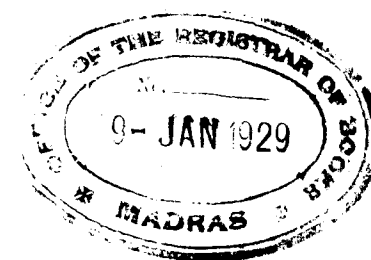


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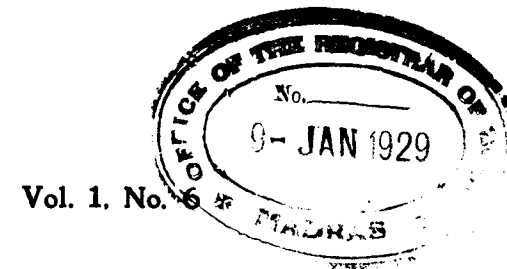
EDITED BY

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

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*Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul;
and the visions of early youth, for they are a
perfume of Paradise which the soul retains in
issuing from the hands of its Creator.*

MAZZINI.



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TRIVENI

'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects. Barring isolated attempts, the Renaissance spirit as reflected in Andhra, Dravida, Vanga, Karnataka, Kerala, Maharashtra and other sub-national units, has not been carefully studied and presented to a wider public. 'Triveni' endeavours to discharge this duty.

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Dewan Bahadur M. Ramachandra Rao	

OUR NEW CONTRIBUTORS

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V. K. GOKAK, B.A. A young Kannada gentleman of Dharwar. Belongs to a group of rising literary men, 'the Friends Union,' who are rendering yeoman service to the cause of Kannada literature.

Raghavachari as 'Pathan Rustum'

BY P. V. RAJAMANNAR, B.A., B.L.

One finds the audience getting slightly bored with the street-minstrel's ballad narrating the mighty deeds of Rama Raj; and some have even started conversation in undertones, when all at once there is a hush and a volley of applause. The audience is paying its customary tribute due to one of the greatest living actors of South India, T. Raghavachari, in one of his most successful roles as 'Pathan Rustum.'

The play itself 'Rama Raj' otherwise known as 'The fall of Vijayanagar' occupies an important place in modern Telugu Drama. It is one of the few tragedies in the language which has always had an appeal both to the cultured and to the average play-goer. It has a historical setting and flavour and is fraught with a deep meaning to the Andhras, releasing as it does a train of memories, proud and happy as well as sad. It is intensely exciting; the emotions depicted are violent, when compared to the placid atmosphere prevailing in most of the Puranic dramas. And it is but fitting that such a play should be bound up with the superb acting of Raghavachari which itself marks an epoch in the history of the South Indian Stage.

The story is that of the fall of the famous Vijayanagar Empire which reached its zenith in the time of Krishna Devaraya; and culminated in wholesale destruction at the Battle of Tallikota. But dramatically it is the tragedy of Rama Raj.

Raghavachari so much fills the stage as Pathan that many are apt to forget that the tragic hero in the play, according to all recognised canons of dramatic criticism, is Rama Raj and not Pathan. Pathan is not endowed with any of the traits that are usually termed 'heroic.' The tragedy is that of Rama Raj, the mighty warrior, the grand

monarch, valiant, brave, generous to a fault, brought to ruin from his high estate by his 'fatal weakness' for women, which exceeds not only the bounds of virtue but of propriety. The person at whose hands he meets his death is none other than his own illegitimate son, an epitome of his weakness and the self-wrought instrument of retribution.

Pathan then is not a tragic hero. He has not the requisite proportions; there is nothing of the grand style about him. It would be a sad mistake for anyone to look for such a representation from Raghavachari as Pathan. But if one does want to see him as a tragic hero, let him attend 'Prahlada' the next time that Raghavachari acts as Hiranya in it.

Pathan Rustum is the illegitimate son of Rama Raj by a Muhammadan woman, though he is ignorant of the fact. But there is no denying that this serious handicap to a great extent must have told on his bringing up and consequently on his character. We constantly miss in him, in the great moments of life, the stability and equilibrium of character, that we expect of him as a valiant Pathan.

We meet him at the opening of the play as an adventurer seeking his fortune at the hands of the Hindu monarch. Raghavachari's make-up and acting easily impress upon us the picture of this young man, sensitive, light-hearted,—his whole life before him. But before the end of the scene we find a change. The non-chalance is gone, the balance has been easily disturbed. He cannot bear with equanimity the ignominy and the insults heaped on his Muhammadan brethren and immediately he swears the destruction of the Hindu Kingdom.

When we meet him again in the ante-chamber of Rama Raj, he is already a captain in the Hindu army. Ashabi, the daughter of the Nabob of Mudugal, is brought in and openly insulted by Rama Raj. The Pathan's hand goes to his sword; there is anger on his face but his discretion gets the better of his indignation. And he stands struck by her beauty as much as by the insult offered to her.

The next scene in the garden finds him love-sick,



Raghavachari as 'Pathan Rustum'

Fig. I



Raghavachari as 'Pathan Rustum'

Fig. II

infatuated with Ashabi's beauty. Raghavachari's acting in this scene has been the subject of some comment. It is said that he appears to us as a light-hearted young man whose only occupation is love-making and not as a zealous Muhammadan obsessed with his idea of vengeance. This comment, I think, betrays a lack of the full understanding of Pathan's character. Pathan Rustum is not capable of such concentrated devotion to an ideal. His equilibrium is easily disturbed by every gust of emotion and his passionate nature seizes the emotion, feeds on it till it intoxicates him, and then he is a slave to it.

Raghavachari therefore indulges in a bit of love-making and soon he is a slave to the charms of Ashabi, and taunted for his inaction in the ante-chamber, he reveals to her his determination to exterminate the Hindu Empire. (Fig. I)

Pathan Rustum gets an excellent opportunity to start the conflagration when he is sent to the Bahmini Sultans escorting a singer from the Hindu Court. In this scene also we find the same impetuosity, characteristic of him, which is well depicted by Raghavachari.

Being in Bijapur he goes to meet his mother and the terrible revelation comes down on him with all the suddenness of an avalanche and it leaves him on the brink of madness. The scene itself is one of the most powerful in the play and dramatically marks the crisis. We can realise the very foundations of Rustum's life quivering with the magnitude of the revelation as we see the great actor on the stage. Some fastidious critics may charge him as being too violent in expression, but the fact remains that his expression is so dynamic and fraught with vital excitement that it infects the audience perceptibly.

The crisis in the Pathan's life leaves him abjectly helpless; he finds his heart 'afire with a hundred fires' or again, as he says, his heart is tossed helter-skelter by a hundred storms. The depiction of this desperate inaction by Raghavachari is marvellous. His dishevelled hair, his indifferent dress, his vacant looks, and his aimless movements all bear the minutest study. As the curtain rises, we find him seated

sighing away in a state of indecision. Then he argues out the significance of his situation with respect to each line of action that he may pursue. The agony, the horror, the shame of it all, one after the other appear in, and pass in succession from, his face. Ashabi enters in a triumphant mood only thinking of the day when her wrongs would be avenged and is surprised at her lover's condition, and like a woman confident of her hold, upbraids him with indifference and faithlessness. Pathan reacts at once and loudly assures her of his love. He cannot be calm for a moment; his nervous system is so highly strung that the least excitation upsets him. When Ashabi taunts him with cowardice, he becomes grandiloquent. And at last he bursts out with his terrible secret. But Ashabi rises equal to the occasion; she hands him his sword; she bids him get up and bring her the villain's head for her wedding gift. Pathan is almost dumb-founded at the suggestion. He cannot react to it at once and simply murmurs, "I cannot think of anything." One cannot forget his look of utter despair tinged with unspeakable horror perhaps at the visualised thought of murdering his own father. (The photograph No. II has not caught and cannot catch it all.) It is only when Ashabi threatens suicide that Pathan springs into animation, but the animation is but the beginning of that feverish state of excitement almost bordering on madness, which only ends in the natural course of things when he shuffles off his mortal coil.

Then the final scene of the tragedy. The dreadful deed has been done. Vijayanagar has fallen; the city is destroyed and wholesale pillage and massacre follow. But the Pathan's peace of mind has been banished for ever. For him there is no more normal life. During the whole scene Raghavachari depicts the Pathan as completely mad, with lucid intervals now and again. It is hard to say which is the more terrible to behold, the mad raving or the sober interval; but one thing only stands out as to which there cannot be diverse opinions,—acting of the very highest order.

Raghavachari has portrayed for us different aspects and kinds of madness. As Hiranya he has interpreted for us the

madness of thwarted egoism; as Keechaka the madness of lust. In Dasaratha he gives us a picture of the madness of grief; in Ramadas the frenzy of devotion. In the fall of Vijayanagar, he gives us a study in the madness of remorse. It is a masterly study but it passes description because in the acting of Raghavachari there is a creative element always present which works out a variety of detail not capable of a definite analysis. We notice several stages in his madness, we find the forces gathering when Ashabi enters to be a victim of them. The sudden entrance of Ashabi startles him, as it were, into a realisation of the terrible truth, but it also supplies him with a target for his accumulated emotion struggling aimlessly and he shoots Ashabi dead.

The shot, the physical effect of the shot, for a short while makes him sober. But there is nothing left to him of life; nothing left but to put an end to it. And thus the curtain falls on the violent unnatural end of this passion-child and one almost wonders how else it could end. But it should not be forgotten that the sense of the inevitable that fills our mind at the close of the play is in a very great measure due to the supreme acting of Raghavachari. Where a lesser artist would have failed and given us tawdry, sentimental melodrama, the master succeeds in giving us an example of high-class tragic acting.

'Tis He

(FROM THE TAMIL HYMN OF NAM-ALVAR)

I

Exalted beyond Exaltation,
Of absolute perfection, the Master,
Who is he? 'Tis He!
Rooting out all ignorance,
Who granteth Grace,
And wisdom which is Good?
Who is he? 'Tis He!
Of Eternals, omniscient Immortals,
Supreme Lord,
Who is he? 'Tis He!
His resplendent Feet
Dispel sorrow and sin:
Them worshipping, rise,
Oh, my mind.

II

Immeasurable is He
By the standard of mind's insight,
Although the mind be rendered
Pure, to its inmost core,
Although the mind doth blossom
Like sprouts that shoot forth fresh.
He is not of these
That with the senses are perceived,
Such an One
He is Wisdom's perfect Good!
In the future, past or present
Not One is like unto Him,
Nor indeed has He
A Better or a Peer—
He is the Life of my soul.

'TIS HE

III

He cannot be thought of
As not possessing that,
As possessing this:
Of all that are on earth,
Of all that are in Heaven,
His is the Form.
He—the formless spirit—
In all that is sense-perceived
Unperceived dwells
All-present, all-pervading.
Closely near
To That One—
Possessed of all perfection—
We have come.

IV

Each class, each group
In its especial manner
Knows, understands, worships,
Its especial God.
And each such special God,
Is no wise imperfect;
For He, the One Lord of All,
Stands immament in all the Gods,
That those too who worship them
In the prescribed manner
May attain the End.

V

He stands, He sits,
He reclines, He wanders,
He does not stand, He does not sit,
He does not recline nor wander:
Of Him, who can predicate
'This is His nature'?
Such is the Lord of my steadfast faith.

VI

The stable sky, fire, wind, water, earth,
And all the matter that is fashioned therewith
As all these in their totality,
And in each and every one of them,

As the soul is in the body,
 Concealed, all-pervading
 He remains—
 The Consumer of all these,—
 God.

VII

First sky and all other things—
 Whose nature the very gods comprehend not,
 He became
 And He consumed them all.
 The supremest supreme,
 He burnt the triple citadel,
 He taught the ancient Gods.
 Destroying, new fashioning
 As *Hara*, as *Aja*,
 He remains Ever.

VIII

If it be said 'He is,' He is—
 And all these forms are His Form—
 If it be said 'He is not,'
 These formless things are His formless Form.
 Being and Non-being,
 Possessing twofold qualities,
 He is,
 Eternal, active, pervading All.

IX

In the cool expansive ocean,
 In every drop therein,
 Pervading, He remains
 As if that drop of water
 Were an expansive ocean
 Whose sky and earth are filled with Him,
 And in every little space,
 In every little thing,
 Unseen, pervasive,
 He remains—
 Who once consumed all this.

Independence Vs. Dominion Status

BY THE EDITOR

I

It is unfortunate that so soon after the momentous session of the All-Parties Conference at Lucknow, there should have been a cleavage in the ranks of our public men over the question of India's political goal. The decisions reached at Lucknow had obtained all but universal approbation, and the tallest of our leaders had resolved to work in harmony for Dominion status, which was agreed upon as the immediate objective. Neither Pandit Motilal nor his colleagues on the Drafting Committee imagined that a great country like India could, for all time, be content to be linked to Britain. They were working for the immediate future. They realised that wisdom lay in bringing together the various political parties and the warring communities of India. They in no way sought to fetter the liberty of the younger and more ardent section of Congressmen to carry on an effective propaganda for popularising the ideal of Independence. At the same time, Pandit Jawaharlal and the other advocates of Independence deliberately refrained from dividing the House on this issue. They made a statement of their political faith and reserved freedom to themselves to organise an Independence for India League. In fact, the Madras Congress had resolved that Independence was the Nation's goal, and there was no intention on anybody's part to go back on that resolution. Persons like Dr. Besant and Pandit Malaviya were satisfied with the Lucknow settlement, and all politically-minded Indians sighed a sigh of relief that, at long last, we were settling down to an active programme of work for

India's freedom. There was absolute unanimity on the question of the boycott of the Simon Commission. Nearly every political party that counted was represented at Lucknow. Veterans grown grey in the country's service were pledged to carry on an intensive and ceaseless fight on India's behalf. What more could be desired? Was not this, indeed, the dawning of a new and glorious era in Indian history?

II

But soon there was a rift in the lute. The Lucknow settlement was interpreted in different ways by different parties. The advocates of Dominion status proceeded forthwith to organise Provincial and District All-Parties Conferences, and in their excessive zeal, they restricted admission to those that pledged themselves to support Dominion status. This was interpreted, rightly or wrongly, as a move to restrict the liberty of advanced Congressmen, who pinned their faith to Independence, and to give the All-parties Conference, a mere child of the Working Committee of the Congress, a position more exalted than that of the Congress itself. It was also imagined that a deliberate attempt was being made to lower the Congress ideal of Independence. Here was a *casus belli*. There was a call to arms. Drums were beaten, trumpets were sounded. The faithful were commanded to rally round the flag of Independence at Imperial Delhi. But the All-India Congress Committee's resolution, like the All Parties Conference resolution at Lucknow, means all things to all men. So long as the Congress creed as laid down at Nagpur stands unaltered, and is capable of accommodating within the Congress fold both schools of thought—the one for Dominion status and the other for Independence—the assertion of the A. I. C. C. that there can be no Swaraj in India unless the connection with Britain is severed, is in the nature of a mere *obiter*. The rival organisations of the All-Parties Conference and the League for Independence will continue to carry on propaganda in opposition to each other, and divide the allegiance of the country. And meanwhile, the Nation

will be deprived of the immense advantage of that united lead which was in sight at Lucknow.

