land boundary of the Chera sphere of influence. If we take a straight south-easterly line from Karoor till we reach the sea, east of the Zamindari of Sivaganga and south of the old Chola town of Tondi, the south of this line would

* This is the more likely as the Saka Nahapana and his successor Rishabadata ruled over the Maharashtra, with Junnar for their capital and their territory extended up to Malabar. This dynasty, together with that of Chashtana in Malva, was overthrown by Gotamiputra Satakarni and his son Pulimayi, among whose possessions we find "the regions of the Malaya and the Sahya." These Andhrabhrityas came from Dhanakataka near Guntur and driving back the Usurpers recovered their ancestral dominions.

(Introduction to Literary Remains of Dr. Bhausaṃi, page XXV. and Dr. Bhandarkar's Dekhan, Secs. IV, V and VI).

be the Pandya and north of it the Chola sphere of influence. It must not be understood that the territory allotted to each power was always directly under it. The frontier regions were always of doubtful allegiance, as could be seen from the care with which rulers in those days fortified and strengthened frontier towns. So far as the Cholas were concerned, they had always prominently before them the strategical advantages of Uraiyur on the west and Kanchi on the north although their chief city was Puhâr on the sea coast. Karoor was the meeting place of the three powers and it was in its neighbourhood that many a hard-fought battle took place. This central region, particularly the hilly portion, was therefore filled with petty chieftancies owing allegiance, so long as it could be enforced, to one or other of these powers constituting a group of frontier "buffer-states." Thus there was Irungô Vêl north of the Mysore District and on the frontiers of Coorg. Next to him was the Adiyaman in the southern half of the Mysore District with his headquarters at Tagadur.* He belonged to the Chera family. South of this must have been the territory of Pêhan with Nallâr for his headquarters the country round the Palnis; between the two last was probably Parambunâdu of Pâri. Next follows the Kongu country which we might put down as including a part of the Coimbatore and Salem Districts. In a line east of this is the Hill-country of Kâri with its headquarters at Tirukkôvalâr. South of this is the Chola country proper and north the Province or kingdom, according to circumstances, of Kanchi. South of the Palghat gap and in the Pandya country was the chieftancy of A'ay round Podiyil Hill in the Western Ghats. On the opposite side round Korkai were the territories of Evvi. During the latter part of the reign of S'enguttuvan there was a Chera, probably a viceroy only, holding a tract of country extending from the Kolli Mal'ais † to Tondi in the coast, with the Chola and the Pandyan countries on either side. This was the prince Chera of "elephant-look" [probably he had small deep-set eyes]. The above appears to have been the geographical division of the country. This Kaleiascopic arrangement vanished and another pattern presented itself with every turn that affairs took.

If we call the age under consideration, the age of the Chera

* This Mr. Kanakasabhai regards identical with modern Dharmapuri but Tagadur will serve equally well as there was an Adiyaman later about the same region.

† This was the tract taken from O'ri by his enemy Kâri and given to the Chera.

Ascendancy, as S'enguttuvan S'era appears to have been at one time in his life the arbiter of the destinies of this part of the country, we pass on gradually from this into a struggle, the Chera supremacy being shaken by the Pandyan. Here we lose the thread till we come to about A.D. 400, when the Pallavas rise into importance. The Pallava Ascendancy begins with Vishnugopa of Kauchi, the contemporary of Samudragupta and reaches its grand climacteric under Narasimhavarman, the destroyer of Badami [Vatapi] the Chalukya capital about 640 A.D. A century hence we find the Gangas and Pandyas fighting near Kumbhakonam. This role the Pandyas play several times in history. Their position at the farthest end of the peninsula gives them safety. It is only when the frontier powers fall, that we see the Pandyas asserting themselves. Throughout history the South Indian powers had to oppose the incursion of the Dekhan Powers and from the rise of the Pallavas we can have a clear idea of the general position of the South Indian Powers. Varguna Pandyan succeeded in chasing the Gangas back into their territory. In another century a new dynasty of the Cholas rise into eminence and achieve an ascendancy matched only by that of the later Empire of Vijayanagar in its best days. The decline of the Cholas again brings into prominence the Pandyas in the South and the Hoysalas in the North. Both alike of these powers are overwhelmed in that great wave of Moslem invasion under Malik Kafur. The Muhamadan is beaten back by the heroic efforts of a number of chiefs and this movement culminates in the establishment of the Vijayanagar Empire in the middle of the 14th Century. The fall of this Empire brings the History of Hindu rule in South India practically to a close, and the Mahratta Empire belongs to a different Chapter of Indian History.

S. KRISHNASWAMI AYYANGAR.

MAHOMEDAN EDUCATION DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

EVEN in the pagan times, the Arabs had a system of education such as was suited to their life and character as the children of the desert. Divided as they were into a number of independent tribes at constant war with one another, they found it necessary to acquire skill in the exercise of arms and horsemanship. Their pastoral life in arid plains and on sun-burnt elevations, interspersed with smiling tracts covered with plenty of green vegetation and delightful shade, developed the imaginative side of their nature to a phenomenal extent, and it was not unfrequently that they conveyed their spontaneous thoughts and feelings in the language of poetry and eloquence. Indeed, they cultivated these arts with remarkable assiduity, and it was considered a high distinction for a tribe to possess a person able to sing of their honor and glory, their noble descent and noteworthy achievements. They attached very great importance to nobility of descent, and so many were the disputes that arose among them on that score that a knowledge of their genealogies and their past achievements was considered a necessary part of their accomplishment. The Arab youth of old had also to acquire a knowledge of the stars, sufficient at least to foretell the changes of weather. Though the Arabic language had attained a certain degree of perfection, reading and writing were not extant, being confined to a few favoured of fortune. Under Persian domination, the Arabs had become acquainted with medicine, and select youths of their different tribes learnt with enthusiasm both its science and art. Instruction was imparted orally, students being required to learn by heart all that they were told. With a view to keep up a spirit of healthy emulation among the people, the tribes held once a year a general assembly at Ocadh where, like the Greeks on the Agora and the Romans on the Field of Mars, the Arabs held contests in poetry and eloquence as well as in wrestling and horsemanship. Every candidate that came off successful in these contests was entitled to a prize, the highest being the hand of a fair maiden.

Possessed as the Arabs were of a certain amount of civilization, still several of their customs were cruel and barbarous. They worshipped idols of wood and stone to whom they sacrificed their children in satisfaction of the vows they made. Their morality was of a very loose type, and adultery in man or woman was not condemned. A man could take unto him any number of women and put them away and take them back at any time he pleased. There were no prohibited degrees of relationship for marriage, one being allowed to marry the wives even of one's own father. Respect for woman was an idea unknown to the Arabs in pagan times. The birth of a daughter they regarded as a misfortune which they would avert by the inhuman practice of burying her alive. Slavery was in vogue among them, slaves being in every respect treated as chattel disposable according to the master's pleasure. In fact, the Arabs of old knew no virtue of humanity excepting perhaps that of being hospitable to their guests in which, the historians say, they far excelled the other nations then living.

Such were the people whom it was the mission of Muhammad to raise from their degradation to a blessing unto the human race. Born and brought up as he was in the midst of the savage customs and idolatrous practices of pagan Arabia, he preached the gospel of glory to God and peace and good will among mankind. He invited his countrymen to give up their barbarism and internecine differences and join together in the worship of one God and in doing righteousness. "Come," said he * to them, "I will rehearse what your Lord hath enjoined on you,—that ye assign not to Him a partner, that he be good to your parents; and that he slay not your children because of poverty; for them and for you will We provide." "Worship God alone; be kind to kindred and servants, orphans and the poor; speak righteously to men; pray and pay alms." "Abandon the old barbarities, blood vengeance and child-murder and be united as one flesh." "We have enjoined on man to show kindness to his parents. With pain his mother beareth him and with pain she bringeth him forth." God hath given you wives that ye may put love and tenderness between you." "Moslems are brothers in religion, and they must not oppress one another, nor abandon assisting each other, nor hold one

* So crude and biased are the notions respecting Islam which prevail in our country that I make no apology to give a resume of its teaching from original sources.

"another in contempt?" "The best of men is he from whom good accrues to humanity." "All God's creatures are His family; and he is the most beloved of God who tries to do most good to God's creatures." Such ethical precepts are scattered throughout the Koran and the Hadis, and to their truth and universality was due the unparalleled success which attended the ministry of Muhammad. It is in them that is also to be found the rapid advance of Musalman power and influence. Before his death, Muhammad had purged Arabia of all the barbarism and superstition that disgraced her in olden times, and united his people into a strong moral brotherhood, holding respect for knowledge, womankind and human liberty as part of their religious creed.

Acquisition of knowledge was most eloquently recommended by Islam. "Knowledge is the best of blessings." "Ignorance is the worst of all poverty." "Acquire knowledge," the Prophet used to say, "because he who acquires it in the way of the Lord performs an act of piety; who speaks of it, praises the Lord; who seeks it, adores God; who dispenses instruction in it, bestows alms; and who imparts it to its fitting objects, performs an act of devotion to God. Knowledge enables its possessor to distinguish what is forbidden from what is not; it lights the way to Heaven; it is our friend in the desert, our society in solitude, our companion when bereft of friends; it serves as an armour against our enemies. With knowledge, the servant of God rises to the heights of goodness and to a noble position, associates with sovereigns in this world, and attains to the perfection of happiness in the next." "The ink of the scholar is more holy than the blood of the martyr." He who leaves his home in search of knowledge, walks in the path of God." "One hour's meditation on the work of the Creator (in a devout spirit) is better than seventy years' prayer." "To listen to the instructions of science and learning for one hour is more meritorious than attending the funerals of a thousand martyrs,—more meritorious than standing up in prayer for a thousand nights." The search after knowledge was as much enjoined upon women as it was upon men; and fathers, brothers and husbands would on the last day be held responsible for the ignorance and misdeeds of their daughters, sisters and wives. All children, it was taught, were born Moslems and in purity, and it was the education given them by their parents that led them to

preversion. Add to these the Koranic laws,* laying down man's individuality, and we can to a certain extent understand the zeal with which Musalmans went forth in quest of knowledge and the motives which impelled them, in later ages, to patronise culture and learning, wherever these were found.

Such were the injunctions of the Prophet with respect to the importance of knowledge and learning, though he himself was an unlettered son of the desert. They implanted in the hearts of his followers an unquenchable thirst for learning and erudition. Their desire to study the Koran and the Hadis for obtaining a knowledge of the principles of their religion and the gradual extinction of those who had learnt them by heart led to the spread of reading and writing. The imperative need of preserving the sacred revelation in its original purity gave rise to the creation of grammar. With a view to understand the correct meaning of the holy text, lexicography was formulated, and collections of poems of ancient and contemporary poets, which were styled "the witnesses of the meaning of words," were also made. The allusions contained in the Koran to ancient peoples and their affairs, not to speak of the necessity they felt of remembering the traditions of the Prophet as well as their own genealogies, impelled the Arabians to study the historical sciences, while the constant appeals made to man to observe nature and witness the bounty and power of God turned their attention to natural philosophy. Theology and jurisprudence also issued from the Book of Books as questions of dogma required elucidation. Thus, the Koran of their untutored Prophet formed the basis on which Musalmans built up their knowledge and learning, and indeed the entire system of their culture and civilization.

As was natural, Musalman education first took a religious character. Muhammad sought to consolidate the warring tribes and clans of his country under the influence of the idea of the Unity of God and the simple practices based thereon, and he mainly confined his teachings to the inculcation of those principles. The teachers sent by him and his successors to different people as they were newly converted were enjoined to instruct them by gentle means in the duties of Islam.

It was Omar, the second Caliph of the Arabian Republic, who organised, for the first time in Musalman history, a system of

* E. g. "Whoever is directed, it is solely a matter pertaining to himself; and whoever is led astray, he himself bears the whole responsibility of his wanderings."

public instruction. He was an energetic zealot who burnt with the desire to extend Islam and her dominion to all the corners of the world. But he had not forgotten the Koranic principle of "no compulsion in religion." He still remembered what the Prophet had said to the unbelievers at Mecca:—"I will not worship that which ye worship, nor will ye worship that which I worship. Neither do I worship that which ye worship, nor do ye worship that which I worship. Ye have your religion, and I my religion." Omar, therefore, sought to win his contemporary people to Islam by sending to them missionaries who would explain to them the principles of the new religion. He also wished to present to them in the state of his people and of his country a living example of the mighty power of renovation which the Musalman faith possessed. It was with this object in view that, among other things, Omar became a champion of knowledge. He established public schools in all the countries then under his power and made education compulsory on the part of his subjects. Schoolmasters were liberally paid, and pupils were given scholarships at first that they might take to learning with an amount of zest. The curriculum of these schools was quite simple. It consisted of the Koran, Arabic literature and grammar. The arts of wrestling and horsemanship were also insisted on. Students gathered in the public mosque after prayers, and were divided into groups of ten. Each group learnt under a teacher, who had a thorough knowledge of the Arabic lexicography. Over these teachers was placed a head master who walked from class to class and superintended their work. State officials were sent round from time to time to examine and report upon the work of these institutions. Besides, Omar selected learned men and appointed them to every town and village to teach the people of that locality principles of Islamic law and religion. These men were highly paid and honored. They sat in the courtyard of the mosque, surrounded by large crowds of people, and taught in reply to questions presented to them. Omar himself lectured to men and women in the capital on Islamic jurisprudence, and issued to the Governors of provinces rescripts comprising the principles on which the science was based. He himself had received the meagre education which was extant in pagan times, and had a passion for good poetry. No wonder that under him learning flourished, its votaries being given liberal presents and pensions.

Omar's system of religious education was continued in the time of Osman, his successor. Weak and impotent, he did not do anything noteworthy to cultivate learning. But it was during his reign that Ali endeavoured to give an intellectual turn to the newly-developed energies of the Arabian race. By his character and attainments, the son-in-law of the Prophet was most pre-eminently fitted to undertake this truly patriotic task. In the public mosque at Medina, Ali and his cousin Abdullah, the son of Abbas, delivered weekly lectures on poetry and grammar, philosophy and logic, the traditions and history, and on law and mathematics, whilst a few of their friends taught the art of recitation and oratory. These lectures were attended by crowds of enthusiastic students of either sex, the system of seclusion of women not having come into practice until long after. Music had not yet been placed under the ban, and men and women learnt singing, and playing the flute and the guitar. Here was the nucleus of that intellectual movement which in later times displayed itself in such great force and splendour at Bagdad and elsewhere.

Under Ali's Caliphate, nothing could be done towards improving the state of public education, as his brief regime was fully occupied with the reform of the abuses and corrupt practices which had crept into the conduct of public affairs during Osman's administration.

During the Ommeyade rule, nothing original was done so far as education was concerned. Though Caliphs like Abdul-Malik and Omar II. esteemed and supported the learned, they did not do anything to spread education among the people in general. Walid I. (705—715 A. D.) however gave an impulse to public education which deserves to be recorded. He established some new schools and gave free education to the poor. It was about this time that paper was manufactured in Mecca. Books became cheap and easily available, and the endeavours of the Caliph in the direction of popular education were to a large extent successful.

The progress of education and culture under the Ommeyades was the natural development of the movements started under the republic. Military service was compulsory on all Arab-born subjects who, at stated periods, were bound to attend the colours of their respective legions, for the necessary training. This, added to horse-racing which had become fashionable at this time, was all the physical training to which Musalmans paid attention. The

System of religious education founded by Omar I. had considerably expanded, and with the rapid growth of Islamic theology and law the little schools of old had become centres of learning and culture. The science of the forbidden and the permissible reached enormous dimensions, and it was during this period that the several systems of law were founded. In Basra, Cufa and other cities, religious education flourished. Beside the State Schools of which we have spoken, several private institutions had risen up at which instruction was imparted to grown-up men in special subjects like the traditions, law and jurisprudence. The different views and interpretations of which the law and the traditions were capable led to the study of rhetoric. The growth of Musalman power eastward in Asia as well as in Africa and Europe induced Musalmans to study geography, whilst close contact with different nations who had come under the influence of Roman and Greek culture gave rise to philosophical discussions which became common in every centre of population. The lead in this respect was given by Ali's school at Medina to which reference has already been made. This was a private institution and could alter its curriculum as it was found necessary. At the time we are speaking of, the school was presided over by Imam Jaffer Sadikh, a great grand-son of the Caliph Ali. A man of inquiring mind, he had acquired all the learning that was known in his time; and gifted with a keen reason and clear understanding, he was virtually the founder of the chief philosophical schools in Islam. His lectures were attended by men who afterwards became distinguished as founders of different systems of law and philosophy.

The system of instruction at this period differed in some respects from that in vogue during the republican times. No doubt teaching was still done in mosques in State schools, but the private schools could be in any place which the professors might select. The professor would sit on a pulpit or platform with his treatise in hand and would lecture on in much the same way as our college professors do at present. The students used to sit in semi-circular rows one after another, facing the professor, with ink and pen in front. They would take down the professor's lecture verbatim as far as possible, and would get it up at home. If the class contained a sufficiently large number, middlemen were employed, who repeated the professor's words to the eager crowd who could not hear him direct.

It was about this time that the system of female seclusion made its appearance among the Moslem communities. Nevertheless, the education of woman was properly attended to, and it was not unfrequently that she was taught by the side of man. Sukaina, Ummul-Banin, Rabia and a host of others who lived at this period were possessed of accomplishments of which even our century might be proud.

It was under the Abbasides that the intellectual development of Musalmans was to reach its zenith. With the removal of Caliphate to Bagdad and the rise of the Barmecides to power, the golden days of Islamic culture commenced. Under Mansur (754—775 A.D.), every kind of learning flourished, and mathematics, law, jurisprudence and history are reported to have been taught in schools alongside of religious subjects. He had great faith in the practical utility of the sciences of medicine and astronomy, and though an orthodox Musalman himself, he had them taught to his subjects by non-Musalman scholars who were employed for the purpose. It was in this reign that the first great authors on law, history, geography and grammar lived and died. Mansur established a translation department and employed learned men of all creeds with a view to translate into Arabic all the scientific books that were then available; and this gave to the spread of knowledge an impetus such as it never before had received. Al-Mahdi (775—785 A.D.) patronised poets and musicians and contributed a great deal to raise those arts in public estimation. The far-famed Harun-ur-Rashid (785—809 A.D.) of the "Arabian Nights" was another patron of knowledge at whose court the learned and the wise from every part of the world were entertained with munificent liberality. He enlarged the translation department of Mansur, and elevated music into a noble profession, establishing in it degrees and honours as in science and literature. The study of medicine and natural science also was much in favour about this time, though the school curriculum was still restricted to rhetoric, belles lettres, jurisprudence and the traditions. At the end of the course an examination was held and the successful candidate was granted a certificate of attainments and permission to wear *teelsan* or *jubbah* which resembled the university gowns of our country and which only men of approved learning could wear.

Under Mamun the great (813—833 A.D.) learning advanced still further. In his reign the achievements of Moslems were

not restricted to any particular branch of science or literature, but ranged over the whole course of the domain of intellect. A lover of knowledge as he was, it is remarkable that after defeating the Byzantines in battle, he chose to demand from the vanquished prince, Michael III., unique scientific treatises of Greek authors rather than land or gold. The works thus obtained, which included those of Aristotle, were immediately translated into Arabic and published for the people's benefit. This led to the advance of rationalism to which we shall refer later on. Mamun considered that the true happiness of his people consisted in education and culture. He founded and patronised several Musalman schools. Even before he came to the throne, he had built at Khorasan a College at which foreign savants were appointed to lecture on different branches of learning and at the head of which was placed a learned Christian scholar of Damascus. Now that he was Caliph himself, he established large schools at Bagdad, Basra, Cufa, Bokhara and other centres of Musalman Civilization. He had great regard for the dignity of letters and wished to make the progress of knowledge possible even without the casual munificence of individual Caliphs. With this object in view, he created rich and permanent endowments for the maintenance and support of his educational institutions. He also attempted to secularise State education and emancipate the human intellect from the shackles of religious doctors and jurists. He popularised several subjects of study which the jurisconsults did not hold in favour. The mathematical sciences, especially the science of astronomy, made gigantic progress in his reign. The study of Greek philosophy became fashionable. This brought rationalism into prominence. A new school of thought—the Motazalite school—arose, whose doctrines were openly supported by the Caliph himself. The rationalists preached in the mosques and lectured in the colleges; they were also the trusted counsellors of the State. They had in their hands the moulding of the nation's character and fortune, and "on the whole", the historian says, "they used their influence wisely for the growth and development of the Saracenic nation."

"In Mamun's time, literary clubs were founded in abundance. The Caliph himself had a club at his palace and set apart Tuesdays for literary, philosophical and scientific discussions. The scholars and savants attended at the palace in the

"forenoon where they were entertained by the chamberlain at a royal breakfast. After the repast they were ushered into the chamber set apart for these re-unions, at which the Caliph presided. The assemblage took leave of the sovereign after the evening prayers, when they were again entertained at supper."

It is interesting to note that among the learned men in whom Mamûn's court abounded was a Brahmin scholar, Dûban by name, who was engaged in translating into Arabic, Sanscrit books on mathematics and vedic medicine. One of the books he translated was of Astronomical tables and was called the "Sidhanta."

Under the two immediate successors of Mamûn, though they did not do anything noteworthy in the field of public education, the intellectual movements which Mamûn had started were left undisturbed and had some time of quiet and repose to grow and prove fruitful. But this, however, was not long to continue. Under Mutawwakil, rightly called "the Nero of the Arabs" (847-867 A. D.), a reaction began against the liberal studies introduced by Mamûn. Being sunk in debauchery and habitually drunk, though he allowed the Government to drift to ruin, he was keen for the restoration of orthodoxy. By a memorable rescript of his, rationalism was placed under the ban and the old doctrines were established in their fullest rigour. The rationalists were expelled from public offices. Lectures on science and philosophy were interdicted. Meanwhile, the unbearable cruelties of the Caliph led to a revolution in the political world, and the changes which it introduced were not healthy to the development of educational and literary activity. As the Caliphate became weaker and weaker, the reactionary movement gained in strength and vigour. A few years after, Mutazid (892-902 A.D.) prohibited the sale of philosophical works. Towards the end of Muktedir's reign (907-932 A.D.) the reactionaries directed their hatred against scientific as well as philosophical works, which they seized in the shops of book-sellers and publicly burned. The short reign of one of his sons, Al-Mutii-b'illah, was a happy one for the men of letters. Poets, scientists and philosophers, jurists, rhetoricians and historical writers once more gathered in the capital. During the succeeding Caliphate, Azad-ud-Dowlah and Sharaf-ud-Dowlah (949-989 A.D.) kept up the taste for letters. They revived the school of

Bagdad which had suffered during the revolutions of the caliphate and also founded several smaller colleges.

But this period of educational prosperity was not to last long. Al-Khadir b'illah (991-1031 A.D.), pious as he was, was a man of narrow sympathies and bigoted in his views, and the circumstances of the time forced him to assume a strong reactionary attitude towards all development. Khadir was a jurist of some eminence and devoted himself to the consolidation of the spiritual authority and prestige of the Abbaside Caliphate. Synods of doctors were held at which Khadir presided as the Pontiff of the church. Anathemas were drawn up and fulminated against the non-conformists. Rationalism was declared to be heresy. The Mutazalites were condemned. The consequence was that a rigidity was imparted to the dogmas of the church which has so far resisted with considerable success all attempts at reform.

It was in this reign that Sultan Mahmood of Indian reputation reigned at Ghazni. He was a patron of learning and arts, and after returning to his capital subsequent to the victory at Muttra, he built a magnificent college and library at Ghazni. The nobles at his court followed his illustrious example, and Ghazni and Nisabur became in a few days centres of all the knowledge then available.

In 1063 A.D., the Seljuks under Tughril became supreme in the Musalman world. To them was reserved the honour of continuing Mamûn's work to perfection. Tughril and Alp Arslan revived the schools in Bagdad. In the reign of Malik Shah, Nizam-ul-Mulk fostered arts and literature by a lavish patronage. Unprecedented impetus was given to the cultivation of the Persian language. The cities of Asia were covered with colleges. The largest of these was called the Nizamiah. It was founded at Bagdad by Nizam-ul-Mulk and was indeed a university to which were affiliated all the other colleges of the time. It was located in a magnificent building which had occupied over two years in construction. For its support Nizam-ul-Mulk founded an endowment of two lakhs of dinars and its establishment cost fifteen thousand dinars per annum. It began with six thousand students of all classes and imparted to them an encyclopædic education. Sadi was a student of this institution. Poor pupils were given scholarships while the professors received handsome salaries. To be appointed a lecturer at the Nizamiah was the highest honour which any learned man of the time could covet.

For two hundred years all the greatest scholars then living were on its staff. It eclipsed the famous schools of Merve, Nisabur, Herat, Balkh and other Musalman cities. About 1181 A.D., Caliph Nasir al-Din-ul-Jah founded a large library in connection with the Nizamiah and introduced the system of paying a scholarship to every pupil. The influence of the Nizamiah was supreme in the Musalman world, and we may have an idea of it if we remember that though about seven hundred years have elapsed since its suppression, its curriculum of studies is even now closely followed in the theological schools and colleges of the Musalman world.

The subsequent Caliphs were occupied in the crusades which contributed not a little towards the destruction of Musalman learning. The Christians, fired with a fanatical zeal for religion unsurpassed in human history, burnt down all the Musalman institutions that they came across and, if they could, would have fain blotted out all traces of Musalman culture and civilization. Nevertheless, the Dar-ul-Ulums of Bagdad survived the struggle between the cross and the crescent. Nay, more; they were even added to as the crusades were continued. In 1228, Caliph Mustansir b'illah established on the eastern banks of the Tigris a college which occupied six years in construction and which was richly endowed with every requisite for the comfort and instruction of students. Here was imparted instruction not only in Islamic law and religion, but in history, rhetoric and medicine. Two hundred and forty-eight students were admitted in its boarding-house on the day it was opened. Besides the necessities of life, books and writing materials, every student of the college received a monthly scholarship of a gold mohur. The revenue of several hundreds of towns was set apart for the maintenance of this institution. About the same time, Salahuddin and others of his family founded schools at Cairo, Alexandria, Damascus and other cities whose names are a legion. These schools were all conducted on the model of the great Nizamiah, and had attached to them boarding-houses and hospitals besides scholarships for students.

This benevolent policy was continued during the rest of the Abbaside period. The result was that the Musalman communities became the custodians of knowledge and learning. Though persecuted and suppressed every now and then, the rationalists flourished under the Abbasides and founded at Basra the Ikhwan-

us-Safa with a view to renovate Islam and arrest the downward course of the Islamists towards ignorance and rigidity. To this brotherhood none but men of unsullied character and the purest morals were admitted. The members met together quietly and unobtrusively at the residence of the president of the society, and discussed philosophical and ethical subjects in a catholicity of spirit and with a breadth of view which would be creditable even in modern times. They formed branches in every city of the Caliphate—wherever in fact they could find a body of thoughtful men, willing and qualified to work according to their scientific method. Their system was eclectic in the highest and truest sense of the word, and their views on the social and political problems of the day were highly practical and intensely humane. As a result of their labours, they gave to the world a general résumé of the knowledge of the time in separate treatises, which have since been collected and published.

The system of instruction under the later Abbasides was the same as under Mamûn. Up to the time of Khadir b'illah who, as we have seen, did more to stop the progress of the Moslem world than any other sovereign, women held an honorable position by the side of men. We hear of them as going to fight on horseback, being clad in mail, and as commanding troops. They held their own against men in culture and wit, taking part in poetical recitations and enlivening society by their grace and accomplishments. They held offices of State, and being given certificates of competency, lectured in colleges on history, belles lettres, law and rhetoric. Such was the case until the practice of seclusion became general in the time of Khadir b'illah. Among the indirect agencies of education were social re-unions and conversaziones. These formed a good school of training, both among men and women, and were frequently held in the houses of the magnates where people of diverse talents and accomplishments met and held discussions on questions of science and philosophy. Though several attempts were made by Mutaw-wakil and others to put them down, they continued to flourish until the destruction of Bagdad. The bookseller's shop was another common resort of students and the learned, and there were fought out several knotty questions of law and theology.

We have now reached the period when Musalman culture had lived its time in Asia. Hardly had the Musalman rationalists ceased to be persecuted by the narrow prejudices of a rigid

church, hardly had the Musalman philosophers of the day time enough to think of the renovation of their community, hardly had the successes of Zangi, Nuruddin and Saladin rescued the Musalman world from the dangers of the Frankish onslaught and given it the respite that was necessary for the regeneration of the followers of the Prophet, when issued from the steppes of Central Asia that wave of savagery which, like an avalanche, destroyed every vestige of culture and civilization and engulfed in fire and blood the entire nation of the Saracens. In 1268, the Tartars destroyed Bagdad and massacred all its inhabitants; and the terrible visitation ended in the east the glory of Musalman learning.

We shall for a little while turn our attention to Spain which since the days of the Ommeyyades had been under Musalman domination. Without entering into details, suffice it to say that the benevolent policy of the Caliphs at Bagdad was followed by the potentates at Cordova. Under Hisham and Hakam II., learning was patronised and several small schools were founded. Under the orders of the latter, books were collected and an imperial library was formed, the catalogue of which alone consisted of forty-four volumes. The publication of original works was encouraged by munificent donations. He helped and protected even the philosophers who could now pursue their studies without fear of persecution by the bigots. Hakam believed that knowledge could never be too widely diffused and in his benevolent solicitude for the poorer classes he established in the capital 17 schools where the children of parents without means received gratuitous education, even the books being supplied from the State. This was in addition to maintaining the numerous elementary schools founded by his predecessors. Besides, there was the Academy of Cordova where, as in the Nizamiah of Bagdad, instruction was imparted in the highest branches of learning. The sovereigns of Granada revelled the Caliphs of Cordova in their patronage of arts and learning. The kingdom of Granada contained 70 public libraries, 17 academies and 200 schools for primary education.

The constitution and curriculum of educational institutions were the same at Cordova and Granada. In the primary schools children were instructed in the elements of reading, writing and religion; whilst in the academies were taught all the higher branches of learning without omitting even music and philoso-

phy. Every academy had the following lines inscribed over its gates:—"The world is supported by four things only: the learning of the wise, and the justice of the great, the prayers of the good and the valour of the brave." The Government of each academy was intrusted to a rector who was chosen from among the most distinguished scholars. No religious distinction was made in these appointments, and learned Jews and Christians were often appointed to the post of rector. It was customary in these academies to hold annual Commemorations and periodic meetings to which the public were invited. On these occasions poems were recited and orations delivered by the most eminent persons in the academies. Both at Cordova and Granada women were allowed to continue their studies up to the highest standard, and names of women scholars preserved in history shed an ineffaceable lustre on the land of their birth.

The result of this educational activity of the Saracens was indeed beneficent. As Dozey says: "In Spain almost every body knew how to read and write, whilst in Christian Europe, save and except the clergy, even persons belonging to the highest ranks were wholly ignorant." Moreover, the academies of the Saracens were the shrines at which the barbarised nations of the west re-kindled the torch of science and philosophy. It was to the colleges of Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Jena and Malaga that the seekers for knowledge from Italy, France, Germany and England flocked. Here came Abelard, Morley, the famous monk of Bath, and the celebrated Michael Scott—all of whom have a world-wide reputation as the pioneers of liberal education in Europe. The Saracens of Spain continued in their intellectual life until three hundred years ago, when at an ill-omened hour, after being made to suffer a barbarous treatment at the hands of their Christian conquerors, they were cruelly exiled from the country of their adoption by the fanatical Philip III.

In Sicily also Musalman education asserted itself. The university of medicine at Palermo rivalled the universities of Bagdad and Cordova, whilst there is no doubt that it furnished a model for the university of Salerno.

The educational work of the Fatimides in Africa was not less glorious than that of the Abbasides in Asia or of the Ommeyyades in Spain. They patronised learning and arts and founded Schools and Colleges. In Alexandria alone there were twenty academies for the cultivation of philosophy. Cairo possessed an

immense number of Colleges and scientific institutions; and the imperial library consisted of one hundred thousand manuscripts, elegantly transcribed and splendidly bound, which were freely lent out to students. Similarly, Kairowan, Fez and the large cities of Northern Africa contained magnificent establishments for the support of learning and the education of the people, and their rich libraries preserved many valuable works which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. The cultivation of peaceful knowledge continued in Africa until the terrible outburst of Berber fanaticism in the fourteenth century of the Christian era turned back the tide of progress, arrested the civilization of centuries and converted the seats of learning and arts into centres of bigotry and ignorance.

Enough has been said to show that Muslim culture and education had a Mission to fulfil in the social economy and that it was fulfilled with a devotion and sincerity of which modern Musalmans might well be proud. It has been said that "the literature, arts and sciences of the Arabs formed the connecting link between the civilizations of ancient and modern times; and the culture which they introduced into the countries they conquered has in almost every instance outlasted the rule of the conquerors themselves." This is nowhere so true as in the field of education. Though the Arabs in olden times did not develop to any considerable extent the theory of education and though at present they have been left behind in the matter of modern civilization and culture, it is nevertheless indisputable that to them was due the revival of learning in the west and that it was their educational institutions which served as models to the Christian Universities of Europe.

MD. EBRAHIM QURAISHI.

A PLEA FOR HINDU MUSIC IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

PHILOSOPHERS have long occupied their attention in discussing the true aims of life. To some life was a burden, and to others it was the only salvation for a higher existence. To a few it was a series of surprises; to others it was a certainty pregnant with eventful results. To the idealist life is an unreality being resolvable into sensations and feelings. To the materialist, with dissolution of the body, there is cessation of life. With the pantheist, it is a delusion, a passing mirage on the sands of time. To the Buddhist it is a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our fellow beings. To the Christian life is vile and abominable, his only aspiration being to rise to a likeness to God. To a Mussalman it is only a stepping-stone to celestial enjoyment. With such antagonism about the nature and aims of life, it is all but impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion as to its set purposes. We cannot but, therefore, restrict ourselves to a conception of it from a purely worldly point of view. Given life, how best to live must be the problem of problems towards which we should direct our energies. In fact a life which would be of the greatest happiness to oneself and to society, should be the ultimate goal of existence. How best to manage our affairs, to bring up a family, to behave as useful citizens and to develop our inherent faculties with a view to an enjoyment of the higher emotions, these are ideals which must be pursued without flinching. Emerson observes, "I honor the man whose ambition it is, not to win laurels in the state or the army, not to be a jurist or a naturalist, not to be a poet or a commander, but to be a master of living well, and to administer the offices of master or servant, of husband, father and friend." It behoves us therefore to keep clearly in view the 'harmonious living' as the end to be achieved. This is no doubt a difficult task, but the pressing nature of the interests involved most goad us to attain the result. What is the means by which we can at least partially realize it? It is education which is calculated to bring about the millennium contemplated here. "To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational

mode of judging of any educational course is, to judge in what degree it discharges its function."

The word education has been variously defined according to the end which it was supposed to serve. James Mill stated the end of education to be "to render the individual as much as possible an instrument of happiness first to himself and next to other beings." This seems to be a sufficiently altruistic conception of the term. Dr. Bain would regard it as "the means of building up the acquired powers of human beings." That the development of the latent powers and faculties of man with a view to his harmonious living, should be regarded as the end and aim of education, is a view which few will be prepared to dispute. "All life is harmony; and all improvement in ourselves is therefore, however unconsciously, the perceiving, the realizing or the establishing of harmonies, more minute or more universal." Education is thus essentially human. Man is, by this means, enabled to garner that vast treasure which is epitomized in the word culture, in all its constituent details. The ideals of education have, however, differed with times. The simplicity of the early ages did not call forth efforts in directions which modern requirements have necessitated. In the great struggle for existence it is not possible to devote attention to such exclusive pursuits as the study of metaphysics and philosophy. No one nation has ever been exclusively a nation of philosophers, except in a figurative sense. The daily wants of life are too imperious to leave us alone in mere contemplation of nature and its possibilities. In ministering to our immediate wants, much of our labour must be engaged.

Before entering upon a consideration of education as a preparation for a complete life, it may be well to note the kinds of activity which constitute life. These may be regarded as direct and indirect self-preservation, parenthood, citizenship and the various sources of relaxation which give spice to life. For the average man a training in the things which subserve a complete living becomes necessary to play his part in life. A knowledge of the means with which he must ever be equipped in the battle of life is not an unessential element in a successful career. The various kinds of learning which one has to acquire, have two values,—value as knowledge, and value as discipline. Of the former there are different kinds—namely a knowledge of intrinsic value which is indispensable; knowledge of

quasi-intrinsic value, and our knowledge of conventional value. Of these the importance of the first kind cannot be overestimated. A knowledge of the various sciences and arts which have a most practical application in entering into the needs of man is of paramount necessity. The object of this paper will be seen to be to emphasize the importance of art-education generally and of music in particular.

Music has always compelled the most serious attention of man from the earliest times. As an indispensable source of relaxation, it is an important adjunct to social existence. Its influence on civilization and moulding of character has a great deal to do with its popularity. A critic observes, "Although but auxiliaries in the great drama of life, melody and rhyme have so highly contributed to the progress of civilization, by humanizing the mind, and preparing the way for the accumulated advantages of the present times, that we can hardly estimate the great effect they have had on the formation of character and the success of enterprise." Music, painting and poetry have been truly called 'the efflorescence of civilized life.' Ruskin says, "No art has held such personal connection with every human emotion as music, and therefore has it the speaking force of personality in which lies its greatest strength."

The theory and practice of music have, from early ages, formed a part of systematic education. It is said that a Greek gentleman's education consisted essentially, in music, poetry, and military exercises. According to Plato, education should extend over sixteen years, the ten years of childhood exclusively devoted to forming the disposition, then three years of grammar with collateral sciences, and then three years' practice in executive music. On this Ruskin remarks, "we can understand Plato's assertion that, as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music than the proper functions of the stomach and the blood in that exercise. * * * * * Dancing and music are as necessary to a proper education as writing and arithmetic. No nation will ever bring up its youth to be at once refined and pure till its masters have learned the use of all the arts and primarily of these." During the classical ages, music formed an important part of general instruction. In Ancient India education was made more or less compulsory by

a strong social sanction which prohibited matrimonial alliances with the uneducated. Education during its period included the recitation of the Vedas, a knowledge of the Phonetics and the Angas of the Vedas. Brihaspati specially enjoins that arts, consisting of works in gold, husbandry and the like as well as the arts of dancing, and music which he calls human sciences, should be taught. In later times, the study of music occupied still greater attention. Royal households were incomplete without a trained set of vocalists and instrumentalists. It formed a special study with royal princes, many of whom were distinguished authors of musical works. The well-known work Sangita-Ratnakara is believed to have been written by Saranga-Deva, a King of Cashmere. "During the earlier ages of Hindustan, music was cultivated by philosophers and men eminent for polite literature, for whom such general directions and rules for composition sufficed, after a course of musical education acquired from living tutors."

The value of music as an indispensable instrument of education has been recognised by eminent educationists. Dr. Bain speaking generally of art-education thinks that "as one of the great sources of pleasure, it may be made a stimulus to study, as to any other form of effort. If education is viewed as a means of human happiness, it should not omit art accomplishment. Moreover among the recognised branches of common education, are Drawing, Music, Elocution, Good Breeding, Literature—all coming within the scope of Fine Art. So far I have kept in view the main chance, how to aggrandize natural susceptibility to art pleasure, and so to create an enduring fund of delight. * * * * Of music there is nothing further to be said. It is the art most universally cultivated by the mass of people; and this cultivation is followed by the taste. Without being able to perform, one may acquire the taste by listening to performers, under the favorable conditions above laid down." Dr. Currie, an eminent writer on education, says: "Every poor song which is made familiar to a school is a pleasant and powerful source of influence over a large number in behalf of the virtue or sentiment which it embodies." Laurie, a distinguished educationist, observes, "But music, is not only in itself a direct moral agency and a medium for direct moral teaching; it is also the best auxiliary to the other moral and religious instruction of the school, because it repeats what has already been conveyed in a dogmatic or illustrative form, and it does so

with melodious and graceful associations which suggest, if they do not reveal, the inner harmony of a spiritual life. Nay more, may we not say that the musical utterance of a sentiment suggests to the young mind the fundamental union of goodness, truth and beauty—an union dimly apprehended it may be, but perhaps none the less deeply felt?" "In an University," remarks another writer, "how much more agreeably is an evening laid out by a select company of friends composing a concert than in carousing over a bottle, and joining, to say no worse, in an unprofitable conversation? As to the concerts, do they not in some measure contribute, by bringing us into company, to the wearing off that rust and moroseness which are too often contracted by a long continuance in College?" Ruskin believes that "music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is also the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of man, helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music unheard of others, which so often haunts the death-bed of pure and innocent spirits. And the action of the deceiving or devilish power is in nothing shown quite so distinctly among us at this day,—not even in commercial dishonesties nor in our social cruelties,—as in its having been able to take away Music, as an instrument of education altogether; and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition, on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other." One of the laws of Fasole says, "every well-trained youth and girl ought to be taught the elements of drawing, as of music, early and accurately. The author of Lavana is of opinion that "Drawing and Music are as necessary to education as writing and arithmetic. Every child should be taught, from its youth to govern its voice discreetly and dexterously, as it does its hands; and not to be able to sing should be more disgraceful than not being able to read or write. For it is quite possible to lead a virtuous and happy life without books or ink, but not without wishing to sing when we are happy, nor without meeting with continual occasions when our song, if right, would be a kind service to others." Mr. W. S. B. Mathews says, "The first advantage of music—exercise in the school-room is that of pleasure and pastime from study. Physically, singing opens the lungs and helps to circulate the blood. Mentally it makes a momentary forgetfulness of study, and complete rest of the mental machinery, even for a few moments, is a great relief."

The above-quoted opinions of distinguished men will speak for themselves by way of establishing the importance and necessity of musical education. Music forms a part of instruction in schools and colleges in European countries. With all the attempts to educate the poor of England, it is believed that the education given there falls very much below that given in Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Austria. It is said that one true index of the condition of the poor of any country is the character of their amusements. Mr. Kay says that, "in England, the poor have now no relaxation, but the ale-house or the gin-palace." This is attributed, among others, to want of opportunity of learning music. On the other hand "the amusements of the peasants and operatives in the greater part of Germany, Switzerland, and Holland, where they are well-educated, are of a much higher and of a much more healthy character than those of the most prosperous of similar classes in England. One among many reasons for this is that every child learns from the age of six to the age of fifteen, to sing, chant, to read music and to dance. During the whole time they are at school, (*i.e.*), from their sixth to their fifteenth or sixteenth year, every child practises singing and chanting daily; hence has arisen that general or national taste for music which we in England imagine a German to bring into the world with him. It is however nothing more than the result of the musical instruction given to all the people in the primary schools. If a boy or girl in Germany has a fine voice or a good ear, or a remarkable taste for music, it is immediately discovered in the school-classes; it is exercised and trained at an early age; and is carefully cultivated during the whole period of school-attendance. This is the reason, and the only reason, why Germany has produced so many great singers, composers and musicians. Of the universality of the knowledge of music in that country, it is difficult for Englishmen to form any adequate idea. In every village and town, all the young men and women below the age of forty can sing and chant, while many of the inhabitants can play on some musical instrument; and in most small towns and large villages, there is at least one good band which practises every week, and performs at all the village festivals and dances." Musical instruction given in England will thus be seen to dwindle into insignificance as compared with that given in Germany and the intemperate habits of the English lower classes are attributed to a want of

healthy instruction in music which, as a source of amusement, is infinitely better than 'ale-houses and gin-palaces.' How much more is this true in India, where no provision is made for musical instruction in schools?

Music is recognised in the educational code of every enlightened nation in Europe and America, but in India a sort of state neutrality is observed so far as indigenous music is concerned. Among the means recommended for rendering "education better adapted to promote the moral well-being of the people," says Dr. Murdoch, "are Poetry and Music." It is unfortunate that it should be considered by some that music here is 'the heritage of dancing-girls.' No greater mistake was ever made. That a professional class of singers has arisen in this country who have not been paragons of virtue will be admitted. But to suppose that it is solely confined to them and them only is an inexcusable blunder. No one who has ever been a student of music in the real sense of the term, can ever be persuaded to put his faith in such a preposterous statement. It is the hackneyed charge of a few so-called hysterical social reformers who have no ear for music, but who lose no opportunity to fling a sneer at sincere votaries of music who love the art for its own sake. The so-called 'wretched love-songs' form an inappreciable part of the music; whereas it is the devotional song that is universally liked and patronized. Classical compositions of high order which can bring credit to any country exist which form the staple of musical performances everywhere. It is the musical ignoramus and the moral prude who shut their eyes to the beauties of music, both from the standpoint of music, and words composing it. It is nothing but culpable ignorance and inexperience that are at the bottom of such an accusation. If we are permitted a comparison, the so-called love-songs of this country are not worse than the comic songs of European countries which have been the greatest source of excitement to the majority of the people in those countries. No howl is raised over them in those civilized centres, whereas here innocent songs are censured simply because they are sung by a class of men and women who belong to a recognised institution which has been in existence for centuries.

Perhaps one reason among many for the indifference shown by our Government to introduce Hindu music as a subject of study in Schools and Colleges, is the inveterate prejudice

of some of its ministerial officers against it owing to its supposed unscientific character. This, to speak the least, is an inexcusable and unjustifiable aspersions which few thinking men will consider reasonable. That more than three centuries, stay in India and an intimate knowledge of the customs and habits of the people should not have enabled them to see if they had ever possessed a science or art of music, is one of these strange phenomena which, like the mysterious ways of god, are really unaccountable, though oriental scholars are not wanting who have thrown much light on the literature of the Hindus and who were the first to recognise the valuable character of their music. As has been well said, the Hindu has his birth in music, lives in music and is cremated with the accompaniment of music. The early Vedic chants were perhaps the earliest attempts at musical composition, which have survived to this day in all their charming simplicity and dignified beauty. A considerable progress had already been made in the Upanishad period when references are found to many musical instruments. In the later heroic ages, music had been systematized and its theory studied with all the accuracy of detail which a knowledge of the allied sciences permitted. Although the latter-day music differs from ancient system, still the whole modern edifice is raised on this foundation. As I said the unsympathetic bias of a few Europeans has really been a bar to its true appreciation. They began to judge of Hindu music by the standard of European music and at once condemned it as uncouth and unscientific. As the systems are fundamentally distinct, a Hindu critic would be no more justified in judging of European music by his standard than a European by following a reverse method. The European system is based on harmony; while the Hindu system is based on melody. Again the tendency of Europeans in judging of this music by simply listening to the 'screaming ditties' of the beggar class indicates a want of that comprehensive and wide grasp which alone would enable one to arrive at just conclusions, as if one would be justified in inferring the nature of European music by the glees and Bacchantean songs of the lower classes sung in taverns and wayside inns. Hasty generalizations of a nation's music based on an ignorance of the existing science are to be very much deprecated. As Prof. Max Müller observes, "We must not neglect to make full allowance for that very important intellectual parallax which renders it most difficult for a western observer to see things and

thoughts under exactly the same angle and in the same light as they would appear to an eastern eye. A symphony of Beethoven's would be mere noise to an Indian ear, and Indian Sangita seems to us without melody, harmony or rhythm." If, for the matter of this, a Hindu was consulted as to the merits of harmony, he would be erring in the company of Rousseau, Dr. Burney and many others, if he rejects its discords and jumble of sounds as unnatural and artificial.

That Hindu music is both a science and an art, few who had real opportunities to study it, would ever dispute. In the current number of the *Asia Quarterly Review*, I have discussed the question of the scientific character of Hindu music more or less elaborately. As an art, "this music," in the words of an English critic, "daily gives pleasure to as many thousands as its more cultivated European sister gives to hundreds." Captain Day, than whom there had been no closer student of Hindu music among Europeans, says: "But it is hardly fair that an art so little really understood, even among the natives of India themselves, should be judged by such a criterion and then put aside as worthless because solitary individuals have been deceived by parties of outcast charlatans whose object is mere gain. For that Indian music is an art and a very intricate and difficult one too, can hardly be denied. But to appreciate it one must first put away all thought of European Music, and then judge of it by an Indian standard and impartially upon its own merits—of the ingenuity of the performer—the peculiar rhythm of the music—the extraordinary scales used—the recitations—the amount of imitation—the wonderful execution and memory of the performer and his skill in employing small interval as grace." There is no doubt that very few Europeans have had real opportunities to listen to the classical music of this country. With a superciliousness born of ignorance they are only too ready to ignore its value as a science and to consider it to be unfit as a subject of study. When the Madras School of Music was first founded, the late Prof. Seshagiri Sastriar tried his best to have Hindu music introduced as a subject. But it was the late Mr. Grigg, who strictly opposed it as unfit to be taught in schools. Such is the monumental ignorance of some of our rulers who only decide without any pretensions to knowledge of a subject which they have had little opportunity to study.

Those who have studied Hindu music both in its relation-

ship to theory and practice cannot but be fully convinced of its practical character and its worthiness to be taught in schools and colleges. The many beautiful compositions of the ancient and modern composers can be better popularised, only if the State patronage is secured. That a fresh impetus will be given to its development by its being recognised as a course of study cannot for a moment be denied. Even as it is, a scientific study of it is being neglected by professional men. Hindu music will, by this means, be restored to the hierarchy of sciences 'as a divine gift to raise our spirits, to cheer us in solitude, to entertain the family circle and elevate the tone of social gatherings.' No greater good to its subjects can our benign Government think of than elevating music to its true place in the curriculum of studies. "As Fine Arts, belles lettres occupy the leisure part of life, so should they occupy the leisure part of education. The indispensableness of art-study as a part of student's education has already been emphasized. And nothing but music can supply that vacuum which is created by devotion to duty and extraneous work. If the various Reforms and Revolutions, now in progress, issue as we have no doubt they will ultimately issue, in a very material improvement of society, it may be reasonably expected that the Fine Arts will be made to contribute to the common enjoyment of mankind much more largely than they have done hitherto. The object of all institutions shall be, say the St. Simonites, the amelioration of the condition, intellectual, moral and physical, of the poorest and most numerous class of society. Government has much higher aims to answer, when once it can be made to work in accordance with the knowledge, the will, and the interests of the community. It will then become the means for accomplishing the great ends of social union. And it will be discovered that men unite in society—not merely that pockets may not be picked nor heads broken with impunity, but that by mutual intercourse and co-operation intellect man be stimulated, character elevated, and enjoyments multiplied."

C. TIRUMALAYYA NAIDU, M.R.A.S.

THE SEVEN BOOKS OF THE RAMAYANA.

† It will not perhaps come as a surprise to students of Sanskrit literature to be told that the seven books which are at present comprised in the Ramayana were not composed by one and the same person, or at one and the same time. Though it is difficult, in the present state of our knowledge, to fix dates to the different periods at which the different books were written, yet it seems possible to arrange these books in some sort of chronological order. To our mind the Ayodhyakandam (Book II) was the first of all other books to be composed. It is an account of an event which is not impossible in the history of an Indian principality to occur, where a youthful and favourite wife of an aged king succeeded in upsetting the claims to the kingdom of the legitimate heir in favour of her own son. This simple event is narrated at some length, but not with wild exaggerations such as are to be found in the other books. These, however, are not the only reasons which induce us to consider Ayodhyakandam as the earliest portion of the Ramayana. In this book not only no mention is made of Rama as an avatara of Vishnu, but no mention is also made of his future mission in the South, i.e., the destruction of the Rakshasas. It is barely a narrative of a Court intrigue.

Then, when the story of the two brothers which had prevailed among the ancient nations of the world became known in India, (see *Madrass Review* for May 1903), it was dressed up into Indian form and taste, and attached to the story of Rama as it was depicted in the Ayodhyakandam. So Books III, IV, V, and VI, came to be composed and comprised in the Ramayana. In these books Rama is described to have a mission, i.e., the destruction of the Rakshasas. Though he is endowed with superhuman powers, he is not as yet represented as an avatara of Vishnu, except in two or three places in about the last chapters of the Yudhyakandam, which may be considered on that very account to be later interpolations. With Yudhyakandam the Ramayana once ended, and its end is marked with an account of the merit of the work, and the merit which one derives in reading it or hearing it read;—such as religious books in India are generally ended.

The superhuman prowess attributed to Rama, and the superhuman acts described to have been performed by him made it easy for the subsequent writer to transform him into an avatara of Vishnu. We accordingly find that in the two remaining books, namely in Book I and Book VII his claims to avataraship of Vishnu is fully asserted. In Book III Rama visited Agasthya in his hermitage and that sage did not tell the hero that he was an incarnation of Vishnu. He told him so, however, when in Book VII the sage visited Rama in his capital. It is clear therefore that Rama's claim to Vishnuship is an after-thought. We have now to discuss which of the Books, I and VII, is anterior and which posterior. The avataraship being mentioned in both of them gives no clue to the solution. Fortunately there is one remarkable difference between the two books which may help us in our enquiry. In Book I (Balakandam) Mahadeva is barely mentioned in a few places, whereas in Book VII (Uttarakandam) Mahadeva is highly praised as one of the principal gods, and his worship strongly recommended. We are on this account inclined to think that Book I was composed earlier than Book VII.

Book VII, to our mind, is the last addition. It divides itself into two parts. The first part consists of stories of the monkeys and of Ravana previous to the war with Rama. The second part consists of the exile of Sita. The society had, by the time the Yudhyakandam was written, become more fastidious about female honor; and it ill-suited the public taste to receive back Sita into the family of her husband after she had been detained a prisoner for some months in the house of Ravana. Some expedient was necessary to satisfy this altered taste, and the second part of the Uttarakandam was accordingly composed. It is worthy of notice that the later portion of Uttarakandam, which we may call Part II, appears to have two versions,—one containing an account of Rama's battle with his sons Kusha and Lava, and the other omitting it. Perhaps the refinement of later society was shocked at the account of the combat between the father and the sons, and hence the omission. Whatever may be the reason of the omission, the story of this battle is not later than the drama of Uttarakandam Charita of Bhavabhuti (8th century A.D.); for it is mentioned there, evidently taken from some version of the Ramayana. The story is also mentioned in the Bengali version of the Ramayana by Kirttibash.

We will now sum up what we have said above.—The seven

books of the Ramayana were not composed at one and the same time; and though it is difficult to assign dates to the different periods in which the different books were written, these books may be arranged in some sort of chronological order. The order which recommends itself to us is the following:—

1. Ayodhyakandam.
2. { Aranyakandam.
Kishkindhyakandam.
Sundarakandam and
Yudhyakandam.
3. Balakandam.
4. Uttarakandam, 1st portion.
5. Uttarakandam, last portion.

We may note that some of the earlier chapters of Book I, such as the description of Ayodhya, etc., appear to have originally formed a part of Book II, from which they have been removed to Book I when that book was made to begin the epic.

J. C. DUTT.

INDIAN INDUSTRY AND SWADESY-ISM.

OF the many vexed questions which agitate our mind the most distressing is, perhaps, what relates to the development of Indian industry. One and all of us are sadly aware of the fact that our industrial classes are being gradually thinned and that their peculiar industrial genius is rendered dull and tarnished. In modern days when competition rules supreme, the Indian workmen fail to cope with their co-labourers in other parts of the civilized world, because of the latter's greater amount of capital, mechanical skill and organisation. In all other countries machinery has supplanted the hand-loom, and machinery means the concentration of capital and skill. In every industry, there is a great deal of capital invested in the shape of costly machines, delicate tools and heaps of raw produce; and the hands employed are only picked workmen. And the whole business is conducted in an organised fashion by efficient captains. But here, the industries are carried on by irresponsible individuals who work under none, who are managed by none, and whose capital would be a broken shuttle and a handful of raw materials.

However, there was a time when our country drew the silver of other Asiatic nations and even those of Europe, by exporting her manufactured commodities. Dacca muslins, Cashmere shawls, Kasee silks and Adhoni dhurries attracted the patronage of Rome of Cæsar's day; and beautiful metal-works, nice ivory-carvings, and dazzling ornaments of diamonds marked ancient India as one of the richest markets in the world. But absolute prohibition on the part of the English, the introduction of, and improvements in machinery and the high price of cotton during the last American War—all brought about the deterioration of our thriving industries. The East India Company, in the early history of India, discouraged Indian manufactures and encouraged the growth of Indian raw produce, so that the resources of the English manufacturer might be multiplied. "This policy," says Mr. Dutt, "was followed with unwavering resolution and fatal success. Orders were sent out to force Indian artisans to work in the Company's factories;

commercial residents were legally vested with extensive powers over villages and communities of weavers. Prohibitive tariffs excluded Indian silk and cotton goods from England. English goods were admitted into India free of duty, or on payment of nominal duty."

The decay of our industries necessitated the artisans and labourers to take themselves to agriculture, which is now the one prevalent industry in India. As, unfortunately, there is no other industry for the community to derive support from or depend upon, during a time of scarcity, a failure in the bounties of heaven causes a general dearth; and not a little loss is inflicted on the society owing to the frequent occurrence of famine. To quote a writer of some distinction, "the remedy for this condition of things will be found only in the development of industries other than agriculture and independent of the fluctuations of the seasons."

It is not unusual with some to lay great stress upon the increase of our trade and the extension of our commercial transactions all over the world. But a minute examination of the quantity and nature of goods exported and imported would reveal to them the alarming increase of exports over imports. Our exportation consists mainly of raw materials such as cotton, hides, skins and raw-wool and silk; and we import, especially from the West, cotton twist, yarn, cotton piece-goods and silk and woollen goods, manufactured there for our consumption. Our country looks to and handsomely pays the foreign workmen for finished products, while her handicraftsmen daily die of starvation. Instead of supplying our want ourselves and then of other nations, to our material advantage, we import, to our incalculable loss, the textile fabrics and certain articles of food and drink. If, on the other hand, these things are fashioned in India, the difference between the cost of the raw material and that of the manufactured article would substantially add to the wages of the workmen here and the profits of the capitalists, and depress, to an appreciable degree, the misery of the lower orders. To a country, there is nothing more detrimental than getting back, for its consumption, the products finished out of the raw materials it exports. Such a state of things should not be allowed to continue. The more we utilise our raw produce, the better it is for our material prosperity. How long still, is the lean, languid famine-stricken Indian to toil at the spade for supplying cotton to the double

bellied, jubilant millionaire of the West? How longer should the foreigners fatten at the sweat of our starving labourers? And how long is our India fated to be a mere supplier to the West, yielding to it all the raw produce grown on the soil?

It is undoubtedly ruinous to the cause of India's industrial advancement that it should be exporting its raw produce, and what is worse that it should import articles, manufactured out of the same stuff we have exported with the result that while our workmen starve by thousands, the foreign labourers live happily on our maintenance and the alien manufacturer fills his pockets with Indian gold and Indian silver. There is no hope, absolutely no set before us by progressive countries like America and Japan. We do not possess a tenth of the earnestness and persistency of the English merchants. Fifteen months back, great fear was entertained with regard to the weaving industry of Salem, as in English factories a mechanical contrivance then introduced, is being used to produce laced and embroidered cloths of the finish manufactured at Salem; and it was dispelled only on the assurance, by the Madras Government, that there needs be no apprehension about the Salem manufactures suffering in competition with the English products. To-day, look at the deputation of the British Cotton Growing Association, submitted to the Secretary of State for India, courting the help of the Government in the further development of the cotton fields of India. The Lancashire merchants, burning for greater resources, petition the Government for aid and do not despair of success, inasmuch as they have in Lord Curzon, one who for twelve years represented a Lancashire constituency. Where wealth has failed, where combined efforts have proved futile, they have gone to the length of bringing in Government interference. That is the activity of the West; and what do we do in India? To the question silence would, perhaps, be the most suggestive reply.

India is lamentably backward in her industries, not because she is destitute of resources, nor because her sons are unfit for the school of industry, but because her very sons, at whose hands she has a right to demand redress, discard what she yields, giving preference to the showy and tempting imports from the West. The late Mr. Ranade was of opinion that there is ample scope for the good and honest work, for many a decade to come, in the utilisation of our existing resources of natural agents and capital

with our limitless supply of labour, and that the skill and patience of our industrial classes are a rich inheritance which cannot fail to help us if we provide a larger sphere for its growth and training. The plantain fibre industry will be of immense benefit to the Indian cultivator. There is no question as to the vast number of plantain stems that can be had in this country, and while the industry can be carried on with a limited capital, the sphere for profitable work is indeed vast. Take the case of the groundnut for which again there is a great deal of demand from outside, as proved by the fact that, in 1902, there were exported from Bombay 96,242 cwts. and from Madras 13,744 cwts. And if a few of our wealthy landlords carry on the business on a more extensive scale, the article can be well-reckoned as a profit-yielding product of India. In sugar industry, the mercantile authorities affirm that there is abundant room for increased activity. But the outlay would have to be great, as, to produce 2½ million tons of raw sugar, an amount of £60,000,000 is required at a moderate rate! In the forests of Malabar, honey and wax are met with in abundance, and considering the steady demand for them, the potentialities of the industry could be highly realised if the industry is carried on systematically. In the town of Cochin, there are, I believe, seven oil-mills each of which produces every day 7,200 *padies* of cocoanut-oil. And every month the whole amount of the oil extracted is exported for manufacturing candle elsewhere. Imagine to what a great advantage a man can turn the existence of this ready-made oil, near his hands, if he only opens a candle factory. It is, then, idle to say that India is destitute of resources; the fact is that the innumerable resources are not turned into account by the children of the soil. Mr. Makerji writes in the *Hindustan Review* that thousands of mounds of lac in the raw state are sent away from his district; and the sealing-wax we use, comes from over the sea. Resin also is to be had there from the *sal* trees; but for every gallon of varnish, we look to the foreign manufacturer. The other plea that is generally advanced for the industrial inactivity is that these concerns really demand a great deal of capital which the Indian capitalist either cannot command, or is unwilling to risk on an unprecedented outlay. But it is not every industry that requires a great deal of capital. Manufacture of alkalies, soap and sugar, tanning and cattle-breeding are industries which require capital and scientific

knowledge; carpet manufacture and dairy work require capital only; electric lighting and manufacture of mixed metals require thorough scientific knowledge, but little capital; and tailoring, boot-making and goldsmith's work require neither capital nor scientific knowledge. Thus, the field is large; it is only activity that is found wanting.

Mr. Alexander Del Mar also thinks in the same groove. "A vast empire, richly endowed by nature, tenanted by several hundred millions of industrious, frugal and peaceful people and containing, within it, the germs of all the thoughts that have ever elevated man or spurred him to effort, lies prostrate in the dust of primitive agriculture. Its mountains, its rivers, its minerals, all the sources of mechanical power lie practically unused. The seas which leave its shores bring in no harvest of ailment; the forests which embower its mountains bring it the tribute of wealth. The walls of the empire are thrown down, and the foreign trader sits in the citadel, forcing the native every day farther and farther back into the fields; while, behind an always uncertain harvest, stalk the frightful spectres of famine and death. It is to the interest of India, it is to the interest of the British Government, it is to the interest of the British autocrat, it is to the interest of the British capitalist and fund-holder, it is to the interest of the British agriculturist, it is to the interest of every class in England that Indian industry shall be protected and diversified."

And this protection of the indigenous industry, of which we see so much is said and written, lies in the hands of the Government and the people. But so far as the Government is concerned, it will not render such help as the country may require, either through policy or through fallacious economy. So long as England is a commercial country, caring most for her own material advantage, one cannot expect the Government to lay down measures which will necessitate a clashing of English and Indian interests. On the other hand, much has been done by the commercial policy of the British to smother our industries that threatened to push a few English manufactures out of their stools. Not to pick examples from the worn-holes of by-gone ages, let us refer our readers to the excise duties on cotton goods, a clear, authenticated instance when the interests of India have been deliberately sacrificed to the interests of some British manufacturer. So, then, it is vain to expect from our rulers a greater solicitude for the welfare

of our industries than for theirs. Moreover, state-interference is only a minor factor in the solution of the problem, and it cannot be looked forward to, in the initial stages. If we prove ourselves capable of self-support it is beyond doubt that help would be pouring in, afterwards, even unasked. The Government will not and cannot initiate, and it rests mainly upon the people. All that the rulers would do is to lubricate the machine when set on foot. Hence the primary look-out of initiation is ours, and it is our duty to be equal to the task, when occasion calls us and necessity claims us.

Hordes of capital should be got upon co-operative system, or, on that of Industrial Partnership; schools should be established where shall be trained highly instructed mechanics; capable toolmen must be imported from abroad who shall erect our machinery, instruct and supervise the workmen; and big firms managed by efficient entrepreneurs should be established throughout the length and breadth of the land. The chief thing to be done is to send batches of capable, young, and enterprising students to Japan or America, to undergo industrial training. No doubt much is being attempted in this direction. The Travancore Government is offering two industrial scholarships, Mysore sends selected youngsters to Japan, and by the Society of Theists are awarded the Raja of Kakina Scholarship, Porcelain Industry scholarship and the useful Art Scholarship. Further, a good deal of benefit can be reaped from the establishment of industrial museums, where the product of every industry and art prevalent in the different presidencies should be collected and exposed, so that the best designs might stimulate the artisans that would visit them. In addition, these cabinets of what is best and what is common serve as a means of advertisement for the articles exhibited, letting the artisan know for what and where to sell his goods and giving the people an idea of how far their daily necessities can be supplied by indigenous industry. Such museums are held at Patras in Greece and Amsterdam in Holland. But there, these are initiated to expand the export trade by giving commercial information of all kinds, touching prices, transport routes and freight tariffs; and they also expose for public inspection the samples of various goods for export. Not to go to foreign countries for precedents, we have had in India itself the Delhi Exhibition and the Madras Industrial and Arts Exhibition. Institutions like these would be enough at the beginning. Yes,

we shall do all these and do them on an elaborate scale; would our material lot be improved then? Surely, it would be.

But we should not forget one consideration. We may import trained labour, we may aggregate a monster capital, and we may carry on business in the ablest manner possible—still we are infants in the world of modern industry. We begin our task when others have progressed in it considerably. England, America and Germany have a start of one hundred years before us. And this hard fact tells not a little to their advantage. For the Indian manufacturer, withal the resources he can wish for, cannot and do not, as a matter of fact, produce goods of the same finish as those of his competitor in Europe or America. Why? For everything in the world must undergo a process of gradual evolution. Perfection can be attained only by gradation. We are not men, the moment we are born. The man has to develop himself out of the youth who is, after all, the product of boyhood, the result of infancy. So, our industries will have to undergo a process of gradual development before our workmen can make themselves bold to compete with the English, the Germans or the Americans, and before we can expect to behold India, abreast of other countries, in the race for commercial supremacy. Everything, at first, is, as I say, a series of success and failure, a process, something like a scientific experiment. Thus, when the Indian industries—like the match industry at Amritsar, the soap manufactory established in Bengal, cloth manufacture set afoot in Bombay and Madras and candle-making practised at Guzarat—are in the experimental, or, initial stage and when we cannot expect the new manufacturer to successfully compete with foreigners, the existence of institutions which impose upon themselves the chief concern of encouraging Indian industries, I mean the Swadesy institutions, is very highly appreciated. Mr. Wagle, who has returned home fully trained in the art of glass-manufacture, has established his industry, somewhere in Chota Nagapur; and to start with, he will manufacture glass ink-bottles and tumblers. And in the beginning, one cannot be sure that Mr. Wagle would produce ink-bottles and tumblers of the sort which Austria, Belgium or Holland supplies us. Consequently in the experimental stage, Mr. Wagle would be visited with reverses rather than success. But there is the Swadesy who would be quite willing to buy what our new glass-manufacturer might produce. "This tumbler is crude

and this ink-bottle, I am afraid, is too brittle; yet I would buy only these," would say the Swadesy; while the ordinary consumer would inspect the articles and without even taking the trouble of ascertaining their value would go in for foreign ones. The work of the Swadesy would be fraught with salutary results in another direction also. And that is in inducing the custom-bound workmen to make their products suit the popular taste. The modern innovations in dress and furniture among our upper classes require that our artisans should give up their old-fashioned models and copy the new-fangled patterns. And here the Swadesy steps in, teaches the workman what the fashion of the day is, and thus serves as an invaluable medium between the civilized customer and the untutored mechanic. In fact, at the present stage of our industries, Swadesy institutions are, to them, absolutely necessary. The one cannot exist without the other, in other words, both are parallel movements. It is the Swadesy, thanks to his generous spirit of self-sacrifice, that offers himself to take proper care of and tender nourishment to the infant industries, when the slightest mishaps will be enough to extinguish their physical existence.

It is, owing to an intimate knowledge of the constitution and effects of a thriving Swadesy institution, the Indian Arts Encouraging Society, of Southern India, that I venture to write with some authority on the movement. These societies are becoming widely scattered and all the presidencies can lay claim to not a few adherents to Swadesy-ism. There are the Dawn Society, the Swadesa Vasthu Purchasing Sabhas, the Swadesa Samithi, and the I.A.E. S. which do immense good in their respective provinces. No sooner were these institutions established than numerous shops advertising their sale of Indian goods sprang up. The Indian Stores at Calcutta, under the able management of Mr. Chaudhuri, Lakshmi's Bhandar established by Mr. Sarola Devi Goshal and many minor shops keep for sale articles of Indian manufacture from pots and pans to the costliest silk and muslin. At Madras, Vijayam & Co. are putting forth a little exertion in this direction; Messrs. Elphinstone & Co., a native firm, have opened their eyes to the necessity for selling Indian things and at Narasingapatam, a pencil factory is to be opened. And one cannot, except by a monstrous perversion of language, say that Swadesy institutions cannot serve the cause of India's industrial development. It would be no exaggeration, nor indulgence in a

little bit of self-adulation, if we say that the steady demand for the Amritsar matches and Bengal soaps, in Madras, is due in a great degree to the self-sacrifice and the efforts of the members of the Association to which I have the honour to belong. The headquarters of the society is at Madras, the business being conducted by the General Secretary and a Managing Committee, formed of at least two members, for each district of our presidency, resident at the metropolis. Every district has a Provincial Secretary, who is directly under the guidance of representatives of his district in the Managing Committee. The branch societies try to introduce into their respective districts, the products of, and if possible, the industries thriving in other parts of India, and to place the prevalent, local industries on a surer footing; and they exert themselves to establish, through their influence, in all the important towns of the presidency, Indian agencies, on the basis of Co-operative system, for selling things Indian. And no member goes in for foreign things, if the things necessary for one's daily life are of Indian origin. This rule has been subjected to much criticism, and we are reminded that the world is largely composed of selfish men who care more for cheapness and durability than for sentimental philosophy. No doubt the statement, as it stands generalised, is quite correct and convincing. But let us find out in what way this truism operates upon the work of the society with regard to the rule we lastly enumerated. I take it for granted that you all would have observed the lower orders going in, always for home-made goods, because of their durability. Though rough and bad, they last long: and hence they are bought by the poor peasants and the humble workmen. Among the aristocracy, and the middle class the ladies, thanks for their conservatism, buy only indigenous sarees. And it is only the men of the well-to-do class, who are also educated, that hanker after Western importations. The work of the advocates of Swadesyism, then, lies among these; and our experience has proved that it is not, after all, very difficult to bring them round, after a few minutes' discussion. Thus the grand statement we referred to, when considered how it affects our work, must be taken with limitations just like other truisms of its nature. But one thing should be emphasised upon, in this connection; and it is that this spirit of Swadesyism is seen smouldering in every heart, and that a little bit of blowing bursts it into flame. However, it is not the object of these move-

ments that the whole country should be up and doing. Enough, if the newly sprouting industries are supported, old useful ones are patronised and the field is cleared for fresh enterprises. So then, it is sufficient if a third of the population of every presidency are turned into Swadesies, and then, there is no knowing what wonderful results can be attained. But we should frankly acknowledge our inability to make any strong defence to the charge that we produce a few ardent Swadesies who are fatally blind to their personal interests. These staunch advocates of our cause evoke the astonishment of the critics by their "erratic sentiments and absurd declamations." That there have been fanatics in every cause, in all places and at all ages, history teaches us. Moreover, the success of a movement depends largely upon the martyrs it has created, and, as a matter of historical fact, every enthusiast is a stepping stone.

Well, then, the Swadesy institutions are necessary to the progress of Indian industry, and the amount of help they confer upon infant industries cannot be overestimated. Swadesyism is prevalent not in India only. That spirit is in the air, and it pervades through the whole world. For is it not Swadesyism, carried a step further, that the Australian Government advocates, when it refuses to grant the right of mail-service to those ships which may employ on board one native coolie? Again what is it but Swadesyism of an extreme nature, when the British stoutly oppose to German or Russian Companies starting Railways in India, even when these promise to pay the Government greater dividends than the English ones? Swadesyism is here, is there, is everywhere. Only it takes different lines of working and sometimes different names in different places. The spirit is the same everywhere. Our patriotism impels us to work in these institutions, our conscience whispers that our acts are noble, our commonsense ratifies their utility, and then, why not we work in such a patriotic, just and useful task? Some may treat the movement with derisive laughter and mockery and warn us against jumping into the dark. But such discouragement is to a strong and true cause, after all, an accelerating agent rather than a stumbling block; and those who declare themselves antagonists are really our friends to whose unwitting help we owe not a little of our determination, rectitude and enthusiasm.

R. NARAYANASWAMI,

INDIA AND HER EDUCATED SONS.