III

It will not do to brush aside the whole controversy as 'academic.' What ideal the Nation shall set unto itself, what it shall strive for and die for, is a question of vital importance. No useful purpose is served by each party twitting the other on the absence of sanctions for their respective ideals. If shouting for Independence will not bring it any the nearer, neither will the introduction of a Bill in Parliament and reliance on the good offices of the Labour Party hasten the advent of Dominion status. May they not be right who aver that if sacrifices are made and precious lives laid down, it is far better to do so for the greater and nobler ideal of Independence? What have we in common with Canada or Australia or South Africa that we should enthuse over the prospect of a "Commonwealth of Nations," Anglo-Saxon in speech and predominantly Anglo-Saxon in blood? Are we now sitting at a Round Table Conference with the representatives of the British Government, as the Irishmen did some years ago, to agree upon the terms of a settlement? If we are merely educating the Nation and organising it for resistance to foreign rule, why should we look upon the British connection as sacrosanct? Are we to be perpetually involved in the unholy wars of Britain and in her more unholy alliances—called upon from time to time to enslave other Nations and sing paens of glory to the ever-advancing monster of British Imperialism?

These are the thoughts that well up in the breasts of our friends of the Independence school. But not one of them is intent upon *proclaiming* Indian Independence at the present moment. Lawyers practising in British Law Courts, legislators sitting in Councils and taking the oath of allegiance, politicians waiting in the ante-chambers of Ministers for the favour of nominations to local bodies, and journalists coolly recommending the acceptance of Government grants by National educational institutions, cannot with any show of

grace or consistency be parties to such a proclamation. It inevitably follows that Independence is to remain but the *goal* of our National aspirations. It is absolutely the proper goal for any self-respecting Nation. The main contribution of the League of Independence to Indian Nationalism will be the changing of our 'angle of vision' in this respect.

IV

Not a whit less fervid in their love for the Motherland, nor less conscious of her ultimate destiny, the advocates of Dominion status have a firmer grasp of the needs of the immediate present. They do not dismiss all talk of Independence as mere moonshine, nor do they belittle the importance of holding aloft an inspiring ideal. But they certainly fail to see the wisdom of breaking up the Nationalist ranks over a difference which is more temperamental than fundamental. If the advocates of Dominion status are prepared to accept Independence as the National goal, why should not the advocates of Independence, on their side, agree to work along with them for the achievement of Dominion status for the present? In their view, Dominion status may be a half-way house to Independence, and why, they ask, should the better turn out to be the enemy of the good?

In the ultimate analysis, therefore, the difference between the opposing points of view narrows itself down to this: Is Dominion status a half-way house or will it militate against the achievement of ultimate Independence? Now, what are the incidents of Dominion status? Does it in actual practice connote all that Independence does, with the single difference that it involves allegiance to the Emperor? Complete freedom as regards all internal affairs including Tariffs and Immigration; representation on equal terms on a Council of the Commonwealth having charge of all inter-statal and foreign affairs; the right to be consulted before the declaration of war or conclusion of peace with a foreign Power; and lastly, the right to secede when the membership of the Commonwealth is found to be detri-

mental to National interests; these are believed to be the incidents of Dominion status. In the coming years, the very term 'Empire' might disappear. England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, New Zealand, Canada, Australia and India might each have its own Parliament devoting itself to purely domestic problems. The centre of gravity of such an Indo-British Federation might shift from the West to the East, from London to Delhi. To the Federal Parliament sitting at Delhi, the various units of the Federation might send their representatives. This Federation might be represented at foreign capitals by Indian as well as Canadian or Irish ambassadors, and at International Conferences by Indian or Australian plenipotentiaries. The armies and navies of the Federation might be led by Indian Field-M Marshals and High Admirals in comradeship with officers from other units of the Federation. Indian Governors might rule at London and Edinburgh and Indian Premiers sit at the head of the Federal Cabinets. We are visualising the position merely to point out that the very conception of Dominion status may be so enlarged as to justify the hopes of valiant fighters for India's rights like Dr. Besant. Their vision of

" Britain and India hand in hand,
But an India free as is her right "

doubtless implies all this and more. Have we the right to shut out dreamers of this type from a great National institution like the Congress by defining Swaraj to mean only Independence?

V

It is our firm conviction that the acceptance of Independence as the goal of the Nation in terms of the Madras Congress resolution does not preclude Congressmen from joining hands with other political parties for the attainment of Dominion status. It is true that the same sanctions devised for the achievement of Dominion status ought to bring us Independence also. But is it not a great

advantage to fight shoulder to shoulder with others who have the same faith and the same patriotism as ourselves? A good deal of heat and acrimony has been imported into this controversy amongst the leaders, while the rank and file are left without a clear lead. It is up to the wise men that gather at Calcutta next month to put an end to this position of stalemate and agree upon a common plan of action calculated to hasten the advent of freedom.

The Flowers of the Skies

BY 'ANANDA KANDA'

The stars that twinkle in the skies—
 Whence do they come when daylight dies?
 Like *Parijata* blooms in dawn
 Strewn upon our lovely lawn,
 These stars are strewn amid the skies
 When evening's tinted glories rise;
 All strewn there now in radiant bloom,—
 But tell me, mother mine, by whom?
 "The home of Gods is there above,"
 You gave me once these words of love!
 The *Parijata* tree in bloom
 Before their home,—does it illumine
 Heaven's lawn with blossoms shed around?
 I know,—these blooms as stars are found!
 Blooming, blooming, night by night
 They make me glow with sweet delight!
 But see! our *Parijata* here
 Puts forth its blooms that, frail and sere,
 Will soon be gone; yet day by day
 No skiey blooms will fade away
 But bloom and bloom so beautiful,
 Light-laden and with splendour full!
 Make me grow soon! Let me rise
 To bring the blossoms, reach the skies!
 Make me grow soon that I may
 Go and gather day by day
 The starry blossoms; I will make
 A wreath of them for your dear sake,
 And throw it round you and in glee
 Your heavenly beauty fondly see.

Translated from KANNADA by

V. K. GOKAK.

In Ecstasy

BY V. V. CHINTAMANI

I crushed the *Champak* at her cheeks,
And drank the honey at her lips,
In sumptuous epicurean freaks
I danced like bees on jasmine tips.

Intoxicated of my feast
I lay entranced upon her lap;
Nor ever knew I in the least
That heaven thus would men enwrap!

She smiled like lightning in the clouds,
She wept like dew at break of day,
And with her lace-wrought silken shrouds
Wrapped me transported as I lay.



Dasu Trivikrama Rao

(Indian Delegate to the World Youth Congress, 1928)

War Clouds in Europe

BY D. TRIVIKRAMA RAO

In spite of the Kellogg Peace Pact and the League of Nations, the trend of events in recent European diplomatic history points to a grave danger that would involve European and Asiatic countries in a colossal conflict, with war-fronts extending from the Seine to the Hoangho or Yangtsekiang in an unbroken line. From the great European war of 1914-18 have emerged new orders of political society and the war-time principles of administration have found a permanent place in the methods of European Governments. In fact, apart from the evolutionary changes that have taken place in Germany, France and England, the rise into prominence of Fascism in Italy and Bolshevism in Russia has introduced new economic machinery upsetting the old standards of living and old outlook on life. These phenomena in their turn have produced a reaction in the traditionally conservative Governments of the elderly European states who, notwithstanding their centuries-old experience, prefer to view the new movements with distrust and are attempting to combat the new political forces with every available weapon, intellectual and physical. In short, England is ranging all her forces against Russia, and France is mobilising all her resources against Italy, and from what follows the danger spots of future European war can be easily looked for in the movements of this quartette.

ANTI-RUSSIAN POLICY

It is an open fact, proudly asserted by British diplomats, that there is an active hostility between the British and Soviet Governments and that no stone would be left unturned to bring the Bolsheviks and their Government to a normal state of equilibrium. In this game of open enmity with the principles and methods of the Soviet Government, the

British Foreign office had taken all the necessary measures to intensify its hatred by erecting a bloc of anti-Russian states. The Baldwin administration with Sir Austen Chamberlain as the Foreign Secretary has initiated a system of secret diplomacy by which "regional understandings" were concluded with different states of Europe, the first of which is the famous "Treaty of Locarno" in 1925. It has become the seed bed of the coming European conflict, and set an end to the good work that was done by the Macdonald Ministry during its spell of office. The spirit of International good-will and the regime of open diplomacy inaugurated by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald culminating in the agreement on Reparations between Germany and the Allies, the Treaty with the Soviet Government and the acceptance of the true principles of Arbitration—Security and Disarmament—have now received the death blow and set in motion the evil forces of suspicion, distrust and fear. The 'Spirit of Locarno' to which the world had been treated *ad nauseam* was the reverse of what it had been represented to be and the treaty was only the first in the chain of the complicated system of multi-lateral treaties which, instead of preserving the security of the states, may at any time release forces of a powerful and evil nature, enveloping the world in a dire and gigantic struggle. "There is a widespread conviction" said the well-informed Constantinople correspondent of the *London Times* "that the published terms of the agreement do not tell the whole story and that there are secret clauses of a less anæmic character" and the result of Locarno was the conclusion of a new treaty between Russia and Turkey of a mutually defensive character, thus creating a set-off to the palpable move of isolating Russia. It will be interesting, however, to note in this connection that it has been the historic policy of Great Britain to oppose, to isolate and finally to defeat, any military power that seemed likely to secure military predominance on the continent. In any case, she always effectuates a new Balance of Power whenever new factors present themselves in the scales.

AGGRESSIVE ITALY

The League of Nations, the unhappy child of President Wilson adopted by the European Powers, commands no allegiance or affection from its members. "Geneva" said *The Times* describing a meeting of the League of Nations, "the home of an institution designed to prevent war, was suddenly transformed into the scene of the crudest manifestations of those very intrigues that drive desperate nations into the blind arbitrament of war. The depths of national rivalries, suspicions and jealousies were revealed in full measure. The spectacle, revolutionary as it is, has at least been instructive." And as to the Treaty of Locarno and the spirit in which it was viewed by Italy, there was no mistake. It was referred to as an expression of social democratic imbecility and that Geneva could not hasten or retard pre-ordained wars. "Italy" said the *Tevere*, the premier Fascist Journal, "has long abandoned all Utopian ideas of peace. Peace can only result from a balance of warring forces. Thanks to Fascism, Europe has now laid aside the Puritanical mask and becomes again a camp of the rivalries and ambitions of warring civilisations." This was followed up by a speech by Signor Mussolini who said, "The spirit of Locarno has evaporated. Everybody is arming. Italy must arm. Italy must be able to mobilise 5,000,000 men and to arm them, and their air-force must be so numerous that the surface of their wings must obscure the sun over their land."

With such definitive tendencies towards war, Italy has formed new alliances in the Balkans and with Spain which augur ill for the continuation of peace in Europe. Directed against the influence of France in Eastern Europe and against French nationals in South-Eastern France, a treaty of arbitration and friendship with Rumania was signed by Italy engaging the two countries to support each other for the maintenance of international order, which was later succeeded by the visit of the Duke of Spoleto and Marshal Bandooglio to convey the assurances of friendship of the Italian Royal House to Rumania. A further attempt in the

same direction to range Bulgaria also on the side of Italy was made without any tangible results, and with such treaties of a militant and aggressive character, *international order* is proposed to be maintained !

ITALY vs. FRANCE.

Two incidents of a memorable character but isolated in the history of any nation, corresponding in many particulars to the murder of the Archduke at Serajevo in 1914, have stirred the embers of Italo-French antagonism and promise to be the forerunners of the future European struggle. Two years ago on the 15th September, an Italian, Gino Lucetti, attempted to assassinate Mussolini. It appeared that the would-be assassin was in France a short time previously and the Italian Press alleged that the incident was the result of French anti-Fascist propaganda. Signor Mussolini, a few days after the attempt, is reported to have said, "An end must be put to certain culpable tolerance on the other side of the Frontier if it is really desired to maintain friendship with the Italian people. We are ready for all the battles and all the victories." Though eventually Italy regretted her indiscreet utterances and apologised to France, her sense of wounded pride could not be subdued and a prominent Government Journal remarked that "Italy shall never forget this humiliation and she shall see at the next 1914."

A year later at Bologna, another attempt was made at the Fascist Dictator by a boy named Zambori, and at Ventimiglia, the Frontier station, scenes of a violent and bloody nature were witnessed. Hostile demonstrations resulting in serious accidents took place, and had the progress of the disturbance not been checked in time, war between France and Italy would have been unavoidable. French railwaymen who were at the Frontier station were relentlessly molested by the Fascisti and within a short time little armed bands of Italian militia appeared on the Frontier. It was stated that they were going to invade France, but at 9 p.m. a special emissary arrived from Rome who

disbanded the Fascist forces and stopped what would have been a *casus belli*.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS

Beneath these fulminations of Italian sentiments lies a deeply-laid scheme of military preparation similar to that of France—a threat to the security of Europe. The Great garrisons of Italy are within eighty miles of the Frontier, and the distance which separates them is every day getting more and more packed with men, works and ways of access to the French Riviera, and the Italian squadron at Port Mamice jeopardises Nice and Southern France. The construction of military roads, the establishment of an aerodrome at Albenga, the formation of an eleventh army corps with its base at Alessandria, are the nearest indices to the divergent feelings of friendship between France and Italy, and confirmation is lent to the apprehension by the recent military and naval movements of France which, amongst other changes, has regrouped the torpedo boat patrols and submarines and stationed a powerful army corps including the famous Chasseurs Alpins or "Blue devils" equipped with mountain batteries, tanks, gas and flame-throwing apparatus.

Supplemental to the above, the French Chamber of Deputies significantly adopted in the course of four days a measure for the conscription, in the event of war, of every man, woman and child in the country and in the French-African dominions as well. Its purpose, as it was expressed at the time, was to enable the Government to mobilise for war purposes not only individuals but organisations of every kind, including Trades Unions. This amazing measure was rushed through the Chamber almost without discussion, and with these events before one, can any one deny the possibilities of an early war?

EASTERN EUROPE

The material preparations for war are more or less complete in the two important Latin countries of Southern

Europe, and it is interesting to know of Eastern Europe where the smaller nationalities of the Balkans, the offspring of the Versailles Treaty, are utilised by the Big Powers as pawns on the military chess-board. The peace of Europe rests on the Balance of Power in the Balkans, and any the least attempt to disturb the subtle and sensitive framework of international good-will in that area recoils with a vengeance, setting in conflagration the whole of Europe and her dependencies in the Old and New Hemispheres. The secret Anglo-Polish Entente, the promise of Italian help to Poland to annex Bessarabia, the determination of Great Britain to strengthen the position of border states which have erected a defensive frontier and an offensive front against Russia, throw into relief the tense conditions under which foreign diplomacy has to play its part in East Europe and the ease with which the rankling dissensions of the smaller states might give rise to misunderstandings and mutual warfare. International politics are more and more dominated by the Anglo-Russian tension and England is trying to combine the states on the Western frontiers of Russia against the Soviet. The nucleus of the anti-Bolshevik alliance is formed by a secret treaty between England and Italy, and the states that are proposed to be incorporated in it are Finland, Esthonia, Lithuania, Lettonia, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary. It is anticipated that the combination will be resisted by an alliance of Germany and Russia joined by Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, Turkey, Afghanistan and Persia. At the same time, Russia is re-organising her military and economic forces and availing herself of the most up-to-date technical advice and intelligence to adequately take part either in the defensive war or in the International Revolution that she hopes to bring about.

THE FUTURE

It is difficult to forecast the actual date of the next war, but it is certain that a great war far superseding that of 1914 in intensity and vigour and in the nature of alliance

will take place, and allowing that the course of foreign relationship is liable to change, we can visualise the combinations that are in process of formation.

1. The combination of Italy, Hungary, Spain, Albania, with the probable arrival of Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania. This group has the cordial support of Great Britain.

2. In spite of the controversy over the Vilna question between Lithuania and Poland, Britain is encouraging the formation into a distinct group of the border states of Finland, Esthonia, Lithuania, Poland and Russia.

3. France and the Little Entente of Rumania, Czecho-slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia.

4. The Soviet Union, Turkey, Afghanistan and Persia.

In a prospective grouping of the European states, the position of Germany is uncertain. Since the last war, she has been shrewdly adjusting her affairs and prefers to follow a realistic policy gaining her own ends rather than range herself on one side or the other. The neutrality of the Scandinavian and Dutch nations was a source of gain to them in the Great War, which Germany appreciates more than, others. Japan, as she did in 1914, would, like the proverbial statesman, watch the struggle and proclaim herself on the winning side, should it enable her to extend her ambitions in the Pacific or China sea, while China, if absolved from her internal disturbances, is bound to set her household in order and improve it instead of participating in a futile conflict. In any case, her sympathies would align themselves with those of her neighbours, the Soviet Republics of Central and Northern Asia. As to the part which dependencies like India play in consequence of their being Imperial appendices, one cannot prophesy with certainty the extent of her support to Great Britain, save that the continued disregard of Great Britain of her promises and pledges has considerably lessened any chance of successful co-operation in that direction.

Consecration

BY KANAKADASA ¹

My God! this body and this life is thine
And all the joy or sorrow that is mine.
This love to hear the murmurs of a bard,
This love to hear the Vedas, all is thine;
This lingering look on maidens that are starred
With eyes of supreme loveliness, is thine.
This body that doth love to lie all steeped
In the sweet mist of perfume, that is thine;
This tongue that hath with greed at rich food leaped,—
This taste for that taste,—that is also thine.
This taste of passions fallen in the net
Of Maya's dreams like these, 'tis also thine;—
Are ever men free though they sit and fret,
And not Thou, Oh my Lord! when all is thine.

Translated from KANNADA by

V. K. GOKAK.

¹ A Kannada Vaishnava poet and philosopher of *Bedar* caste who lived in the 16th century.

CURIOS

Nut-cracker : *Closed and Open*



(Photo by Sarma Bros.)

Another Nut-cracker : *Closed and Open*



(Photo by Sarma Bros.)

The Heart of The Poor Cattle-Keeper

BY OSWALD COULDREY

My bungalow stood among the maizefields on the municipal boundary, and all about me, when I was at home, the little neatherds followed their idyllic trade, 'fleeting the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age.' They played on bamboo pipes, after the fashion of the neatherds of Theocritus, or like the god Krishna, himself a neatherd, whom they worshipped. Sometimes they drummed less delicate music, with longer bamboo instruments, upon the persons of the sacred kine; a variation which, while doubtless affording needed guidance to the kine, served artistically to link those airier passages of the symphony with a workaday world.

It is the fashion nowadays (if I may glance for a moment beyond our immediate theme) to pretend impatience of traditional motives in art and letters; and perhaps it is not unreasonable in us to require that art should alter even as life too swiftly alters; but of life itself it can still be said, and perhaps more truly now than ever, that never is it more delightful than when it recaptures for us one or another of the forgotten themes, which the poets and painters of the past found most delightful. The simple world of the neatherd appealed to my imagination largely, no doubt, in its own right, as it appealed once to Theocritus and the sacred singer of the Bhagavata; but it was the authority of their old consecration that made it irresistible. The visible (and audible) neighbourhood of this remote bucolic world, so poor and rude, and yet so dignified, so entirely innocent of bookish learning, and yet so incredibly true to the delicate conventions of poetry and scholarship, was a perpetual pleasure to me in those days.

The music of the pipes, by which it oftenest and most sweetly spoke, was never so insistent as to become wearisome. Like the birdsong which it resembled also in pitch and slenderness and artless impulse, it was fullest and most frequent in the Spring; partly to celebrate the gladness of the time (for even in the tropics men welcome the Spring) and partly because at the end of January the Lumbadi gypsies brought fresh supplies of pipes from the bamboo forests of the hills. In the barren heats of May and June the music languished, and the July rains drowned it altogether, but it revived prettily to greet the occasional sunny days of August and welcomed the final return of the sunshine with an almost vernal concert. The cool weather at the ends of the year, which the European prefers to all the other seasons, passed unhonoured of the neatherds. In a double sense, no doubt, it 'left them cold' for the scantiness of their garniture would not have shamed the golden age. They sometimes wore a cotton cloak against the winter; otherwise a big white turban with sash-ends that hung down behind, a strip of cloth hardly bigger than a statue's fig-leaf, a bamboo staff, a bamboo pipe, and in the rainy season a large palmyra-leaf umbrella shaped like a toadstool, were a neatherd's whole equipment. They ate palmyra-nuts and custard-apples and other wild fruits, but one seldom saw them lunching from a bowl in the open, like the older field-workers.

One other simple property of theirs I remember, not a generality but a particular piece, which I nearly always noticed with delight, familiar though it was. It seemed to bring us nearer together than anything else, for though it belonged, in use and form, to them and the idyll as intimately and almost as prettily as the pipes themselves, it also belonged, in a material sense, to me. Apparently the board of a game like noughts and crosses, but triangular in plan and far more complicated, ('goats and tigers,' I believe, was its proper designation) it was as wonderful to me as one of those curious chess-boards recently found by the archæologists in the labyrinth of Minos. My personal claim upon it arose from the fact that it was engraved upon the slant coping of my

paddock-wall, like a magical diagram, or the checquer frame of a horoscope.

Bhulokam, when I noticed him first, was the most noticeable of my small bucolic neighbours. He must have been then about ten years old. He belonged to a Mala village of mud and palm-thatch that stood under the floodbank of the river about half a mile away, decently screened from the main road, by an orchard of custard-apple trees. He looked much too refined to have come out of so squalid a cluster of hovels. He had a curiously wise and rather beautiful face, in which I found a distinct resemblance to that of a Brahmin student of mine whom I will call Nagabushanam, and who was the first of my scholars to exhibit the shy but authentic marks of poetic endowment. I used often to amuse myself by finding such resemblances in Indian faces. Usually the reference was to somebody once personally or otherwise familiar to me in Europe. The greater the difference in the status of the persons thus compared, the more amused was I at the resemblance, for the subtle philosophic flavour of the game was then accentuated. The quest was the more often fortunate because the lower orders of Telingana, unlike those of the further South, are often not inferior to the better-class Hindus in refinement of feature. One of my gardeners, a Golla, had a face like Julius Cæsar, but handsomer; and my sweeper-woman, or scavenger, was quite ridiculously like an English lady of much local importance whom I knew at a respectful distance in my boyhood.

I often wonder how far and with what reason our personal reactions are governed by such resemblances. I always regarded that sweeper-woman with a certain awe. So also Bhulokam's likeness to the Brahmin poet suggested the notion that our little neatherd was born under a poetic star, and had music, or the soul of music, in his soul. His love and mastery of the rustic pipe, in which he easily excelled all his companions, lent a reasonable colour to this fancy. So also, but less definitely, did something in the very fashion of his little naked body, which was almost painfully meagre, but

suggested like a sketch, a rare shapeliness and poise, and favoured languid, graceful attitudes, like the statues of Praxiteles. These vague indications were all that was forthcoming on either side of the question at the time, for Bhulokam was a shy little boy in those days, and would hardly so much as smile at me.

After a while my little Thyrsis went away, and what became of him in the years that followed I never knew. He must have been hired to a distant farmer, for I rode far afield and often in those days and never saw him. I got appreciably less 'music for noting' after his departure, and for a time I missed his pensive little figure along the field-road that skirted my paddock-wall on the west, or about the turfy banks of the old canal, swelling like the scarp of a Roman earthwork, which served me for a moat toward the east, or amid the bosky ruins of the nineteenth-century sugar-factory at the head of it; ruins which had already acquired something of the dignity of a mediæval relic, thanks partly to the figures of the grazing cattle, now ruled by other staves.

I had almost forgotten the boy's existence, when one day I happened to notice what I took for a strange, rather graceful youth at the tail of a train of labouring ploughs. As I rode by he looked up, and with some difficulty I recognised my lost neatherd. He had become nearly black (the usual colour of his caste) from toiling in the open, and the look of the poetic Brahmin was now hardly traceable. His frame, though still gaunter than youth should be at the flower, was supple and sinewy, and he steered his wooden plough, and controlled his yoke of oxen, with skill and assurance and a touch of pride.

The team of ploughs belonged to a near neighbour of mine, a prosperous ryot of the Kamma caste named Bobu Seshayya, with whom Bhulokam now took service, and for all I know he serves him still. Old Bobu (whom in my secret heart I nicknamed 'Bobus or Bubus'¹

¹ Dative and ablative, *Bobus* or *Bubus*, 'to or for, by, with, or from oxen,' (From the declension of the noun *Bos* (an ox) in the Latin Grammar).

owned more and better oxen than anyone else I knew, great white muscular beasts of the Nellore breed, and as many ponderous buffaloes. These animals were pastured on the broad plain between the floodbank and the river, where the grass remained succulent long after the rains. Bhulokam presently forsook the plough and reverted to his boyish employment, assuming the special care of Bobu's buffaloes. I was fond of riding and walking on the Lanka (Naga Lanka, Snake Island, as the riverside pasture was for some reason called) and I soon began to see him as often as of old.

The Indian rustic, in another sense than Shakespeare's nightingale, 'stops his pipe in growth of riper days,' and I began to fear that Bhulokam's musical propensity had faded, like intimations of immortality, into the light of common day. With it, apparently, went my last excuse for fancying him a kind of mute, inglorious Milton. But Bhulokam proved to have been truer to the star that rose with him than I to the instinct of my own fancy. He had found, I found, a delightfully romantic, I should rather say an appropriately classic substitute for the bucolic reed of his childhood. The story requires me to explain its nature somewhat exactly.

It was the custom for the various guilds and castes of the neighbourhood to send choirs of dancers to the Dowleishwaram car-festival, which was held every year on a day in February about two miles down the river. These choirs danced in the village street after nightfall, each choir forming a ring about a lamp with many branches, like a burning bush of brass, and singing in response to their choir-master or coryphaeus, whose exacting business it was, not only to lead and to inflame the dance and song, but to keep alive the many fiery tongues of the lamp as well. How alike throughout, beneath its manifold variety, was the ancient world, and how true to that likeness India remains to-day! Just so used each of the Athenian tribes, twenty-five centuries ago, to send a dithyrambic dancing-choir to the Dionysian festival, which meant no more to them, perhaps, than the feast of the god Narasimham, who dwelt in the temple on the Dowleishwaram promontory, did to us.

Now at the time of which I write, and probably long before, one of the said choirs came from the dingy Mala village where Bhulokam lived. I used to hear the clamour of their choir-practice through the screen of custard-apple trees as I came home along the road at night. In one respect, as far as I know, the custom of our festival differed from the Athenian, that with us there was no formal competition between the dancing-choirs. Otherwise that of the poor Malas would have stood a sorry chance in the matter of equipment (which is said to have been a determining factor even in Periclean Athens) against most of the others. The orchestral lamp of the smiths of Dowleishwaram, for instance, was glorious with parrots of brass and branching tracery, and twinkled with points of light like a little universe, while the choristers themselves were nearly as splendid in their golden ornaments and muslin tunics of purple and crimson; whereas the Malas danced naked to the waist, and their candelabrum was a sorry skeleton of scrap-iron. But in actual dance and song the poor outcasts were by no means out of the running. Certainly, in the year of which I write, they yielded to none as regards the grace, the tunefulness, and the transfiguring fervour of their youthful coryphaeus, who proved to be no other than Bhulokam himself.

Here let me utter a reflection, in case this true tale should cause me to be accused of unduly idealizing the Indian peasant. We of the West seldom realize what a wealth of culture and refinement his ancient civilization has to bestow, and how widely and with what a pleasant cunning it bestows the same. These choric dances are performed by the villagers themselves in every village. In addition to the music and the measure, the dancers have to memorize and rehearse the long ballads which pertain to them, and which are based upon the sacred fables of the race. Thus the leisure of the rustic, like the Greek word for leisure, becomes a pleasant school. The dance furnishes him, not only with amusement, but with a cultural exercise and 'secondary' education both in 'music' (in the full Hellenic sense) and gymnastic, against which our democratic modernity, with all

its parade of science and system, has astonishingly little to show.