IN every country through which the waters of civilization leap and bound in pleasant fury you may find trees of books growing on their banks. There is the tree of poetry towering high above the rest, deeply rooted imagination and diffusing interest at every breeze—the small stunted stem of philosophy defying the desperate efforts of mortals—the slippery trunk of theosophy waiting for more Vidyakandas and Besants to put fourth green leaves in blooming vigour—the wild and raging shrubs of history where many human beings retreat for pleasure though written with blood at the point of the bayonet—the smiling gardens of fiction “where Nature’s softest sigh the breeze is blended with the lady’s gence of budding beauty”—close by rushes in impetuous vehemence the irresistible torrent of Sciences, Life and Death, Destruction and Construction floating on her boiling billows. You often swoon at the soft melodious song which is shaken from the tender leaves of poetry—your head hangs—your brow shrivels at a twisted problem oozing out of philosophy—your heart swells at the great truths peeping from the grove of theosophy—you start at a random shot from the rank and file of history—your senses melt at the piteous moanings of a beauteous lady or the chivalrous feats of a courageous Knight in the soothing gardens of Romance.

But there is that immortal reaper Time whose unrelenting scythe never leaves anything in this mortal world untouched. Beauty with her thousand charms falls before the burning sun—mer of his unwinking eyes—Bravery with his thousand wounds falls prostrate before this powerful deity—Dead truths rear up their solemn heads with renewed vigour—living Innocence lies buried beneath his bloody hatchet. Not only is the hand of Time visible in the labouring population—poor men expending their whole energy to fill their empty stomach with a few miserable scrapes of scanty bread—not only in, what they call, the civilized atmosphere—where men for money heat their brains a bit—not only in the paradise of beauty—where life and labour are given away for one transient kiss—but also in the reading world. Yes—

INDIA AND HER EDUCATED SONS.

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in the vale of poetry whose very leaves prattle heavenly harmony, mark you not the idle creepers that have grown on the tracks upon which trod human intellects to arrive at Kalidas or Manu! Oh, what might be the miserable cause for this, what, but the lamentable fact that no more do thinking brains frequent this delightful route. Look, look at the cave of Philosophy—look how many feet spurn the dry turf at its mouth. Theosophy, poor frail theosophy, how it trembles before the terrible whirlwind of corruption. History, alas! here and there you unexpectedly come across a solitary hand working with half-heartedness and dejection amidst her celestial groves where a Gibbon wrote and Homer sung. That smiling garden of fiction, that slippery ground of Romance, that alone is frequented. Barren and heated is the thoroughfare that leads to her towering gates, and uninterrupted and unceasing is the flow of human heads that roll their way to her reverberating walls. Man and woman—boy and girl trudge this way gaily along. “No food—no drink—no sleep for me,” cries the passionate reader, “no food, no drink, no sleep for me. My stomach is already full with all the humour of a Mark Twain, with all the tears of a Cleopatra.” “Damn the blood geography, man,” says the unfledged youth, “no hills, no dales for me. The budding hills of Lucy Ashton, the glassy dales of Rebecca are more sweet.”

A Kalidas—a Panini—you often see these men slumbering in some dusty corner of a library, weighed down by their own thoughts and sense and studiously perused by—by white ants. Yes, these are the only readers, they to whose pages Meditation must mark the way generally find. Who will think and create premature wrinkles in one’s soft brows? Who will sit and pore on Smith or Mill when they can flit across a thousand pages of Reynolds and Reade—who will struggle with Jaymini when they can smile with Jane? No one, echoes the reading world of the twentieth century—a hollow No One! What care we whether Russia lost or Japan won—what care whether the *Commission Carzo* comes with his twelve tongues again—whether the riots groa beneath the iron hand of taxation—whether the Government add crores to crores to her surplus income—whether the pies rape from the empty hands of a famishing peasant are poured to maintain a pious Tibet Mission—whether the labourer amidst the tea plantations is bound with the chain of eternal slavery and poverty—here have I left Grant Allen half read, and what other and more

important work have I but to finish him! There lies open the 'Soldier's Wife' and I must taste her through and through.

India! in thy son's present pursuit for fiction observe the wild waste that welters in thy breast. If these that fed upon thy tender frame should follow the misleading hand of Fiction, where, where is thy hope! In that voice which hails the appearance of a new novel of Doyle mark thy death knell! Industry, fall dead on thy mother's bosom, India's sons care not for thee. Education, flutter as thou wilt India's sons sit satisfied with a six-penny novel. The Lawyer—he busily enquires for the new edition of the Civil Procedure Code, or the latest number of the Indian Law Reports, hunts restlessly for clients, drinks the night oil, sacrifices balmy sleep, all to add a thousand rupees more to the hundred thousands in the *Government Bank*! The doctor—he is too much engaged with his phaeton and horse, his bottles and mixtures, with plague and Malaria, with patients and pills. The officer—he trembles at the frowns of his superiors, or just stretches forth his hand to receive a rupee or two—Prythee no bribe, only a present! The student—he knocks his head at the doors of the Bynomial Theorem or Electricity. The Lawyer wants money—the Doctor wants patients—the Officer wants favour—the Student wants to graduate—NO MORE! India, oppressed and anxious India, who is it that thinks of thee? Now and then a white man pokes his white nose into the stern retreats of the poor and peaceful peasant * * * * *

Now and then a Curzon's Education Commission or Police Commission blows through your agitated limbs, raining dissatisfaction and discord in its course. Far beyond Atlantic's budding waves in Albion's icy shore you hear a Naoroji's soft voice—a Cotton's piteous sigh—a Digby's angry stump. From the editorial throne of the *Hindu* a Menon's voice slowly booms into the weltering world without. In the strong columns of the *United India* an Aiyer cries in hoarse voice of hungry despair. A Banerjee or Gokhale may now and then raise their solemn heads to spit iron indignation at an Official Secrets Bill or Bengal Partition. A Mehta may roar in the Congress pavillion, a Wacha may cry on a Bombay platform. But millions and millions of human beings, thy sons, born of thy soil, bred up on thy bosom, who ought to come to thy help—whose tears must cool thy burning heart—whose hands must rub thy writhing wounds—whose sighs must blow thy fluttering sails, they are content to rest upon an

INDIA AND HER EDUCATED SONS.

easy chair and read a six-penny novel. Alas India! that thy sons should be so unnatural, unfeeling, ungrateful, unthinking! Alas! but one can cry only alas!

Oh thou young man with activity dancing in thy eyes, and agility springing from thy limbs, whither so fast, with that paper in thy hand!—Stop, if thou hast a heart to feel, cry, if thou hast a tear to shed, sigh if thou hast a breath to spare. Hear me a poor labourer working amidst the eternal darkness of a coal mine. I and—"away" says the spirited youth, "away." Cry not to me. I am hurrying to see Mr. Black in whose office a clerk's post has fallen vacant. No cries to me—I needs must see him and fall upon his feet and manage to get that post where I may draw Rs. 15 a month. No cries to me—I am a graduate and probability sides with me to get that employment, and away he dashes along the spirited chap. Oh the doctor that drives in thy phaeton, hearken unto the grievances of a poor labourer... "Tut man, come to my room. What are you suffering from? Malaria or dengue? I would advise you seriously to take some pills. Mark me, only an anna a pill." Alas sir my sufferings take their source from poverty, from injustice, from cruelty. Ah! ah! ah! I am not the Doctor for that. In yonder temple is a carved stone, go and cry to him"—and Doctor and phaeton vanish. Take your stand steadily Labourer, here passes a Lawyer. Gentleman of the long robe, that bends beneath the weight of books, will you at least hear a famished lab—"who owes thee man? who did thee wrong? Look here, wait upon me. I to-morrow at half-past seven. Be punctual. And mark me. I give my advice for Rs. 5." Alas! the poor labourer, to whom will he complain if ye, educated sons of India, pass him unheard, unheeded. He is mute, inarticulately suffering the horrors of a coal mine, the heartlessness of an unfeeling master. His wife groans by him, his child moans before him, his stomach howls within him. The rising sun wakes him to cheerless toil, the setting sun sees him bite a scrap of bread—while the crores of rupees which India yields slowly deposit in the white man's pocket or drain to the white man's land—and you sit in your easy chair, your wealth shining on your wife's ears and neck, your head busy with a dirty novel. Your fellow creatures born of your country, bred up in your land, breathing your air howl beneath the weight of unpaying labour—bent beneath the burden of poverty and misery. Millions of tongues rest content in their

mouth spitting flattery to those who pour food into them, and not one would stir in honest indignation.

Ye sons of India that spend your youth in the shrine of Learning, use your knowledge for your mother—these tongues which sucked from forth her breast, let them writhe to wipe her wounds. "We have stomachs"—yes, you have, you needs must have. Fill them with nourishing food you may—you must. "But to fill them up we must lie in ambush amidst the groves of flattery to fall upon the favour of our superiors—we must bow, bend and prostrate before them—we must kiss the dust that flies off their heels—we must pander to their passions and vice." Aye, aye, that you must. That is the surest and easiest way to success—to bow and cringe is easily done, and the result is as easily anticipated as arrived at. But still what prevents you from bowing to Reason and Justice too? What impedes you from attempting to deserve the name of man—to love your fellow creature—to live for your country, your brother and yourself? When you see a famishing beggar with eyes and hands and legs as you have, do not your hearts smite you—do not your hands rush to your pockets to dole out an anna to him—Do not your bosom glow with manly sympathy that with all the symbols he should not have the strength and sinews of a man. Why has he no strength?—he has no food. Why no food?—he has no wealth. Why no wealth?—he has no work. No work. And what may be the coal mines, the iron mines, the tea plantations, the coffee estates! No work? yes there is work, work which is a stepping stone to wretchedness and misery. Work which binds the honest innocent ignorant workman to the unhallowed hands of the unfeeling master. Go to the tea plantations? and what is there? Speak, Sir Henry Cotton speak. "When we speak of the interest of the tea industry, we are accustomed to mean the interest of the proprietors of tea gardens, of the shareholders of companies, of the agents in Calcutta and London and of the employers of labour, and this customary use of the expression is a true indication of the fact that we are too apt, not only in our language, but in our thoughts and actions, to contemplate the interest of the industry exclusively from the Capitalist's point of view." And the labourer, poor labourer is left to his scenes of never-ending woe. Go to Africa? and be treated as brutes—no public roads to walk, no powerful voice to cry, no kindly ears to hear, no generous hand to grant. Turn where he

will, to the cold bleak plantations of Assam, to the dark hot deserts of Africa,—venture where he would, into the bowels of pining earth, into the retreats of hard set iron, upon the manes of high mettled waves, Monster Poverty stares him in the face. Work as hard as he may, he scarce has strength to work the next day—strain as long as he will a very bare spittance enters his pockets—if he has a coat! And you—you earn thousands with a studied nod, a slender bow—are content to woo the easy chair with a novel in your hand, with tables and chairs and sofas and lamps before you—with silk curtains and flower pots around you—and not spend one word for the dumb labourer—not spare one thought for the inarticulate labourer—not rustle one tongue to voice forth their unjust, undeserved and unprecendented wretchedness!

Oh this tendency of educated Indians to care for ease and happiness, and these alone, without one thought, one feeling for their suffering brethren, millions in number, but their grievance numberless, where will this tendency drift India? Where, where but to destruction's damned gorge! When taxes on taxes are piled upon the bones of the piteous ryot—upon the bones I say, because he has no flesh—when iron and coal hug closer and closer to their mother's breast, taxing more hands, calling for more men to dig them and diffuse them through the land—to see the educated Indian plying for a transient nod—to see him basking in the sunshine of superiors' smiles! To see crores of rupees melted into tiny ornaments dangling on Noses and Ears while millions of Stomachs have nothing inside them! And you are educated men? Forbear for shame—throw down that dirty novel—throw open your feeling hearts. Study the grievances of India—her economic history—her industrial probabilities. Accumulate your wealth and establish your banks. Dig up your hidden wealth and let Mills hum and wheels roar. Oh but study her grievances and, as sure as you are men, your hearts shall be touched.—Your feelings shall glow—your lips shall quiver—your words shall rise. Union is strength. And unite we must if we would be men. If we would have liberty—if we would have happiness—if we would see millions of God's creatures smiling beneath the protecting wings of prosperity—if contentment and joy should spring from hill to hill, from dale to dale, of our sick land, unite. That one word is the key to open the chamber doors of "Vitality and pro-

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sperity." Reynolds and Reade no more. !—hail Economy! hail history!—This shall herald to our sorrowing land the sun beams of prosperity.

Just stop here. Look at this high and august building towering up to the skies. Nature with her naked charm allures your thirsty eyes. The porter often strikes his sleepy head against his solitary box. The rose smiles, the cuckoo sings, the leaf plays, the fruit swings. Creepers cling to the soft marble walls with the avowed affection of an ardent lover. There is rushing of menials,—barking of dogs,—neighing of horses,—rumbling of coaches and stirring of sweepers. From that window creeps a silken curtain, from that door peeps a subtle plant. Yonder tree yields her ripe fruits at the unceasing showers of stones issuing from the hands of the coachman's youngest son; and upon that banyan tree you may discern the milkman's children playing at apes. Often when the leaves rustle and the branches bend you now and then see red walls made redder by the red flowers resting their heads upon them. But what is here!—the boys stop throwing stones—one upon the other falls the milkman's children from the towering banyan tree—the porter rushes from his seat and plunges into his turban and coat. Silence and awe!—the Master of the house is here!

Here is the Master of the house, and he is thy son, India, an educated son of thine. Shall I describe him to thee, my Mother, shall I? He is standing inside sheep's leather. Observe clearer—look keener—judge better—"Made in Nottingham" is writtorn on the Boots. Yes, the best sheep bled in Nottingham to protect his naked feet. From bleak Albion came that black leather covering. And here in India are hundreds of shoemakers with sheep bleeding before them—their brows sweating—their hands swinging—their hammers ringing—and—and themselves gaping aghast to find Nottingham all around them—staring around to find that all their hard work has been futile. The boots they made—there they stood before them in the glass box, poison to their sight! The hands that writhed for pain—here they were writhing more. The stomachs that ached for bread—they ache with increased vigour now. Dejection lays her icy hands upon them—Dejection throws her iron chains upon their agitated bosoms—Dejection hinders the free flow of their fingers—Discontentment sits upon their haggard countenance. The shoemaker throws his tools, he wrings his hair, he kicks

his boots. He jumps out of his room, a rag rustling on his waist, catches the Missionary's hand, and ere long is seen in a British steamer sailing for Africa—to court slavery's clanking chains than grapple with poverty's unrelenting teeth—to live, be it in a foreign land 'midst injustice and indigence than die on his Mother's gentle breast with hunger howling in his mouth! He is your brother that swam the salt sea field. Why? Why? Vain fellow, for you that have means to measure thy feet in boots will not measure in his.

And the cloth this educated son of India wears? "Manchester" stares with bloody eyes from beneath it. Manchester! the poor weaver starts as if thunder darted from that word. His hands move not—his legs shake not. Manchester! and your weaver dies here of hunger—exchanges spade for spindle, slavery for liberty! Your brother he is, who has a head to think and a hand to work, and still he struggles in endless penury because "your pence you pour into the white-man's purse." Your weaver weaves—warf and woof extend before his scrutinising eyes—good costly cloth slowly appears from his loom—appears and increases—increases and ends—ends and remains there! You would run after Manchester—you would, would you educated son of India with India's prosperity in your heart? Would you, if you know that thousands of weavers fall like moths before the destructive flames of your discouragement? Would you if you know this sheathe yourself in Manchester? And expect you to find all about India and her Industry in the smiles of your Superior—in the subtlety of your sofa—in the humour of Doyle? You want cloth—you tear a paper hanging from the table's leg—dashes a few lines to Messrs Brown & Co., rings the bell—sends the servant away—without once thinking the poor weaver in his damp floor, heartless, foodless, threadless, his children looking up to him for food, his wife sighing for her poverty, his bosom bursting with sorrow. Not the weaver alone that struggles in this raging sea of adversity—not the labourer alone—but the artisan—the peasant—each useful member who constituted a useful community in the good old days when famine was unknown in India—and all this owing to the most inhuman apathy of ye Educated Indians!

Your studio—what is it but a market where English made articles are arrayed to public view. Travel your room however we may—observe the things whatever way we will, we find nothing but 'Made in Germany'—'Made in Austria'—'Made in

New York '—' Made in England.' Clothes, boxes, cots, chairs, clothes, anything, everything carry Europe and America upon them. All Europe and America! No India! And India's blood runs in your veins!—and India's sons you deem to be—For India's welfare you profess to strive.

But hark! what is that rumbling noise at which my ears grow stunned!—it is a glittering coach drawn by two milk-white horses dashing along the public way. Two Coachmen gaily dressed sit with whips in hands. Two footmen run with panting breath, their hands in the horses' bridles. Two men stand behind with open mouths shouting Aye's and oh's! From inside the coach is seen an Educated Son, with diamonds biting his ears, collars binding his neck, stockings embracing his ankles—all Europe and America! Stop, Educated Son of India, stop in thy headlong course! Whither bound in thy glassy coach and gaudy dress and glittering state? "To the National Bank! There lies my wealth—ten hundred thousand rupees, and I go to deposit this five hundred thousand rupees also," and he dashes along. Fifteen hundred thousand rupees! How many fifteen hundred thousand rupees more, by how many hundreds of Educated men are deposited in English Banks?—English Banks, working beneath the white man's busy steps, revolving in the whiteman's golden breath. The white man, he will smile—he will wink, and get all he can from you. He cares not for you. He has strength, he has sinews. He shook the dust of his father's land off his feet, and has come amidst you to earn. He comes with smoking mouth and ruddy face, and revels on the lap of luxury—while Indians, to satisfy their insatiable greed, bid farewell to their fatherland, to their palm groves and pretty fields, to their peaceful hut and pleasant tank to sweat and sorrow in the burning deserts of Africa. The white man, he enters a country smiling in pristine simplicity, airing in gales of plenty and prosperity. He extracts every drop of wealth from the innocent womb of the earth and sets sail, his ship bounding on the waves with the honest plunder of aggrieved India, leaving a confounded mass of corruption and misery. And you, Educated Sons of illused India, you unite with him, side with his side, smite with his smite, and gladly put your willing hands to the villainous machine that subverts your fatherland. And pass you for Educated Men? There, stop that coach of thine!—Get down with thy fifteen hundred thousand rupees. Go—open your mouth and call your friends

with hundred fifteen hundred thousands more. Pour your wealth into his and heap them up—establish a bank yourself! Yes, a bank conducted by Native hands, conducted by Native heads. Let Rupees clink, and buildings tower—Let co-operation shower her golden rain over the dislocated limbs of India. Then could we trace Education's airy lines on your brows—Then would we be proud of possessing brothers in you—Then shall our united prayers knock with their thousand hands at the God's high seat and bring down blessings and plenty upon you and *your* India! Then,—but not till then—can India shine in "vitality and prosperity."

My countrymen, look around you and see for yourself what we are capable of. What is it we cannot do?—what that we would not do? The Indian hand—there is nothing it cannot accomplish. The Indian head—there is nothing it cannot conceive. The Indian heart—there is nothing it cannot endure. Contentment with our humble lot, Faith in the Supreme God above, and affection for all dear and near to us—these characterise our nation. In the holy name of heavenly God—In the powerful name of affection, I cry unto you—I entreat you—I conjure you, attend to India! Her needs are great—her grievances are many—her enemies increase—her opponents advance. And, at this time, shall we be airing on our easy chairs? Shall it be written in Indian History, and handed down to posterity that her sons slept in spring-sofas while open Devastation in broad daylight, drove her to the very brinks of Destruction. Banish faction from off your heads. Fact stares you in the face. Shake off your idleness—stand one with the other—Live and love for India. While covering your body with a valuable cloth, protect *your* weavers with nourishing food—while brick rises upon brick to make up your building, let bread upon bread enter down the throats of *your* masons—While your hands rest upon the easy chair, let your carpenter's hands clink with white rupees. Happiness and prosperity to millions of God's creatures lie in your hands, in your hearts, ye Educated Sons of India, it does. Oh but unite—let shoulder clash with shoulder—let heart feel with heart, and India shall smile with plenty—shall dance for joy.

The ground that you tread, know you the immense wealth embowelled there? How many ounces of gold—how many loads of coal—how many tons of iron? You know not, you!—and even if

you do, you can but stare and be silent! The white man comes. Lo! Gold glitters in his hand, and workmen dog his steps. Your Mother Earth yawns beneath his spade, her rocks fly before his Engine, and she vomits her wealth into his hands. He has all the wealth, and you, all the labour. The pounds you melted into ornaments must stare in the form of pounds again—the heart that is growing on fiction must be uprooted and planted on fact—your hands that bend before your master must also shake another's hand and another's—Your head which delights in novels must ache for India's Economy and history and grievances—your purse which lies heavy in your box must be blended with another's purse, ere you perceive a silver lining in the dark clouds alighting in your horizon—ere famine with her feverish talons cease to pounce upon your fertile land. A hundred Curzons with a hundred Commissions cannot marshal prosperity into your land—A hundred Naorojis with their hundred tongues cannot bring down plenty upon you. 'Tis in you—in your joint efforts, your unity, that India's regeneration lie locked up. Co-operation, investigation, exhibition, competition, these are the "open sesame" to the cave of India's welfare. What though your tongues speak different languages, your hearts feel the same sting! What though your ambition pursue different prospects your object ought to concentrate in one point—the well-being of your fellow-creatures. That tear which trickles down your chest for the imaginary sorrows of an Isabella, let it flow for the glaring, heart-rending and undeniable vexations of India! Friends, Indians, countrymen, a nobler idea, a worthier pursuit, a holier end there is none!

S. K. ANGEL, D.D.

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LORD CURZON'S RULE OF INDIA.

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THERE has been a striking difference in the public opinion of India as regards Lord Curzon's rule between the beginning and the close of his five years' tenure. There was in the beginning an undue exhibition of enthusiasm, of confidence and of hope; and this was followed towards the end by disappointment, bitterness, and an utter want of confidence. The change is remarkable; it is striking. Few Viceroys inspire such unmistakable confidence and hope at the very outset of their career as Lord Curzon did even before he set his foot on the soil of India. The very first feeling aroused in India on his appointment as Viceroy was one of dissatisfaction. His views on the foreign politics of India, with which the Indian people were familiar, did not show him to be a follower of Lawrence and Norman, but of the aggressive school of Beaconsfield and Lytton. The people of India had become tired of the aggressive policy on the frontiers; and they expected no good from a Viceroy who would prosecute that policy. But they had confidence in Lord Salisbury, the statesman who was at the head of affairs in England at the time, and to whom Mr. Curzon, as he then was, owed his appointment; and on account of Lord Salisbury at all events we were willing to believe that the danger we anticipated might not after all be so great as we feared.

Other circumstances were entirely favourable to Lord Curzon; for India had just then passed through the Viceroyalty of Lord Elgin, through a period of repressive and reactionary measures calculated to depress the minds of any people. Lord Elgin was Viceroy only in name. He had neither the ability nor the strength of will to impress his individuality on those around him or on those

placed in authority over him at Downing Street in London. The most invertebrate of Viceroys, and perhaps the least capable, he quietly yielded to the waves of reaction which then swept over the entire continent. A former editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* had prophesied in the pages of the *National Review* that he would bring the Viceroyalty into contempt, and the prophecy had been very nearly fulfilled. At such a time, when the people of India had become thoroughly despondent and were eagerly crying for a change, it was in the power of any man of ordinary ability to bring them hope and comfort. But Lord Curzon was something more; he was not only a man of first rate ability, but something of a genius. He possessed intellect of a high order, imagination, insight, a wonderful capacity for realising the feelings of peoples separated from him not only in colour and creed, but in civilization, environment and traditions. With his imaginative insight he saw what would best soothe the feelings of the Indian people, and he began to employ his tongue and pen accordingly. He began by professing profuse love and sympathy for the people of India, their history and their traditions; and he made it appear that he would be the saviour that they wanted. His fascinating phraseology captivated the hearts of the people. The President of the National Congress then sitting in Madras greeted him with a message of cordial welcome on his arrival in Bombay. The Corporation of Bombay welcomed him with an Address which reflected the enthusiasm felt throughout the country. And people everywhere entertained high hopes of the new Viceroyalty.

No Viceroy began his career in India under more favourable circumstances; and Lord Curzon, by the charm of his eloquence, continued to fascinate the Indian mind. The fears as regards his frontier policy were dissipated by his early establishment of the new Frontier Province which minimised the chances of conflict with the frontier tribes, and seemed to remove once for all the necessity for frequent frontier expeditions. With regard to Native States his attitude appeared to be one of conciliation, and he set a high ideal of duty and responsibility before the rulers of these States. In the memorable speech he delivered at Gwalior he claimed them as his colleagues and partners of the Empire. It was full of exhortation and advice. Addressed, as it was, to a young chief at the threshold of his career, it was appropriate and wise. But when he began to speak in a similar strain repeatedly to older Rajahs and Maharajahs who had established a name and prestige by wise,

beneficent and well-ordered rule, his speeches began to give offence to those who were sensitive and deemed themselves in no need of supercilious advice and rebuke. And his circular about the European travel of Indian Princes, indirectly aimed against some of the most illustrious rulers of Indian States, aggravated the offence which had been already caused. In spite of all that apologists of Lord Curzon may say, the Indian Princes have no reason to be satisfied with the treatment which they have received at his lordship's hands. The great Delhi Durbar deepened this feeling of dissatisfaction. Both the Princes and the spectators felt that they were there not as colleagues and partners of the Empire, but rather as "vassals of the Viceroy." Lord Curzon shunted aside the brother of the King-Emperor, and himself received the homage of the assembled Princes. Each Prince was made to walk up in turn to the dais where Lord Curzon sat, to bend, bow and retire. Lord Curzon was the supreme god on earth. The Princes and Chiefs and the Governors of Presidencies were not even minor deities. Lord Curzon felt or seemed to feel that everybody was mightily pleased with the grand show he had organised. But murmurs were heard all over the Delhi camp. Not one of the guests felt that he had received his due. Yet the Delhi Durbar has been glorified beyond end, has been sung in prose and verse as the greatest achievement of Lord Curzon. The President of the last Indian National Congress at Madras, Mr. Lal Mohun Ghose, echoed the true sentiment of all classes of people when he said that "the descendants of the sovereign Princes before whom English merchants had presented themselves on bended knees, and with whom the East India Company, after they had acquired sovereign rights in this country, concluded treaties as allies—the descendants of those Princes found themselves treated as ordinary subjects, and their proud and sensitive natures were subjected to a humiliation which they had never known before under the British Government." That is the verdict of India on a pageant which Lord Curzon professes to have designed for the purpose of cultivating more cordial relations with the Princes and strengthening their attachment to the Empire. The truth is that Lord Curzon had his eye directed, not to the Princes and people of India, but to a distant gallery which would be dazzled by the sight he created at Delhi, and inspired with admiration for him who created it. The natural result is that it has signally failed to serve any of the purposes for which it was professedly organised.

And, further, this Durbar created unusual financial difficulties at least for some of the States. Several lakhs of rupees had to be spent by every Prince summoned to Delhi, and since their impoverished exchequer could not provide these sums, resort was had to curtailing the most necessary expenditure in the administration of their States, and to other means. Nor was this the only drain which Lord Curzon was instrumental in causing to their treasury. The All India Victoria Memorial at Calcutta occasioned the exacting of forced benevolences from Indian Princes. Every Province was anxious to have its own separate memorial; but Lord Curzon discouraged and starved every such local effort by concentrating his energy and his influence on his grand Calcutta scheme. Industrial Institutions, Technical Schools, Colleges for higher learning, all of which had been proposed in one or other province of India as the most fitting memorial to a sovereign revered and loved throughout the country, had all to give way to gratify Lord Curzon's idea of a grand structural memorial at Calcutta which not even three hundred thousand of the three hundred millions of India would have any opportunity of seeing or benefiting by. In this as in many other matters Lord Curzon did not care a jot for what others felt or thought. He could not be in the wrong. He must, therefore, have his way, though all India was of a different opinion which was loudly expressed, and repeatedly emphasised.

Although in this and in other matters he went against public opinion and, as we consider, against public interests, yet we are bound to acknowledge that in several respects he showed a right and liberal tendency. He was not one of those who deliberately shrank from public opinion and attempted to ignore it. He kept his hand ever on the pulse of public opinion. He was a most careful reader of Indian newspapers. He noted what was said about him and against him. When he could gain a triumph he did not hesitate to make a public mention of the criticism and critic. He explained, expostulated, and even indulged in humour and sarcasm to satisfy the public that he was right and the critics were wrong. In his time public opinion could be confident of a hearing; and occasionally he did not hesitate to defer to it. His policy was to do his best to carry the public with him if possible, and where he failed he had the courage to disregard it. In those matters where little had to be gained by a defiance of public opinion he yielded, but where he considered the matter too important to be determined by the wave of public opinion he resisted it. In matters of great

imperial policy he was his own guide. In other matters he acted as though the State had much to gain by conciliation and concession. We had striking instances of both. In regard to the Universities Bill and the Official Secrets Bill, both of which were designed with a clear purpose of State policy, he stood firm although the whole country was against him. But in the matter of the Press Messages Protection Bill he yielded to the clamour of the purely Indian section of the Press, because he knew that the State had no interest in it, and that the abandonment of it, while conciliating Indian public opinion, would not interfere with his scheme of State policy. Apart from all this, he did his best to gain the confidence of the Press. Where he was misunderstood he was not above offering an explanation in a private communication. He was very sensitive to public criticism, but he showed no intolerance for it. During his visit to Madras he remarked to His Excellency the Governor, in the presence of a number of gentlemen, that he was a constant reader of a certain local Indian newspaper, that it was conducted with great ability, that sometimes it praised him, sometimes it attacked him, and that he accepted both. In fact, it may be said that Lord Curzon gave an attention to the Press which it had not received in the time of two of his immediate predecessors. Lord Lansdowne was too weak, and Lord Elgin too weak and incompetent, to show any appreciation of the value of Press criticism in the face of their orthodox official surroundings. But Lord Curzon was made of a different stuff. He had both the ability and the courage to act on his own initiative and on the advice of those outside officialdom. On the occasion of the King-Emperor's Coronation at Delhi he decorated three of the members of the Fourth Estate. Seldom before had the Press in India received such recognition at the hands of the Sovereign and the Viceroy, if we except the case of Kristo Das Pal, the editor of the *Hindu Patriot*.

The consideration he showed to the Press he also showed to other critics of Government. The title conferred upon the Hon'ble G. K. Gokhale was a generous recognition of merit in a non-official and a frank critic of Government. Mr. Gokhale's speeches in the Legislative Council marked him out as a politician and financier of first class ability, whom any Government but the Government of India would have been proud to employ in its service. His brilliant dissection of the Financial Statement left him without a rival in the Viceroy's Legislative Council. Those who attempted to reply looked foolish; and there was not another Gokhale in the official

ranks. The official discomfiture was complete. To honour the man who was the cause of that discomfiture was a generous and noble-minded act. The knighthood conferred on the Hon'ble Pherozesha Mehta is a like evidence of high-minded and generous appreciation of great merit and eminent public services. In both instances Lord Curzon has shown a commendable freedom from narrow prejudices so peculiar to Indian officialdom.

The very first act which impressed the people of India with the sternness of Lord Curzon's sense of justice was the punishment he dealt out to a British regiment, some members of which were responsible for a most shameful outrage on a Burmese woman. Not only by reason of the grave and scandalous nature of the outrage, but also by reason of similar outrages on unoffending Indians followed by grave miscarriage of justice in almost every case, Indian public opinion had been roused to the highest pitch of indignation and despair. The feeling had gradually grown that there was no punishment for offences committed on Indians by Europeans. Case after case had occurred, had been prosecuted and tried before courts, invariably ending in the acquittal of the accused. Great harm to British rule had been done thereby, and not one of the rulers of India had shown a determined attitude in the matter. Lord Curzon discerned the situation. He was amazed by the methods employed to evade the arm of the law in each case. He therefore determined to put down the evil with a strong hand. As far as executive action was concerned he spared nothing to punish the offenders, although judicial procedure proved ineffectual for his purpose. Among all classes of the Indian people his attitude in this matter has created the most favourable impression and has invoked their gratitude. But by a good many of his own countrymen he has been most mercilessly assailed for the departure he has made from the customary indifference of previous regimes. And it is not unlikely that he has realised the impossibility of the task which he set before himself. So far as we can see, it will be hopeless to remedy the evil unless the present system of the trial of Europeans is so modified as to entrust the responsibility for the decision in such cases to the judges of the country who feel their full sense of responsibility. But Lord Curzon may claim the credit of having endeavoured to create a more wholesome feeling among his countrymen in regard to crimes of this sort. He has been anxious to make the British name respected, which, as he has shown, can only be done by acting justly as between the Indian and the Englishman.

Perhaps the time may come when his countrymen will appreciate him better for his efforts in this behalf.

We have referred to Lord Curzon's attitude towards Indian public opinion. In the beginning he was all attentive to it. In his reply to the public address at Bombay he unreservedly acknowledged its value, and his own readiness to benefit by it. But in making this acknowledgment he did not look all round him. In one quarter at least he caused serious offence. The *Pioneer* came forth with a slashing article written with great force and dignity, but at the same time exceedingly irreverent to the Viceroy. It reminded Lord Curzon that the British did not conquer India so that Lord Curzon might in the fulness of time become Viceroy, and wound up by saying that "so far Lord Curzon has only two enemies, the one is his tongue, and the other the first person singular; but they are on the way to making many more." Never in his life had he perhaps been subjected to such a criticism, and, as the Viceroy of India, he must have been surprised at the freedom and fierceness with which he was assailed. Yet he was not above benefiting by it. When he came to Tanjore he changed his tone, spoke of his colleagues in the Government of India along with himself, and showed a modesty which was surprising. If he had stopped here it would have been all right. But he seemed to feel as though he had not altogether rectified the mistake he had made in Bombay; and in Madras he went to the opposite extreme. In reply to the address of the Mahajana Sabha, his lordship spoke in a manner that detracted very much from the dignity associated with his office and betrayed a conspicuous ignorance of even the elements of political economy. His speech caused the utmost indignation and bitterness in Madras, and was quite unworthy of his attainments and his position. It was dissected to pieces in a series of articles in the *Hindu*, and Lord Curzon maintained silence under the fire of criticism. The older people attributed the irritating utterance to his comparative youth. Anyhow the enthusiasm which was felt for his lordship on his arrival in Madras vanished before his departure; and one single speech brought about this great change. Even from the Anglo-Indian journals in Madras his lordship failed to extort anything like admiration; and his reply to the Mahajana Sabha remains to this day to illustrate the recent observation of the *Pioneer* that Lord Curzon preferred expediency to statesmanship.

He sneered at the demand for technical education, and for a more equitable adjustment of the land-tax. For the former he has

done little since then; and as regards the latter he issued a "statesmanlike" resolution which, though excellent in several respects on paper, has failed to bring any relief to the ryot. The resolution has, of course, proved a literary triumph for the Government of India, and has indefinitely postponed a measure of justice for which all India has clamoured for years. The people are extremely dissatisfied; they have very nearly lost all hope.

In some matters, indeed, Lord Curzon has endeavoured to meet the demands of public opinion. It has been a longstanding complaint with the more intelligent classes in India that Railway haste while the requirements of irrigation have been neglected. Capitalists and company promoters in England are deeply interested in Railway extension; and their political influence being greater than that of the poor agricultural classes of India, special attention has been paid to the enterprise in which they are interested. Lord Curzon himself, before he left England to take up the office of Viceroy, promised that he would see that, before he laid down the reins of his office, the total length of Railway which was then something like 22 thousand miles was extended to 25 thousand. But even the last figure has been exceeded in his time. And as for irrigation Lord Curzon has increased the annual grant thereby showing that he was not indifferent to the claims of irrigation, and he moreover appointed a Commission to investigate irrigational facilities throughout the country. It remains to be seen how far the labours of the Commission will result in practical achievements.

No Viceroy ever appointed so many Commissions as Lord Curzon has done. But one curious feature of all these Commissions has been that the native and non-official element has been excluded from them. Lord Curzon has such great faith in officials that he has shown no inclination to encourage non-official co-operation, assistance or advice. The result has been that the public have placed little faith in his Commissions. The Universities Commission was the most conspicuous of his Commissions, because it was the most peculiarly constituted, because it was appointed to deal with one of the most important subjects nearest to the hearts of educated Indians, because it dealt with the entire educational problem in a most step-motherly fashion, and because in consequence it has called forth the most violent criticisms. It was originally formed without a single representative Indian on it; and it was not until the clamour of the Indian Press became too loud to be ignored

that Mr. Justice Gurudas Bannerjee's name was added to it. If a convincing evidence of its imperfect constitution was needed, it was supplied by the able dissenting minute of the eminent Calcutta Judge which set forth, in the most forcible terms, the dangerous character of the recommendations it had made. The absolute want of confidence which the constitution of the Commission caused was confirmed by the nature of its recommendations. It is easy to find fault with the public for objecting to reform when it was granted while they had been clamouring for it all the time. But the trend of the opinions expressed by the Commission and the nature of its recommendations could not have produced in the public mind anything but suspicion and bitterness. It aimed at the abolition of existing colleges, at the officialisation of existing Universities, and at the increase of the cost of education. It set its face against the spread of higher education, and deliberately committed itself to the fatal opinion that it was to the good of India to have only a very small number of highly educated men, a very small number of lawyers, and a very small number of well-equipped colleges. Many other evidences of an intolerance of the spread of higher education can be traced in the report of the Commission; and the Commission has to thank itself if it failed entirely to carry any section of the public with it. The report bears no trace of sympathy with the educated classes, but contains evidence of unmistakable hostility to the progress of higher education. It may be that the Commission was indiscreet rather than intentional in the expression of some of its opinions, but its very indiscretion has been the cause of the suspicions that have been aroused throughout the country.

The Police Commission might have proved as bad, because its constitution appeared to be as unsatisfactory. But it was fortunate in its President and some of its members who, though officials, did not approach the subject in a spirit of hostility to Indian public opinion. Sir Andrew Frazer proved a fair-minded, able, shrewd President, free from narrow prejudices; and he had able and well-informed colleagues who were, like him, devoid of the failing of perversity and prejudice. The result was a report based on evidence and designed in a spirit of liberal-minded recognition of the evils found to exist and with a desire for genuine improvement. There was no consideration of policy to hamper them, and nobody had any object except to improve the Police.

By an irony of fate, however, Lord Curzon has found it possible to give effect to the unpopular measure, while the recommendations made by the Police Commission are still in the stage of report.

The Universities Bill was rushed through the Council amidst the most vehement opposition. It was passed in the face of protests from the whole country. The only evident effect so far of this measure has been the reconstitution of the Senates which, in some cases, has been quite revolutionary. It will no doubt, in the immediate future, lead to the abolition of a number of colleges, particularly in Bengal, where the predominant influence of Indian members in the Senate has been regarded as an evil which must be remedied at any cost. This open jealousy of Indian influence in the Calcutta University is the chief cause of the suspicion and distrust with which the Universities legislation has been regarded throughout the country; and this suspicion and distrust are not diminished when people find no better result from it than the removal of that influence. It remains to be seen what further change the legislation will result in; but so far as we can see, it will stop with changing the constitution of the Senates and with a reduction in the number of Colleges. The standard of study will be raised by making the examinations more difficult, but not by raising the quality of instruction. In other words, there will be fewer Colleges, and fewer students to take their degree. This was what the Universities Commission aimed at as the highest ideal, and that ideal will be soon attained. Lord Curzon is annoyed that the Indian public do not gladly welcome such a result; but the Indian public have good reason to refuse to do so.

Not satisfied with the restrictions placed on education, Lord Curzon proceeded to place restraints on the Press. Lord Elgin's Government had done enough to restrict its liberty, Lord Curzon's Government forged another chain to enslave it. Few legislative measures had provoked such universal protest from both Indian and Anglo-Indian public; and few measures had been passed in utter disregard of such universal protest. By passing that measure Lord Curzon demonstrated the absolute despotism of the Government of India, and the absolute impotence of public opinion under that despotism. A contrary inference would have been possible if Indian and Anglo-Indian opinion had been divided; but their perfect agreement in opposition and their joint discomfiture have left but one impression on the world, and that impression is that the Viceroy of India is the most powerful autocrat in the British Empire, even the Sovereign being subject to many constitutional restraints which His Majesty cannot disregard in the way Lord Curzon has disregarded every opposition.

The ceaseless energy of Lord Curzon has been felt everywhere

as full of forebodings. Now it is revolutionary legislation. Now it is administrative changes. We have changes every where, and possible complications in our relations with foreign Powers. Bengal is seriously agitated by the partition question; and the Thibetan imbroglio is very near bringing us into conflict with China, with Russia, with Germany and with France. What difficulties are in store for us nobody can say at present. The whole situation has an ominous aspect; but Lord Curzon will persist in the course he has chalked out, and India will pay the cost, whatever it may be. It was easy for him to make a stand against the proposal of the British Treasury to saddle India with the cost of the South African garrison, but it will be hardly possible for him to prevent India being burdened with the cost of undertakings which are of his own making.

For many years Thibet had been left to itself notwithstanding all the temptation to establish British influence in that region. We had had no trouble of any kind from the Thibetans. They loved their isolation, and were anxious to maintain it as against all foreigners. In this they made no distinction between Russia and Britain. Without any idea of modern armaments and of the existence of any people superior to themselves, they deemed themselves supreme on earth. No foreigner had before invaded their country, none had ventured into the holy city against their wish. In their view, therefore, an armed invasion of their country was an impossibility. They never dreamt of it. They had no aims on foreign territory. They had no desire for foreign gold. Engrossed in the contemplation of their religion and their own greatness, they lived in a world apart. If they had known more of the outside world, more of the resources of modern civilization, they would have probably equipped themselves with Mauser rifles and machine guns. But they had no thought of danger, no idea of foreign interference in their affairs. Lord Curzon, however, smelt Russian influence in Thibet, and was anxious to anticipate it. If we did not go there, Russia was sure to come; and if we once allowed her there, our supremacy in Southern Asia would be in danger. So arguing his Lordship made up his mind to send a Mission into Thibet. He knew that a Mission could do nothing unless it was backed up by force, and a military escort of sufficient strength to resist opposition was ordered to accompany it. In effect it was a military expedition beyond the borders of India; and as such it required the sanction of both Houses of Parliament, if Indian money was to be expended upon it. But this obligation was

evaded, and Lord Curzon felt no difficulty in evading it. The Home Government, however, vetoed his proposal to place a British Resident at Lhassa, and they objected to the occupation of territory. The only sure result of this "Mission" to India will be an additional expenditure of many lakhs to be borne out of Indian territory, an expenditure which is bound to recur and perhaps increase as international complications arise out of it. Thus the peaceful frontier policy inaugurated on one side has been entirely given up on the other, and the net result to India would continue to be the same—ever recurring troubles and increasing military expenditure.

Such was the legacy which he left to India before his departure to England in April last in order to return and resume his office. Nor was he content with that alone. To his Universities Act, Official Secrets Act and Thibet Expedition, he added a most provocative speech whose only effect was to intensify the bitterness of disappointment that his policy and measures had caused. Lord Curzon had done nothing either to raise the political status of the Indian people or to improve their prospects in the public service. He had not conferred a single boon on them. He had not raised one of them to a position of influence and authority in the public service to which they had not attained before. He had on the other hand laid the axe at the root of Local Self-Government in Calcutta, and had sanctioned a similar destructive step in Madras. If a ruler who had really endeavoured to do something for the people in this behalf had spoken as Lord Curzon did in bringing the last Budget debate to a close, there would have been some grace in his telling the people that they did not know their interests. But Lord Curzon had done nothing of the kind, but had on the other hand done his best to keep out the representatives of the people from the only bodies in which they were a living force. The Calcutta Municipal Bill was due to the intolerance of Bengalee predominance in the Corporation. The Universities Act owed its origin to the same kind of impatience of Bengalee predominance in the Calcutta Senate. It was not Lord Curzon's policy to encourage Indian representation in any department of the Indian administration; and the only object of his parting speech in the Legislative Council was to put down the clamour of Indians for greater rights and privileges.

For his purpose Lord Curzon chose to ignore Acts of Parliament and the Proclamation of the late Queen, and to take his stand on the practice of Russia in Central Asia, of the French in Algeria, and of the Dutch in Java. He made it appear that the

Hindu and Mahomedan subjects of His Majesty, with all their ancient civilization and glory, were no better than the barbarian subjects of such European Governments as Russia and France, and argued that they had no right to claim anything higher than what these races enjoyed under their respective Governments. Nothing could have been more insulting to the people of India than such a comparison based, as it was, upon an entirely erroneous estimate of the virtues and capacities which distinguished a people like that of India and the want of which degraded the barbarian subjects of other European Governments referred to by Lord Curzon. Nor is he more happy or accurate in his statistics of the higher appointments held by Indians. His figures are utterly misleading. Lord Curzon started with the year 1867. It is not apparent why this year was taken as the starting point, except it be that that year is a decade after the Mutiny. The year 1883 would have been a more convenient date since it would have covered exactly twenty years, and since in that year the Statutory Civil Service had been brought into existence. It would have been interesting to know what progress had been made in the employment of Indians since that service was instituted. From such a result Lord Curzon shrank; and he further started from the bottom and not from the top, from Rs. 75 upwards so as to show the largest number of appointments held by Indians without regard to their importance and lucrative character. For salaries beginning with Rs. 75 up to a certain stage none but Indians are available; and to make a virtue of this necessity is easy enough. But our case is altogether different. We contend that Indians have been excluded from those appointments which Europeans find worth holding, and that in regard to those appointments we have made no progress. It is when we come to these appointments, that we find that the number of Indians has been decreasing, and that of others increasing. We are able only to make a passing reference to this subject in this article; but we must add that Lord Curzon would have done well not to have dwelt on the subject in the way he did. He would have done better not to have referred to it at all, since he himself has done nothing either to satisfy the claims of Indians or to fulfil the promises repeatedly made by the Sovereign and the Parliament, by responsible Ministers of State, and by Lord Curzon's own predecessors in office. We base our claim for a larger share in the administrations not less on our inherent rights as natives of the soil, than on our ability, integrity and fitness to hold responsible offices. Ours is a natural right, immutable, ineradicable, whereas

Lord Curzon would make it appear that we are aliens in our own land, and should be content to be treated like aliens, and be grateful for small mercies.

In judging of a Viceroy of India it is impossible to overlook the part he has played in regard to the political status of the people under his rule. How far have his policy and measures tended to elevate that status, and how far has he sympathised with and encouraged their legitimate aspirations? What is the country but the people who live in it? What is its prosperity and progress but the prosperity and progress of its people? How does Lord Curzon stand when tested by this principle? Our rulers expend all their energy, ability and eloquence in demonstrating that the country has been prospering and progressing, and Lord Curzon has not been the least conspicuous among those who have been wasting their energy in this kind of self-glorification. If the people have been so wonderfully progressing, there must be some tangible evidence of that progress, not only in their material prosperity and well being, but in their intelligence and capacity, in their fitness to perform the higher duties of administration and legislation, and in their actual exercise of those rights and duties for which the Government professes to have trained and prepared them. The mere ability to eat and live is no evidence of higher civilization and culture; the mere capacity to obey orders and to serve others is no evidence of higher training and scholarship. If the people of India are better now than they were under their own rulers, they must certainly be able to do something better than they did before, to manage their own affairs, to administer a country, and to engage themselves in the work of diplomacy and war. But if the British found them slaves in the beginning and find them slaves still, it is preposterous to claim that they have done their part as a great nation whom, according to some, Providence has appointed to rule over the people of India, not merely to rule over them, but to prepare them to govern themselves. According to Lord Curzon they have not only failed in this, but mean to perpetuate the state of degradation in which the people are at present.

Along with the degradation of the people is to be perpetuated the dependence of the Princes. In Lord Curzon's time this dependence has been more and more emphasised. Interference in the affairs of Native States has become more frequent and persistent, with the result that the only field still remaining for the exercise and development of native genius and statesmanship is to be narrowed and closed. Native States have hitherto supplied scope

for the development of Indian talent and initiative, and it has been the pride of Indians that in this sphere they have attained the highest possible limit of success. But a system under which things have to be done to order must depress genius and kill originality. A Salar Jung or a Madhava Row can have no place in a State which is not free to appoint its own ministers and manage its affairs for the good of the people. In questions of taxation, legislation and finance the British Government do interfere both directly and indirectly; and there are few States that can withstand the pressure. The lightness of taxation in Native States and the consequent disparity between them and British India in this respect have often provoked proposals intended to remove this ugly difference. The tenderness of Native Governments has resulted in appeals to "steel their heart," and to enhance land revenue and to impose Income-Tax. Lord Curzon has done nothing to discourage this tendency. He has done nothing to respect the independence of Princes in their internal affairs. His latest move has been to throw additional military burdens on their States. The Aga Khan had only to make the suggestion. It was seized with avidity by Lord Curzon. His Lordship has repeatedly harped upon the duties and responsibilities of the Princess. But he has done nothing to protect their rights or to maintain their dignity and status.

During his Lordship's tenure of office the country was allowed to share in the prosperity of the Government's finances. Successive surpluses, arising chiefly from the gains made by currency, rendered a remission of taxation inevitable. The remission might have been made earlier. But Lord Curzon waited till he did not know what else he could do with the succeeding surpluses, and at last, he resolved upon a partial remission of the Salt and the Income-Tax, as repeatedly recommended by the National Congress. This was a popular concession for which Lord Curzon received thanks from all parts of India, and the only "boon" which his Lordship found his way to grant in response to a popular demand.

From the foregoing review of Lord Curzon's regime it will be seen that while his positive achievements, for which a whole people could feel grateful, are few, his rule would have been distinctly more popular if he had achieved less. This is a paradox. But it is easily explained by the fact that his achievements in certain directions have been the cause of his unpopularity. If he had not, for example, passed his Universities and Official Secrets Acts, if he had not launched his partition scheme, and above all, if he had not made his last Budget speech, he would have excited less dissatisfaction

and bitterness among the Indian public. If he had done little, there would have, indeed, been the feeling that his Viceroyalty was marked by nothing great and nothing substantial. But the common feeling in India appears to be that such a Viceroyalty would have been immensely better than the one through which the country had passed, attended, as it has been, with feverish energy and constant agitation of the calm political sea of India. The people feel, and there is justification for the feeling, that they have lost much and gained little, that their rights have been interfered with, that their status has been threatened, and that their future has been rendered less promising. There is not one intelligent man in India who does not admire Lord Curzon's great abilities, his wonderful energy and his masterful individuality. There is also not one who does not feel that his Lordship's great powers, directed to better ends, would have produced much happier results. He had not to face any of the financial difficulties which had seriously hampered three of his immediate predecessors. He was not interfered with from Home as several of those who preceded him had been. He had not even the inconvenience of a change of Government in England. The Secretary of State in his time was entirely under the charm of his influence. But these exceptionally favourable circumstances did not enable him to rule India so as to conquer the confidence of the people and win their attachment. We should rather say that he did not choose to avail himself of those circumstances to make his rule conform to the intelligent expectations of the educated classes. His high imperial conception led him into directions which do not run parallel with the aspirations of educated India. He even thought it necessary to cross those aspirations. With regard to education, Local Self-Government, and the employment of Indians in the public services he has reversed the consistent policy of the last fifty years; and as for the more material interests of the people, interests which are intimately associated with taxation, with the development of Indian industries, with the growth of Indian manufacture and commerce, his interest and efforts have been far short the requirements of the country, if they have not been almost nil. We can only hope that we shall be able to write in a more cheerful strain of the second period of his office which his Sovereign has considerably granted him.

• BERAR.



BERAR, the fairest portion of His Highness the Nizam's Dominions, became British Territory on the 1st of November last. The term "perpetual lease" does not deceive any one. Nor does the re-affirmation of the Nizam's sovereign rights in the Agreement for which Lord Curzon's suave personal diplomacy is said to be responsible. Those rights become airy the moment you begin to realize them. What do they consist in? An income of thirty lakhs of rupees a year until some future Viceroy is pleased to find it unsatisfactory to either parties. And the hoisting of the Nizam's flag once a year, on the occasion of the Eade festival. I believe the request for this being done twice annually was curtly dismissed by the Government of India. These are all the rights that the Nizam enjoys now over Berar. And no one who is not versed in British statecraft can see anything 'sovereign' about them. The purpose of this article is not, however, to discuss this aspect of the matter. It is merely to put before the public a connected account of the various efforts made by successive Nizams, since the day Berar was made over to the British Indian Government fifty years ago, to get it back. And how was the cession viewed by the very Nizam who agreed to it?

"There is a curious phenomenon in the insect world," says Edwin Arnold in his *Marquis of Dalhousie's Administration of British India*, "where an egg is deposited in the body of a living creature, which nourishes itself upon the substance of its unwilling nurse, gradually taking up all the fat, flesh, and tissues of the victim, till it dies, or drags on a futile existence. Our Government in India has frequently laid such an egg, in the shape of 'a Contingent,' within the confines of friendly states." And this, in swift vivid outline, is really the story of the loss of Berar to the Hyderabad State. The treaty of October, 1800, made it binding on the Nizam, in the event of a war between the contracting parties and a third state, to furnish a force, for conjoint action, of 6,000 infantry and 9,000 cavalry. Such a force actually took the field, side by side with British troops, under the command of Colonel Stevenson, against the Mahratta confederacy in 1803. Ten years later, the British Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Russell discovered that the treaty left a good

deal to be desired. He tried to improve upon it, and successfully, by opening negotiations with the Nizam's Government for the establishment of a permanent body of troops, to be formed and controlled entirely by the Resident, though paid for by that Government. This force, called the Russel Brigade after its enterprising originator, consisted of two battalions of 1,000 men in each. But it expanded gradually, until in 1848, under the name of the Hyderabad Contingent, it bore on its strength 9,397 men all told and eighty-four British Officers besides thirty-seven warrant and non-commissioned officers and a medical staff of fifty-five subordinates, costing 10 lakhs of rupees annually. So, at the end of the year 1850, we find, in round figures, a sum of seventy-two and a half lakhs of rupees due to the British Indian Government by the Nizam, chiefly on account of the pay of the Contingent advanced by the Resident from his treasury. This was by no means an easy debt to discharge at a time when the revenue of the State did not amount to more than a crore of rupees. And evidently the most Noble Marquis of Dalhousie saw no way of realizing it but by taking possession, temporarily, of a portion of the Nizam's territory with an annual revenue of 35 lakhs of rupees,—reserving to himself the right to retain it permanently in case the charges of the Contingent were not met regularly month by month. Accordingly, in June 1851, the Nizam was informed by the most Noble Governor-General that “it is my duty to require that your Highness shall forthwith make over to the Resident, on behalf of the British Government, those frontier districts of your Highness's territory which are enumerated in the annexed schedule,* in order that the revenues arising from them may be applied to the satisfaction of such claims as have been or may be established against your State on the part of the Government of India;” and also “that the demand I have now the honour to make is peremptory, and that it will neither be withdrawn nor postponed.” Fortunately, the Nizam's Government was able to liquidate immediately more than half the debt, and make arrangements, deemed satisfactory by the Resident, Major-General J. S. Fraser, to pay in the rest in the course of two months and a half. Thus the evil day was put off—but only for the space of a few months. For the debt accumulated again fast, in spite of subsequent payments of over 24 lakhs; and in March 1853, it amounted to 45 lakhs. This time Lord Dalhousie was determined to show no mercy. He must have his

* The districts enumerated elsewhere in this article.

pound of flesh under all circumstances—even if the Nizam tendered the whole of the sum due forthwith. The Minute in which the Most Noble the Governor-General of India made up this mind this way is a curious, not to say, remarkable, document. As an honest man, that is His Excellency's own phrase, he finds that the existence of the Contingent cannot be justified by any treaty in force. By the treaty of 1800 “our right is to require 6,000 infantry and 9,000 cavalry in time of war only. Our practice is to insist on 5,000 infantry, 2,500 cavalry, and 24 guns at all times, whether in peace or war. Our right is to an occasional use of His Highness's troops; our practice is to convert them permanently into troops of our own (and, he might have added, to be used against the Nizam himself in emergencies). For thirty-five years the Nizam's troops could never have been asked for in accordance with the spirit of the treaty; for within that period the Nizam and the Government of India have never taken the field together, yet during all that time the Contingent has been maintained at various strengths.” “As an honest man” again, he feels that the cost of the Contingent has been “unusually and unnecessarily heavy.” But as Governor-General of India, he finds that he ought not to excuse the debt due by the Nizam. If the latter did not want the Contingent, he should have said so officially. But that he has never done. And what does that mean if not that we are fully entitled to the sum due to us for the Contingent? And the argument leads Lord Dalhousie to draft a new treaty placing the Contingent “on a fixed and definite footing” and providing for the regular payment of it by the cession in perpetuity of certain districts of His Highness's territories. In case His Highness agreed to it, the debt of 45 lakhs was to be excused. If he refused to take the bait and questioned his obligation to maintain the Contingent, he was to be informed that the force would be disbanded; but as this could be done only gradually—since “the faith of the Government of India has virtually been pledged to those officers and men whom it has permitted or induced to serve in the Contingent, relying on the acquiescence of the Nizam, and trusting to the permanency of the employment he sanctioned”—a demand was still to be made for the assignment of certain districts so as to guarantee regular payment to the Contingent until such time as it took to extinguish itself. “If this should be disregarded, it will become necessary for the Government of India to enter upon military occupation of those districts, and thus to enforce the rights which belong to it, and which His Highness will then

have wrongfully withheld." And Colonel J. Low, C.B., who had in the meantime been appointed Resident at Hyderabad in succession to Major-General Fraser, was just the man to play the Shylock to perfection.

As a matter of fact, several days before the receipt of Lord Dalhousie's Despatch, Col. Low tried to smoothen matters a bit by suggesting to the Nizam the advisability of agreeing to certain alterations being made in the existing treaty. But the Nizam was not so easily to be tackled. His first exclamation was: "God forbid that I should suffer such disgrace!" And he closed the conversation on the subject rather abruptly for the Colonel's liking: "I don't want any new treaty at all, how muchsoever you or any other person or persons may fancy it to be advantageous to my interests." Nor did this express all the Nizam's innate aversion to any change in his relations with the British. We get an idea of how great, almost unconquerable, that was from the Resident's own record of his interview with His Highness in the matter of Lord Dalhousie's draft treaty. A copy of the treaty had been sent to the Nizam in advance. And when Col. Low waited upon him, on the morning of the 30th of April 1853, to discuss the matter with him, he found His Highness "in a state of considerable excitement"—having sat up "nearly all night conversing in anger about the proposed treaty." "You told me that you were going to propose a new treaty," said His Highness; "but you never told me that such a treaty as this was to be proposed to me; you never told me that you were to ask me to give up a large proportion of my dominions *in perpetuity*. Did I ever make war against the English Government, or intrigue against it, or do anything but co-operate with it, and be obedient to its wishes, that I should be so disgraced?" When the Resident pointed out the advantages of the proposed step, the freedom from constant worry it would ensure and the saving it would effect, His Highness flared up in these terms. "Gentlemen like you, who are sometimes in Europe, and at other times in India; sometimes employed in Government business, at other times soldiers; sometimes sailors and at other times even engaged in commerce,—at least I have heard that some great men of your tribe have been merchants—you cannot understand the nature of my feelings in this matter. I am a Sovereign Prince, born to live and die in this kingdom, which has belonged to my family for seven generations. You think I could be happy if I were to give up a portion of my kingdom to your Government in perpetuity. It is totally impossible

that I could be happy; I should feel that I was disgraced. I have heard that one gentleman of your tribe considered that I ought to be quite contented and happy if I were put upon the same footing as Mahommed Ghouse Khan*; to have a pension paid to me like an old servant and have nothing to do but to eat, and sleep and say my prayers. You are not quite so preposterous in your way of judging of me as that, but you too don't comprehend the nature of my feelings as a Sovereign Prince. For instance, you talked of my saving at least eight lakhs of rupees per annum by making this treaty as something I ought to like. Now I tell you that if I were quite certain that I could save four times eight lakhs of rupees, I should not be satisfied, because I should lose my honour by parting with my territory." Further: "I am able to pay these troops,† and willing to pay them regularly every month. I undertake this myself independently altogether of the Minister's promises, and if I fail in my undertaking in four months from the present time you may take possession of the districts; but until I shall fail in my undertaking I claim from the Governor-General that he will not expose me to the disgrace of having any districts of my dominions placed under British officers, or call upon me to make any new treaty at all." Emphatic as these declarations were, they availed little. At his second interview, the Resident once again pressed his point, agreeing, however, to modify the treaty to the extent of dropping the words "in perpetuity." Still the Nizam refused to budge from his original position. Pressed for a direct answer as to whether he was willing to form a new treaty, he said: "I could answer in a moment, but what is the use of answering? If you are determined to take districts, you can take them without my either making a new treaty or giving answer at all." Nevertheless negotiations went on. And as a result of persuasions and threats,‡ freely and indirectly employed, on the 21st of May 1853, the Nizam signed a new treaty assigning away certain districts in Berar, and the Raichore Doab, and on the borders of the Sholapore and Ahmednugger Collectorates of the Bombay Presidency, yielding a gross annual revenue of fifty lakhs of rupees, practically for good, though the Resident had assured the Nizam that "the districts might be made

* The then Nawab of Arcot.

† Meaning the Contingent.

‡ The Nizam was even told that if he continued obstinate British troops would be moved into Hyderabad and that their operations would not be confined to the districts, whatever that might have been intended to convey.

over merely for a time, to maintain the Contingent as long as he might require it." And by the 20th of September following the most Noble the Marquis of Dalhousie had received "the gratifying intelligence" of the districts having been taken actual possession of by British authorities. But to his dying day, His Highness the Nawab Nizam-ul-Mulk Nasur-ud-Dowlah Asaf Jah Bahadur never ceased to grieve over the loss of the most flourishing portion of his Dominions.

Nasur-ud-Dowlah died in 1858. But before that, in 1857, within the space of five years, the Nizam's Government had made six applications for the restoration of the Assigned Districts, undertaking on its part "to make satisfactory arrangements for the punctual monthly payment of the Contingent." But they had all been rejected. In 1857-58 occurred the Great Indian Mutiny. And the substantial services rendered by Sir Salar Jung, Afzul-ud-Dowlah's great Minister, effected a change in the attitude of the British Government. To those services Colonel Davidson, the then Resident, bore emphatic testimony. "The unhesitating energy and promptitude," wrote he, "with which the Nizam's Minister assisted the English Government were beyond all praise. . . . From his (Salar Jung's) open and avowed determination to assist us at all hazards, he became most unpopular, and was almost outlawed by the Mahomedan population; but no invectives, threats, or entreaties ever made him swerve from the truly faithful line of conduct he had from the first adopted. His assassination was planned a dozen times, and I believe he was fully aware of this; but neither dread on that account, nor for a time the continued intelligence of repeated reverses to our cause in the north-west, shook him for a moment. Every contingency and every requisition made to him by me was met with the same firmness and consistency; and the resources of the Nizam's Government were, as far as lay in his power, placed unhesitatingly at my disposal." In Sir Richard Temple's words, the services rendered by the Nizam and his Minister at this critical juncture were "simply priceless." So, in the first outburst of their gratitude, the Court of Directors wrote to the Government for information as to how best to reward the Nizam. But the feeling did not last long. On the last day of December 1860, about two years after the Mutiny, all that the British authorities could find it in their hearts to do, "in recognition of the services rendered by His Highness personally, and by the Government of Hyderabad, during the revolt of 1857-58," was to restore, by means of a new treaty, the

Assigned Districts in the Raichore Doab and the Western Frontier of the Hyderabad Dominions adjoining the Collectorates of Ahmednugger and Sholapore, *viz.*, Raichore and Naldurg, while adding to the districts already held in Berar such new ones adjoining thereto as could make up an annual gross revenue of 32 lakhs of rupees in British Indian coin. Indeed, this was not all the advantage derived by the British Government by this treaty. Under article 8 of the treaty of 1853, the British Government was bound "to render true and faithful accounts to the Nizam every year of the receipts and disbursements and to make over the surplus revenue to His Highness." This was never done, and that for the very good reason, that no surplus was available owing to "the extravagance of our management," though Colonel Low had assured the Nizam, in 1853, that the cost of it would not exceed two annas in the rupee, or $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., on the revenue. This reproach the Governor-General sought to remove by agreeing to treat the excess civil expenditure of the previous seven years as a set-off against a debt of 50 lakhs said to be due by the Nizam's Government, but stoutly repudiated by it. Further, to provide against future complications, or rather to cover future extravagance, a clause was introduced into the new treaty releasing the British Government from its obligation to furnish annual accounts and leaving the cost of administering the Assigned Districts entirely to its discretion. In fact, the meanness of the reward-grant in 1860 was such that Colonel Davidson himself was compelled to confess, "we virtually restored nothing." The Nizam was, however, thankful even for this small mercy—the more so as he never lost hope that, sooner or later, the justice of the British nation would secure to him the restoration of Berar.

Seven years passed. But Berar was not forgotten. Sir Salar Jung opened his second campaign, for its restitution, with all the energy and determination he was capable of. On the 27th of October 1866 he addressed the Resident a letter, not asking for the return of Berar, as hitherto, in return for a satisfactory arrangement, on his part, for the regular payment of the Contingent, but claiming it in discharge of certain obligations of the British Government to the Nizam's State. On the conclusion of the second Mysore War, in 1799, it will be remembered, a representative of the family of the old Hindu kings was put on the throne. This Raja was rather aged in 1866, and he had no heir. Under the circumstance, the British Government thought it could annex the territory with advantage. There was no one to object to

the annexation--excepting, perhaps, the subjects of the Raja himself who could have no voice in the matter. Only, the Nizam was entitled to his share under the Partition Treaty of 1799; and this meant about 41½ lakhs of rupees a year. Again, by the 3rd article of the separate and secret articles of the treaty of perpetual and general defensive alliance of 1800, confirmed by every successive treaty since concluded between the Nizam and the British Government, the Nizam was entitled to half the revenues of Gumsoor and the whole of the revenue (*minus* the amount of peiscush ceded by the Nizam to the British Government) of Kurnool, both of which districts he had helped to conquer. These amounted to 1½ lakhs and 17 lakhs respectively. With great reason therefore, Sir Salar Jung urged that, in satisfaction of these claims, amounting on the whole to sixty lakhs a year, Berar, which was retained as a guarantee for the payment of 27 lakhs, might be restored. As the lapse of the Mysore State, however, had yet to occur, he was prepared to give the most satisfactory guarantee for the balance of 8½ lakhs still due, on account of the cost of the Contingent, after the claim in respect to Gumsoor and Kurnool had been written off. But this application, on behalf of the Nizam, was not only "rejected with censure," but Sir Salar Jung was informed that "the spirit of extravagant assertion which pervades Sir Salar Jung's letter, unworthy alike of his princely master's dignity and of his own reputation for enlightened statesmanship, leaves the Governor-General in Council no alternative but to require that the future communications of the Hyderabad Durbar shall be framed in a tone more serious and circumspect." As for the claims, referred to above, they were declared to be "altogether baseless and unsupported by a shadow of a right." Sir Salar Jung did not lose heart or hope however. In its reply to his application the Government of India said: "Sir Salar Jung is, as you remark, prepared to admit that any request for the restoration of Berar must be preceded by the invention of some satisfactory arrangement for the payment of the Hyderabad Contingent from another source. It might therefore have appeared sufficient simply to inform the Minister that as the alternative source of payment suggested by him had no existence the restoration of Berar still remained an impossibility." There could be no sort of a doubt about the meaning of this declaration, and it did not entirely destroy Salar Jung's hope of getting back Berar. Taking the British Government at its word, he set about to bring into existence "the alternative source of payment" without which that Gov-

ernment deemed the restoration of Berar to be an impossibility. His Highness Afzal-ud-Dowlah died in 1869. And the present Nizam being then an infant of two years, Sir Salar Jung and the Ameer-Kabeer Shumshul-Omrah were appointed Regents to carry on the Administration of the State. These offered to deposit, in 1872, with the Government of India, the sum of £8,000,000 sterling from the interest of which the Contingent could be paid, and asked for the return of Berar. This, surely, left no room for controversy of any kind. And one should have thought, that having regard to its oft-repeated declaration that it retained Berar merely in trust as a material guarantee for the regular payment of the Contingent, the Government would have jumped at the proposal. But it showed no such inclination as a matter of fact; and, after cogitating over the matter for nearly a year, it intimated to the Regents that "a territorial guarantee was the fundamental principle," of the Treaties of 1853 and 1860, and added, by way of a rider, that a large loan from English or other capitalists was open to serious objection. This decision of the Calcutta Government being communicated to the Home authorities, several of them recorded strong dissents, notably Sir John Kaye. He quoted a Resolution of the Government of India in 1867 saying that "Treaties entered into fifty years ago are no longer binding on us, now that India has its Legislative Councils," such treaties with Native States having been "mere courtesies" containing "a poetical form of an hyperbolical expression" and "a selection of a particular conjunction of sounds"; and pointed out "the danger to the Empire from such conduct, which my experience of twenty years in my present appointment makes me see so clearly before me." Such arguments, however, fell flat. And Lord Salisbury, then Secretary for India a few weeks old, confirmed the Calcutta decision. In the meantime the Regents had replied to the Calcutta Government. They combated the idea that the guarantee for the payment of the Contingent had ever been intended to be exclusively territorial, the territorial assignment having been, in Colonel Low's words, "only for a time, so long as the Nizam might require the Contingent." And, further, they met the Government of India's objection to negotiating a large loan from London or other capitalists by offering to furnish a "material guarantee" to the extent of £1,000,000 sterling which they could raise without any difficulty. This communication, from the Nizam's Government, was carried home by Mr. (afterwards Sir) C. U. Aitchison, then Foreign Secretary to the Government of India; and was followed, soon after-

wards, by a secret letter from Calcutta in which the Secretary of State was advised to give the Regents a reply that should be "final" and "as stiff as would be consistent with politeness." But Lord Salisbury was not easily persuaded. While declining to accept the Regents' offer, he would not agree to consider his decision final. On the other hand he wanted full information from the Government of India regarding the Nizam's claims. The Secretary of State's despatch was dated the 17th of July 1874. And, once again, the Regents had anticipated it with a full and exhaustive statement of their case ending with the declaration that, if the material guarantee offered by them could not be accepted, "there will remain nothing for this State except to fall back on the letter of the British Government's pledge given through Colonel Low, which forms the very basis on which the Treaty of 1853 was negotiated, *viz.*, that the assignment ceases whenever this State ceases to require the Contingent Force. We would in such an event be necessitated to embrace the single alternative of disbandment thus left available." By way of reply to this, the Secretary of State's Despatch of an earlier date was utilized, and in an original fashion. Mr. C. B. Saunders, the Resident, invited the Regents and some other noblemen to breakfast at the Residency; and, at the close of it, intimated that His Majesty's Government had "finally" decided that the application for the restoration of Berar could not be favourably considered, and so he would not receive any more communications on the subject for transmission to the Government. More than this, he went out of his way to eulogise the goodwill, towards his Government, of the Nawab Vicar-ul-Umra, a known enemy of Sir Salar Jung's who had been until then, for various reasons, under the official taboo—a mild hint, probably, that Sir Salar Jung had better beware how he allowed his zeal for his master to outstrip his prudence. But Sir Salar Jung refused to take it. A week later, on the 29th September 1874, the Regents addressed the Resident pointing out, among other things, that "the present reply amounts to a simple refusal to discuss whether the claims are just or not, with an endeavour forcibly to suppress them, while their validity remained unquestioned." Mr. Saunders returned the communication saying that the Viceroy's "distinct instructions" precluded him from forwarding it. Sir Salar Jung sent it back, since it was impossible for him and his colleague, "consistently with our solemn duty to the State to accept as final a decision which does not even purport to deal with the merits of the claims set forth,"

and that "prior to His Lordship the Secretary of State having had before him the chief document in which the claims are described;" and begged once again that it might be submitted to the Secretary of State. Again Mr. Saunders returned it declaring that "determined perseverance in a course of this kind would not for one moment be tolerated in private or social intercourse," that it could have "no good result in the conduct of public affairs," but, on the other hand, it "might have the direct effect of lessening the cordiality of those relations which the Government of India anxiously desires to preserve, both with the Ameer-i-Kaboor and yourself, during the minority of the present youthful Nizam." Thereupon, the Regents took a step which, if repeated now by any Native Prince, would not only cause a horror throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire, but cost the venturesome ruler rather dear. But, in 1874, Sir Salar Jung was prepared to do anything short of breaking off friendly relations with the British Government, to wipe off the "reproach" left on his family, as he himself put it to Colonel Lumsden two years earlier, by the assignment of the Berar districts during the last days of his uncle's premiership. So, the Regents addressed an appeal direct to the Secretary of State for India. And he had no objection to consider it.

In the meantime the Prince of Wales, now the King-Emperor, visited India. And the capital of the premier Native State in India was left out of the programme of his tour. This was done ostensibly on the ground of possible danger to the Prince's personal safety in the Nizam's Dominions. But considering that there was absolutely no reason for entertaining such an apprehension, one could not but suspect that the omission was an attempt to insult the Regents and break their spirit. At any rate, the somewhat famous correspondence that ensued between Sir Salar Jung and the Resident, between July and October of 1875, regarding the suggested visit of the boy Nizam to Calcutta, to pay his respects personally to the Prince of Wales, lent colour to this suspicion. The young Nizam was too weak to bear the strain of a long railway journey. But Mr. Saunders could be got to give up his determination to make him go to Calcutta, only when Dr. Wyndowe, the Residency Surgeon, intervened publicly with his medical opinion. The Prince of Wales's kindly courtesy, however, more than made up for the petty indignities heaped by those "dressed in brief authority." He invited Sir Salar Jung to pay a visit to England. And when the latter visited

England, in the summer of 1876, he was received everywhere with the greatest cordiality and with every mark of distinction. The biggest noblemen vied with one another in entertaining him. He was offered the freedom of the City of London, was presented to the Queen, and dined with Her Majesty at the Buckingham Palace. More than all these, the English papers, notably the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *World*, took up his cause warmly and pleaded for early restoration of Berar. The immediate result was, Sir Salar Jung got permission from the Secretary of State to submit his case for Berar anew on his return to India. But this was not of much use practically; for the ill-will of the local authorities pursued the Regents at every step. They presented a fresh statement of their case in December 1876. But the Resident would not receive it. And while the Nizam and his Minister were on their way to Delhi to take part in the Durbar, during the first week of the new year, an intimation reached them from the Calcutta Foreign Office that, unless the Regents signed a declaration giving up the treaty status of the Nizam as a Sovereign Prince, they would not be received in the Durbar. Somehow the threat was not carried out. Though the Regents had not signed away their master's status, the Nizam and his Minister were admitted. Further, Lord Lytton received the new appeal for the restoration of Berar, and transmitted it to the Secretary of State four months later. What the authorities in Downing Street were doing at the time nobody knows. But they went to sleep over this document and did not wake up for eighteen months, until Sir Salar Jung had been effectually checkmated with the appointment of a new Co-Regent who could be relied upon to pull one way while Salar Jung pulled another.

Just at this juncture, on the 4th of April 1877, Ameer-i-Kabeer Shamsh-ul-Umrah, Co-Regent, died. And the event furnished the politicals just the opportunity they had been hankering after to silence Sir Salar Jung once for all. A declared enemy of the great Minister's, whose misdoings had been put on record by Mr. Saunders in his Administration Report for 1869-70, Nawab Vicar-ul-Umrah, was selected by Sir Richard Meade, the new Resident, to fill the vacancy created by Shamsh-ul-Umrah's death. Vicar-ul-Umrah, as Shamsh-ul-Umrah's half-brother, succeeded, it is true, to the latter's titles and estates. But the Co-Regentship was no hereditary post. Nor had the Government of India the right of selection in this matter, Shamsh-ul-Umrah himself having been

appointed to this office, in 1869, by the unanimous choice of the Minister and the principal noblemen with the approval of the British authorities. However that may have been, in 1877, the Government of India arrogated to itself the right to nominate Shamsh-ul-Umrah's successor. When Sir Salar Jung objected, Sir Richard Meade is reported to have sent him a message to say that, if he refused to agree to the arrangement desired by the Government of India, he would be arrested and deported to Madras by a special train. Whether a threat was used, and in this form, it is not possible to say. But considering the extremely objectionable nature of the tactics adopted by more than one Resident before this* for this same end, it does not look at all improbable that this means was employed to coerce Sir Salar Jung into acquiescing in an arrangement which he could not be got to look upon with favour with more acceptable arguments. Besides, when Mr. Robert Knight charged Sir Richard Meade with having so intimidated the Nizam's Minister, in the *London Statesman*, no official denial was forthcoming. However, Sir Salar Jung withdrew his objections to Vicar-ul-Umrah's nomination suddenly, and the latter was installed Co-Regent on the 29th of September 1877. Hardly had a few weeks elapsed, before the true inwardness of the new appointment began to declare itself. The Resident prepared a document pledging the Regents to inaction on the matter of Berar until the coming of age of the young Nizam. Vicar-ul-Umrah having readily signed it, Sir Salar Jung had perforce to follow his example. And in April 1878, just a year and a half after the Regent's Appeal had been presented after the Delhi Assemblage, arrived the Secretary of State's reply that the Berar question could not be considered during the Nizam's minority. Probably, the signing of the rough draft bearing this reply was the last piece of work that Lord Salisbury set his seal to as Secretary of State for India. And it closed the matter once for all, at least so far as Sir Salar Jung was concerned.

Still he did not despair; such was his great faith in the innate fairness of the great English nation. In 1880-81, Mr. Robert Knight, the most honoured and best remembered name in Indian journalism, took up the cause of oft-thwarted and frequently brow-

* *Vide* Assistant Resident Major Davidson's communication to the Minister to say that if the Nizam did not give in British troops would move from Poona to occupy the Districts and the city of Hyderabad, and that from a private letter received from Poona he understood that the troops there had already been warned to be in readiness for this purpose.

beaten Hyderabad, with all his characteristic enthusiasm and clear-headedness, and, in a series of slashing articles, exposed the fiction of British claim to retain Berar permanently, in the London *Statesman*. His writings caused a great sensation both in India and England. Even the traditionally purblind and hide-bound officialdom could not but notice, and wince under, the accuracy of detail and directness of argument which made the London *Statesman* famous. A question was asked, in the House of Commons, on the night of the 11th of August. Replying, Lord Hartington admitted the seriousness of the charges made in the *Statesman* and be full, exhaustive and open. But it soon became clear that Lord Hartington had given his promise without suspecting how very weak the case for the British authorities in India really was, and in ignorance of the grave objections these naturally would have to an open enquiry. When a week later, Sir George Balfour asked for a selection of official papers connected with the Hyderabad Government being placed before Parliament, the Marquis, more careful than on the previous occasion, said that the greater part of the documents were of so confidential a character that it would be absolutely impossible, "consistently with the public interest," to lay them on the table. He, however, held out a hope that, if the Government of India or Sir Richard Meade thought it necessary to make a statement concerning the *Statesman's* accusation, he would consider whether it might not be published. This was never done. A long correspondence ensued between the India Office and the Government of India. And there is reason also to believe that the visit to England of Sir Stewart Bayley, then Resident at Hyderabad, and a prominent Berar official, Major E. J. Gunthorpe, about the end of September 1881 was really connected with the Berar enquiry. But the result was *nil*, so far as the public and the Nizam were concerned. When Viscount Baring sought enlightenment in the House of Commons, on the 23rd of February, 1882, Lord Hartington replied to say that, from the report from the Government of India, he found that Government was perfectly satisfied that the *Statesman's* charges were a tissue of lies. All the same Sir Richard Meade was anxious to go to court to vindicate himself. But his Lordship dissuaded him from doing so, as it was impossible to produce in court most of the papers connected with the transactions animadverted upon. All parties being satisfied, Sir Richard Meade, the Government of India, and the India Office,

Mr. Knight's attacks were soon forgotten. And the Hyderabad cause stood where it had been—and Berar remained with the British Government.

Sir Salar Jung, too, was not spared long to wake up British conscience once again. He died in 1883, about a year before the installation of the young Nizam on the throne of his forefathers: the one great desire of his heart, for which he had laboured unceasingly and, in many ways, using his undoubtedly great gifts and unparalleled influence with the British Government, entirely unmindful of all unpleasant consequences to himself, for thirty years, remaining unfulfilled. And with him perished all hope of ever getting back Berar.

HYDERABADEE.

THE STORY OF A PROCLAIMED OFFENDER.

It was a particularly bad dacoity. Even the D. S. P. had for once—tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in Askelon—been roused out of his usual routine of club-dinners and small talk, and his craze for amateur photography, carpentry and shikar expeditions into betraying an unwonted interest in that remote concern of his—the Office. As a rule, he barely tolerated the sundry occasional unwelcome reminders of its existence when certain bundles of papers marked 'Urgent' or 'For signature' in red ink were now and then sent to him from some place which might have existed in the Antarctic islands for all he cared. But now, on being asked about this case at the club by no less a personage than the D. M. himself, he actually drove straight to his office—an event unheard of for years in the annals of that imposing building—and amid the general confusion and mad hunt and rush for missing coats and turbans begot by his sudden and unexpected apparition, gave it rather strongly to his Manager for having neglected to bring the 'case' to his notice. The trembling Manager was all apology and salaams. He did not know that 'master' cared to be bothered about it—the papers will be put up before him directly . . . And so they were. Before he got half-way through the diglott assortment of all imaginable sizes, shapes and colours however, the D. S. P. caught himself yawning for the sixth time in five minutes, and threw away the bundle from him in well-deserved disgust. He had made up his mind and his cigarette at the same psychological moment, and sent off on the spot a sharp call over the wires for his 'crack' detective Inspector Devendra Mudaliar from Amarapuram Division. The latter turned up like a trump by the first train up, and was straight-way 'put' on the case. This piece of unusually smart activity was of course duly embodied in the next Weekly Report by the D. S. P., and there, so far as he was concerned, his personal work and astonishing activity in the case ended for the time.

But what of Devendra Mudaliar, R.B., the 'picked' reserve, and forlorn hope of the Force in many a glorious feat, whose wonderful 'services' had been recognised more than once by raising him to the coveted berth of ag. A. S. P.—ship itself? He duly took the field with half a dozen familiars of his own choice and started on his 'investigation.' After a month's triumphal march through a

number of unhappy villages round the 'scene of the offence,' during which period the said villages patiently underwent the ordeals and vicissitudes of present-day Manchuria, recalling the worst days of what is still known in ignorant rustic parlance as 'Hyder Kala-pam,' the hero of our story was compelled to acknowledge to his inmost consciousness (supposing him to be capable of even such a weakness) that he was no further off in the matter of his pompous expedition than he had been in the beginning thereof. If anything, he appeared to be a good deal worse off than before, as all prospects of trapping his game and laying his hand on the badly needed 'stolen property' had been daily receding further into the dim background of hopeless possibilities. But Devendra was the last man, as every one knew, to be daunted or dispirited under any conditions. Lest there should still be any who doubt—any of those difficult people who always make it a point to 'doubt' everything on principle, whose uneasy conscience is beset by nightmares of suspicion about everything, from shoe-pins to the Adwaita philosophy, let such read this faithful chronicle—they will be all the better for it. This may prove, for aught I know, about the last chance of a cure for their usually incurable mental malady.

It was, as I was saying when I was interrupted, when even the worthy Devendra was fain to confess himself at the end of his tether, that an event occurred which gave an altogether new and unexpected turn to the sensational events of this episode—one which was destined to remain unparalleled even in our hero's adventurous career for the rest of its natural term. The party were halting one day in a remote village, when towards evening, a couple of the advance scouts brought into camp an unpromising quarry in the shape of an Erula vagabond, who had been found picking sticks in the adjacent forest. It so happened however that the Head Constable in the party—let us call him Gundappa Naik—from the first moment he set his eyes on the captured prisoner, insisted on dubbing the latter at once as 'the fellow who knew all about it.' Only the previous night, in the fourth watch thereof, the Head Constable had seen in a dream this identical captured individual appearing before him and revealing—still in his dream—all the stolen properties in the case that had been hidden underneath a hayrick. The only thing now remaining to do was to get the captive to locate the hayrick, and disclose his companions in the crime. Gundappa's dreams had been the means of his unravelling the tangled skeins of many a mysterious crime in days gone by, and

surely they were not going to play him false for the first time in thirty years since taking up his profession. They were the orthodox channel of communication between Gundappa and his favourite divinity, established long before Marconi or even the Theosophical Mahatmas were heard of, through which all future events, concerning the world in general and himself in particular, were conveniently foretold or revealed to devout Gundappa. Our worthy Devendra himself was not the least among the devoted believers in Gundappa's divined dreams. Unfortunately however, in the present case, the prisoner Gangadu behaved so absurdly and ridiculously—just for all the world as if somebody else, and not himself, had been given away in the dreams of Gundappa! He maintained a reckless and obstinate attitude, and actually even went the length of pretending to hint that the whole thing—dacoity, Bobbies, dreams and all—as a 'plant' invented for his special trouble on that unlucky day. After a couple of hours in which all the minor arts of persuasion known only to the 'elect' in Bobbydom had been vainly expended, the captive was removed from Devendra's presence and marched into the grim confines of the village Police Station-house, there to be subjected to the 'major' arts, reserved for specially bad and refractory cases. The harsh and peremptory etiquette of these days requires not only that a veil should be drawn over the mysteries of these operations, but that the said operations themselves should be entrusted only to the minor divinities in Bobbydom, the major ones having to be discreetly away from the spot for the time being, if personal safety is an element for consideration even in the case of the confirmed heroes in the 'detective' line. So, in reluctant obedience to silly modern requirements, Devendra spent the night in the house where he lodged, having issued strict orders to Gundappa to report to him the progress of events, should anything of importance turn up in the Station-house. So it did surely enough. For at an unearthly hour, in the small hours of the night, constable Mayandi broke his chief's repose with the sufficiently justifying news that the prisoner Gangadu had just confessed all the details of the affair, and Head Constable Gundappa craved his august master's immediate presence at the Station-house. With that devotion to duty's call, for which Devendra had always been justly famous, he promptly kicked aside his warm bed and warmed bed-fellows and straight betook him to the Station-house in company with Mayandi. Such was his trepidation that he did not even notice that the door of the Station-house was promptly and hastily closed behind him by somebody as he

passed on after his entrance. Going in, he beheld Gundappa, wearing a more than usually solemn aspect of countenance, all alacrity to conduct him into the 'lock-up' where the prisoner was confined. Gundappa did not even wait to answer his master's casual queries, but took him straight to the prisoner's room without a word. On entering the said room, Devendra dimly perceived in the flickering light thrown by a tiny tin-burner—the only light in the room—a form stretched at full length on the bare floor, with constables Mayandi and Muniandi keeping watch like grim statues on either side of the prostrate form. One glance at the form was sufficient to reveal the whole story of the trap that had been so cleverly laid for Devendra by his trusty, but long suffering myrmidons. Poor Gangadu had had his advent foretold to Gundappa only to find a speedy exit from the miseries of mundane existence into a world where Bobbydom was not. The situation was sufficiently uncanny, but no one then present at that grim hour of the night in the gloomy Station-house could afford to indulge in philosophic reflections. Gundappa and his two men did not take pains to disguise the satisfaction and relief which only too plainly beamed from their expressive features, but quietly gave themselves up to a patient and contemplative study of the quick turns and spasms that shot across their chief's countenance, with the rapid kaleidoscopic touches of a transformation scene. Devendra, with that mesmeric intuition and rapid recognition of the situation, which he might have learned from Admiral Togo himself, realised that the time was not for vain reproaches or vainer recriminations. He even went so far as to congratulate Gundappa with freezing politeness on this rare exhibition of his good sense in apprising him without a moment's delay of this untoward turn of events, when one false step or silly weakness might have given the whole show away. He did not evince even a feeble curiosity as to the details which had culminated in the dramatic catastrophe before them. The limited time before him was too precious to be wasted in such weak follies, even if he could at any time have been capable of indulging in such inferior puerilities. A brief consultation, a few hurried words, the inditing in his own hand by Devendra of a couple of bonds undertaking to pay a round thousand to each of the Constables Mayandi and Muniandi, and the conference terminated. Head Constable Gundappa drew up his bandy in the dark tope at the back of the Station-house, a limp bundle tied up in gunny was

removed into it by the Constables, a lot of straw was thrown into the bandy, a tin of petroleum was concealed in a corner of the same, and Gundappa himself drove into the wood with his gruesome load, with one of the attendant Constables. Inside of two hours Gundappa reported back to his chief in all the glory of fresh bath and change of garments. The cell in the Station had meanwhile been thoroughly scrubbed and cleaned, and not a trace remained of what had happened there within the last few hours. Nothing remained except to prepare the inevitable 'reports.' These were written down at once to the dictation of Devendra. The capture of the notorious prisoner Gangadu, the latter's voluntary confession, and his arrest at 5 P.M. the previous day were all duly and faithfully chronicled, followed by the no less genuine report 'that the prisoner was being sent that very morning, in due compliance with the requirements of law, to the Sub-Magistrate of Guttaperchapur, duly handcuffed, in the custody of Constables Mayandi and Muniandi, with a request that the prisoner be remanded to custody pending the progress of the investigation.' The usual books and papers were signed, the 'passports' were made out, the handcuff, swords, &c., handed over to the 'escort,' and the latter directed to leave the Station at once as they had a day's march through the jungle in front of them to reach the Sub-Magistrate's Head-quarters. Everything was done in strictest accordance with law and custom. Inspector Devendra himself went off at once in the opposite direction to that taken by the 'escort' to pursue the valuable 'clues' gleaned from the prisoner's 'confession.'

Next day at noon the Sub-Magistrate of Guttaperchapur was interrupted in the middle of a laborious enquiry into a Salt case, by the sudden apparition of two Police Constables in tattered garments, sundry cuts and bruises all over their bodies, minus swords, belts and some items of apparel, who unceremoniously dragged themselves into his presence, to be the remnants of the first Chinese expedition returned to Peking, and incontinently swooned away before him in open Court. The oldest among the daily idlers who punctually attended the said Sub-Magistrate's Court, and whom nothing short of an earth-quake had ever been known to prevent from the faithful discharge of their self-imposed duty of attendance at the said Court, was understood to say that a similar sensation had never before occurred at Guttaperchapur within his memory or even that of his oldest grand-father on the maternal side. With great difficulty and after a good deal of ministration, it was gradually

elicited by the 'tactful' and remarkably clever magistrate from the unhappy constables that their prisoner had been rescued from their custody while coming through the jungle-path from Kattupoor Station. The rescue-party had gone about their scheme with devilish ingenuity and did not give the escort the ghost of a chance! As it was the latter had been content to make the best of a bad job by barely escaping with their lives, for the benefit of the Sirkar, whose children they were and would ever continue to be, whatever the Sirkar might be pleased to say or do!

The Sub-Magistrate duly recorded the statements of the men, and took charge of their papers, which curiously enough were in perfect order and had apparently escaped safe from the atrocious violence narrated by the men with such graphic touches as moved one and all to tears. The heroic constables calmly declined to go to the Hospital in spite of their numerous wounds, and preferred to treat themselves with 'home remedies.' They thanked God they had been reserved to see their 'families' again after what they had gone through in the forest. Poor men! The Sub-Magistrate himself, in reporting the matter to his superiors, waxed so eloquent and bold for once in his life that he subjected the whole system of 'escorts' to an elaborate and scientific analysis, and condemned the rules in force as highly inadequate in the interests of justice as well as of humanity.

Inspector Devendra lost no time in making a full and exhaustive enquiry into all the 'facts and circumstances' of this sensational and atrocious 'escape' case, and eventually sent up an admirable report which he concluded with the submission of his humble opinion, "that after all he could not see his way to holding the 'escort' free from blame, but as there was no 'independent' evidence available of what had occurred in the jungle, beyond the statements of the men concerned, he could not advise a prosecution for negligence, but would recommend the men being departmentally dealt with." Devendra knew as well as any one else, that there is nothing the Government, or for that matter the public, like so much, in disposing of an ugly or uncomfortable matter, as sacking somebody who is available for the purpose. The old dacoity itself, which by this time, had been relegated into the limbo of fading events, lost what remnants of interest it still had in the new sensation of the 'escape' case. The constables, who by the way had got well with remarkable rapidity, did not appeal against the order of dismissal passed against them by the D. S. P. on the report of Inspector Devendra Mudaliar.

They were however observed to set up in private life in a much more prosperous style than they had ever been known to adopt during their short official life. Whether the observers who noted this somewhat curious fact ever questioned the men or not, certain it is that the latter never failed to observe a discreet silence for ever afterwards on all that related to their official life, so much so that people gradually came to forget that the men in question had ever worn the hateful foggy of Bobbydom. As for the 'escaped prisoner' Gangadu, his name may be found perhaps to this day published assiduously in issue after issue of the "Police Gazette" with full descriptive roll under the heading "Man Wanted by the Police." He still remains a "Proclaimed Offender" in the Police files, and some time back I believe a handsome reward was also announced for his 'capture'—a reward, which one of these days some one who can go one better than Devendra may yet succeed in claiming in this life. More astonishing things have happened in this country. Devendra is perhaps still shining in the exalted firmament of 'picked' detective stars—on this point I am not quite sure. As for the dacoity case I really regret to say that I have clear forgotten what became of it. Perhaps it was ultimately 'detected' on the invaluable clues and information supplied by the prisoner Gangadu shortly before he 'escaped.' But one thing is certain, Devendra never again alluded to this case, though he has been candour itself in expatiating on all the other thousand and one brilliant exploits of his wonderful career to crowds of admiring auditors.

BOBBY.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGINEER.

THOSE days have tumbled down into Eternity, those days upon which the Sun rose to shine on Truth and Honesty. Alas those times, grey flits the shade of Time upon them, good old days. They are become a thing of the past—Tradition has received them in her giant hands—Oblivion has swallowed them with her unrelenting mouth. Gone, gone are those days when human tongues worked and the outcome was truth—when human heads ruminated and the product was honest thoughts—when human eyes revolved and good actions greeted their greedy gaze. They are gone, those days when honor attended honesty—when prosperity attended Truth—when nourishing food entered the throats which struck honest thoughts into harmony—when laurels bough those brows where noble thoughts had furrowed premature wrinkles. They are gone, and gone to return no more.

Turn turn your eyes wherever you like, does not the flash of corruption bewilder them? Dark boiling Falsehood and Dishonesty are the monarchs of the day. These are the steps which take you up into the tower of prosperity. Truth is hopelessly tossed about in their surging waves, a slender solitary thing, all its hopes centered in that unknown region of the Gods, while here on earth it is carried away by the gale of adversity and not unfrequently dashed against the rocks of poverty. Truth, your case has come to this! Truth, the attribute of Gods, return to Gods once more. You are not for this world where men strive for success, and success is not of thy train! Away—gaping penury dogs thy steps. Away—we will have none of thee. Our object in life is wealth and not misery—to sheath our feet in Northampton boots, not have them bare to raging stones—to plunge our body in woollen clothes not in tattered rags. Every dog has his day and you had yours. Farewell now, and a glad farewell, your days are done on earth.

Money—money—that is the murmur everywhere. Has a man a mouth to speak—money is the first word that breathes out of it. Murder and Falsehood dance upon the land for money—Beauty opes her most heavenly lips and unveils her celestial paradise for money—Students murder their youth and energy in hope of a little money in after life. Chastity and honesty take wings before the yellow glare of all powerful Gold. Gold is a God,—more powerful than the

one we suppose in heaven—more ready in its help and more true in its purposes. And to worship Gold, Engineering is the Altar, and Corruption the incense to rise into the presence of this benign Deity.

Readers, think not I enchain you in the region of poetry. It is experience that guides my pen,—it is one whose days are wellnigh numbered here on earth that writes it. I am old—I have grown grey in the service of Dishonesty—a kinder master with a more liberal hand there can never be. I now sit on a cushioned chair with a marble table before me—my pen is made of gold—my ink-stand of silver—one stamp of my foot and hundred servants run up to me—one frown with my eyes and hundred hearts shrink back with terror. Doubt but my head aches, and you hear the doctor's phaeton rumbling up the yard—let but one drop of perspiration peep from my brow and a hundred ladies with a hundred fans fluttered by hundred lily white hands drive it back. My house—e'en my wife has not tread the whole of it, it is so spacious. My garden—has not angels come down there mistaking it for heaven? My horses and coaches, dogs and cows—only my manager knows how many. My landed property far away in the country—Ask my steward for any particulars about it. On my right side is the iron safe in whose bowels repose—I am not quite sure of their number—many yellow and white creatures who will bring the whole world to me if I only liberate them from my custody. Envy me not kind readers! I did not get this all for nothing. God knows—stop. I don't remember to have much to do with God, I had well said the devil—how my head ached to coin lies—how my lips quivered to utter them—how my heart fluttered to see them safe—how my frame trembled to see them unveiled. Readers! The hand that now guides the golden pen has often been raised in the most supplicating posture to many a white man—the body that now reclines in this cushioned chair has often lain prostrate at the feet of my superiors. More servile than these my servants have I waited on those above me, gliding softly at a wink of their eyes—at a nod of their necks, and I have spared nothing to gratify them! And here are the results of my servility—here are the fruits of those dishonest days spent in the hurly-burly of official life. The tower that rises at the top of my house, what though it is based on Falsehood, still it rises! What though my money were wrung from the unwilling hands of an avaricious contractor, still they make me what I am. Away thou who reasonest on Truth and Honesty. Get back to your smoking hut and sorrowing wife—lie in your damp floor and ragged

clothes, and leave me to my spring cot and subtle bed—my Cashmere shawl and my smiling wife!

Before I beguile your way my readers to the fields of Engineering where for some cringing and bowing, some lying and running I got so much, I will just turn back to the lane that brought me here—the public school. I was born of poor parents who lived and died in———. I was put into one of the schools there, where I pulled on with my a, b, c and one, two, three. I pulled and pulled and pulled till I reached the Matriculation class and then—then I could pull no more. I tugged—I strained—I pulled, but there was no proceeding. Year pursued year, but every year found me desperately struggling in 'nitric acid' and 'chlorine.' At last—as Fortune would have it—I got through the entrance. I jumped and stood on *Terra Firma*—solid ground full of joy and full of happiness, for no sooner did I reach here than my hand was caught hold of by a young girl, and both our hands were locked up with that awful wedlock. But I took care—for what is man without money?—that she brought a good round sum of rupees before I held out my hand. One thousand white coins smiled upon me, ere I pressed her tiny palm.

Now indeed I was rich. But my mind was not to be satisfied with a thousand rupees. Pooh!—one thousand rupees! Now I am lord of more than four hundred thousand, but still I will not,—No, by no means—refuse another thousand. Certainly not! Well, to proceed. I did not care for what they call F.A. or B.A.—Indeed I could not, for Matriculation had taught me what an examination was. "No F.A. and B.A. for me," cried I, "I will have none of that. Doctor shall I become? Doctor me no doctors—To sacrifice sleep for a purse of gold! By no means. I will have money—I must earn—earn a good deal—but without any trouble. Aye, aye, without any trouble. Become an Engineer! There you are!—I will become Engineer—I will—I will!"

Though I was but a matriculate, yet I was deeply versed in human nature. Even while attending to my teachers I read their faces more carefully than any of my books, and this I can say without any exaggeration that there never was a boy who can do so better. Who's there the man that knows my heart, there are many that know me. My wife, poor woman, she knew not what beat there! The son that basked in my smiles, he knew not the cymmerian night whence they proceeded. Poor ignorant mortals! how easily can one take them up! It is incredible how many owe their ruin to me—for no fault of mine, but their own ignorance. Let a

man stand before me and as certain as I can see me reflected in both his eyes can I perceive his own thoughts, his whole heart painted there. This was the remarkablest thing about me. The man shown to me—I have known him. If there I see a single mark of subtlety I shunned him—as the—I cannot say the devil, for I have often courted him. If honesty or truth—two creatures, perhaps the most noble but who trembled before me, and whom I have never made much use of in my life, nor do I repent for it—peeped through his eyes he is undone. I pounced upon him—shot him with Falsehood's finely pointed dart—surrounded him with mists of dissimulation—way-laid him—attacked him till his purse opened its jaws and vomitted its yellow and white contents into my hands. Money, that glorious all powerful thing had been my chief aim—my only religion. Beauty or duty, affection or perfection, these never dare approach me. My eyes were bent on wealth, and whether my attempts have not the seal of success a passing glance of my powerful tower will convince you. And as to my teachers—poor unpolished things how I dandled them like a two years' child! How often have my eyes brought forth tears while my heart was pregnant with joy—how often have smiles stolen upon my cheeks while my lips throbbed with imprecations—how often has my hand wished him a good morning while my heart prayed for his ruin—how subtly have I stretched forth my hand to the soft kisses of the teacher's cane while my legs unvoluntarily rose to give him a—kick! Oh for those days in which I was the monarch of my class—when I ruled the master upon the chair and the students on the bench. The simplicity of mortals, how I have taken advantage of it!

Very well, it is but a faint reflexion of that most renowned character—who is it that says notorious?—of mine, which has dragged Fortune by her raven hairs and tied her to my chair. Away I came to—and was soon entering the Civil Engineering class, armed with a—then only a wooden—pen, sheathed in a—then only a check—coat; no spectacles were residing on my nose,—no boots were pricking my heels—and no turban was making water on my head. I had no watch chain dangling on my bosom, and no watch prattling in my pocket. I was then only an ordinary fellow—that they who saw me, knew the extraordinary ability that boiled in my veins!—a stranger, among strangers—but to my heart none whom my eyes pierced were unknown—and a country brute among polished gentlemen! No turban and no watch chain!—how I blush to think, of those days! The whole silent Pacific has been unrooted by Time

and planted between those days of mine and the happy moment now. Now am I sitting on a soft cushion—struggling in stockings and boots—my neck wound round by hard unbending collars (and my dogs also have collars, I am always impartial though!)—silk ties and velvet flies on my neck—my ears bending down beneath the weight of valuable diamonds—my nose galloping at the spurs of the spectacles lined with that yellow god—my waste embraced twice over by a gold chain worth £100, and as to the incessantly murmuring rascal reposing in my pocket (I mean my watch) I have tied him to my buttons (made of diamonds raised in gold) with a strong chain as heavy as my stomach itself. And as to my stomach I do not know really what it contains; but often have I pictured to myself a world in miniature there! There were seas of boiling dishonesty—mountains of hard frozen falsehood—thickly studded forests of thoughts, which were being steadily watered by milk and manured with bread every day as soon as sleep flew away from my eyes. Oh my stomach, it rises like a globe, a sphere. It is round as the world—there are longitudes and latitudes and equators there also. If I turn to my right side canals and cataracts spring there—a turn to the left and bays and gulfs flow there in rapidity. It is so heavy that I even sweat in my easy chair, and this stomach is supplied every day with wheat and bread by contractors and corruption. I only say that when I entered the temple of Engineering I was seen a lean poor chap, but when I come out of it, I am afraid, the doors which had stood there from time immemorial will have to be plucked up to let me out, so huge has my stomach grown. Whether I am to attribute its flourishing state to the rivers of milk that have found their way there—to the number of joys for which it ached with laughter—the number of children who shot out from that firmament I am as yet ignorant. But I am not—I cannot be so long as it weighs upon me—ignorant of its welfare. Hail blessed stomach! get nor pain nor disease, for then one gallon of castor oil must be poured in, ere thy joints inside can be well oiled.

Soon was my pen rushing along the papers in the Engineering college—the examination was over—the results were out—the numbers were printed—and mine was there! I got admission into the temple where I wooed Fortune, wedged her and bedded with her. Two years took wings and flew desperately to join their brothers in the wild unknown. The sun melted into darkness and darkness was pursued by light. Sleep and work—work and sleep—eat and drink—drink and eat—thus did I revel for two fitting years. My

teachers I feared not—I could pick them up with my thumbs; my friends, I cared not,—I know when I wanted I could whistle them back. Every day spirit levels and waterlevels, poles and rods wished me good morning—my bones were shaken in survey fields and marshy grounds—my hands pressed harsh and hard iron chains—All the nerves of my head swelled up to know what on earth was passing there, so great was my meditation, either to draw a certain plan or create a certain lie. You say God is a creator, but God created not so many men as I created lies, and certainly God's creatures differ not so markedly from one another as mine. What a matter of pride in that! I tore out the skin of that beggarly truth, and dressed my falsehoods in them and let them away among white men and black men, classmates and fieldmates, masters and friends. Between my face and bosom all communication was stopped. While the death of a near relative preyed upon my heart, — I remember to have cried at Death some twenty years ago!—a simple smile played round my lips.

"Oh Mr.——" says the professor, "he is one of the most businesslike men that ever worked under me. His assiduity is simply incredible; and as to his simplicity and honesty, I can vouchsafe guarantee to any one on earth"—such were the golden opinions I reaped by just watering my seeds of falsehoods with some drops of feigned tears. If any of my classmates or campmates wanted anything, ask Mr.——was the immediate reply. If any new propositions were to be brought forward, where is Mr.——was the immediate inquiry. Mr.——, Mr.——, Mr.——was the watchword in the Engineering world. Mr.——was here, Mr.——was there, Mr.——was everywhere; and with all this Mr.——was only a poor man, born of poor parents, and bred in poor circumstances. Mr.——'s secret of success was two words, Falsehood and Dishonesty.

I will just mention one trick which always dragged Fortune by the forelock—it is praising the professor before his face. I have always found that good words spoken in apt time poured blessings upon me. Direct them towards one that deserves them not—they are sure to make better execution and take unmistakable aim. Send them against really good men—they are sure to return to you with affection and approbation. Words! how insignificant are they—one breath and I can bring forth a hundred words—excellent—charming—magnanimous—majestic—kind—courteous—learned—wise—and more and better ones. But still how many men blest with learning and discerning still fall into the meshes of words—fall

in the war of words—surrender in the siege of words. How many are led captives bound by the chain of words linked by flattery. Flattery! that is the word!—that is worth the whole world—a thousand Czars—a ten thousand Pashas—a hundred thousand Cæsars. Flattery, that smooth weapon which pierces into the purse of others and pours the contents into your yawning box—that subtle instrument, its work unperceived, but its result undoubted. Where is the budding breast of a beautiful lady which heaves not at the gale of Flattery!—Where is the cunning heart of a crafty statesman which melts not at the charms of Flattery! Oh Flattery that smoothed my path into the temple of Fortune, I will worship thee—I will applaud thee. From youth to age—from indigence to affluence—hast thou ever lent me your willing hand. Let men call me avaricious or arrogant, yet ungrateful never shall I be—I will praise thee till my thought can be struck into harmony.

The busy sun was labouring hard to bring forth the mother of darkness—it was a fine summer evening in——. The fisherman has just won his watery way and is triumphantly exhibiting the helpless subjects of the all powerful seas, from whose bowels they had been vilely seduced to supply those of men. The watchful lover exults beneath the glance of his lady—the obsequious harlot is leading a general attack on all shallow hearts deposited in long and shining coats adorned with diamonds and golden chains. The coachman lights his joyous cigar—the remnant thrown away by his master. The gentleman talks with his lady, while their children swim upon the sands guided by the helm of the nurse's arms and eyes. The soldier in his cap and coat whistles a shrill tone which is answered by the artful glance of a slender woman drest in neat linen. The scholar fancies a Miranda on the shore—the schoolboy rushes with a football in his hand—the artist drinks the sea with his eyes—while yonder, a melancholy youth adds salt tears to the salt sea, moaning perhaps the loss of a dear friend, or a near relative. There is playing of band—ogling of eyes—smiling of faces—pressing of hands—stgging of hearts—making of engagements—wishing of nights—and kissing of—of lips.

But I, I was walking with a relative of mine—his mother and mine are both of the same sex, and there never can be closer relationship. But all at once—there is an intricacy of circumstances and chances governing human incidents—I turned back and found close to me one of my professors. My friend was just then telling me,

"Your people at—are getting on well," to which I was answering,

"Aye—I am glad of it—I shall have more people then, since they get on one another well," but just then seeing my professor, I abruptly changed the flow of my conversation, and loud enough to be heard by my teacher, I proceeded—"and so great is the pleasure that I derive in hearing Mr.—speak, that on holidays I travel all this dreary way to the beach just to wish him a good evening. Oh he is a very great man—so good—so learned—and withal so kind and gracious to boys. Oh such teachers are ornaments rarely available in times as these. I am sorry I could not see him to-day, for then I could have shown you a man of whom India may be proud, one whom to see is to admire. He has—"

"Where are you going Mr.—" interrupted my professor, probably unable to digest the good words served to him by my tongue. I suddenly turned to where the noise proceeded—threw surprise into my eyes—wore bashfulness on my face—asked my feet to falter—my lips to quiver—my hands to rise—and there was an end of it. Conquered was the poor professor—from that time was he my own man. How easy it is to deceive frail man! Taken by words is he—bare unadorned unpolished words which every human tongue can utter! No shield can bar them—no heart can spurn them. They enter through the ears and take possession of the heart.

The second year was now drawing to a close—the riding course was advertised on the college board—and all was hubbub. There was rushing in and rushing out. The shoemaker's shop was studied with overseers! The Tailoring machine's solitary hum was drowned in the weltering noise of 'spirit levels and tidal rivers.' There was much stitching of trousers and buying of coats, and putting of boots and pricking of pins, and brushing of hairs and talking of horses all over the Engineering world. The next morn at six o'clock—and each overseer's hand will be on the bridle of a horse! The day did dawn—the horses did neigh—the overseers did assemble. The bridle was caught, the seat was gained, the spur was dashed, and the horse did fly—but to return to my own account.

I too stitched my trousers, bought my stockings, boots and coats. Sleep dared not approach me that night whose death was to raise me to a—a horse! horse! that strong and grave animal which I have seen so often dashing along the roads with heavy carriages! And I am now to get upon that creature to which neither iron nor wood

is a weight. To get upon it—to spur it—and what more? who will go near it? It has teeth has it not?—and what if it takes it into its head to bite me a good-morning. I must approach its feet before I ascend upon it,—and what if it shakes—shakes legs with me. No lie of mine could pierce its heart or then I could pacify it. No tear of mine can create sympathy in it or I could melt it into tears. It was indeed in a very awfully awkward predicament. I thought—but my head ached, no more! A very awful night—the moon that shone laughed my fears to scorn—the breeze that flew sighed my meditation into contempt. All was silent as in a dead man's chamber. A musquito—there were a good deal of these willing musicians occupying my room free of rent—singing in my ears reminded me of the neighings of the horse.

A fly sitting on my leg and I started as if the horse had kicked me—a rat running along the walls and I heard the rushing of a horse. All was horse that night—A very horse night! I saw its ears sticking out of the darkness of the room—I saw its tail rustling and swinging—I started—I sat up—I lay down—shut my eyes—closed my brain—turned to the right side,—lay on my back—put my hand between my thighs—threw down my head from the pillow—rolled and ruminated—but *could not* sleep. Dom! went the bell. Dom! one—two—three!—my heart beat loud—my fingers shook—my frame perspired—four! It struck four! Out of the bed I jumped—on to the pipe I rushed. Some water on my face I threw—some bread into my stomach—a very managable stomach then, though since grown unwieldy owing to the wealth deposited inside.

A new difficulty arose now. There were the trousers and stockings and boots. There they were and I must jump into them. I have often seen persons imprisoned in trousers no doubt. But how to get inside that? I put on my stockings and—and in my effort tore them! With very great determination sprang into my trousers—twice I fell down, but only had a slight scratch on my right leg, just below the ankle, but never tore my cloth—dragged it up—tied it up to my waist—pushed my shirt inside it—got inside my coat—inserted my head into a cap—squeezed my feet into my boots—squeezed them in and tied them up tightly. So far so good. I was fully satisfied. Away I walked to the field, tah! tah! went my boots and I took long steps and did not bend my neck for pride. Tah! tah! tah! went I—but soon had to look down. There rose a something in my feet—at first an inexpressible something—then an unusual burning—then an unbearable paining—I could walk no

more. No tah, tah's again! I began to limp. As the right leg was raised, the left boot with a vengeance tore off the skin of my foot, and when the right leg came down again, the left leg would not rise, I jumped—I limped—I scrawled—I tumbled and grumbled—rolled and reached the fields at last.

But why do they laugh my horse mates? They set a roaring at my sight—the fact was my right leg had usurped my left leg's, and my left leg my right leg's property—yes, there was a mutual usurpation to my inexpressible vexation. My feet had run into wrong boots! It was set right with the help of one of my friends—I was pushed up a horse where I supported as best I may. I caught with great agitation the hands of the two friends that helped me up the horse and pressed them with despair. Twice approached it, and twice drew back with terror—one desperate attempt more and up, up I went, till at last, as I then thought, I was firmly seated. I restored my feet into their proper place and more than once looked down whether the distance between my seat and the mother earth was very deep, for assured I was that I would fall upon her lap before bidding farewell to horse and saddle. "Ready" said the Jaymadhar, and "away" was his last word. And away it went the horse—the horse alone, not I. Down, down I came, head below and feet above. Whether I fell down between the legs of the horse—whether I caught its tail or mane for help, I remember not—I recount not. After some time my senses came back to me, and woke me to a very horrid pain on my back and knees and buttocks. The inhuman Jaymadhar was smiling—my unfeeling horsemates were laughing—my heart, my heart alone was burning. "Does the horse taste well," burst the friend of mine who helped me in the war of boots and legs a few minutes before. "Ask my back and bones and they will tell you" was all that I could say, for the horrid horse was again taken up to me—again was I hauled up upon it. Unrelenting wretches! but up, up I went, and for the first time in my life—so far as my memory could pick up—I cried upon God. I cried upon God, but it was the devil that came to my help. I stood steadier, pressed closer and looked firmer than before. At each step of the horse my bones cracked within me—my poor buttocks were writhing with pain. Up and down—down and up went my whole body, and the solitary coffee jumped within up and down—down and up. No words—no breath—up and down—down and up was the whole and only phenomenon.—Thank God (or any one you like) I was not shaken to death.

I got down the horse half-dead, half alive. "Two days more riding," thought I, "and the third day can I ride on the funeral pyre." I limped my way home and crawled up to my room. I cursed the horse and the Jaymadhar and then—then rubbed my buttocks!!!

But the day was galloping—dreaming always of horse, my words frustrate my feelings—It will soon blush goodnight.—It will fade away in the west, and with its resurrection again, there is the horse! Horse! my buttocks pricked me here—my bones cried out in pain. "No more horse if you want to live a little longer" cried my heart. I waited upon the Jaymadhar and pumped out many gallons of tears—blew many tempests of sighs. No effect had these upon his heart. None. Then I took him by the hand—placed a five rupee note into it. A Talisman it was, that slip of paper. A capital antidote. As soon as it reached his pocket his irritability was cured into amity, his stubbornness into affection.

An invaluable drug, and I swore I would prove druggist to collect this medicine—and I have ever since done so; Never have I broken an oath before the shrine of Gold—not God, though both begin and end with the same word, yet Gold can make hundred Gods. You cannot serve two masters—says Jesus Christ. I confess I am no Christian, but there is no wrong in believing Reason. In fact, I know not whether I am a Muhammadan or Hindu, an Afghan or atheist. My religion had been to make money—I always invoked and obeyed that most awful God Gold. Gold was my sole God—to him flowed my daily prayers—to him raised my praying hands—to him looked my ambitious heart. One glance of this God, and one hundred lies woke from my bosom. Money-making is the only religion of the day, and the Engineering field is the most hallowed church where this deity is worshipped.

Who called Gold poison? Love had driven away Reason from his head who said

"There is the gold; worse poison to men's souls;
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison."

Oh mad was he that abused my God in such unholy terms.
To call him poison—Him whose power is unresisted, irresistible on earth

"Gold, yellow precious glittering gold;
Thus much of this will make black white; foul, fair;
7

Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward,
valiant.

.....Thou, bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! Thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, fresh and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! Thou visible God
That soldier'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss ! That speaks with ev'ry tongue
To ev'ry purpose ! Oh thou touch of hearts !"

Here is the text of my prayers ! Well my readers, you may laugh at my plainness, but if you knock at your own hearts, your passions will ask you for Gold !—Yes, for yellow glittering gold.

All went on smooth once more—The Jaymadhar was my own man, and I had no more dreams about any horse. I thanked the Jaymadhar very heartily and though my purse uttered some curse upon him, my buttocks blew blessings for him.

The slender wall which separated the smooth platen of my scholastic career from the billowing and bald prospects of my life was at last approached. One month more—and I will be thrown into the immense sea of life without the rudder of a teacher's hand or advice. Hills rose over hills, and waves rolled upon waves in the mad weltering world outside the college walls in which I was soon to settle. There is a solemnity prevailing in the atmosphere there which struck me with inscrutable bewilderment ! One month more and where am I ? Perhaps far away from all my friends, surrounded perhaps by people whose faces and words would be unknown and unintelligible to me—exposed to the corrections and suspicions of superiors, and plunged into a house where the wife will cry out for rice and clothes and oil and ornaments ! My heart sank within me when that day dawned and the cover was put into my hands, the cover whose contents were to drive me into a place where I was to go and live—I opened it and read my fate—away to—was I to go. I bade a long adieu to the good old college walls and settled in—with my life and wife. Here sets my college career, and in the horizon has already dawned those most sunny days which poured Fortune into my lap—but of these hereafter.

(To be continued.)

C. E.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SALT-TAX.



THE question of abolishing the salt-tax has not been discussed with the freedom and breadth of view which characterise the debates in the several Congresses, Conferences and Associations, on the subject of land assessment. One would suppose that the salt-tax plays as important a part in the economic condition of India as the land-tax, and yet the agitation which has been persistently set up as regards the land tax has not been extended to the salt-tax. The one reason which may suggest itself to every casual observer as to why the salt-tax has not received half as much attention as the land-tax is that the former is an indirect tax which is paid without observation by consumers and that the people are not conscious how severely they are affected by it. But this would be a narrow way of looking at it, and if the effects of the salt monopoly and tax are as bad as, perhaps worse than those of the land-tax, it would be a poor consolation to hold that what is not perceived or understood by those on whom the tax heavily falls, calls for no protest or apology. In fact, it would be setting up something like a slow process of poisoning which neither the administrator nor the consumer of the poison is conscious of, and yet when the crisis is approaching, both begin to think, perhaps too late to admit of the application of any remedy, that the evil effects have been the direct result of the poison administered. It is with a view to provoke a just and honest criticism on the actual merits of the salt-tax that we welcome any opinion that may be held in the matter, and Mr. Pennington's paper, which he read before the East India Association in advocacy of the abolition of the salt-tax, furnishes a theme for a calm and dispassionate consideration of the question in all its aspects. It is a pity that the criticisms which have been made on the paper were not directed to the main issue as to whether the salt-tax is defensible and maintainable in the way it is realised, but were confined to the side issue that the paper raised, i.e., the substitute that Mr. Pennington proposed in place of the salt-tax, the abolition of which might be supposed to embarrass the position of Government financially. Even the meagre criticism that was offered on this side issue did not

deal, in sufficient detail, with the relative merits of the salt-tax and the tax that was suggested as a substitute. No judgment or opinion in such matters would be safe and can be accepted under ordinary circumstances if it is founded entirely on the complaint the substituted tax is likely to raise. No tax, however light in its incidence, is likely to be accepted without demur by the class of people on whom it falls, least of all by the articulate section of that class; and the question therefore we should concern ourselves with is not whether any particular tax is likely to commend itself to the masses, but what tax or taxes can be decreased so as to make it fall lightly on the class of people who can least afford to bear the burden. Regarding the salt-tax there is a unanimity of opinion that it presses on the poorer classes with great severity, and that the Government monopoly is seriously limiting the consumption of salt, which is so very necessary for the proper sustenance of life in a healthy condition, and also that it is otherwise interfering with a free supply of salt to cattle and land. There can be no two opinions on the question that to regard salt as a source of revenue is prejudicial to the interests of India in more ways than one, and that the system of salt-tax is anything but sound, economically viewed. Taking the last administration report of the department of salt revenue in the Madras Presidency we find that the average consumption per head of the population was 16.05 lbs. The consumption worked out for the year 1891-92, was 15.18 lbs. per head of the population. The apparent increase in consumption, which is due to the replacement of monopoly by excise system, cannot be regarded as at all proportionate to the increase in population. The average rate of consumption is very much less than the above figures in certain parts of the Presidency, and there can be no question that the people have to live without enough supply of salt. To the people of India who subsist on grains and other vegetable food stuff, salt is very essential, and no meal would be more distasteful than the one insufficiently salted. That a supply of 15 or 16 lbs. of salt per annum is quite insufficient for a vegetarian should be conceded on all hands. In England it is said that the average consumption amounts to 60 lbs. and more per head of the population, and medical men assert that anything less than 30 lbs. could hardly be regarded as sufficient for the condition of life in India. Opinions might be quoted by numbers to show that lack of salt predisposes to leprosy, cholera and other diseases, but it is enough to state that salt is an important factor in the maintenance of healthy conditions of life and that the poorer classes are deprived, under the

repressive measures of the salt law, of the very means of obtaining a cheap supply of sufficient quantity of salt. An examination of the statistics relating to price of salt shows that there has been a remarkable rise since the salt law commenced to be worked with excessive rigor. The following table showing the average annual retail prices current of salt, recorded at selected centres of the Presidency, should be very interesting in gauging the effect of the salt impost. The quotations are in seers of 80 tolahs :—

	* * *	1877	1878	1882	1883	1887	1888	1902
Ganjam	...	13.42	11.42	13.80	13.60	13.60	10.38	12.10
Vizagapatam...	...	14.00	11.14	13.30	14.00	12.80	10.42	13.30
Bellary	...	15.07	12.46	14.70	15.50	12.90	11.88	12.90
Madras	...	...	...	15.60	16.50	14.60	12.37	13.40
Tanjore	...	16.23	12.66	14.90	15.00	14.20	12.42	13.40
Tinnevelly	...	15.50	13.90	17.00	18.20	16.50	14.28	14.40
Coimbatore	...	12.13	11.43	13.80	14.50	13.50	11.78	11.10
Salem	...	14.92	11.87	14.90	16.00	15.20	13.52	11.70
	* * *	1869	1870	1873	1875			
Ganjam	...	16.39	15.21	16.78	13.72			
Vizagapatam	...	18.00	15.54	14.35	14.05			
Bellary	...	12.64	11.46	17.11	15.99			
Madras	...	...	15.96	17.14	18.09			
Tanjore	...	18.54	16.18	14.87	16.73			
Tinnevelly	...	15.75	14.04	16.90	15.42			
Coimbatore	...	13.93	12.43	15.95	12.94			
Salem	...	15.54	14.25	15.61	17.56			

In looking at the cause of variations which the above figures disclose, it should be borne in mind that the rate of duty prior to 1870 was Re. 1-11-0 a maund. It was raised to Rs. 2 in 1870 and to Rs. 2-3-0 in 1874, and the financial embarrassment which the famine expenditure of 1876 and 1877 caused, necessitated a further rise to Rs. 2-8-0. This continued till the 10th March 1882 on which date it was reduced to Rs. 2. The duty was again raised to Rs. 2-8-0 in January 1888, and continued at this rate till March 1903 when it was reduced to Rs. 2 again. The remarkable feature about these variations is that the periods of rise and fall coincide with the increase and decrease of the rate of duty adopted by the Government. After 1887, the fluctuations are due to the gradual replacement by excise of monopoly system under which the traders and manufacturers combined to force up their prices to the prejudice of

the general consumers, and the small fall in prices that we notice between 1887 and 1902 is therefore easily understood.

We may also state, in passing, that the sudden cheapness of salt in the year following the lowering of the salt duty and the sudden dearthness in the year following the raising of it may be regarded as significant. In any case, of course subject to the fluctuating causes which have influenced the rise and fall even in ordinary years, the variations which the quotations disclosed in the prices ruling both in the year of reduction of duty and in the year of increase, bear eloquent testimony to the fact that the raising of the price of salt is a matter of grave importance to the consumer both from a fiscal and from a material point of view. The prices quoted may appear not to be quite correct. For instance, the price of salt in 1887 in Salem is lower than at Madras, although it may be fancied that salt has to be carried from the latter place over a distance of 200 miles, and that any large quantity could not have come from the west coast to influence the fall in the prices is also apparent from the fact that the prices in Coimbatore, through which salt has to pass to Salem, are much higher than the Salem prices. Making every allowance for the inaccuracy of the quotations and for the adulteration usually practised by retail dealers it should be clear to any unprejudiced mind that there has been a remarkable rise in the retail price of salt and that the high prices should have worked considerable hardship on the poorer classes who have to make their purchases of salt for one or two pies almost every day.

The consumption of salt has followed the fluctuations in the retail price of salt, and although statistics do not help us much in arriving at a conclusion safer than what has been ventured by official authorities, we can accept the fact without the fear of challenge that the tendency of the rise in prices has always been to diminish consumption, and that the reduction in the rate of duty, on the occasions it was effected, tended invariably to bring about a large and steady progressive expansion in consumption. Suffice it to quote here one instance where the cheapness of salt consequent on the reduction of duty increased the consumption. Following the period of reduction of duty in 1882, the consumption of salt rose from 24,489,000 maunds in 1881-82 to 26,101,000 maunds for 11 months from 1st March 1882 to 31st January, to 27,792,000 maunds for the same period in 1884-85, and still further to 28,772,000 in 1886-87. Sir John Strachey, speaking as the Finance Minister of

Lord Lytton's Government in 1877, observed in his Financial statement: "A comparison between the average consumption of salt per head in different parts of India proves incontestably that where salt is cheap and abundant, the consumption is much larger than where it is dear and when the supply is restricted." This opinion has been more than justified by later results, and the proposition that the salt impost has a significant influence on the consumption according as that impost is made heavier or lighter by the increase or decrease in the rate of duty that is adopted by the Government, may be considered as fairly established. It may be here considered, taking the quotations for 1902, whether the prices charged by the retail dealers which amount to about 15 per cent. of the average income of labourers, agricultural and non-agricultural, are not a very heavy payment to make for purchasing one item of the necessities of life. It does not require many arguments to demonstrate that the heavy prices demanded from the poorer classes for the consumption of salt form a heavy burden on their slender resources, and if by any means a fall in the price could be effected, that means should be devoutly compassed in the interests of the suffering millions. Besides, the salt law is seriously interfering with the manufacture of glass in India, because the scraping of earth salt is prohibited by repressive measures, and the saltpetre industry has been very nearly stamped out of the ground. The extinction of this industry has taken away the means of support to a section of the population which has been making a decent living out of it, and agriculture also is suffering to some extent under the salt monopoly system. If only in the interests of the salt-starved people and cattle of India and of the natural resources which saltpetre industry would expand and provide employment for starving thousands, it should be hoped that a way could be found for abolishing the salt monopoly. But, as the Government has been getting a revenue of 60 millions every year, the chances of the Government making a total sacrifice of the revenue would seem to be remote. And yet if this revenue could be otherwise raised, the question then becomes what would be the most suitable substitute that could be found for the Salt Revenue. Mr. Pennington has proposed the income-tax or the poll-tax as it is nick-named by those who are opposed to it and who scout the very idea as being preposterous and quite unsuited to the civilised conditions of the twentieth century. Then there is the tobacco tax which the late Dewan Bahadur S. Srinivasa Raghava Iyengar has proposed in his

Forty Years' Memorandum, a book which exhaustively deals with the rise and fall in the economic condition of the Madras Presidency. We can also think of some items in the Customs Revenue which by export and import duties could be augmented to the extent the abolition of salt-tax would diminish the revenues of the State. Of these, we can single out the enhancement of the export duty on rice, and the re-imposition of the import duty on cotton and articles made of cotton. Of these few sources which could with advantage be tapped to replenish the loss which the abolition of salt-tax would result in, the first and the last have already evoked protest, and the protest in the case of the duty on cotton would be the strongest since it will proceed from influential and powerful quarters in Manchester and Birmingham. The other two have not been launched before into the field of discussion, and we can now see if either of them could not be made a good substitute in preference to the objected poll-tax or cotton duty. Taking the rice duty first, it will be observed that the rate at present levied is three annas per Indian maund of 82½ lbs. avoirdupois weight. The following are the figures relating to the quantity of rice, husked or unhusked, exported to foreign countries from the shores of British India:—

	cwts.	Custom duty realised on export. Rs.
1889-90	... 27,098,906	72,28,910
1890-91	... 34,963,341	92,48,380
1891-92	... 33,166,929	88,19,570
1894-95	... 34,442,600	90,65,380
1895-96	... 35,161,968	93,06,160
1898-99	... 37,946,886	1,01,11,650

The export of such a large quantity of rice is seriously undermining the *staying power* of both the producer and consumer in India. To the latter, it is raising the price of another prime necessary of life, and the great rise that has taken place during the last thirty years in the prices of food grains is due to the depletion of stock by the export of rice. It is an admitted fact that during this period of large rise in the prices the wages or the income of the people have not risen at all. On the other hand the indications are that the average income has declined much beyond expectation. The Land Revenue Settlement Report makes out a rise of 33 to 45 per cent. in the price of food grains, and applying the correction which the inaccuracy in quotations, and the conversion of local

measures into imperial seers should render necessary, we can fairly deduce that the prices have risen by a fifth. The rise as in the case of salt falls very heavily on the poorer classes who form the bulk of the population. There is absolutely no chance for any labourer or, for the matter of that, even for the man of the middle classes in the present standard of comfort and living, to lay by even a pittance of his income, and the large crowds of people who rush to relief works at the slight approach of a famine or drought bear evidence to the fact that their staying power is nothing and that they have no resources to fall back upon to tide over a single season failure. The same can be said of the land-owners. Under the periodical revision system of land revenue settlement, the rise in prices contributes to the fixing of a very high commutation rate. The higher it is, the narrower is the margin of profits of cultivation secured to the land-owner. The ryots have to dispose of a large stock of grain to meet the heavy Government demand and eke out a bare subsistence from the agricultural industry. Accumulation of capital is an unheard of thing, and the poverty of the population is interfering with any investments in land improvement. Agriculture is still in a precarious condition, and the productive power of the land is fast going down through over-cropping and insufficient manuring. The effects of the rise in prices on the social condition of the people are still more deplorable. Crimes are increasing, and thefts and petty burglaries fill the pages of Police Registers to a very large extent. Police statistics have conclusively established the fact that crimes increase with the rise in prices and decrease with the fall. The Government, by artificially forcing up the prices of food grains, has made itself liable for the demoralisation which the state of crimes indicates. It increases the land revenue by a fictitious commutation rate, and it permits an unrestricted export of rice; and these, it should be said, result in the main in increasing poverty in India. The countries which benefit by the large export of rice are Egypt, Ceylon and the Strait Settlements which take about 57 per cent. of the exported quantity. The United Kingdom takes a tenth of the quantity, and among the other countries which take in lesser quantities are Brazil, Mauritius, Arabia, Germany, &c. There is absolutely no reason why these countries should profit at the expense of India, and why they should not be made to contribute towards its revenues, especially in the low state of its finances. By doubling the export duty, some stock which would otherwise be exported might be retained

for consumption in India, and at least the consumers will be benefited to the extent which the export restriction will impose on the free exploitation of the stock. The next source of revenue that the Government might with less hardship to the people turn to is the tobacco-tax. On this and on the question of the abolition of salt-tax, the opinion of the late Dewan Bahadur S. Srinivasa Raghava Iyengar is more pronounced. This is what he has stated, and his deep study of Indian economics, his varied experience as a Revenue Officer, and his extensive knowledge of the conditions of rural life certainly entitle his opinion to great weight:—

“The effect of the tax on public health is very prejudicial, and it seems to me to be a matter for serious consideration whether this tax should be maintained at its present high level, when so much attention is now being devoted to the improvement of the sanitation of the country and the health of the population. I would therefore venture respectfully to suggest that the gradual reduction and eventual abolition of this tax should be pressed on the attention of the Government of India, a tax on the consumption of tobacco being if necessary imposed as a substitute. A tax on tobacco managed under a system like that in force in France will be liable to none of the objections urged against the tax on salt. The plant can grow only on particular soils and requires careful cultivation; and it will not therefore be necessary to employ as costly preventive establishments for the protection of a tax on tobacco as it is in the case of salt which forms spontaneously in many places on the coast. Any quantity of excellent tobacco might be grown on the lankas or islands in the Godaveri and Kistna rivers which are at the disposal of Government and leased out annually for cultivation. Tobacco is not a bulky article like salt, does not waste in being carried inland or cost much for carriage. According to one estimate the value of the tobacco produced and consumed in the country is 6 millions Rs. and according to another it is 272 millions. Taking the lower figure, a tax amounting to 300 per cent. on the cost price of the tobacco consumed will yield the revenue now derived from salt. Tobacco is not a necessary of life, at all events to the same extent as salt, and a large proportion of the tax will be contributed by the poorest classes, who, it is considered, should be called upon to bear their share of the public burden.”

The above observation is, indeed, a hard judgment not only on the unsoundness of the policy of the Government in persist-

ing in taxing the chief necessary of life, but on the iniquity of restricting the consumption by a high rate of duty. *Trade statistics* show that a very large quantity of foreign tobacco is coming into India free of any import duty. The following figures showing the quantity and value of tobacco imported speak for themselves:—

		lbs.	RS.
1887-88	...	1,566,734	10,19,720
1888-89	...	1,800,635	13,92,560
1889-90	...	1,494,566	12,77,160
1890-91	...	1,777,015	15,18,360
1891-92	...	1,824,520	16,70,700
1892-93	...	2,268,041	18,88,080
1893-94	...	2,275,149	24,76,340
1894-95	...	1,991,885	21,79,920
1895-96	...	2,572,348	28,45,120
1896-97	...	2,175,936	26,30,260
1897-98	...	2,636,172	28,27,790

In addition to the import duty, the cultivation of tobacco might be made a Government monopoly as in the case of poppy and ganja leaves, and tobacco cultivation is now finding favour with the ryots in all parts of India. About a million acres are being annually cultivated with tobacco, and the yield estimated at 400 lbs. per acre at the lowest computation should form a large stock. As already stated, tobacco is not a necessary of life, and the leaves largely go towards the manufacture of snuff and cigars which are used by the comparatively well-to-do classes of the people. These are mere luxuries, and the people who do not use them are none the worse for their abstinence. The enhancement of export duty on rice, and the tobacco-tax should be quite sufficient to yield the revenue which the Government derives from the salt monopoly. Then there are the other articles of export,—wheat and other food grains. The export of these articles is not subjected to any export duty, and there is no reason why they should escape duty except it be on the ground that they are exported to the United Kingdom which may be considered to be entitled to its share of Indian produce free of duty as the land of paramount authority. The income-tax might be extended as of old to persons who get a monthly income of Rs. 40 and more. The condition of the lower orders contrasts very unfavourably with those who have been assessed to income-tax during the last 18 years, and if the people have to bear the tax which is

needed for carrying on the administration of the country, the question should be whether 200 millions of the population who are wallowing in misery and squalor should have an unbearable share of the public burden or whether the remaining 87 millions on whom the tax may, with perhaps gentle pressure, fall, should bear the additional burden, the removal of which should be a relief to the poorer classes. Public opinion, except of those articulate sections who raise the cry against income-tax from motives of self-interest, inclines to the view that the higher and middle classes of the community do not bear their proper share of public burdens. Is not the immunity of the middle and upper classes from their due share of public tax, a grievous blot on the system of Indian administration?

Turning to the question of import duty on cotton, as another alternative plan of taxation, it will be seen that, under the present tariff, raw cotton, twist, yarn, and sewing thread are imported free, and it is only on piece goods, hosiery, and other manufactured cotton goods that a three and one-half per cent. *ad valorem* duty is levied. If any duty is to be imposed on the article now allowed free and if the duty on the piece goods is at all to be enhanced, any rise in the price of these goods is certain to fall not on the lower orders, but on the middle and upper classes. The interests of India are more at stake than those of Manchester or Birmingham, and no influence which could radiate from these centres of political activity should subordinate the interests of India to those of British traders in cotton goods. The lower classes of people find cheap supply of coarse cloth which the indigenous industry in India supplies, and here again we have the remarkable fact that the comparatively well-to-do classes have not to pay much for the fine Manchester clothes, any more than the poorer classes have to pay for the necessary of life. At the present rate of duty on cotton and rice, it is the foreign countries that are virtually benefiting at the expense of India, and equity demands that these countries which profit by the trade should make a proportionate contribution to the Indian revenues in order that the poor of India might be relieved of the pressure of tax on the very necessities of life. The same remark applies with justice and reason to the well-to-do middle and upper classes who, it may be noted, form the minority, and who should take on themselves the major portion of the public burden and minimise the hardships and sufferings of the large majority of the population. The question then is one of holding a balance between the claims of the poorer many and the richer few.

It is admitted on all hands that the salt-tax, as it exists and operates in this country, involves privation and positive suffering to millions of our poorer population, and suggests at once a question of extreme and terrible seriousness which transcends all other considerations of financial ethics or fiscal convenience. Political justice and economy put a ban, as it were, upon the salt duty as being a tax upon a necessary of life, and experience supplies but too painful a proof of the cruel hardships and sufferings it has already produced and is still capable of inflicting on the numerous classes of Indian population, whose earnings hardly suffice for their daily wants, and who know not from years' end to years' end the *luxury* of a full good meal. The object in writing this somewhat discursive article is only to provoke honest and just criticism on the soundness of taxing the necessities of life which assumes serious complications in India, on a matter of so much vital importance to the well-being of the populations; and if the subject receives a little more attention than at present at the hands of both the press and the public, the writer will feel himself amply rewarded. He has been able only to indicate some points which, in his opinion, seem to suggest that the matter calls for serious investigation, and with the meagre information and statistics at his disposal, he regrets he is not in a position to do full justice to this question. The figures and statistics quoted are open to correction, and have been only adopted for the purposes of this article just in a way to show what importance attaches to the question of salt-tax in Indian economy.

A REVENUE OFFICER.

THE CHOLA KING KULOTTUNGA I (1).

THE most important name in the list of Chola kings, excepting that of Raja Raja the great, is that of Rājakesarivarman Kulōttunga. This monarch began his reign in 1078 A.D. and died in 1118 A.D.

He was descended on his father's side from the Eastern Chalukyas, and on his mother's from the Chōlas(2). His father, the Eastern Chalukya king Rājarāja I (not the Raja Raja I, called the great, of the Chōla dynasty) was married to Ammaṅgādēvi, the daughter of Rājendra Chōla I; and their son was called Rājendra Chōla after his maternal grandfather. This name he continued to bear till four years after he ascended the Chōla throne. Besides this, he also bore the surnames Anapāya, Abhaya, Karikāla, and Killi. One of the inscriptions at Tiruvārur distinctly calls him Anapāya(3). Tamil literature also abounds in references to this king under the name of Anapāya, a few of which are cited below(4).

(1) The bulk of the matter in this article is culled from the South-Indian Inscriptions, Vol. III, part 2, recently published by Dr. Hultzsch.

(2) Hence the Kalingattu Parani calls him *Ubhayakulōttaman*; *Iravikulōttaman*, and refers to his lineage in *அபயனுதித்த குலத்துபய குலத்துமுதந்திருமதி* யொக்கும்.

(3) South-Indian Inscriptions, Vol. II, p. 153. This inscription which is dated in his 7th year as well as one of Rājarāja the great dated in his 20th year (p. 154) refer to images of the authors of the *Devārnam* hymns which had been set up in those temples.

(4) செயவந்திருப்போம்பலகு செய்ய
அப பொன்னணி சோழனீழிபார்
குயிரோபாயனானை—

Periyapurānam. திருமலைச் செற்பு.

சொற்றவண்பாயன்— செய்யுள் 12.

do. திருவாட்டுச் செற்பு.

மன்னுரோபாயன்வழிமுதல் (refers to மன்னுரோபி கண்டசோழன்).— செய்யுள் 12.

do. திருவாஞ்சிறப்பு. 13.

அவ்வை பொலெவயிருத் தங்குமண்பாயன்
நின்றுயர் பொப்பார் கிலவேந்த—அன்னதே
வாரியுடை குழந்தைவயத்திற் கில்லைபாற்
குரியனே போலுஞ்சுடர்—

Example to 22nd Sutra. Aniyiyal, Porladigāram, Ilakkana-vilakkam.

பூதவந்தொலெவயிருப்போருளும் வறிய ராய்க்
காதலித்தோர் தாமத வவந்தனை—விதி
யுத்தபந்தர் தேர்தியனபாயாயர்க்குக்
கொடுத்தியெனக் கொன்றென்றிமை—

Ibid, Sutra 31.

Throughout the *Kalingattu Parani* he is called Abayan(5). The same work frequently calls him Jayadharan(6). In one verse of this work he is called Karikālan(7). That Killi (கின்ளி) was one of his surnames is inferred from many references to him both in Tamil literature and in inscriptions(8). In the verses cited in the footnote, Killi evidently refers to Kulōttunga(9). In an inscription engraved on the rock immediately above the *mūlassthāna* of the Tiru-gōkarnēsvara temple near Pudukottah, the king is called Killi, in whose reign and for whose virtue a huge tank was constructed, and a large extent of land reclaimed, brought under cultivation and dedicated to the God of that temple. Another inscription in the same shrine belonging to the reign of the Vijayanagara king Pratāpa

இகன்மதமால்யானையனபாயனென்கோன்

குமகதியின்மூரணிலவா—லகமலர்வ

செய்கயந்தணல்லார்நிருமருவு

பக்யங்கச்சாலைபல—

Ibid, Sutra 40.

மூவாமுத்தமிழ்பயந்தமுன்னுன்முன்வாழி

யாவாழிவாழியருமறையோர்—காமிரிநாட்

டன்னலனபாயன்வாழியவன்குடைக்கீழ்

மன்னுலகிலவாழிமறை—

do. Sutra 62.

(5) Thus புன்னுடைபயன், பூழியர்விரைபயன், இரவிருலோத்தமபயன், அறிஞர்தம்பிரைபயன், 20 on.

(6) This name appears in one of the inscriptions at Tiruvorriyur—*Ep. Ind.*, Vol., V, p. 106.

(7) பூப்பதமததண்படைத்தமைத்த

புவியையிரண்டாவதம்படைத்ததக்

சாப்பதமென்கடனென்னுதர்த்த

கரிகைச்சோழியவாழ்த்தினவே.

(8) I am aware of the fact that கின்ளி is described in the Nighantus as a generic name of the Cholas. In my opinion it appears to be a mistake, which seems to have arisen from the fact that a large number of Chola kings bore the surname. The justification for such an assumption is given above.

(9) உடைதலையுமூலையுமுன்மடியுமென்புக்
குடருக்கொழுக்குநுதியிப்ப—மிடைபெய்
பெருகடஞ்செய்பெற்றித்தேகொற்றப்போர்க்கின்ளி
கொடைகொன்றனம்—

Example to Sutra 46. அனியியல்,

பொருளதிகாரம் of இலக்கணவினக்கம்.

Cf. *Vikrama—Solam - Uṭi*.—

"மேல்கடல்கொண்டுகொக்கணமும்

கன்னடமுக்கைக்கொண்டு, &c.

Other passages cited in the இலக்கணவினக்கம் also describe him thus:—

சுற்றவித்காமனுஞ்சோழர்பெருமாளாக்

கொற்றப்போர்க்கின்ளியுக்கொழுவ்வார்—பொற்றொடியார்

யாழியுடையான்மகன்மாயன்செயனே

கேழியுடையான்மகன்.

Dēvarāya II, refers to this tank by the name பெருநற்கிள்ளி பேரோரி. Thus it has been made evident that Killi was one of the surnames of this monarch. Such purely Tamil names seem to have been borne by other kings also. We frequently come across the name Orri (ஒற்றி) by which some of the earlier Chôla kings were known. Having pointed out the various names by which the king was called, we shall now pass on to describe his youth and his various achievements during that period.

He married Madhurântaki, the daughter of his maternal uncle Rajendradeva, and had also two other wives called Elisai-vallabhi (எலிசைவல்லபி) and Tyâgavalli. (தியாகவல்லி). According to Dr. Hultsch, Madhurântaki was otherwise known as Dina-Chintâmani. She was the Chief Queen until her death which must have occurred about A.D. 1095-6. The chief queen of this king was always called Ulaga-mulududaiyâl (உலகமுழுதுடையான்), which title was assumed by Tyâgavalli after Madhurântaki's death. The other wife, Elisai-vallabhi, throughout her life remained only second in rank.

We shall now turn to the private life of this great sovereign. Unfortunately the materials for such a study are very scanty, and what we have to say will be merely inferential. That he was a very affectionate husband is evidenced by the fact that he gave his wives the privilege of equality with him in the ruling of the kingdom. Tyâgavalli, who succeeded Madhurântaki as the principal Queen, is described in the inscriptions as sitting along with her lord on the same seat and ruling the kingdom. The *Kalingattu Parani* also corroborates the fact (10). Several towns have been named by him after his wives. Tyâgavalli is commemorated in the town which goes now by that name, having been substituted for its old designation, Tiruchchopuram, of the Devâram hymns. There is also a Dina-Chintâmani-Chaturvêdimangalam.

The king had seven sons by his wife Madhurântaki, of whom the eldest Vikrama Chôla succeeded him on the throne, after having acted as co-regent with his father for a period of nearly 10 years. He had a daughter named Amnanga called after her grandmother. We learn from one of the Chidambaram inscriptions

(10) சென்னியாணியினுடனாயைநடத்துமுரிமைத் தியாகவல்லிநிறைசெல்வியுடனமல்விராவே.

Kalingattu Parani.

that he had a sister called Kundavai who made certain presents to the temple.

Kulôttunga is described in the *Kalingattu Parani* as the adopted son of Râjendra Chôla I. of the Chôla dynasty who was his maternal grandfather (11) and who was otherwise called Gangai-konda-Chôlan. The circumstances under which Kulôttunga came to occupy the Chôla throne is wrapped in a certain amount of obscurity. His father the Eastern Chalukya Râjarâja I. died in 1062-3. Just then his maternal uncle Vira-râjendra, who occupied the Chôla throne, conquered the Vengi country which belonged to the Eastern Chalukyas and bestowed it on Vijayâditya VII., the brother of Râjarâja I. and uncle of Kulôttunga. Thus the legitimate claimant to the Chalukya throne, Kulôttunga, was ousted. He, therefore, allied himself with the Western Chalukya Sômesvara II., raised a rebellion against the then Chôla king Adhirâjendra, the son and successor of Virarâjendra, killed him and ascended the Chôla throne. Hearing of his brother-in-law Adhirâjendra's death Vikramâditya VI., brother of Sômesvara II., proceeded against the usurper, Kulôttunga; but was able to effect nothing. He only deposed his elder brother Sômesvara II., who had helped Kulôttunga, and himself ascended the W. Chalukya throne.