About the time when Bhulokam took service with him, old Bobu built a new stable for his buffaloes in the middle of the Lanka, and Bhulokam was put in charge of it. It was less than half a mile west of my house and directly in the line between me and the river, and I took to visiting it often in the course of my morning saunters. As a goal for idler mornings it came to rank second only in my affection to the well-head in a certain garden, where I liked to watch the oxen drawing fragrant water, and to hobnob with other morning saunterers. Like the trees of the garden, the great shed afforded a welcome shelter from the waxing sun if I happened to be late in getting abroad. It was not quite always accessible, I remember, for about once a week the ground before it used to be covered thick with precious cakes of buffalo-dung, laid out in orderly rows to dry in the sun for fuel. I was not realist enough to stomach the rude poetry of this arrangement on the spot, but otherwise I found the rustic dignity of the place (which was always kept scrupulously clean within) and its difference from a College lecture-room, such as claimed my working hours, as refreshing to the spirit as its shadow to the body. It was merely a great roof on pillars, for the jagged eaves were so close to the ground as to make walls unnecessary; but though built only of palm-timber and palm-thatch it was very substantial. The river washed over the Lanka as far as the floodbank two or three times in every rainy season, but the buffalo-pandal stood unremoved throughout the rest of my time, and may even be there still. I remember with what delight I first inspected its furniture, which was as grandly rustic as its architecture. The chief items were two solid and large teakwood chests, and a sleeping-shelf with a sagging leather mattress high up under the roof-wall, like an upper berth in a ship's cabin. The chests contained buffalo-bells and brazen pitchers, the bamboo yoke on which Bhulokam carried his milk-pots daily to the town, and other pastoral objects.

The human interest of the buffalo-stable was less dis-

tinted than that of the garden well-head, whither people of every caste, Brahmins included, would stroll out for air from neighbouring houses, or turn aside for a rest from the trunk road adjoining. Brahmins will sometimes visit a cow-shed as a religious duty. There was a cow-shed on the canal near my house, and I used sometimes to see the Sanskrit pundit of the College lurking there in the early morning. The venerable man, who was always attired on these occasions with matutinal and Vedic simplicity, would explain with some embarrassment that he had come so far from the town to fetch the family milk, not deigning to admit the sacramental import of his pilgrimage to such as I. But a buffalo-shed has no such divinity, or I was alone in discovering it. The only persons usually to be seen at the pandal were Bhulokam himself and his staff of some half-a-dozen naked urchins like his earlier self. One of these was Janaki Ramayya, Bobu's own little Benjamin, a sturdy and richly-coloured youngster of twelve for whom, as an educationist, I had a sneaking regard because he had persistently and victoriously refused to exchange the freedom of the pastures for the clothes and captivity of the local High School. Perhaps Janaki respected my remoteness in the same way, for we were very good friends. I still have a rude little brass Lakshmi-lamp which he brought back as a present for me when the family went on a pilgrimage to Tirupati.

It was only now that Bhulokam himself became anything more to me than a figure in a picture and a tune upon a pipe; more than a name, I was about to say, but hitherto I had not even heard his name. It is a curious name, signifying the Earth-region, as distinguished from the various upper and nether regions of the Hindu cosmography. Though apparently not uncommon among the neatherds, for I knew another who bore it, and also a feminine modification of it which I shall mention presently, it is not found in superior circles, and its employment seems on the face of it rather foreign to the spiritualistic sentiment of Hinduism. Possibly, like other names among the Indian poor, it was given in humility, to placate the envy of the gods, but to me it suggested a conge-

nial and refreshing sense of the uses of this vale of tears, or else an equally pleasant piety towards our common Mother. Its feminine form, Bhuloki, was borne by Bhulokam's little sister, who was introduced to me one morning at the cattle-shed. She was a perfect little figure of a woman, in feature very like Bhulokam as I knew him first, and hardly bigger. She was clad like a grown woman, and her shabby clothes proclaimed her poverty as her brother's nakedness had never done, but in a pencil-drawing of her, which I still have in an old sketch-book, and which of course has no indications of scale or colour or texture, she might pass, with her draperies and her bangles, her ear-rings and her nose-ring, for an uncrowned Queen of Sheba.

Having described at length his companions, his employments, and surroundings, I find surprisingly little left to say about my hero himself. He was always cheerful, but neither talkative nor mischievous. No pranks of his made themes, like Janaki's, for boorish banter and anecdotes among his fellows, and our slender association itself was for the most part uneventful. He remained, indeed, a little enigmatic in spite of comparative familiarity. His distinction was that he never altogether shed the distinction, with which my fancy had playfully clothed his childish nakedness. That this result was not entirely due to his natural reserve my story (for which the reader is doubtless by this time fully prepared) may help to suggest.

For one day an incident happened, momentous only in that humble uneventfulness, which nevertheless told me more of him than many confidences and many more exciting adventures might have done. It seemed to me to epitomize, while it developed, alike the idyll of Bhulokam and my own manner of reading it, which was at the same time sentimental and sceptical, so that I feel that I fared better than I deserved.

For an early walk I usually wore only a shirt and 'shorts'; and as I always carried a small sketch-book and other oddments, my pockets were sometimes over-stuffed.

One morning, after sitting on the teakwood chest in the buffalo-shed for a chat on my way to the river, I accidentally pulled out and left behind me a five-rupee note, and Bhulokam found it lying on the lid.

What emotions, and what deliberations, were excited in the mind of the poor cattle-keeper at the sight of this windfall (which meant nearly as much to him as a month's wages) I do not know, nor for what reasons he finally thought it wisest to act as he did. Some will suppose a lack of enterprize, or a shadowy fear of the law, or a want of faith in the generosity of the gods, when I relate that he almost at once brought it after me, where I stood on the brink of the river-cliff, watching the sails and the swallows. I, whose note it was, preferred and still prefer to regard his action, in the spirit of the idyll, as an example of the famous integrity of the Golden Age, and of the operation of that primæval Justice which lingered longest, as Virgil declares, in the pastoral country-side.

Wishing to do what I could, even artificially, to bolster up so convenient a survival, I told Bhulokam, on the spur of the moment, to keep the note for himself. He wove it into his waistcloth with a smile of thankful surprise, and I sought my house with a pleasing sense of the natural nobility of man, and of my own readiness to recognise and encourage it.

But the economic West is incurably afraid of 'spoiling' people, and I had not gone far before I began to regret my part (not his) of this magnanimous transaction. I began to fear that I had defeated my own end, and introduced into the state of innocence an element of corruption rather than of conservation. I saw visions of my poetic neatherd haunting the toddy-shops, or caught in the toils of dancing girls, or acquiring the habit of hard gambling at cock-fights and wrestling-matches.

As the days went by and Bhulokam's usual modesty of demeanour was not visibly impaired or altered, I began slowly to be reassured. But my fears were not finally set at rest, nor my repentance turned again with shame upon

itself, till nearly a month later, when the Dowleishwaram car festival happened to recur.

The ponderous progress of the car, which formed the main pageant of the festival, was over at last, and I was walking in the dusk to see the stalls and the dancing-choirs. When I came to the dancing-place of the Malas I thought for one ominous moment that they had changed their coryphaeus, for I quite failed to recognize my friend of the pastures in the resplendent person who served the wicks, and sustained the measure and the chant, with even more than Bhulokam's wonted poise and fire. He was arrayed in a tunic of crimson muslin every whit as fine as the purple of the smiths. Neatly sewn upon it a downward row or chain of silver-seeming tassels of a very delicate design, such as even the smiths had surely never seen before, tinkled and glittered, like Urim and Thummim, on the bosom of the young mystagogue. It was clearly the Corybantic ephod of his dreams—and it would at least have cost him all my five rupees.

Then I understood better the heart of the poor cattle-keeper.

Be Mine, Dearest

BY M. T. PATWARDHAN

Be mine, dearest, once and for ever.
Must I repeat this again !
Must I pray over and over and count
The beads again !
There are tears in my eyes, but the smile is on your lips.
Be fair, dear one.
Many are the days that have been
With their sunsets ; and their memories of long ago
And the months that have passed away,
But still is the flower of my devotion fresh and luring,
Come away, dearest : we will seek the flowers
In the wilds ; and we will speak the language of the flowers.
You say I am poor : but then you are my queen,
Grant me this favour, the right of a subject, Oh ! queen.

I dreamt I sat in a chariot and rushed across the firmament
To conquer realms unknown ; to traverse worlds
That were not mine : to win you—to see you smile ;
Make my dreams come true, dearest.
Thus often do my fancies fly
Oh, love ! what is my life
Without you ?
Come, dearest,
Here have I brought the garland
And the time is coming
When you will be mine ;
Come O ! love and
Be mine. . . .

Translated from MARATHI by

R. L. RAU.

Modern Marathi Literature: The Beginnings

BY R. L. RAU

Four years after the last of the Peshwas had said his farewell to Poona and to Maharashtra, the Native Education Society was founded in Bombay, under the auspices of the Government of Bombay. The objects of this Society were, "to encourage the study and pursuit of English and the Vernacular among the natives; the establishing of schools, training of teachers, the preparation of suitable text-books for use in schools, and the starting of a press." The Society began its work in a very earnest way indeed, and a Government Depot for the sale of publications was soon organised as well. The Society secured the co-operation of many of the Native Pandits, and was responsible for the many valuable translations from the old Sanskrit Texts into the vernaculars.

The names of two Englishmen stand out prominently in the history of the growth of Marathi literature. Captain Molesworth, and Major T. Candy were largely responsible for the first authorised edition of a Dictionary of the Marathi language. Simultaneously with the work of publication being carried on in this direction, the old Sanskrit *Pathasala*, at the "Vishram Bagh Palace" in Poona was re-organised, the Poona College was started, and the Elphinstone Institute was established in Bombay. The result was that within a reasonable period, there were many of the old Pandits who came to possess a workable knowledge of English. The year 1842 saw the establishment of the New Education Board, of which Sir Erskine Perry became the Chairman. His minute prepared in the year 1849 throws a valuable side-light on the difficulties in the way of the progress of education in the country. We

note too that a sum of 1,25,000 Rupees was spent by Government between the years 1822 to 1849, for the spread of education in the country. It must be said to the credit of the Government that the major portion of this somewhat large sum was spent towards the publication of books in Marathi, as is seen from the list of the books we have on hand which were published at that time. The following gentlemen were among the prominent members of the Board. Bal Gangadhar Shastri Jambhekar, Mahadev Shastri Kolhatkar, Krishna Shastri Chiplonkar, Shree Krishna Shastri Talekar, Bhaskar Damodar Palande, Sadashiv Kashinath Chattri, Professor Keropunt Chattri, Parashram Tatya Godbole and so on. These men and many others too, began to write in Marathi, and here we have the beginnings of Marathi prose, for the first time in Maharashtra. Then came the Grammar of the Marathi language in natural sequence, published by Dadoba Pandurang.

Such then, in brief, was the history of the beginnings of Modern Marathi Literature and it is interesting to observe that this active interest in the study of the native language and the attempts to bring into being a Literature of the land, was largely due to the initiative and sympathy of the English officers and administrators of the country.

In the year 1866, the Government of Bombay ordered a list of its publications in Sanskrit and in Marathi. Dr. Kielhorn, the famous Orientalist, was given the work of the preparation of the list in Sanskrit, and Justice Ranade, that of the Marathi publications. This list, as corrected and amended up to the year 1864, is a very comprehensive and instructive one; and contains in addition to the lists mentioned above a critical review of the educational progress of the period by Justice Ranade. It will not be out of place to mention a few details from this official publication.

We note that until the year under consideration, i.e., 1864, there were in all 661 publications, 428 of which were in prose and the remaining 233 either in verse or dramas.

Justice Ranade divided the prose publications into the following four divisions. (1) Books suitable for school use (2) for the general reading public (3) books of a scientific nature, and (4) books dealing with law. 98 books had been published which belonged to the first division, which dealt with history, geography, grammar. These were mostly translations prepared and graded according to the needs of the Department of Education. Major Candy was a prolific writer and one notes with interest that most of the books for school use had been prepared by him. The second division was further sub-divided into the following nine sub-divisions (1) History (2) Fiction (3) Essays on Morals (4) Biography (5) Travel (6) The Bakhars or diaries, (7) Philosophy (8) Political literature (9) Newspapers and monthlies.

Under History came the translation into Marathi of the works of the Elphinstone, Murray, Grant Duff and "an account of England" by Bal Gangadhar Shastri.

39 books were published under the head "fiction." These were mostly translations of ancient Sanscrit stories of a very coarse character; but still they seem to have been extremely popular. There were 15 more books which were translations from English. The very popular story of the "Arabian Nights" is one such.

Under the sub-division "Essays" two books were published the "*Vidura Neeti*" and "*Narada Neeti*."

Under the sub-division "Biography" were published the lives of Columbus, Captain Cook, Khusr, Nana Phadnavis, Socrates and that of Catherine, Queen of Russia. All these biographies were either translations or curious attempts at a newly-discovered craft in writing.

Thus we have under the several headings the details of the various publications. The details may not interest the general reader, so we pass on. The second great division which Mr. Ranade embodied in his report was verse; of the 223 publications mentioned above, most were the revised songs or poems of the great Saints and Poets of Maharashtra, like Tukaram, Ramdas and Ekanath. The

rest were complete and wholesale translations of Sanskrit dramas and verses.

This was in brief an attempt to classify the vernacular literature of the period. No attempt seems to have been made in later years towards a further system of classification. But we have it on reliable authority that from 1868 to 1896, i.e., within a period of 28 years, the number of Marathi publications was 1686, and from 1897 to 1908 the number rose to 1724. We have, too, on the authority of the Curator Mr. Agashe, that up to the year 1909, the number of publications in Marathi was a little over 4000. But later on, as the knowledge of English spread and the Universities of the West and its publishers began to pour forth their publications; with the growth and development of the Universities in India; with the introduction of Marathi in the school curriculum, and then with the passion for the National genius to express itself, the modern literature of Maharashtra grew. It passed out of its infancy and suddenly announced its existence and mission all over the country. The increased use of machinery and modern facilities for printing added not a little to the revolution, and from the beginning of the 20th century, from the year of the death of the very same Justice Ranade, we have the modern Marathi literature as such. What its tendencies were, and how far it reflected the National genius we shall examine in the coming pages.

From the dry-as-dust sort of a beginning which has been sketched out here, we note its steady growth and then its mighty development as the literature of a very fine, intellectual, virile, race of men and women. We will endeavour to note too, what causes contributed to its growth and the men and women who guided it, and then finally, its tendencies.

Acknowledgments :—

The 'Manoranjan' Bombay
'Occasional Essays' by Mr. N. C. Kelkar.

Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar: A Sketch

BY 'HIRAM'

We are fortunate in having an admirable lesson in Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar. Times may change, persons of significance may pass through crises of experience, and may know thorough-transforming vicissitudes of opinion, but Sivaswamy Aiyar stands there, and has stood, supremely sensible, like a vessel with unshakable ballast. In any society, in any land, he would shine, though not with stupendous brilliance, at least with wholesome brightness. It is the fault of the many that they are content to remain poorly average, and nothing more than badly mediocre, before outstanding eminences. The mind of multitudes lies low; and hence they turn their gaze upward to dash, to exhibitions of energy and power, to gifts for sensation-making. That is nothing new. History has elucidated the fact that crowds cease to admire, the moment they cease to be dazzled, pooh-poohed, whipped, outshone. But Sivaswamy Aiyar is a total disdainer of gestures, and for this he has had to pay a heavy penalty. For the tendency is too visible ever to underrate him.

Addison has spoken of a variety of minds, as different from one another as the several instruments of music. The drum, the trumpet, the violin, the flute, the lute, the cymbal, each has its own importance, but the best of them all is easily drowned in the relative noise of the worst. This is true of persons also. For, where among Sir V. Bhashyam Aiyangar, with his well-known genius for the law, Sir T. Muthuswamy Aiyar, the beau-ideal of a judge, with a tirelessly judicious conscience, Sir S. Subrahmanya Aiyar, who invariably was charged with intellectual electricity, Mr. P. R. Sundaram Aiyar, stentorian both of voice and

pleading, and massive in erudition, and Mr. V. Krishnaswamy Aiyar, with his reverberating sense and strokes, and his fine, infectious sensibilities,—where among them has Sivaswamy Aiyar ever stood a chance of being justly appraised, with his quiet accurate learning, rare unwearied elegance, and sense of faultless execution? He was outdone somewhat by such contemporaries; his figure, at any rate, rather seemed to shift into a background. But all along it has been impossible to overlook him, because, as we may gather from what he has performed elsewhere, as in his appreciations of his colleagues at the Bar, he appears to have possessed something precious in him, the endowment to perceive sympathetically their qualities of both head and heart. Could they now be called back to this life, we do not think that they would object to his pronounced judgments on themselves. Probably, in his portraits of them, each would only find the chief lineaments of his nature truly mirrored up, not a shade projected out of its proper place and perspective, not one feature lapsing, at his hands, into exaggeration or caricature. Rather they should all feel agreeably flattered to find themselves so charitably weighed, not without due allowances for their temporary, superficial defects, yet with no improper indulgence, which they themselves could not have approved. This is no small achievement, and to have been so discerningly capable of it bespeaks faculties which must be highly prized. It should be an ordinary thing, and as such it cannot be cavilled at, if you happen to estimate your opponents of a lifetime with something that is near to severity. They might have dealt you good blows, a good number of them below the belt. The pugnacious proclivity of an advocate, that is attended with the forgetting of both oneself and the laws of the combat, may bear characterising as too Indian, and few, as it is said, have yet learned to plead with any measure of detachment. The Indian counsel, warm by nature, and nervous by make, allows himself readily into identification with clients

and points at issue, so that he is too apt to be obsessed, and his vision becomes too clouded for anything like a fair fight. It needs gigantic control to rein in such temptation, as to shout down your learned friend on the other side, to suppress the true and to suggest the false, and if the occasion be propitious, to take both your friend and the presiding deity off their guard. Undoubtedly, it means principles, if you should never wish to stoop; and principles, not unoften, involve risks. Anyhow, one will have to be distinctly courageous to let oneself be swayed by handsome motives alone. On this ground, which remains honourable and supreme, though often losing, one cannot hesitate to say that Sivaswamy Aiyar has always been a fair fighter, *par excellence*. And that can be presumed to comprise manifold excellences.

First and foremost, Sivaswamy Aiyar is at once an industrious and fastidious scholar. By 'scholar' we mean its mediæval sense. He is a model of a learner, and it is *his* quality that he seldom persuades himself into believing that he has learned it all. This simple difference creates all the gulf that exists between him and other radiant figures. Like the best of students, whose motto is humility, in point of acquisition of learning—indeed, to be perpetually poor in spirit,—he willingly hypnotises himself into the faith that knowledge is not only vast, but boundless, and therefore it should be almost impossible to reach its shores. As an explorer, Sivaswamy Aiyar, we believe, would go on exploring till the very last day, and when judgment is delivering, he would modestly confess to much that he considers he has yet to explore. This is characteristic of him, above all other things. He is, as it were, a mariner sailing endlessly on an ocean of intellect, indefatigably all the while at the oar, and out of his fundamental notion that perfection must remain as far off as ever, he adheres, as to an article of religion, to the following lines of Tennyson:

"Yet all experience is an arch, wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

Learning is to Sivaswamy Aiyar what experience was to the immortal Greek. It is not only surprising to see him still work very hard, but it is so beneficial a lesson to us, especially in these days when a kind of heroism has usurped the throne of public recognition, and when verbal dithyrambic outbursts seem to have jostled hard, honest work out of any place in the sun.

One may be led far afield; nevertheless, an enlargement of this will be of service in illuminating a part at least of Sivaswamy Aiyar's nature and character. He is, as we have said, steady and steadfast. It is not that he is afraid of taking a step, or steps, forward; but he is instinctively distrustful of what may be called rapid strides. Like a distinguished Englishman, as a Conservative, he prefers to be content with pitfalls, with the topographical minutiae of which we are fully supplied; and by scruples of discretion, he is deterred from braving a jump forward in the uncharted dark. It was Mr. Lloyd George who once sought to outwit an audience by the following kind of wordy legerdemain. He said, "The world has gone at a giddy pace, covering the track of many centuries." One might be inclined to remain wholly impervious to this sort of not self-deception only, if indeed it can possibly be, but to the unconscionable desire of the magician from Wales to take in unthinking people. If the world did, according to the orator, go at a giddy pace, then it certainly turned almost everybody notoriously giddy, who was expected to preserve his wits, and the grand pilot at the wheel, Mr. Lloyd George, was not himself an exception. And one may frankly question if the way in which the track of centuries is alleged to have been covered, ever was in a progressive or in quite the opposite direction. This bubble of an assurance, which was blown so grandiloquently, has now been pricked, and the Welsh wizard, who used to make fools of peoples by conjuring up visions with words after the war, that is, when his term of usefulness was over, is now relegated somewhat to a precious limbo. Events have demolished Mr. Lloyd George's pretensions

as to super-accelerated achievement. Let this, however, be; the fact cannot be blinked that progress refuses to be forced into more than the snail's pace, and whoever advertises his having accomplished wonders with her will one day be exploded for his unveracity, if not charlatanry.

By either of these Sivaswamy Aiyar has staunchly declined to be tainted, and what we wish to point out is his remarkable inclination to feel sure of his whole ground before he ventures further. As it were, he seeks to profit also by the experiences of others. But that is not the world's way, and hence they challenge his wisdom that is piously built up of the wisdoms of others. Why, we may take a singularly pertinent case. That is the Satyagraha and the Non-co-operation movement, begun under the leadership of the Mahatma. Now, Sivaswamy Aiyar has consistently been an implacable opponent to both the movement and its immortal head. We cannot for a moment gainsay an awakening for which it has been largely responsible, among the masses in the country. But apart from this, what are the nett tangible, the nett palpable results that could be assessed? To use the Mahatma's own words, he was as a broken reed; he had little faith in politics; his influence on the Indian National Congress had waned; etcetera. Most candid and most pessimistic as these confessions of his were, yet woe to him, who would be credulous enough to take them at what they apparently are. We must remember,—why, we must say we are aware of, the fact that, like his own spirituality and unassailable will to do, to develop, to do good and to evolve, these words of his are capable of an extraordinary compass of interpretation. For, as he never owns to final discomfiture and defeat, his worst failures he can at will turn into starting points for yet braver programmes, because his personality is boundless, and far more vitalising than his colleagues'; and like the fabled bird, the spiritual resister that he is, he can rise, in awful resurrection, out of his own ashes. Nevertheless, granting for a minute that these confessions represent certain nett results, do we not notice

that the entire movement was, judging from such avowed consequences, mistaken, and that all the fretful stir and the fever which followed in its wake could have been sagaciously avoided? Well, that is the position of Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar, and let that be taken for what it is worth. Anyway, here we must observe one unforgettable aspect of all our political agony. We may observe, too, that Sivaswamy Aiyar has been inveterately condemned for his disapproval of this most popular agitation in Modern India. To those who disparage and decry him, it is no argument to demonstrate that, after all, Sivaswamy Aiyar is proved to have been wiser than the Mahatma is now wise, after a considerable political earthquake. It seems an unpardonable, nay, a deadly insult to human intelligence to be told, "Be thou wise with my wisdom, and with the wisdom of others." A strong passionate human soul, being strong and passionate for want of thorough-going discipline and disillusionment, yearns for its own experiences, despite fire, despite death. Is it one in a million who can have the profound humility to assimilate on trust what has been garnered in others' books of judgment? It is an exceptional exception, perhaps, and the general rule runs, "Strive, struggle, and become wise."

Here, again, as everywhere, it is all a matter of temperament, and we do not think that Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar has ever acted by this rule, for his is a purely self-conquered nature, and he never has let himself be overpowered by upheavals of emotions. We should imagine that he has a constitutional dislike and distrust of unsubdued emotions, and considering what a waste they mean, whether that waste be huge or little, to those who indulge them in this hard, if not harshly-disposed world, we must give the palm, as far as judiciousness goes, unreservedly, to Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar. One must know, if one should know him well, that he hardly entertains the patriot's hopes as to the feasibility of amending or of regenerating the world within a short while. For sooth, what standard of comparison can be common to a householder, to whom

stability and possessions mean so much, and to a bold experimenter, like the Mahatma, who adjures people to repent, to give up everything, to take up the cross for the Motherland and to follow him?

When the Right Honourable Lord Sinha was appointed Under-Secretary of State for India, there appeared many estimates of him. According to one critic, Lord Sinha merited appreciation for his unique culture, wherein emphasis was notably absent. One, surely, takes an incredibly long time to perceive what underlies this remark. It is just this sort of sublimated culture that Sivaswamy Aiyar has constantly sought, and we think, not unoften, in others in vain. In the midst of all this rough and tumble, he alone escapes uncomplimentary censure, who takes things just as they are, and as they come to him, without setting up any standard to which he wants them to conform. The world is, as a rule, mad after throwing everybody into its own mould, and if you will not surrender to its shaping, glad to be a piece of its own handiwork, it behoves you to be well on your guard, lest, the stronger as you choose to resist, you should be overwhelmed all the more violently by the stones it hurls upon your face. Sivaswamy Aiyar is commonly supposed to lack a personality, that is so-called. This is merely an indication of the popular mode of judgment, which is too amorphous to apprehend definitions of character, simply because they do not happen to possess poignancy, and because they do not show the colour and the heat of fire upon the surface. For ourselves, we are not at all sure that he is deficient in it. On the contrary, is he not too personal in his silent insistence on his canons of conduct and of taste? If they fail to recognise that he has remained the same all through, notwithstanding a public opinion disposed by no means to be kind to him, then, assuredly, it is not his fault. It only proves the level and calibre of the mass-mind.

We are now-a-days strangely liable to be transported with fashionable gestures, and the most perilous of them all is indiscipline. Not many appear to be impressed with

the efficacy of obedience exacted until an age, which alone may be said to prepare the giver of implicit obedience for the responsible task of receiving it afterwards from others. There is a growing distaste for discipline, with all its rigours, everywhere, and it seems generally conceded that, if the elders would only take care of their own self-respect, their children will automatically take care of themselves! Such a thing has been the root-cause of a great many tragedies of youth at the present day, in this transitional period, when every essential value is so freely questioned, and none conclusively dealt with, or finally accepted, for functioning in a work-a-day world. It should be excessively difficult to bring oneself to countenance this, and, to our mind, a secret of Sivaswamy Aiyar's want of popularity lies in his adoration of discipline and self-restraint. No on-looker would be pleased with the sight of those who scarcely commit themselves to indelicate or awkward situations, of those who walk too warily to be caught in a trap or to precipitate themselves into a pit. It is an intellectual discipline to know Sivaswamy Aiyar. Verily is self-discipline inexorably writ large on his whole work, and it is palpable in the correctness and precision of whatever he has done and expressed. Not on the side of tall-talkers and gormandizing speechifiers, but on the side of unremitting and quiet action, Sivaswamy Aiyar nobly reposes on the ever-rejuvenating gospel of work. Till the other day, though past sixty, he sat at his arduous preparations for the Legislative Assembly sessions, like a specialist who had devoted his lifetime to one subject exclusively. On military questions, which bristle with complexities, he is a recognised authority. For, the intelligent officialdom in India knows its powerful critics only too well, who have reconnoitred all its weak centres. Of all living men, Sivaswamy Aiyar is reputed to be a master of two life-giving literatures. His style is limpid, and its limpidness comes from his exacting accuracy of thought and of expression. He knows no compromise with faint-hearted-

ness in the matter of work. With his tastes so sustaining, and so varied, can he ever be, even when all his occupations have gone, at his wits' end as to how he may spend his time with profit? To the outside world, probably, it might not be well-known with what decision he rejected a brief, though tempting, when his Cabinet term was over, in the Tanjore Palace Appeal Case. As an apostle of exactness, as a garnerer of all that is pure, informing, and lovely, as one whose worship of necessary calmness, composure and restraint it is impossible to disturb, Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar remains for us an admirable lesson, even in our sensational times. It is a joke to be able to shriek with sentimentalists. But it requires self-possession to keep an open mind, in order that we may do ourselves the justice of seeing points of charm about this rare, accomplished, scholar and gentleman. We cannot be walking perpetually on stilts, and when our legs crave for the touch of mother earth, then, with the feet on terra firma, we think we are certain to find in him a most benign, healthy, salutary force, notwithstanding his irrefragable placidity and unostentatiousness.

British Beginnings in Andhra Desa

By LANKA SUNDARAM, M.A., F.R.E.S.

The good ship *Globe*, commanded by Captain Hippon, first visited Masulipatam in January 1611, under instructions from the Directors of the East India Company to negotiate with the Sultan of Golconda for commercial facilities.¹ Thus was the first settlement of the British on the East Coast established under the grant of Sultan Kutub Shah Abdulla, as a subordinate establishment, sometimes to Bantam and sometimes to Surat.² The rival Dutch East India Company, also with its headquarters at Bantam, established factories at Masulipatam and Pulicat lying 160 miles southwards to it. The English, hampered by the exactions of the Kings of Golconda, amalgamated for sometime with their rival factory at Pulicat in the year 1621. But in 1625, another establishment at Armagam, near Nellore, was brought into being and later on abandoned as of little importance.³ *Farmans* and *Cowles* were obtained from the Sultans of Golconda from time to time, at once confirmatory and additional, in the interests of the British trade. In 1633-4 the first *Farman* (No. 1 below) was granted to Captain Joyce. Captain Cogan reached Golconda on July 19, 1638 and a confirmation of it was obtained.⁴ On October 25, 1639, the factors at Masulipatam wrote to the Directors of the Hon'ble Company at Home that it was not fit to be a chief factory on the East Coast.⁵ About this time, Francis Day

¹ *Journal of Peter William Floris*, in *Collection of Voyages* Vol. I. pp. 443 ff.