With all the forces of the Chôla kingdom, of which he had now become the undisputed monarch, Kulôttunga marched against his uncle, Vijayâditya VII. The latter sought the aid of one Râjarâja of Kalinganagara, (who is a different personage from the Eastern Chalukya and Chôla kings of the same name,) but was eventually deposed by Kulôttunga, who appointed his second son Râjarâja II. Viceroy of the Vengi country. Finding him perhaps inefficient for the onerous duties of the viceroyalty, Kulôttunga, after the lapse

- (11) அலர்மழைபோன் மழைபொழிய வதுகண்டு
கங்கைகொண்ட சோழன் நேவி
குலமகடன் குலமகனைக் கோகனந்
மகர்க்கையா நெடுத்தக் கொண்டே. (5)
அவனிவர்க்குப் புத்திரமுடையான்
மவயவத்தி னுடையே நோக்கி
யிவனைமக்கு மகனாகி யிரவிகுலம்
பாரிக்கத் தருவ நென்றே. (6)
இசையுட நெடுத்தகொடி யபயனை விரிவினை
யினவரில் வைத்த பிறகே
நிசையாச ருக்குரிய நிருவினை முடிப்பதொரு
நிருவுன மடுத்த குளியே. (18)

Kalingattu Parani - அவதாரம்.

Vaishnava and Jaina temples alike. To the images of Appar, Sundarar and Jnana Sambandar set up already in the great temple at Tiruvârûr he made very rich gifts of land. Elsewhere he granted to a Siva temple a village called திருநீற்றுச்சாழ் நல்லூர்—Tirunirru-Chôlanâllûr—, named after himself. The Srirangam temple abounds with the inscriptions of this king and perhaps some of them record donations made by himself. In the Tiruvëndipuram Vishnu temple there is an inscription which records that the king made arrangements for burning some perpetual lamps, for the virtue of and at the request of his son, Vishnu-varddhanarâya(21). In Tirunarungondai, the Jaina Tirupati, there is a record of this king granting land to the Jaina *basti* of that place. There is thus the amplest evidence of the wide and generous toleration of this really great monarch.

T. A. GOPINATHA RAO.

(21) Perhaps Vira-Chola of Vengi.

OUR POLITICAL MISGIVINGS.

INDIAN constitutional agitation has reached a point at which we cannot help looking before and after and forming some judgment ere we start again with faith in the work we profess to carry on. For years past there has been creeping over the public mind of the country a faithlessness in all forms of agitation, and at the present moment that faithlessness would seem to have crystallized itself into a school of politics. The ill-fated regime of Lord Elgin demonstrated to the enlightened people of the country how unconstitutional the British Government in India might become, while the administration that succeeded it has again and again convinced them how thoroughly useless it is to depend upon agitation to right our wrongs. Public opinion has been dismissed from consideration so often and with such contempt for the last nearly ten years that it has become impossible to shelve the question:—"Where is the good of agitation?" A product, purely of the establishment of British supremacy in India, it has so early in its history produced a general belief that that supremacy can allow it no further growth, that with the little it has achieved in the past its power for good has practically come to an end. The pessimism born of this mood is naturally seeking to entrench itself behind a number of theories, plausible, incoherent and illogical; and we find it coming to be accepted in some quarters that, instead of depending upon a peurile pastime to redress our grievances, it would be far manlier and more prudent to trust to the silent sense of wrong in the country to work out its destiny. Accepting that we have much to complain against the last two Viceroyalties and much to condemn in the British statesmanship of the reactionary decade we have passed through, it is essential for us to enquire how far we can rightly harbour the misgivings we have begun to entertain and what faith we can reasonably place in constitutional agitation to rectify the manifest political wrongs and inequalities we are suffering under. If these misgivings are as much due to the inherent defects in the "constitutional agitation" as we have been carrying it on for some years past, as to any action on the part of the Indian Government or the British Ministry, then certainly we need not perfect our discomfiture by adding to the obstinacy of the British

Government our own perversity and hammer into ourselves beliefs which have no facts to support and no argument to uphold. In such a question as touches the very root and function, the purpose and capabilities of constitutional agitation in this country, it is but necessary we should scrutinise the methods of that agitation ere we relegate constitutional agitation itself as a pastime. If only critics who have recently sprung upon the public curious political theories had kept in view the unity that runs through the British Empire and the constitutional ties that subsist between Great Britain and India, in spite of our being a subject race, they would certainly have found that there is nothing *mendicant* in our politics, but a great deal melancholy in the way in which we carry on our political agitation. So far as these constitutional ties are taken into consideration, a little patience will shew that we even practically cease to be a subject race in the sense in which that term will be ordinarily understood. If an Indian, and for that matter any number of Indians, can sit in the House of Commons, where does our constitutional disqualification as a subject race come in? Why, is there any impossibility *ipso facto* in our conceiving a House of Commons entirely or in the main composed of Indians? Subject as we are to the British Government, that subjection does not preclude our being British citizens, and be it also remembered that an Englishman in India is as much one of a "subject" race politically and constitutionally as any one of Lord Salisbury's black men. We are a subject race in the sense that we are a conquered race, but politically and constitutionally so far as the Empire is concerned, we are no more a subject race than, for instance, the colonists are. True, in our own country we are subject to a despotism, which can be altered by law, by the edicts of the imperial Parliament, despotism as was imposed on Ireland before the union and the gradual extinction of which is the goal of Indian political advancement. Is not our politics really less mendicant than that of the Russians under the Czar and of the Germans under the Kaiser? Without being a subject race, their politics unfortunately is all mendicant and mendicant alone. Though a conquered race our despotism is still subject to a popular Legislature and a political assembly into which any Indian might obtain admission.

If, on the other hand, by "mendicant politics" is simply meant that we cannot deal with political questions ourselves without Englishmen having to act a part in them, then the statement comes only to this—that India has allowed herself to be conquered

by England. In the sense that we have not our own affairs in our own hands we have been mendicant politicians ever since we became politicians under British Rule—and we should have disclaimed our mendicant roll long ago. But if it is meant that we are mendicant politicians inasmuch as we can only continue to beg for concessions which may not in all probability be granted to us for an indefinite period to come, then all constitutional agitation is mendicant politics. The essential requisite of every constitutional agitation is that it seeks by force of opinion to alter what it seeks to alter, and not by force of the muscle. If on that account constitutional agitation should become mendicant politics, all British politicians are mendicant politicians. The cry for the Home Rule Bill was a mendicant wail, and Mr. Gladstone was the most conspicuous of the illustrious chorus of beggars; and every great question that was constitutionally fought and lost or fought and won was a mendicant question, because the change was attempted not by force of the muscle but by force of opinion. Our politics would become really mendicant if we should seek aid of the Americans or the French and not until then. To think that because we are a subject race our politics should be *mendicant* politics is to be curiously illogical. From our being a subject race all that follows is that our practical politics can only be the politics of a subject race and nothing more—it only alters the *magnitude* of our political questions, but not the nature of the agitation. They in England have to alter public opinion before a change is brought about, and so have we too; how then is our politics any more mendicant than theirs? Why then in the name of common honesty should we elaborate and propound fundamental falsehoods, theoretical absurdities and constitutional lies? There is nothing wrong with our politics—only we do not stand by it honestly and manfully. We have all the rights of British subjects, most of the rights of British citizens, and whenever our rights are not enough, we have the example of British History. Our politics, it is true, is the politics of a subject race; but, being and having to be a subject race, is it better for us to be a subject race with politics or without politics? Would it be better for us as a subject race to deprive ourselves of our politics by a deliberate act of political suicide? *Not alone that.* There are questions that stare us in the face as a subject race—that will not be what they are but for our being a subject race. How shall we solve them? Shall we flee them for politics we have not and cannot have? Or shall we wait for a gallant

knight to break our fetters and then cast our eyes in search of "politics"? And after all be it known every nation makes its own politics. The politics of one free nation is not the same as that of another, the part played by one democracy is not the same as that played by another, the prestige of one autocracy is not that of another—and if our politics is the politics of a subject race, the fault, surely, is in us; and how can we become better by refusing to fight the battle of even a subject race? Granting that to-morrow benign England gives us *manumission* and steps aside, how long will it be ere we become again a subject race, and find that our politics is a mendicant wail? Before we are free we have to develop a great deal more than the mere theosophic desire to be free, and these we have unfortunately to develop while we have necessarily to continue as a subject race. To refuse this condition of work, to superciliously turn away from our politics as being the politics of a subject race, is to refuse to stand on our legs because of the shadow we cast.

And after all have there not been periods in the history of that very democracy which rules over us when the British people did not possess the rights we possess to-day?—When our rulers, not in the very remote past, were not as well off in certain respects as we their subjects are to-day? As a *subject* race are we denied the freedom of the press which as a *free* country England did not enjoy before she obtained it by a sturdy constitutional fight? Why, the right to petition, the right to *beg* which we hold so lightly, was a right for which free England had to fight. The right of constitutional agitation itself was a right for which step by step England had to struggle, and to-day there are races which are not subject races whose rights of agitation are not free and unencumbered. Being constantly in touch with the *political* life of England we are led to think that despotism is the exception and popular Government the rule, whereas the contrary is the truth. The fact that we are a conquered race ought not to be allowed to distort the rights we enjoy as a *politically* free people—although we do not enjoy all the rights of a free people. We are prone to believe that disabilities are imposed upon us because we are a conquered race—whereas the freedom from disabilities is a triumph of the *people's* cause over the despotism of the ruling element in the land everywhere, England included; and for the people to obtain rights from the ruling oligarchy they had everywhere to suffer, sacrifice and dare. We shall well define the object of our ambition:—

We do not desire to send away the English people, but we desire to secure self-Government as a constituent factor in the British Empire? If it were the former, it could with right be said that our politics is a mendicant wail and that a subject race can have no politics. And even supposing that that most miraculous of miracles, our freedom from foreign domination, comes to pass, and that we continue to be a free nation, a greater miracle, it may not at all be accompanied with popular rights and self-Government. Supposing England retires from India, does anybody believe for a moment that she will come under a form of Representative Government? The question therefore is, is it our ambition to free ourselves from English rule—although it may not be followed by the establishment of a popular and democratic form of Government—or is it to secure for our country Representative Government as a constituent factor of the British Empire? If it is the latter all talk of our politics being a mendicant wail, of our being a subject race, can have no meaning and can carry absolutely no significance, and those who have been unwittingly writing of a parting of ways must find it here. If, on the other hand, the question is raised whether as British subjects or citizens we can come to be invested with real self-Government, it will be found that it is not British subjection that will in the long run militate against it so much as the internal and domestic condition of India. And if this should be acknowledged what a day-dream and a farce to think of India freed from foreign rule? If anywhere constitutional agitation has had a place in the evolution of political liberty and of the sovereignty of the people, if it has in fact played a part in the making of England as it is to-day, then certainly it is not a thing to be despised by India. Real constitutional agitation, not a base counterfeit of it, not a servile imitation, not a deceptive make-believe, not the superstitious observance of an effete custom in which we believe not but which we have to practise because the eyes of our neighbours are on us, not in fact "constitutional agitation" of the type we have been witnessing for the last some years, but *real* constitutional agitation alone, in which we put our heart and faith and sustained work, which calls forth our devotion from year's end to year's end, which has access to all the money we can spare, to all the energy we can spare, which we erect on the adamant rock of stubborn sincerity, agitation of such a kind alone will narrow our differences, broaden our sympathies, draw closer our ties and infuse into us the confidence to dare for our rights. A people that cannot sacrifice money, energy and time

and labour, cannot certainly be expected to enter on the amenities of a peaceful struggle. Struggle braces up for struggle and sacrifice for sacrifice, and where is the good of our speculating on our final possibilities when we shrink back from what lies nearest to hand? Our misgivings, therefore, either as to the nature of our agitation or as to the political status it is open for us to enjoy as a factor in the Empire in spite of our being a conquered race, or as to the manifest necessity there is for us to persist in our agitation, or as to the rightful place constitutional agitation holds in the British Empire, all these misgivings are merely vicious growths induced partly by the last two reactionary Viceroyalties and partly by the helpless way in which we have allowed our own "constitutional agitation" to drift until it has come to a state of collapse. There is absolutely no warrant for us to entertain any of these misgivings, although it is open to us to question our confidence in ourselves, whether we are capable of sustained effort and effective and harmonious combination which our aspirations impose upon us. That however is a different problem and venerable almost in its antiquity. Leaving that alone there is not a single misgiving we need harbour as to the utility, necessity and rightful place of political agitation in India. And again it is entirely a different question to raise— and a perfectly necessary and consistent one—whether we are carrying on our constitutional agitation as it ought to be carried on, whether we have been progressing in our methods and means, strengthening our basis, and widening our scope. I am afraid when this question is raised, our Congress leaders will have to answer for much, much of opportunities lost, much of inglorious contentment, much of false and spurious tactics, and for shirking the labour of thought and the responsibility of leadership. Internal management or want of it apart, and grave irregularities which began to show themselves early in the career of the Congress being also set aside, the Congress leaders committed their first grave blunder when they obtained their first great victory. The expansion of our Legislative Councils was, if it was the fruit of Congress agitation, also its seed of decay, unless more of energy, more of thought and more of organization could have been brought into the movement to prevent that fruit becoming such a seed and to convert it into a source of fresh vitality and added nutrition. They must have known that that measure was not only likely to be construed as the fulfilment of the purpose of the Congress, but likely to grow into an insidious rival undermining the influence and prestige of the Congress and to rob it a good deal of its vitality. Did

the Congress exist only for securing the expansion of Legislative Councils or did it exist for the growth of a political India? If it was for the former it might have been wound up years ago; but if it was for the latter, did the Congress leaders adapt the movement to the altered circumstance? If they did not do it then, are they prepared to do it at least now? All may not realise the importance of that measure, and many may find in our expanded Council only an anomalous and *nondescript* body of no particular utility or force. But a little thought and memory will be enough to show what a great change the expansion of our Councils has brought about, and how greatly it will be instrumental in making or marring our political future. When we continually agitated for this measure we practically asked Government to test not only our capacity but our *ripeness*, as well, for political privileges. Well, that was a risky test. Thereby we gave our rulers consistent opportunity to test our political worth and sincerity. It is one thing for the picked few to deliver splendid declamations once a year, and altogether a different thing for the country at large to "prove itself worthy of a political privilege, to select its best men uninfluenced by extraneous considerations, and for these men to justify their choice. On the other hand, for the members of the ruling class in the country it was an experience equally trying. The powers of interpellation touched them to the quick. For an ordinary pleader, schoolmaster, or "land-lord" or merchant from a mofussil district to take his seat with His Excellency the Governor, sit as one of his Councillors and Colleagues, was a circumstance quite fatal to the dignity of the *Mahap* of the District, would have been in fact inconceivable to him but for the trumpet demand for it made by the "Congress." But that he should call into question his conduct in a particular affair, that Government should seriously demand his explanation, and that his answer should be made public, was in fact paralysing the administration and converting black into white and white into black. If District administrators and departmental heads felt the change as nothing short of a mad concession and a sorry blunder for which they and not the House of Commons had to suffer, the Presidents of the Councils felt equally constrained to submit to insufferable "harangues." The Congress came once a year, and they were not compelled to attend it. With the expansion of the Councils the Congress was brought into the sanctum of the Government, and the very gods were compelled to listen to the imprecations as often as they sat in Council. The feeling of Lord

Elgin's Council was the feeling of almost every Council, and the hardship is still borne because there is no go--and what cannot be cured must be endured. But when it is recalled that at times the interpellation of Native members has been instrumental in bringing about censure and reduction of members of the Board of Revenue, the feeling which the measure should have excited among Civilians generally, and the schooling the Government must have undergone must be easy to understand. How many curt "No"s and how many imperious "Yes"s without any further information or reference have been availed of as the only channel through which resentment could be conveyed of this most obnoxious piece of legislation, and how often have serene tempers been ruffled and a volley discharged against the unceremonious outlander! And more than all, how ruinously and fatally has the yawning gulf of difference between the capabilities of European apologists and Indian critics been disclosed? The Indian Councils which as a policy favoured mediocrities and titular royalties, men who would smile when the President smiled and knit their brows when he frowned, and raised their hands and let them fall automatically, and which were chambers of irreproachable official decorum, of faint smiles and imperceptible nods, of suppressed whispers and stolen glances, were thrown open by a literal stroke of the pen to an inundation of Congress oratory. The time is not yet come for us to gauge the effect of such a change—but that it should be far reaching there can be no question. When such a change took place virtually in answer to the demands of the Congress, how did the leaders utilise the change and adapt their movement to the altered condition?

With supine indolence they continued the Congress as it has been conducted all along without bestowing a thought on the change that had come over the country, and settled down into a conviction that the methods of agitation that had secured them so valued a privilege would unquestionably serve them for obtaining similar concessions. They had to play the same part, adopt the same tactics, raise the same war-cry, brandish the same sword, unfurl the same banner, and dance the same war dance and pour out the same incantations, and all would be well and more and more of concessions and privileges would fall into the Congress cauldron. By alternate threats and entreaties, and by scathing denunciations and vehement protestations of loyalty, by resounding imprecations and violent professions of attachment, once a year, the Congress leaders hoped to win as they had won in the expansion of the

Legislative Council. And more than all they failed to see that this expansion of the Council was going to cut the ground beneath them in a variety of ways. The Congress as an annual demonstration, agitating for the recognition in some manner or other of the principle of methodical and authorised representation, was an intelligible demonstration, a reasonable agitation and hence a powerful movement. It could not be said that the Congress as an *agitation* could have gained power and prestige, supposing for a moment that we had at the time the Congress was begun some popular representation based on some elective principle; probably it might not have been begun at all in that case. The root-idea from which the movement has sprung is representation in the Government of the country. Well when that measure was secured, could the movement afford to continue on its old lines as a mere agitation? and as an agitation could it afford to draw the same vitality when no more the old root could be found there? Could it be a living, growing organism when no sap could circulate from beneath to all the branches? But that was not all; for the change was more far-reaching. There is a proverb that the plantain dies by the very fruit that it yields—its purpose is exhausted, its mission fulfilled and, it must wither. So it was with the Congress after the expansion of the Councils. The gospel of the Congress came to be taken up and preached in all the Legislative Councils, in the very presence of the rulers of the provinces, and Congress propaganda had admission into the very sanctuary where our destiny was shaped so far as it can be shaped in this country, and the gospel so preached naturally came to enjoy greater acceptance than anything that could be said by the Congress, and to that extent went down its power to engross public attention or command the ear of Government. Nor did the expansion of our Councils have only the effect of sterilising the movement first by depriving it of its sap and next by raising a formidable rival to it; it was instrumental in perpetrating active mischief. It began to prove an apple of discord and introduced division where there was harmony before, acrimony where there was agreement, and weakness where there was strength. If our rulers wanted to raise a demon to divide us and enfeeble all our undertakings, to prompt us to fritter our energies in pulling down one another, they could not have done better than when they gave us this privilege of representation. In some places during the very first election and in others during the second or the third, mutual jealousies, charges and counter charges made their

appearance duly as though they were the logical corollaries of the privilege that had been granted to us and for which we had successfully agitated.* Reflections were cast, accusations were flung and enmity was established. Principles and politics were alike set aside. The dictates of policy, the claims of progress and the demands of fair-play and mutual recognition all gave place to the paramount consideration of self. The politics was common to all, one man will do as well as another, one man's claim was as good as another's. The fight became free—each for himself and against the others became the motto, and the result was truly humiliating. As has been observed so often, where there is a political contest not on political grounds, but on every other possible and personal ground, the contest is bound to become a peculiarly demoralising one—it degenerates into a prize fight in which all is fair and nothing is tabooed. Why does A contest B in India? Not because his views are different from B's, but because he in preference to all others desires to take his seat in the Council, and what can be more disastrous to our political progress than that in a country strewn with differences as ours? Well, after this, what real cohesion can there be among the public men? Add to this that men who had scrupulously stood aloof from politics of every colour and complexion began to hasten to represent the country in the Council, and it will be seen how free the fight became. It seemed as though the Congress men had wanted something to fight for among themselves, and as soon as that was forthcoming they fell to it;—but with this important result that the old cohesion in the Congress gave way to the new differences. Still, the Congress resolves every year on deluding itself that it is the same old Congress and can afford to continue as it is! Look at the picture of the Congress as it was and as it is. The central plank on which it was based, the claim for representation, is no more there; as an agitation, as a mere demonstration, as a display and a show, it has merely the frame-work to stand on, not the compact platform that it used to have. The men who stand on it have not only to feel that they have no more a simple and all sufficient plank to stand on, but feel that they themselves are no more that compact body they were some years ago. The absence of the privilege of representation was a bond that held them together by motives of common ambition and advancement, and the possession of it now has proved a barrier dividing one from the other. Nor can the demonstration lay claim to the same utility

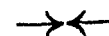
as it did once before. Is it a wonder then that the Congress has come to be what it is, has come to excite the apathy of its adherents, the derision of critics, the disheartenment of the earnest and the sincere? Is it a wonder that the Anglo-Indian can only cast upon it a look of mingled contempt and satisfaction—contempt at its empty pretensions and satisfaction at the manifest fulfilment of the destiny he had promised for the movement? And is there room for doubt that as a mere annual demonstration it is bound to collapse sooner than later? And still, we pretend to question the utility of constitutional agitation in India, demand if a subject race can have politics, grow impatient of our mendicant wail, persuade ourselves into the belief that the wickedness of the world, especially of that tiny speck known as Great Britain, will be its own punishment, preparing ourselves for the rewards of virtue and willing self-effacement! We pretend to read to the end of time and declare that our political fate is all but sealed. We take it upon ourselves to proclaim that we can be no more than helots under the British Rule. Between the "agitation" as we carry it on and the misgivings amidst which we carry it on, it cannot be a surprise if really we happen to make no more progress than helots. Nations that became free, thought they were free and had a right to be acknowledged free, they did not convince themselves to be helots first and then seek freedom. They denied they were helots, they denied they were servile, they spurned to be told their rights were tainted; and they laid down they were free, would become free, and became free. But look at our professions, theories and misgivings and agitations! They are all in accordance with one another, and yet we do not scruple to cast the entire blame on the Government.

It may perhaps be asked what should be our plan of work. It seems to be indispensably essential now, if we have to make any progress at all, that the Congress should first be converted from an annual demonstration into a sustained political organization—from an agitating body into a working body, from a show into a stronghold. And as a political organization it should be bound up with Provincial and District organizations; it should draw strength and energy from every part of the country and impart in turn vigour and vitality. In our political endeavours it should come to be at once a centripetal and centrifugal force. It should rest on the weight of popular support and co-operation and become *national* in its outlook and character. Not merely agitation, but the political education of

the country as well should come under its avowed function. The election to the Councils should not be permitted to become an endless source of personal and public animosities, a prolific cause of dissension and weakness, of disgust and demoralization. It should be, if not quite entirely yet very powerfully, influenced by the Congress organizations of the country, and the members returned must be their nominees as a rule, if not invariably. Thorough study of the questions dealt with, actual touch with the people, and a high sense of self-respect should be marked features in the elected members. Parallel to this work in India should be carried on the agitation in England. In fact, what we have to undertake to do now is to show ourselves capable of "representative opposition" to Government, before we can claim representative Government. Until we prove that we are capable of the former, we cannot dream of being entrusted with the latter. If we cannot work as an opposition, do we hope to work as anything more than an opposition? The question, as I have observed before, is the venerable one of the faith of the people of India in themselves. If we have that faith in ourselves we shall not be content with pursuing a shadow as we have been doing in running the Congress year after year. But then what right have we without putting forth work, without possessing faith in ourselves, without a mind of our own, trembling and nervous, clutching at a shadow, pursuing a phantom, afraid to make a departure, afraid to enter upon work, afraid to formulate a plan of action or to adhere to it, what right have we, such as we have been, to disown constitutional agitation and to deride our politics? And what right also have we, being what we are, for blaming foreigners for not doing for us what we will not venture to do ourselves? The people of England obtained what they have from their Government, and we a foreign race want everything to be given to us by our conquerors! And if they do not, we are ready to call ourselves their helots and endeavour to convince ourselves in every way that we are and can be no more than helots. Between those who refuse to make a departure in the agitation as we have been carrying it on and those who have no faith in any agitation, it could not be a wonder if after all we continue to be no better than helots—helots in spite of the progressive, democratic and free people that rule over us and in spite of all the privileges and opportunities we unquestionably enjoy.

U. K. VYASA ROW.

SOUTH INDIAN SNOBS.



"An action in bad taste is more disillusionizing to success than the cruellest blows of rage of hate,"—

THACKERAY in his Book of Snobs has told us what a snob is, but his examples of English snobbery—as far as I recollect—are taken from social life; and although Thackeray was himself an Anglo-Indian, in a way, it is not to be supposed he knew anything of snobbery in India. I have no pretension to rival the immortal writer of Esmond, but it strikes me that India offers a grand field of observation for another Thackeray to delineate the snob. In a humble and diffident way I may pave the way for him.

India is first and foremost a land of officials. Go where we may, reside where we will, seek any kind of Society available, we cannot escape from the official—and nearly as ubiquitous as the official is the missionary, and in their ranks are chiefly found the most pronounced specimens of the genus snob. Among officials there are Civilian Snobs, Uncovenanted Snobs, Military Snobs, Eurasian Snobs, and Native Snobs; and among missionaries—in which category are not included Roman Catholic Missionaries—the European Snob only. The Native Pastors of the various Protestant denominations are mere doormats to be trampled on and to wipe the floor with. Among Roman Catholic Missionaries, European or Native, Snobbery is not common. Now, I am speaking of the average Missionary. Among Protestant Missionaries are men worthy of all respect and love and who are most certainly far removed from being snobs, but like good deeds in an evil world they shine only in a few remote places. In this snobbery on the part of Protestant Missionaries and the absence of snobbery among Roman Catholic Missionaries lies perhaps the secret of the success of the latter in establishing a living church in this alien land. There is no possible shadow of doubt that if all the European Missionaries, Roman Catholic and Protestant in India, were to leave this country in a body, the Roman Catholic Native clergy would be able to carry on their religious work nearly as successfully as it is conducted now, and that before very long they

would absorb the deserted Protestant congregations, if these did not revert to their primitive beliefs. After a hundred and fifty years of proselytism it is astonishing that the Protestant denomination of India have not yet established anything like a vigorous, progressive national Indian Church. In fact it is the other way about. In the very midst of missionary centres is discontent and division. And why?—because the majority of the present day missionaries are snobs. I do not exaggerate. The missionary snob is the most objectionable of snobs—more specially when he is not a church of England man who is generally a gentleman. The missionary snob is a parasite who hankers after Society. He fishes for invitations to station dinners and boasts of intimate relations with the Collector to his Native congregation. He gives the tips of his three fingers in public to his Native pastor and in private treats him with scant courtesy. The missionary snob carefully avoids Eurasian Society. It is not every one that can afford to wear a shabby coat. He is in his own estimate a cut above coloured people, and is always in the wake of European officialdom or runs after the genial planter. The planter himself, whatever his other failings, is never a snob—and is always glad to be amused by the missionary snob. With native officials the missionary snob is apparently friendly, but his cordiality is merely patronage. When he meets the same officials in the presence of the latter's superior his former condescension becomes patent. As a man of the world the missionary snob is tolerable, but when he begins to cant—and cant, unfortunately, is habitual with most missionaries—he exhibits his most objectionable side: The missionary pedagogue or Professor is generally free from the objectionable characteristics of snobbery. Wholesome intercourse with critical student minds and observation act as a check on snobbish ways. It is the missionary whose business is conversion, whose work requires the help of prominent officials, who tries like St. Paul to be all things to all men, who gradually divests himself of the respect and esteem of those who know him and develops snobbery of the worst type. A simple incident will illustrate what I mean. A friend of mine was once occupying a traveller's bungalow with one main room and two dressing and two bath rooms. When there were more than one to be accommodated, the dressing rooms were used as bed rooms. My friend was a hardworking independent Eurasian subordinate, whose colour scarcely vouched for his being a British born subject of fourteen annas in the rupee. Early one morning the Collector

turned up, and my friend met him and began shifting his things to the smaller room but was prevented by the big official on the ground that he was only staying an hour or two and would not inconvenience the subordinate in possession—and a subordinate whom he had seen for the first time—and the consequence was that a pleasant couple of hours was passed, my friend being an intelligent and well informed man. The Collector departed, and by way of contrast came a missionary. Walking up the drive with his catechist he spied the coloured Engineer subordinate seated on the verandah smoking a cigar. The sight was irritating to the *Padre Sahib*, who stopped and sent on his servant to tell the subordinate that the Rev. Jackanaper was coming and that the occupant of the bungalow should vacate the big room and go into the dressing room. The weather was killing in its intense heat, and my friend was a rather impatient man—but willing at all times to give civility if civility were given him. He merely looked at the *Padre Sahib's* servant at first, but seeing him linger, as if uncertain, he jumped up from his seat and roared "Tell your master to come and tell me himself." That was all! The missionary thought it prudent to keep out of sight for the rest of my friend's stay, and tradition now hath it that he sought refuge in his catechist's house. Of course missionaries—snobs or gentlemen—are not men of war, but they lose nothing by ordinary civility to men whom they consider their inferiors. If there are male missionary snobs there are female specimens also; but these are, if anything, more prudent, but none the less objectionable. The sex protects them.

THE OFFICIAL SNOB.

He is divisible into two distinct classes: the Civilian and the Uncovenanted. Before he degenerates into a snob the civilian is generally, I should say, mostly always, a gentleman. His snobbery is the outcome of the servility of native officials and the deference of uncovenanted wallahs. The conceit born of this treatment is often neutralized in large cities by the little, if any, consideration for the greatness of his position accorded him by independent mercantile men. Planters in the districts also are a wholesome brake on the vanity of the Indian Civil servant. Assured by his good official position as a leading light in Anglo-Indian Society, the civilian snob is often merely a prig or a Bahadur and his snobbishness is most visible in his treatment of the uncovenanted man, but

to the civilian much is forgiven, and the uncovenanted wallah is always willing, so to speak, to pick up the crumbs from his table. The uncovenanted official is a snob in grain. More or less country born he has imbibed native ways of thought and accepts European ideals with the consequence that he is both obsequious and domineering. He is always afraid of losing his position with the *elite* of Anglo-Indian Society in which his official position often thrusts him, and is abject there, and of compromising it if he should stoop too much from his high estate and is arrogant in turn. The result is snobbery of the most contemptible kind. By natives he is detested as one who knows their little ways and who makes no secret of doing so. By the civilian and the military official he is tolerated as an inevitable necessity and by the general public he is estimated for just as much as he is worth, not a penny more! The military official is growing scarce. He was formerly found in the Police, in the D. P. W., and in the Survey, and was much liked for his liberal sympathies, his honesty of character and the genial absence of snobbing. He is still gratefully remembered by subordinates of all ranks, and if a military official ever is a snob it is a circumstance as regrettable as it is singular. The Eurasian snob is as objectionable as the uncovenanted snob, but he is so few in number that his snobbery is not often experienced. There are extenuating circumstances, and his snobbery is born of those circumstances which make his life one long struggle to maintain a respectable position in defiance of his environment. The worst kind of Eurasian snob is the one who, unmistakably Eurasian, is ashamed of himself and parades in the peacock feathers of European descent. This is the man who having not a relative in the British Isles will insert a domestic occurrence in a leading newspaper with the rider "English and Australian papers please copy."

THE NATIVE SNOB.

The native snob is a product of our modern University system. Having divested himself of the calm demeanour and oriental courtesy of his forbears, the native snob is flighty and inquisitive, and exhibits a lack of manners as lamentable as his condition is pitiable. If young and inexperienced the charitable observer hopes that when the chrysalis stage of Western culture is got over, he will develop into the semblance of a gentleman. If old the snobbishness is incurable. The native snob is proud to obtrude his official position at

all times, places and occasions, and it is stated that even in the sanctity of his household he attitudinises as an official. But this, doubtless, is a libel. In this class of snobs may be included the Zemindar snob, the Vakil snob, and the well read snob who has Mill and Adam Smith at his fingers' ends and spouts Wordsworth and Browning and thinks he is a Matthew Arnold or a Carlyle come to judgment. He is occasionally insufferable.

A. P. S.

HINDU ORPHANAGES.



THE Hindu Association which was incorporated last December with the object of working, in their own national way, for the social upheaval of the Hindus, has put it as one of their aims, to provide for the maintenance of Hindu orphans. This clause in special, of the many put down, has attracted my sympathy to the movement. For this is a subject which has been annoying me for a considerable length of time, and it cannot be but pleasing to me that men of worth and means have come forward to embody my abstract longings into concrete realities. I longed in my own humble way to see our orphans well provided for and not left to be pierced by winds or drenched in the rain. But no wish can be fulfilled without action. And in cases like this, the concentrated action of a number of individuals is required. So, then, I have every hope in the new Association, and I trust my hopes would not be belied in the long run.

It would be unfair on my part to lay at the doors of all the Hindus the grave charge that they do not bestow any help on these unfortunate creatures. Because I know that our Punjabee brethren are very forward in their efforts to protect the waif and stray of their land. A friend of mine wrote to me last year from the Punjab thus: "Believe me, sir, we encourage Hindi, we encourage Sanskrit, we encourage our arts and industries, and we protect our orphans, especially in those impoverished districts where they easily fall a prey to the clutches of famine stemming it over, to the Christian Missionary." And to confess the truth I *blushed* when I read the epistle. For my conscience smote me hard that we in the South, where the grim monster of famine is so relentless, should be so singularly inactive. We are a nation, famed for charity and piety. I may say that pity is indelibly marked in the heart of every true Hindu. Our national lyrics, our epics and our dramas teem with stories which moralise that pity is a sacred gift. Even the brutal creation here is said to be possessed of pity. What actuated the monkey band, if it be not pity for Seetha, to undergo those pangs and privations? When such is the case it will only be proving ourselves unworthy of our heritage if we should so shamelessly leave our orphans in the lurch. We may clamour for political rights, we may

bother our heads over schemes of social regeneration. But neither effort is bound to achieve substantial success when there is a decay in the base of society, when the distressed are left uncared for and when material aims begin to harden our softer feelings. We must always believe that there is a superior power above us, who is watching our movement and who is an impartial judge. He cannot brook cruelty. He cannot brook oppression, He cannot brook even negligence. All our movements, be it political or social, are not bound to bear fruit, unless there is the unseen hand of providence to water them. "There is a destiny which shapes our ends." And that destiny enjoins us to do our duty first. But have we done our duty by our suffering brethren, those parentless, houseless, foodless, children? Have we institutions where we clothe them, feed them, shelter them? No, we have not. How then can we expect kindness to be shown us or done us by our Government or by any other body, when we are not kind and just ourselves? We have imitated the West in dress and furniture and that perhaps to our ruin. But we do not imitate the foreigner in establishing orphanages or doing such noble things. Humanity to the suffering, and the impartiality of God which shows us that we also should not be partial and negligent are not the only reasons for opening orphanages and helping these little beings. There are also economic reasons which we cannot ignore. India is a land of agriculture, and her population is composed heavily of peasants. They are poor, and it is with utmost labour they manage to keep the wolf from the door. Yet with all their frugality and industry their lands fail them perhaps for want of rain or of inundations or any other freak of nature. What is the result? Famine, starvation, death, devastation. And the falling off in numbers of the peasants means the gradual breaking down of the backbone of India. If we consider the fate of the artisans of the backbone of India. If we consider the fate of the artisans similar disquieting features stare us in the face. The very few industries we boast of flicker only in towns, and what a miserable life our workmen lead in the wretched lanes of towns can be better imagined than described. And when plague, cholera or any such epidemic sets in, it is these humble workmen that fall victims to it. Tens after tens die in a town and the loss inflicted thereby is as irreparable as it is great. For in our parts we do not see in a particular town a variety of trades pursued by the people. One town may be noted for its dyeing industry, another for its cheroots, another for its clothes, while another for its embroidery. Thus a terrible mortality in the lower orders of a town is nothing short of an annihilation of the

artisans who carried on the industry for which the district was noted. Yet another danger threatens us in this connection. It is a curious fact that people in India have carried prejudices and likings so far, that those in one part of the country will always use only a certain kind of utensils and wear only a certain kind of cloth. For instance the Numbudries of Malabar will wear only the clothes of Malabar make. The result of this is that when one district is infected the demand for the special things which it produced falls down and another district which was its usual supplier suffers in consequence, from under consumption. This economic phenomenon, so peculiar to India and so common in countries where inter-municipal trade has not yet been discouraged, is very well exemplified by the low ebb to which the cloth industry of Salem has fallen owing to the prevalence of plague in Bombay and Mysore. Thus be it famine, or be it plague, the result in both cases is the same. And it is to our interest and the interest of India that the sons of those artisans who die of plague or of famine should be protected, at least to preserve if not to develop the dyeing industries of India. Over and above all, there is the reason that the care for our religion makes us foster the orphans. In India, religion is no fashion. It is all in all and the end of all. To it we owe the permanence of our nation and to it are to be ascribed what we have and what we are. Nations have come and gone. But India is. Ancient pantheistic Egypt fell, mighty Rome perished like a bubble, the Empire of Persia dwindled into nothing. But how is it India, torn, enfeebled, enslaved, stands to-day the same as ever. Because in India religion is stable, though everything else undergoes a change. Shake her religion, she will tumble. But this visitation of famine affects our religion as well. For to-day the Christian Missionary walks through the land taking in one hand food and shelter to the dying people and in the other, the Bible so that the men who are rescued, in return, embrace a new religion out of gratitude at the best. To us these men are ever lost, if once we loose them. This mode of conversion, of course most laudable from the Christian standpoint, is a ruin to our cause, and to our religion. If we leave in the lurch the helpless little children of the dead or those too poor to maintain them, the result would be a triumph to the Padre and distress to the Hindu. No more causes need I adduce in favour of orphanages, nor would any one require even the reasons I took pains to enumerate.

Having discussed the necessity for establishing orphanages let

me consider how they can be instituted. Every two or three districts must have an orphanage of their own, and it should be established in up-country parts, at sanitary places. Every institution should be furnished to accommodate at least fifty orphans. Persons of light and leading may be requested to superintend the institution, and to see that the children are well treated. Masters and trainers of the orphans must be given quarters in the orphanage itself, so that they may be in constant touch with the boys under their care. Their morals, health and training, must be carefully attended to, and in no case should the teacher tolerate laziness, dishonesty and similar vices among the young ones. The training that they need are purely technical. A few must be taught scientific agriculture and cattle breeding. Others may be trained in smithy and other kindred works. While a few who display uncommon intelligence may be specially sent up to foreign countries to undergo industrial training there. One thing should be emphasised in this connection, and it is that the orphans should not be put to any undue strain. The work that should be assigned to them in their boyhood, before they are ripe to receive any definite instruction, must be of a mechanical nature and should be very light. Rope-making, fibre-extracting, and similar works are perhaps some of the best occupations which would meet with the ready approval of the youngsters. In the orphanage there will necessarily be children, and they must be placed under the care of women. Generally all boys under eight might be kept under the management of women. And the orphanage of children must be in a separate quarter, though in the same locality. No one is perhaps better suited for the task of woman-managers than the Hindu widow. For none but the suffering can understand the sorrows of the suffering. Thus the orphanages in a way may be partly made also as a home for poor and helpless widows. The religious side of the institution should not be neglected, and common places of worship must be erected where communion both in morning and evening must be made compulsory, on the part of the orphans. Moreover, religious ideals may be given them in the form of stories and services. It is needless to add that the physical training of the boys should not be neglected. But while initiating them into English plays such as foot-ball, cricket and hockey, it would be worth while to make them take part in Hindu games and gymnastics. It is quite unnecessary to speak here of any results that would accrue from such institutions. For the subject is suggestive and every reader can realise the part that would be played

by these institutions in raising the tone of our society, morally, intellectually, economically and physically. I opened the short paper with an allusion to the Hindu Association and a hope for the realisation of my wishes, and in closing, too, let me say that I firmly believe and pray that by the efforts of the new Association, the condition of our orphans be improved, God willing.

R. NARAYANASWAMI.

A PLEA FOR BUDDHISM.



GENERATION transmits to generation the holy passion which pants for truth and liberty. Since that rare and rich personality, Gautama, Buddha, lived and died, centuries have come and gone. All that was perishable in him—his flesh and blood—lie mingled in the elements. His splendid life, his luminous thoughts, his commanding genius, his soul-ravishing heroism, live yet to astonish and influence the world of thought.

Some five-and-twenty centuries ago, Gautama, the best and greatest of our race, was born, to drive away from the brain of man the ghosts of superstition, to unveil Truth to the wondering gaze of mankind, and to celebrate Love above all things. Born a prince to luxury, to pleasure and to glory, as the son of Siddhodana, King of Kapilavastu, of the Sakya race, he reached manhood in a splendid isolation,—like a brilliant star that dwells apart. Having lost his mother, Mayadevi, within seven days of his birth, the child began to grow musing to himself. The vain shows of the world had no charms for him. He was ever living on the topmost heights of thought. To dislodge him from his sublime contemplation, he was married to Yasodara, a paragon of beauty and virtue. She bore him a pretty son whom he named Rahula, for he thought him to be a tight bond binding him to wife and home. The sights of pain and misery, of old age and sickness, of decay and death, made him almost impatient of human life and sorrow. He chafed at the presence of sorrow at every step of life. He willed to banish sorrow from the hearts of men. To facilitate this work, he abandoned his beloved wife and child. He cast aside sovereignty. He left his gilded parlour for the desert air. He ran through all the sciences of his day. He tried every method of penance that was sanctified by tradition. He sought the aid of every teacher known then to public fame. In the service of Humanity, he worked and bled. He was in quest of Happiness—not for his little self but for all men. Herein lies the excellence of his renunciation and service. He endured every suffering : but the panacea for human misery was not to be found yet. Undaunted by disappointment, he persisted in his search for Truth. Seated under the cool shades of a tree, henceforth to be called the Botree, he found at last what he sought

so long. Speaking of Shakespeare's genius, that prince of orators, Robert Green Ingersoll, refers to him as 'wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought.' Out of stray truths of nature, Buddha built his 'beauteous thoughts, the wondrous thing which we now call Buddhism. In profound love, he bequeathed to the human race the riches of his heart and brain. He was rejected and cast away. Opposition and ridicule stared him in the face. Nothing daunted, he persisted and persisted, till he was understood, till great potentates became his willing peons, till the poor and the rich, the learned and the illiterate, the high and the low—all flocked to his standard. His father, his wife, his son, his kinsmen, all became his converts. Nunneries and monasteries arose everywhere for the moral regeneration of the country. Carried away by self-forgetting enthusiasm, hundreds of missionaries sprang up to preach his gospel of Love, here, there and everywhere. Saints and savants, kings and queens, kissed his dust in self-forgetfulness. Outraged humanity found in him a saviour and in his works their greatest solace. Full five-and-forty years he spent in loving ministration to the sinning and sorrowing humanity, and passed away to his Eternal Rest. Ransack the pages of History, and see if you can find one glorious character like his, one sublime renunciation like his, one divine sorrow like his, one splendid suffering like his, one laborious and useful life like his! How great and grand he was in his humility. And Dr. Oldenberg tells it: "In the days when his (Buddha's) reputation stood at its highest point, and his name was named throughout India among the foremost names, one might day by day see that man before whom kings bowed themselves, alms-bowl in hand, going through streets and alleys, from house to house, and without uttering any request with downcast look, stand silently waiting until a morsel of food was thrown into his bowl." Huxley saw in Buddah an Idealist 'deeper than the greatest of modern idealists.' Prof. Rhys-Davids speaks of Buddah as 'the greatest and wisest and best of Hindus' and as 'the most intellectual of the religious teachers of mankind.' Well, what is it which Gautama sought and won? What is the message which he has delivered to the world? What is it which he has bequeathed to our race, which thrills the heart of every brave and thoughtful man to the ecstasies of joy? What is the word which this Apostle of the Understanding has given us, which speaks truth to the soul of man?

The word, which we call Buddhism, is briefly this. Of course, to enter fully into the details of Buddhism is not our business here.

Buddhism asserts that the universe is of one essence, developing to one end according to one law: that there is no Individuality without a Putting Together, no Putting Together without a Becoming, no Becoming without a Becoming Different, and no Becoming Different without a Dissolution. The truth of the transiency of all that is, is well expressed by Huxley: 'In the whole universe there is nothing permanent, no eternal substance either of mind or matter.' Having asserted that the whole universe is in constant flux, Buddhism goes on to reject the theory that these are "things-in-themselves." It denies "soul-in-itself" but upholds individuality as expressed in deeds and revealed in characteristics. Buddhism asserts the truth of our being: that we are all individually a group of form, sensation, perception, discrimination and consciousness: that we are the result of a persistent aspiration or a habitual currency of thought. Buddhism recognizes the existence of sorrow. And who can deny sorrow? Had it not been for the existence of sorrow, why each religion, philosophy, or science, holds for the salvation? Salvation from what? Is it not from misery? Blindly people call Buddhism a pessimism simply because it recognizes the fact of sorrow. Well may a patient fall foul of a veteran doctor for acquainting him with the fact of the disease he is ailing from. Buddhism,—a pessimism? No—Never. It is a joyous optimism. It tells you straight that you are groaning under a heavy load of grief: and that grief is your own making and you can cast it out if you only will it. Nor is this all. It shows you the way.

To uproot sorrow Buddhism recognizes the *Four-Fold Truth*. Existence of Sorrow: Cause of Sorrow: Cessation of Sorrow: Way to Cessation of Sorrow. There is sorrow in birth, in growth, in disease, in death, in the union with the unpleasant, in the separation from the pleasant, in the craving for things which cannot be obtained. Sorrow originates in a cleaving to things. Sorrow ends if the fires of lust and hate are put out: Sorrow can be put an end to. Only a faithful pursuance of the *Eight-Fold Truth*, viz., Right Views; Right Aspirations; Right Effort; Right Mindfulness; Right Meditation; Right Speech; Right Conduct; Right Livelihood. The *Eight-Fold Truth* is in a word Purity of thought, word and deed: which means control over self and Love to others. With self at your command and with an all-embracing love to one and all, you do what you like, and you will triumph in a joyous repose over sin and sorrow. There can be no higher wisdom than self-control: there can be no higher contemplation than pervade the four corners of

the world with thoughts of love : there can be no greater work than a loving service to your fellow-beings : there can be no deeper faith than a generous mind. Yes, there can be nothing beyond the reach and grasp of love. Without a pure and loving mind, every life is but a waste, every science is foolish, every philosophy is mischievous, and every religion a conceited hypocrisy. This in short is the message of Buddhism.

Is Buddhism Nihilism? asks a friend. Certainly not. Charles Bray quotes in his beautiful book 'Anthropology', with cordial approval the words of that great thinker W. R. Alger on this point. Says that great writer : To stigmatize such a man (Buddha) in the opprobrious sense of the word as an 'atheistic eulogiser of nothingness, a godless unbeliever, is manifestly unjust. Absolute pure being is nothing definite, it is no *thing*. It is All. As Spinoza, with other metaphysical masters before and after him, has said, every determination of being is a negation : every attribute or quality affirmed of it is a limitation. Now Gautama Buddha's doctrine of the extinction of existence means the removal of limitation, the destruction of all obstacles to the return into that pure being whereof as indicated by the word Nirwana he himself says : we can affirm nothing, neither that it is nor that it is not, since it has no qualities. It is that conditionless state, the idea of which it bewilders the faculties of thought to conceive and baffles the resources of language to express.

As a pure and perfect Rationalist, Buddha did not negative but did rationalize the accepted conceptions of soul, of God, of heaven and hell, and of every hope and fear of man. He saw prayer in aspiration, and worship in self-denial. Buddhism knows no hell but a heart of greed and hate : knows no heaven but a heart of love and joy : knows no sin nor sorrow but what flows from the lust of self : knows no beauty nor greatness but a loving temper and a useful life : knows no bliss but to bathe oneself in the bliss of all.

Well, words can only falter and murmur to adequately express the glory of this divine Buddha. Bowed by the weight of almost a century of loving service, he laid himself at the lap of Nature with her loving arms around his weary head—and passed away into Nirwana. Love was the root and basis of his life. There was—there is—none kinder, none wiser, none more patient, none more self-sacrificing, none a greater thinker than he. If History vindicates his life, science attests the truths he uttered. In the worship

of Humanity, he was in advance of Comte by 2000 years. Buddha saw the origin of species long before Darwin saw it. Buddha wrested from nature the secrets of the stars and stands long before the modern astronomers and geologists. Buddha saw the origin of the universe in a nebulous cloud long before Herschel saw it. He saw the non-existence of soul-entity long before Haeckel. He saw dignity in Labour : reclaimed Folly : wiped the curse of shame from the outcast ; gave liberty to woman and ennobled her ; * he discarded self-seeking and saw a Saviour in Love. Thus History speaks of him. His steady hand has lit the sacred fire of truth, and the flame has been passing from soul to soul. No history—no romance—can paint a more beautiful character. The saintliest of men ! The very God on earth ! full of a love that knew of no self. He was "an intellectual ocean whose waves touched all the shores of thought." I wish my pen were touched with the fire of eloquence that I might paint for you in all its greatness and richness the glory of this King of Intellect, this Hero of Righteousness, this Incarnate of Love.

If to sacrifice life and all its possessions and pleasures for Truth and Humanity is greatness, Buddha was the greatest man the world has ever known through History or Romance.

If to hold thoughts thousands of years in advance of his age, and to proclaim truths which can fashion a perfect and happy man out of a two-legged creature, is the credit and function of a philosopher, Buddha was the most profound philosopher ever known or seen.

If to have been for centuries a perfect model for righteous living, for purity of heart and magnanimity of love, for full, free and rich manhood, and if to have given to the human race the fairest of flowers and the richest fruits of love and thought is goodness, Buddha was the very God on earth. May we correctly understand and faithfully follow his teachings ! After a lapse of centuries of varied fortunes, Buddhism comes to us like the buried spirit of a vanished world. And who can burn and bury the ashes of Truth ? As wise John Stuart Mill affirms in his *Liberty* : "The real advantage which truth has consists in this, that when an opinion is true, it may be extinguished once, twice, or many times, but in the course of ages there will generally be found persons to re-discover it, until some one of its re-appearances falls on a time when from favourable

* Sir Lepel Griffin says that Buddhism "has done more for the happiness and enfranchisement of woman than any other creed."

circumstances it escapes persecution until it has made such head as to withstand all subsequent attempts to suppress it." Brund may be burnt to death: but his thoughts live to be embodied in the sciences of his persecutors. Buddhism was in banishment. But as Sir William Hunter asserts: "Many of its best doctrines still live in Hinduism." Though as Dr. Cearn's puts it, 'a conflict between religion and science is impossible in Buddhism: ' though Buddhism was 'a pure human ethics' to the great Tyndale, and 'a stupendous fact' to Sir Leslie Stephen: though Schopenhauer "was obliged to concede to Buddhism the pre-eminence over the rest;" though in the words of Huxley it is "the dominant creed of a large fraction of mankind;" though it was a passion with Feurbach, with Comte, with Lewis and Emerson; though as Dr. Eitel says "that latest product of modern philosophy, the School of Comte, with its religion of humanity, is but Buddhism adapted to modern civilization:" though, as the same writer says, 'it attained even so long as two thousand years ago, to that grand 'Darwinian' idea of a pre-existing spontaneous tendency to variation as the real prime agent of the origin of species' and "forestalled in several instances the most splendid discoveries of modern astronomy." Teaching the origin of each world to have taken place out of a nebulous cloud, the Buddhists anticipated 2000 years ago Herschel's nebulous hypothesis. Even some of the results of modern geology may be said to have been 'intuitively divined by Buddhism': though, as Mr. Dutt says, Buddhism is the "religion of love": though, in the words of Monier Williams, "It (Buddhism) encouraged literature and art; it proclaimed peace, good-will and brotherhood among men; it deprecated war between nation and nation; it avowed sympathy with social liberty and freedom; it gave back much independence to women; it proclaimed purity in thought, word and deed; it taught self-denial without self-torture; it inculcated generosity, charity, tolerance, love, self-sacrifice and benevolence, even towards the inferior animals": though, in the words of Edwin Arnold, it is "this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom": still it is regrettable that Buddhism is largely misunderstood. Its very simplicity is one reason for the hope that it will some day reorganize the spiritual life of civilized nations. In these days of warring sects and competing creeds, of countless prejudices and interests, and of

shattered superstitions and learned sophistries, it is no easy matter to arrive at truth. When self-interest and self-exaltation seek to hush truth and disarm justice,—it is simply desperate to get a hearing for a simple but sublime truth. But there is still a hope born of despair. There are yet hearts that consciously seek for peace of soul. Buddhism may be unpopular with most of us here. But the unpopularity of a cause is a divine challenge for its careful study.

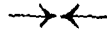
Let us see if the stone that is "rejected by the builders" cannot be found on a thorough examination, "to become the head-stone of the corner."

Buddhism is a positive monism, and a scientific meliorism. Buddhism does homage at the shrine of humanity. Buddhism is the creed of hope and of human dignity 'the creed of culture and love: the creed of peace and joy.' Buddhism is as broad as Humanity, as definite as Science, and as progressive as human Thought.

Is it too much to hope that rational and inquiring minds would seek happiness and enlightenment by Buddhism?

A. S. MUDALIAR.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN SCHOOLS.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Madras Review*.

PROFESSOR Paranjpye has done real service to the country by his timely protest against religious education in schools. Religion is *generally* understood to teach the existence of God who presides over this universe of spirit and matter. *Generally*—because one school of Vedanta, which is the Religion of India, does not teach the existence of God, different from spirit and matter. From the earliest times down to the present and in all countries and nations, there have been two theories of existence, the popular and the scientific. The popular theory is that there are two distinct entities in the universe, *viz.*, spirit and matter, presided over by God. The scientific theory is that there is but *one* Existence, whose aspects are spirit and matter. In the West, where science is divorced from religion, we find the monistic theory of the universe only among scientists, while Christianity is dualistic, though no doubt attempts have been made by scientific men to interpret it monistically. In the East, we find, however, the unique fact that Science and Religion have been blended in one of the schools of Vedanta already referred to, Advaita Vedanta which corresponds to the Monism of the West teaches the unity of Existence, though of course it differs from science on some material points, which must at any rate, be considered unproved now. There are two other schools of Vedanta, *viz.*, Visishtadvaitism and Dvaitism, which are both dualistic. Buddhism denies all existence and as such does not agree with Science. The other chief religions of the world, *e.g.*, Mahomedanism, are also dualistic, though as in Christianity, some scientific men have tried to understand them also monistically. The two prevailing theories of existence are therefore the monistic and the dualistic or the scientific and the popular. It is significant that science and religion have been reconciled in the Advaita Vedanta, which is rightly adopted by Theosophy. It must be admitted that Advaita Vedanta and Theosophy are “godless” in the sense in which God is understood by all the religions of the world, *i.e.*, as different from and presiding over spirit and matter. In this connection it must be stated in the words of Professor Max Müller that atheism is understood differently in India and in the West. In India atheism means denial of all existence, *e.g.*, Bud-

dhism is atheism. But in the West atheism means denial of God as different from and presiding over spirit and matter. According to the Western sense, both Advaita Vedanta and Theosophy are atheism. Madame Blavatsky says that the “Esoteric doctrine, *like advaitism*, teaches that there exists but one Infinite Existence from all eternity. There is but one secondless Existence and all the rest is phenomenal. There can be neither two infinities nor two absolutes.” Mrs. Anne Besant, F.T.S., says that “In Theology, Theosophy is pantheistic. It denies a personal God and holds that God is all and all is God. *Theosophy, so far from involving Dualism, is based on the one which becomes two on manifestation just as atheism posits one existence, only cognizable in the duality, force and matter* and as philosophic though not popular. Theism teaches one Deity whereof are spirit and matter. Hence as Madame Blavatsky says, agnostics and atheists more easily assimilate the teachings of Theosophy than do believers in orthodox creeds. In all that I have written and said as atheist against supernaturalism, I have nothing to regret, nothing to unsay. On the negative side, atheism seems to me to be unanswerable. Its case against supernaturalism is complete. I was satisfied and I have remained satisfied that the universe is not explicable on supernatural lines. According to the Theosophist every idea of the existence of the supernatural must be surrendered. The Theosophist only alleges that matter exists in states other than those at present known to science.” This “godless” Advaitism and Theosophy, though scientific, must be repugnant to those who believe in the dualistic religion that teaches the existence of God, different from spirit and matter; nor will the latter be acceptable to the former. It may be thought that the difference pointed out is not of practical importance. But this is not true. According to advaitism, “man wanders about (*i.e.*, is re-born) in the universe so long as he thinks of himself to be one with him, he obtains liberation.” This advaitic view is considered to be blasphemous by the dualists. Again, according to advaitism, “all virtue, all that is good, springs from recognizing the unity of the self and all vice, all that is evil, similarly arises from disregard of this truth and from the feeling that the self is not one, but many.” This view cannot also be acceptable to the dualists. Hence the differences between the different schools are essential and the difference in theory leads to differences in practice, religious and moral. Dualistic Religion ought not to be adopted as it is unscientific nor can advaitism or Indian Monism and much less Theosophy, which

adopts but adds a good deal to it, be unreservedly adopted at present for though they agree fundamentally with Monism—the Philosophy of Science—they still differ from it in some important particulars which have yet to be proved. It is therefore advisable to avoid religious education in schools. Every child has an inalienable right to mental liberty. It is the duty of those to whom the protection of the child is given, to see that that liberty is not infringed. The child cannot protect itself. Therefore, if those around it abuse their position by loading its mind with their own theories, dogmas, and speculations, they are doing the child an injury, which may seriously mar its future. Let the child, when it comes to the age of reason, have the same right to choose as we claim for ourselves. Let it have the opportunity of weighing, testing, judging all religions and philosophies, and choosing that which commends itself as reasonable and true. The education in schools ought to be confined to (1) The physical laws on which health depends, (2) the moral laws on which happiness depends, (3) the intellectual laws on which knowledge depends, (4) the social and political laws on which national prosperity and advancement depend, and (5) the economic laws on which wealth depends.

CHITTOOR,

N. K. RAMASAMI AYYA,

High Court Vakil.

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INDIA AND THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

THE war that is now going on in the Far East between Russia and Japan has rivetted the attention of the whole world; it has been no less rivetting the attention of India. While in Europe the successes of the Japanese arms have been the cause of consternation as regards the future, in India and in the East generally they seem to produce a quite different effect. For the first time after centuries of stagnation and decay in all countries of Asia, a Power has now risen in the East showing all the accomplishments of the West, and excelling the West by its achievements. Ten or even five years ago nobody suspected that a Power would rise in the East to demolish the theory of European dominance over the world and the perpetual subjection of Asia to Europe. Shrewd men had, indeed, foreseen in Japan a rising nationality bent on achieving great things. But even to their minds the idea of her resisting and overcoming a great European Power like Russia was altogether foreign. Europe never believed in such a possibility, and Russia herself least expected it. All of a sudden the old beliefs and delusions have been shattered; the giant lies prostrate before the pigmy. The Asiatic mind has been no less impressed with the spectacle than the European; and on both, the events and issue of the war are bound to have a most momentous influence. Even decrepit kingdoms in Asia will now be inspired with hope in their future, with confidence in their strength. They will now realise that the Asiatic is not inherently inferior to the European, and that with energy, ambition, foresight, discipline and organisation, he can hold his own among the great nations of the world. This new consciousness, awakened by the war, is bound to

produce its effect on the future of Asiatic races; and quick-witted India in particular, roused by this consciousness, has turned its attention to the causes which have made Japan so efficient and so powerful. Englishmen no less than Indians have begun to institute comparisons between India and Japan, and to point to the social and political features which have made so great a difference between the two countries. While the one points to them in a spirit of disparagement, the other seem to derive hope from them. It is recognised by the latter that the prime cause of Japanese power and greatness is the superior intelligence of Japanese statesmen and soldiers, their power to assimilate what is best in the civilization of the West, and to adapt their social and political institutions to the requirements of the time. While Chinese civilization has become decrepit and old through the lack of the power of assimilation and adaptation, Japan by her alertness and shrewdness has improved her opportunities. She early recognised her deficiencies, and took steps to supply them. Her statesmen realised that an isolated island empire like theirs could hold its own only by thorough efficiency. They saw that other nations were not content to sit quiet, but were making rapid progress in every direction. Everywhere attention was being paid to the intellectual and moral training of youth, to the efficiency and equipment of the army and the navy, to the development of industry and commerce, and generally to national efficiency on all lines. The statesmen of Japan clearly perceived the situation and the forces which were being raised around them; and they applied their mind and resources to placing their country on a level of efficiency equal to that of any other. In about thirty years they succeeded in completing their work; and now they stand out as among the foremost nations of the world, able to resist and overcome the might of Russia, to achieve brilliant feats of arms against one of the mightiest Powers of the world.

The question is now asked whether, if Japan could accomplish so much by her superior intelligence and by her power of assimilation and adaptation, there is anything inconceivable or impossible in India attaining a similar position. In point of intellectual quickness the inhabitants of India do not lag behind other nations. Their ancestors achieved things which are the wonders of the modern world. They built up a literature and science and a system of philosophy which secured for them a position of pre-eminence in the world. They have, it is true, fallen from their high position; but their fall has been due to their exclusiveness, to their content-

ment and self-satisfaction, their lack of adventure and neglect of organisation. The new forces that are now operating on them have broadened their vision and have quickened their intellect. They now perceive their deficiencies and the way to supply them. Their national sense was deadened long ago. It is being revived now. They find in the division of races and creeds, of classes and castes, their chief obstacle to national solidarity. They are not like the Japanese a homogeneous people. But their lack of homogeneity has not been due to any inherent irremediable defect, but to man-made divisions of caste and society. Social distinctions of some kind or other exist in every country. They exist in a peculiar form in India. But they are not such as cannot be eradicated by the will of man. In the West national feeling has subordinated the feeling of caste, of social rank and distinction. In India a similar change is taking place. Where the spirit of patriotism is developed among the people, the spirit of caste is bound to decline, as indeed it is now declining to a certain extent; and it seems that the example of Japan will tend more and more towards the unification of the diverse sections of Indian society. The influence of English education and English example has already done much to weaken the system of caste; and the policy of our rulers has also been destructive of caste exclusiveness. The free admission into the Government service of all his Majesty's subjects without regard to their position in the social arrangements of the country no less than the free mixing of boys of all castes and creeds in the class room of the school and college has tended greatly to extinguish distinctions based on the accident of birth and social position; and the social reformer does no more than assist this tendency when he declaims against caste.

Seeing the vast change that has already taken place in the caste rigidity of the people, the relaxation of the stringent rules of caste in favour of individual freedom and the greater tolerance that is found to prevail in the mutual relations of castes, it will not be too much to expect an eventual fusion of the castes on the basis of nationality. Western influences have already been working in that direction, and the example of Japan, if it is to have any permanent influence on India, may be expected to accelerate the process. It must, however, be recognised that such consummation can be possible only by the influence of a higher political and national feeling in which India has all along lacked. The vitality of the Japanese people as a nation has been due to their homogeneity, to

their intense patriotism and national feeling. In India this patriotism and national feeling have only just begun to develop. It will take years, and perhaps centuries, before they attain solidarity and strength, and when they do so, that highest form of nationality which is found to exist in Japan will become possible in India.

But it is not mere patriotism and national feeling alone that can make a nation capable of holding its own among other nations of the world. There are peoples who are homogeneous, who do not recognise distinctions of caste, and who are animated by patriotism and national feeling, but who lack national efficiency. The Chinese are the most notable example. They have a huge empire, their own Government, and all the materials and resources necessary for making them an efficient nationality, yet they have crumbled before the more powerful nations of the world; they have long been a prey to the virile races of the West. National efficiency, therefore, does not depend upon the absence of caste alone, nor does it depend upon mere numbers. It is possible only with the help of organised resources, and with the capacity to use those resources to the best advantage. In point of organisation and discipline, the Japanese, as the war has shown, stand foremost among the nations of the world. It is undoubtedly their superior organisation and discipline and their ability to direct all their national forces to the achievement of great ends that have made the Japan of to-day; and these they owe to the genius of the great men among them. The history of every country shows that it rose with the rise of great and wise men to inspire and lead it; and the modern history of Japan demonstrates the same fact. Such men are prompted less by personal ambition than by patriotism. Their aim is to make their country and people great; and for the prosecution of that aim it is necessary to train and develop the highest talent of the people, to pick out the best men among them, and to inspire them with the same feelings and ambitions, with the same conception of statesmanship and public duty as have animated them throughout their life, so that when they disappear from the stage of life, others may be forthcoming to take their places. In Japan more than in any other country this aim has been steadily kept in view by her statesmen. The training of young men has been specially attended to; and every department of the State is furnished with the necessary complement of trained and capable men to work it with efficiency and precision. An enormous number of men have come into

prominence during the war; and the genius and capacity they have displayed show alike the superiority of their training and the enormous reserve of talent and capacity at the disposal of the State.

The primary requisite of efficiency is intellect. Organisation and discipline are necessary supplements. The peoples of the East have been deficient in the latter; but this deficiency is not such as cannot be made up by the resources of the mind. But mere resources of the mind without the resources of material wealth can achieve little. Industry and commerce are the essential means of accumulating material wealth; and here again India is at a disadvantage. Without years of industrial and commercial progress, it is not possible for India to attain anything like the standard of material prosperity necessary to place it in the front rank of prosperous nations. Put it in another way, India has to advance a great deal along many directions of activity if she is ever to reach the goal which is the aim of political, social and economic reformers. The activity that is observable everywhere is, indeed, a healthy sign. It shows a healthy discontent with the existing state of things and a laudable desire for advancement and progress. Many minds and many influences will have to co-operate in the work of regeneration and reconstruction; and many obstacles and difficulties have to be overcome. Energetic and earnest men are wanted in all fields of activity, and without a great social upheaval and without the constant guidance of great minds, the energy is apt to be frittered away and to result only in confusion and disappointment.

It has become the habit of certain Englishmen to taunt Indians for not being like the Japanese. Japan, they say, has become what she is by means of Western knowledge and civilization; and why has not India, they ask, attained to a similar position with the same advantages in her favour? It need hardly be said that the analogy is altogether false. The history and traditions of the two countries so widely differ that a comparison of the sort commonly instituted is hardly reasonable. Japan, for one thing, has always had her own national Government. She was never the prey of successive hordes of invaders. She has had the means of preserving so much of her past as she liked, her ancient civilization and customs, her traditions and practices. She loved and cherished what is good in her past, and introduced only such new things as she thought suitable to her needs. She did not give up or adopt anything wholesale. She built up her present upon her past, assimilated what she considered best in Western civilization. It was her

own statesmen that moulded her destiny with an intelligent 'appreciation' of her new requirements. Nothing was forced upon her against her will or against what she considered to be her interests. Nor was there any difference between the ruling class and the people as to what would best promote national interests. What the country wanted was development from within, with the assistance of such knowledge and experience as could be acquired in the West, and as could be applied with advantage to the object of their national amelioration. Her statesmen had the intellectual shrewdness to perceive what contributed to thorough national efficiency among the peoples of the West, and the intellectual resourcefulness to supply their deficiencies. And when they realised their situation and their resources, of their industry and commerce, and to the training and equipment of their army and navy, by means of Western education and in accordance with Western methods. By years of independent and undisturbed development on all lines, they have attained a standard of efficiency which is the wonder of the world and the dismay of Europe.

Unlike India they had also the advantage of social cohesion. There is not among them the same division of races and creeds, of castes and sub-castes. They are a thoroughly homogeneous people inspired with the highest patriotism and pride in their nationality, and with the determination to defend it against all odds. Men and women are actuated by the same spirit and moved by the same impulse. Even the difference of creed—there are Christians among them—does not interfere with their patriotism and national feeling. "I am a true Japanese notwithstanding that I am a Christian" was the reply of a Japanese witness in an enquiry, when other people seemed surprised at the fact of his being a Christian. This kind of intense patriotism we do not say is impossible in India. But it does not exist at present. We have, therefore, a great work to do in order to effect that social cohesion without which it is impossible to create a genuine robust nationality. As we have already observed, various forces are working towards this end. The example of Japan has stimulated the yearning for national cohesion and solidarity; and the high caste Brahmin is no more devoid of this stimulus than the man of the lowest caste or of no caste. The labours of social reformers are also directed to the same end; and they are bound to find their work facilitated by the new-born feeling which animates the minds of educated Indians of all classes. Here

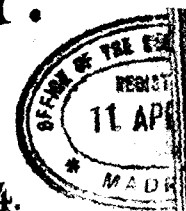
then we have the new leaven which promises to leaven the whole mass; and it devolves on the great minds among Indians to see that the new tendency is allowed to operate steadily and persistently so that in the fulness of time all the varying forces may converge on the central point of national union and cohesion.

But, as we have hinted, mere national cohesion without the power to organise national resources can do but little. Have we the power to mould our education, our industry and commerce in the way we consider most conducive to our national efficiency? We have seen how greatly our rulers and ourselves differ in such an important matter as University education. We also know how much we are hampered in our attempt to rear up new industries and to reconstruct our old ones. Japan had not to wait to know the mind of others before she set out to design her modern educational system, to reorganise her arts and industries, and to develop her commerce. Her great men saw what was necessary for her needs, and forthwith began to direct their minds and energies and resources to the attainment of their end. In India this is beyond the range of possibility. Here the people can do little. They have long ceased to do anything; and without the help of Government they cannot chalk out new lines of reform or enterprise. It is the Government that controls everything, and the Government itself is handicapped by other considerations than those of the well-being of the people. It has great commercial and capitalist interests in England to be conciliated before it can attempt anything in the interests of the people of India. The British elector is too powerful to be ignored in any scheme for the industrial amelioration of India. Even in such a matter as the cotton industry we have seen how powerless the Government of India is to secure justice to the people of this country. The excise duty on cotton manufacture is the most striking example of British selfishness against which the people and Government of India are alike helpless. With instances of this sort before them it is absurd for Englishmen of any class to taunt India for not being like Japan, forgetting the fact that Japan is her own master in all that concerns her internal welfare, while India is the slave of British capitalists and manufacturers. This is a serious drawback incidental to the peculiar position of India, and one which has never interfered with the Japanese in the whole course of their history. All these show that India cannot at one jump or by a single effort become another Japan. She will require years of patient sustained

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effort and the constant co-ordination of the various forces of Indian society, supported by the sympathetic help of Government and the timely intervention of the Legislature, in order to raise herself to a position of prominence among the nations of the world. For many centuries, the people of India, unlike the Japanese, have been a divided community, divided politically, divided socially, divided religiously, and divided geographically. India was long parcelled out among many rulers, differing in creed, language, social ideals and political sentiments. It was never dominated by the feeling of nationality. It never strove for a common political existence. Japan always had a common national foundation to work upon. We never had. The main common bond which unites the people of India at the present day is their Sovereign and Government; and the mainspring of nationality has its origin also in the same source. The British Government is, therefore, the basis of our national reconstruction; it is the motive force which sustains our national aspirations. Without it, our future would be in jeopardy. Making that our enduring foundation we have to set to work. Our hope lies in broadening that foundation, for from it proceeds every liberalising influence, the very idea of national solidarity and progress. It is for this reason that our political reformers are concentrating their energy and efforts on the improvement of the administrative system and of our legislative machinery, and on the elevation of the political status of the people. The national will must gradually begin to operate on the Government of the country if it is ever to become a national Government. The highest aims and aspirations of the people must find expression through it, and the people must come to regard it as their own instead of ever looking upon it as an alien Government. However high and beneficent may be the aims and motives of the rulers, unless they are able to identify the people with themselves, to make them think and feel like themselves, to inspire them with the same ideals and aspirations, it is not possible to nationalise a foreign Government in any country. But in India this is precisely the ideal that should be kept in view by both the rulers and the people. Any other ideal is out of the question, as a means of ensuring the permanence of the present connection between England and India. The Indian people have made great advance, under British rule, in their political thought and sentiment; and this advance is bound to continue notwithstanding any obstacle placed in their way. To check it would be impossible; to direct it in the right path would be the wisest

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course. This does not seem to be equally recognised by all people. Some have still faith in perpetuating the existing state of things, while others recognising the irresistible tendency of the times are prepared to assist the gradual change towards the ideal consumption in a spirit of cautious and helpful sympathy. A sudden development is not possible. It is not even to be desired. It is good to be stimulated by the example of Japan. But it is a mistake to place too much faith in the similarity between India and Japan. No such similarity exists, nor can exist under the present conditions. It will be possible only when the rulers and the people of India are animated by the same ideals and aspirations as have made Japan what she is to day. In no other circumstances will it be conceivable.

In Japan it is the people that do every thing. In India the rulers and the people are distinct. An alien Government imposes taxes, collects revenue, regulates expenditure, moulds education, not in accordance with the intelligent wishes of the people, but in accordance with its own notions of the requirements of its position in the country. The intelligent voice of the people does not materially influence the spirit or the policy of the Government. The ideals and aspirations of the two are different, if not antagonistic. Parliamentary Statutes and the Queen's Proclamation do, indeed, declare in unmistakable terms an identity of interests, of ideals and of ends. But the actual practice of the administration does not reflect such identity. The first effort should, therefore, be directed towards the assimilation of ideals and ends, and towards admission into the Councils of Government of the intelligent voice of the people. When such popular voice gains an influence over the spirit and policy of the Government it will be time enough to compare India with Japan; for, then, like the Japanese, the people of India will be moulding their own destiny. The aim and efforts of the National Congress have been directed to this end. But the rulers are still of a different mind.

What is it after all that has made Japan great? To the world at large the most imposing spectacle has been her grand naval and military victory over Russia, a victory such as she was never suspected to be capable of. How has this been achieved? It has been achieved by national education and training, by national organisation and discipline, by the steady development of national resources, not in the way others dictated, but in accordance with the intelligent appreciation of the people themselves of their circum-

stances and needs. They had the training of the mind and body in their own hands; they were also the masters of their own resources. With this advantage in their favour they had no difficulty in organising their forces so as to secure the necessary standard of efficiency and strength. They equipped themselves with the best education that it is possible to find anywhere in the world, literary, scientific, commercial and military, and with the best implements of war that could be designed by the intellect of man. Where does India stand in this respect? When we speak of India, we indeed mean the people of India, and not its Government. Have the people all the educational facilities which Japan possesses? Have they the freedom to furnish themselves with them? Have they the power to regulate their commercial relations or even to protect their nascent industries? Have they, the best of them, the opportunity of even regulating the affairs of a Province, of achieving distinction as administrators or soldiers, or of even receiving a high military training? Are the achievements of war, by which Japan has distinguished herself, possible for them? If an answer to the affirmative is not possible to any of these questions, where is the sense in taunting the people of India on the strength of what the Japanese have achieved? A military career is practically closed to the better class of Indians; and their highest powers have no scope in the military line. It is fair to compare two peoples similarly situated. But there is absolutely no similarity between the Indians and the Japanese.

Those who disparage Indians for their backwardness as compared with the Japanese are the very people who resist even the modest claim they make through the National Congress to be allowed to participate in the government of the country, to rear up their decaying industries unhampered by the unequal competition of British manufacturers and merchants, to bear arms in the defence of the empire, to have some control over the expenditure of the taxes they pay. Is there any instance in history of a people acquiring efficiency and success by others doing everything for them, and themselves being allowed to do little? Efficiency in any line of human activity can be attained only by constant training and practice, by the example of greater minds, by the stimulus of exertion and success. Where is there the opportunity, where is the opening for the people of India to train and perfect their highest faculties? They are, indeed, permitted to be subordinate officials in Government service. But in what country, in the East or the

West, have mere Government subordinates, with all the limitations on their freedom of action and initiative, achieved anything calculated to rouse the highest powers of a nation? In every country it is the statesmen and soldiers that have made a nation; it is their enterprise and their example that stimulate the powers of the people, that animate them towards great exertions and great achievements. But what is the kind of training that our people have the opportunity of benefitting by? What is the great example that there is to inspire them with? Can the training and example of a Deputy Collector or a District Judge make one fit to mould the career and destiny of a nation? What other opening have Indians in their own country for the exercise of their ability and talent? It is a trite saying that intellect rules the world; but unless the intellect is trained and developed in all the various spheres of human activity, and unless the units of the nation, each according to its own instinct and aptitude, are allowed to attain the highest possible efficiency, it is not reasonable to expect much to come out of intellect; and since the people have it not in their power to discipline and regulate the national intellect, small blame can be attached to them for their backward state.

There are, indeed, many things which the people can and ought to do for themselves. In the first place, there is the existing social arrangements which are not in harmony with the social cohesion which is the true basis of nationality. Earnest social reformers are now found in every province, who realise the importance of removing the perpetual barriers which divide different sections of the same people, and the obstacles in the direction of individual freedom. The fusion of castes and sub-castes and the freedom of foreign travel are subjects included in the programme of the social reformer; and they are also important from the point of view of the political reformer. Various influences are working towards the accomplishment of these objects; and the prospect is certainly promising. There are prejudices to be overcome and elements of discord to be contended with. No revolution is possible. The progress must necessarily be slow and gradual. The best of our men can only assist the progress, by their broad-mindedness, patriotism, and timely example. The responsibility rests on the best men of the community to direct the onward move on safe and prudent lines by discouraging discord and by stimulating co-operation between the diverse sections of the people. Without the inspiring example of great leaders, no people have become great; and India wants

great leaders. A nation of Hindus alone, or of Mahomedans or of Christians is no longer possible. There can only be a nation of Indians. If this is recognised there will be less said about the differences between national and rational reforms. There can only be one line for reform, and that line must be one which would recognise no difference between one section of Indians and another. Religion you must strictly keep apart for your own separate observance. It should not be allowed to interfere with the cause of national union. You should be able to recognise every Indian as your brother, be he Hindu or Mahomedan or Christian. Upon no other basis is a nationality possible. We want the services of the best men from all communities for the work of national regeneration. They must all co-operate for the achievement of the common end.

It has, however, to be borne in mind that social cohesion does not mean social efficiency. Social cohesion exists in Mahomedan and Buddhist countries, but not social efficiency. Without social efficiency there can be no political greatness; and efficiency must be, not in one department of life alone, but in all. For a nation to be able to hold its own, it must first of all possess physical fitness. It must also be rich in material wealth, and possess the power of organising all its available forces. It is because Japan possesses all these that she has been able to rise so high in the scale of nations, to display such wonderful prowess, such wonderful capacity for a sustained struggle with her enemy. The physical training of the nation is a special concern of the Government; and it will be remembered how much thought the Emperor himself has been bestowing upon the subject of national physique. He has been seriously thinking of the means of improving the physique of his people. Even such a thing as effecting marriages with different races has entered into his calculations; and the Government realising that the greatness of Japan depends upon the physical fitness of the people has devised every possible facility for giving them a sound physical training. Where does India stand in this respect? Here the State has no concern with the matter, and the people are too much absorbed in intellectual pursuits to devote any attention to it. Even with regard to the hardy races from among whom recruits are found for the army, Government pays no attention to the question of physical development; and as for the people, they have no inducement whatever in their present condition. Even little boys are made to exercise

their intellect to the complete neglect of their body. In schools and colleges, indeed, boys are made to undergo a sort of gymnastic training once a week. But even this is done in a quite aimless manner. Intellectual attainments have their rewards in the future life of the youth. They enable them to achieve distinction in different departments of life. They are even necessary to earn their livelihood. But physical development serves no such purpose in life and is therefore subordinated to success in intellectual tests. The whole energy of youth is thus devoted to the passing of examinations and achieving intellectual distinction. Physically the whole race is deteriorating, and no stimulus is supplied to the training of the body. A physically weak nation must be content to take a subordinate place in the world. It will have to be at the mercy of more vigorous ones. When people speak of India taking a high place in the scale of nations, they seem to hardly understand the requisites of national efficiency, they seem hardly to realise that without the ability to defend their country unaided, without the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice, no people can be expected to hold their own. And these merits are not acquired by a people who are physically weak and have lost touch with the military art altogether. The improvement of the national physique is therefore a most important matter for the future of the race, and military training is intimately associated with national physique. We want an army service into which the best sons of the country can enter, and which will afford scope for the revival and development of the military spirit in the nation, and for the rendering of service in the interests of the Empire. We are all accustomed to speak in these days of the imperial spirit; but there can be no imperial spirit among a people who constantly feel that they have not their right place in the Empire and have no equal opportunities with the rest. The Australians and the Canadians could not but feel that they were of the Empire when they were called upon to fight for it, as they did in South Africa. In the interests alike of the Empire and of the people of India it is necessary that the latter should receive the highest possible training in the military service, and should be capable of rendering efficient military service. What is it by which Japan has surprised the world? It is military efficiency and success. To institute a comparison between such a people and the people of India who have not even the privilege of volunteering for military service, much less of gaining distinction in the Army, is a sheer irony the cruelty of which perhaps those who institute the

comparison do not perceive. If we desire to be like the Japanese, and if we are ever to become as efficient as themselves, we must necessarily become a martial people like themselves capable of defending our country and the Empire; and this rests with the rulers, and not with ourselves.

Then there is the question of material prosperity which is another essential element of national greatness. We must be a wealth-producing, and not merely a tax-paying people. The wealth of India at present is mainly agricultural; and this is so distributed among the three hundred millions as to render any great accumulation of capital almost impossible. The vast majority are small cultivators who get hardly enough from their land for their daily sustenance; and after paying the heavy tax which a benevolent Settlement department periodically enhances, they have no choice but to fall a prey to the first famine. The absence of other occupations than agriculture has been officially recognised as a great economic evil; and the only remedy is to improve the trade and industry of the country. No doubt our exports and imports show a great development; but it is not the people of the country that benefit by this development. Foreign capitalists and merchants carry away the largest share of the profits, the people of the country getting comparatively little. Those industries and trades which are in the hands of the people have been undergoing increasing depression. Foreign competition has already killed many of them. Even the new industries which have been started by Indians, such as the cotton mills of Bombay, have been handicapped by the action of the Government which, though it is prompted by Lancashire, is responsible for the result. Nor does the Government hold out any hope for us even for the future. In expressing their opinion on Mr. Chamberlain's tariff proposals, the Government of India unhesitatingly acknowledged that the British manufacturers such as those of Lancashire and Dundee would not allow Indian Industries to protect themselves against British competition. Ourselves and even our Government have to obey the "mandates" of Lancashire and Dundee, transmitted no doubt through the Secretary of State. Still there are many things in regard to which India can do a good deal for herself, particularly those minor industries whose growth will be imperceptible to the British manufacturers so long as they are kept within small dimensions. Capital is, indeed, scarce in the country; but we think there is enough of it to enable people to work up small in-

dustries in regard to which England is not likely to feel the effect of competition. Within the last few years there has been a general awakening to this fact among the educated classes, and the efforts that are now being made here and there are bound in due course to bring into existence a number of new enterprises. Men are found with ideas on these matters; but they have to be assisted with capital. The slow growth of joint stock business is the means of salvation which we see before us; and towards this end organised effort on the part of our well-to-do men is necessary. The Industrial Exhibitions held in connection with the Congress have to a certain extent awakened the minds of the people to the possibilities of indigenous industrial development; and the attention that is now being paid in different parts of the country to different branches of industry is bound to result in fruitful enterprises of sorts, started with Indian money and managed by Indians themselves. We have always the advantage of cheap labour with which we should be able to produce and sell articles at a less price than that demanded for European products, and thus gradually to displace foreign manufactured articles which now flood the Indian market. In ~~many~~ directions we ought to be able to supply our own needs, though we cannot hope to compete in foreign markets. In this way much of our money can be made to remain in the country, and benefit our Arts and Industries, and to relieve the pressure on land by furnishing occupation to large numbers of our poorer classes who now succumb to the first failure of the season. Attempts should also be made to exploit the natural resources of the country with Indian capital so that the profits may remain in India and not be carried away to Europe. Lord Curzon, indeed, thinks that the salvation of India lies in foreign exploitation, but we of the country think differently. We believe that the increasing introduction of European capital can only result in the steady diminution of our resources, and our increasing dependence on others. If the latent wealth of the country be left unexploited, it will be available to us at some future time when we may be able to supply our own capital. But if it is removed, India will be so much the poorer for the loss. This is particularly true as regards mineral wealth lying concealed in the bowels of the earth. The planting industry is the only thing which does not cause permanent loss to the country; exploitation of all other sorts means a sure loss of the country's wealth. Lord Curzon does not realise this. But we do.

Briefly, then, we have to see to our advancement in many

directions. We have to develop our intellect and physique and our manufacture and commerce. We must have full freedom for the exercise of our highest powers: We must rear up great men in all spheres of activity. We want not only industrious husbandmen, but eminent scholars, scientists, statesmen, sailors and soldiers. We want great captains of industry. Scope must be first found for them all; and the results will follow. Our administrative system and our fiscal laws do not admit of this at present. And those generous Englishmen who feel disappointed at our inability to rise to the position of the Japanese ought to help us in our efforts to secure those advantages which alone can enable us to strive for higher things and for a higher state of existence. We must in the first place have a share in the Government of the country without which it is hopeless to utilise the highest capacity of the nation, to make them fit to take their place among the nations of the world. We must have the freedom, however limited, to regulate our affairs so as to secure some measure of protection to our interests as against foreign competitors whose only object is to benefit themselves at the expense of India. And we must be allowed the privilege of bearing arms in the defence of the country, of leading our own armies, and of achieving victories for the Empire. If, when once the opportunity is allowed us, we do not take advantage of it but fail to act up to the reasonable expectations of sympathetic benefactors, it will be time enough to taunt us for our failure to rise to the level of the Japanese. For the present the duty of every friend and well-wisher of the Indian people should be to extend to us his helpful sympathy and co-operation in all our legitimate efforts for our social, political and industrial amelioration. With our great inheritance and with all our traditions, we feel that we are still capable of playing a part, a noble part, as units of a great Empire; and let not those who wish well for us pass judgment in the light of unreal similarities.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SRI VAISHNAVA FAITH IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

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[Part I.]

System of Transliteration to be adopted in this paper.

[a: n; —: t: a: r: n; p: l; m: l; p: r; 6: a]

THE TRADITIONAL ACCOUNT.

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER repeated attempts himself to set right erring humanity, Vishnu resolved upon sending the various insignia of His to be born on the earth, at various places, in distant ages and in all castes, to teach men effectively the right path of duty. First were sent his Gada, S'anka, and Nandaka, and they were born as Bhûtam, Poygai and Pëyâlvârs, respectively, at Kanchi, Kadanmallai, and Mayilai. Then came Tirumalis'ai-yâlvâr, who was the incarnation of the Chakra. He was a native of Tirumalis'ai (Sans. Mahiti-sâra-kshêtra) as his name indicates. Next in point of time was Nammâlvâr. He was the embodiment of Vishvaksena and hailed from Tirukkurugûr in the South. After him, Kulasêkhara, the Kaus-tuba of Vishnu was born in the Royal family of the Kêralas. Periyâlvâr came into existence next and graced Srivilliputtûr. He was the impersonation of Garuda. Tondaradippodi and Tirumangai appeared afterwards in the villages of Mandagudi and Tirukkuraiy-alûr and were the counterparts of Vanamâla and Sârnga. Tirupân-âlvâr was one of the last âlvârs and was a citizen of Uraiyûr. To this list are generally added the names of Ândâl, the daughter of Periyâlvâr and Madurakavi, the disciple of Nammâlvâr.

From the facts above mentioned we see that the alvars came from all parts of the Southern Presidency. Of these seven were Brâhmins, one was a Kshatriya, two were S'ûdras, and one of a low caste called the Pânar. The period of their existence covers several centuries (so the Guruparamparai says)*

The twelve âlvârs might be divided into five groups thus:—

1. Poygai—, Bhûtam and Pëyâlvârs and Tirumalis'ai-yâlvâr.

* By Guruparamparai we shall denote, throughout this work, only the Guruparamparâ-prabhâvam of Pinbalagiya-jiyar, as edited by Chitrakûtam Kandâdai Venkatacharya.

- II. Nammālvār and Madurakaviyālvār.
- III. Kulas'ekhara, Periyālvār and Āndāl.
- IV. Tiruppālvār
- V. Tirumangai and Tondaradippodi ālvārs

We shall deal with them in subsequent pages in the order indicated above.

CHAPTER I.

Poygaiyālvār.—Poygaiyālvār had his birth as pointed out above, at Kānchipuram, within a flower, on a Saturday, which corresponded with the S'ravana nakshatra of the bright half of the month Ās'vija in the year Siddārthi, the year 861902 of Dvāpara-yuga (B.C. 4202.) He was the avatār of Vishnu's Conch.

Bhūtattālvār.—The second Bhūtattālvār was born the next day, the nakshatra of his nativity being Danishta. He, like Poygai, was also born in a flower at Kadamallai (the modern Mahābalipuram).

Pēyālvār.—Pēyālvār was the third and was born on the third day of the birth of the first alvar, under the S'atabhisha nakshatra, of the same parent as the first two, at Mayilai (modern Mylapore). All these three are considered to be Brāhmins.

These three ālvārs of floral origin were born yōgis when they grew to manhood. All the three met one day casually at Tirukkōvalūr and it chanced thus. Poygai had come to Tirukkōvalūr on a pilgrimage and was resting on a narrow pial in the temple of that place. Bhūtattālvār, who had also come to that village with the same idea, sought shelter for the night on the same pial. As there was no sleeping accommodation for two on it, they agreed to sit through the whole night, when the third Pēyālvār hurried up to the same place, also to rest for the night, which was already showing symptoms of being a stormy one. Now that there was space enough on the pial for only the three to stand, they arranged to pass the night standing. Thus inconveniently accommodated, they entered into conversation, during the course of which they began to feel a sort of crush, as though a fourth person was squeezing himself in amidst them. Curious to know the cause of this strange pressure, they opened their mental vision and found that it was no other than Hari (Vishnu) who had come in their midst to remind them of Himself and disappeared. On this occasion each one of the ālvārs sang a centum of Tamil verses which go by the name of Iyarpa and forms a part of the Nālayira-prabandham.

After this great event in their lives, they met Tirumalis'āiyālvār at Tiruvallikkēni (modern Triplicane) and from there all four repaired to Mayilai, the birth place of Pēyālvār, from where they dispersed once again.

Tirumalis'āi-ālvār.—Once upon a time the Rishis went to Brahma to consult him as regards the best place on earth where they wished to make a short sojourn for the purpose of carrying on their meditations. After carefully weighing the merits of various places, Brahma prescribed that Tirumalis'āi would best suit them; accordingly they all went down there. The wife of Bhārghava Rishi gave birth there to a son whom the Rishi threw away on the way-side. The baby was picked up by one Tiruvālan, a man of the S'ūdra caste. Being childless he was so glad as to bring up the foundling as his own child. It was fed upon the milk supplied gratis by a pious cowherd, to whom also some time after a boy was born. This child was called Kanikannan, and he subsequently became a disciple of Tirumalis'āiyālvār, the foster-son of Tiruvālan.

As the first boy grew in years he learnt that it was necessary to examine critically the various *Dars'anās* (systems of philosophy) that were current then, and armed with this preparation he searched for truth in the heterodox systems of Buddhism, Jainism and the Chārvāka philosophy and in the orthodox schools of Advaitism and Vaishnavism. At last his restless mind found consolation in Vaishnavism. Having arrived at this conclusion, he is said to have exclaimed as in the following verse.

“சாக்கியங்கற்றேருஞ்சமண்கற்றேருஞ்சங்கராஜர்
ஆக்கியவாகமுலாராய்ந்தோம்—பாக்கியத்தால்
செங்கட்கரியாணச்சேர்ந்தோம்நீதிலமே
எங்கட்கரியதொன்றில்”

He spent 700 years of his life at Tiruvallikkēni, where he exhibited his greatness by conquering S'iva, who on that occasion bestowed upon him the title of Bhakti-sāra. It was at Tiruvallikkēni that he met the three 'first Ālvārs' and gained their friendship. In their company he paid a visit to Mayilai, the birth place of Pēyālvār. From there he went to Kānchipuram with Kanikannan whom he took up on the latter's way from his native village.

The reigning Pallava Prince of Kānchipuram hearing of the spiritual greatness of this Ālvār, appealed to him through his disciple Kanikannan to grant him the boon of eternal youth. The Ālvār greatly annoyed by this importunity resolved to quit his

capital at once. He removed himself to an adjacent village named Orirukkai or Oriravirukkai, whither the image in the temple of the Pallava capital had travelled to join its devotee. Next morning the disappearance of the image was reported to the king, who learnt that this catastrophe was brought upon his capital owing to the offence he gave to the great man, Tirumalisāiy-ālvār. Thereupon he apologised to the Ālvār and succeeded in bringing back to his capital both the image and the Ālvār.

After residing for sometime in the Pallava capital, the Saint started on a pilgrimage to Kumbhakōnam, where he spent the rest of his life. He has left behind him two works in Tamil named *Tiruchanda-Viruttam* and *Nānmugan-Tiruvāndādī*. He was the incarnation of Sudarśana and is said to have lived for 4700 years.

CHAPTER II.

Nammālvār.—Nammālvār was born in Tirunagari, a suburb of Tirukkurugai, in the Tinnevely District, of one Kārimāran and his wife Udaiyanangai, on the 43rd day of the first year of the Kali-yuga, which corresponded with a new-moon of the Vaisākha month in the year Bahudhānya B.C. 3102. Like all the abovementioned Ālvārs he was a born yōgi. Even as a child he left his home to take his seat under an adjacent tamarind tree where he continued in Samādhi for 16 years.

Madurakavi.—Madurakavi, a native of Tirukkōvalūr and a brāhman, learnt at Ayōdhya, where he had gone on a pilgrimage, the birth in the south of Nammālvār. He repaired immediately to Tirunagari to visit this human prodigy, and become his disciple.¹ After Madurakavi's arrival, four years and a half were spent by Nammālvār in composing the Tiruvāymoli, which the devout disciple took down regularly on palm leaves². According to the Guruparam-parai³ of the third Brahmatantrasvatantrasvāmin, Nammālvār lived for 35 years and Madurakavi survived him for 50 years. Nammālvār seems to have begun with the set purpose of composing a thousand verses in Tamil as indicated by the end of each decade of his Tiruvāymoli. Besides the Tiruvāymoli, he wrote the minor works called Tiruviruttam, Tiruvīsāippa and Periya-Tiruvandādī. He is variously known as Kāri-Māran, Satakōpa and Parāṅkus'a; the first name indicating that he belonged to the Royal family of the Pandyas. Nammālvār was the incarnation of Vishvaksēna and was a S'ūdra by caste.

1. Guruvāhāna Pandita's Divyasūricharitam, p.
2. Vāḍagalai Sampradāyam, p. 14.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 14.

CHAPTER III.

Kulasēkharālvār.—Kulasēkhara styles himself Kolli-Kāvalan (the King of Kolli), Kūdal-nāyakan (the Lord of Madura) and Kōlikkōn (the Lord of Uraiyūr) purporting that he had sway over the Kērala, Pāndya and Chōla Kingdoms. He was born at Kolli-nagar on the Malabar coast as a prince of the Kēralas in the 28th year of Kali (B. C. 3075). He was remarkable for his devotion. In course of time he abdicated his throne in favor of his son and retired to Srīrangam, where he is said to have employed himself in the construction of portions of the temple of Ranganātha. He was the author of Perumāl-Tirumoli in Tamil and Mukundamāla in Sanskrit.

Periyālvār.—Periyālvār flourished in the reign of a Pāndya King named S'ri-Vallabha. The original name of the Ālvār was Vishnuchitta. He was born at Srivilliputtūr in the 47th year of Kali (B. C. 3056) and was the incarnation of Garuda. He won a religious dispute held in the presence of the King and secured a large sum of prize money. The King bestowed on him the title of Bhattar-Pirān (the best of the Brāhmanas).

Āndāl.—He then began the quiet life of cultivating a flower-garden in order to dedicate the flowers grown there, done up as garlands, to the local deity. One day he came across a pretty little female child which was thrown away in his garden. He adopted her and brought her up as his own daughter. As the girl grew up to proper age, he gave her a sound education both religious and secular, which befitted her to help her foster-father in his devotional exercises. One thing she could not desist from, and that was the inclination to wear the nice garlands intended by her father for the image in the temple, before they were offered. She used to steal the few moments of her father's absence for the purpose and would then replace the garlands as they were. The unsuspecting father daily dedicated these used-up garlands to the God in the temple. One day he happened to discover the girl's freaks and chiding her for her act of sacrilege, resolved not to present the garland that day; but God appeared to him in a dream and intimated to him his special pleasure in accepting only such garlands as were worn by Āndāl (Periyālvār's daughter) and none other. From the next day forwards Periyālvār began to offer only the used-up garlands. For this act of wearing the flowers herself before being offered to God, Āndāl was given the name of S'ūdikkodutta-Nāchchiyār.

When *Ândâl* came to a marriageable age, she refused to marry any one but the God Ranganâtha of the S'rîrangam temple. The God appeared to the *Âlvâr* in a dream to declare to him his acceptance of the girl in marriage, and ordered her to be brought to his residence at S'rîrangam. Periyâlvâr took her there with great *eclat* and left her in her Lord's house and returned to his quiet residence at S'rîvilliputtûr. Periyâlvâr has left a number of Tamil verses which go by the name of Periyâlvâr-Tirumoli, and the works of *Ândâl* are called Nâchchiyâr-Tirumoli.

CHAPTER IV.

Tiruppânâlvâr.—*Tiruppânâlvâr* was a man of low caste and as such he dared not step into the holy precincts of the island of S'rîrangam, but sang the praises of the God Ranganâtha from the southern bank of the Kâvēri. He was a person of a highly devotional temperament and he was justly honored by God, who ordered one Lōkasârangamuni to take the *âlvâr* to the temple upon his shoulders where he became absorbed into the deity. He has left only 10 stanzas in Tamil beginning with the words "Amalanâdi-Pirân, &c." He was born in the 342nd year of the Kali-yuga (B. C. 2760) in Uraiyûr, and was the avatâr of S'rîvatsa.

CHAPTER V.

Tirumangai-Âlvâr.—*Tirumangai-Âlvâr* was a *kallar* (professional robber) by birth and profession. He claims to have been a petty chief under the Chôla king. For misappropriating the revenue of the villages he had the tenure of, the king imprisoned him. He got his release by paying off the amount through the assistance of Arulâla-Perumâl (the God) of Conjeeveram, and began a new walk of life—that of a high-way man. While eking out his livelihood by this nefarious profession, he one day way-laid a newly married couple who were wending their way through Tirumanangollai, his stronghold; he succeeded in dispossessioning them of all their valuables except a little ring encircling one of the bridegroom's toes, which he tried in vain to pull out with his teeth. Suspecting that the bridegroom had practised some witchcraft he demanded an explanation from the Brâhman (the bridegroom). The latter whispered something in the *Âlvâr's* ears as 'the mantram' he had used for the occasion. The effect of this whisper was indeed magical. The highway-man was instantly converted into a staunch

Vaishnava, vowing thenceforth to visit all Vishnu temples to sing their praise and to repair the old ones. S'rîrangam temple owes a great deal to the munificence of this *Âlvâr*, who is said to have built the 4th *prakara* (the surrounding wall) besides a number of minor buildings. To meet all the expenses of such vast undertakings, he plundered the Bauddha Vihara of Negapatam, from which he abstracted the golden image of Buddha, which being melted, served amply for the purpose.

This *Âlvâr* is claimed in the Guruparamparai to have been, invited, during his visit to S'îrgâli (modern Shiyalli), by Jñanasambandha, the great S'aiva Saint, for a religious discussion and that the Vaishnava apostle accepted the challenge and vanquished his S'aiva adversary with no difficulty; whereon Tirumangai-*âlvâr* was conducted through S'îrgâli, the birth place of Jñanasambandha with all honors.

After a great deal of solicitation and trials of faith the *Âlvâr* married Kumudavalli, the daughter of a Vaishnava medical man.

This *Âlvâr* is said to have been the incarnation of Kârmukha and was born in Kali 397 (B.C. 2706).

Tondaradippodiyâlvâr.—This *Âlvâr* was born in Kali 289 (B.C. 2814) in a village called Mandangudi near S'rîrangam to a Sôliya Brâhman, who called the child *Vipranârâyana* (Periyâlvâr also belongs to the same caste). The boy was educated in all the *S'âstras*, and when he came to manhood he assumed the quiet and unostentatious life of cultivating a flower-garden and dedicating the flowers to the God of S'rîrangam. He was going on with his work undisturbed, till one day he came across a dancing girl of winning manners and equally tempting features. She was returning with her sister from the Court of the Chôla King at Uraiyûr. On their way home this woman betted to her sister that she could win with the charm of her beauty every one, even this austere Vaishnava Saint. With this view in mind, she began to serve under him in improving his garden and in course of time she managed to entice him away from his devotions. Before the end of a year poor *Vipranârâyana* was worse than one of the common herd having lost all his claims to reverence. All day long his thoughts were on her and he had long ago relinquished his flower-growing. Months upon months passed away with *Vipranârâyana* emphasizing the change that had come over him. He became poor and as a consequence was abandoned by his sweet-heart.

Ranganātha taking pity on the wretched condition of his devotee, undertook to reclaim him. He assumed one day the form of a temple servant and carried a golden cup belonging to the temple to Vipranārāyaṇa's concubine, presented it to her saying that it was from her paramour, and that he desired to communicate Vipranārāyaṇa's desire to meet her that night. He then told Vipranārāyaṇa that his mistress desired to see him that night. Vipranārāyaṇa spent the night in her company. Next morning the loss of the golden cup was brought to the notice of the temple authorities, and on vigilant search it was detected in the house of Vipranārāyaṇa's concubine. Of course Ranganātha interceded on her behalf (in a dream as usual). Learning the cause of his correction to be Ranganātha, Vipranārāyaṇa regained his sense and thenceforward remained faithful to his Lord.

The Guruparaṃparai adds that when Tirumangai built the 4th wall of the Śrīraṅgam temple he was obliged to construct it slightly out of alignment, lest he might disturb Tondaradippodi's Tulasi-garden for which considerate act the latter expressed his thankfulness personally to Tirumangai.

Tondaradippodi has left two works in Tamil named the Tirumālai and the Tiruppalli-eṭṭuchi.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF THE ĀCHĀRYAS.

Nāthamuni.—Long after the time of the Ālvārs, there lived at Tirunagari one Parāṅkus'adāsa, a disciple of Maṇḍrakaviy-ālvār, who had collected all the works of the Ālvārs and was studying them. About this time there lived at Vīraṇārāyaṇapuram (modern Kāttu-Mannārkōvil) a Brāhmin named Nāthamuniḡal. This Nāthamuni had a son called Īs'varamuni (named after his grandfather). Both of them were learned men and had done enough travelling in visiting places of pilgrimage. A grandson was born to Nāthamuniḡal whom he called Yāmunārya in memory of the place where the child was conceived. This family settled down quietly at Vīraṇārāyaṇapuram after the protracted pilgrimage. One day some Vaiṣṇava pilgrims from Kumbhakōṇam happened to go there. They recited 10 verses from Triuvāymoli in the presence of the local deity, hearing which Nāthamuni questioned them if they knew the whole work by heart.⁽¹⁾ They returned a negative

(1) Beginning with *சுமரமுதே*.

reply but assured him that he might succeed in procuring the work if he should only try for it in the birth-place of Nammālvār. Shot with a desire to possess a copy of it he undertook a journey to Ālvār—Tirunagari and with some difficulty met Parāṅkus'adāsa the possessor of the works of Nammālvār. He waited upon Parāṅkus'adāsa for sometime and the latter pleased with him, taught him the secret of securing the works. Nāthamuni by practising the repetition of the verses⁽¹⁾ is reported, in the Guruparaṃpara, to have received the works directly from the Ālvār himself.

Having got the works of all the Ālvārs from Nammālvār direct, he returned to his native village, Vīraṇārāyaṇapuram, and resolved to set the verses to music, in which he was assisted by his nephews Mēlaiyagattālvār and Kīṭaiyagattālvār. Nāthamuni's fame reached Gangaikondachōlapuram and the king held him in great respect. During one of his visits to Gangaikondachōlapuram, the capital of the Chōla King, Nāthamuni breathed his last.

Ālavandār.—Nāthamuni's grandson, Yāmunārya, grew up to be a prodigy under the tuition of one Mahābhāshya-Bhaṭṭa. The high priest of the Chōla King had imposed a tax on all learned men and on Mahābhāshya-Bhaṭṭa among them. When once the priest sent his servants to demand his dues from the teacher of Yāmunārya, the boy refused payment and sent a challenge on behalf of his teacher to the king's priest for discussion on any subject he might choose. It was accepted and in the wrangle the poor priest had the worse of it at the hands of the boy. The queen who was one of the audience, was so overcome with joy at a mere boy defeating a very mountain of learning, that she embraced him and called him her Ālavandār (deliverer). Thenceforth he was better known by this surname which was conferred on him by the queen.

His further education was taken up by the five disciples of his grandfather, who had enjoined them to impart what they had received from him to his grandchild.

Armed with this great store of learning, he entered the services of the king and was in charge of a portion of the Chōla dominions. In his later years he assumed the Sanyās'āsrama and retired to Śrīraṅgam at the instance of one of his grandfather's disciples.

(1) Repeating the verse beginning with *சுமரமுதே*, a required number of times.

Rāmānuja.—In S'aka 939, on a Thursday which corresponded with the Pañchami of the bright fortnight of the month of Chaitra in the year Nala, Rāmānuja was born at Srīperumbudūr, to Āsūri Kēs'ava Perumāl and his wife Bhūmipirāṭṭiyar. Eight years afterwards, in the year Krōdhana, was born his cousin Gōvinda at Malalaimangalam. Kēs'ava-Perumāl gave his son the necessary preliminary education and sent him to Conjeeveram to attend the lectures on Vēdānta delivered by the Advaita Sanyāsin Yādavaprakāś'a. His cousin Gōvinda also joined him later on. On more than one occasion Rāmānuja was obliged to differ from the interpretation given by his teacher to certain passages, which so enraged the master, that the Guruparamparai asserts he contrived a scheme by which to do away with Rāmānuja by drowning him in the Ganges. With this object in view Yādavaprakāś'a resolved to go on a pilgrimage with all his pupils. The unsuspecting Rāmānuja also followed him, but was warned in time by Gōvinda, and effecting his escape returned home. From thenceforth, following his mother's advice, he carried on his studies unassisted.

The rising greatness of Rāmānuja reached the ears of Ālavandār, who sent his son Tiruvarangapperumāl-Araiyar to Kāñchīpuram to persuade Rāmānuja to go over to Srīrangam. Rāmānuja in his turn had heard of Ālavandār and was longing to see him. When this opportunity presented itself, he accompanied Tiruvarangapperumāl-Araiyar to Srīrangam and when he reached it, alas! he heard the grand old man was dead a few hours back. Struck with sorrow he attended his funeral and returned to Kāñchī after it was over.

Rāmānuja continued his studies for some time privately and then determined upon studying under Periyānambi, one of the disciples of Ālavandār, as his teacher. For this purpose he started for Srīrangam, but on his way he met Periyānambi himself at Madurāntakam, where the latter had halted on his way to Kāñchī. Rāmānuja filled with joy at such an unexpected meeting requested Periyānambi to begin his lectures even at Madhurāntakam at that very auspicious moment. After a short stay at Madhurāntakam Rāmānuja returned to Kāñchī with Periyānambi and continued studying under him for 6 months. Meanwhile differences arose between the wives of the two, and Periyānambi in consequence quitted the house of Rāmānuja and returned to Srīrangam.

Disgusted with the many acts of petty-mindedness of his wife, Rāmānuja resolved to take on the robe of the Sanyāsin and carried out his resolution immediately, and his wife returned to her parents. Some manuscripts, of the Guruparamparai state that Rāmānuja had two sons before he became a Sanyāsin. Having heard that Rāmānuja had entered the Sanyās'as'rama, his nephew Mudaliyāndān and Kurattālvār joined him to begin the study of Vēdānta. It must be noticed here that Mudaliyāndān was born in the 16th year of Rāmānuja's life and Kūrattālvār was 3 years older than Mudaliyāndān. During this period of Rāmānuja's life a discussion arose between himself and his old teacher, Yādavaprakāś'a, about the use of *taptamudra* in which the latter was completely silenced. A few weeks later the teacher himself embraced Vis'ishtādvaitism and became a disciple of Rāmānuja and assumed the name of Govindajiyyar. He wrote a work called Yatidharmasamuchchayam and a short time after quitted this world.

At the request of Tiruvarangapperumāl Araiyar, Rāmānuja left Conjeeveram to make thenceforth Srīrangam his head-quarters. He assumed the control of the temple and introduced many wholesome reforms in its management. Through the influence of his uncle Periya-Tirumalai-Nambi, Rāmānuja's cousin Gōvinda Bhattar, was converted to Vaishnavism, after which the neophyte gave up the management of the temple at Kālahasti where he had settled till then. He now joined Rāmānuja at Srīrangam and became a Sanyāsin under the name of Embar.

About this period, a great Advaita philosopher named Yajñamūrti, who was going round to various places both for the purpose of pilgrimage and for establishing his faith, heard of Rāmānuja as the propounder of a new system of philosophy and repaired to that place. In the discussion that ensued, Yajñamūrti admitted his inferiority and became a disciple of Rāmānuja, in fact he was one of the most important disciples later on. After his conversion he received the name of Arulalapperumāl-Emberumānār. He was the author of Jñānasāra and Pramēyasāra.

Now Rāmānuja was moved by a desire to start on an extensive pilgrimage to visit all the 108 Tiruppatis. He visited all the important places of the Southern Presidency, and the Guruparamparai adds that he even went to Cashmere to procure a copy of the Bōdhāyana Vritti on Vyāsa's Brahma-Sūtras, after the study of which, he intended to write his Srī-Bhāṣya. It is said, there he received greater honour from the King and the God-

ness S'arada than they both accorded to S'ankarāchārya. He was able to borrow a copy of the Vritti, but only for a short time, even during which his two disciples Mudaliyāndān and Kūrattālvār managed to get it by heart. With that remembrance they were able to help their teacher in the writing of his *Opus Magnus*, the S'ri-Bhāshyam. He returned after perhaps a decade to S'rīrangam and began his Bhāshyam and finished it. About this period was born a son named Parās'arabhatta, to Kūrattālvār, who became afterwards the representative of the Visishtādvaita School of Philosophy.

The Rāmānujārya Divyasūricharitai declares that after the Bhāshyam was completed, Rāmānuja lived at S'rīrangam for 60 years before the Chōla persecution began. At that period there lived at Gangaikondachōlapuram a Chōla King who was a very bigotted S'aiva. He was compelling his subjects, to embrace S'aivism. One of the persecuted men pointed out to the king that if their leader, Rāmānuja of S'rīrangam, were converted, it would be as good as converting the whole of his followers. This suggestion was received with favour and emissaries were sent to S'rīrangam to fetch Rāmānuja to the capital. When these arrived, Rāmānuja was taking his bath, and Kūrattālvār foreseeing trouble to his teacher, put on the *kāshaya* which Rāmānuja had doffed and proceeded to the capital to personate the Vaishnava teacher. The Chōla King ordered him to sign a document to the effect that there was no God superior to S'iva, for which Kūrattālvār replied that greater than S'iva was Drōna, punning upon the words, S'iva and Drōna, which also mean two cubic measures of which the latter is bigger in capacity. Incensed at this impertinent reply the king ordered the eyes of the man to be put out.

To return to Rāmānuja. After his daily services were over, he heard the news of the arrival of the royal messengers and of the departure of Kūrattālvār to Gangaikondachōlapuram. The devout followers of the Āchārya advised him to flee altogether from the Chōla dominions to be out of harm's reach. He received the advice of his disciples with due regard and left S'rīrangam and after a great deal of privation and troubles on the way, reached Tondanūr in the Hoysala Kingdom, where he took refuge. Tondanūr (modern Tonnūr near Mēlukōte) became thenceforth his headquarters for a long number of years. In the course of a year or two he succeeded in effecting the conversion of Bittidēva, the Hoysala King from Jainism to S'ri-Vaishnavism and conferred on his royal convert the

name of Vishnuvardhana. With the help of the King he built on Yādavādri, the temple of Tirunārāyana in S'aka 1012 Bahudhānya (S'aka 1012 is not Bahudhānya. The Vadagalai Sampradāyam gives 1021 as the date which agrees with the cyclic year; the last two digits seem to have been interposed in the first instance by the scribes). Also he constructed a large lake near Tonnūr and called Tirumala Sāgara.

In the year S'aka 1039, Mudaliyāndān was sent to the Hoysala capital to set up there as also in other parts of the empire 5 images of Nārāyana. In Bēlūr was set up Vijayanārāyana and Kīrtinārāyana at Talakād.

It is said that these images were set up in Jaina temples converted into places of Vaishnava worship.

After all these achievements were over, people arrived with the happy news of the death of the persecuting Chōla at Gangaikondachōlapuram and requested Rāmānuja to return to S'rīrangam. After settling right the affairs of the Tirunārāyanapuram temple he proceeded to S'rīrangam where he lived for 11 years before he breathed his last.

Rāmānuja had heard in S' 1009 that the Chōla King S'enni Kulōtt-unga had destroyed the Vishnu temple at Chidambaram and that the image therein was carried by its votaries to Tirupati, where it remained with them houseless. He is said to have influenced his royal convert Ghattidēva Yādavarāya to erect a temple for it in Tirupati and got it set up there. Ghattidēva Yādavarāya was also requested to superintend the services of the temple. Rāmānuja settled then the dispute about the identity of the image of the Tirumala temple, which the S'aivas claimed as that of Subrahmanya and the Vaishnavas asserted it to be of Venkatés'a. Of course his judgment was in favour of the Vaishnavas. He also established a number of S'ri-Vaishnava families at Elamandayam, a village near Tirupati, which he purchased for the purpose.

On the eve of his long life Rāmānuja made Parās'ara Bhattar, the son of Kūrattālvār his successor in teaching the Visishtādvaita philosophy and left this world in S'aka 1059.

CHAPTER VII.

Bhattar was the next Āchārya and was fit to occupy the seat of this illustrious predecessor. The important event of his period is the conversion of a famous Advaita philosopher of S'ringeri, who

sometime after his conversion took holy orders under the name of Nāñjīyar and succeeded Bhattar in the pontifical seat. Nāñjīyar made Nambūr Varadarāja the next pontiff. He went by the names of Nambillai and Lōkâchârya. Of his disciples were Periyavâchchân Pillai, the author of the voluminous commentaries on the Prabandham and Pinbalagiya Jīyar, the author of the Guruparamparâprabhâvam.

T. A. GŌPINĀTHA RAO.

(To be continued).

THE YELLOW PERIL.

IN the last number of the *Review of Reviews* (June, 1904), we are favoured with an interesting resume of the past history of the world, under the heading "*Asia as a Conqueror*," from a study of which no less a thing than the bogie of an Asiatic invasion of Europe, dressed in its latest garb of what is known as the "Yellow Peril" is trotted out by Mr. W. T. Stead, not merely as a latent possibility of contemporary practical politics, but as an imminent result of the march of events in the modern political arena. This amiable forecast is evidently intended for the edification of the world in general, and of England in particular—England, which at the present moment is tingling at every pore of her sensitive organism with the thrilling instincts of world-wide federation and imperialism. Men like Mr. Stead have their uses, even in their uncalled-for rôle of political prophets. *Chacun à son goût*. Blest with a morbid, if fertile, imagination, which at times soars perilously near the ludicrous, they keep on harping ever on the excrescences of national life and the darker possibilities in mundane affairs, fulfilling a legitimate, if gruesome, function in helping to maintain the balance of *current* thought in the department of national progress and aspirations. It was not in vain that Count Cassini, the astute Russian Ambassador at Washington, proclaimed to the world at large through the pages of the *North American Review* that timely and convenient discovery, which in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, it had been reserved for his mighty nation to unearth for the benefit of the civilized world. Says the Count: "It is not a thoughtless statement that, were Japan to obtain the supreme control in Manchuria, the dominant military spirit of the Japanese would lead them to organize the Chinese into a modern army of such proportions that Europe and America would stand aghast at this menace to their peace and well-being. The Chinese make good soldiers. To suppose them to be pusillanimous in character is erroneous. They are easily trained by competent instructors, and, with a population of more than four hundred and thirty millions to draw from, an army could be raised that, co-operating with Japan, might, with a reasonable show of confidence, defy the civilized world."

It is nothing new to find Mr. Stead indulging in untimely hysterical displays. It is no wonder even that he should take up his cudgels on behalf of the Great Czar, who in his personal capacity did so much to make a spectacle of himself in working out that pet idea of Mr. Stead and his extreme school of visionaries—the so-called Peace Conference, that irony in even modern international politics! But what is real matter for astonishment is that the bump of the historic sense should be so little developed in a modern journalist, even when he happens to be Mr. Stead, that he should calmly ignore the special characteristics and features, that distinguish the present from the past, of the races and nations of whom he glibly makes so much controversial capital. It certainly seems to us that the histrionic sense in Mr. Stead has been strangely developed at the expense of the prosaic historic perception. It is inconceivable to a serious student of history that the position of Japan at the present day should even prospectively be compared to that of the savage hordes of primitive barbarism and the later waves of fanatic races, who, before the dawn of civilization, overran the ancient Empires of the West, and for a time threatened the extinction of Christendom itself. The spirit of barbaric vandalism which possessed the Goths and the Huns on the one hand, and that of religious frenzy which fired the fanatical Moslems on the other, are both equally things of the irreclaimable past. To contemplate the possibility of an inter-continental conflict between Asia and Europe, as we see them to-day, is assuredly to shut one's eyes altogether to the political history and development of the modern nations, and lose oneself in an academical dream of the conditions which existed before the middle ages. It is nothing less than to ignore the invaluable assets earned by the human race in centuries of struggle and labour, and to put back mentally the hands of the clock of human progress by more than a thousand years. It is to consign all history and common sense into oblivion and lose faith in the cardinal doctrine of the progress of humanity itself towards its destined goal, 'the far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves.'

The motive forces which worked humanity in past ages to wars and conquests have assuredly become as extinct as the flora and fauna of the prehistoric epochs. Even the last vision of personal glory and national achievement as a motive force to warlike expansion received its final death-blow in the field of Waterloo, at the opening of the last century. The wars of the present day, however

still dependent on the personal element, now as ever, in human affairs, are no longer due to religious frenzy or national vainglory. Any one can see that the struggle of Japan to-day is for her very existence as a political entity. It is well that the relentless and feverish march of Russia from ocean to ocean across half the hemisphere should receive a much-needed and salutary check in its pre-mad career. The attempt to indentify Russia's interests in the present struggle with those of Western Civilization and progress as pitted against Asiatic barbarism is, indeed, a ludicrous travesty of actual facts. The parallel is rather wholly the other way. Xerxes and his hordes might well be their modern descendants beaten away from the Yalu by the plucky and intrepid band of the land of the Rising Sun.

No one is anxious to sell the bear's skin before the bear is killed, as Mr. Stead warns us from doing, but no one can prevent us from devoutly hoping in the interests of human well-being and progress that the bear will be scotched and taught a much-needed lesson to keep back in his own native region. We cannot see anything frightful in the contingency of even a Chino-Japanese Empire, admitting for the sake of argument even such an extreme plausibility rather than possibility. It is certainly rather too late in the day to attempt to place Japan outside the circle of civilization, and try to make diplomatic capital out of geographical misnomers. Japan has long since found its way into the comity of the civilized powers of the day, and is at this moment beyond all doubt the most European of Asiatic powers, as Russia is certainly the most Asiatic of European powers. The world learned long ago that Asiatics are not destined to disappear before the wave of western civilization like the pre-historic races of aborigines in other countries—the American Indians and the African Negroes. The so-called Asiatics have too much in common with the human stock that has grown up in modern Europe to be so lightly brushed aside. The example of India under British domination is full of pregnant lessons for the student of modern history and political philosophy. The greatest of those truths is certainly that the peaceful development of the old world nations of Asia are assured under the vivifying influence of Western civilization, whether politically dependent under such a civilized power or breathing a separate independent existence as a political entity.

In conclusion, to pass on to the most serious feature of the situation, the Mongolian race, as every one knows, has nothing i

common with the rest of Asia. There are no common affinities of race or religion, memories or traditions of any kind, calculated to move the various races of Asia in a compact mass as denizens of the same continent. From the earliest dawn of history and human traditions, Asia has been merely a geographical term, unlike Europe, where the pulses of the nations, grown as they are in recent times within full-blown historic memory, have always beat in unison from century to century since the dawn of Christendom. To those who have read history to any purpose, the bogie of Japanese domination in Asia is bound to be the thinnest even among the refined tricks of diplomatic agitation, with not even the saving grace of faith in it on the part of those who find it to their interest to glibly put it forward for all it is worth as an element for the consideration of the world's moving factors in the political arena of the day.

K. R. SITARAMAN.

MALABAR IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



"Behold these mountain tops of various size
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy skies
Nature's rude wall, against the fierce banar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar
Here from the mountain to the surgy main
Fair as a garden spreads the smiling plain."

Lusiad, Bk. 1.

THE closing years of the 15th century of the Christian era mark an important epoch in the history, not only of Malabar, but of all India. In 1498 A.D., Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese Captain anchored off Calicut, at that time the most flourishing city on the west coast of India. Vasco de Gama had interviews with the kings of Malabar and established trade relations with the rulers of Cochin and Cannanore. A few years hence we find the Portuguese as masters of the Indian Ocean massacring and robbing merchants and pilgrims, erecting fortifications at Cochin and Cannanore, terrorising over the rulers of those States and carrying on a never ending and ruthless war with the Zamorins of Calicut. Foreign invasions and foreign conquests were then new experiences to the people of Malabar. Though invaders after invaders had invaded and conquered the northern portions of India and though by the 15th century Muslimans had penetrated far into the South and had established kingdoms there, Malabar, shut in by her natural mountain barriers, had till then escaped the horrors and sufferings attendant on foreign conquests. The 16th century marks the gradual decline of the independent sovereignties of Malabar. An account then, of this period, of her kings and kingdoms, of their modes of government and war, of the popular customs and usages, cannot but be both interesting and instructive. In the following pages an attempt is made to describe the state of the country as it existed under her native kings. It is based on informations gathered chiefly from the writings of foreign authors.

The ancient history of the country is shrouded in obscurity. No doubt traditions, legends and songs abound, but they are without exception the imagination of materials.

native efforts of poets and poetasters. Ancient inscriptions and deeds from which a rough history might be constructed are only conspicuous in Malabar by their absence. There is however another source of history left. Malabar, the home of spices and of pepper, has from very early times, attracted foreign merchants and travellers from the remotest parts of the world. From the accounts left by these foreigners we get a glimpse of ancient Malabar. Unfortunately, however, these ancient books contain names of places and of tribes which antiquarians have not yet succeeded in identifying. The writings of the Portuguese historians contain a tolerably accurate idea of the state of the country at the dawn of the 16th century, and they will be my guide through the following pages.

In the beginning of the 16th century we find that Malabar was ruled by four or five more or less independent kings. Kings of Cannanore ruled the North, the Zamorins of Calicut occupied the middle, next came the

Divisions of Malabar
in the 16th Century.

kingdom of Cochin, and the southernmost portions of the country were divided between the Queen of Quilon and the Raja of Venad or Travancore. The writings of the Portuguese authors contain abundant evidence to show that the Zamorins were far the stronger and wealthier than the rest of the rulers of the period and that they exercised a kind of supremacy over the whole of the country. According to tradition these dynasties owe their origin to gifts made to his kinsmen and dependants by Cheraman Perumal, the last emperor of *Keralam*, when he abdicated his throne and went on his pilgrimage to *Mecca*? This tradition is thus referred to by the Portuguese poet:—

Origin of the Dynas-
ties of Malabar.

“Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast :
A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore
What time great Perimal the sceptre bore
From blest Arabia's groves to India came ;
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame
Of holy zeal ; fired by the powerful strain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,
And vows at fair Medina's shrine to close
His life's mild eve in prayer and sweet repose.
Gifts he prepares, to deck the prophet's tomb,
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,
Oxiza's spices and Golconda's gems ;

Yet, ere the fleet the Arabian Ocean stems,
His final care his potent regions claim :
Nor his the transport of a father's name,
His servants now the regal purpul wear,
And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.
Proud Cochin one and one fair bhale sways,
The spicy isle another lord obeys :
Coulam and Cannanore's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various lords he yields :
While these and others the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful past,
Save Calicut a city poor and small,
Though lordly now, no more remained to fall :
Grieved to behold such merit thus repaid,
The Sapien youth the king of kings he made
And honoured with the name, great Zamorin
The loudly titled boast of power Supreme.”

These lines express graphically the current tradition respecting the origins of the several dynasties of Malabar. Whatever truth these traditions may contain, there can be no doubt that the Royal Houses had existed from very early times. In the *Jewish and Syrian grants* which *Antiquarians* have agreed in assigning to the 8th century A.D., the witnesses mentioned therein are the ancestors of the modern Rajas of Malabar. It is clear therefore that these princes did not owe their origin to the gifts made by Cheraman Perumal, but it might be they were made independent rulers by the last named king on his abdication.

It is unnecessary for the purpose of this article to inquire into the truth or otherwise of this tradition. It is enough to observe that in the beginning of the 16th century we find that in addition to the four independent kings, viz., Colethery, Zamorin, Cochin and Venad (Travancore) there were 16 lesser kingdoms of the first rank including Chambacassery, Ariangoda or Walluvanad, Palghat, Bettathnad and others whose rulers possessed power of deciding cases of life and death regarding their own subjects. There were still smaller districts the rulers of which had no power over the lives of their subjects. These were again subdivided and so on *ad infinitum* until it became a proverb in Malabar that two steps might be made in one territory, a third must pass the boundary. All these lesser chiefs—Naduvazhies and Desavazhies as they are called—were feudal subordinates of one or other of the four kings,

Coethery, Zamorin, Cochin and Travancore. It could not be expected that these rude chieftains obeyed their Suzerains unless the latter were strong enough to enforce their orders.

At the time of which we are writing there could be no doubt that the Zamorins were the strongest and wealthiest among the kings of Malabar. Their capital Calicut was then the most flourishing city on the west coast of India. Its merchants had commercial relations with such distant countries as *Venice, Egypt, Arabia, Africa, &c.* *Gasper Corrie*, the Portuguese historian, thus writes: "The city of Calicut, as it was the principal one of India on account of its trade since ancient times, was all inhabited by foreign and native Moors, the richest that there were in India. There were Moors of Grand Cairo who brought large fleets of many ships with much trade of valuable goods which they brought from *Mecca* and they took back in return pepper, drugs, and all other richest merchandise of India with which they acquired great wealth." Accounts furnished by ancient travellers confirm the fact that Calicut was from the earliest times one of the most flourishing seats of commerce in India. It was from time out of mind a favourite resort for commercial travellers from every quarter of the ancient world. It was above all the seat of a long line of brave, active and powerful princes, who were wise enough to encourage commerce and stimulate industry. Well might we exclaim with the poet,

"And lo! the Empress of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut resplendent towers!
Here is every fragrance of the spicy shore,
Here is every gem of India's countless store.—*Lusiad, Bk. VII.*

The Zamorins had by the 16th century consolidated their kingdom by subjugating all their neighbours, the Rajas of Walluvanad and of Palghat, and had established their supremacy over the king of Cochin. Thanks to the general ignorance of geography, the Zamorin, ruler of a quarter of the modern Collectorate of Malabar considered himself a grand monarch and had already assumed the title of the Lord of the Seas though he did not possess a single fighting ship. But he was also treated as a powerful king by neighbouring as well as by distant princes. The king of *Malinda* in Africa is reported to have informed the Portuguese that the Zamorin was all powerful in the country of pepper and spices and if they could

but secure his favour they would have at their command the commerce of the West Coast of India.

There could however be no doubt that he was at the time the prince in all Malabar. He was the wealthiest among his peers. He had great resources at his disposal. It was his boast that he could bring into the field 30,000 Nairs (soldiers) at a day's notice and 100,000 in 3 days. The Zamorins of the period were all energetic, strongwilled and passionately fond of war. The princes of Malabar stood in awe of the Zamorins. The kings of Cannanore and Cochin represented to the Portuguese Captains that unless the king of Calicut could be conquered, there would be no peace in Malabar.

That Zamorins lived in befitting state could be seen from the accounts of the Portuguese, who must have beheld with awe and wonder the magnificence and splendour of the royal palace. The poet Camoens describes the palace and the king at the time of Vasco de Gama's visit:

"The tapestried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery Velvet spread the marble floor;
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around silver pillars; High o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance shed
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone;
Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,
"Lordly his posture and his brow serene."

According to *Varthema* a Portuguese traveller, "the palace of the king was about a mile in circumference. The walls were low with beautiful divisions of wood with *devas* carved in relief."

APPEARANCE AND CUSTOMS OF THE KING.

It need not be said that the kings of Malabar were all pious and devout Hindus but they tolerated the exercise of all religions in their dominions. The Mussulmans, Syrian Christians, Jains and Hindus lived peaceably side by side, each sect

Religious toleration. following its religious practices undisturbed and uninterfered with by his neighbour—When we reflect that, at the time of which we are writing, the so-called civilised nations of Europe were burning and torturing people for differences of faith,

we cannot praise too highly the enlightened and catholic spirit of our ancient Rajas.

In general appearance these kings were, like their subjects, of any colour from purest white to dark. Like their subjects again they went about naked from the waist upwards. They had top knots, and if the Portuguese historians are to be believed, they wore mustaches. They were profuse in ornamenting their persons—their ears—arms—heads were sparkling with precious stones and golden jewels. They were all followers of the law of Marumakkathayam and their heirs were brothers and nephews. The ladies of the Royal Houses were allowed to take as their husbands either *Nambudries* or *Nairs*. (Varthema).

On the death of a king, mourning was to be observed by all the people in the country for 13 days. During these days there was no king, but whose duties were performed by the Prime Minister of the State. The coronation ceremony is thus described: "When this term (mourning) is passed, all the grandees and former government make the king swear all the laws of the late king. He takes his oath holding a drawn sword in his left hand

and his right hand placed on a chair lit up with many oil wicks in the midst of which is a gold ring which he touches with his fingers and there he swears to maintain everything with that sword. When he had taken the oath they sprinkle rice over his head with many ceremonies of prayer and adoration to the sun and immediately after, certain Count whom they call *Caymal* along with all the others of the Royal lineage, swear to him in the same manner to serve him and to be loyal and true to him. On the Anniversary day of the late king's death, the king confirms the eldest number of the Family as the Heir Apparent, the *Stanies* (lords) in their estates, confirms or changes Government and other officials. There was a peculiar custom that the Heir Apparent should not visit Calicut during the lifetime of the king—the meaning of the custom is obvious."

When the king goes from one place to another he is attended by nobles and retainers and "with music consisting of kettledrums, trumpets horns—flutes—brassplates and lutes." The order of the procession was arranged with the bowmen in the van, lancers next, then the bearers of swords and buckles, then came the nobles followed by the king's palanquin borne on men's shoulders.

Cochin.

The Rajas of Cochin belong to the Kshatriya caste while all the other Rajas were *Nairs*. They were neither so rich nor so powerful as the Zamorins. It is believed that they are the lenial successors of Cheraman Perumal. In customs and manners they did not differ much from their neighbours.

The Kings of Travancore held their Court at *Quilon*. They appear to have been at this time tributary to the Kings of Madura. This was the time when the *Ettu Vettil Pillamars* held their sway not only over the country but also over their kings. We read in the history of Madura how in the 17th century, the then King of Travancore utilised the forces of the Madura Queen-Regent *Mangammal* who had come to collect the tribute, to crush his turbulent and all powerful ministers and how he subsequently succeeded in defeating the foreigners and in establishing his own independance—(1698 A.D.).

The Kings of Cannanore appear to have been rather wealthy on account of the immense quantity of pepper produced in their country.

I shall close the first part of this narrative by enumerating the important centres of commerce in the 16th century. They are Cannanore, Trikkur, *Pandariani*, Cupakad, Calicut, *Chaliyani*, Parappanangadi, Tanur, Ponnany, Chetuvai, Cranganore, Cochin, Porca, Quilon, Trivandrum; the chief articles of commerce were pepper, ginger, cardamoms, cocoanuts, betel leaves, arecanuts.

(To be continued)

B. GOVINDA NAMBIAR.

POLICE REFORM

POLICE Reform is one of the topics which is of perennial interest. Public and private life now-a-days is so dependent on a good Police Force for security that every one would wish the Police to be above reproach—at all events, very much better than the force has the reputation of being at present. The Police Commission of two years ago from which so much was expected, held its sittings, and columns and columns of evidence tendered by the witnesses were reported. It has doubtless been a difficult and tiresome task to digest the mass of testimony which only here and there afforded a glimmer of light which had not shone on the vexed problem previously. Police officers, magistrates, judges, journalists, administrative and executive officers have had their say, and reviewing the evidence calmly at this late day, one is inclined to say, "Is this all?" There is evidently no royal road to Police Reform; for the opinions are as diverse as they are occasionally contradictory. Whatever the labours of the Police Commission may ultimately result in, I beg to be allowed, as one outside the pale of Police officialdom, and as one with some experience of Police procedure among the town and village communities of South India, and also as one cognisant of the thoughts and feelings, the virtues and failings of the masses, to offer with much diffidence, some observations on the stale, if still pressing subject of Police Reform. Whatever has been the difference of opinion on Police matters as a whole, on the question of Station House Officers the witnesses, in the investigation referred to above, have been singularly unanimous. No dissentient voice regarding the advisability of raising the tone and improving the status of the S. H. O. has been heard. The strength of a chain is its weakest link, and so far as public opinion goes, the S. H. O. is indubitably the one Police official on whom rests the stability and excellence of Police work. It follows that this unit of the Police Department necessitates the introduction of a superior class of men, but it is not equally clear where such men are to be found—except among the graduates of the Madras University. If the sweeping assumption, that all graduates are *per se* more honest than the class from which the present S. H. officers are recruited is correct, then of course, the employment of graduates is a desideratum. I express no opinion on the matter, but it may be worth

while remembering that, if a man is inclined to be a rogue, education often serves but to stimulate and strengthen dishonesty. The S. H. officer's position is one of great temptation and affords liberal opportunities in the direction of corruption; and education alone, it seems to me, is scarcely the sole test on which to rely: the chief factor in the disintegration of Indian custom, religion, tradition, and caste is the system of school and college education which has opened its fascinating portals equally to the many peoples of India from the High caste Brahmin to the out-cast Pariah. Rich and poor, proud and humble, have rightly availed themselves of the education offered, and in the struggle for official patronage, the passed candidate of the greatest intelligence wins—and all considerations of family aptitude, domestic ties, natural fitness to lead, and the candidate's wealth and social position are mostly lost sight of. Whatever may be said of the equality of all men—all men are *not* equal. An English boy of respectable Middle Class parentage, proud of the name and traditions of his family, and educated at Eton or Harrow, cannot be placed in the same class as the son of a mechanic or a caster-monger, brought up in the sordid surroundings of a big city and educated at a free or a board school. They look at life and its duties and obligations from wholly different points of view; and although in mere intellectual capacity and acquired knowledge they may start in the race equally well equipped, morally—not necessarily religiously—they are as different as possible. Exceptions—and very noble exceptions—crowd upon the mind:—

"Here and there a cotter's babe is royal-born by right divine;
Here and there my Lord is lower than his oxen or his swine."

But in the main, gentle breeding, family tradition, a name, a fine sense of honor are weapons which it is not the privilege of every man to inherit and to wear.

As in England, so in India, family and breeding tells. It is for this reason that in all countries the few govern and the many serve, that the few give the tone to society which influences the conduct of the masses. It is, in short, the classes *versus* the masses. America is a democratic country and all its citizens started, theoretically at least, equally; but breeding and culture and wealth and a recognised position have begun to tell there, and the natural leaders of the people are in the main drawn from the superior classes. The inference from this brief discussion is obvious. Not only in the Police, but in all departments of the State service, **selection** should play a much greater part than it does. The cooly in the street will be often heard to

remark, when speaking of the honorable conduct of a man of family, "He's a big stomach's child." The saying is analogous to the English "What's bred in the bone, &c." It is not without reason that the Commissioned Officers of His Majesty's Military and Naval Services are even now chosen from a class which is superior to that which they are called upon to lead and command. The "greatest service in the world" owes its distinguished reputation and all its character for unselfish devotion to duty and its undoubted profits to the men who built it up and who were mostly men of family and position. Competitive examinations have, in recent years, led to the introduction of rank outsiders into the charmed circle of the Indian Civil Service, and this has tended not a little to shake the faith of the people in the fair dealing and uprightness of the bureaucracy which rules India. Much greater harm would have resulted were it not that the noble traditions of the Civil Service have, in their turn, influenced for the better the character of the interlopers.

It is not without reason that the Viceroy has established a class of Military Cadets drawn from exalted families, and it is not without reason that Caste itself once firmly fixed an impassable barrier between the various classes of the body politic. But these are the days of equality of opportunity—and a graduateship—regardless of other weighty considerations—is the key which unlocks the gateways of official life. Let me suppose every future S. H. officer a graduate, what is the guarantee, nay the likelihood, that S. H. officers will be like Cæsar's wife—and more honest than the S. H. officers of the present day? It is within my experience for a graduate magistrate to have an illiterate brother hanging about his Cutchery as a scheming law tout. There are graduates and graduates, and some of them are not a whit higher in the social scale than the peons, a discriminating government allows them as attendants. How mere education alone—shorn, as it generally is, of all moral and religious training—tends to make a graduate, as a graduate, more honest than his non-educated fellows it is difficult to assert. I know scores of young agriculturists, who have not even a smattering of English, as honest in their life and as faithful to their obligations as any graduate who has startled the village in which he was born by his success. In many instances education only intensifies and develops latent capacities for evil. A young graduate of no family or training, who comes to the top by keenness of intellect or dogged perseverance, is often placed in a position of responsibility which tests him severely. The consuming desire to become wealthy is

natural, and he not unfrequently enriches himself illegitimately in his hot haste to raise himself and his relatives in comfort and in the social scale. A great teacher has told us that it is unseemly to patch old garments with new cloth—and this is what the Indian Government has been doing very assiduously for many years past, and the result, as far as the Police is concerned, is an unsightly combination, which it is the task of the Police Commission to transform into a work-a-day wearable garb. On Conservative India, with unnecessary haste and hot enthusiasm, the liberal ideas of the West have been thrust so indiscriminately and unwisely that distinguished Indians themselves regret the disturbance—approaching a revolution—that social and industrial life exhibits. The natural leaders of the people, careless in their fancied security and indifferent at first to official patronage, have almost "gone under," and Indian Society presents a topsyturvydom which is as deplorable as it is fruitful of evil. But there is no reason to despair, and even at this late hour, wholesome changes in education, and a judicious and sagacious system of selection, steadily pursued, would do much to rectify very many existing evils. For one thing, a wholesome and much to be desired change for the better would come over the whole of the subordinate services in India—even that black sheep among erring departments—the Police Force.

One experienced witness of the Police Commission gave expression to an indisputable verity when he said "the character of the Police depends very much on the people." Quite so! If a community in a village or township, in a taluq or district, or a community as a class or caste is honest, independent, and sturdily refuses to put up with Police *Zoolum* and Police concoction, there the Police is on its good behaviour, and takes, like the dogs, the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. By their fruits ye shall know them. If a community have no sense of the moral law, are tyrants or slaves as opportunity dictates, these criminal Police methods are in full force and the policeman waxes fat. Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao said in his evidence that the Police do not know the honest people in a community. He should give the Police force a little more credit for intelligent appreciation of character. The Police knows the honest people and declines their acquaintance, and in nine cases out of ten leaves them severely alone. It is more profitable to know the rogues. Some communities are rarely interfered with without just and sufficient cause. Why? Because they are not amenable to unjust Police methods

and because they are honest and independent. Some classes are honest but not strong enough to be independent, and it is the class which should let themselves be known, should make a stand against Police oppression and so help the superior officials of the Police to eradicate the evils so much complained of. The higher Police officers are always willing to support honesty, especially if the officer is a European, for the European is untrammelled by local influences and prejudices which, to the Indian officer, are often formidable obstacles to surmount. It is no use mincing matters, but the truth must be spoken and my experience is—and the experience of others may be very different—the European official, taken all in all and in the average, makes a firmer stand for impartiality, justice and honesty than the average Indian. I say this with the strongest conviction and the greatest regret, for I think Indians should be very much more largely employed than they are in all the Indian services, both in the interests of economy and efficiency. In regard to efficiency in the Police especially, Indian Assistant Superintendents of Police are infinitely more capable of doing good Police work than the average Englishman knowing little of the people and sympathising less with them. When it comes to strength of character and love of fair play the Englishman scores most often. It is surely something of a paradox that the same class of men employed on executive and judicial work should show such remarkable divergence in character. The Indian as a strong, patient and impartial Judge is quite the equal and in many instances the unquestionable superior of his European colleague on the Bench; but somehow in the executive branches of the service the strength degenerates into weakness and the justice and impartiality into unblushing favouritism and a weak-kneed subservience to irresponsible public opinion or to circumstance.

This is possibly due to the fact that in judicial life the official is in a great measure subject to limitations which in executive and administrative capacities are absent. The very freedom of choice and the varying influences which impinge upon and modify the judgment in active executive work appear to have an enervating, instead of a bracing effect on Indian character—a character which, under the circumstances discussed earlier in this paper, is as yet in a state of transition. By and by probably—and there are many hopeful indications that the time is not far distant—the Indian may proudly take his stand by the side of the European as equal and peer in every possible respect. Meanwhile the practical administrator,

other things being equal, will try and fill official vacancies with men selected from the families of the natural leaders of the people—such as Zemindars, old and well established landed proprietors, nobles and those stratas of Indian Society which have an undoubted claim to position and trust. On the other hand men of the type of Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Rao, the champion of oppressed people, should lose no time in persuading his honest people to get into touch with the higher Police officials by the constitution of vigilance committees scattered through the length and breadth of the land, solely devoted to the prevention and punishment of corruption in all its hydra-headed forms. Such vigilance committees should not drift into political critics. Their sole object should be to wage unceasing war against corruption. No bribes to be offered and no bribes to be accepted, should be its watchwords. Such committees properly organised and conducted would do much to scotch, if not kill, corruption, and their influence on the Pindarees of the Police, the Forest, the Revenue, the Salt, and other departments of the Government would be incalculable. The vigilance committees would also tend to brace the character and develop the independence of the people.

Commissions may sit and witnesses may testify; but unless the people are prepared to help themselves, little good will result. Reform must come from within. Of the details of Police organization, I am not in a position to say anything. Experts have recited their convictions, and the Commission has doubtless made the best of a tedious process of sifting and weighing of the evidence and rectify errors.

The present state of things cannot be allowed to go on. Neither in detection nor in the prevention of crime does the Police shine, and to possessing the confidence of the people the force most certainly has no shadow of claim. The red turban and the kakhi habiliments are dreaded and placated, and even influential men—Indians—prefer to live in large towns than in places where Police *Zoolum* can be more safely exercised. The Indian Policeman is out of place in the rural villages. Some system of hereditary watchmen under proper supervision is desirable. The complicated system of Police investigation should also yield place to simpler methods more in accordance with the idiosyncracies and the genius of the Indian people. The law's delays are proverbial, and the poor and the ignorant go empty away—always.

A. P. SMITH.

TRAVANCORE POLITICS AND MR V. P. MADHAVA ROW.



OF the pretty little land lying in the S.-W. corner of India, the average Indian has only very little knowledge. To him it is a land of wonders. Its Marumakkathayom and Syrian Christianity, Pandaravakay and Polichezhuthu, Monsoon Showers and Marriage Customs, Backwaters and Cocoanut Groves, and Backward Classes are but novelties uncommon in his own land. Having a number of cherished traditions to boast of and inhabited by peoples who by instinct are orderly, peace-loving and mainly agricultural, this picturesque native State is a little paradise in itself. If nature is so lavish in her bounties, the civic life of its people in turn is one of manifold blessings; tempered as it is by every description of royal moderation and tenderness and exempt as they are from the comparative rigour of land assessment and expenses of litigation. The people of Travancore are again free from the painful payment of the income-tax under which heading in British India proper, every house, every shed and every owner of a carriage, horse and dog and every profession has to pay the Government its dues thereon. A settled revenue, a harmless land law governing an admittedly complex system of land tenure and an entire absence of the perils of famine, in the strict sense of that term or at all events in the sense in which it is understood in British India, add harmony to the happiness of the people. An area of nearly 6,800 sq. miles, not even so much as the area of an average Indian district, is conveniently split up into 32 Taluqs each under a Tahsildar and Magistrate while the whole country is divided into four divisions for purposes of revenue, each under a Peishcar invested with almost concurrent powers of an Indian Collector, and for civil administration it is divided into five District Courts and under them 16 Munsiffs' Courts. Rich in natural resources, with all the facilities of their conversion into good account and with a luxuriant vegetation, the soil of the country is in general fertile and productive. A beautiful network of rivers favoured by the timely downpour of the S.-W. Monsoon makes the climate bracing and enjoyable and cultivation paying and cheerful. These are undoubtedly blessings of which any country on earth may be proud, but that they are not an unmixed blessing in Travancore may be readily seen from below.

Cut off from communication with the outside world and unknown to the higher forms of human happiness with all the virtues and vices, learning and luxuries, refinements and recreations, characteristic of a modern civilization, the humble people of rural Travancore live in a state of rustic simplicity, blissful ignorance, unconscious poverty and unfelt evils of illiteracy. The indolent Nair or the industrious Ealava or even the business-like Mapilla—the Syrian Christian—cares not for his politics and knows not of his rights and privileges of citizenship; and with a scant courtesy snaps his fingers at the entreaties of his educated friend on questions of caste supremacy, the unequal distribution of official patronage and the incapacity or injustice of the authorities that be. Anything like public spirit or public courage is foreign to his very nature, and according to him to revolt against political injustice or public immorality is a sin; to succumb to circumstances is a discretion. With his lot he is content; to better it by enterprise he does not want. In nothing of that keen struggle for existence which as a characteristic mark of advancing peoples distinguishes modern history and necessitates the discovery of new lines of departure from the beaten track of human enterprise, bringing in its range new activities of commerce and manufactures, and improved modes of agriculture, is the rural Travancorean interested; nor is there a taste for arts or refinements of any description kindled into his mind by any act of the Government of the country which is rightly or wrongly designated humane and enlightened.