² H.D. Love; *Vestiges of Old Madras*. Vol. I. p. 12.

³ *Ibid.* p. 14.

⁴ *Ibid.* Cf. Bruce's *Annals of the East India Company*. Vol. I. p. 315.

⁵ *Original Correspondence* (India Office Records) No. 1718. Also Love : I. 20-21.

obtained a grant from the Raja of Vijayanagaram for the erection of a fort on a small plot of ground near Mahilapuram, the present Mylapore of Madras, and in the year 1653 Fort St. George became the presidency town with two factors and ten soldiers.¹

Such was the early history of the English on the East Coast. But, until a very late period, the Northern Circars, which form the main districts of the Andhra Desa, played an important part in determining the course of the vicissitudes in the fortunes of the British in India.

The progress of the British in the Andhra Desa is determined by *Farmans* and *Cowles*, a selection of which is printed below. With the authorisation of the above, the so-called subordinate settlements were established at different places on the coast line between Pulicat and Ganjam. The first settlement at Vizagapatam dates to 1682.² Madhavayapalem or Madopollam (1678), Injaram (1708), and Bendamurlanka (1751) in the Godavari District were likewise settled. The Coringa of the present day in the same district was 'built' in 1759.³ Again, settlements were established at different times at Jagannadhapuram, now part of Cocanada, Ganjam and other places, even though trading facilities were secured much earlier, as can be seen from the *Farmans* of the Nawabs of Golconda. Incidentally it is to be noted that during his Deccan campaign in the year 1689, Aurangzib not only conquered Golconda but also seized the English factory at Vizagapatam.⁴ But, an Imperial *Farman* was obtained for the same on the 23rd April 1690, renewed again on 28th December of the same year.⁵

To complicate the peaceful career of the E.I.C., a new Company was formed on the basis of a charter from King William III of England, whose government, faced with severe financial embarrassments, was only too eager to

¹ C. P. Brown : *Carnatic Chronology*. (1863) pp. 68-69.

² *Vizagapatam District Gazetteer* Vol. I. p. 35.

³ *Godavari District Gazetteer*. Vol. I. p. 211.

⁴ J.T. Wheeler : *Madras in the Olden Time*. Vol. I. p. 214.

⁵ *Ibid.* Vol. I. p. 246.

make something out of paper and pen and ink. Thus was the 'New English East India Company trading to the East Indies' established on the 5th September 1698, with the proviso that the old or 'London' E.I.C. was to continue its operations all the same till the year 1701. Sir William Norris and Andrew Cogan were sent out as "the New Company's Ambassador and Consul" respectively. There was an evident quarrel between Thomas Pitt, Esq, President-Governor of Madras on behalf of the old E.I.C. and the new officers. It was resolved by the former to resettle the Northern Circars, and accordingly eight civil servants and a detachment of troops were sent to accomplish this. News reached Madras on the 6th May 1703 of the union of the two companies with Thomas Pitt as the Governor-President.¹

The English now entered upon an era when recourse was had to arms. Early in the *Farman*s, mention was made of assistance being required of them by the Sultans of Golconda in cases of necessity. But it was not until 1747 that the English had direct access to the Nizam, as there were constant intrigues between the servants of the East India Company and those of the French who enjoyed a monopoly of influence at Hyderabad.² In the year 1757, the finest flower of Andhra Chivalry perished behind the walls of Bobbili in defending their honour against the hordes of M. Bussey and the henchmen of the Nizam. Orme's vivid description of this event from contemporary sources is a classic in historical literature.³ Then began the decline of the French power. In fact, Bobbili is the beginning of the end, however successful their arms might

¹ Love: II. 3-7. This struggle is best illustrated by most of the *Cowles* printed below. John Pitt mentioned in them is the 'consul' of the New Company. Sir William Norris's arrival is also mentioned in Cowle No. IX. In this connection, see the interesting articles on 'Sir William Norris at Masulipatam' by my friend Mr. Harihara Das, in the *Journal of Indian History* for October 1923 and August 1926.

² Briggs: *The Nizam*. Vol. II, pp. 1-2.

³ Orme: *History of the Hindostan*. Vol. II, pp. 253ff. Also see account in the *Account of the Bobbili Zamindari* published by the late Maharaja in 1900.

have been there. The English just then began to test their strength in the open field. Clive ought to have taken the field. But an able general in the person of Colonel Forde won the day at the battle of Kondur in 1758, not a mean achievement for the Andhras who fought under the banner of the Raja of Vijayanagaram against the combined forces of the French and the Nizam.¹ Forde followed up the victory with a general's eye, and Masulipatam fell into the hands of the English in 1759 after a protracted siege.²

With the fall of Masulipatam, English power in the Circars may be said to have been set on a secure foundation.³ Rajamahendravaram was captured by Henry Cosby (later, General Sir Henry Cosby, Kt.) in 1769.⁴

But the English never claimed the Circars as a matter of conquest. Theirs was essentially a claim by grant. This was effected by the famous 'Request' of Col. Forde to Salabat Jung in 1759 which was agreed to.⁵ More than this, a Farman was obtained from the defunct Mughal Emperor in the year 1766, and this seems to be the ostensible source of British claims to the Circars.⁶ But still the tribute to the Nizam was agreed to as due and just, though generally accumulated into arrears. It was on September 18, 1788 that the Nizam handed over to Captain Kennaway an instrument for the surrender of the Guntur Circar, after a series of shameful negotiations clearly condemned

¹ *The Historical Record of the First Madras Regiment* (London 1843) p. 147, and also a posthumous folio volume published by the Maharaja of Vijayanagaram, wherein a contemporary picture of the battle of Kondur was reproduced.

² See Orme's beautiful description. *Op. Cit.* Also, *Clive's Right-Hand Man*, a sketch of the life of Colonel Forde written by a descendant of his and published recently for private circulation.

³ See India Office Records, *Home Series, Miscellaneous* Vol. 768, pp. 43-101, seven unsigned private letters about the Northern Circars, dated 1773, which contain a mine of information about them, and unused so far by any historian.

⁴ Aitchison's *Treaties* Vol. V. p. 7.

⁵ James Grant: *Political Survey of the Northern Circars*, as Appendix XIII to the *Fifth Report on the Affairs of the East India Company* Firminger's Edition. Vol. III, p. 28.

⁶ *Home Series, Miscellaneous*. Vol. 634, pp. 189-190.

by Sir Thomas Munro in one of his minutes. Henceforwards, the English may be said to be the regular masters of the Northern Circars even though troubles beset their administration until comparatively recent times. Curiously enough, at one time Warren Hastings nearly ceded them to the Nizam for a consideration, but Lord Macartney, the newly-appointed Governor of Madras of the day, fought tooth and nail with the Governor-General at Calcutta on the one hand and the Court of Directors in England on the other, to retain possession of them.¹

The following *Farmans* and *Cowles* are self-explanatory. I print them as I found them in the archives of the Library of the India Office, London, with a few notes, wherever necessary, to help the reader, as almost all the place-names contained therein are familiar to the Andhras whatever their spelling and transliteration.

FARMANS

I

The Translation of the Phyrmaund for Metchlepatam called ye Golden Phyrmaund. A Cowle Phyrmaund *i.e.* a Grant with a Command. Sultan Obdula Cuttop Shaw, King. A Cowle Phyrmaund never to be altered.

Of my great love to ye valiant Hon'ble Capt. Joyce and all ye English I doe freely give this, that under the shadow of me the king, they shall selt downe at rest and in safety.

For as much as the English have declared that when they shall selt downe quietly under my shadow and their business shall pass free and well, that then they will serve the king.

That in Metchlepatam, Nesampatam, Izapatam, Bimlapatam, and all other his sea port Townes, they will bring horses from

¹ Letter dated Fort William the 2nd July 1781 from the Honourable Warren Hastings to the Honourable Charles Smith, President, and the Select Committee of Madras. Also, letter dated 10th August 1781 from Lord Macartney to the Honourable Warren Hastings. This controversy is admirably treated in these two letters. See, *Home Series, Miscellaneous*, Vol. 246, pp. 187-207.

Persia and other places, and all other goods of the best sort and of what they bring paying for them shall have what they please.

It is agreed that ye Baucksall¹ customes and all other dutyes both of the Towne and Custome House wch is paid by other Merchants, the English shall be free from and that neither the Governour nor any of our Servants shall come near ye English goods, and that in their selling their Goods they shall not molest them, but they may sell their goods to whom they please, and when the king shall send any of his people with an order for any of the goods the English shall deliver the goods to whome the king soe appoint.

Upon which the Kings Orders and Commands the Governours and their successours of Metchlepa and Pettapolly and all other places that they shall not take Junckan² or other dutyes of them, or any of their people, and all such customes or dutyes that other people pay, the English are to be free from and shall not pay dutyes for any commodityes they bring: and that when the horses, goods, or good things shall come they shall send a list that the King may choose what liketh him, which shall be delivered to such as ye King appoint to receive the same, paying the full value of them as they shall be at that time worth, and ye Kings people shall offer no forse upon the price byt shall pay the full price according to ye markett price, and if the King have no occasion for the good things then they may sell them to whome they please, but that wch ye King shall have occasion for ye use of his Court shall not be sold to any others; And that what presents shall be sent to the King they must not write to any other Governour about the same but write their Letters and send their present directly to ye King.

That if any other people should rise up against the Governour ye English must help his Governour.

That they must not owne any strangers goods wch if they do he will take Junckan³ from them as he doth from other people.

That where as the English used to pay 500 600 pags⁴ yearly, the which that ye Governour doe not expect anything of: the King doth deduct out of the Governours rent 800 Pags.

¹ Marine Duties.

² Sunkam or duty.

³ Tolls.

⁴ Pagodas.

old yearly, and if the Gournour should pretend to the King that ye custome of the English Goods amount to more than 800 Pagodas old yearly. That upon the Gournours information they shall write to the King and give an account, but the Governour must not molest them there—

You must remaine here and doe your business.

You must rest satisfied and be confident, it shall be according to this Phyrmaund.

You must rejoyce in the King's prosperity.

Granted November 1632.

The King's
Great Seal
impressed upon
a Leafe of Gold.

II

Copy of a Phyrmaund granted by the King of Golcondah to the English in Metchelpatam. January 1675/6.

By the Grace of God
Sultan Abdula Hossein—

The Royall Phyrmaund or Command of our Majesty that shines like the Sunn. We have thought fitt and convenient and doe hereby require and command all our Ministers of State, Governours, sub-Governours, Juncanees as well for the time being as to some of Metchlepatam, Pettapolle, Nassapore, Madapollam, Coranga, Wattara, Conara, Viziagapatam, Bimlepatam and throughout all our dominions and Kingdome of Golcondah to know and take notice.—That our well beloved friends of the English nation and Mr. Mainwaring the English Companyes Chief have been in our Royall presence and have found grace from us. We will and command that whatsoever quantities and qualities of goods and merchandize, Gold and silver, they bring in by sea to Metchlepa., that it be free from all manner of customes and impositions whatsoever, and that they have free liberty to export the same or send on, dispose of it in any part of our Dominions, accordingly as it stands with our owne conveniency, rice, paddy, and all other merchandize which they bring from abroad either by land or by sea for their owne use or to sell, and all other

sort of goods whatsoever they buy or sell, to be free from all manner of customes, and impositions at Bankshall, the scall Gate and all other places for receipt of custome and agreeable to this our new Phyrmaund and Command, and the liberty we have herein granted, to the Servants, Brookers, Merchants, and all depending and employed by the English nation and Company, Workmen, Tradesmen and Mechanics, that they be not molested or hindered, and wee give them liberty to imprison and confine their Debtours or those upon whome they have any demands in their factory without any protection from our Governour and officers till they have recovered full satisfaction, and all Governours and other Officers are hereby required to assist the English nation and Company in all their business and negotiations, and if they send any goods or merchandize to Golcondah to pay but 4 pags. New P. Candy for the Oxehire. The English nation and Company being much in our esteem and favour; This being our new Phyrmaund and Command, we will and require a punctuall observance upon paine of our high displeasure.

In the month of January 1675/6 by and with the advice of Madou Banjee our Great Minister of State and Concellour.

III

"The most powerful Coule and gracious Firmaun given and granted unto the courageous fortuna . . . worthy Mr. Thomas Joyce, Captain of the English, and . . . Company of that Nation;—whom, of Our Royal Grace, and sp . . . favour, being confident, may hereby understand; that, whereas they, out of great hopes, repaired to Our High Court;—and made request unto us;—that, if it should seem expedient, in the eyes of Our Royal Majesty, God's Deputy, of the time to be gracious . . . favourable in their negotiation; that so their designed . . . may be the better effected;—and their request according . . . and, consequently, they be animated to demonstrate . . . service, and best respect, on all occasion whatsoever.

"Plentiful increase of the trade of Our several Ports; vizt. . . . Mesu Nezam-Puttaun, Ishauk-Pattann, Bimley-Pattann, and . . . of India &c in general:—to which benefit of Trade and . . . they will yearly bring, from Bander-abbasse (or Gumberoom, in the Gulph of Persia,)

certain ships and Vessels laden with rich Goods, and excellent Horses;—such as have not yet come thence:—Upon which Design their ships may set sail for the Ports of Hindistaun unto the said Bander-abbasse; and thence to proceed to Our Ports, to augment the . . . and Dominions.

“and for Toafa, or Rarities; with other fine and rich . . . such as we have desired to be brought Us, (such as they . . . far and near,) shall be accordingly brought to Our . . . also; in anything else, which may conduce to our Honour. and their endeavours will not be wanting to pleasure . . . (as promised) conditionally, that such Goods and Horses as the English shall bring for their Company's account; the custom and other Duties; and charge of Weigher and Porter with other Office. . . of the Custom House; and whatsoever accustomed Demands o. . . Mesulaputam and Nezan-Pattaunn and the Places the. . . the which are usually paid by other Merchants both in buying. . . selling; these customs, Duties, and charges, &c. We have. . . gracious favour remitted unto them:—that so any. . . intermeddle with the Goods &c. of the English upon any. . . or demand whatsoever; neither that they may be urged for. . . sell their Goods to any private Men;—limiting a certain quantity to one man, and so much to another only;—if Our service require any their commodity, &c.—Our Officers giving notice thereof unto them, they will afford them principally for Our service.