There are first the Malayali Hindus of the country, under which heading goes the Malayali Brahmin Jenmies or the larger proprietors of land, the Nairs, the Ampalavasies and the Nanjinad Vellala Sudras. They constitute the bulk of the landed interest of the country and are admittedly the literate portion of the population. English education has not advanced so generally among all divisions of them as among the Nairs, though collectively they are in point of education far ahead of the rest of the population of the country. They are essentially a stay-at-home people whose larger interests in land have one way or other wedded them to the soil and made them happy in their own ways and hence inattentive to other and more lucrative callings in life. Peace and plenty—plenty of course, in the limited sense in which he views it—have along with the inherent and innumerable evils of the system of inheritance, caste, family and society in which he is born have made him enjoy the dull luxuries of

indolence and inactivity, and one or two sections of them in particular, the Nairs and the Namboodries, are hopelessly addicted to this vice. In the fond illusions of his dignity and status in society, it is even derogatory to him to work—to take to trading or industrial business which indeed are the vitalising agents in the national existence. Even in point of agriculture, the only profession congenial to his constitution and sentiment, he cannot go beyond certain pre-determined grooves. Thus years of stagnation and exclusion have eventually demoralised them as a community, debasing their sentiments and crippling their ambitions. It is no wonder, under this order of things, if dissolution and decay have crept in and eat into the vitals of their Taravads. Of the Namboodries and Ampalavasies, no more mention is needed here, since the former by lack of English education and the latter by the smallness of their numbers do not figure prominently in the politics of their country or take part in the universal scramble for official positions. But the Nairs and the Nanjinad Sudras, in spite of their undesirable antecedents, are already in the field with acquisitions of English education, University distinctions and political aspirations, and of course, with a keen sense of the degradation, social, political and economical, to which the bulk of their community has now fallen. Their long continued and perhaps inevitable inactivity seems to have kept them in the back-ground of politics allowing scope for the gradual flow of foreign aggression until at last it has superseded them and robbed them of their best prizes in the service of the Government. This is a ghost perpetually staring them in the face and a grievance to which the political sentiments of English education have now made them alive. For over a period of 12 years they have been protesting, with or without success no one can say, against this foreign inrush, and considering the rapid spread of education and the abundant supply of first rate talents among them along with the significant strength of their number and claims in the country, there is nothing to wonder at if they have begun to do so. All their hopes are now centred in the educated few of their community and the humanity and good sense of their Government.

Absence of traditional greatness or anything like rich heritages of fore-fathers have acted as an incentive to work among the humble but intelligent Mapillas of the land, than whose admirable habits of industry and frugality and a spirit of adventure with which they go in search of new fields and pastures, nothing can be more gladdening to an impartial mind. The slow and gradual way in which

they have grown to prominence as a community and have now monopolised the petty but profitable trading business of the country is an unmistakable sign of their pushful habit. They are now a prospering people, and assuredly with that equality of political rights that they are now so vigorously agitating for, they are bound to succeed in the life's race for life's prizes. Politically, too, their claims cannot be said to have been totally shelved, though they have many a disability at present and make common cause with the other natives in asking for more. There are then the so-called foreign Brahmins of the country under which heading may be put those of them whose fore-fathers have come and domiciled in Travancore and who are therefore born and brought up here, and those of them who are occasionally imported into it by attractions of the time-honoured bounties of Travancore or exigencies of public service or, as some would call it, extravagances of ministerial favours. It may not be wholly correct to call the former aliens, but their uniform sympathy and inseparable connexion with the latter in all their worldly concerns cement them together even in their political creed, and necessitates the natives to reluctantly exclude them from theirs. With all the facilities for advancement in life, they are a pre-eminently favoured class, and since they have nothing to lose and everything to gain in their new land of adoption, there is no reason why they should not prosper. The relics of a good old arrangement of society, indispensable in the economy of ancient India, still linger in the politics of modern times, and in Travancore however it has resulted in the preponderance of power to the foreign Brahmin. Already some of the highest offices in the State are in their own hands even in a degree inconvenient to the other classes, who are the genuine natives of the land and incommensurate with their own population and other interests in the country. It is but a palpable untruth to attribute it, as some office-seekers among them do, to any larger claims of education or to a larger share of the wisdom and talent of the land. And though we have thus been at variance with them in many points, always at loggerheads, it is our least aim to belittle here the honour and attainments with which a few high-minded Brahmin gentlemen have served and are still serving the government of Travancore. We should not also be understood as endeavouring to rake up the old controversy of racial struggles, if in this political discourse we make an attempt to portray the present political situation in the land in all its entirety. There are again

the Ealavas of the country, a mainly industrial and intelligent community, and other still lower classes among whom English education has not made the necessary advance and whose condition is at present very deplorable. But it is gratifying to note that their situation appears to have formed a leading problem with the new Dewan, Mr. V. P. Madhava Row.

Such being the inequalities of Society unavoidably overstepping even into politics, it is not strange that clouds of discontent gather in the political atmosphere of the country. The result is a ceaseless conflict of interests, and continual friction between classes or castes in all their mutual dealings, with ever increasing inconvenience to the smooth working of the machinery of government. The clash of interests at present, of which much has been said and written of late, is mainly between the aliens and the natives, in other words between the alien Brahmins on the one hand and the native Nairs, the Syrian Christians and the Ealavas on the other. Between the natives themselves there are elements of disagreement and rivalry, but they have not at present assumed any alarming proportion. The all-embracing question now is, is it or is it not justifiable in the peculiar social arrangement of Travancore that one class should be allowed to enjoy greater political privileges or appropriate a greater share than others of the profits of public service? Obviously such a distinction in the political world is a disgrace to the civilization in which we are all living, and it is superfluous to add that natural justice and political fairplay condemn the very idea of distinctions between classes in the politics of any country, and the tendency of modern times is to sweep them away root and branch. Nevertheless it has been going on and growing in Travancore in imperceptible gradations, and we shall see presently what the result is.

About one thing in particular which is also the most important, mention must be made at the outset. We have already seen that in the interior of the country political ideas of any description have not penetrated, and the rural classes as distinguished from those living and moving and having their being in the towns and the capital know not of the good or evil, necessity or otherwise of the incessant warfare raging among and almost confined to the educated few employed in the service of the government and outside of it in the large centres of business in the country. But nevertheless, English education is now taking a firm root in the land, and one cannot help observing the beneficent results of it in the gradual growth and ready acceptance of the new ideas, necessarily with all their virtues

and vices, by the generality of the people, disseminated as they are among them by numerous agencies such as the powerful vernacular organs of the country. But the spread of a new knowledge always has its vice. It is not new to Travancore or to any country in particular; it has been so in all ages and all countries. In Travancore, however, it has tended to augment the pernicious feeling of rivalry or jealousy between classes for official positions, and the result is indeed a regrettable disquietude in all political circles. Whatever may be the result, of one thing about the growth of this pernicious feeling we are at present perfectly sure, and it is the indubitable fact that we cannot at present dispense with it. Living as we do in the environments of a leavening age, we cannot, without injury to the national sentiment, condemn it, however undesirable it is, and refrain from maintaining that of the general growth of a healthy political renaissance, it is an indispensable adjunct and it would indeed be unwise, if not wholly impolitic, to attempt to suppress it abruptly or force it into submission by a single wave of the hand or a single stroke of the pen. However deeply we deplore the presence of it and indeed deprecate the growth of it, we cannot in the nature of things differentiate the good from the bad and discard the latter without impairing the substance. At the best we can only discourage it with conciliatory measures of correction, and rid ourselves of it wholly, when the fitness of time comes for it. However unwillingly it may be, we have now to graft it on to ourselves, until it is time for healthier and nobler ideas of civil government and higher truths of human interests and relations to spring up and supersede it. Unless and until we arrive at that happy consummation, we have to recognise its existence and patiently allow it to take its own time and to melt itself away ultimately in the glorious sunshine of liberal education and political development. Time will wear it out in the necessarily onward march of Society through the various stages of its evolution, each in its turn discarding the evil in proportion as it takes in the good; and statesmen and administrators have always to leave the inexorable evils of a growing and otherwise healthy political sentiment to the logical operation of time to correct or counteract. Here at any rate, in Travancore, nothing would now be so politic in a Dewan or any responsible man in the country, as to recognise the rival interests of classes and castes, with of course incessant endeavours to allay its rigour by a sympathetic inquiry into the reality of their discontent and the necessity or otherwise of the government to intervene. It

may be dangerous for a government to recognise distinctions between classes or castes among the governed, but in a State which has been systematically recognising the institutions of caste and the inequalities of society, it is still more dangerous to ignore it. To attempt to extirpate it by whatever means is an act as mischievous as it is impossible.

A generous and very brief inquiry into the social situation of the people and its direct bearing on the government of the country will readily convince one of the truth of the above statement. We have already pointed out that the Malayali Hindus, especially the Nairs, are a community groaning under the evils of centuries, and having their hand and foot inextricably tied to the yoke of caste and custom and a curious and ruinous system of inheritance. Endless litigation and continued inharmony in the domestic circle, with the systematic indolence and indifference of the irresponsible junior members and the utter recklessness of the Karanavan have, for ages, been undermining the stability of their Taravads and the integrity of their social economy. Uncles and nephews, brothers and cousins by branches of the fortieth remove who constitute the co-sharers of a common hearth and homestead, are ushered into the amphitheatre of life by individuals who are not saddled with any responsibility to provide for their upkeep, maintenance or education. They may be called so many direlicts of human society with no concern whatsoever in the affairs of the world, and having no mission to execute or responsibility to undertake in life. In the absence of any binding necessity and of a clear provision to reap the fruits of individual labour, the family units have no incentive to work, the family head has no necessity for it, and in consequence, the family holdings deteriorate in value, without the improvements that have to be made in the ordinary course of husbandry and without the accretions that would result from prudent and interested management. No proper care is taken for the bringing up or training of the young, none to meet the expenses of their education or to keep them under the ægis of that genial control and tender care that invariably obtain in an ordinary Makkathayom Taravad. The Karanavan's affections are naturally deflected on a different sphere, while the Anandravers supposed to be under his legal guardianship have to seek elsewhere for anything like parental care and affection. We are so very emphatic on this point, because it is the very fountain source of every evil that enervates the Nairs as a community. Not less in importance is the institution of caste, we mean, the

various sub-castes that shatter them to pieces, cut them as under and even disunite the numerous other bonds of union that knit them together. The absence of any binding tie of marriage and the injurious effects of Brahmin Sambandhams are equally weighty in the present day scheme of social reform. Similar instances of social corruption that arrest the progress of the Nair community may be multiplied without number, but I presume the above will suffice the purpose of this discourse. Influences and tendencies such as these cut at their vitals and call forth urgent measures of correction and removal, and it is now the implicit belief of every Nair gentleman of the day that no substantial change can be effected without the bold voice of a legislature and the tender interference of a beneficent government. Unless these defects are eradicated, the Nair society can never keep its head and make a move in level with the rest of mankind already on the high road to progress. Is it surprising then, that the educated men among them with purely patriotic motives have now boldly subscribed themselves to a scheme of reform and agitation, including among them the nomination of their own representatives in the Legislative Council of the country, and the demand for a larger share in the loaves and fishes of public service? It may be asked what has the employment of people in government service to do with the reforms in society. We might answer that it is the unselfish work of high-minded Government servants, such as jurists, administrators and legislators whose influence in society is a matter of course, that practically make and unmake all human institutions. And their influence may be exercised with redoubled force in a country where the majority of educated men are in the government service, and government service carries with it an ex-officio honour and status in society. Then again, if there are any two communities labouring under sensible political disabilities, of which the pernicious effects have now made themselves manifest, they are the Syrian Christians and the Ealavas. To them, to the latter even more than the former, many of the best offices of emolument in the State are proverbially denied, and to the low-castes of the country in particular, even public thoroughfares are virtually closed. Against this order of things they are bound to revolt in season and out of season, and individually or collectively they have to struggle for an equality of treatment at the hands of their government. Regardless of perils and failures, these communities have to see their way cleared and new paths of promotion and success in life cut open for them.

No one can silence them if they venture, as undoubtedly they do, to voice forth their demands and grievances in public organs or represent them to the government in the shape of memorials or petitions. Any attempt to do so is unavailing and the abuse of opponents will only harden them. It would moreover be iniquitous and unwise on the part of authorities to turn round and ask them, when they make out a clear case of grievance, to go and identify their separate interests with the general interests of the country, and in that subterfuge to shirk off responsibility with indifference. It is patent to every one conversant with the current of affairs in Travancore that anything like a united public body composed of all classes in the country, and in whose interests may be merged the isolated interests of separate classes, is conspicuous by its absence and the creation of one at present is an utter impossibility. The interests of independent classes are moreover pre-eminently hostile to one another; nor are they gifted with those elements of political and higher education that are necessary to unify societies and peoples, to work in unison for the common weal of all. It would, therefore, be a fatal mistake to tell them at this stage and in the teeth of opposing forces and tendencies to disabuse their minds of all sectarian interests and party questions, and in their place to cultivate a spirit of cosmopolitanism in the hope of finding in it an infallible remedy for all their ills. We do not dispute the applicability of this salutary principle amongst the free people of a country where equality of rights is the all-pervading order of society, but to think of its applicability amongst the caste-ridden peoples of Travancore, where scruples of custom and, more than anything else, the traditional predilections of the ruler have always to be respected, appears to us to be a mere political dream.

Whatever that may be, the inevitable result was to ever broaden and widen the gulf of separation and to suck up even the last drop of human sympathy, love and forbearance between the foreign Brahmin and the Nair. It is not difficult for a discerning mind that observes the secret forces at work in Travancore to realise that at present the public conscience is saturated with feelings of bitterness and rancour between classes or castes and the tie of friendship between foreign Brahmins and Nairs strained to the uttermost. The bulk of the Syrian Christian sympathy is necessarily with the latter, though matters of expediency necessitate a few of the educated Christians to turn the scale and take sides now and then with the Brahmin as official places and preferment require. The Ealavas

are ever true to their ancient persuasion and in close alliance with the Nairs in all their political aspirations. Nevertheless, these three classes are united for all practical purposes and in protesting against the undue admixture of foreign element in the public service. Through the minds of all there is now flowing a swift-running inner current of jealousy and hatred of each other, and the influence thereof has gone so far to the root that even in business matters, caste preference over-rides all considerations of competition and competency. A shop-keeper or trader observes it in the patronising public of his business and a vakil can realise it when practising in a court in which the presiding officer is one of his own caste men. In matters of patronage and preferment in the subordinate service of the State also, this tendency intervenes and, with some, invariably rules. And may we not also doubt that in the case of some judicial officers, it does not sway them in their decisions of cases that come before them for disposal. In literary societies and reading clubs, in the bar office of a court and in its recreation grounds, in the friendly help of brother vakils and friendly visits of educated men, nay, everywhere in Travancore, a feeling of exclusiveness is perceptible between the two classes. When the popular feeling is so much adulterated with selfish aims of classes and the higher interests of the State are so much sacrificed at the altar of sectarian advancement, is it possible for a Dewan of the country or for any responsible individual to suppress the evil genius by any available means other than a policy of granting gradual concessions to the demands of the aggrieved classes with a view to promote the general well-being of the country by the well-being of isolated communities. The present strained feelings tend to influence even judges presiding in a civil court. They are not believed to be capable of acting with that spirit of liberality and fellow-feeling that is characteristic of high-minded legislators and jurists or men with as much sympathy and reciprocity of mind as characterise a fellow-sufferer. In the Nair taravads in particular, it is the everyday experience of all, the last scene in the tragic drama of its career under the disinterested rule of different and distant Karanavans is invariably enacted in a civil court. And particularly now in the absence of any legislative provision or judicial pronouncement regulating their internal government and perpetuating their internal morality, none but the paternal intercession of a civil judge can restore order, introduce harmony or establish a system of government which would stem the course of its passage downward into the abyss

of eternal ruin. But at present this seems impossible. We are sorry and perhaps not wholly justified in our public pronouncement of this unhappy circumstance, though at the same time, we are glad we are in a position to vouch for the indefeasible accuracy of this narration and the truthfulness of the circumstance itself. Considerations such as these are even more momentous in the political problems of Travancore than the present gain of the individual office-seekers and the high economic gain of a country in which the tax-payers are adequately represented in its public service.

We have thus seen that racial prejudices between aliens and natives have been, as they even now are, the most melancholy spectacle in the politics of Travancore, and they have now grown to an insurmountable difficulty. We may now note that the government of the country in the hands of the successive foreign Dewans has been highly politic and admirably enough diplomatic. With studied pretensions of impartiality and never bringing itself to the necessity of making a public recognition of it, they have been sufficiently vigilant in not committing any smallest ostensible act of partisanship which would at once lead to an open collision. They have also been cautious enough to grant secret concessions and make secret purchases to avert the surging tide of its evils in the public measures of the government. In diminishing degrees, each of the Dewans in succession succeeded in this attempt, until at last came the period of Dewan Mr. Krishnaswamy Row. Even in his time, conciliatory or preventive measures were adopted. In his time there was a salutary rule observed by the High Court at the instance of the late lamented Mr. Kunjiraman Nair who was then on the Bench, in the appointment of Munsiffs by turns from each community, though since his death even that wholesome principle is violated. Places and promotions were opportunely found for the opposing leaders and many Nair officials were driven from place to place and from time to time, ostensibly to distribute talent, in reality with a design to distance them from the capital and to dissipate the fear of a constant combination between themselves. Towards the latter part of his administration, we mean of course, the period that followed the death of Mr. Thanu Pillai, M.A., of reverend memory in Travancore, he was obliged to do many an act of injustice, unwisdom, in substance or in the result, however, prejudicial to the natives of the country. It was his administration that endorsed the truth of an ephemeral, but very convenient doctrine of superior talent in those who held the field. No Dewan before, not

even the talented Mr. Rama Iyengar or the righteous Seshiah Sastri than whom no more eminent men governed Travancore discovered this pleasing phenomenon with so much exactitude and none of them found the Nairs or the Syrian Christians wanting in ability and character to help them with pleasure and profit in their arduous duties of enlightened administration and to hold high and responsible offices in the service of the government. This convenient theory, serviceable at all times, is clung to with all tenacity even to this day and is now propagated far and wide advisedly to mislead every one and particularly the present incumbent in charge of the administration. More than any one else Mr. Krishnaswamy Row had to deal with parties and more than all others he had to meet with failure in conciliating them. In the stress and storm of which his unhappy regime was productive, nothing was wanted, nothing so fervently desired, by all denominations of parties as the advent of a new Dewan who could rise superior to considerations of caste, who could grapple the situation with wisdom and intrepidity and who could in no way be influenced by the enchanting and entrapping hymns and the clever and skilfully woven machinations of a clique at the capital. Racial jealousy has existed in Travancore for a long time, in increasing or decreasing proportions as administrative events warranted. In the main it was for a time sleeping under the diplomatic suporific of Mr. Thanu Pillai whose death opportunely followed, the clique was reconstituted with *fourfold* vigour, and in the weakness of an amiable Dewan opportunity was found for political injustice, political friction and faction and all the rest of them to grow, fructify and vitiate the whole atmosphere. A strong man was badly wanted to repair the loss and restore the equilibrium, a statesman in the real sense of the term, at the head of affairs. No name was at this time more prominent in South Indian Statesmanship, none more popular than that of Mr. V. P. Madhava Row of Mysore fame, and upon him fell the choice of His Highness the Maharajah. His unqualified reputation as an Indian administrator, his fair name in Mysore, his fearless independence and freedom from everything that is low and ignoble, his high attainments and his enthusiasm for progress and social reform as reported in the Indian newspapers of the day were materials enough to make him the subject of a proud boast in every Travancore society for many a day before and after his appointment as the Dewan. The appointment was itself one of universal praise and congratulation as otherwise it could never have been. No

Dewan has therefore set forth in Travancore under better auspices and higher expectations than Mr. V. P. Madhava Row, none with so many opportunities for glory, renown and good work. For a period of three months after his advent there was a perfect lull in all political circles. It was a period of sanguine expectation and anxious reflection on the reported achievements of Mr. Madhava Row in Mysore. And nothing had happened to disturb the public estimate of the man and his measures until the date of his first public utterance in a political connexion—we mean his reply to the memorial submitted to him by a certain section of the Nairs, the Syrian Christians and the Ealavas. We are far, indeed very far, from holding that the reply in question has totally marred the public esteem of Mr. Madhava Row in Travancore; evidently it would be foolish to say so, though we do not hesitate to say that it has served slightly to detract from their estimate of the man and what they had in justice expected of him.

We have already shown that each of the several classes that inhabit Travancore has its separate and substantial claims on the kindness and goodness of their government and that some of them were so flagrantly wronged by the previous administration that it would necessitate the direct and generous intervention of the present to conciliate and satisfy them. It is uncumbent upon them, therefore, to avail themselves of the earliest opportunity to represent them to the government and to furnish the new Dewan with the necessary materials to work upon. They have first of all to see their several interests separately represented in the Legislative Council of the country and in its public service with members chosen from among their own communities. The necessity of it, we have also seen, is all the more intensified when caste animosity is so fully in swing everywhere that it is impossible to obtain anything like mutual confidence between the contending factions. Considerations such as these drove the Nairs, the Syrian Christians and the Ealavas to meet on a common ground and represent their demands to the Dewan, and a fitting opportunity presented itself recently to their dismay and surprise. It was the nomination of two additional members to the Legislative Council and a Secretary to it, all of them Brahmins, none of them possessing any superior or exceptional qualifications or merits or even holding any high position. They took this opportunity to advance their claims and to pray for an extension of the Council with nominations of some new members chosen from

the Nair and Syrian Christian communities. That they were not entirely wrong in doing so may be seen at once not only from the necessities of the time but from the scrupulous care with which representation by classes is allowed, nay, even enforced in the Viceregal and Provincial Legislative Councils of India. With implicit confidence in the impartiality of Mr. Madhava Row, they submitted to him the memorial in question, and what is the result?

It is needless to discuss here the propriety or otherwise of the memorial in question. But into the merits of the significant reply given, coming as it does from the highest executive functionary in this State and from a man of Mr. Madhava Row's fame, we must briefly express our opinion thereon. The reply is couched in all elegance of language and in the apt phraseology of a leading Indian statesman that undoubtedly he is. It moreover contains uncontrovertible truths of statesmanship and good advice to the people and indicates the unalloyed friendship of Mr. Madhava Row with political progress and popular agitation by well-constituted political bodies and his supreme joy at the sight of anything like the nucleus of a true political education or self-government among the infant peoples of this country. Really the reply has the unmistakable stamp and dignity of a Congress deliberation and is not in any way unworthy of the man and his learning. But the great point before us is, does it meet all the points urged in the memorial submitted?

All that the memorial prayed for, as already pointed out, is an extension of the Legislative Council allowing a scope for the Nairs, the Christians and the Ealavas to better represent their interests in it. But the Dewan's reply goes into raptures over the personal merits and claims of the new nominees to the Council, denouncing the Settlement policy of the government, emphasising the benefits of Municipalities and District Boards and advocating the elevation and education of the lower classes. These are undoubtedly the moot problems in the politics of this country, but the question remains, for what necessity do they figure in the reply to the memorial which does not refer to them. It would appear to interested readers that the speaker wanted to turn his attention from the main point at issue, if not to deal a peremptory death-blow to the tendency to do similar things in future. Whatever it is, we are agreeably surprised to see that the Dewan realises the injustice of the previous government in his public pronouncement of a disapprobation of the Settlement operations, though he is not perfectly

justified in his statement about them both in regard to the attitude of the people towards the measure and the policy of the government therein. As to the alleged silence of the people in regard to it, we may say that the people of some Taluqs, for instance, Neyyattinkaray, Quilon and Ampalapuzha had their grievances about them publicly manifested and had them carried to the Settlement Dewan Peishcar and the Huzzur in one form or another, though no good result came out of it. This utterance of the Dewan can never be construed so much in the light of a reply to the memorial—for it does not refer to it—as it is a general slur cast on the government of his predecessors in office and the present head of the Settlement Department. Mr. Madhava Row's extremely high opinion publicly expressed of one of his subordinates in service and of another as an *exact thinker and excellent draftsman* speaks volumes for his defective view of men and things and even induces us to infer that he has known only very little of the efficiency of the public service of Travancore or even of any country on earth. We presume, however, that when he knows more, he will also know of men equally efficient if not twenty times more so, among the Nairs and Syrian Christians employed on business in the capital itself and outside of it. The unqualified way in which he praised the other two nominees is also quite uncalled for and unsuited to the occasion—for no body ever meant to dispute their merits though every body else except the Dewan has his own doubts about them. It is an insult to many a man of distinction in Travancore whom circumstances have prevented from coming in closer contact with the new Dewan. We have referred to this in particular, lest this opinion however unfounded, should govern him, as it is quite likely, even at a time when vacancy occurs in the higher service of the State and when questions of promotion on real merit and service have to be seriously gone into. But that Mr. Madhava Row is fair and impartial in his appointments is amply evidenced by a recent act of his—the appointment of Mr. Jacob, B.A., B.L., as an Assistant Secretary than whom there are not many Syrian Christian gentlemen, who are more capable and popular and at the same time more free from considerations of caste and class. Nothing was more remarkable than the kindness and courtesy with which he received the deputation and the very encouraging words that he gave expression to in promising to recommend the memorial *even as it is* to His Highness's favourable consideration. We do not purport to hazard any inference from the reply at present or to follow its future, even

though they are relevant to the inquiry before us, since Mr. Madhava Row has not yet committed himself to any open word or deed in regard to the demands of any one of the diversified classes of Travancore with whom he has yet to deal. We have resolved to say thus far, because this reply was the subject of public comment in many a newspaper much to the prejudice of the memorialists. Mr. Madhava Row may have his own reasons for framing such a dissentient reply and for aught we can infer good and well-intentioned. Nevertheless we make bold to remind him in his own interest and in the interests of the society at large that among the men that approach him on business there are also those who will not scruple to spoil his fair name and prestige, if only they can serve a single purpose or carry a single point in advancement of their own interest, as indeed they did not scruple to do so in the case of Dewan Mr. Krishnaswamy Row. It will be to his own good name and the glory of his government to guard himself against the charming exterior that conceals the secret poison vitiating the mind not only of *one man or a quadruple men* but the whole trend of the public service.

We have perhaps dwelt a bit too much upon this last subject, but we are also assured that we have done so with profit. We will now invite the attention of the Dewan to some of the real wants of the country which none but statesmen of Mr. Madhava Row's mental calibre and courage can supply. Mr. Madhava Row, we presume, cannot be a stranger to the obvious question of the inestimable value of State-help in the economic growth of a country that is just emerging from darkness to see the light of civilization. It is impossible for any country in modern times to grow in material prosperity unless its productive powers are stimulated, in other words, without the introduction into it of improved modes of agriculture and new activities of commerce and manufactures. If this is true of any country on earth, it is all the more so of Travancore, now a purely agricultural country still in the infancy of economic growth. How far the State can help in this direction may be aptly pointed out in the weighty words of the late Mr. Ranade who says:—"National well-being does not consist in the creation of the highest quantity of wealth measured in exchange value, independently of all variety of quality in that wealth, but in the full and many-sided development of all productive powers. The nation's economic education is of far more importance than the present gain of its individual members as represented by the

quantity of wealth measured in its value in exchange. The function of the State is to help those influences which tend to secure national progress through the several stages of its growth." Judged by this guiding principle the help that the Government of Travancore should render to its people at present is one of money, the expenditure of a portion of the State-revenue on irrigation works, in lending out to the famishing cultivators and to supply bounties, subsidies and monopolies, and to furnish capital to pioneer attempts at commerce and manufactures. A well-regulated system of State supervision must be enforced in such undertakings as a means of safety to the capital advanced by the State, and when the necessary development has been made, the capital may be withdrawn with interest and profit and the State-supervision itself may be curtailed. Technical schools must be opened throughout the country with a view to encourage manual labour, and stipendiary students must be sent abroad to Europe, America and Japan to acquire special training in the highly developed systems of their commercial and industrial institutions. A scheme must be initiated to open the mineral wealth of the country, and there are numerous plots of forest lands to be reclaimed and other unoccupied areas to which migration may be encouraged from the congested towns. The indigenous industries of the country such as weaving, choir, jaggery, sugarcane and matting are still in their infancy and gasping for protection and encouragement, and with the liberal support of a Dewan they may be developed into an unfailing success. The credit system of the country has to be organised and provision must be made for the flow of native capital in reproductive directions. The lucrative business of banking on a sound basis is not yet known to the people in all its phases, and this with the establishment of agricultural and commercial banks under State agency will decidedly serve to ensure the prosperity and opulence of the people. The problem of Travancore agriculture has not yet received that attention of the government that its seriousness necessitates. Even a legislation on the subject, the Agricultural Loans Act, is virtually a defunct code. The benefits of this code are extinguished in the hardships of the ryot in getting a government sanction in time to draw out the necessary loan. Nothing is now so keenly felt as the necessity of Irrigation Works. The total failure of harvests this year in the very extensive areas of paddy lands that border on and are watered by a central river system of which the Pampa forms the mother, as also in many a year before this in the same region, is a

general calamity to the ryots resulting from the entire absence of Irrigation works. From the general depression of this year, it would take years for the poor ryots to rise and keep their heads cool in successive years. We hope and trust the Dewan will make a speedy investigation into this piece of insufferable popular misery. In the matters of commerce and manufactures, absolutely nothing has hitherto been done, though much may be done by government without any loss or risk to itself. It is the aim of every civilized government first to secure the economic situation of its people and with this object in view to concert measures for a general increase in the wealth of the country. Free trade or Protection is a question that must be settled with special reference to the economic condition of the country. There was a time when the good old Mercantile Theory had its invaluable influence for good though it is now a theory revolting to the sentiments of the present day economists of England. The Navigation Laws of Cromwell and the rigid systems of Raleigh, Colbert and Childe were all founded on this ancient Theory. State-protection is its ruling principle, and speaking of it says Mr. Ranade "that State-protection and control were but crutches to teach the nation to walk and that they should be thrown away when the necessary advance had been made." That without the introduction of similar measures for the protection of Indian commerce and manufactures, India can never rise is the infallible dictum of this eminent juridical economist." In a purely agricultural country, says he elsewhere "there is a tendency to stagnation and absence of enterprise and the retention of antiquated prejudices." This is exactly what we observe around us in the purely agricultural land of Travancore. Nevertheless the State can do a great deal even for a purely agricultural country. Illustrations of recent experiments in State-aid on strictly modern lines are furnished by Ranade from what the Austro-Hungarian Government has done for the regeneration of their peasantry from the effects of the devastating wars of Maria Theresa and what the Dutch Government has done for the upheaval of their island colony of Java. It is left for statesmen like Mr. Madhava Row to see if similar experiments may not be tried with advantage in an Indian province like that which Providence has now placed under his enlightened care. We are not certainly unaware of the insuperable difficulties which a statesman has to face in introducing reforms, nor do we mean to say that the scheme of reform suggested by us can be commenced all in a day. We have only endeavoured to trace the lines on

which reforms should move in the salvation of a country already in the lowest scale of economic progress. By temperament and constitution Mr. Madhava Row is a reformer, and we do not doubt that in his regime at least, attention will be properly drawn to the economic condition of Travancore.

There is not a single department in Travancore that does not necessitate the cultured correction of Mr. Madhava Row. Some of them such as the Accounts, the Educational, the Legislative, the Settlement, the Public Works and the Piravakay already appear to have arrested his attention for one reason or another. The air is rife with talk of reforms in all directions, with which for good reason or not the Dewan's name is also identified. That there is some ground for it is evidenced by real innovations which appear to emerge at surprising moments, such as those already out in regard to the accounts system and the salt and tobacco sale in the country under government monopoly. It is not time now to say anything about the results of Mr. Madhava Row's reforms, though certainly the initial signs of unpopularity almost incidental to every species of reform are not absent even in them. The judicial department, though comparatively speaking one of the most efficiently manned and managed departments in the State, also needs the work of his pruning knife in one or two particulars that acutely pinch the people. Among the District Judges of the State there are men thoroughly unqualified and incompetent but for whose appointment or promotion this Dewan is not responsible. The government will be conferring a boon on the public and relieving the people of their untold miseries if it will move the High Court to give them a willing and comforting transfer or at least transfer them from Zillah to Zillah so that the evil effects may not be localised to a particular area, but that the rigour thereof may be minimised by a general distribution in the whole country, or shift them to some other department. Nothing is so painful as to see the large concerns of mankind, the honour of their person and the safety of their property with all the incidents of their momentary mutations from hand to hand dealt with by the single stroke of a single man's pen, subjected to the weak freaks and unconscious injustice of an impenetrable brain and the conscious cruelties of a failing health. The test of efficiency now adopted by the High Court, *viz.*, that of measuring merit by the number of disposals is indeed a very fallacious one. There are now a good many men highly qualified in all ways in the Department itself and in the bar who may be profit-

ably given a chance to utilise their juvenile freshness and vigour in the service of their country and in the responsible places of disqualified individuals. We hope the Dewan or for that matter the High Court will readily direct their attention to this species of wide-existent popular calamity (for which act of charity and benevolence, the litigant public and perhaps the bar shall ever in duty be bound to pray).

Then again, the inconvenient location of the Zillah Court at Alleppey and the advisability of its transfer to Kottayam has been the subject of prolonged discussion in the local papers. But the authorities do not appear to have taken notice of it. In our turn, we have therefore to request the Dewan to recommend the High Court to make a move in this highly desired direction. The inadequate and inconvenient distribution of the areas that compose the jurisdiction of the various Zillah and First Class Magistrates' Courts is also a grievance which no one but an actual sufferer can adequately realise. For instance, the people of a locality living within six miles of the Court House of Alleppey, of another within 12 miles have to go to Parur, a distance of 40 and 30 miles respectively for their Zillah Court. The people of the Taluqs of Thiruvella, Chengannoor and Ambalapuzha are put to the needless trouble of going to Quilon for their First Class Magistrate's and Alleppey for their Zillah and Session's Court. This arrangement of a dual Headquarters for these Taluqs is a source of inconvenience alike to the public and the administration of justice. The Head-quarters of the various Munsiffs' Courts also will appear to require changes of location when the High Court or the Dewan takes up the question for an earnest consideration. We have only just pointed out the lines on which reform in the department should proceed instead of entering into details.

Before we conclude, we have only to say that Mr. Madhava Row is placed at the head of affairs in a State in which he has ample opportunities for distinction and of exercising his talent and influence either for good or for evil as he alone intends. He is the Dewan of a country torn to pieces by conflicting interests and differences of caste, custom and religion. A statesman like him has to carefully consider and equitably weigh the respective claims of each of them whenever they go to him for help and guidance, individually, collectively or by isolated classes, instead of sneering at them with sermons on universal brotherhood and cosmopolitanism. They are

after all not unsolvable problems that would materially hamper the administration of a high-souled and strong-minded Dewan like him who has seen elsewhere much of political discontent and its results. A sympathetic inquiry will at once convince him that there are very tangible wounds in the social fabric of these classes and terrible bleeding beneath the outcry for protection and interference. His healing hand is its infallible remedy and can cure it readily provided he has a mind to apply it whenever it is necessary for him to do so.

We have the highest reverence for Mr. Madhava Row's abilities and attainments; we congratulate ourselves on the choice of him as the Dewan, but we also appeal to his good sense and sense of justice to give us a patient hearing followed by a readily responsive move, when we are forced by sheer necessity to approach him in strict constitutional fashion with very legitimate claims on his noble and enlightened ideas of modern administration and government. If only he will do so in the interests of the three million people of this Native State and in grateful recollection of the generosity and benevolence of that noble prince who has made him what he is at present with fervent desire and splendid opportunities for good work and intelligent reform amongst an appreciative and admiring people, the priceless glory of a refined and cultured government, of the establishment of peace and contentment among the ever warring factions of people whose long pent up feelings vent themselves out in expectations of sympathetic response, of having husbanded and disbursed on a utilitarian basis the annual surplus of a poor people's revenue now so much wasted and last not least that of having steadied the fortunes of a section of the down-trodden classes of humanity shall be the reward of Mr. V. P. Madhava Row's administration of Travancore.

A SYRIO-NAIR VOICE.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGINEER II.



IT was on one of those sultry evenings in the rocky districts of the north when the sun just goes down the hill, but still peeps from behind as if yet unsatiated in his deadly thirst and unwilling to leave the blooming trees and green slender plants with their pleasant foliage drooping in the dire heat, that a young slender figure dressed in loose linen could have been seen walking carelessly along an unfrequented pathway amidst tall shrubs and intricate bushes, shallow sheets of muddy water and narrow by-ways abruptly leading now to deep wet fields whose wealth had lately yielded to the farmer's sickle, now ceaselessly winding along smooth meadows, and then suddenly losing itself in tall avenues of high trees of every description. On his right hand side a broad deep river of sand uncoiled itself in pleasant confusion often undistinguished in the spacious sweep of meadows, but all at once glancing afar like lightning a white sheet of sand surrounded by a 'monotonous variety' of green and charming shrubs. On his left extended rich and fertile fields slowly and gradually rising with the rocky mountains, exchanging its healthy verdure for bald sterility. Soon had he reached an elevated tableland which commanded a very exquisite scenery on all sides—rivers and rocks, meadows and marshes all running into one another in harmonious perplexity. A new building was being erected here, and bricks and brick-layers, sawyers, and masons, blacksmiths and carpenters were scattered throughout. But the moment this slender figure entered this scene of activity, a general air of respect pervaded the place, the mason applied himself to the wall with studied earnestness, the carpenter with renewed energy, and the smith with renovated spirit. This slender figure commanding respect and reverence from so many was that of one whom you have known before, whose early youth has been portrayed to you—the clever Overseer who bade adieu to his old college scenes and college friends and started on his life-career—the Engineer whose confessions you have read, and are to read.

Now that you have known me, farewell all gravity and

grandeur ! Since I have resolved to open my heart to you no useless grandeur of speech shall ring any needless and sonorous prelude to my confessions. Very well then, a new building is erected here and I am appointed as the Overseer. The village in which I live is not very far from the place where you see me now, surrounded by masons and carpenters—it is about three miles distant, whence you saw me threading my way amidst shrubs and bushes. This is building here for a European official, and as Europeans generally prefer solitude and silence—at least that is what they boast of!—he has chosen this place remote from the ‘busy scenes of crowded life,’ high on an elevated tableland, near the bank of a meandering river.

I, for my part, come here early every morning, and leaving it for dinner, return again late in the evening. There is nothing of work here for me. But I am to *extract* work from the masons and carpenters. Now, what I generally do is to order an easy chair, and sit leisurely and proudly on, watching their work. It is at the foot of a high and spreading banyan tree that I generally recline on the easy chair between seven and ten in the morning. I will have a book in my hand—you need not ask me what book? I myself do not know, because—there is no harm in telling *you* a truth,—I do not read! Suffice it to say it is an English book! I carry an English book, and an English book in our hands adds an importance to us in the eyes of the unlettered masons with whom I have to deal. I do not go to speak with them often. Under the spreading branches of the banyan tree, reclining leisurely on the easy chair, every morning between seven and ten you could see me pouring deeply over a book—I myself do not know what!—now and then throwing a hurried glance on the mason and carpenter, and sometimes vomiting a harsh word or two—but never more than three, that is the way to seem important!—when I see a vacant smile or an idle word passing between the workmen. This generally adds to my importance while augmenting their awe towards the inexplicable one sitting in a reclined state upon the easy chair beneath the spreading banyan tree reading an English book! If I had only trousers and boots then—ah! what would I have done with them! I would have made them worship me like—like their God himself! A turban and a watch chain had made me their supreme being; but why wish for impossibilities—I had nothing of the sort! The trousers and coats which I had stitched for my riding course—do you remember the war of the boots and

legs, the Jaymadhar and the five rupee note!—as misfortune would have it, had been taken away by the washerwoman because—yes, there is a cause for every effect—I did not pay her her dues! But never mind the boots and trousers now; My feet prick at the very name of boots! In the evening I do not come with any books but a stick; and I leisurely walk round and round the building always taking care to find a fault or two with the workmen, and harshly reprimanding them for their negligence. This done, I retire again to my chair beneath the banyan tree, and entering on the Register book the extent of work done, return to the village with—with what do you think?—

Generally with large planks of timber which might be—I do not hide anything!—*sold* to advantage in the village; with benches constructed by the carpenter for my own use,—with small chairs—with iron nails from the blacksmith—with—why should I leave that!—with shivered pieces of wood which might be used for—I am not at all ashamed to say that—for firewood! Why need you laugh?—You do not get firewood for nothing! The planks of wood I sell in the village for two and even three rupees. The timber furnish the bench and chair in my house: The iron nails support my shirts and coats. All these belong to the Contractor!—you need not be astonished at the name of this unusual animal, it is an amiable one after all!

This curious creature known in modern English as a ‘Contractor,’ is a very obedient and tame animal. It is a human being; yes, but solely bent upon amassing wealth. If he can be compared to any one, it is the Engineer, with whom his career in life is almost invariably connected, and without him the Engineer loses half his importance and all his wealth! The origin of the Contractor is very simple. There is something to build. The estimated expenses amount to some thousands of rupees. It is immediately advertised that any one with proper qualifications—a good recommendation, as is the case in every branch of business, is the best qualification!—may apply to Dr.—and take up the work himself. Everything proceeds smoothly—the Contractor nods to the Engineer—the Engineer smiles at the Contractor—and all is finished. The Contractor begins work and Overseers, and Sub-overseers, and Assistant Engineers and Chief Engineers pounce upon him, and peck away a large percentage of his profits. But the Contractor still grows every year more and more wealthy.

But if contractorship means money, to get a contractorship means more. There is a lot of difficulty there! You have to dance attendance upon Engineers of every sort—Assistant, Executive, Chief and Superintending! You have to be at their beck and call. It is only then that they will recommend you, but even then you are not free. You have to advance large sums of money whenever the Engineer calls upon you. But murmur or frown when he ceaselessly pounces upon your purse, and ten to one you are no Contractor any more! The only tie that exists between the Engineer and Contractor is that powerfully powerless tie of money. Cherish that connection and it lasts long; but discard it and you are undone. There is not that encumbrance of gratitude or anything of that sort! All is plain dealing in the Engineering world. Well my Contractor—mark that ‘my’ well!—get me some money: and the Contractor must get it. If not, Contractor and Contractorship vanish the next day!

The Contractor before he begins work waits upon the Engineer. He is that particular Engineer's Contractor. If the Engineer has a marriage to perform, he has nothing to do but to call upon his Contractors. Nothing more! No running up and down, hiring carriages and hurrying here and there,—nothing of the sort! “You see Mr.—” says he to the first Contractor that comes up to him, “My youngest son is to be married shortly. He is fifteen years old, is a very blooming and beautiful boy, and is appearing for the Matriculation examination. He is very intelligent, he can work all the sums in Algebra and Arithmetic papers in the examination,—very clever in English; He appeared last year but had the misfortune to fail in Sanskrit, that damned bloody subject.—” The Contractor well knows where all this useless harangue tends to, but he dare not intrude or interrupt, and the Engineer proceeds artfully—“but he has private tutors this time, and he can come out in the first class. You have told me once, I think it was while we were walking together along the bridge the other day, is it not?” “Yes exactly ah! ah! ah!” returns the Contractor, though he well knows that the Engineer had never walked with him along any bridge. “Yes—” continues the Engineer unmindful of the Contractor's reply—“and you told me you had a relative in a cloth merchant and—” “yes,” puts in the ill-starred Contractor, his stomach heaving all the while, his heart beating loudly,—“yes, I have: but—but—” “Yes, yes, you are right, quite right, ah! ah!” goes on the Engineer “you must supply me with clothes

to the value of some hundred rupees to-morrow! The marriage takes place in my own house and—” “Sir,” stammers the poor Contractor “You—” “Never mind haste my dear Contractor,” goes on the Engineer, “I will send you particulars about the clothes by and by. You are very kind, and so—so—farewell!” and the Engineer vanishes! He meets a second of his own brood of Contractors; and immediately remember that the Contractor while walking on the Beach some days back—and ten to one the Contractor too is forced to remember it!—had told him that he possessed great influence with certain merchants there, if he has not actually any relatives in some of them! and he is called upon to supply and superintend everything connected with the marriage of the Engineer's youngest son. What a convenience! The Engineer has only to sit like a lord,—as he really is! The Contractors busy themselves. And instead of any expenditure from his own purse for his son's marriage, he has something added to it in the shape of presents and dowry! A very happy thing it is indeed to be an Engineer! Full of money and full of authority! Many Contractors and Maistries dancing attendance upon you—Really a very pleasant thing!

And the poor Contractor that is thus preyed upon by the Engineer—Did I say poor!—unhallowed be the mouth that calls him poor! He deserves this and something more. What! how could he have lorded it now over hundreds of thousands of rupees but for the Engineer! It is to the kindly recommendation of the Engineer that he owes his wealth and value! There is nothing unusual and unnatural in his paying some hundred rupees towards the expenses of the marriage of his Engineer's youngest son. You see the Engineer has certified the Contractor's ‘third class’ bricks as ‘first class’ bricks,—his ‘fifth class’ cement as the ‘superior’ one—and though the Engineer had had his share at first, yet there is no harm in asking some ‘hundred rupees’! If the Engineer had not certified his ‘third class bricks’ as ‘first class ones,’ how could the Contractor have nine hundred and sixty five thousand three hundred and sixty rupees in the Government Bank! But if there had been no Contractors, how could the Engineer have thirteen lakhs!—so thinks the Contractor, but dare not ask for his life! He well knows that behind his back are many brother Contractors who wait to occupy his place, and himself fully aware of the importance and profits of his own station, runs away

to his relative the Cloth Merchant—Thanks to the Engineer, he has made a cloth merchant his relative, though God knows there is nothing of relation between them except—that their mothers are of the same sex!—not even waiting for the Engineer's particulars about the clothes! The second Contractor has already erected the marriage pandal, a third has bought everything necessary, and the Engineer is airing himself on the terrace, and his sons playing at Ping-Pong, and their friends reading papers and speaking of the war in the verandah—ah! ah! ah! a very happy way of managing marriage ceremonies!

But I am only an Overseer now, and my share on the Contractor is rather very small. And indeed the Contractor does not care for us, poor Overseers, because they have the support and recommendation of the Engineers themselves, and what care they? The Contractor has his own way. The Engineer is his own. It is all 'my Engineer' with the Contractor, and 'my Contractor' with the Engineer! and we Overseers sit down with sixty rupees a month. Sometimes the Contractor, assured of the influence he has over the Engineer, attempts to exert his authority over the Overseers—if they are useless creatures! But I, for my part, fully know my right. The Engineer may call him 'my Contractor' for aught I know; but I will have nothing to do with the fellow except to take as much as possible from him in the shape of planks and benches, nails and chairs. The Engineer gets six hundred rupees, and he pounces upon the Contractor with all his weight. I am heavy in my own way, and will be satisfied with *iron nails* and *wooden chairs* and—why should I hesitate?—and *firewood*!

But the Contractor with whom I had to deal now was rather a very arrogant fellow. At least it was so I thought, for when one day I was ordering the carpenter to make a small table for me, the fellow had the audacity to speak loudly, that I had no business to waste his property, and the time of the carpenter ought to be employed at some other work rather than making a table. In this connection he remonstrated against the great number of planks and benches I had carried before, and threatened to report against me to 'his Engineer,' mildly hinting that it was only personal intimacy that had kept him from taking that step earlier. He murmured that he already had paid half of his estimated profits to the Engineer, and if I too should go on robbing him of his planks and nails, he could not conceive why on earth he should enter into any con-

tract. I was astonished at the fellow's impudence and was ashamed at the rebuke levelled against me—me who had been so important there, and was looked upon with respect and reverence by the masons and carpenters owing to my easy chair and English Book! But I maintained my gravity, put on airs, walked more briskly round and round the rising building, found more faults with the mason,—poor fellow! he had to bear the brunt of my anger!—and in the evening, to assure the Contractor that I was undaunted at his impudence, ordered the carpenter to take a plank of wood with him and walked home, leaving the Contractor to rave and revile. But of course I had a regular war to wage in my heart. I knew not what the Contractor might do me, as all that lay in 'his' Engineer's power lay in his too. But all the faults lay with my wife! It was she that used to encourage, nay, even compel me to bring benches and chairs; and it was she that sold the timbers to the best advantage. It was always her maxim that my salary should go directly to the Savings Bank, and that all expenses connected with the family must be met from the Contractor in the shape of benches and planks, which can be sold in the village, and the money realised for every day necessities. Thus jointly bent to live economically, I could not help taking something from my working place as it is always evident to married persons that there is nothing harsher than those spontaneous curtain lectures; and one can more easily deal with a thousand Contractors than with one *clever* wife—and such a wife was mine who, what with her transcendent beauty, what with her magnificent eloquence and her appealing attitude and touching gestures, exerted a very great influence over me.

My wife! shall I pass away without any attempt at describing that most amiable one of her sex, one to whom I owed the success and happiness of my life, one without whom these confessions would never have been written, because an Engineer I would never have been, and that health in soul and health in body which are essential to an easy mind I never had known—shall I pass away without a tribute to her greatness and beauty? To say that she is an angel were inadequate, because to a lover's eyes his sweetheart is more than many angels put together. But I hope it will be enough when I say that I who am insensible to all passions except the most glorious and celestial one of making money 'feel a something I can never name' before her. To see her drest in all the charms valuable dress and ornaments can give her—to see her fitting like a butterfly from room to room scarcely touching the

ground—to see her now and then level a shrewd glance or send a slender smile at you—to see these were to see heaven! Often has my heart, dead though it is to tender passions revolutionising boiling and enthusiastic minds of hot-headed youths, still swelled to remember that she who flitted around me was my—my wife!

Wife! hark ye human beings, what a whole world of sincerity and earnestness in that word wife! ye that would know what is in a wife must possess all that go to make a man charitable, kind, loving, good and noble before you can comprehend her awful significance. She whom you often indifferently call 'my wife,' she is a human being with all her thoughts concentrated on you, ah! and you alone, whose only stay on earth is you and you alone, who has left all she knew in her youth, her parents, her brothers, her sisters and relies on you and on your smiles for everything on earth, be it physical, or mental, or moral health and happiness. You are her all in all. In you she sees her heaven, her earth and her Salvation. She makes your griefs and grievances her own, and vies with you in her joy at any happy occurrence which adds to your fame outside or your pleasure within. Often ye reckless beings, when weary with the heavy work of office you lie stretched on the sofa lost in a deep sleep, ah! like heroines in Western or Eastern Romances, your wives have bent over you and fervently with tears in eyes called upon God to bless you who undergo all those privations only for the happiness of her children and herself. Often when sick and feverish you recline on your bed, they exhaust saints in heaven by calling upon their holy names to spare you. Have you heard her prayers before the Almighty One whom she seeks in yon great temple consecrated to Him?—It is not to spare her old parents—it is not to bless her widowed sister—It is not to watch her innocent brother—it is—it is to give you long life and lingering happiness! And yet alas!—and yet ye frail human beings, how many of you can now say with your conscience for your witness, "I treat my wife as she deserves!" How many of you frail mortals, now "breathe who can affirm with assurance, "I know what my wife deserves." With many, marriage is only a legitimate sanction for the most lawless lust. Like brutes they want only to satiate a wild animal passion. They care not for the many devotions for which she deserves to be worshipped as a Goddess. What words can properly paint that most strange creature of God on earth, worse than a brute, worse than the worst any mortal imagination can conceive, who, unconscious of the holiness, purity and godliness associated with a wife,

unkind to one who acknowledges him, and none but him, as her only stay and support, forgetful too of the many vows and Gods he had invoked on that auspicious day when he was united to her with the purest of all purities, with the holiest of all holy bonds, in the godliest of all godly connections, dooms a wife's heart to sorrow by words harsh and unkind, by deeds atrocious and horrible. Will not enlightened communities shudder to admit him among them who drags his wife—mark that word which means all that is holy on earth and heaven!—by her hair and relentlessly belabours her as even the farmer refrains from using his buffalo, and this for a fault perhaps very insignificant, which it is human to make and human to forgive—not even divine as Pope would say! Will not man shrink from calling him *man* who daggers the tender heart of his wife by discarding a connection the most heavenly! And yet of all the gentlemen who move in honourable communities, who drive in coaches and pairs—who have Honourables, and Right Honourables and Rao Bahadurs before their name, who earn by thousands and tens of thousands, how many are they that adore their wives with affection and respect—how many are they who have cleft their wives' bosoms into a hundred parts, created a hundred wounds incurable and unsufferable in her amiable heart, and who deserves no other titles than murderers!—instead of Honourables and Right Honourables! How many—"that is enough, devil of an Engineer!" cries the impatient reader,—"when I get a wife that answers your description, I shall be a husband that exceeds your imagination!"—

Be that as it may, I was an affectionate and obedient husband to a charming and good-natured wife. So great is the veneration I feel for her when I see her thick raven hairs curling behind her snow-white shoulders, while one of that lily-foot of hers rested on a bench and the other on the ground, herself singing one of those melodious songs which take our hearts by surprise, melting them with their heavenly harmony, that I have often asked myself—is it my wife? And my heart would then feel that it is in the presence of one who claimed my adoration. But apart from her bewitching beauty, her talents for business, and above all, her strictest principles of economy, her easy agility and innocent mirth plunged me in admiration of one who had already possessed herself of all my affection. I had nothing to do in my house. To receive my pay, or to take some benches and chairs and entrust them to my wife is all that I have to do,—and this I was resolved to do, come the whole brood of Contractors against me!—but to my confessions.

I came home that evening when the Contractor had first begun to murmur against the benches and nails taken away by me, and though I had shown my courage by defying the Contractor, yet the fear, that he may so work upon his Engineer as to effect my ruin, preyed upon my mind, and it was with a very heavy face I ascended the steps leading to the front door of my house; with a heavy heart I knocked the door; and it was opened by—horror of horrors! What do I see?—not that gay and cheerful wife, but a heavier and duller countenance than mine! I stood like a man stunned, but entering the room I was spared the difficulty of enquiring into the disordered state of her mind by her own vehement speeches and virulent abuses which for the first time convinced me that beneath her moonlike-face slumbered a marble heart, which could never break under calamities, a heart which was fearless and free in its thoughts, and reflected them boldly and aptly through the mouth.

"Devil take the Contractor and Contractor's wife! That beggarly bitch, that shameless goose, presumes she to give me advice!—Your husband is turned a plunderer, and you a merchant!—and what is her husband—if indeed she has but *one*!—but an acknowledged robber and an abominable dragon! Tell your husband to be more careful in his behaviour towards mine, as already reports are going against him, his high-handedness and arrogance, and above all his bare-faced robbery—'This to my face, and from the polluted mouth of a parasite! This to me from the public tank!—me who has the power to crush her in one instant! And that buxom bloodsucker, of an Engineer's wife!—Take care that your husband does not come within the Contractor's resentment, as he possesses great influence over the Engineer. You see'—says the whore of a bitch, 'it is always bad to take much.'—What is the cloth she wears—the jewel she puts on, but the result of robbery and corruption! And these two devils presume to give me advice,—me, I say again, who has the power to crush the whole brood of Contractors and Engineers at this instant! In one blow I will make them nothing!—nay, start not!" said she, addressing me who was all the while lost in bewilderment. Who was that standing before me, an earthly or an unearthly being! Her hair was fast flowing behind, her face swollen and bloody,—from her eyes flashed deadly fire, and at each stamp of her tender feet the earth quaked for fear. That mildness, that meekness, that godliness, alas! where are they?—They had departed, and a ferocity, a deter-

mination, an indignation had taken their place. Is it indeed my wife, that smiling slender girl who never even spoke loudly in my presence? Where, where is her beauty, her amiability, her modesty?—truly, truly does Shakespeare say,

"A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
What is she but a foul contending rebel?"

But I had no time for reflection—"start not" she said once more, with a steady glance upon me which turned my heart upside down. I could have brooked a hundred Contractors' murmurs and reproaches, but by God himself, I would give all I have to escape a woman's indignation. I trembled—I shivered—tried my best to hide my confusion—bit my lips—rolled my eyes—coughed twice,—sneezed thrice—but to no purpose!—"start not," she said again with a smile which was fiercer than a deadly frown, "with me, your wife, lies the power to crush the Engineer and Contractor! Why that indifference my husband?—" said she in such a soft tone that I felt my frame breaking down at her sweet heavenly touch—"my husband! believe me, I am earnest!"

She said, and such earnestness and sincerity were in her countenance! Overpowered with emotion she fell down upon a sofa close by. A lifeless wretch as I was, I did not go to her help. I did not know—as was always the case with me when money has nothing to do with the occasion—what to do! About an hour elapsed in silence. I was hungry, but did not dare to stir; My feet had no strength. 'The lamp was dimly burning,' and the breeze that now and then howled through the key hole threatened to extinguish the flickering flame. Frail wretch who could a minute before have defied the Contractor in the very face, now had no strength to speak a word before a woman and a wife!

A knock at the door!—another!—oh another! 'Who in the name of the devil, who are you!' burst forth my wife, opening the door.—It was the Engineers' peon with a letter!

Fire flashed from her eyes, but she suppressed her anger. She broke open the letter—she stood like a statue for fifteen minutes and—by Heaven and all that is holy, what is she about! She dashes the letter against the floor—places her foot angrily upon it,

and proudly waving her hand, her hair rustling on the wind, her lips throbbing in anger—

‘Go!’—she burst forth in a tone of thunder to the peon who was more surprised than the frail Overseer who was shivering in a corner of the room—‘Go, and tell thy fool of a master how I treat his letter. Tell him that he ought to have *begged* my husband to wait upon him, not *order*! Tell him that unless he uses softer language towards his—his betters!—I, yes’, she continued waving her hand, her majestic stature rising and heaving as she spoke—‘I will teach him! Tell him I pardon him this time; let him see that he uses this into good account or—or he is a lost man! Go,’ she said, pointing to the door as she spoke. The peon looked up and down,—he looked at me who was looking distractedly on the earth—he would have spoken but ‘Go’—she cried once more and moved towards the door.—The peon rushed out and—was lost in darkness!

I woke up at last. My astonishment was turned into anger. ‘Woman’ cried I, calling up all my strength and straining all my energy, —‘woman, what have you done! It is the Engineer that ordered—’

‘Ordered!’—did she speak or was it thunder that spake it!—‘ordered!’ she cried again in a fit of indignation which quite shook my heart topsy turvy—‘ordered! Slave as you are, you will obey! Slave as you are—but I am already spent,’ she continued, sitting down and heaving a long and heavy breath. She sat down, resting her head upon her tiny hand, one leg stretched straight on, the other slightly bent. The ornaments that adorned them now and then glittered from the folds of her cloth, while at each sigh a star seemed to twinkle from her nose and ears: Her face, her look were towards the ground. God’s will be done!—a tear, a tear falls down her cheeks—She heaves a long, long sigh!—She tenderly moves her thick and flowing hairs which enviously shade her face, perhaps to suck away that angelic tear—another sigh—do not break, my heart! She speaks! “I will be the wife of a *man*, not a *slave*!—obey me, and you will have honour, you will have fame, obey me and question not—I am your wife—your wife!”

“Nay, but hear me—”

“Hear me no hears!” she cried rising up at the same time. “I must be obeyed in my house, and *must be obeyed*—” raising

her voice and bending one of those shrewd glances at me—“and *must be obeyed* where I have power to command!”

I was silent—I was not a man, nor a woman! I had breath but not life. I threw myself on a chair close by, and gave myself up to the most gloomy reflections. Employment lost—name dishonoured,—wandering idly from town to town with a heavy heart and an empty purse—such were the thoughts that convulsed me. The Engineer certainly could never brook a treatment like that given by my wife. He can easily dismiss me. And all this because I had not the courage to face the mad indignation of a woman. Shall I rush out and fall at the Engineer’s feet and beg his pardon? She is mad—she is illiterate; To obey her is ruin. It is I that should curb her wildness:

I rose up and moved towards the door. I lifted the latch—I opened it. ‘Where do you go?’—She cried jumping from the bed.

“To the Eng—”

‘Slave, get thee in!—obey me—oh my husband my dear husband!’—She cried softening her tone, tears bursting from her eyes—“take me not for a bad or mad woman. I strive for *your* fame and *our* happiness. Be content. Speak not a word to me, I conjure you, in the holy name of love, be content.”

Exhausted with fatigue, fear, anxiety and sorrow, I retired to bed. What my wife really meant I did not know; but what the result of her doings would be was too plain. I had another scene to pass through. A knock at the door! By the devil and all that is unholy, the Contractor and the Engineer are here!

With all due respect and reverence, I rose up and offered them seats, when the Contractor observed with an arch smile, that he had no need of my permission to sit on a chair which was his own property.

‘Villain!’ broke forth my wife, all my attempts to silence her being vain—‘Villain, out of my house this instant—at *this* instant!’—she cried with a louder, deadlier tone than ever, ‘or I cry for the Police—You are a thief!’

‘Peace woman, you are great!’ said the Engineer, his dander rising as he spoke, but still assuming all his dignity, ‘and you, Mr.—you are transferred to—. You take charge of your duty there to-morrow. Take to-night’s train.’

‘And no need of any importunities,’ put in the Contractor; ‘with an avaricious heart and an arrogant wife—and you woman, let us

see who goes away from this house sooner, You or I.—and Engineer and Contractor—*exuent*!

Transferred I was but fortunately for me, the Superintending Engineer looked kindly on me, and with all the arts and cunning that I was capable of, I managed to coax him into appointing me an Executive Engineer.

'Hallo Mr. Contractor!'—I said, I, who was the Executive Engineer drawing a monthly salary of four hundred rupees, and an allowance of sixty-three rupees. From the petty Overseer to the pompous Executive Engineer is not a very low jump! God bless Joseph Whiteface, the Superintending Engineer!! 'Hallo Mr. Contractor!' I went on,—not *that* Contractor, he and the Engineer have disappeared from the Engineering world!—'These bricks are useless. Certainly I cannot—'

'But let me shake your hands first and become your friend before you presume to pass opinions,' replied the Contractor, who seemed to be one experienced in his office; and taking hold of my hands—placed a five-hundred-rupee note in it!

'Ah yes! The colour and the quality of the brick improve,' was my calm and thoughtful reply as I hurriedly thrust the note into my pocket, 'but does not improve wholly. But anyhow you shall have my certificate—wait upon me to-morrow.'

'It was thus I earned, earned a good deal, and that without any trouble,' as was the motto I prescribed to me at the outset of my career. Rao Bahadurs and Rao Sahibs poured down upon me from the Government because—I tell you, I never hesitate to say such things, *I am grateful*!—because the good man, Joseph Whiteface is my—my—what-do-you-call-it! Often the heavy exactions I extorted from the Contractors exposed me to vile imprecations; but having money on hand, let who will say what they like.

'A humbugging Brahmin that!' said the Chief Engineer once while he was speaking in connection with some repairs which had been sanctioned by the Government. I had recommended, sanctioned, and got a sum of five thousand rupees, but never utilised it for the repairs, but sent it to the Government Bank! The Chief Engineer asked me why the repairs had been unnecessarily postponed, when to his surprise I told him that the repairs had been

already executed by Mr. Contractor So—and—So, and called upon the Contractor to corroborate my statement. 'But the park is still weedy Master Engineer,' says the Chief Engineer with a shrewd smile. 'Nature is responsible for that—ah! ah! ah!' I replied, laughing the matter outright. Ah! Ah! Ah!—I said; He! He! He!—the Engineer said, and the matter ended—with five thousand rupees in the Government Bank against my name!

Thirty years' service in the Government brought me a handsome pension of three hundred and eighty-five rupees. I had already amassed an immense wealth by—if you would have it so!—by Corruption, and my affluence and authority have been described by me in the previous chapter. And now farewell with a friendly advice, that if you would have wealth, learn Corruption and Falsehood, and go to the Engineering world; and then you will sing with me in praise of Gold, my only God, in the words of Lord Byron:—

"..... Oh, thou sweet sparkler!
Thou more than stone of the Philosopher!
Thou touch stone of Philosophy herself!
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar of
The soul! The true magnetic Pole to which
All hearts point duly north, like trembling needles!
Thou flaming spirit of the earth! which, sitting
High on the Monarch's diadem, attractest
More worship than the majesty who sweats
Beneath the crown which makes his head-ache, like
Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it lustre!
And art thou mine!—I am methinks already
A little king, a lucky alchemist—
A wise magician, who has bound the devil
Without the forfeit of his soul....."

C. E.

THE MAN OF SCIENCE.



SCIENCE is a beauty whom many of us woo but only a few of us wed. Science demands a rather heavy price. And only a very few of us are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices. Science wants us to relinquish our cherished prejudices and interests: we must let go our personal whims and fancies, our selfish hopes and fears, before we can lay claim to the beauty and riches of Science. Many seek Science: but it is only a few who win her over to their side.

The death of self is the dawn of Science. In the attainment of Science, we should cast aside the sophistry of desire, the promptings of self. Self-advancement has no concern in the evolution of truth, of happiness.

But what is Science? And what are the conditions of the attainment of Science? Knowledge systematized is Science. And the knowledge is to be attained by inquiry. And where there is a blind worship of authority, there can never be inquiry. Inquiry means questioning. And questioning presupposes a critical and analytical attitude of mind. That which is critical in spirit is sceptic in attitude and accurate and precise in expression.

To reserve the 'Scientist' for a mere physicist only is one of many popular superstitions. Science does not hang about heat and light only. Science permeates every life and thought, every knowledge of everything of the universe.

It has now become a fashion to refer every creed or dogma or ritual or ceremony to Science, and label any system of lie as being scientific. Nothing can disfigure Science more than this senseless practice. For thereby you dethrone Science, and pervert the understanding of men. Of course, no perversity can harm truth. Truth remains serene forever more. It is you who receive the injury.

How many physicists do we not know who talk gibberish? How many 'Scientists' are there not who do not lead most unscientific lives? And yet to leave the 'Scientist' to such of them suggests melancholy nonsense on the part of those who hang for a 'verdict' on the lips of the 'Scientist.' More grotesque still is the spectacle of a Crank or a Twentieth Century Savage calling for

Science for evidence of the truth of his lies. A cook or a carpenter or a mechanic or an acrobat with skill and accuracy is as much a Scientist as a mere physicist or a chemist. Aye, he who feels correctly and observes rightly and works out things accurately is a Scientist: if your prejudice does not stand in the way of recognition. Take a rider of horses, for instance. There are riders and riders. But you see one using his horse with a beauty and a grace which are all his own—with a commanding facility and skill and accuracy. Can you deny him the title of a Scientist? Take a lawyer or a doctor or an engineer or an administrator or a professor or any labourer. You can pick up your man of Science, your man of beauty of vision and grace of movement amidst the mass of them all. The man of Science perceives things beautifully and lives out his very life gracefully.

I need not further emphasise my point. The man of Science is, if broadly and deeply considered, Nature's Seer and one whose every thought and deed are turned to Nature's Harmony. And the man of Science need not necessarily be the man of ether and electricity only: he must be one who can not only bring under control the chemical and mechanical forces, but work out beauties out of the passions and desires of the self; he must be one who can work out a manhood that is sturdier and a womanhood that is lovelier: he must be one who can not only beautify and enrich literature and art—the words uttered by lips and industries wrought by hands—but also word or picture or sculpture or sing the correct relation that should exist between man and man on the one hand, and man and woman on the other—that life may be happy and joyous.

The worship of authority even in the domain of Science is to surrender your individuality and create a tyrant for yourself. In the realm of the intellect, let thought be the supreme master: let there be no popes, no kings, no chains, no faggots' flame. Let Reason be the arbiter: let Observation and Experience be the advocates. Let go the 'master': let go 'slaves' and 'serfs': let robust thought be the pontiff.

Well, let us define the Man of Science. He is a man of skill, of accuracy, of precision, of inquiry, of thought and culture. He is not simply the Scientist of the laboratory. He lives the life of Science in broad day-light, here, there and everywhere. A sketch of him would present the beauty of his look and life. His every word and deed distinguish him from the mass of men and women

There is no mistake about him. He does not pamper his passions nor kill them either : but educates them into holy, generous ones. If his deeds and thoughts are high and noble, his life is plain and clean. With a mathematical precision and a scientific accuracy he lives out his life. He combines in himself masterfulness and gentleness into a beauteous manhood. He is as meek as he is strong : as great as he is humble : as powerful as generous : and as brave as he is thoughtful. With thought and courage he masters every lie and injustice, every absurd deceit of every stupid impostor. Impostors are stupid : they prostitute their manhood for no gain : they gain but crimes after all : they famish their own souls : they let go the serenity of the heart for a phantom gain. And deceit is absurd. Who deceives himself?—the deceiver or the deceived. No deceit can darken a generous soul. It is the deceiver that deceives himself : he deceives his own soul : he denies happiness to himself. Deceit is but a weakness that belittles the soul. Deceit is as unscientific as manliness is scientific. That which is accurate is wholesome, and so scientific. And manliness is accurate : it is straight : it has no curves or angles about it. But deceit—and every form of lie and injustice is deceit—is inaccurate : defeats its own purpose : promises no lasting joy to any one ; drives men and women to ultimate ruin. Manliness is an accurate expression of the soul in word and deed : Deceit misrepresents the soul. If manliness is happiness : Deceit is misery, in as much as it distorts and disfigures manhood.

Perhaps, I am making rounds to say what I have to say. Well, the Man of Science knows no prejudice : knows no conceit : knows no master. He welcomes truth from everywhere. He loses his personal self in the attainment of truth. He cares as little for popularity as he would care for the clatter of tongues. No pomp tempts him : no fear terrifies him. No gift can bribe him : no gibbet can injure him. Present to him a statement. He analyses it ; he criticises or commends it : without any the least reference to the author of the statement. So impersonal he is in his thoughts and deeds. He makes his own observations. He works out beauties out of his own experiences. He looks up to his own Reason as his only Judge. Draw him into a circle of friends and relations : there he is looking upon every personal concern or relation of his in the light of his own relation to the Universe.

To no concern is he a slave. He plays about with things of life with all the beauty and the grace of a Ranjit in a Cricket Field.

Draw him into a community of men and women called a society there he is with all the majesty of a born king. He may have nothing more than what would satisfy his nature's demands. His store of earthly goods may be the least that one may possess. He may be of the humblest living, with none to notice him or care for him. His name may not be heard of beyond a little circle of a very few passing acquaintances. The 'rich' and 'powerful' may not be in the list of his friends. And yet his soul knows no fear : yet his tongue knows no lie : yet his hands know no crime. He shrinks from the very feelings of jealousy and hate. He sees in them no truth, no happiness. Hate is unscientific, he knows. Hate has no joy. Envy means no love. For a unit in an organism to covet and hate the joy of another, is absurd, is unscientific. We are all of the universe. And it is folly to hate one another. To proceed with the sketch. Deny our man all the honour and glory of the world. Yet he uncovers a rich and beauteous soul to a world's gaze. His manhood rises high above a world's neglect, high above a world's folly. He laughs at all arbitrary distinctions and wrongs : at all social lies and injustices. Before no potentate would his rich intellect bend its knee. With the skill of art, he paints everything he sees, hears and feels in its true colours. He has pity and scorn for lies : for a lie does not represent a thing just as it is—it misses the point—it is neither accurate nor precise. Lie digs its own grave. Lie is a ruinous waste. If there are personal lies, there are social and political lies clothed in customs and legislations. If there are errors of grammar, there are errors of judgment. If an error is an accident, lie a deliberate deed.

That which is methodical, orderly, lawful, is scientific. The Man of Science perceives and explains the Order that pervades the Universe. That which does not accord with the evolution of truth and happiness—is a lie. And as such it is prolific of misery. The Man of Science exposes, therefore, all lies, all shams, for the evolution of happiness. He works for the exactitude of truth and the equalisation of justice. Put chains upon him : cover him with reproaches : tear him bone from bone : his soul is incapable of uttering a groan of lie. His life is lost in Truth. Self goes—Truth remains. And who will understand the glory of this fact ? He fights for victory or annihilation. He plunges his sword into lies of every form and shape—or, failing, cuts himself in two. But no society, no tyrant, no sword, no fire, can hold his soul a prisoner. He stands a victor even in a social vacuum. He lives in his

thoughts. And all the fires of the *auto-da-fe* cannot crush one brave thought. Form goes—thought lives. Self goes—Truth lives. Thought knows no form, no name. Take him out of existence. Cast him in persecution's flames. Strip him—or deny him—of his name and fame. Long after he is dead and reduced to ashes and forgotten, he comes back to rule the world that accorded him a cruel death just, say a century ago. Who rules? And whom? One forgotten, sublime thought comes to occupy the minds of men. The sovereignty of thought is more powerful and lasting than the sovereignty of the sword. But to proceed. Our man sees before his very eyes how towers of height and statues of stone crumble to dust. He sees in the pages of History how societies after societies, how kingdoms after kingdoms pass away into silence. He has read the fates of men and women who lived some centuries ago. He sees no trace of them in the scenes of their labours. He has read how orators, philosophers, scholars, artists, statesmen, warriors, known to fame, met a tragic silence at last. He sees how wealth decays, how pleasure palls, how beauty withers at last into a shrivelled hag, and how power passes away. He has known the fates of languages: how even languages find their graves at last. He has read the stories of nations: how even nations die and are forgotten. Why, he has read the records of oceans and continents: how they met their death. And he knows how systems after systems appear only to disappear: he knows too how even this planet on which we live is to break at last. He sees in all vividness the destiny of all: how Silence hovers at last over all that is. With this sight, with this knowledge, he makes Truth his search and Happiness his aim. No lie, no injustice, disfigures him. No restless hate haunts his soul. No senseless desire deforms his mind or warps his judgment. He seeks to evolve a society where there would be neither greed nor poverty: neither tyranny nor tears: neither brutal crimes nor barbarous legislations. He works for the birth of a society, where there would be neither the greedy capitalist nor the clamorous labourer: neither the envious slanderous tongue nor the covetous, murderous hand: neither self-seeking injustices nor soul-crushing agonies. He works for the dawn of a society where labour would be strong and sincere: where commerce would be fair and pure: where prisons would be hospitals and schools: where there would be no battle fields nor law-courts but tribunals of sympathy for disputants: where there would be a just and joyous self-control and a fair and full regard

for others' feelings: where there would be a free and generous rendering to every one his due: where there would be no discontent of want—no hate of fear: where Love and Joy would be the highest that Life could give us. Well, the Man of Science works out realities finer than your dreams: works out beauties out of life finer than the highest hints of Art.