“And, for that Our will and Command is, out of Our Princely care, for the general good and benefit of Our countries and People;—We do ordain, therefore, that Our present and future Governors of Our happy Ports, Mesulaputam and Nezur-Puttann, do not molest the English for such customs, Incomes and Duties, as other Merchants pay: the which, out of Our grace, and especial favour, We do remit unto them:—therefore, no person shall trouble and molest them, concerning the same, any-way at all:—because Our subjects have commerce with the 'forementioned Captain of the English nation;—out of Our Royal Grace and favour, We have remitted unto the English, as afore is said.

“Now;—for such Horses as they shall bring to Our Ports.—We will, that particular notice be given to Us; that such of them as are requisite for Our service, order shall be given for their delivery to Our substitutes: who shall not prejudice the Eng-

lish in their price;—but perform with them according to their demands;—so as price be made as at that time current:—but, if We have no need of them, they may sell them, where they please.

“This Article, concerning Horses, let it be duly observed. Our meaning is;—that, where Our service requires them, they be not otherwise disposed of; unless they be Presents, and committed only to trust and custody, whereas the Officers' claim of them may seem void;—yet, howsoever, We will and command, that particular advertisement be given to Our Court, that Our pleasure herein may be duly known and performed.

“These favours and privileges premised are granted, on condition, that, on all occasions, the English have reference and correspondence to and with Our deputy Officers; that, if other persons (the Inhabitants of the Port) shall prejudice or controversy with them, the said Officers may compose and decide the same.

“Concerning Persian Merchants, &c. that shall come in the English ships; the said Merchants, peradventure, will (for their own profitable ends) endeavour to have their Goods coloured under name of the English; that so they may pass without paying of Duties, which they are liable unto; the which the English shall not protect; nor father or mingle any Goods at all (to the worth of a Penny) with their own Company's Goods;—colouring them by name or pretence:—which if, at any time, shall be discovered, all the 'forementioned favours and privileges shall be void, and of none effect; and they shall pay all Duties, to the utter most, as, generally, all other merchants.—and whereas, hitherto, the Customs, Duties, and Charges, which the English have yearly paid hath not exceeded above 500 or 600 Padgodas per annum; therefore, in favour and behalf of the Farmers of the Customs, &c. they shall be allowed, in account, the sum of 800 Pagodas, for the said customs and Duties of the English.—But if, hereafter, the said Duties shall exceed the sum of 800 Pagodas, by a new proceeding, it shall not concern the Revenues of the Port.—But;—these officers being doubtful;—or suspecting . . . concerning the mentioned allowance; they shall acquaint our Cou. . . and Prime Officers at Court therewith: that they themselves. . . decide the difference:—so that the King's Deputies and Officers. . . not molest or lay claim to the English at all; whom . . . fully to proceed with courage

and content;—and to seem . . . grace and favour themward daily to increase;—and to give to this Our Coule and Firmaune: and, in all Occurrents, touching Our Wealth and honour, to be diligent in their service.

“Dated, on Wednesday, the 8th of the blessed Mo. . . Remzaunne, in the Year of Mahamett 104 [4].”

IV

(Firman ganted by the King of Golcondah to Andrew Cogan—confirming all former privileges, & for free Trade Generally)

“God is Merciful and Great.
Yahamud Yalee.

Firman, or Our Letter of Credence, To all the subjects of My Dominions: so far as the sun exceeds all smaller lights;—so glorious am I above other Kings:—to whom all Kings are united in friendship:—a King not subject to fortune;—from the beginning great, and hitherto continued.—To all Governors, Substitutes, Officers, Freeholders, or else, whom it may concern, in these Our Royalties and Dominions.—Know you; that the glory of a King consists in the welfare of his subjects; and their welfare and benefit, immediately under God, accrues by Commerce.—To which purpose;—We, in Our Royal Favour, have granted to all Nations free egress and regress to Our Ports and Dominions; that they may pray for the Life of Our Royal Majesty.—But, in especial, the thrice-valiant and worthy English Captain, Andrew Cogan,¹ repairing to Our Highness's Court;—and made petition,—that, if it should seem expedient, in Our gracious favour, to Confirm the ancient privileges conferred on that Nation;—which, upon his Petition, and Our Royal Goodness, We have granted;—in treating him with all love and respect, have given him leave to depart Our Royal Court, with free leave, and full power, to negotiate his Designs.

“What Money, Treasures, Goods, or what else, he shall deliver to Weavers, Painters or other; that his work be punctually performed and Debts cleared. and, further;—the Governors (or by what other name called,) they shall not only suffer his

¹ Later transfered to Madras where he resigned office on 27th August 1643.

quiet; but, also, do their best to assist him;—suffering neither Goods, nor Money, to be Remains, without his special leave.

“and that neither Goods, Persons, or servants, be detained, upon any pretence; but, in all passages, you rather help them;—for, of Our Gracious goodness, We have freed them of all Imposts, Customs, Duties, or by what other name you may call them.

“By all means molest them not;—but entreat them kindly, as you tender My high displeasure; that they may enjoy quietness, and pray for Our prosperity. . . . Given at Our Court of Gulcondah, the Month of Rabesan, san 1049; and in the Month August 1639.

V

“God is Merciful and Great.
Yahamud Yalee.

Firmane, or Our Letter of Credence, To all the subjects of My Dominions: So far as sun exceeds all smaller lights: so glorious am I above other kings; to whom all kings are united in friendship: a king not subject to fortune; from the beginning great, and hitherto continued:—To all Governors, substitutes, Officers, or else, whom it may concern, in Our Royalties of Ellore, Mahamed-sha-nagar (alias Rajemhandre). The thrice-worthy English Captain, Andrew Cogan, having repaired to Our Royal Court; and desired a free Trade and commerce, according as in our former times; have granted, and, by this, do grant him, and his nation subjected to him, or his command, all former privileges. Wherefore; We will and command you, and every of you, upon Our Royal Indignation; that whatsoever Title or name their Goods be of, you pretend no Junckans, Imposts, Customs, or Duties, neither to them, servants, nor Goods; but rather entreat them friendly. In all other services disturb them not; but suffer them without any further disturbance, to enjoy my Royal Grant. Nay, not only so; but you shall, to the best of your endeavours, aid and assist them.

Given at our Court of Golcondah, the Month of Rabesan san 1049, in the month of August 1639.

VI

A Translate of a Copy Aballa Hassum late King of Golcondah's Phirmaund granted to the English Nation

trading to and residing in any of His Dominions in the Month of March in the year 1675.

The King to all His Officers and their inferiors as well to those who are or who shall be in office in Bundaree, of Mechlipatam, in Masamp, or Pettipole in Bundaree, Mahumada banda russor, Nassapore, Madapollam, Corang, Wotalla, Viziagapatam or Bimlipatam and all the cities, Towns, Villages, Ports or Places belonging to the officers under the said Governments in the said Kingdom of Golcondah greeting. . . . now ye know the friendship shewed Us, faithful services done Us, and prosperity which the English Nation in general do wish Us, and Our Kingdoms thereunto moving Us. We have and do order at the special request and earnest applications of Mr. Manwarring a person of worth and courage and Chief of the English Company in Metchlipatam in behalf of the English Nation in general and in their name and at their request and desire and humble applications with which We are well pleased; that all sort of Goods merchandize Provisions of Paddy Rice, &c. Gold and Silver Jewels, &c. shall be exported or imported by any of this nation to or from any of the abovementioned Places or Ports of what growth or product soever they be whether Europe or any of these Kingdoms or Countries in other parts of the World, or My own shall sell and buy without any manner of molestation, let or hindrance whatsoever for the Land Custom, Bankshall Custom which He has forgiven to them out of His great favour to them according to the New Phirmaund; and do further order no violence, injury, force impediment let or hindrance or stop shall be put upon their Factors, Merchants, attornies, Servants, or Workmen of any kind whatsoever. further that their Merchants or Debtors shall not be protected by the Country Governments but delivered up upon Demand and left to be sued that payment and satisfaction may be made to the English; and that they be assisted by them in recovery thereof; and further, that their Goods which they shall at any time think fit to send to Golconda or any where else We make the agreement and order them to pay for every candy four Pads. Oxlin¹ and no more; and in consideration we have and do receive from the English advantages you must shew them favour and kindness according to the new Phirmaund

¹ Oxhire.

which we will and order and don't you so much as think or act contrary to this Our order; if you do, be't at your peril; for you'll incur our high displeasure.

By the King's
Pleasure this Phirmaund
is published and ordered by Mado-
bongee Ma, gamodoree Shahee.

VII

Copy of a Phirmaund granted the Dutch by aorange zebe, the 12 Mohaurum and 33rd Year of the King's Reign being June and the 12, 1689/90.

" To all officers of every degree that are now in place and to their successors in place and to their successors. Especially the Suba of Darull Jahaud or Hidrabaud (meaning Golconda) be it known that I grant this Phirmaund to the Hollanders by the request of Munheir Nees Bejurs, commissary who came to salute Our Throne in a victorious time in behalf of his great masters for a Grant formerly gave them by abdulla and abulla Hussun Kings of Golconda for the Town Eeer Caum and other Towns, Rent Free, and likewise a Trade Custom free for their Factors in Golconda and other places and five Towns included in their old Grant three near Pollicat and two near Metchlipatam; all this I have ordered, and the Suba of Golconda must forward all their affairs according to this Phirmaund and must not expect new Orders every year; but will observe this. The particulars are these which are mentioned according to abdulla and abulla Hussun grant five Towns free three near Pollicat and two near Metchlipatam. Pollicat Towns are Eer Caum, Maucha Warrum, and Warra Waccha. Metchlepatam Towns are Pollicull and Coonfere and according to their former Grant they desire to have their share of the customs of Pollicat and the liberty of a Mint which I have granted them.--Every candy pays 4 pagodas and a $\frac{1}{8}$ The Government is to have 2 pagodas $\frac{7}{8}$. the Dutch $1\frac{1}{4}$. The smaller customs and equal Dividend after the officers charges are deducted; likewise Bale Goods that amount to 4 Pagodas a bale custom some lesser and some at $1\frac{1}{4}$ an equal Dividend Bales of Long Ells qt. 20 Ps. that come out of the country paying $\frac{3}{4}$ custom an equal share.

What Els is sold in the Town 2 part's custom to the Government; and one to the Dutch; Ground Rent equal shares; likewise the mint and all goods imported and transported and coinage of Silver Gold and copper being $\frac{3}{4}$ custom and the same in all Merchants money brought into the mint and what Goods the Merchants bring into Pollicat or bur to carry out equal shares—For Metchlipatam according to their former custom, Inland Trade custom free and Oxhire five pagodas they desire to pay but 4 according to their former Grant; so all this I have gave them according to their request and that they shall only pay their Oxmen as they shall agree with them; and that they shall not be molested by any officers. on that account. The Dutch have had the Fort of Pollicat a great while so that the Portuguese have nothing to do with it. If any broils or quarrels should arise in that place I order that it shall be decided by the Dutch and Governor; but if of great consequence to the Suba of Golconda as formerly they used to the King. Golopollam and Coonda Warrum, near Dasheroone they kept Washers here paying for the two places one hundred fifty pagodas yearly and have now desired to pay no more according to the old Grant; which I have consented to, and that no officers whatever shall molest them nor their people; at Nasapore they have a piece of ground and a House upon't for the conveniency of building Ships and a place for their carpenters and Smiths; and if any of the same trade should come and live there they shall not be molested by any officers; all which I grant as by their old custom. The Washermen in Nassapore that used to wash for the Dutch paid three pagodas yearly for their house which they must still pay. There's Mash Warrum near Metchlepatam where are forty houses washermen lived in (till the famine and death drove them away) having now but six left, they paid three Rupees a year, the Rent was in the Dutch power, so none must hinder their washermen; and if at that place they should want water they may go to and wash there and none shall hinder them upon no account. They likewise desire to be free of all customs as by their former Grant which I consent to—For Coolies &c. they must pay as other Merchants, and the Coolies and Lascars that work at the Barr Town or Seaport Towns must be paid same. The Road custom from Bimlepatam, Siccacull, Burrada, Ellore Rajamihendrum, Dasheroone, Pollicull, Naugoole Wuncha

Policat and Metchlipatam for provision I grant them free, and the same for all manner of merchandize imported or transported of what commodity so ever. If they sell any Bullion of Gold or Silver to any of the Merchants they must be allowed the difference of the Mint by them, as if they had coined it themselves; and if they coin it themselves must pay half charged of the $\frac{3}{4}$ custom and difference of Policat and Madras Pagodas. I have also that their Merchants, Factors &c. shall free of Guddam, that imposition of taking by force graine at the officers price."

Andhra Liberals: The Famous Trinity

BY K. ISWARA DUTT

I

There were generals before Agamemnon, and there were public workers in Andhradesa before Mr. N. Subbarau Pantulu, but Andhra public life began to beat with a mighty throb only since this veteran appeared on the stage. His figure seems to be divided from the rest by a long span of years, for "they are all of To-day and Yesterday, while he comes into our midst from the remote past" with the tread of a pioneer and the message of a prophet. He belongs to a generation which is, alas! fast vanishing, but to a type of public workers which has left an indelible impression on the history of a nation.

If for a contented life, a successful academic career in those far-off days was almost a sure passport, the conditions for carving out a career of all-India recognition were not at all propitious for persons who lived far beyond the metropolis and in the less favoured areas of the Presidency. The Telugus then were nowhere, while the very term 'Andhra' which has now gained an almost universal currency, was quite unheard of. It was in such conditions that Subbarau Pantulu built up his reputation as a famous lawyer and a distinguished public man. With the inauguration of the Marquis of Ripon's Reforms in the mid-eighties of the last century, he found his level in public life as the representative of the northern group of districts in the Madras Council for three consecutive terms. The spirit of fairness and careful enquiry with which he approached public questions, and the sound judgment and great tact with which he treated them, marked him out as one of the foremost legis-

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lators of the day. From the Provincial to the Imperial Council, it was an easy step for a man of his standing and reputation. It was only for three years that he sat in that House, but the part he played in that brief period was memorable not merely in his own life but in that of the Indian Legislatures. The resolution he moved, urging the appointment of a commission of enquiry into the Public Services of India was on one of the most momentous issues, while the speech he delivered on that occasion was among the classics. He ceased to be a provincial figure; he was an all-India man.

The services he rendered to the Congress added to his stature as a politician and status as a leader. One of the first Andhra public men to worship at the shrine of the Congress, it was in the year 1898, when the Madras Session was presided by Ananda Mohan Bose of illustrious memory, that Subbarau Pantulu had the unique honour and privilege of being elected as the Chairman of the Reception Committee. The conspicuous ability and undoubted patriotism with which he later identified himself with the Congress as its General Secretary from 1913 to 1919, made him a tower of strength in that great national institution and a power in Andhradesa.