A. S. MUDALIAR.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.



I. The Religion of Science must be the best solution of the Riddle of the Universe—a problem that every thinking man must answer. An adequate knowledge of the Universe is the aim of the highest scientific thought. The several sciences deal with particular parts of the Universe, while Philosophy or the Science of Sciences gives a comprehensive conception of it.

II. All the phenomena of the Universe are ultimately resolvable into the two great Factors of Matter or Not-Self and Energy or Mind or Self.

III. Matter and Energy are inseparable. There is no matter in which some energy is not working and no energy which is able to work except in some form of matter.

IV. Matter and Energy are indestructible. They are ever changing their form, yet themselves never destroyed. For instance, if a piece of wood is burnt, the form is gone and a superficial observer might think that the quantity of matter had been made less, but a student of Science would know that if the products of combustion, the ash that was left, the smoke, gases and vapour that had escaped, were weighed, they would represent the same quantity of matter as the original piece of wood, together with the oxygen from the atmosphere that has been used in combustion. The greater part of it has passed into a subtle form, but it is still in existence and will be built up into other forms. Again, if a body be pushed up a slope, one might imagine that the energy expended was lost beyond recovery. Yet here again it requires but an elementary knowledge of Science to know that it is stored in the body as potential energy—an energy depending on its position above the surface of the earth and by means of pulleys or other machinery it could be utilized to raise another body or to do various kinds of work by simply allowing the body to fall to its original level. If the work thus done were measured, due allowance being made for friction, generation of heat, and other causes of apparent loss of energy, it would be found to be the equivalent of the work done at first in raising the body.

V. All forms of matter are but the different conditions of one and the same primal substance and all forms of energy, including thought, are but the different conditions of one and the same energy. All forms of energy are but modes of motion or vibrations differing in rate and in character. Sound, heat, light, electricity, and other forms of energy are but different kinds of vibration varying in rate and in character. It is even considered that the more rapid vibrations may be connected with the various phenomena associated with thought. All the forms of energy may therefore be the result or the manifestation of one original force which acts differently according to the circumstances amid which it acts. With regard to matter also, many Scientists are inclined to think that probably the chemical elements are themselves various compounds of a much smaller number of elements. It is said that in all probability there is only one fundamental substance and the differences in the elements are due simply to the various ways in which the atoms of this substance are built into molecules. The result of the experiments made by passing the ray of light through the magnetic field or by placing the source of light between the poles of a horse-shoe magnet and of the mathematical calculations based on them, shows a striking resemblance in the effects on the spectra of the elements indicating that there is a close relationship among the elements belonging to the same chemical group or possibly even among those belonging to different groups. Spectrum analysis shows that intimate relations, if not identities, exist between forms of matter considered as quite distinct. Important spectroscopic information pointing in the same direction has been gleaned through observations on the spectra of the fixed stars and on the different spectra yielded by the same substance at different temperatures. These observations lend support to the idea that all the various kinds of matter, all the various so-called chemical elements may be built up in some way of the same fundamental substance.

VI. Energy has an important effect on the state and composition of matter. All the forms of energy have been said to be but modes of motion or vibrations differing in rate and in character. Vibrations of different kinds have an important effect on the state of a substance due to the re-arrangement of the atoms of which the molecule is built. For example, if a lump of ice is heated, that is to say, if vibrations belonging to that set which we call heat are passed into it, it is changed into water. The motion of the molecules

is altered, so that instead of being built into a fairly rigid form, they lie loosely one on another. If more rapid vibrations of the same kind are passed into water thus obtained, the molecules are driven still further apart until their cohesive attraction is overcome and they fly away from one another. In other words, the water becomes steam. But still the molecules themselves remain the same, unchanged in constitution. It is only the state of the substance that has been changed. If another class of vibrations, that which we call electricity is passed through the water, the molecules are broken up into their constituent parts and instead of water, we shall have the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, of which it is composed.

VII. Matter and Energy are indistinguishable ultimately. Sound, heat, light, electricity and other forms of energy have been said to be but different kinds of vibration varying in rate and in character and it has also been said that the more rapid vibrations are even considered to be connected with thought. Experiments also show that when matter is disintegrated into its final or corpuscular condition, it is impossible to distinguish any difference between the corpuscles and electricity which is a mode of energy.

VIII. It is impossible to conceive the phenomena of the Universe which are resolvable ultimately in'to spirit and matter without a Reality unifying them, which Reality must be absolute and secondless. We cannot conceive that our knowledge is a knowledge of appearances only without at the same time conceiving a Reality of which they are appearances, for appearances without a Reality are unthinkable. And this Reality must be absolute and secondless, for the final cause must be one especially when the multifarious phenomena have been resolved into the inseparable and finally indistinguishable spirit and matter. There is then but one absolute Reality which is the unity of spirit and matter, whose manifestation is the Universe. The supposition of more than one absolute is self-contradictory. The Absolute then is the unity of Self and Not-self. None doubts the Self in him. The Self never changes. But the Not-self is ever changing. Amidst the changes of the Not-self, the Self is unchanging. The Self cannot conceive its beginning or end. But the Self can conceive the beginnings and the ends of all things other than itself. Even if the Self attempts to think of its cessation, still it feels that it is behind that consciousness of cessation. The Self, then, whose beginning or end cannot be conceived, must be immortal. Even the Self in others is known



to one only by the Self. All the Selves therefore are only one universal Self which appears as different Selves. We can be certain therefore of only the universal Self. This is the substratum of all existence. Everything exists in the Self. But the Self cannot be defined except as being different from the Not-self, which is particular and limited. It is not also possible to define the Not-self except as different from the Self. The Self is universal and the Not-self must therefore be particular. As the Self is One, the Not-self must be many. The Self and the Not-self always imply each other and can never be really separated. They are therefore always imposing on each other the attributes of one another. The Self becomes particularised and the Not-self generalized. The Self and the Not-self are then the two opposites into which the universe may be finally resolved. Two opposites always imply each other. If the whole world of opposites is considered together as one Relative and an absolute be posited as its opposite, this absolute and this Relative must again have a higher absolute and so on endlessly. To speak of higher and higher absolutes endlessly is a contradiction in terms. The absolute must be therefore not outside of but inside the Relative. The true absolute is complete when two opposites are resolved into each other. There can be no higher absolute. The collapse therefore of the Self and the Not-self is the absolute. The final factors of the Universe are then the Self, the Not-self and the relation between the two by which each takes on itself the characteristics of the other. The Not-self cannot be denied. It is both existent and not existent. The Self identifies itself with the Not-self and again separates itself from it. The dual relation between the Self and the Not-self involved in this identification and separation may be expressed by the words is and not which explain together the mysterious relation between the Self and the Not-self. The riddle of the Universe is therefore summed up in the statement Self is not Not self, which, taken as a whole becomes 'Self is Self.' This unity of 'Self is Self' is the absolute and its three factors Self, Not-self, and 'is not' represent the Relative.

IX. Unity of Existence is the Philosophy of Science which must be the basis of the Religion of Science. Science proves the monistic theory of the Universe which teaches that there is but one absolute Reality which is the unity of spirit and matter whose manifestation is the Universe. Dualism is only a relative truth but Monism is the ultimate and absolute truth. The monistic theory of the Universe must be the basis of the Religion of Science.

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X. Religion infers the existence of a spiritual world and of a human personality surviving bodily death from certain ascertained occult phenomena which are however explained by Science by the theory of brain-waves but as the brain-waves of each person are distinct and must have an underlying reality, they correspond to a human personality, which must evolve, like everything else by segregation, and the consequent attraction towards the manifest side of existence until a state of equilibrium is reached, or separation is completed after which involution must go on by the process of aggregation, until it merges finally in the one Absolute Reality. A convergence of experimental and of spontaneous evidence has been discovered in certain classes of phenomena which imply a communication of thoughts and images from mind to mind by some agency, not that of the recognized organs of sense. The question then is, is the communication due to mind touching mind in some unheard-of-manner or is it due to brain-waves analogous to X rays being transmitted from brain to brain? Religion accepts the former theory of a purely spiritual communication, while Science prefers the latter hypothesis of brain-waves. Religion argues that among the implications of this direct and supersensory communion of mind with mind, none could be more momentous than the light thrown by it on man's intimate nature and possible survival of death. There is no logical halting place between the first admission of supersensory faculty and the conclusion that such faculty is exercised by somewhat within us which survives and operates uninjured in a met-etheral or spiritual world. Science on the other hand argues that it is possible to reconcile the occult facts with Science by the law that thoughts and images may be transferred from one mind to another without the agency of the recognized organs of sense. There is a path by which the incidents of this part of the field and the facts of telegraphy without wires may be found eventually to harmonize and it is needless to go in for a mysterious human personality, when with every fresh advance in knowledge, it is shown that ether vibrations have powers and attributes abundantly equal to any demand, even to the transmission of thought. Such is the position of Religion and Science. The theory of brain-waves explains the ascertained phenomena as satisfactorily as the theory of a spiritual world and of a human personality surviving bodily death. According to the former view, there is nothing supernormal in telepathy. If we regard it as a physical process we reduce apparitions at the moment of death or otherwise to a

normal, though not very usual fact. Every one would admit this in the case of mere empty hallucinations. It may be thought however that if the phenomena are such as only the spirits of the dead could be credited with producing, it would follow that telepathy is not a physical process caused by material waves or rays from living brain to brain, the dead having no brains in working order. But if living brains may thus infect each other, the subjective hallucination of the living person may conceivably be wired on to another living person. Thus one person may have a merely subjective hallucination of the presence of a dead person and may unconsciously infect other persons with the hallucination. Thus once admit that any living brain may infect any other and it becomes practically impossible for a spirit of the dead to prove his identity. Events remote in space or distant in time, must be known to living people, however remote or unknown. If known to a living person, he may unconsciously wire it on to the seer. If wholly unknown to everybody, the veracity of the information cannot be demonstrated except later, when it refers to the unknown future. But if what was thought in the remote past can be reproduced now, what is now thought may be equally reproduced in the future. Thus the theory of telepathy with a little good will puts the existence and activity of the souls of the dead beyond possibility of proof. Telepathy cuts two ways. It is a singular discovery but it throws an enormous burden of proof on a ghost who wants to establish his identity. It will thus be seen that the theory of brain-waves explains the ascertained occult phenomena satisfactorily. Science therefore holds that there is no need to go in for a human personality. But a little consideration will seem to show that it is possible to reconcile the two theories. Firstly, brain-waves of a living or a deceased person, which affect others at any distance of time or space, sometimes as a single thought and at other times as a series of thoughts must be presumed to have existed in a coherent form. But it may be asked why if all the brain-waves exist in a coherent form, they should not all simultaneously recur. It may be answered that this may be due to the incapacity of the persons infected to reflect simultaneously all the brain-waves, just as the perception of the whole or a part of a scenery depends on the capacity of the eye that beholds it. It will not therefore be unreasonable to presume that the brain-waves of each person exist as a distinct coherent entity especially as it is observed that a series of thoughts often recur. This line of argument is supported by the analogy of electrica

waves in telegraphy, light waves in photography, and sound waves in phonography, where distinct messages, pictures and records appear to be due to the coherent existence of each set of waves. And we have already seen that electricity, light, sound, and thought are but the manifestations of one fundamental energy or force. Presuming then that the brain-waves of each person exist as a distinct coherent entity, let us consider what it is that unifies them. The very fact that they are coherent implies that they are unified by some unifying force. Whether this force is what unifies living thoughts, it is not possible to determine. But the brain-waves being thought-waves, it is more likely that the unifying force must be of the nature of what unifies thoughts, than of what unifies electrical-waves, light-waves or sound-waves. Passing over the question of what force unifies the brain-waves, though it is certain that there must be a unifying force, we shall in the second place consider the more important question of an underlying Reality of the brain-waves of each person, which must exist as a distinct coherent entity. We have already seen that the varying multi-form phenomena of the Universe which are resolved by Science into spirit and matter must have an absolute Reality unifying them. It is rigorously impossible to conceive that our knowledge is a knowledge of appearances only without at the same time conceiving a Reality of which they are appearances, for appearances without a reality are unthinkable. The brain-waves therefore of each man which exist as a distinct coherent entity must have an underlying Relative Reality or centre which must of course be essentially one with the Reality unifying spirit and matter and underlying all the phenomena of the Universe. This view of the brain-waves of each person will be seen to agree fundamentally with the conception of a human personality or an individual soul. The next question is, does the soul evolve or not? And if it evolves, on what lines must it evolve agreeably with the results of Science. Evolution is a universal law of nature due to segregation and the consequent attraction towards the manifest side of existence. Evolution goes on until a state of equilibrium is reached, or separation is complete after which begins involution, the opposite of evolution. This law is illustrated as well in the evolution of a tiny seed as in that of our globe, the solar system and the Universe. The very same law must apply to the soul. In the first place, evolution must begin at the point of development at which a thing has already arrived. This applies also to the soul. The soul

must then evolve by segregation or separation until a state of equilibrium is reached, or until separation is complete, after which involution must take place by aggregation, the opposite of segregation. The goal must of course be the final merging or absorption into the absolute Reality from which everything comes, by which everything is maintained and into which everything must resolve. This evolution and involution must go on endlessly by the very nature of the one absolute Reality. Thus may the theories of brain-waves and human personality which are equally good, be harmonized.

XI. Hindu Monism which is adopted by Theosophy that claims to be common to all the religions of the world, reconciles Religion and Science by holding that there is but one absolute Reality, that the Universe, both visible and invisible, which is but the subtle form of the visible, is one with the absolute, that the human personality is essentially one with the absolute Reality unifying spirit and matter and underlying the Universe that the individual soul is born again and again as long as it thinks itself to be separate from the absolute and consequently attracted towards the manifest side of existence, and that the realization of the Unity of Existence is the means of salvation or union with the absolute. According to Hindu Monism, there is but one absolute Reality and the Universe is one with it, because therefrom it is born, thereinto it is merged, thereby it is maintained. The question, why is there any Universe, why should the Perfect become the Imperfect, God become the Universe, the brute, the man, is unanswerable, for it is founded on false premises. The Perfect is the all, the totality, the sum of Being. Within its infinity is everything contained, every potentiality, as well as actuality of existence. All that has been, is, will be, can be, ever is in that Fulness, that Eternal. This Perfect never becomes the Imperfect. It becomes nothing. It is all Spirit and Matter, Strength and Weakness, Knowledge and Ignorance, Peace and Strife, Bliss and Pain, Power and Impotence. The innumerable opposites of manifestation merge into each other and vanish in non-manifestation. The One includes manifestation and non-manifestation, the diastole and systole of the heart which is Being. The one no more requires explanation than the other, the one cannot be without the other. The puzzle arises because men assert separately one of the inseparable pair of opposites—Spirit, Strength, Knowledge, Peace, Bliss, Power and then ask why should these become their opposites. They do not. No attribute

exists without its opposite. A pair only can manifest. Every front has a back. Spirit and Matter arise together. It is not that spirit exists and then miraculously produces matter to limit and blind itself, but that Spirit and Matter arise in the eternal as a mode of its Being, a form of self-expression of the One. All that we see around us comes forth from that fulness and is as the shadow of that substance. The absolute contains in itself the whole relative Universe which may be ultimately resolved into Self and Not-self which are related together in some mysterious manner, which involves both existence and non-existence. The absolute is symbolized by the syllable AUM which is pronounced as a single compound sound made up of A, U and M which represent the first, the middle and the last sounds respectively. A represents the Self, U the Not-self and M the relation between the two which is expressed by 'is not' involving both Existence and Non-existence, which are themselves of the nature of the positive Self and the negative Not-self. The Relative is represented by the three separate factors of Self, Not-self and 'is not,' while their Unity 'Self' represents the absolute. The Universal Self is always united to the primal matter or Not-self, though ultimately it separates itself from the latter. The inherent nature of the Not-self is divisibility, as that of the eternal Self is inseparability. It is multiplicity as that of the Self is Unity. The Self has the attributes of Being, Intelligence and Bliss. The Not-self has the attributes of Rhythm, Motion and Inertia. The positive relation of the Self and the Not-self involved in the word 'is' has the three attributes of Creation, Preservation and Destruction, while the negative relation involved in the word 'not' has the attributes of Motion, Space and Time. These triplets severally of Self, Not-self, is and not correspond with each other and are themselves the reflexion of the triplicity of the absolute, viz., Self and Not-self and their mutual relation involving both affirmation and negation. The three qualities of Matter are its very materiality, that which causes it to be matter. When these are in equilibrium, there is sleep, inactivity. Every particle of Matter has Resistance, Motion and Rhythm. When the equilibrium of the three is disturbed by the breath of the Universal Self, these three qualities at once manifest, Inertia or Resistance, Motion throwing every particle of the resistant mass into active movement, thus producing Chaos and by Rhythm each particle becomes a vibrating, i.e., a regularly moving particle, capable of entering into relations with the surrounding particles. All the qualities found in

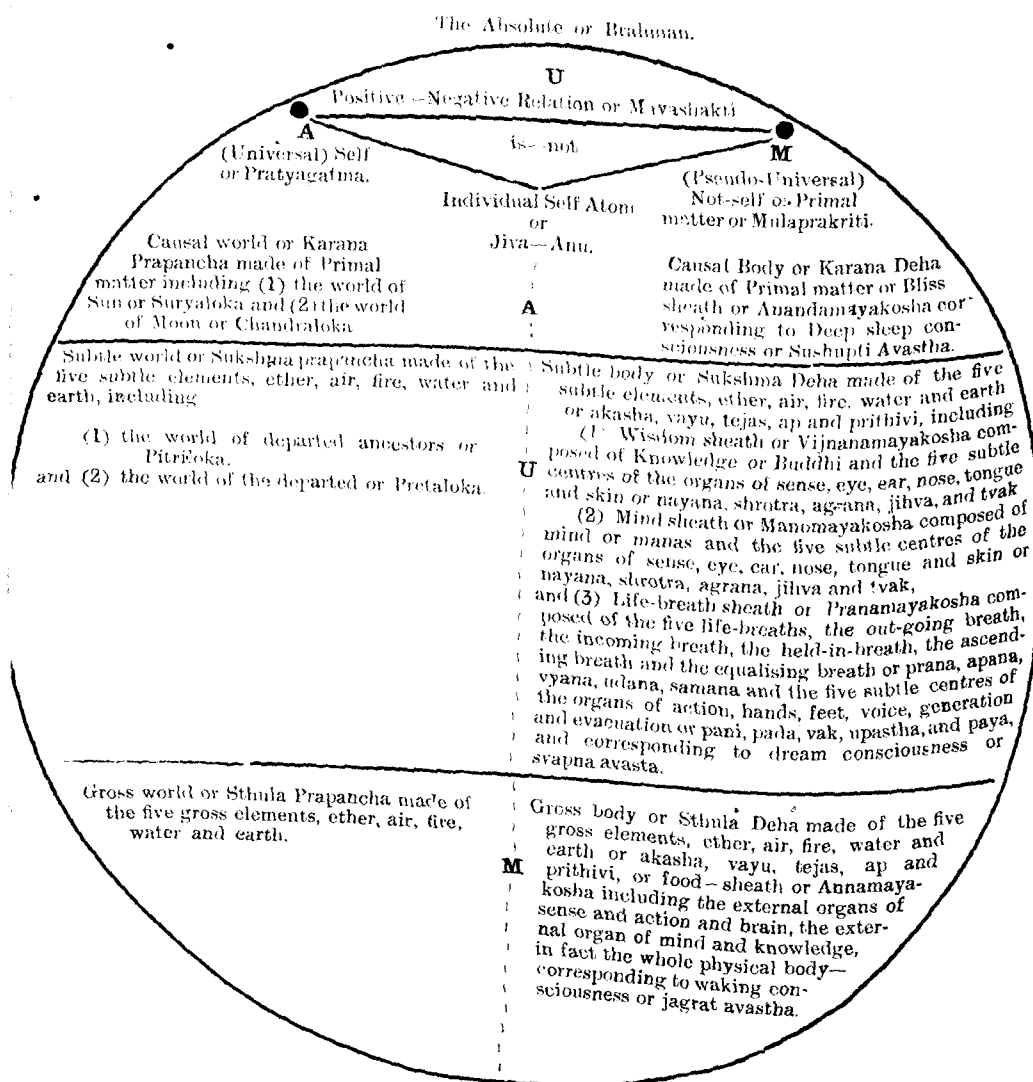
matter arise from the interaction of these three qualities, their endless permutations and combinations producing the endless variety of attributes found in the Universe. The predominance of Inertia in a body made up of countless particles, gives rigidity, immovability, such as is seen in stones and other things that do not move of themselves. The predominance of motion in a body gives unregulated hasty movements, restlessness, excess of activity. The predominance of Rhythm gives harmony, controlled rhythmical movements, order, beauty. But in the most immovable stone the minute particles are in a state of unceasing vibration from the presence of Motion and Rhythm. In the most restless animal, there is stability of material and vibration of particles and in the most harmonious and controlled man there is stability of material and movement. There are three worlds comprising the Universe and three bodies belonging to them called Gross, Subtle and Causal, made up of the gross elements, the subtle elements and primal matter and corresponding to waking, dream and deep-sleep consciousness respectively. The Causal and the Subtle worlds are invisible and together with the gross form one continuous field of an evolutionary process, interpenetrating each other and not lying one above the other and each latter one being a finer condition of the former. These three worlds and bodies are symbolized by M, U and A respectively. The order of the evolutionary process in the physical world is Minerals, Plants, Animals and Men. In the unconscious earth, stones, &c., the spirit has not yet attained to the form of the individual Self. The unmoving Selves, namely, the herbs and trees and also the moving Selves are stages of manifestation in a higher degree. At the beginning of the day of manifestation, the many stream forth from the one existence and when the day is over and the night comes, then all these separated existences again dissolve into it. Over and over again this occurs, for Universes succeed Universes in endless succession. The individual-self-atom, a reflexion of the Universal-self-not-self, passes through the diversified existences of the mineral Kingdom and of the plant and of the animal realms, before coming into the human Kingdom. The bodies in which the individual Self dwells are related to the different worlds. By his bodies, the Self comes into contact with these worlds, and is able to gain experience from them and to act in them. The bodies are only brought into existence to serve the purposes of the Individual Self, moved by desire to taste these worlds. The soul or the individual Self is a conscious being and

that consciousness seeking external experiences, fashions, senses and sense-organs for contact with the outer worlds, and a mind of nature more akin to itself as a bridge between the outer and the inner. The different worlds mark the stages of evolution of the consciousness of the soul. As his powers unfold, he becomes conscious of these worlds and becomes able to feel, think and act in bodies made out of matter, corresponding to them. Each world as a state, represents a form of the consciousness, of the Universal Self, and as a place, represents a modification of matter expressing that state of consciousness. As the soul is of the nature of the Universal Self, he is capable of realising these states of consciousness and of thus living in touch with the respective worlds or modifications of matter which correspond to them. The triplicity of the worlds and bodies, as well as of consciousness is but the reflection of the triplicity of the absolute, *viz*, Self, Not-self and their positive-negative relation, whose triple reflection again is the Individual human being. The soul uses as bodies the physical or gross body, the subtle body and the causal body. The Universal Self has also three similar bodies. What is collective in the Universal Self is distributive in the Individual Self. As every man uses the three bodies as the organs of three different forms of consciousness, the Universal Self also uses three bodies as the organs of the corresponding three different forms of Universal consciousness. When a term of earth-life is over, *i.e.*, when the time of physical death comes, the individual soul withdraws from the gross body and passes into the subtle world in his Subtle and Causal bodies. The Subtle body, separating itself from the Gross body, leaves the latter inert and helpless. The gross elements are scattered and go back to the general store; and the man enters, in his Subtle and Causal bodies, the world of the deceased, a special region in the Subtle world, where he mentally suffers the results of his evil deeds. After this purification, he passes to the peaceful world of the departed ancestors, still a region in the Subtle world, where he enjoys mentally the results of his good deeds. He then throws away his Subtle body, and in his Causal body goes into that division of the Causal world or Heaven which is allotted to ordinary men, sometimes called the moor. This path from the Gross physical world, first to the world of the deceased,—the world of suffering of the results of bad deeds and purification, then, to that of the departed ancestors—the world of enjoyment of the results of good deeds, from it again to the moor or the part of Heaven allotted to ordinary men between death and

birth, is called the path of the departed ancestors. From this moon, they return to the Subtle world, where they take on the Subtle body, the Causal body being retained throughout the transmigratory cycle, and even till final liberation. After taking the Subtle body, the Gross body of the physical world is formed, and so rebirth is gained. The higher path is only trodden by those who have no attraction to the subtle or the physical world. They depart as do the others, but they pass on from the moon, without returning to the Earth, to the Higher Region of Heaven called the sun. Here, transcending the idea of separateness, and realising the unity of existence, they merge into the Universal Self and then know themselves as the Absolute. But a man may, even during his life-time here, free himself from all attractions and thus rise into the world of sun, and far more, he may reach the knowledge which liberates him completely by which he may transcend entirely the idea of separateness and merge into the Universal Self, by realizing the Unity of existence and know himself as the Absolute. Man thus carries to the invisible worlds the results of the earth-life to be enjoyed and suffered as fruits. Having arrived at the end of the fruit of that work—of whatsoever he here does—this one returns again from those worlds to this world of action. This round of births and deaths is not everlasting for man. Man wanders about in the Universe so long as he thinks of himself as different from the Absolute and is therefore attracted towards separate existence, knowing himself to be one with it, and therefore not thus attracted, he loves all as himself, acts for them as for himself, and thus realises that he is and also becomes the Absolute. Such is the teaching of Hindu Monism which reconciles religion and science.

XII. The Religion of Science then which may be illustrated by the following diagram is the best solution of the Riddle of the Universe, a problem that every-thinking man must answer.

DIAGRAM OF THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.



N. K. RAMASAMI AIVA, B.A., B.L.

“INDIAN INDUSTRIES AND THEIR REVIVAL.”

THE present is the outcome of the past and the herald of the future. What we are to-day is mainly due to how we were yesterday, and our conduct now would affect our well-being to-morrow. Hence to condemn the past as such is not only ridiculing ourselves as we are at present, but also drawing upon us the condemnation of the future. Everything in the past has contributed to the present situation, and one cannot decry those institutions which are not conducive to the growth of modern society. For what is now despicable might have been a hundred years ago quite harmless and even vital to the growth of the nation. To reverence the past is not the only lesson which history teaches us. Those forces which had contributed to build the greatness of a nation, in any branch of human activity might after careful investigation be applied to solve the industrial, political or social problems of another country similarly situated. Any book-knowledge, if not translated into practice, is indeed learnt in vain. And it must be the solicitude of the earnest student of history to diligently employ his theories to rightly work out those questions upon whose correct solution chiefly rests the industrial, political or social regeneration of his country.

“THE PRESSING PROBLEM?”

It has become a commonplace and hence as tedious as a twice-told tale to say that we are all passing through a period of transition. The old order is changing and giving place to the new. Our traditionary customs and habits have to be given up and society has to adjust itself to suit modern cannons of taste and decorum. Western culture has created in us new desires, and with the close study of the constitutional history of countries like Great Britain we have mustered strong to fight and determine, in the Congress pandal, our political situation. An ever-increasing knowledge of Japan and her activity has put a spark in our hearts to animate us with regard to the betterment of the material conditions of India. But of all the questions which arrest our attention and demand their early solution, there is nothing more important than the question relating to India's poverty and the ways in which it can be redressed.

"THE POVERTY OF INDIA."

It is no frothy talk of a flashy orator, caring more for rhythm than for reason, that India is deplorably poor. Unmistakable evidences of her past glory and greatness distinctly reveal to us to what a low position she has now deteriorated. The industrial genius of her people, even more than her natural wealth and her extensive sea-board, is said to have distinguished her from other Asiatic lands. She carried on a profitable trade with Western as well as Eastern countries, even at the very dawn of history. It was, need we repeat it, the untold wealth of the Indies that drew European nations to this country. After the Greeks, came the Arabians who sold Indian products to the merchants of Europe and thus raised such towns as Venice and Genoa to a pitch of prosperity which was long the envy of all Europe. The historian of Firuz Shaha and travellers like Nicolo di Condi and Abu Batuta expatiate on the happy state of the ryots, the goodness of their houses and the general use of gold and silver ornaments among their women. India is spoken of as having been a general emporium of the world, whose products were sought as much in Europe and America as in Asia and Africa. In ancient times, each empire aimed, as it rose, at the conquest of India as its crowning triumph. In the middle ages the trade with India raised, as noticed above, the republics of Venice and Genoa to a surprising pitch of greatness. In modern times, the maritime powers of Europe vied with one another in their efforts to secure a monopoly of the Eastern trade. The Portuguese showed Modern Europe the way to the East. They were followed in succession by the Dutch, by the English, by the French and by the Danes. The foreign trade of India during the time of the East India Company is a very sad tale of wilful cruelty. As it was then the heyday of the mercantile theory, England prohibited the export of gold and encouraged its import by all possible means. The export of all goods was encouraged while all imports, except the raw materials of industry, were discouraged. The company, as the sovereign of the land, raised for itself the revenue of the land—the utmost that could be exacted; and this vast sum of money was remitted to England not as gold and silver but as raw produce. The Company, as traders, dealt with the merchants of India and encouraged the export of more raw produce. Thus by a double system of exhaustion, the material resources of the land were completely sucked. And from the blow she received then, she has not as yet recovered. To this oppression must be added the legal

plunder of Dupleix, Clive and others. According to Taylor, the shameless demands of his countrymen upon Meer Jaffer himself, for private presents and losses, were pursued with more than stringent rapacity. The Hon'ble Mr. Alexander Del Mar contributed to the eighth number of the fifth volume of the Indian Review a chronological order of carnage, intrigue and plunder of India from the opening of the sea-route to our country in the sixteenth century. A perusal of that sad article would place before one the dismal tale of how India, once so famous for her riches, has been, in the course of a few hundred years, denuded of its wealth.

"Many strokes, though with a little axe
Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak."

Official apologists who maintain that India is not poor, base their arguments on the increase of her population and the area of the land brought under cultivation, the rise of great cities and the prevalence of our commercial transactions all over the globe. Hence a fair-minded observer must examine all these statements and give them the significance they deserve, ere he begins to form a conclusion about the existing state of things. An increase of population there has been, of late: but that by itself is no indication of the nation's prosperity. To merely say that a man has a dozen children would not entitle us to call his a prosperous family. No doubt an increase in the area of arable land is always beneficial and would go a great way to alleviate the misery of the nation. But in India so great is the increase of population and so small the area of land brought under cultivation that little or no advantage is finally secured to the people in general. A country's trade is yet another indication of its riches and greatness. But here also the argument of our opponents does not stand critical examination. As our export consists of raw produce and our imports are much less than our exports, the extensive trade of India, as at present constituted, is an event to be deplored rather than rejoiced over. The next reason adduced is the growth of various towns of vast commercial importance. They form, no doubt, an index of our wealth, culture and civilization. But our national prosperity should not be judged by these few towns, however opulent they might be. It is not, however, as has been rightly observed, immense wealth in the hands of higher classes, our land owners and merchants and manufacturers, which constitutes the wealth of our nation: but the absence of any general poverty among the middle and working classes.

It is hard to examine thoroughly and estimate the labourer's real wages—his remuneration as reckoned in the necessities and luxuries of life ; but we can form an idea of its equivalent in money, termed nominal wages. The following account of the general wages in the important industries of the leading commercial countries would enable us to judge the comparatively poor rate of wages in India :—

Agricultural Labour.	The Mining Industries.	Brick-layers, Carpenters, &c.	Founders, Pattern-makers, &c.
France, 12s. a week.	France, 16s. to 25s. a wk.	France, 4d. per hour.	Austria, 3¼d. per hour.
Denmark, 9s. to 10s. "	Denmark, 16s. to 22s. "	Denmark, 6d. "	Belgium, 5d. "
Belgium, 9s. 6d. "	Belgium, 15s. to 21s. "	Belgium, 3d. "	France, 2¼d. "
England, 12s. "	England, 36s. "	England, 8d. "	Germany, 2¼d. "
Canada, 21s. "	Austria, 10s. to 14s. "	Germany, 6d. "	United States of America, 14¼d. per hour.
Western Australia, 50s. a week.	Prussia, 18s. to 24s. "	Holland, 3½d. "	England, 8¼d. "
India, 3s. to 5s. "	India, 6s. to 10s. "	United States of America, 20d. per hour.	India, 8s. to 10s. a week.
		India, 12s. to 15s. a week.	

Mr. Bourdillon of Madras has held that it may be certainly said of almost the whole of the ryots, paying even the highest revenue, and even of many holding to a much larger amount, that they are always in poverty and generally in debt. A ryot of this class, of course, lives from hand to mouth. He rarely sees money. His dwelling is a hut of mud-walls and thatched roof. His food and that of his family is partly thin porridge, made of the meal of grain boiled in water and partly boiled rice with a little condiment. Are these signs of poverty or of plenty? The answer is left to the con-

“ On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly ; on a cheek
The life can burn in blood even while the heart may break.”

The poverty question is no figurative speech raised to captivate the heart of the rulers by trading upon their sense of suffering and humanity. Really the life of the nation can burn in blood even while the heart within may break.

"REMEDIAL MEASURES."

Convinced of the lamentable position of our famine-stricken motherland, the legitimate duty of her well-wishers is to try and find out means for redressing the evils with which she is beset. Political status, should it be ever achieved and retained by a people at whose threshold famine is on the watch, would never be appreciated, unless the people have enough, though not plenty, to live upon. Social consolidation, be it effected to-morrow or a century hence, would not render the nation stable, if each class is not able to provide itself with its absolute necessities. So long as there is want felt, no advance can be made towards our political advancement or social stability. The axe must be laid at the root-evil, and when that is cleared, we can well congratulate ourselves on having removed the chief obstacle out of our path. Hence a great deal of attention has to be paid to building up the material prosperity of India—to making the middle classes more prosperous and to alleviating the misery of the lower orders.

The heavy annual drain for which no equivalent in money is paid and which, in consequence, has all the evil effects of a forced yearly tribute; the enormous outlay in the employment of Europeans in India; the growth of civil and military expenditure; and the harshness of the hard revenue exactions are the prime factors of India's poverty. But what has made India entirely helpless, with nothing to fall back upon in times of distress, is the destruction of her industries. In architecture, in fabrics of silk and cotton, in goldsmith's work and jewellery, we were, in days of old, unsurpassed. But by an unjust system of protective tariffs, by the advance of the West in the applied sciences, by the application of steam and the employment of machinery, the cost of production in England was so diminished that the English were enabled to undersell our artisans in our own markets. The result was, as could be expected and as was desired, the decay and collapse of Indian industries to the rapid development of those of England. Another disastrous consequence to India, of this unequal commercial contest was that her artisans and labourers had to resort to cultivation, the one industry we have now got.

This helpless dependence of our people upon one industry is cited in the Famine Commission Report of 1879 as the main cause of Indian famines and the chief difficulty in the way of promoting relief in an effectual shape to the famine-stricken districts. Mr. Hume, while he was the Secretary to the Government of India, in the Agricultural Department, pointedly remarked that agriculture in India had become more and more a system of spoliation. Deep as the purse might have been and rich as much of our soil unquestionably was, he was of opinion that a time must come, when by continually taking out a great deal and putting back very little, both soil and purse would be exhausted. The evil, he feared, was a growing one, one of gigantic magnitude; and, though like all great causes, it operated slowly, no one who had really watched agriculture for years in this country could doubt, asserted Mr. Hume, that its effects were already showing far and wide. Truly, no one who has rightly understood the present economic situation of India doubts that they will develop with disastrous virulence as years roll on. What, then, is the remedy, for this lamentable situation? The first thing to be attempted is to develop in the country industries other than agriculture by the introduction of a diversity of occupations. Thus the surplus population may be led away from agriculture and shown to earn the means of subsistence in manufactures or

some similar employments. We have, indeed, bright prospects of happy results in the production and manufacture of articles for our daily use, in the manufacture, for export, of substances now made in the countries to which we export raw materials, and in the manufacture of articles not now made in India. Hence to lay out a plan of erecting new industries and fostering and diversifying the existing ones, must be the prime concern of those who are eager to benefit our mother-land by their wealth, exertion or experience—be it ever so limited and humble.

"ROMAN ENGLAND AND BRITISH INDIA."

A survey of the industrial situation of India leads one to draw a comparison, and that a striking one, between our modern industrial situation and that of England during the early period. For corn-growing the island was admirably situated and the title the "Granary of the North" was bestowed on account of her large export of corn exclusive of what was taken by the Romans as *weav-annona* and tribute. The Britons had attained some skill in weaving, dyeing, metal-working and pottery. The export trade consisted of corn, cattle-hides, metal and furs, while wine, salt, articles of prime necessity, and the finer kinds of cloth were imported from abroad. Generally speaking, the exports were raw materials while the imports were luxuries and necessities unattainable at home. The main occupation of the islanders was agriculture. Swine, sheep and cattle were tended. The villages had in them, men skilled in carpentry, smith's work and shoe-making. Rural industry was well-nigh self-sufficing. All the luxuries such as ornaments and silks were supplied by a travelling pedlar. In all these general characteristics of trade and living and the pursuit of agriculture as the main occupation, a parallelism might be instituted between Roman England and British India. Hence the story of the gradual development of England's industrial policy and the growth of her industry and commerce, would, if shortly told, be to some purpose as helping us to adjust our industrial position. Those forces which have co-operated to raise England from a low position, similar to that in which our country is now situated, to the foremost place in the commercial world, might be attempted to be made use of, in constructing, piece by piece, the industrial structure of India.

"ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL GROWTH."

Over the early growth of towns in England the guilds exercised an important influence. To manage their growing trade to the

advantage of each town was the policy of the burgesses. It cannot be doubted that the guilds must have helped to make the burgers realise their common responsibilities and the real unity of their civic life. In the guild there were rules of charity, rules for the conduct of guild meeting and maintaining the jurisdiction of guild officials both over their own members and all coming to trade in the town. During the thirteenth century craft-guilds began to spring up. The merchant guild superintended the trade of the town, maintained its privileges and appointed days for markets and fairs. The task of more minutely inspecting the conditions of industry was entrusted to the craft guilds which laid down how and by whom goods should be made and sold. A foreigner—be he an inhabitant of the continent or of the neighbouring town—was always regarded with great apathy and avoided as far as possible. Not competition but custom determined prices which were fair to both purchaser and seller. At the fair, each craft was grouped in its own place; and although there was an unusual volume of trade, commerce was not national but inter-municipal. The burgers wished the aliens to bring goods, sell them, spend the money in buying English goods and depart home again! This exclusiveness of the town guilds were broken through by Edward III who placed before himself a clear-cut policy of developing foreign commerce, planting new industries and checking extravagance by sumptuary legislation. Later on, the craft guilds became more exclusive, class differences between craftsman, apprentice and journeyman were more marked, and there grew up powerful associations of merchants as distinct from master-workers and handicraftsmen. The weavers, breaking themselves loose from the guilds, established a new system. They sold their products to a middleman called the clothier and he employed combers, spinners, weavers and dyers and paid them for their work. The product being his, he undertook to sell the finished materials. Side by side with this innovation in the woollen and cotton industries, corporate bodies to export cloth to the continent were established in London. The Government, too, actively interfered in the industrial affairs of the country and laid down rules regulating the making and nature of cloths. More direct protection was given by stopping the import of woollen cloths from abroad and by making the export duty on cloth low and that upon raw wool very heavy. This sort of encouragement was for the time wisely done; and if we, writes Townsend Warner, describe the policy as protective, we use an epithet which

is now often held to imply economic condemnation, but it is difficult to say that it is blameable in this case, on any grounds. Indeed, he continues, it is just one of those instances where a protective policy seems to have been admirably suited to the needs of the time.

In the time of the Tudors the Mercantile System was the dominant idea. Its aim was pervaded by extreme selfishness; and wars were ruthlessly entered into and people's money and blood were unconcernedly spent and poured to carry out the principles enunciated by this policy of self-aggrandizement. They encouraged native shipping by Navigation Acts; protected and helped the native corn-growers; protected home industries and planted new ones; and amassed and kept in the country a large amount of money. How stringently this avaricious plan was pursued would be laid bare when curious instances of State intervention in mercantile matters are quoted. The fishing trade, important as a nursery for the navy, was encouraged by an Act in 1548 which enforced the eating of fish in the old fast days, under the penalty of fines! With regard to corn growing, the Parliament prevented the import of corn and permitted its export. The same spirit inspired the protection of home industries. The question asked about the foreign trade was, whether the imported article was prejudicial or beneficial to English interests. If the trade carried away English manufactured goods and brought in raw materials to be manufactured in England, it was encouraged. But if it took away raw material from England or brought in materials which could be manufactured in England as well, it was condemned. Prompted by this policy of first rate selfishness, silk goods of Lombardy were prohibited and by an Act in 1463, woollens, silk, iron, steel and small luxuries such as tennis-balls and playing cards were likewise excluded.

State aid to promote the industries of the country was lent in another way also—indirectly encouraging the immigration of foreign artisans. Edward III granted royal protection to Flemish weavers when they were driven from their homes by oppression. To them England owes the stimulus which the weaving industry received in the fifteenth century. In the days of the Duke of Alva, religious persecution drove the Protestants from their homes, who, however, found a welcome hearth in England. By 1568 there were nearly two thousand Flemish and Walloon settlers in Norwich. These were skilled in dressing and dyeing cloth and making fabrics

of finer tissue. Thus they brought to England the very arts which she hitherto lacked. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 made hundreds of Huguenots leave their country and settle in England; and these included many of the silk-weavers of southern France, the country from which England got its supply of silk goods. The impulse given to the silk industry thereby can easily be understood if it is said that England in 1698 prohibited silk importation altogether.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, England engaged herself in acquiring a number of colonies in the New World and the East. And influenced by the Mercantilist ideas the then English statesmen strove to regulate English trade in a manner quite beneficial to the greatest interests of England. They used to sing with the poet of their age:—

"Get place and wealth: if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

Colonies were cajoled to send home and nowhere else raw produce which could not be produced in England; and colonial exports of such articles as England could manufacture were considered pernicious. When England was thus glutted with a profuse supply of raw produce, first of all machinery and then steam-power were introduced into her industrial world. Further, England possessed natural advantages which were denied to other countries. Hence for a time British goods were so much cheaper that even jealous protection failed to successfully ward off British goods from penetrating into the countries on the continent. The cheapness of labour which created undue competition among workmen and the introduction of machinery which tempted the manufacturer to work as long as possible, rendered the factories, virtual prisons where work, for the labourers of both sexes and all ages, was begun early and stopped late. At such a time the Laissez-Faire theory of the political economists, then promulgated, left the poor and the weak to make their own bargain with the mill-owner and thus induced them to sell themselves into slavery. Reform had to be breathed into and a series of laws were passed which restored matters to a satisfactory condition. The Repeal of the Combination Laws in 1824, the Trades Union Act of 1871, the Act regulating the employment of children in 1833, the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, the Municipal Reform Bill of 1835, the Mines and Collieries Act passed seven years hence and the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 were passed in rapid succession. A new school of economics

sprang up which advocated the principles of Free-trade as opposed to protection. The first triumph of the new principles was achieved in the Corn Law agitation, and they afterwards extended in other directions, as eagerly preached by the Manchester men who could point out with a blow of their trumpets that their own great source of wealth, the cotton manufacture, had grown up and flourished without protection. The new industrial activity which came with the inventions of the eighteenth century showed manufacturers that they had little to fear from foreign competition and that, on the contrary, their real danger lay in being starved for want of raw materials, or markets in which to sell their goods. Foreigners could not buy English goods in any quantity unless Englishmen would take their commodities in return; and where protective duties were heavy, this could not be done, and the whole national trade was hindered. (T. W.'s Landmarks in English Industrial History). Thus the English industrialists found it to their advantage to become converted to the theory of Free-trade. England pursued, as we saw, a policy of protection when it was necessary for her, and when new circumstances placed her in a situation when to adopt Free-trade was the safest course, she became a Free-trader with great avidity and, what is more, induced other countries to become Free-traders as well!

"A SURVEY OF INDIAN INDUSTRIES."

Now let us review the industrial conditions of India before we discuss how far we can make use of the forces and policies which brought about the commercial supremacy of England. The major industries of India comprise cotton, jute, rice, tea, indigo and salt. Of these the premier industry is cotton, and should its means of production increase, it is quite possible that one day she would manufacture not only for her own requirements but to satisfy even the major portion of the wants of Eastern countries. In her jute industry India almost occupies a unique position, being to all intents a monopolist. And what is true of cotton holds equally good in the case of jute which ranks second in importance to the former as a raw material for British manufacture. With regard to tea, a return of the forty-five of the leading companies shows a capital of nearly £10,000,000 sterling with a total cultivation area of some 1,91,000 acres and an average yield of 400 lbs. The profit on the total capital amounts to 4·14 per cent. of the paid up capital. But what most of the Indians get is only the pittance of coolie wages, a bare starvation allowance. Of the minor industries, under which may be

ranked wheat, hides and skins, iron and steel, sugar, tobacco and gold, the Indian wheat commands a ready market in Great Britain, and hides and skins are threatened to be made a State monopoly. With regard to our iron and steel, there are undoubted possibilities of considerable progress. Indian engineers would not book orders to London firms if the Government prohibited them from receiving private presents for the goods they import. Then the iron industries in India would be developed with some profit. The normal area under sugar cultivation is about 3,000,000 acres and opens a wide field for competition to respectable capitalists. In the Gold-mining industry, no appreciable amount of Indian capital has flowed in. Mill industry in India has not been developed to any great degree. The future of India rests mainly on the revival of her industries; and unless we open a great number of mills all over the land, commercial greatness cannot be achieved in the modern industrial world. The following table, (prepared by our co-workers of Bengal, and published in their monthly organ "the Industrial India") of registered companies in India will enable one to determine the position of the leading industries of India.

Registered Companies.	Bengal.	Bombay.	Madras.	United Provinces	The Punjab.	Central Provinces	TOTAL.
Bone Crushing Mills...	...	...	...	...	...	...	14
Breweries ...	5	6	3	0	0	0	20
Carpet Manufactories ...	1	1	5	6	6	0	20
Cinchona Plantations ...	0	2	3	5	10	0	24
Coal Mines ...	1	0	23	0	0	0	102
Cotton Mills ...	98	0	0	0	1	3	167
Cotton Presses ...	10	112	19	8	8	10	66
Cotton Ginning Factories ...	0	35	14	4	3	15	38
Dairies ...	0	20	2	0	6	0	44
Distilleries ...	3	18	6	10	7	0	20
Flour Mills ...	4	2	9	2	3	0	37
Gold Mines ...	10	12	0	6	8	1	23
Ice Companies ...	6	7	10	0	0	0	28
Iron Works ...	7	6	4	7	4	0	25
Jute Mills ...	7	5	5	4	3	1	36
Jute Presses ...	35	0	0	1	0	0	24
Lac Factories...	24	0	0	0	0	0	13
Lime and Stone Works ...	2	0	0	11	0	0	9
Mica Works ...	1	0	0	2	0	0	12
Oil Mills ...	12	0	0	0	0	0	51
Orchards ...	33	5	5	3	1	4	28
	1	0	0	16	11	0	

Registered Companies.	Bengal.	Bombay.	Madras.	United Provinces	The Punjab.	Central Provinces	TOTAL.
Paper Mills ...	3	3	0	1	0	0	7
Potteries ...	3	2	7	1	1	1	15
Rice Mills ...	2	0	3	0	1	0	6
Roperies ...	7	1	2	0	0	0	10
Salt Mines ...	0	0	1	0	2	0	3
Saltpetre Refineries ...	0	0	0	3	1	0	4
Saw Mills ...	19	2	4	0	0	0	25
Silk Filatures and Mills ...	12	3	1	0	1	0	17
Soap Factories ...	2	1	1	3	0	0	7
Sugar Factories ...	7	0	6	2	1	1	17
Tanneries ...	8	4	2	6	0	0	20
Tobacco Factories ...	0	0	10	0	1	0	10
Woollen Mills ...	0	2	1	2	3	0	8

Of the handicrafts weaving is the most prevalent industry in India. By the hand-loom she is able to produce to-day nice as well as rough cloths of cotton and silk. But owing to the introduction of machinery in England the lot of these poor handicraftsmen is fatally affected. It is expressed by Mr. Havell that were the most effective modern hand-looms placed in the hands of the skilled and industrious weavers of India they could supply the bulk of the Indian nation with textile fabrics at prices with which the power-loom factories would be unable to compete. This is perhaps too much to expect. But we can hope that the adoption of an improved hand-loom would give the Indian weaver a chance of attaining more prosperity. Mr. J. W. Coombes of Chingleput, after discussing remedial measures for the defects which exist in the looms now in use, forecasts a future for the hand-loom. His hope is based on the fact that there are certain classes of goods in India which cannot be woven in the power-loom such as the "Madras handkerchief" for which the demand is greater than the supply. At present this supply of Madras handkerchiefs is first exported to England and thence to Africa, thereby reducing the profit that ought to go into the hands of the Madras weaver.

Copper and brass vessels are manufactured not on any elaborate scale, but what is turned out in the local markets is seldom greater than what is demanded and consumed. Similar is the case with the fine mats of Malabar, the shawls of Kasy, and carpets of Ellore. If one thing, of all the economic phenomena in connection with the

dyeing, weaving and brass-vessel making of the Madras Presidency has struck me more than another, it is that which I have chosen to call the interdependence of industrial interests. People in this presidency have carried their likes and dislikes so far that those in one part of the country would generally go in only for a particular kind of utensils and cloths. Such thorough conservatives are the Nambudries of Malabar that they would not, on any account, use cloths which have no border. They have a traditional attachment to their *pavu* and *thorthu* woven in Malabar. Kumbakonam and Srirangam are famous for their copper and brass vessels; and although the goods are finished, light and durable, it is only the people of the sister districts of Tanjore, Trichinopoly and Arcot that hanker after them. The consequence of this interdependence is that not only these industries are fated not to develop and be diversified, but to be fatally affected if any thing like famine or plague were to break out in the district in which they were originally consumed. The silk-bordered cloths of Salem, famous for fineness of texture and softness of thread, were largely sold in Bangalore and Mysore; and when they became plague-stricken, hundreds of the Salem weavers were thrown out of employment. This anomalous position can be changed only by time, effort, and persuasion. The rural arts and industries of India are self-sufficing. There are various village officials, the chief among them being the headman, the peon, the accountant, the watchman, the carpenter, the blacksmith, the washerman, the potter, the oil-monger, and the *purohit*. Thus the village is more or less a complete unit supplying all it wants from within itself. The main occupation of all the villagers is agriculture, the barber being as much a tiller of the soil as the village accountant. Once or twice in a month there would come to the village, a Mussalman, familiar to the women folk of the villages as the *oosy-pasy Rowth*, the travelling pedlar who sells pins, mirrors, reeds and children's toys. Another source from which these simple village-people derive their luxuries are the *shandies* or fairs. At the weekly or bi-monthly shandies there would assemble all the neighbouring villagers to buy sugar, rice, vegetable, kerosene, matches, washing soaps, checks and sometimes ready-made articles of dress, all of which would be displayed there in groups by merchants come from the not-far-off-towns in the district.

"BRITISH POLICY TOWARDS INDIAN COMMERCE."

Before entering into sketching a scheme for the development of our industries, guided by the knowledge of the forces that have

been at work in England, it is desirable we form an estimate of the attitude of our rulers towards the industries of India. Our commercial and manufacturing interests have not been taken into consideration by England. On the other hand the fiscal policy of India is so shaped as to best suit the interests of British manufacturers. The fixed aim of our rulers has been to discourage Indian manufactures. This unjust policy was carried out, despite its evil consequences, by patting the Indian on the back to produce raw materials for the manufactures of England and to consume the British manufactured articles! The means adopted to secure this pathetic situation were the high handed exclusion of Indian cotton and silk goods from England by prohibitive tariffs of 20 or 30% and the shameless exportation of the British goods to India on a nominal duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ or $3\frac{1}{2}$ %. Ransack the modern commercial history of every civilized country and shew us an instance of the decay of any industry, so sudden, so extensive and so appalling as the decline of our cotton industries in the other half of the nineteenth century. A new chapter in the history of the Indian tariffs began in the seventies. That is to say, after the destruction of our manufacturing power by protection, British Statesmen were kind enough to force Free-trade upon us to prevent the development of any new industries with the power of steam! Of course they would say that it was out of their good-will to benefit India that such a change in the fiscal policy was brought about; and would, touched by our ingratitude, perhaps describe us as Pope painted an ungrateful lady:—

"Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live."

When mills were started in Bombay they were eyed with jealousy by the Lancashire merchants, and they shared the same ill-fate which was hurled upon the Indian manual industry. This time, at any rate, they were wantonly cruel. Thus there sparkles the truth before us that when England believed in protection the principle was adopted in India not to protect our handicrafts but to crush them by prohibitive tariffs against Indian goods, and when England became a free-trader, that principle was applied to India only to strike a blow at the mill industry of India, then in its infancy. A serious indictment—but true.

Now the Statesmen of the West are preaching yet another fiscal scheme, that of Retaliation and preferential tariffs. This is only a cunning device to stimulate the exports of great Britain. India does

not require them, for our exports are already injuriously in excess of our imports and our trade is forced and not natural. Our distinguished countryman, Mr. Romesh Dutt, believes that India wants no preferential tariffs for the goods which she exports to England. Our raw cotton and cotton twist, we are endeavouring to keep in India to be woven in our own mills; and our wheat and rice we sadly want for ourselves and are exporting only under pressure. The exportation of seeds again, according to him, is a calamity to us; we would much rather press them into oils in India and use the refuse as manure to the soil. The exportation of hide increases not through preferential tariffs, but through the pressure of famines which destroy our cattle by the million: in ordinary years too, he says, we would like to keep them for our tanneries.

"WHAT THEN SHOULD BE DONE?"

The principle involved in the countervailing duties on cotton fabrics is indeed significant and means the absolute denial of economic freedom to India. The surrender of this liberty to choose what we want for our material growth and prosperity is undoubtedly the most vexatious and must not be counted as one of those sacrifices which poor India is enjoined to offer at the altar of Englishman's convenience and selfishness. Great Britain, we have observed in the sketch of her industrial progress, has attained the pre-eminent position she now enjoys in the commercial world, only by centuries of an iron system of protection. And with regard to India, should British Statesmen choose to take councils from Indian students of Indian economics, the one lesson we would impress upon them is that if India can be redeemed from her prostration and rendered capable of competing with other countries in the race for commercial supremacy, it is only through a rigorous system of protection in lieu of the absolute freedom which characterises her present day business connections with foreign countries.

But believing, as we do, that the English weigh India with their least convenience, have we any reason to hope that we would be granted State protection? I, for one, am not entirely destitute of hopes of future concessions. In the words of England's greatest poet and dramatist,

"Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied
And vice sometimes by action dignified."

If Free-trade for India, a virtue in the eyes of Great Britain, turned itself a vice, why not vice itself be now dignified into a virtue. The

Preferential Tariff scheme, if carried out without any sinister motive, may be considered not an unmixed evil. There are possibilities that thereby India would be profited. The objections raised by Mr. Dutt and to which I have referred are perfectly reasonable. I would consider them very material in as much as they put us on the guard against the dangers that are liable to arise from the scheme, if it has been launched with a motive against the interests of India. They propose a tax of 2s. a quarter on foreign corn, while colonial corn is free; a preference on colonial meat, flour, wine and fruits; and a ten per cent. *ad valorem* duty on imported manufactured goods. To express it in other words, protection for India, in a way, against all countries except Great Britain. To choose the less of two evils, partial protection is preferable to absolute freedom of trade. By protection, be it ever so feeble, some of our industries newly started may be encouraged. Foreign competition for Indian gold will be lessened and our markets would not be glutted with the cheap and undurable stuffs of all the countries of Europe. The choice would then lie between rough and durable "native-made" and showy and flimsy "made in England." Hence those of the poor and middle classes who care for cheapness and durability will certainly go in for only indigenous articles; for there will be no more German goods tempting them with their cheapness. Even considering that this partial concession would not benefit us to any tangible degree, there is no reason to despair. It could never be that India is fated to thus pine away; nor is it writ in our book of fate that our prayers for protection would go unheeded. There is a good time coming, let us hope, for while there is life there is hope, when this conservative party would be broken like a bubble and leave no trace behind of their creed—the narrow imperialism whose essence is the pernicious misappropriation of all that is unoccupied on the face of the world and the avaricious creation of large areas of subject countries for consuming home-made goods and for providing employments for the weak and talentless sons of England.

But State protection is not the panacea for our industrial imbecility. To repeat the means employed by England to create new industries to consume their raw produce and develop their trade. In the first place, jealous protection of the various local industries by the respective town guilds and their development by the craft guilds. Secondly, State-intervention prohibiting the export of raw-wool and the import of woollen goods; thirdly, the persuasion on the part of the Government against the wishes of the nation to get

in more immigrant weavers from Flanders and France; fourthly, a more rigorous system of protection as inspired by the Mercantilist theory; and fifthly, Free-trade to suit the changed conditions of industry.

Our effort, then, must be to a little extent, centred in getting for us persons who are skilled in the arts and industries we want to plant. Undoubtedly it is better to have our own men trained in other countries than to import alien mechanics. And the exertions of our Bengal brethren, in instituting scholarships and funds for enabling Indian students to pursue efficient industrial training elsewhere, is a noble attempt begun in the right time. The manual and agricultural school at Benares where they intend teaching all the arts and crafts, from modern agriculturing and dairy-work to soap-making and electro-plating, is another happy sign of the time. Should Bombay, Madras and the Punjab follow the footsteps of Bengal, as I am sure they would ere long, we can dance with joy for having after all concretised our theories into a practical shape. It is not enough that we get an appreciable number of our youths trained in mechanical arts. We must be prepared to enable them to carry on their industries the moment they return home. If only the money that is hoarded in the chests of the Vakils and the thrifty landlords be invested in Joint Stock Companies, there could be no knowing how many factories could be scattered over the length and breadth of India. The outlook is not, however, very disappointing. During the 16 years from 1888-89 to 1902-03 the number of Joint Stock Companies at work in India has risen from 895 to 1489, and the total paid up capital from 15½ to 27 millions of pounds. The distribution of this capital among registered Companies is as follows:—

Banking and Insurance	...	£ 3,308,000.
Trading and Shipping	...	£ 4,861,000.
Mining and Quarrying	...	£ 1,671,000.
Mills and Presses	...	£ 12,714,000.
Tea and Planting	...	£ 2,438,000.

State protection, creation of well-trained mechanics in the land and the establishment of co-operative Companies all over the land would stimulate our production to an enormous extent, and one cannot forecast to what a high pitch of prosperity India would then be buoyed up. One need not concern oneself very much whether there would be a steady demand in India for the goods we may produce. If India has really entitled herself to be called a

continent, it is sure that there would be for us a wide and paying sale. But the demand for native-made goods may not be at the same time extensive and spontaneous. In towns, advertisements through hand-bills and street criers would be sufficient. It is in the rural parts that we would meet with difficulty in introducing new indigenous articles which they would not have been acquainted with. Unless our scheme for distribution is thoroughly laid, demand in the up-country parts may not be steady and strong.

Does England afford us any precedent in this direction as well? The spirit which animated the town guilds, their wonderful organisation and the rules by which they were so successfully managed, form a study by themselves, and we might with advantage breathe that spirit into our system of shandies and animate them. A committee, the Fair-committee we shall name it, should be formed by the patriotic land-owners of the village all united together by ties of common interests. Groups of villages may be formed with one Fair-committee to transact the business of a single group. Each group must hold its shandies on days fixed by the committee which shall have the power to levy a nominal tax on the sellers assembled, enough for meeting the expenses of holding the shandies. The members of the committee may be elected by the villagers of the group, and the election may be subjected to the approval of the Taluq Revenue officer. The branch agencies, in the district towns, of great industries must keep themselves in touch with the Fair-committees; and they should be sending their newly manufactured articles to these shandies for sale. Should this be done, a wide market for our indigenous articles would be ensured. So then, the nature of the task before us is clear. Agitate for protection, send batches of young men to Germany, Japan, America, and England for industrial training, start new industries with capital raised through joint-action, and entrust them to the home-turned industrialists, and build a market out of the shandies, in the rural parts, for the ready disposal of the indigenous articles.

"THE OBSTACLES IN THE WAY."

When it was proposed that in India we must have more Joint Stock Companies to manufacture articles of daily use, we made an assumption that her sons know full well the value of co-operation. The money that is hoarded in the hands of the few wealthy is indeed vast. And not a little of the country's gold is wasted on luxuries and thus unproductively consumed. There has been in recent years

a monstrous multiplication of lawyers, paralleled of course, by a distinct increase of litigation. More litigation, whether it is the cause or consequence of more lawyers is another point, means more money into the pockets of the gentlemen of the bar. And the members of the legal profession in India are not, in spite of their education, generally go-ahead. It must be granted that all of them cannot have commercial knowledge and powers of administration. It may be beyond their abilities to assume responsibilities and provide against exigencies, to shape production and direct the industrial machinery. But if they are devoid of industrial skill, strength and intelligence, they are not wanting in powers of observation. Realising India's poverty, if they do not rise equal to the occasion and come to the rescue, we cannot attribute it so much to their want of insight or patriotism as to an innate tendency to shirk common responsibility. It is within their power to set afoot industries although not to captain them. They have surely the means, and when these cultured persons themselves are so singularly inactive, what wonder the rich landlords of the country hoard up their wealth in iron cellars.

As capital is the result of saving, to save one's wealth is not to hoard it but invest it. It is, when invested, productively employed and at once it assumes the functions of capital. A person diminishes the capital of a country by spending his wealth on luxuries and increases the former by saving the latter. For the purchase of commodities, unproductively consumed, does not, writes Mr. Fawcett, exert the same influence in increasing the demand for labour as if the wealth with which the purchase was effected were used as capital and devoted to the employment of labour. Hence what is wanted of our wealthy people is only co-operation for instituting industries in the land. Unless the lawyer or the landlord aggregating a monstrous capital desist from spending it on his luxuries or hoarding it, and utilise it for profitable concerns, he is an enemy to our industrial regeneration.

Another consideration which should not be lost sight of is, that our new industries cannot with all the capital, the trained labour, and efficient management they may have, produce goods of the same finish as commercial countries like Great Britain or Germany which has a start of a hundred years before us. Hence it is necessary that to keep the industry living, during its experimental or initial stage, a few of the Indians should come forward to encourage the new articles, for a few months, despite their crudeness. Self-sacrifice is the

foundation on which the colossal structures of a nation's greatness in all the vistas of human progress have been constructed in all places and at all times. What did the Americans say on the eve of their war with England? If they could not buy goods without being taxed, they would not buy them at all. The "Sons of Liberty" would wear no broad-cloth and the "Daughters of Liberty" would drink no tea if that cloth or tea had to pay a duty real or nominal.

Thirdly, we are sadly wanting in earnestness of purpose. When once we pitch upon a plan of action, we must fight our best to carry it out against all prejudiced opposition. The zeal of the majority of our Congress delegates and social reformers trickles down at their fingers' ends the moment they quit the pandals. If it is the industrial regeneration of our country that is nearest to our hearts; the one thing that should engage our attention more than any other is how to help the cause we so dearly cherish. If we are rich, let us sink capital and start mills; if we are clever at preaching, let us preach to the people and wake them into activity; and if we are skilful let us work in the industries themselves and teach a lesson to our co-workers. All that is wanted is earnestness, real enthusiasm for what we advocate. No moment of inactivity must be suffered to creep in; and like the surging and sweeping of the ocean let us move onwards and backwards, but never stand stagnant.

"WHO ARE THE PIONEERS?"

He that commands would come behind and the army would march only after the tract before has been laid clear. Who then is to clear the ground? Surely a few of the educated classes—men who are earnest, enthusiastic, and self-sacrificing. These must prepare the way and exhort the people to bestir themselves. Be these pioneers persons of the Industrial Exhibition or of the Swadesy movement, all they must do is to go about the country, preach to them about our present economic needs and thus prepare them for the wave of reform and progress that may roll on the land. This much I would remind the young pioneers:—

"Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

R. NARAYANASWAMI.

THE MISSION OF HINDU WIDOWS.



ACCORDING to the Maharajah Sahib of Baroda Hindu Social Reforms are of two kinds: those which are connected with the caste system, and those connected with the status of women. How are we to improve the status of our women? The question has been asked times without number, and it certainly pre-supposes the existence of evils detrimental to social growth. The evils of ignorance and superstition, and the innumerable customs and practices springing therefrom are all traced to the antiquated style of our social structure, the inelasticity of the code of our morals, and the deadening character of the influence of our religion on individual minds. Judging from the length and vehemence of the discussion which social questions have invariably provoked in our country remote, indeed, seems the prospect of the community adopting of its own accord any method of eradicating such evils. But it is pertinent to ask where, in the civilized world, has a community as a whole ever done what we, the Hindus, may have failed to do, spontaneously and without the guidance of individuals of foresight and their encouraging example. If no ready-made solutions of any particular description find favour with any large section of the people, and if nobody in particular feels the worse on that account, there is, at all events, this important result proceeding from the discussion—that every body professes interest in the improvement, and claims the right to watch the practical results of experiments inaugurated by a few earnest workers in different parts of the country. We must remember that here, as in all other matters of public importance, a discussion will have fully served its purpose when it succeeds in invigorating public opinion; and it is not clearly within its province to reconcile differences by a closer examination and draw up a workable programme.

Women in different countries occupy different positions, and form the characteristic of the moral make-up which distinguishes one nation from another. We have examples of this in the eternal difference between the women of the European countries and those of India and the East, as regards their respective spheres of influence. Although we cannot hope to attain to the degree of progress which

has been possible for the Western nations to permit in the case of their women, yet even we, the Hindus, are bound to effect all the changes which are necessary for the growth of the community; and not even the oldest and most jealously preserved Shastric fossils can maintain that growth implies petrification. A broad statement like this may not, I believe, be disputed by any class of the Hindus. Whatever may be the difference in the ideals held up by individual reformers, there is some degree of unanimity on the question of suitably educating our women. When this has been in a manner agreed upon, there is scarcely any necessity to vex ourselves over the ultimate determination of the ideal of either the one or the other school of reformers, with respect to the status of our women. Clearly, the question is one which should be kept open till our women qualify themselves by education to arbitrate. What, however, we should now feel thankful for is that, in matters of domestic and social reforms, where we men are hopelessly split up, there should prevail a consensus of thought and opinion which recognises the value of utilizing for the ultimate decision the strength and influence of the very women on whose behalf we are fighting. On the correct estimate of this concession which public opinion has made, and on the suitability of the means we employ to reach the end indicated by the concession, must depend the progress of the country and the people. We must, however, bear in mind that it is impossible even for the Hindu society to stand still and fight time. It is bound to "think up" to the time we live in. The danger, therefore, is not that it might not move, but that it might recoil from tyranny to anarchy. But we have to progress before we think of the dangers of too rapid a progress.

The one great enemy of the progress of education and culture among our women is the pernicious custom of early marriage; and as a consequence of this, girls are withdrawn from school at a time when they are beginning to appreciate the benefits of public school life and study. Individual efforts—and in some cases the efforts of the State—have done much to mitigate the evil; but they cannot be solely depended upon. A surer remedy recognized in several parts of the country is to vest the management of schools, as far as possible, in the hands of qualified women. This alone, it is claimed, can successfully remove the last remaining impediment to the progress of the community. In attempting to tackle this last question we are again confronted by a two-fold difficulty, no less serious than any hitherto met with: first, of finding a sufficiently large number of

high caste Hindu women, preferably Brahmins,* who are willing to undergo a complete course of training: secondly, of inducing women, when so trained, to accept service as school-mistresses. As long as the faith of the people in the institution of marriage as a religious necessity remains unshaken, it will be impossible for us even to entertain the idea that married women who are housewives will ever be able to accept service in any form whatsoever, least of all in the exacting position of a school-mistress. Few of us who lack intimate personal knowledge of the terrible mental strain to which young women of eighteen and twenty years of age, burdened as they are with family cares, are to subject themselves, when they are called upon to undergo a course of training in High School and College classes, can form an adequate conception of the deleterious effect of this unnatural combination, on their own and their children's constitution, and on the internal harmony of their family life.

If, then, the question of taxing the energies of married women for the purpose is to be abandoned as being beyond the pale of practical politics, there remains the other alternative of turning to good account the time, energy and devotion of the widows of such castes as strictly prohibit their re-marriage. Under the existing conditions, all the excellent qualities and the best attributes of women are practically suppressed in the widows, and in the vast majority of cases they are also forced to exchange places with the beasts of burden. Apart from humanitarian considerations which ought not to weigh the less with us than with any other nation, this treatment of the widows is on the face of it unnatural, and calls for a change which will harmonise better with our national disposition. When the country abounds in raw material which can be turned to finished articles of value we protest if such material were allowed to perish by neglect; and we are equally indignant at the wrong or improper use of a valuable material which has a definite purpose to serve. This being so, it is, at all events, reasonable to expect that public opinion is prepared to admit the waste of human energy involved in our treatment of the widows. On the supposition, therefore, that public opinion can be made to realize the nature of the loss implied in this waste must rest the idea of stopping further waste of this social force and of utilizing it under proper restraint to quicken the progress of the community.

* I say Brahmins because, it is their example for good or for evil which has great attraction for others who compliment them by imitating all their follies.

This aspect of the problem of female education came up for consideration, though in a modified form, so far back as 1864. In that year the great Bengali philanthropist, Mr. Sasipada Banurji, gave a practical shape to the question by opening a small school in his house at Barhanagar, near Calcutta, for the benefit of grown-up widows and other ladies. Since then a number of schemes have been proposed and tried in different parts of the country. Each of these schemes differs from the other in certain details, but all aim at a common end, *viz.*, of turning to best account much valuable material now running to waste. What so far have been the results of the several experiments, and what the experiences of the philanthropic workers directly engaged in the work point to, it is well-worth inquiring here.

Mr. Sasipada Banurji's scheme, as originally conceived and experimented upon, did not appeal to the intelligence and sympathy of the community whom it professed to benefit; and Mr. Banurji himself, after persistent and heroic efforts to overcome the prejudices of the people, had to temporarily suspend active work among orthodox sections. His example, however, did not go in vain. Pandita Rama Bai followed him up in Poona, and with the help and support of her American friends, started the now famous "Sarada Sadan," under more favourable circumstances. She had several advantages which Mr. Banurji did not possess: First, she had no purdah system in Bombay such as he was subjected to in Bengal. Secondly, she was not hampered by the positive disqualification of his sex for employing personal persuasion where necessary for enlisting the sympathy and support of the mistress of the home. Thirdly, she had by her side as a guarantee for good faith men like Mr. Ranade, Mr. Gokhale and Dr. Bhandarkar who had lent the "Home" the prestige and popularity their names signified. Lastly, she had the assurance of outside financial support to an extent which Mr. Banurji could never have hoped for under the most favourable circumstances. All these helped to give a splendid start to her "Home" which, so early as 1889, was looked upon as the pride of the Western Presidency and the envy of the rest of the country. But the positive defect inherent in the scheme as being a part of the Christian propagandism greatly detracted from its merit as a national educational movement; and to this defect is to be traced the recoil in public opinion which, on the not unreasonable suspicion that the religious scruples of the Brahmin wards were not respected, had ceased to look upon the institution as

a help to the community. Nevertheless, it is due to Pandita Rama Bai to acknowledge that her splendid example gave fresh stimulus to workers all over India. Even the pioneer philanthropist, Mr. Sasipada Banurji, drew his inspiration for more active work from the Pandita, and remodelled his "Home" at Barhanagar on lines more or less similar to those of Poona. In 1894 Mr. Banurji resolved upon overcoming the prejudices of the orthodox section, and tried to besiege them in their respective strongholds. He began to impart instruction to widows in their own houses on national lines, granting small stipends to students who were making satisfactory progress in their lessons, or were helping their neighbours to estimate the value of education. On this model he had as many as fourteen centres of instruction all of which had given promise of great future usefulness. But, it had at last to be decided that every one of them should be closed for want of support.

It is noteworthy that neither of the above schemes has been accepted by Mysore which, here as in the broader question of the education of girls, has preferred to have its own methods. The question of the education of widows attracted the attention of His Highness the late Maharajah in 1888. With what earnestness he took up the idea is indicated in the following passage, which I quote from Sir K. Seshadri Iyer's speech, delivered on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the students of the Maharani's Caste Girls' School, when His Highness had taken the chair: "His Highness understands that the Managers expect to be able shortly to place the higher classes entirely under the management of lady teachers, upon the model of those halls of learning of ancient India, where pious women dedicated their lives to the noble work of imparting instruction to the younger members of their sex. When this great change is accomplished, the parents would naturally desire to keep their girls at school as long as they can afford to do. This change would place female education on the firmest possible basis: it would make the most effectual concession possible to the not unreasonable popular prejudice on the subject: it would be the means of training large numbers for the profession of lady teachers for all parts of the country: it would offer an asylum as well as a field of philanthropic work to those Hindu women, who, from choice or misfortune, are destined for a single life, and who, deprived of the opportunity for the exercise of their affections within the small circle of a family, would find congenial employment in educating the younger of their sex."

A detailed examination of the system to which Sir K. Seshadri Iyer then referred will show how it differs from the rest. With this scheme the name of Mr. A. Narasim Iyengar is inseparably associated for having led the way in the Province. It is he who began the work long before it attracted the attention either of the Maharajah or of his Government. He brought his own brother's widow from Srirangm, near Trichinopoly, and induced her to study Sanscrit at home. In two years she had made sufficient progress in her studies to be able to get over the shyness to sit by the side of younger girls in a public school. She then joined the Maharani's Girls' School; and there she studied for the Lower Secondary and Upper Secondary Examinations. Ultimately she studied for the Teachers' Test also and secured a creditable pass. She is now employed as the first assistant mistress in the Arya Balika Pathasala at Bangalore. The method adopted for the education of widows in the province outside the family of Mr. Narasim Iyengar may be briefly described thus: At first a family in which there was a widow was encouraged by special inducements to educate her. The father or the brother, in some cases both, were induced to take up the teaching work on small salaries for themselves, and with scholarships for their pupils. Orthodox respectable families in poor circumstances were by this means secured in the towns of Mysore and Melkote to lead the way. In Mysore, the orthodox families were first captured, because it is the orthodox section, though poor, which still rules the Hindu society. After a few years of work and progress this method was changed. The services of a trained female teacher was secured and a school called "Sadhu Sadan" was formed at Melkote for the education of the widows. But it was found that one-half of the number who were receiving education in their own houses declined to attend the school newly opened for them. The services of the father or the brother who was given the teaching work had to be dispensed with. This meant loss of pay to them. None the less the widow pupils and their guardians resisted the change; the former even foregoing their own scholarships. However, a decent number attended the school, and the work progressed from day to day. A similar method was adopted in founding the widows' school, "Savitri Sadan," in Mysore city. In the beginning, married women who were living with their husbands were also associated with widows so that no obloquy might attach to the education of the latter. The progress was very rapid in both the schools, which, it may be mentioned here, were the outcome of unaided private

enterprise. In less than four years it was found necessary to make better and more satisfactory arrangements and push the work to a successful issue.

It was this private enterprise which induced the late Maharajah to interest himself in the problem of widows' education and to direct his minister, the late Sir K. Seshadri Iyer, to prepare a scheme suited to local conditions. The two private schools were abolished when suitable provision was made by Government to continue the work in the Maharani's School. In this school three special classes were formed to educate the elderly widows up to the Lower Secondary standard, and sanction was also given by Government to utilize the whole of the Devaraja Bahadur Charity Fund to encourage them by grant of scholarships. This gave great impetus to the progress of the widows' education, and the success achieved in later years is directly traceable to this wise step. The Maharajah must then have shown great courage to order the diversion of the Charity Fund for a purpose the value of which the country has now learned to estimate at its real worth. The incident is worthy of especial mention as showing with what success, and with what ease, the illustrious Chamarajendra Wodier, aided by liberal-minded and far-seeing men, was altering the destination of Endowments and Charity Funds in his Province. The next step in the same direction was to induce the girl widows by the offer of small scholarships to attend the ordinary girls' schools, where there were no special classes such as those maintained in the Maharani's Girls' School, and where it was not possible for teachers to show especial attention to the progress of the widows. This change which was first tried in Mysore was gradually extended to Bangalore, Tumkur and Chickballapur, and has now been adopted in the girls' schools generally all over the Province with the help of the same fund, and under the direct patronage of his worthy son, the present young Maharajah. To give an idea of the popularity of the scheme I shall mention here one instance given in a letter addressed to the Government two years ago by the Honorary Secretary of the above fund:—

"A Brahmin widow from Talya near Holalkere in Chittaldroog District applied for a scholarship stating that her deceased husband was a Munshi in the Christian College, Madras, where he died leaving her, his widow, and their boy of six years of age, altogether helpless. She had to return to her poor parents in Talya. She had, however, read Kanarese under her husband, and ventured to seek a widow scholarship to enable her to read systematically in a girls' school and pass the necessary examinations in

order to qualify herself for the post of a school-mistress, the attainment of which, she wrote in her application, would enable her to educate and bring up her son. In this attempt, she said, she was following the example of the Head-mistresses of Tumkur and Chittaldroog, both of whom were Brahmin widows. Her younger sister happening at this time to lose her husband in the plague, the sisters (and they are accompanied by their aged orthodox father) have come to Tumkur and joined the Empress Girls' School and are supported by this fund."

Under the scheme the outlines of which I have attempted to trace in the foregoing paragraphs, Mysore has, in the course of 15 years, brought under the influence of education about one hundred and twenty widows, has influenced public opinion in at least twice as many orthodox families which are immediately connected with the widows, has familiarised them with the trend of modern thought and has educated public opinion not only to a recognition of the value of female education in the social economy, but to the urgency of modifying social rules so as to admit the innovation of widows undertaking the duties of professional school-mistresses. The practical results, so far are as satisfactory to the public as they are creditable to every one who has contributed to the success of the scheme. A number of elderly orthodox widows of character and respectability have succeeded in passing the Lower and Upper Secondary Examinations and the Teachers' Test, and have accepted posts in the different public schools of the province as head and assistant mistresses. Of late, wherever possible, the widow pupils are also encouraged to study English with a view to bring them up eventually to the University Examinations; and I feel assured that, in the fulness of time, Mysore would be able to point to a number of widows who, having graduated from the Maharani's Girls' College, have dedicated their lives to active work on the philanthropic lines indicated by Sir K. Seshadri Iyer,—“to carry on the education of our women upon the model of those halls of learning of ancient India where pious women dedicated their lives to the noble work of imparting instruction, both religious and secular, to the younger of their sex.” But the chief defect in the Mysore scheme, as in that of Mr. Sasipada Banurji, consists in this: the Government has failed to recognise the influence of the personal element in its success. This is a point to which Mysore cannot afford to be indifferent if it is anxious to maintain the commendable progress which it has been its good fortune to show till now in this direction.

I now come to consider the utility and scope of another scheme which has been devised and worked by Professor Karve at Hingne Budruk near Poona. It was given shape in 1896 when the Hindu Widows' Home Association was organized. The Home which was not started till January, 1899, is maintained from the funds of the Association. Patrons and sympathisers contributing to the funds of the Association are its members, twelve of whom, elected by themselves form a Committee of Management. The Home is conducted in all essential respects on the model of Pandita Rama Bai's "Sarada Sadan," but with scrupulous regard to the feelings and prejudices of the people; for it was the want of this regard which so perceptibly militated against the usefulness of the Pandita's otherwise admirably-worked institution. The ideal aimed at by Professor Karve may be gathered from the following excerpts which I make from a recent report:—

1. The Home does not rigorously adhere to the course of study and methods of instruction as laid down by the Educational Department. It has to meet the requirements of every individual case on its own merits. The principle therefore of instruction followed here is the principle of individual attention.

2. Instruction in practical household work has been specially provided for, and the various items of work at the Home are, to a certain extent, distributed among the inmates, so that every one of them has, in her turn, to bear her share under the supervision of a matron specially engaged for the purpose.

3. As an attempt at moral education, selections from the works of the saintly poets of Maharashtra are read in the original and explained every evening before the girls retire to bed. Before commencing the day's work, about 15 minutes are spent in reading aloud certain texts from the "Bhagavadgita" on which is based a short sermon.

4. The Ashrama also intends to provide for instruction in midwifery and nursing supplemented by practical training in a small hospital that may with benefit be attached to the Ashrama.

5. The method followed here is a sort of compromise between the old orthodox practice and the new one in vogue in the various institutions. The aim constantly kept in view is to simplify the course and accomplish everything with less trouble and lighter tax on the energies of the learner than in Boys' Schools.

6. Another and far higher object the Ashrama would ever endeavour to achieve, is to bring up, from amongst its members, a band of what may be styled the Hindu Sisters of Charity, *i.e.*, a band of ladies who would

devote themselves to the work of the Association and seek to widen the scope of usefulness of the Association's labours in the cause of the helpless Hindu widow.

The last sentence, it will be noticed, substantially echoes the sentiments which Sir K. Seshadri Iyer gave expression to in a speech he delivered more than 10 years before Professor Karve's Home was brought into existence. With this ideal, Professor Karve's Home has in the short space of 5 years been able to train as many as 15 widows who have now gone out into the world or are independently supporting themselves in their career. What is much more encouraging is that the management of the Home has now begun to pass into the hands of the trained members of the "Home" who have all the enthusiasm and earnestness of Professor Karve. To my mind Professor Karve's "Home" has in it the elements of greatness which has made the Fergusson College of Poona unique among the educational institutions of India. But, at the risk of being thought hyper-critical, I venture to point out one serious defect which is common to both the Barhanagar and Hingne schemes. They withdraw the widows from their houses. This entails a two-fold loss: first, there is the loss of the influence of these widows not only in their own homes, but in the society of which they are members: and secondly, the loss of the widows' sense of self-respect and self-reliance which their residence under the roof of a charity-house signifies. I am not ignoring a possible defence which this scheme suggests. But it sounds almost Platonic to argue that women, whether widows or not, are better brought up as members of a public family, in an artificial atmosphere, devoid of the natural home influence. It would be most unfortunate if, with all the labour and expense implied in the working of the scheme, the status of the trained widows in society could not, in reality, be much higher than that of one who has rebelled against the disciplinary rules of society. This, in my opinion, could to some extent be remedied first, by sending the widows to live with their parents and guardians twice a year during the vacation; and secondly, by making their training in the "Home" conditional on their promise of repaying a portion of the money expended on them, or of rendering the "Home" gratuitous service for a certain number of years.

There remain two more schemes which deserve notice: those of the Governments of Bengal and Madras. When Mr. Sasipada Banurji's health was failing he was engaged in an earnest search of

some one who would take up from him a work so quiet and unostentatious. But he soon found the futility of his search and felt he had no course open to him other than closing the Home for the success of which he had laboured long and hard. The death of his eldest daughter, Srimati Banalata, who had been brought up in the Home and who had given great promise of her ability to continue the arduous work of her noble father, was a blow from which Mr. Banurji never recovered; and this, coupled with the melancholy circumstance that not even the Brahmo Samaj could be induced to continue the work on his lines, influenced the decision that his life work should cease. Shortly after the abolition of the "Home," the Government of Bengal enquired if it was not possible to reopen it; and on being informed under what circumstances it had to be closed, they felt called upon to continue the work in one shape or other and undertook the training of lady-teachers at the Bethune College and the Brahmo High School by opening special classes in connection therewith. The scheme, however, is a general one, the operation of which is not restricted to benefit any one community to the exclusion of others, or even to widows of any community in particular. But the Madras scheme is in one respect an improvement on this. It does not go to the length of opening special classes in connection with any school; but it expressly provides for the education of Hindu and Mahomedan widows, and offers special inducements for the guardians of such widows to educate their wards. Although neither of the two Government schemes has been long in operation to help us to judge their respective merits, yet the Madras scheme, which is definite in its aim and liberal in its character, is visibly more popular than the other. Ultimate success in either case depends more on the genuineness of the innermost feelings of the worker immediately responsible for the scheme than on the actual desire of the Government to be helpful to the community; and all efforts, "divested of the halo of sympathy and emotion" in matters which concern Hindu women are doomed to failure. The highest merit, however, of the two last named schemes consists in the fact that they are entirely free from the taint of charity-feed which has unconsciously led the people of this country to self-abasement and has proved totally destructive of all the finest and most precious natural gifts. The women of India, more than the men, have need to learn the value of these natural gifts, and measure the deleteriousness of the influence of charity as understood in this country. It is by them, and through them that India can be made to realize how

the mania for alms-giving has contributed to the growth of Indian pauperdom.

Such are the nature and scope of the experiments now in progress. Each of them has its own merits and demerits. The features characterising some of them differ so greatly from those of others that there is no mistaking any one of them for another. One feature however which is common to these schemes is the unity of aim, and it runs through all of them, with all their differences intact. They all have the common aim, not merely to help widows to become more useful members of society, but to humanise the treatment of women in general, and of widows in particular. To fully appreciate the spirit of this mission of humanity we, the Hindus of India, must shake off our prejudices, broaden our vision, and acquire the faculty of judging an action in its entirety. We must lead the people to cultivate the spirit of generosity which can afford to overlook small blemishes in conditions which appear new or uncommon and derive pleasure and profit from the grand general results they promise. It will then become comparatively easy to comprehend the sublimity of the mission of humanity. If we, the descendants of ancient Hindus, can acquire "the loving kindness of the lover of men," we might at all events be sure of one grand result from this scheme of humanity. Whatever else it might fail to accomplish, it might not, I believe, fail to rescue the poor widows from wells, and tanks which, under existing conditions, are the ultimate resort of the oppressed and ill-treated among them.

But this question of widows' education, when considered in its relation to the progress of the country, assumes a different aspect, and derives greater importance. For it is impossible there can be any real progress in the country as long as one-half of the people, and a better half too, are profoundly ignorant of the conditions of progress; and no nation has yet progressed with all its mental and physical disabilities. If people of particular social ranks alone are allowed to progress, and if even these allow their women to grow up in ignorance, then we, as a nation, cannot escape the reproach of the civilized world that we are digging our own grave. Our society is not merely antiquated, narrow, and unsafe for the time we live in, but is the grave of our future. Outwardly we cling to all the superstitious practices of years that have gone by, while inwardly we are a reproach to the intelligence and glory of our past civilization. Having lost both the "pomp of power" and the "glitter of wealth" which our forefathers possessed, we seek contentment in our present

position as "worshipful paupers," and look forward with pleasure to the salvation which the credulous people of by-gone ages have promised. But, this is a matter of growth and decay of societies common to all civilized nations. "Truth, discovered, realised and formulated in one age, becomes the cant of the next; and then a reform movement sets in, the purpose of which is to restore to forms their historic and proper content."* We have, therefore, no reason to despair of our future. We must, on the contrary, take warning from the signs of unhealthiness, and realise that the society has reached a state when we must take a leap forwards from our hiding place, and hasten to liberate our women. We are probably not wanting in men who cannot think of such a step without first considering the effect on society of a possible collapse. Luckily greater men than any of us have impressed the world with the futility of people standing still and conjuring up visions of catastrophe looming beyond, when they profess they are on the high road to progress.

Almost the first attempt, therefore, that we should take in this direction is to sign a charter for the widows who are precluded from remarrying, to elevate them to the position of preceptors and to impress them with the importance of their mission. If we believe that the future of the country lies largely in the hands of our women, we should, by the sincerity of our aim and action, inspire the widows who are their preceptors with zeal for this honourable career. To widows who renounce the pleasures and pains of the wedded life, what greater consolation can there be than the consciousness of having helped their ignorant sisters to take their rightful place in society and be of service to men in their arduous task of reconstructing it on lines suited to the time we live in? Of the average school-master who seldom comes to prominence, be his work ever so laudable, M. Guizot wrote: "It is his glory not to aspire to aught beyond his obscure and laborious condition, to exhaust himself in sacrifices scarcely noticed by those whom they benefit, to toil, in short, for man, and to expect his recompense only from God." And how much more should the public esteem women when they elect to remain in perpetual widowhood, withstand the temptations of a life of worldliness and devote themselves entirely to a work which is destined to redound to the glory of the country! It is in this spirit the question should be approached by each individual member of the Hindu community. And I feel that those

* Wm. H. Payne's "Science of Education," Page, 184.

who have turned the search-light inwards and are satisfied that we have neglected the present and future alike and live too much in our past can take it in no other light. "To think in the past, and under the influence of the dead-hand, is stagnation and misery," wrote an esteemed friend whose name I am not at liberty to disclose: and as long as we hesitate to face the above question boldly for fear of retribution from the "dead-hand" we should rest satisfied with progress of the rocking-horse type.

M. GOPALIENGAR.

LALITA: A STORY OF SOCIAL REFORM.

CHAPTER I.

MY dear woman,' *Vasu* questioned his wife *Lalita*, 'why do you feel shy in the presence of my friends? Are they not educated men who have great respect for the fair sex and who can do anything to win their esteem? To tell you the truth, I feel hurt by their sly insinuations that the liberal education I have received from my great masters has not still purged me of old-fashioned ideas. I consider it a reproach to feel my incapacity to persuade my wife to give up foolish customs which a foreign tyrannical rule had imposed, and which civilized nations have long discarded as unworthy of social elevation. What an immense source of enjoyment are those social gatherings where all distinctions of sex are ignored and where all meet as brothers and sisters and exchange ideas with a true sympathy. It is such unrestricted social meetings that are destined to revolutionize our society by mitigating its present evils and by freeing us once for all from that state of bondage and servile thralldom which has victimized us for ages.'

Lalita, with a modesty peculiar to Hindu ladies, said: My lord, how can I answer your arguments which you force upon me, an ignorant girl, with all the ingenuity of a superior education which I can never hope to receive? My fate has inseparably linked me with my countrywomen who have, like myself, been taught to strictly observe our national customs. How can I transgress them without giving offence to my elders? Is it not rigidly enjoined that women should, as far as possible, avoid the company of men? I can never forget my mother's advice (which she has so frequently dinned into my ears) that I should not stand in the presence of men, or talk to strangers, or answer their questions except through servants, in the absence of male members at home. What will my parents think of me, if they hear that I have infringed with impunity this, their first commandment, as it were? I am your dutiful servant ready to obey all your commands. But I tremble to think of the consequences which such an act may involve, and which may perpetually alienate me from my kinswomen and friends.

Vasu.—What a foolish silly girl you are! In these days of enlightened rule, what can the displeasure of your kinswomen avail?

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The worm will always keep to the dust from which it has sprung. But the nightingale will by nature seek freedom and soar to the skies and enjoy the happiness of its own song. 'Eagles fly alone, and they are but sheep which always herd together.' A lowly association always breeds contempt for high ideals. The circumscribed vision of the frog sees in its limited surroundings all the blessed conditions of a Universe. It is this restricted perception of the world's progress that has been the bane of our country. Come, give up all unbecoming ideas of prudery and mock-modesty which many of your countrywomen wear as a cloak behind which to take shelter for their venialities. As a prudent girl, listen to me who have studied all phases of social evolution which are worthy of imitation and adoption, and which a false patriotism alone cannot boldly countenance. Make yourself worthy of your husband. Buckle yourself up for small sacrifices in the race of life which yields its choicest fruits only to those that can keep up the struggle at any cost. You should never seriously cherish the fossilized notions of your parents who are already lagging behind on the stage of this earthly existence. Free yourself of all prejudices which exploded customs enjoin on the ignorant and the superstitious. Let not antiquated ideas dissuade you from the pursuit of pleasures whose doors are always shut to the stubborn and perverse of both the sexes.

Lalita.—It is not for me to gainsay the words of my husband. But I cannot understand, in my ignorance, how the owl-like presence of an uneducated woman like myself will help in the amelioration of the present state of our society. Will it not be better that I should exclude myself from the jovial talk and the amenities of an enlightened gathering, instead of proving a clog in the wheel of reform which you are about to set in motion and which requires fruition at your hands? Has it not passed into a saying that a woman's counsel is fraught with danger? Was it not the evil genius of *Kaikeyi* which brought about the death of *Dasaratha*, the exile of the wise *Rama*, the sad separation of *Bharata*, and the untold sufferings of *Sita*? Why bring woman forward and revive her baneful influence which is calculated to undermine all domestic happiness, and to sow the seeds of discord sooner than the fabled mischief of *Narada*?

Vasu.—It is almost useless to attempt to convince you who are so steeped in the debasing ideas of effete institutions which have nothing but ignorance for their foundation and folly for their superstructure.

ture. Your respect for them is misplaced. Your modern environments do not justify your clinging to them but demand your immediate freedom. You misjudge your capacity to be useful in society. It will be impossible to estimate your valuable services to the cause of your miserable sisters who are grovelling in the mire of ignorance and who appear almost beyond redemption by their inability to free themselves from the self-imposed yoke, which only galls them the more, the more they hug it. The wise men of the West as well as their modern followers here believe that the first step in the true progress of a nation is the prosperous condition of women. You are aware how difficult it is to persuade our women to model their lives on those of their cultured sisters of the West, and to prove true help-mates to their husbands in their endeavours to raise humanity. Now can we allow ourselves to be mere on-lookers, when justice and fairness demand our intervention?

Lalita.—How can we compare ourselves with the enlightened women of the West whose high ideals we can never pretend to approach? A progressive civilization has opened up broad vistas of life and given rise to new interests which they easily pursue and which they can assimilate with as little difficulty as possible. They live and have their being in a society whose community of interests is so identical that all reforms falling on a fruitful soil, at once germinate, casting fragrance over the surrounding atmosphere. Here ages of self-same pursuits have petrified all our procedure, any the slightest departure from which is looked upon as a scandal and the fair name of woman is as easily tarnished by the most trivial transgressions as a white muslin is soiled by a dark stain. Our sphere of action is confined to our home, to obedience to elders and superiors, to respect for the aged, to our duties to our children and to the benign treatment of our servants. May I therefore implore you, my lord, to allow me to continue in the foot-steps of our ancestors who meant us no harm, to do as my sisters do and to earn the good-will and esteem of my loving husband by purity of conduct and willing obedience.

CHAPTER II.

Lalita was the only daughter of her parents who led an extremely orthodox life and who were universally revered for their piety and kindly disposition. Their home was in a village which was surrounded on all sides by cocoanut and palm topes. A large tank and a historical temple added to its quaint picturesqueness. Seen from a distance, it presented one continuous green-wave of foliage

shimmering in the early rays of the sun. With the early dawn, *Lalita's* father could be seen jogging along with his neighbours to the public tank which was full of crimson lilies popping their heads above the surface of the water. After performing his daily ablutions with unfailing punctuality, he would return to his house calling after *Lalita* who would greet him with her beaming countenance which was his eternal joy to witness. Not blessed with children for a long period of his life, the advent of *Lalita* into this world was hailed with a rare and unimixed pleasure, and many were the anxious moments which the parents spent when she occasionally lapsed into even slight illness. As the child grew with years and was blooming into buxom girlhood, they looked upon her with pride and would rarely allow her to be seen outside their home for fear that the evil eyes of childless women should affect her. Being their one source of delight, she was not allowed to mingle with other children of the village, lest her health should suffer by exposure. Many were the vows performed to gain for her a long lease of life. She was a robust girl from her birth, and, as she advanced in age, she appeared the very picture of health and pink of perfection. The comeliness of her features, her smiling face with sweet dimples on her golden cheeks, her big eyes full of that tell-tale expression which is more eloquent than language, her rising bust which had a precocious development and her beautiful gait as she walked with the tinkling noise of her toe rings, attracted the admiration of the whole village. Her charitable disposition brought the blessings of the poor, and her regard and veneration for the aged, the pious and the wise, secured for her their good wishes. Her parents actually idolized her, which however had not spoiled her. She had the highest respect for them with all their excessive doting, of which she was not unconscious, and would always minister to their wants or otherwise serve them with zeal and love.

In their excessive solicitude for her, her education was not neglected. She learned from her father who was a good Sanskrit scholar, to recite *slokas* from the national epics and could construe them in her own vernacular. It was thus that she had imbibed an interest in Puranic ideals and venerated them as worthy of example and imitation. Her education, according to the Hindu standard, was thus complete, which had a greater bearing on practical conduct than the modern make-believe sort of education which develops the head at the expense of the heart. In her overflowing sympathy for the dumb creation, she would not raise her finger to kill even

the *Naga* serpent (cobra). In fact her day's work beginning with the customary bath and ablution, she would betake herself to the time-honored carved serpent-stone which found its place from time immemorial under the combined shade of the *peepul* and the *mar-gosa* trees, anointed it with milk and honey, performed *pūja* with flowers and circumambulated it one-hundred and eight times. Coming home, she would assist her mother in the kitchen for some time and then take to reading the *Purdnas*. Towards the evening, once more changing her cloths and bedecking herself with flowers, she would pass the remaining hours of the day singing songs or otherwise amusing herself in the national pastimes along with her girl-friends. Such was her mode of life during her stay at her parents'. Thus was she qualifying herself for the duties which would engage her in her husband's household.

Her gentleness of disposition, pleasant manners and winsome appearance were all sources of anxiety to her parents who spent many a watchful night and prayed to God for a worthy suitor who could give her a suitable home and a worthy name. The father was for bestowing her hand on a handsome youth, of sound education and above all of orthodox turn of mind. The mother was, however, disposed to lay greater stress on the monetary aspect of the question. She was desirous of 'netting' a wealthy son-in-law who could load her daughter's person with jewels from top to toe. It was thus that an agreeable wrangling between this 'good' man and his wife was going on for some time. Her lovely face and graceful manners were subjects of conversation in this and the neighbouring villages. Suitors with great anxiety but with little to recommend them began to pour in large numbers. Men with any amount of orthodox lore and of strict and extraordinary piety but without any ostensible means of livelihood were most summarily rejected. Wealthy lads strutting forth like peacocks and parading costly jewels on their persons but without a grain of learning, though kindly treated for some time were soon shown cold shoulders and had to retire crest-fallen. Handsome young men with neither education nor influence were dismissed with indifference. The deep unconcern of Lalita in this most momentous matter of her life was only in accordance with the traditions of the land. Wealth without culture was regarded by her parents in the same light as a beautiful flower without sweet scent. Her comeliness and accomplishments deserved a more befitting man than the foregoing specimens of humanity. In this state of suspense, he consulted

astrologers and soothsayers who, with one voice, declared that she should never suffer from want, but that her peace of mind would be perturbed now and then by the eccentricities of her husband. This further goaded them to be more careful in their selection. Her happiness was their first consideration. The mother would even forego riches and its accessory luxuries, if she could succeed in getting a son-in-law who would love his wife without giving her the slightest pain, and caress her without indulging in distressing quarrels. During such anxious moments, cases of 'cruel ill-treatment by inhuman husbands would flash before their minds' eye and plunge them in deep-sorrow. Though deeply conscious of their responsibility, they still resigned themselves into the hands of that inscrutable destiny which is more powerful than all human efforts. Elderly matrons were secretly discussing the extreme luck of the man which would place her in his way and which would enable him to call her his wife. Foolish dandies with little wit and less discrimination fired by her superb charms and splendid features hung about the house to get glimpses of her face and, if possible, to plead their cause in person. But her supreme contempt for this kind of silly coxcombry made her shut her doors against them, while she did not care even to look askance at them. Notwithstanding her precocious development and attainment of discretionary age, she placed herself entirely in the hands of her parents in the matter of the choice of her husband. She would completely ignore herself, when she was questioned, as was sometimes done by her mother, as to such a choice. Their responsibility was thus in their opinion enhanced a thousandfold.

It was at this juncture that Vasu's father hearing of Lalita from the gossipers of the village, made a temporary sojourn there and saw with his own eyes what report had said about this charming girl. He was inwardly pleased with her charms. He subsequently broached the matter to his wife and their conjoint consultation resulted in their meeting Lalita and her parents and in inviting the latter to his house with a view to satisfying themselves as to the personal appearance and qualifications of their future son-in-law. Vasu was a handsome-looking man, of proper age, and of sweetness of disposition. But Lalita's father could see an under-current of superciliousness in the young man which, he assured himself, time would tone down. His academical distinctions were a source of pride to his would-be-father-in-law, though his heterodox ways began to be whispered now and then, which

however had not reached his ears. He was a gay youth with a fund of the latest Western lore, and a complete information on all the ologies and with an unqualified contempt for all indigenous customs and manners. He was a thorough radical in all matters, social, religious and political. But his radicalism did not manifest itself perceptibly within the four walls of his house, although, once away from his house, he would indulge in ways which would prove abhorrent to any parent, but which, under the thin veil of his education, were easily hoodwinked.

Ideas of reform constantly pressed themselves upon him, and he was loath to set them aside, lest he should be regarded as a moral coward. He thought he could not justifiably tolerate the obnoxious customs which were sapping the very foundations of society. It was in their actual demolition that he saw a ray of hope for its regeneration and reconstruction. The pitiable condition of woman was the one thing which required immediate amelioration. Of what use was his education, if he could not raise her position in life? Her abject servility and grovelling misery rekindled his sympathy, and he felt that he had a mission—involving, it might be, a heavy sacrifice—to fulfil. How easy the transformation appeared, but how insuperable were the difficulties? What a strange land where people could endlessly talk about the necessity of reform, but where they so feared to bring about the slightest change in actual practice! What a set of hen-pecked fools! Such a state of things would create pity even in the most unfeeling breast. Should he not then brace himself up against the ignoble crowd and do something which would be calculated to save women from the hopeless perdition into which they had already fallen? The unjustifiable lethargy of even the so-called educated men was an additional goad to rouse him to action. The raw material was at hand. He had only to shape it to suit his ideas. Was it difficult, he thought? He attributed the present apathy to a want of courage of convictions to follow up a given line of action without fear of consequences. He no doubt felt that some amount of sacrifice was necessary, but he resolved to brave all difficulties, if he could only succeed in raising the women of this country to a place of equality with their sisters of the West. It was therefore opportune when he heard that negotiations were being pursued to bring about his marriage with a suitable girl. He thought he could do very little single-handed. With a charming and accomplished wife, he could bring his ideas to fructify sooner than otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

The marriage settlement was made. The preliminary betrothal was concluded in the presence of the elders of both the parties. The assembled guests were struck with the lovely bride, who pleased every one by her polite manners and humble deportment. The toilette of Lalita, on this occasion, though simple, was very attractive and improved the beauty of her person by a judicious choice of clothes and ornaments. Custom compelled the wearing, by the bride, of the laced cloth presented by her future husband. The beautifully embroidered *soirée* which was of a rosy hue and the bodice which was of a purple colour, were a splendid set-off to her person which was of that 'lemon' complexion which in itself was the richest gift of nature. Her taste of artistic perception was nowhere better shewn than in the sparing use of jewels whose abundant heaping mars all charms. Learned pundits of ripe age and deep erudition were specially invited to bless the bride. They one and all admired her as she came forward with humble steps to receive their benedictions. She most affably received and petted the brother and sister of her future husband who were introduced to her by their mother. Though anxious to have a glimpse of her husband, who was to irradiate her future life but whom inexorable custom prevented from presenting himself on the occasion, she was content to infer from his young brother as to what he would be like. She prayed to the lamp-light which she ignited herself every evening and which is supposed to represent that Great Light which is the manifestation of the Universal Spirit, that she might be blessed with a handsome partner in whose bright sunshine of constant love she might bask without any cause for complaint. Apart from all this, she had the greatest faith in her father and, from the rumours that had reached her ears, she was satisfied with the selection which her father had made. Her husband's relations were highly pleased with her solicitude for them, and one and all went away satisfied with the young woman whose comeliness was no less admired than her suavity of manners which left nothing to be desired.

Vasu's misgivings as to the appearance and manners of Lalita were soon allayed by the female emissaries whom he engaged and whose glowing report of her blooming beauty he was inwardly pleased to learn. He secretly rejoiced at the luck which threw in his way a girl of rare accomplishments whose modesty and affability were the talk of the village. It was high time, he thought, that he

should broach the subject of his coming marriage to his select friends who were his inseparables from their intimacy, principles, and identity of interests.

They were like himself fully imbued with grandiloquent ideas of reform, of sweeping away all rotten customs, and of elevating humanity in general from the depths of ignorance and misery which enthralled them, in the same way as the strong roots of the aged banyan tree encircled a huge building and undermined its very foundations. The occident had the greatest charm for them and exercised the greatest influence on their conduct. Oriental customs appeared to them as a sort of anachronism, and they laughed among themselves as to what it was that had perpetuated the folly so long. A thorough social revolution was inevitable, if they aspired to rise in the estimation of other nations which had already been progressing in gigantic leaps and bounds. That three centuries of British rule and contact with an enlightened race could not undo the tenacious hold of the fools of this land who pursued the same old beaten paths like foolish sheep which follow each other with unmeaning regularity, however risky they might prove, was an enigma which they could not easily solve. They could not but attribute this grievous state of affairs to want of leaders—leaders who could shake off their prejudices and who could boldly come forward to animate the people with their spirit and energy. One among them declaimed that their education was a farce so long as they could not rise above the pettifogging tyranny of their insensible elders and that he could not but conclude that this kind of education which broadened the intellect by narrowing the feelings was baneful in its consequences. It made them greater cowards in life. 'What we want at the present day,' said he, 'is a fund of courage which will brave the silly threats of the orthodox who have degenerated into fossils, or the unbecoming reprobation of our old men who cannot realize the havoc committed in the name of ancient custom and usage. Their clap-trap should never unnerve us but all the more whip us into immediate action. Their meaningless anathemas should not deter us from the pursuit of that single-minded devotion to work which we have allotted to ourselves. Friends, let us not rest till we have done our life-work. What is left undone may be delegated to our posterity who will be better placed to carry on the work we have thus initiated.'

A more practical friend in the company observed "Without attempting to generalize on the nature of the work which we

have undertaken to accomplish, it would be better to chalk out our line of action, so that we may have the satisfaction of having achieved one phase of reform at the least. For my part I would attach the greatest importance to the subject of the 'Emancipation of Women.' Our sisters of the West, not satisfied with their present lot, are agitating for more, because the high order of their intelligence takes them to higher ideals and makes them long for complete freedom from the trammels imposed by the unchivalrous section of mankind. And now what is the condition of our women? It is no better than that of cattle huddled together. Their inhuman slavery and the abysmal depths of their ignorance are enough to draw forth tears of blood from even the least sympathetic nature. What have we done to ameliorate their misery? How selfish are we in looking after our own happiness and in ignoring the most pressing claims of our suffering sisters? A Bentinck had succeeded in suppressing the Suttee, a most foolish survival of the primitive sacrifice of the dead man's wife along with his chattels. But we the sons of the land and daily witnesses to their untold miseries, sit with folded hands and look upon them with complacency, without attempting to raise our finger to check the parasitic growth of the social evils which are tyrannizing over the fair sex, while man is allowed the indulgence of every form of libertinism. I protest that, if we have any germs of manhood in us—a manhood of the type of a Luther, a Knox or a Colvin whom no persecutions, no Papal bulls, or horrible Inquisitions, could dissuade from their determined course, we would not allow ourselves to mope and vegetate as we are doing, but would rouse ourselves up for raising the banner of revolt against tyrannical laws which are subverting all social aims and which must be uprooted at any cost. I, for one, am determined to have no sleep nor rest, till I shall have added my quota of work in the alleviation of my sisters whom I see all around me with looks of anguish craving for our intervention and their redemption at our hands."

Struck with the redoubtable attitude of his learned friends who were not mere scarecrows but earnest men who had vowed to perfect humanity, Vasu expressed his willingness and readiness to join this valiant band of reformers and to undertake his humble share in life's work. He perfectly concurred in the opinion that no more pressing reform could be imagined than the raising of the present status of our women. The oppression and cruelty which they were groaning under were patent to every one, but the hand—

the mighty hand—which would elevate them from the degradation and filth they were immersed in was not yet forged, and it devolved upon them to pioneer a task, which, though it might prove a thankless one for the present, was such as would still procure them eternal glory. Their name would be transmitted as a bye-word to coming generations which would receive inspiration from their disinterested actions. The task that they were engaged in was a noble one which defied better heads. He was, however, convinced that the *modus operandi* hitherto adopted was defective inasmuch as they began at the wrong end. Such a procedure was naturally doomed to failure. But they could tackle these questions with much greater freedom, with much greater discrimination and, he was assured, with much greater success.

It was when they were in this heated condition of their imagination that Vasu informed them about his approaching marriage. He was peculiarly lucky, he said, in going to be united to an accomplished girl. He hoped she would prove worthy of the hand of a gifted husband like himself. One more shrewd than the others enquired as to the attitude of her father towards the much-needed reforms of the country. Vasu was obliged to admit that he was a thorough-going conservative in all matters social. Most of his friends were already sceptical as to the direction which he would take, coming under the influence of a wife who must have inherited similar tendencies from her father. But Vasu laughed at them and asked them if they took him for one of that hen-pecked class who spoke one thing and acted another. 'I would belie my education,' he said, 'if I allowed myself to be easily swayed by my wife whom I have determined to make my *handle* in the regeneration of her sisters. This marital state which I am about to enter, I regard as the most eventful part of my life which is to usher me into that practical propagandistic work which, I am confident, will be crowned with success. The law of *similia similibus curantur*, (i.e., like things are cured by the likes) is, after all, the only mode of cure for all the ills which flesh is heir to. The resuscitation of women lies in their own hands. We can only help them in formulating ideas or otherwise shaping their course of action. The capacity of gentle persuasion and eloquent pleading, woman alone possesses. In our aims to elevate her, we cannot find a better 'help-meet' than a woman who, when she is once convinced of a certain course of action, is much less easily shaken in her faith and more ready to throw herself heart and soul into the matter with a

keenness of perception and a practical shrewdness for which she has earned a proverbial fame.' Thus did Vasu deliver himself with the zeal and vehemence of ardent youth which sees no barriers for its impetuous flights and which builds the most sanguine hopes on the most slender basis of unrealizable conduct. But his friends were not equally hopeful. They relied on him for his many resources of intellect and wealth. It pained them to regard his separation in any other light than that of complete estrangement from their long-cherished cause and programme of work.

CHAPTER IV.

All preliminary arrangements for the marriage were completed. The marriage itself was to have begun with great eclat. But the eccentric behaviour of the bridegroom was in the way of its being carried out smoothly and without any hitch or comment. Vasu in his superior wisdom could not bring himself to countenance the various ceremonies which every bridegroom had to undergo. He regarded them as relics of a barbarous past which would be better appreciated by the Hottentots and the Bushmen of South Africa than by a civilized product of the twentieth century. He could not in the first place understand the significance of the presence of a large multitude of relatives and friends as if to guard the bride from the ruffianly cruelty of a primitive bridegroom who forcibly snatched his wife from the custody of her parents! He protested against the strong mustering of females whose presence was odious to all decency and who simply proved a clog in the working of one of the most sacred institutions. What is marriage? It is the permanent union of man and woman as husband and wife. It was not a mere contract that could be determined at the sweet will and pleasure of either. This being so, where was the necessity for the cumbersome ceremonies which simply put every one to the greatest inconvenience? A simplified system would better accord with the advanced notions of the present day. Marriages should be conducted in as simple and silent a manner as possible. Big festal gatherings were certainly out of place. He would even go the length of dispensing with the priest who was requisitioned 'to give divine blessing and sanction to the union.' Where was his necessity, if the parties themselves were perfectly satisfied with each other? 'Am I a fool to be guided by idiots who have lost all touch with modern civilizing influences? I can never be a party to such silly customs which sober reason and ripe experience alike denounce, much less submit

to them with a willing mind and against the dictates of my conscience. For the sake of a woman, am I to sacrifice my principles which I have imbibed at the feet of the greatest masters of the world? I strongly object to enter into any form of matrimony which may involve any compromise of my dignity or of my long-cherished ideas which have almost become a part of my blood.' Thus did Vasu argue with his father. The latter felt disgusted with his son, when he animadverted in this vein, as if he were an entire stranger to the practices of the land. How could he save himself and his family from the ignominy and social odium that would attach to such a course? They were sure to be condemned by the strictly orthodox class who were still the controllers of society, in spite of the agitation of the brainless few who were powerless to stem the current which had had its course for ages. He tried to convince his son that those customs were transmitted to them from a hoary past and were ordained by holy Rishis who had the good of the country at heart. Were they fools who even then compelled the homage of the greatest thinkers of the modern day by their unparalleled wisdom? Was he in any way better than those great men whose extensive foresight and practical sagacity had crystallized into shape the mass of incoherent material which passed for laws regulating early society? A jaundiced eye sees nothing but distortions, whereas real enlightenment pauses to inquire and seeks to find out pearls even on dung-hills. Hasty critics have abundant cause for repentance. Vasu replied, 'To practise a thing simply because it is based on ancient custom is absolutely repulsive to my mind. Rishis may have been the authors of the inexorable customs which have already brought society to a hopeless state of disintegration. But they were not infallible. They have done many things of which we moderns are to be ashamed. Without attempting to paint them in the blackest of colours, I am prepared to so far grant that these customs may have suited those by-gone ages when the men kept the women within four walls, as cows are kept in byres, and gave them just the amount of food they thought they deserved and beat them if they were rebellious! Modern teachings have exploded their sanction, and our progressive existence calls for an entire change! He would therefore insist on doing away with those spurious forms, so far at least as he was concerned.' His father who was dumb-founded at the sacrilegious words that had fallen from Vasu's lips cursed himself for bringing him up under alien methods which were only calculated to instil

revolutionary ideas and which tended to subvert the very foundations of society. For his son's sake, he was prepared to forego some of the pleonastic usages. But what would his relatives say? He and his family were a unit—a microscopic unit—in the big social organism which had extended its roots far and wide. What would his friends think, if he yielded to the hare-brained youth whose head had been turned by the undigested scraps of evanescent theories, some of which at least were still being arraigned before the bar of the mighty intellects of the world? Sociology is the latest of the sciences and is still on its trial. Giddy youth is enamoured of it and wants to reconstruct ancient systems on such a flimsy basis. Where would this end? 'Can you not see, my son,' said he, 'what the consequences of such a rash and hasty step which you proposed to take would be? Have you not heard of the fate of many a social reformer who has suffered for his folly and whose aged experience has wisely discarded the follies of impetuous youth, being subjected to an ostracism which means his complete isolation from family, friends and kinsmen? Even if we can shake off with impunity the so-called social prejudices, we have yet to fear society which is still extremely rigid in its exactions, and which still visits heavy punishments on the slightest derelictions. Its indirect tyranny has to be more apprehended. As we cannot completely break away from its folds, we have to submit to its yoke, however cruel it may prove. All our public acts are noticed and scrutinized with care, while private delinquencies are either ignored or are treated with extreme unconcern. We have yet to put on appearances, though such an act may prick the 'modern conscience.' All nations have marriage ceremonies which are more or less elaborate. And wiser heads than yours, my son, have gone through them meekly and without questioning. Why would you raise any objection to mere forms which are of practical significance only once in one's lifetime and only for a few days in the course of one's long existence?' This side of the question did not at first strike Vasu. He stood completely discomfited. He had not the boldness to see himself separated from all his kith and kin and be subjected to all the humiliations incidental to social reprobation. He feared that his persistent obstinacy might reach the ears of his bride-elect and her parents who were well-known for their strict orthodoxy and who might on this account revoke the marriage altogether. He would marry Lalita at any cost. What was more precious to him than a beautiful woman whom rumour

had represented as being far above the run of ordinary woman-kind? What if he yielded a little for her sake? He assured himself that nothing could shake him from his fixity of purpose and that nothing could prevent him from reaching that goal which had been his end and aim of life. The slight sacrifice was nothing compared with the valuable prize at hand. Did not the world consist of a series of sacrifices? What could be more valuable to him than an inestimable woman in whom he had centered all his happiness and who would prove the best source of inspiration for carrying out his life-work? In this new light all his previous vehemence vanished. He made up his mind to brave the taunts and even the calumnies of his friends who would rate him for the turn his views had already taken. But he would show in practice what they simply talked in theory. One living example is better than a thousand dead precepts. He could afford to laugh at their immature ideas, the fructification of which required patience and penetration. He accordingly acquiesced in the necessity to follow in the footsteps of his forefathers with apparent complacency but not without a twinge of his conscience.

CHAPTER V.

Astrologers after deep consultation fixed an auspicious day for the marriage to take place. Invitations on yellow-paper were issued to the numerous friends and relations on both sides. A big portico supported by casuarina posts, to which plantain trees with bunches of green plantains hanging were fastened, was erected in front of the house, the whole being ornamented with variegated bunting and foliage. The place presented a most gala appearance. As the marriage neared, Lalita's parents were weighed down with sorrow on account of the inevitable separation which would rend them from their only daughter. They had no other children to enliven their home in her absence. Her superior intelligence, kindly disposition and affectionate regard for the aged parents, they would now miss, which thoroughly depressed them. She was not unmindful of the mental anguish which they were suffering in privacy for her sake. Her increasing attachment displayed by all those little acts which endear a child to the parents only re-doubled the poignancy of their grief. Their only consolation in these moments of distress was the thought of their daughter's future happiness. Their energies were all along directed to secure her best happiness in life. They accordingly tried to forget their heavy affliction by

participating in her joy and basking in the sunshine of her enjoyment. The wise men of the village who found out the cause which was gnawing at their vitals persuaded them that signs of grief on this momentous occasion were highly inauspicious and might possibly result in something serious and bad to the young couple. Sacred laws enjoined, they said, that parents should make a gift of their daughter without any murmur or complaint, which alone secured the good-will of the gods.

The day of the marriage was announced by loud bands of music. The chief *Purohit* accompanied by his assistants was the first comer. It was he that regulated on such occasions the ceremonies in accordance with the Holy Scriptures. The bridegroom was dressed in silk-bordered cloths which were dyed in yellow for the occasion. Costly jewels embellished his person, which glittered in the early rays of the sun peeping through the crevices of the central interior pandal which was decorated with festoons of ornamental foliage and flowers and with pith images richly brocaded with shining tinsel. The whole place was brimming with sweet scents, and flowers scattered on the flooring. With the approach of the hour, there was a large influx of gentlemen and ladies who were dressed in cloths of all colours of the rainbow. The gorgeous splendour of the sight eminently fitted the occasion. All the 'pomp and glory of circumstance' was centred in that spot. The whole pageantry was truly oriental. The prismatic effects of costly ornaments and jewels made of valuable diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires pervaded every nook and corner. The presence of damsels of exquisite beauty, proud of their amorous youth and fascinating charms; gave a subdued finish to the whole scenery which was resplendent with rare attractions. The bride chaperoned by elderly matrons appeared and took her stand on one side of the screen of cloth which separated her from the bridegroom, custom enjoining that the latter should not see the bride till after the *Tali* was tied. The parents were by her side 'to give her away.' The master of the ceremonies began to declaim and chant the holy *mantras* invoking the gods to bless them with long life and numerous progeny. The *Tali*—a small circular golden disc which was kneaded in a cotton thread and smeared with saffron—was placed in a silver tray along with a cocoanut, flowers, betels and areca-nuts and sent round to the assembled guests for their felicitations. All flippant talk was hushed as the *Tali* was tied, amid loud exultations and noisy music, by the hand of the bridegroom around the bride's

neck who henceforward became his property for ever. The couple were, after this most important ceremony, seated side by side on the same wooden plank for their united performance of the sacrifice to the *Nava Grahas* or the nine astrological planets. Sacrificial sticks were burnt, and the Holy Fire kept alive by the copious pouring of ghee. Thus the God *Agni* was invoked to bear witness to the indissoluble tie which united the couple. The most pious and the aged blessed the pair with flowers showered upon their heads and large quantities of rice poured in their front. (English readers will be reminded of a similar custom of showering on the couple old shoes and rice as they drove out on their honey-moon). Large gifts of cloths and coin to Brahmins ended the imposing ceremonies. The rest was purely of a social nature, consisting of festivities and amusements and costly dinners which pleased everybody. Music and dancing formed the chief attraction. Bevy of beautiful girls (with anklets of small sweet-sounding bells) danced to tunes of the most melodious music, vocal and instrumental. Professional singers of both sexes entertained discriminating audiences, while larkly specimens of reformers with no ear for music but with plenty of unassimilable stuff in their brains, denied themselves the pleasure of the exquisite music which, especially in a clear, facile high-soprano voice of an accomplished professional woman, is really a divine adjunct to human enjoyment. Expert vocalists indulged in fascinating fantasias and extempore Pallavi-singing to the accompaniment of the violin and the *mridanga*. The superior music of skilled lutenists executed in a pianissimo-style held all spell-bound. The assembled guests never before enjoyed themselves to the same extent as they did here. Their requirements were most strictly attended to, and one and all left the place highly pleased with the warm solicitude of their host who spared neither pains nor expense to secure them every kind of comfort. These festivities were brought to a close amidst the blessings of the poor, the aged and the infirm, who were sumptuously fed and clothed.

The bride's parents were the last to leave the house. Though continuously feted to satiation, nothing could distract them from their imminent separation from her. The parting scene was most pathetic. While they stood pictures of dejection, Lalita clung to them with tears gushing forth from her eyes which were already red and swollen. She was extremely distressed at the thought of their future lonely life with a childless home. Their desolate condition smote her heart deeply. Weighed down with inconsolable

grief, they were too utterly paralyzed to speak. Lalita tried to soothe them by her sweet words. They somehow took final leave of her with an aching-heart and with tearful eyes. She too was, for some time, equally depressed, and nothing could cheer away the sorrow, dejection and despair which saddened her heart. But the deep love of her husband acted like a charm in dissipating her grief. In his company she could bring herself to forget the gloom oppressing her mind. In his inspiring conversation, she found sufficient consolation.

CHAPTER VI.

Vasu was excessively fond of his charming wife. A moment's separation from her caused the greatest uneasiness. Her very presence was sufficiently soothing. Her beauty was not of that dazzling description which lasts only for a few years and suddenly fades away like the Prophet's gourd. Her calm features, their graceful proportion and symmetry, her swan-like gait, her unassuming and modest tread in the presence of elders, the sweetness of her mellifluous accents, and, above all, her extremely suave disposition, endeared her to all that came in contact with her, not to speak of that consuming fire which her charms kindled in the breast of her doting husband. Unlike other women, she was very sparing in the use of saffron which pleased Vasu. A white muslin soiree, a silk skirt, an attractive mark of *kumkum* on the forehead and a slight combing of her abundant hair which was twisted in a knot behind her back, completed her morning toilette. Her anxiety to assist her mother-in-law in the household duties cleared away that rub which proverbialized the relationship between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law. Her passionate love for her husband did not make her neglect her ordinary duties. Her kind treatment of her dependents and servants, her uniform affability to her guests and relatives, won for ever the esteem of one and all. Her smiling face welcoming her husband on his return home was a balm to all his toils of the day. Her sweet-voiced talk which was always carried on in an undertone was as refreshing as a melodious tune. Her soft and silvery laughter was a delicately subdued cadence and suggested a sweet and serene temperament. Her most cleanly habits, and her fondness for sweet scents and flowers marked her refinement and delicacy of taste.

In one of those happy moods of delicious enjoyment—moods of silly prattle and serious avowals of eternal constancy, moments of delirious admiration for each other, of ravishing pleasures and thrill-

ling ecstasies when two young souls unite into one but once in their lifetime—in one of these moods when Lalita entwining herself round her husband like a fresh jasmine creeper round a sturdy plant, was looking at him with uplifted and languishing eyes, Vasu stroking her beautiful hair which at the slightest touch gave out the delightful fragrance of highly scented oil, said ‘my most beloved one, how can I thank my stars for blessing me with a rare jewel like you to be the inviolable partner of my life? What will I not do to secure your good will, comfort and pleasure? With such an accomplished woman on my side, what an amount of usefulness cannot our united efforts secure to regenerate our society which has fallen to such a low ebb of misery and degradation? Of what consequence is our birth, if not consecrated to works of useful reform calculated to minimize social tyranny? I offer my humble thanks to the Providence for giving me such an indispensable helpmate to enable me to carry out my schemes of reform which have been torturing my brains from my youth. Your rare intelligence and power of grasping details, your condescension and sympathy will prove the best handles by which your miserable sisters, irretrievably wedded to life-long humiliation, may be elevated to a more invigorating and bracing atmosphere where they can breathe the fresh air of wholesome surroundings and pass their days happily under civilizing influences. What say ye, my little dove, to the noble reforms which await your co-operation and aid for their realization? Why rot in debasing forms of seclusion? Why not face light? It is human ous that love darkness and dread enlightenment. Abandon all thoughts of exclusive living which separates brother from sister, daughter from father, and wife from husband. Emancipation of women can be brought about only by living examples and not by scare-crow theories which fall to pieces at the merest touch. Throw away all shackles which bind you to orthodoxy, and come out as a reasonable woman with a mission to perform. My friends are inspired with equal ardour and are waiting ‘like dogs in the leash to be let loose’ for thoroughly reorganising society and putting it on a sound basis where sisters can freely shake hands with brothers and where a real universal brotherhood shall tie them in eternal friendship and shall make them hope for that consummation which has for its end the greatest happiness of the greatest number. They will only be too happy to welcome you as their sister, as their practical master and as a tower of strength in the cause which they have undertaken to uphold and carry out at any sacrifice.

Lalita meekly replied: “My most beloved master, my poor head cannot retain one half of what you have been expounding. My lot is cast in my family, the care of which is a sufficiently engrossing pursuit. Speaking for myself, I make bold to tell you I am already sufficiently happy as I am. It is my humble belief that my sisters who, you think, are much abused and appear degraded, are equally happy with their lot in life, and no murmuring complaints have ever escaped their life to my knowledge. As for your introducing me to your friends, this will be the last thing which I will like. I have every respect for the sincere enthusiasm which prompts them to device means to reform our society. But how I may be of any help is what I cannot understand. Being perfectly content as I am, I humbly beseech you never to think of committing the sacrilege of an indiscriminate mingling of males and females which ancient custom and sober reason alike prohibit.”

(To be continued).

C. TIRUMALAYYA NAIDU.

1. THE AGE OF SĒKKILĀR AND NAMBI-ĀNDĀR-NAMBI.

THE Periyapurānam of Sēkkilār is a very important contribution to Tamil Literature and indirectly it has served also as a potent aid in historical research. It gives in detail the lives of the sixty-three Saiva Saints from a study of which it was found possible to fix the age of two of the three great authors of the Dēvāram hymns, Tiru-Jñāna-Sambandar and Appar. Sēkkilār, the author of this great *purānam*, has drawn his materials from the compendious work on the same subject by Nambi-Āndār-Nambi, who has devoted a stanza to each Saint. This is quite ample in comparison with the bare list of Sundarar given in his Dēvāram hymn called the *Tirut-tondra-ttogat*; where he vouch safes a single epithet alone for each person; and which formed the original which Nambi-Āndār had worked upon. We shall try to arrive at an approximate estimate of the periods when the two, Nambi-Āndār-Nambi and Sēkkilār, lived.

The materials upon which we shall have to proceed in our enquiry are the Periyapurānam itself, and the accounts furnished by Umāpati-Sivāchārya of these two persons, coupled with the information culled from the inscriptions that have been brought to light till now. Umāpati asserts of Nambi-Āndār-Nambi, that he was a contemporary of a Chōla King called Rājārāja, whom he is said to have helped in collecting and arranging the Dēvāram hymns.(1)

(1) மல்லன் மிகுசேனையுட னிரரசாசனமர்

ககரில்வந்து சேர்ந்தான்.

(Verse 7).

ராசராசமன்ன னபயகுலசேகரன்.

(Verse 2).

That this Rājārāja was a predecessor of the King who was Sēkkilār contemporary is evident from verse 24 of Umāpati's account of Sēkkilār.

ஆயுமறை மொழிகம்பி யாண்டார் னம்பி

யருள்செய்த கவித்துறையர் தாதி நண்ணிச்

சேயதிரு முறைகண்ட ராசராச

தேவர்கிவா லயதேவர் முதலா யுள்ள

வயகருங் கடல்புடைகு முலக மெல்லா

மெடுத்தினிது பாராட்டிற் மென்ன வந்தத்

தூய கதை யடைவுபடச் சொல்லி ரென்ற

சோழனுரை செயக்கேட்டுக் குன்றை வேந்தர்.

The King who was the patron of Nambi might be correctly identified with the great Rājārāja I. of the Chōla dynasty who ruled between 985 and 1010 A.D. In the third year of the reign of his son Rājēndradēva I., an image of Meyporunāyanār, one of the Saiva Saints whose life is narrated by Nambi and Sēkkilār, was set up in the Rājārājēsvara temple at Tanjore. The image is described in the inscription as that of Milādudaiyār who exclaimed தத்தாமரே "Tatta! (He, is) one of us, behold!" The reference evidently is to the traditional story that Meyporunāyanār, an ardent Saiva, when he saw his murderer was besmeared with the sacred ashes, called out to his servant Tattan to save his murderer from the death which surely awaited the latter from the fury of his followers. The exclamation given in the inscription is a direct quotation from the words in Nambi-Āndār-Nambi's work, which are தத்தாமரே, the omission of the word கான் being due to the exigencies of metre.(2)

Rājārāja I. was a famous patron of Saivism, and it is highly probable that he employed the services of Nambi-Āndār-Nambi, to collect 'the Drāvīda Vēdas' and to arrange them.

As regards Sēkkilār there is no lack of materials. His work, the Periyapurānam, abounds in references to his patron king, and Umāpati's(3) account of his life is fairly long.

Sēkkilār was the name of a family in which our author was born. He was called Arunmolittēvar(4) and had a younger brother named Palarāvāyār (he from whose mouth the milk ever flows). Arunmolittēvar was born at Kunrattūr in the Kunrai-vaṇādu of the Puliyūr-kōṭṭam in the Tondai-mandalam. The Chola monarch of that time entertained him and his brother in his service, and

(2) S. I. Inscriptions, Vol. II, p. 167.

N.B.—The author seems to go too far in assuming that the inscription quotes directly from Nambi's work. In all probability, the words தத்தாமரே கான் were those handed down traditionally in connection with Meyporunāyanār, whose story must have been living in the minds of the people long before Sēkkilār or Nambi-Āndār-Nambi or even Sundaramūrti, wrote their works. And these authors could only have incorporated the words which were traditionally current, in the body of their works. It would be just as correct to infer that the quotation is from the Periyapurānam of Sēkkilār which gives the words தத்தாமரே.—M.N.

(3) Umāpati Sivacharya lived in 1235 Saka or 1313 A.D., according to the colophon of his Sankarpan-Nirākaranam.

(4) This is a surname of Rājārāja I. A sub-district was also called Arunmolitēva-vaṇādu after this famous King. There is also a large village named Arunmolitēvan in the Nannilam Taluq of the Tanjore District near the frontier of the French Settlement of Karikal. It has a ruined temple worth examining. Very near it is another village, Akalanaka, the surname of another Chola King.

conferred on them the titles Uttama-Chôla-Pallavarâyan, and Tondaimân respectively. Arumoli-ttêvar was an ardent devotee of the God of the Tirunâgêsvaram temple (near Kumbakonam), and to facilitate the worship of his favourite deity while he stayed in his native village, he there built a temple and called it Nâgêsvaram. On account of his piety and learning, he seems to have commanded the regard of the King, whom he began to advise to give up lending his ear to the idle and fabulous stories contained in Jaina works such as the Chintâmami, and to take up instead the study of the Sâiva sacred books. On being questioned by the King which works he should study, Arumoli-ttêvar pointed out Sundara-mûrti's Tiru-ttond-ttôgai and Nambi-Ândâr-Nambi's Tiruvandâdi on the lives of the Sâiva Saints. The King studied them, but finding them too brief and uninteresting, requested him to compose a more elaborate work, which might interest even the common people. S'ekkilâr gladly acquiesced and finished the work in the course of a year. It was read out by him from a special seat of honour provided in "the Golden Hall" of the God Natarâja, in the presence of the King and a large and appreciative audience. The King was so much pleased with the work that he conferred upon S'ekkilâr the title, Tondar-s'ir-paravuvâr (He who describes the glory of the Saints).

Pâlarâvâyar, meanwhile averted the horrors of a devastating famine which was raging at Tondaimandalam, by sacrificing all his possessions to support the people. The King thereupon conferred upon him a fresh title "Tondai-Mandalam-Kâtta-Perumâl" (the great man who saved Tondai-mandalam). So far Umâpati's account of S'ekkilâr.

Umâpati-Sivâchârya calls the King who patronized S'ekkilâr by the names *Gangai-kula-tilakar* (the ornament of the Gangai family), *Dalava-Mâlai-Abhayan* (Abhayan who wears jasmine garlands), and *Narêndrapati* (Lord of Kings). In the Periyapurânam, this king is variously called *Abhaya*, *Anapâya*, *Kulôttunga*, He who covered the Pêrambalam (in the Chidambaram temple) with gold, He who was born in the dynasty of the Sun, He who set aside all other modes of Government than that prescribed in the Laws of Manu, and He who made all Chidambaram resplendent with his munificence. (5)

(5) மேய விவ்வுரை கொண்டு விரும்புமாஞ்
சேய வன்றிருப் பேரம்ப லஞ்செய்ய

We know from the Kalingattu-parani that Kulottunga I., the hero of that poem, was called Abhaya and how he claimed his descent from the Solar dynasty (the Cholas). He was the grandson by his daughter of Rajendra Chôla I. *alias* Gangai-konda-Chôla and this is why Umâpati calls him Gangai-kula-tilaka. * One of the inscriptions of Tirupparâytturai calls this King Pêrambalam-pon-nâynda-Kulôttungan 'Kulôttunga who covered Pêrambalam with gold'; and two other inscriptions belonging to the Tirumânikuli temple also describe him in the same terms. The Tiruvârûr inscription

சூய பொன்னணி சோழன் ழிபார்
சூய சேன பரய னரசவை—பாயிரம் 8.

.....
வென்றிவென் குடையா பாயன்
செய்யகோ லபயன் திருமணத் தோங்குந்
திருக்கவி லாயரீன் சிலம்பு—திருமலைச்சிறப்பு 12.
அன்ன தொன்னக ருக்கய சாயினன்
அன்ன செங்கதி ரோன்வழித் தோன்றினான்
மன்னு சேக பாயன் வழிமுதன்
மின்னு மாமணிப் பூண்மனு வேந்தனே—

திருவாரூர்ச்சிறப்பு 13.
சென்னி வெண்குடை நீடா பாயன் திருக்குலம்புகழ்
..... et c.—

.....
இப்பங்கையனார் புராணம் 1.
.....
அந்நெறி வழியே யாக வயல்வழி யடைத்த சோழன்
மன்னிய வாகபா யன்சேர் மரபின்மா நகர மாஞ்
தொன்னெடுங் கருங்கு ரென்னுஞ் சுடர்மணி வீதி மூனார்—
எறிபத்தநாயனார் புராணம் 2.

சென்னி யபயன் குலோத்துங்கச் சோழன் நிலைத் திகைக்கு
பொன்னின் மயமாக் கியவளவர் போடு—மீட்டம் புவிகாக்கு
மன்னர் பெருமா னை—வருந்தோன் மரபின் முடிசூட்டுந்
தன்னை மலவு பதியைந்தி னென்றாய் வினக்குந் தகைத்தவ்வுர்—
சண்டேசநாயனார் புராணம் 8.

.....
மன்னு திருத் திலகைகர் மணிவீதி யணிவினக்குந்
சென்னி நீ டனபாயன் திருக்குலத்து வழிமுதலோர்
பொன்னிநிழ் புரவலனார் புதழ்ச்சோழ ரென்பொலிவார்—
புகழ்ச்சோழநாயனார் புராணம் 8.

.....
வள்ளல்கொடை யநபாயன்—
கோச்செங்கட்சோழநாயனார் புராணம் 14.

tion partially edited by Dr. Hultsch in the *South Indian Inscriptions*, Vol. II., pp. 153-154 calls Rājakēsarivarman Kulottunga I. as Anapāya.

The Kalingattu-parani tells us that Kulottunga ruled the kingdom in strict conformity with the laws of Manu and destroyed the evil ways of the Kaliyuga.(6) Thus all the references in Umapati's and Sekkilar's works uniformly apply to Rājakēsarivarman Kulottunga I., the Chālukya—Chōla King who reigned from 1070—1117 A.D. This King was therefore the patron of Arunamolittēvar, better known as Sēkkilār. Hence the author of the Periya-purānam must have lived in about the last quarter of the eleventh and the first quarter of the twelfth century of the Christian Era.

T. A. GOPINATHA RAO.

II. THE AGE OF MEYKANDADĒVAR.

It is a well-known fact that Mey-kandadēvar, the author of the Tamil aphorisms called *Sivajñānabodham*, was the first of the so-called 'Santāna-Guravars' of the Śaiva-Siddhānta School of Philosophy which is so prevalent among the Tamil people of the South. His disciple was Sakalāgama-Pandita, afterwards known as Arunandi-Sivāchāryar, the religious teacher of Meykanda-dēva's father. Arunandi took Maraijñāna Sambandhar as his disciple. Umapati-Sivāchārya, one of the most fertile writers in the Siddhānta School of Philosophy and one who enriched Tamil Literature to a great extent was the disciple of Maraijñāna-Sambandhar. In the colophon attached to his 'Sankarpanirākaranam' Umapati tells us that he wrote that work after Śāka 1235 (1). We see thus that he lived in A. D. 1313. Working backwards, we can assign Mey-kanda's birth to about the beginning of the 13th century A. D.

Meykanda-dēvar was the son of a Kalappāla-rāyar of Pennagadam. His father was the disciple of Sakalāgama-panditar. Kalappāla-rāyar was childless for a long time till Meykanda was born. The young boy was taken to Tiruvennaiallūr by his maternal uncle under whose care he was educated. He seems to have been of a philosophical turn of mind from his early years, and in his last days he renounced the world and led a celebrated life.

Now the name Kalappālarāyar indicates that the bearer must have been a man of some consequence, as evidenced by a number of instances known to inscriptions of the period to which he belongs, in which a signatory of the same name occurs; that he should occur in many royal records, tends to show that he was a local chief. If our assumption is correct, Meykandadēvar was not a commoner. This explains the high education befitting a nobleman which he received in his early age and which prepared the way for his great work on Philosophy, the 'Sivajñānabodham.'

(6) Kalingattu-Parani, Chap.

(1) எழுஞ்சிறுந்நெடுத்தவாயிரம்
வாழ்ந்தசாண்டியுருவாகிற்பப்
பொற்பொதுமலிந்தவந்தபுத்தனூனியாரும்விழ
விற்பொற்றேராயத்து, &c., &c.

In an inscription of Tiruvannāmalai, a Meykandadēva *alias* Urudaiya-Perumāl or Eduttadu-Valiya-Vēlar, appears as donor to an image which he had set up.⁽¹⁾ This record is dated in the 16th year of Tribhuvana-Chakravartin Rājarāja (III.), who, we know, ascended the throne in 1216 A.D. We are inclined to identify this Meykandadēvar, with the author of 'S'ivajñānabodham'; for, it is claimed in the inscription that he was a person belonging to Tiruvēnnainallūr. It cannot be that he is a later namesake of the great S'aivāchārya, who might have been named after the philosopher after the latter had acquired a repute, because, the person named in the inscription must have been sufficiently advanced in years to have set up an image and then later on to have made grants to it. If so, the time of his birth would go into the last quarter of the 12th century A.D., at which time, according to our assumption, the philosopher Meykandadēva's name must have been pretty widely known. Then, this original Meykandadēva must have lived in the beginning of the 12th century A.D. This assumption would in its results seriously militate against the succession list which is quite positive about Umāpati being the fourth in descent from Meykandadēva. Then the difference in time between Meykandadēvar and Umāpati would exceed 200 years. Even in the case of lineal descent it is usually enough to allot 30 years for each generation and to compute the age of any one with reference to the other. In this case the relationship being one of master and disciple, the period of 30 years will not hold good. The number of years allotted in such a genealogy must be considerably less than 30. Even this unusually long period of 30 years is not able to satisfy our assumption that the Meykandadēva of the inscription and he of the 'S'ivajñānabodham' are not identical, but namesakes. Hence, to reduce the inexplicable difference, we assume, we believe correctly, the identity of the hypothetical original with the Meykandadēva of Tiruvēnnainallūr whose inscription is found in Tiruvannāmalai. If this identification is granted Meykandadēva of Tiruvēnnainallūr, the author of S'ivajñānabodham, had two surnames, Urudaiya-Perumāl and Eduttadu-Valiya-Vēlar and that he lived about 1236 A.D. This conclusion tallies with that arrived at in the beginning of this paper.

T. A. GOPINATHA RAO.

(1) No. 485 of 1902 of the Government Epigraphist's Collection. See his Annual Report for 1903.

INDIAN MUSIC.

THE THEORY OF SRUTIS.

IT is stated in every work on Hindu Music that there are twenty *Srutis* in a *sthayi* (octave) but what these exactly are I have seen nowhere stated and the best of our performers on the Vina or other instruments and our best singers are ignorant of the theory of *Srutis* and the part they play in present day Hindu Music. My investigations have led me to the conclusion that the twenty *Srutis* are

	<i>ni</i>	<i>ni</i>	<i>ni</i>	<i>sa</i>	<i>ri</i>	<i>ri</i>	<i>ri</i>
	$\frac{1}{10}$	$\frac{1}{8}$	$\frac{1}{6}$	1	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$
<i>ri</i>	<i>ga</i>	<i>ga</i>	<i>ga</i>	<i>ma</i>	<i>ma</i>	<i>ma</i>	<i>pa</i>
$\frac{1}{5}$	$\frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{3}$
<i>dha</i>	<i>dha</i>	<i>dha</i>	<i>ni</i>				
$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{3}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{10}$				

The first four were called the 4 *Srutis* of *sa*, the next three of *ri*, the next two of *ga*, the next four of *ma*, the next four of *pa*, the next three of *dha* and the last two of *ni*.

In the first place it is necessary to state what the fraction placed under each *Sruti* means and in the second place it is necessary to indicate to the ear what each *Sruti* is exactly. The fraction under each *Sruti* shows the interval between it and *sa*, that is, the ratio of the number of vibrations in the *Sruti* to the number of vibrations in *sa*. Now assuming that the number of vibrations of a stretched string or wire is inversely proportional to the length of the string, it is possible to mark the positions of the various *Srutis* on a stringed instrument of sufficient length. For example, if the whole string when set vibrating gives *sa*, cut off $\frac{1}{10}$ of it; the remaining $\frac{9}{10}$ of the string would give *ri*; so if you cut off $\frac{1}{8}$ of the string, the remaining $\frac{7}{8}$ would give the next *sruṭi ri*. In this way the

positions of all the *Srutis* could be shown on a long stringed instrument and you would get what might be called a *Sruti Vina*. With this Vina one could distinguish by the *sa*, the difference between one *Sruti* and another.

Swaras.—The next point that requires explanation is the connection between *Srutis* and *Swaras*. While there are twenty-two *Srutis* in a *Sthayi* there are only seven *Swaras*. What is meant by

The next thing to do is to show that as stated above the twenty-two occur in one or another *rag* though they cannot as mentioned above all occur in the same *rag*. This I shall exemplify briefly:—*ri* and *dha* are the *ri* and *dha* of Mayamalavagowla : *ri* and *dha* are the *ri* and *dha* of Saveri ; *ri* and *dha* are the *ri* and *dha* of Samam ; *ri* and *dha* occur in Kalyani (*dha* alone occurs in this *ragam* ; hence *dha* in Kalyani is generally a compound note, a constant change from the lower to the higher *Sruti* and *vice versa*, what is called a Gamaka Swara by our musicians), *ga* occurs in *ma ga ri* in Anandibhiravi. *ga* is the *ga* of Bhairevi, *ga* is the ordinary Antharagandharam occurring in Mayamalavagowla, Mohana, &c., *ga* and *ni* occur, I believe in *ma ga ma* and *sa ni sa* in Saveri ; *ma* is the pure shuddha *ma* ; *ma* occurs as a gamaka note with *ma* in such *ragams* as *kambodi* : *ma* is the ordinary Prathi Madhyama ; *ma* occurs in *pa ma pa* in some *rags*. *pa* is unchanged.

If as stated above all the Twenty-two *Srutis* occur in some or other of *rags*, it may be asked how these are played on instruments like the *Vina* which have only 12 frets for an octave. The answer is the shuddha *ri* fret on the *vina* gives *ri* *ri* which also goes by the name of shuddha *ri* for the reason that it is played on the same fret as *ri* is got by slightly pulling the wire on the *ri* fret.—*ri* and *ri* which both go by the name of Chathusruti *ri* are played on the next fret the first without pulling the wire, the second by pulling it

It would perhaps be of interest to students of European music to know what relationship there is between our *Sruti* scale and the diatonic scale of European music. A slight examination will show that the intervals in that scale are all to be found in the *Sruti* scale.

The interval between *sa* and *ri*, that between *ga* and *ma* that between *ma* and *pa*, that between *pa* and *dha*, and that between *ni* and *sa* are all $\frac{1}{2}$ which is called a major semitone. Also the interval between *sa* and *ri* or *ga* of Hindu music.

The interval between so and ri , that between ri and ga , that between ri and ga , that between ga and ma , that between ma and pa , that between ga and ma , that between ma and pa .

and *dha*, that between *dha* and *ni*, that between *dha* and *ni*, that between *ni* and *sa* is each $\frac{1}{2}$ a major tone. The interval between *ga* and *ga*, between *ri* and *ri*, *ma* and *ma*, *dha*, and *dha* *ni* and *ni* is $\frac{1}{3}$ called a comma, which is the different between a major tone and a minor tone.

It is necessary to remember these facts, as they explain the movement in every *rag*, as will be shown later on.

It is also necessary to remember that a minor semitone and a major semitone together give a minor tone ($\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{8}$.)

That a major semitone and a major tone give a good minor third, ($\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{8}$.)

That a major tone and a minor tone together give a good major third ($\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{6}$.)

The following give a perfect fourth $\frac{1}{3}$.

1. A minor semitone, a good third and a major semi tone

$$(\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{6})$$

2. A minor tone and a good third ($\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{6}$.)

3. A major semitone, a minor tone and a major tone

$$(\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{8})$$

A major semitone and a major third ($\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{12}$.)

Each of the above with an additional interval of $\frac{1}{3}$ would give a perfect fifth ($\frac{1}{3} \times \frac{1}{3}$ being $\frac{1}{9}$.)

What I propose to do in a later contribution is to state what *Srutis* occur in each of our familiar *ragams* and thence to show the law which governs all real melody.

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