But Andhradesa itself had not become then, perhaps has not become even now, a power in the land, and its lack of self-assertiveness is nowhere else better symbolised than in Subbarau Pantulu's failure to ascend the throne of the Congress. In his busy life as a wide-awake legislator and as the vigilant Secretary of the Congress, he was not indifferent to the immediate issues of Andhradesa which vitally affected its public life. The lead he gave it in the years 1906-7, when the wave of Nationalism swept the land from the Ganges to the Cooum, was of great importance and momentous consequences. While the elements of uncertainty and peril in the new cult of politics alarmed him and brought into play his sense of moderation and temperateness, its fervour and idealism engendered in him a spirit which conflicted with conventional political

methods and revolted against the existing order of things. The speech he delivered in 1907 from the chair of the Provincial Conference held at Vizag, was "unparalleled in the history of the Presidency for a refreshing originality of thought and a stimulating vigour of expression, for intensity of feeling and courage of conviction, for true political insight and a statesmanlike realisation of the actualities of the time." Six years later when a Renaissance animated the whole of Andhradesa and when there was a demand for the re-organisation of provinces on a linguistic basis, Subbarau Pantulu earned the lasting gratitude of the Andhras as one of the chief advocates of the movement.

Indeed, there was no department of public life in Andhradesa, perhaps no progressive movement in India, to which he did not make a handsome contribution. He was a champion of political rights, an advocate of social reform, a lover of spiritual revival, a patron of art and letters, and above all, a friend of humanity. His pulse quickens with a tale of woe. Whether it is the Jallian-walabagh tragedy or the Sradhananda murder, a starving institution or a suffering individual, the loss caused by a decimating famine or the havoc done by a disastrous flood, his heart is touched to the core. He does not stop with mere academic sympathy; he rushes to give benevolent support.

Mr. Subbarau Pantulu still speaks with conviction, writes with deftness, and argues with passion. An attack on him—be it vitriolic in utterance and vehement in method, leaves him for the nonce unruffled. He waits for a favourable opportunity, manipulates resourcefully, and mangles the opponent without much ado. The slow but sure porcess in which his mind works leaves his opponent first in the lurch and then in the ditch. But this is an aspect of life which must be left to the study of the psychologist. To the layman, however, he is the very picture of geniality which springs out of the happy combination of a robust spirit and worldly success.

The supreme characteristic of Subbarau Pantulu's life is the clash between his impulses and temperament. It may look paradoxical, but this is at once the weakness as well as the strength of his character. In his earlier years, he was a co-adjutor of reformer Viresalingam; later, he drifted towards the Hindu Sabha; but all along he has been catholic and not bigoted, in his views. In politics, he is a liberal, but his liberalism never degenerated into an unholy alliance with bureaucracy or political mendicancy. When he was in no way connected with the Congress, he stretched his shaking hand to ply the spinning-wheel. And the greatest triumph in his life was that he escaped the humiliation of passing into the ranks of political reactionaries and titled magnates. He spurned the "honours" which would have led to a knight-hood, the glitter of badges, and the glamour of ribbons.

To his many friends and admirers, it is a source of happiness to find that age has not left him with "the frayed cloak of former reputation." In his twenties he founded (with five compatriots of the South) "The Hindu"—because it was the right thing; and in his seventies he is fighting for the Andhra University headquarters—because, in his view, it is located at the wrong place. One may differ from him, but one cannot withhold one's admiration for his strenuous and indefatigable labours, which remind us of the vitality of an indomitable old Lord Halsbury, of whom it is said that he treats Time's "visiting cards" on him with scorn and goes along like a gay young fellow who has all his days before him.

A man of naive simplicity and warm impulses, wide experience and ripe wisdom, and broad-minded views and cheery optimism, he has grown grey in the service of the Motherland and secured a place for himself in the pantheon of Indian nation-builders. He is familiarly known as the Grand Old Man of Andhradesa and fondly called by Dr. Pattabhi as the Andhra Nestor. No matter by what name he is known, it is certain that good old Subbarau

Pantulu—the doyen of our public life, will leave behind him his footprints on the sands of Time.

II

The most unostentatious but useful, the most promising but unlucky politician in Andhradesa is undoubtedly Dewan Bahadur M. Ramachandra Rao. He rendered equally meritorious services to the crown and the country and commands the respect of both the Government and the people in a corresponding measure. But ironically enough, he missed alike official recognition and popular adoration—the former, as he does not stoop to conquer, and the latter, as he does not pander to the tastes of the crowd. But of one thing we may be confident, if not certain. Whatever he might miss, he does not miss the page of history.

If Subbárau Pantulu began his career at a time when there was little more than a glimmer of political consciousness, Ramachandra Rao had to rise amidst the flutters of political awakening. His success in distinguishing himself among rivals, who were many as well as formidable, illustrates his incontestable capacity. He has been in public life for above three decades and refuses to retire from the field as long as there is a call for his contribution to the solution of the nation's problems. An easy success at the bar and wide experience in the spheres of Local Self-Government—he did work of enduring merit as the Municipal Chairman of two such important places as Rajahmundry and Ellore and as the President of the District Board of Kistna—led to his great electoral triumph in 1908 for a seat in the Madras Legislative Council of the Minto-Morleyan era. The spirit of public service was so much ingrained in Ramachandra Rao, that, though he did not make a bonfire of his briefs, as several did in response to Gandhi's trumpet call, he has been always surrendering his professional to public work.

In the realms of Indian legislatures, Ramachandra Rao occupied a position of unchallenged supremacy. In a

Council in which giants like Krishnaswami Iyer, Subrahmanya Iyer, and K. Srinivasa Iyengar, among the dead, and Sivaswami Iyer, Vijiaraghavachari and Srinivasa Sastri among the living, established their reputation, Ramachandra Rao had, to his lasting credit, a record of work which reached the highest water-mark of legislative eminence. Oratory contributed little to this magnificent achievement, for Ramachandra Rao had none of the gifts of eloquence which characterised the utterances of a Srinivasa Sastri. Leadership of the Bar at the metropolis which a Srinivasa Iyengar (K or S) enjoyed, was not given to him. Then what was Mr. Ramachandra Rao's forte? The following excerpt from a scathing editorial in "New India" of December 13, 1920, written under the caption of "Lord Willingdon's blunder" when Ramachandra Rao was overlooked for the vacant place in the Madras Executive Council, partly furnishes the answer. "If fitness, equipment, knowledge, public spirit, and strenuous work are a guide, then there can be absolutely no doubt that the claims of Dewan Bahadur M. Ramachandra Rao to the place are greatly superior to those of Mr. K. Srinivasa Iyengar, and far above those of any man who could be thought of for the place. . . His experience of administrative matters, his ability, his temperament, his character, and his careful training in public affairs, indeed, mark him out as the best man for the place." "The Hindu" too was simply surprised why and how Mr. Ramachandra Rao was overlooked—a sure proof that Mr. Ramachandra Rao's claims rested on indisputable merit. Digression apart, Ramachandra Rao's supremacy as a legislator was due to his vast information, sobriety of judgment, high dignity and unimpeachable decorum. He had something to say on every subject that came up for discussion and he was equally well conversant with local and municipal affairs, irrigation questions, financial problems, educational topics, prohibition issues, military matters, and constitutional developments. His work in the Assembly in the last term as the Vice-President of the Independent Party marked

him out as one of the best committee men in India and "one of our most thoughtful and capable leaders." It is not in the Assembly in the heat and hurry of party conflicts but in the committee stages that solid and substantial legislative work could be done, and it is in such committees that Ramachandra Rao is found to be one of India's indispensables. Of that enduring work he gave a foretaste in England when he went there in 1919 on behalf of the Liberal Party to give evidence before the Joint Committee. "Only last night," wrote St. Nihal Singh from London to the Indian press, "I was having my farewell talk with Mr. Ramachandra Rao at dinner. I doubt if any of the Indian leaders have worked harder than he has done, or if there is any one whose work is likely to prove of greater service to the Motherland. He has gone about interviewing eminent Britons, many of whom he has invited to lunch or dine with him, and has used these luncheons and dinners as opportunities for bringing Indians in touch with them. Through such intercourse he has been able to impress upon them, what India really wants and what India really is." He does not force down his opinions on you with gusto: he calmly influences your decisions. He does not dictate his views: he merely wins you over to his side by stating the case in "unattractive but sensible," halting but convincing way, and at times expressing extreme views (in Mr. J. A. Spender's vein) in moderate language.

Mr. Ramachandra Rao has all the elements of statesmanship and none of the qualities of generalship. If he had dash, gift of speech, and initiative he would have gone far—rather, much farther. The tragedy of his career is, what Mr. A. G. Gardiner would call, temperamental indecision. "The one fatal defect in a leader is indecision. To hesitate is to be lost—to doubt is to fail." Owing to this disastrous combination of ill-luck and indecision, just when he was expected, and when he expected himself, to reach the Happy Isles, the gulfs washed him down.

But work is greater than office. The Council and



Dewan Bahadur M. Ramachandra Rao

Assembly owed not a little of their success in good legislation to this gentleman of statesmanlike stature and cabinet timber. Sir Harold Stuart hailed him as "the Gokhale of Madras" a sobriquet which is enough to make a man immortal. Ramachandra Rao's defeat in the last elections under exceptional circumstances saw the break of a long career of useful activity and reminded us of the defeat of Asquith at Paisley. Yes, it is Asquith whom he reminds both by what he lacks and what he possesses. Asquith's powers of quick decision and unrivalled eloquence are denied to him. But if Parliament is to Asquith as the water is to the fish, so is the Council or Assembly to Ramachandra Rao. Like Asquith, he is inclined to "wait and see," to care little for large, vague, speculations, and to act as a man of affairs—and of to-day's affairs. In private life too, he is, like Asquith, a "friendly, family, very human man." And again, like Asquith, Ramachandra Rao's supreme claim to the nation's gratitude is that "he has never placed his own personality in the light of national interests. He is himself the least experimental and adventurous of men, but he has brought to the schemes of his colleagues a disinterested criticism, and a powerful judgment, governed by a high sense of public duty." In a free country he would have risen to Asquith's height; in a free India he may yet play that part. But now he is content to do his bit for the nation—it is solid, not spectacular—and leave the limelight to others. The enduring work of this esteemed gentleman and eminent statesman will rise above the dust and din of present day controversies and conflicts, and catch the eye of the future chronicler of events.

III

The success of Subbarau Pantulu and Ramachandra Rao in life does not startle us as it is something like a sum in mathematics or a syllogism in logic. But C. Y. Chintamani's success has all the glorious uncertainty and marvellous luck of a Derby sweep. His life is, indeed, one

of the romances of Modern India and would be a fit theme for an Indian Smiles. From an obscure reporter on Rs 35, he rose, by dint of sheer merit, to the editorship of a daily, the ministership of a province, and the leadership of a party. He was not a product of University education. He stepped into the College class only to step out of it, but by that time he acquired a command of English, which, allied to a strong memory, created a sensation in circles in which he was known. With a spirit of glorious adventure and reckless heroism, he embarked upon the high seas of Journalism. It was quite recently that he had occasion to write how he went to the Lahore Congress of 1900 in his twentieth year. "I was an unknown and a penniless youngman," he recorded, "to whom it was almost a reckless adventure to journey to cold and distant Lahore (from Vizianagaram) with the help of borrowed money". But it was his good fortune to be "taken in hand with great sympathy by persons of eminence like Bhupendranath Basu and Surendranath Bannerjee, and affectionately looked after by G. Subramania Iyer". An young man who could reel out finished sentences with an amazing fecundity and write on Indian problems with a sort of Jovian authority naturally passed for a prodigy and all great leaders who happened to come across Chintamani welcomed him with open arms.

His was, however, an up-hill task and arduous struggle. It was not in his Presidency that he could find a career but in distant U. P. At Madras, whither he went in 1901 with nothing to rest on but his innate worth and stout heart, he learnt the rudiments of journalism first on the weekly "United India" for a few weeks, and then on "The Madras Standard" for ten and a half months, under that distinguished publicist, the late lamented G. Subrahmania Iyer. "It was against his advice" Chintamani says, "that I left Madras for Allahabad at the end of 1901. But on several occasions when we subsequently met, he nearly always made a point of congratulating me on my 'wisdom' in rejecting his advice and coming away from the southern capital to the city of Allahabad which I have

since learnt to love with a love that can with difficulty be exceeded by one's love for one's birth-place."

Speaking at Partabgarh on Feb. 20, 1925 at the Gokhale Anniversary celebration, Mr. Chintamani was reported to have said that India's national aspirations to attain Swaraj could only be realised by the "political methods of India's greatest patriot, Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji; of her greatest thinker, Mr. Mahadev Govinda Ranade; of her greatest leader, Sir Pherozeshah Mehta; of her greatest agitator, Sir Surendranath Bannerjee; and of her greatest statesman, Mr. Gopala Krishna Gokhale." Chintamani was exceedingly lucky in his associations. It was given to him to come into contact with and under the influence of some of India's greatest sons whose names he mentioned above, and on Chintamani who was a great believer in political apprenticeship, his association with such master-minds had a lasting effect. An element of hero-worship is indispensable to become a hero. And the man who yesterday regaled and even to-day regales his listeners with numerous quotations from their pronouncements and also passages from the speeches and writings of British politicians, chiefly of the school of mid-Victorian liberals, is himself reproducing much of the vanishing tradition of dignified speech that is called Gladstonian.

The United Provinces of Agra and Oudh where the prizes of public life invariably went to outsiders offered young Chintamani opportunities for his extraordinary equipment. The 'Leader' which came into existence under the auspices of men like Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya and Mr. (now Sir) Tej Bahadur Sapru, was entrusted to Chintamani. Except for two brief interruptions, once when he became a Minister and next when he went to Bombay to edit the "Indian Daily Mail" at Mr. Jehangir Petit's invitation, he has so identified himself with the paper that Chintamani and the "Leader" are spoken of as "one inseparable entity." He made it the "official organ" of the Liberal Party, a great power in the United Provinces, and a journal to whose columns men of all shades of opinion and the Government as well turned for well-informed, weighty, and vigorous articles.

Chintamani was not merely a Journalist but a politician. In the U. P. Council he was a force to be reckoned with. When he spoke, they listened to an orator. When he was not a Minister, he was the Leader of the Opposition. He achieved a personal position of influence which was so powerful in the public life of the United Provinces that Sir Tej Bahadur Saprú, while unveiling at Madras on Oct 7, the busts of Messrs. G. Subrahmanya Iyer and S. Kasturi Ranga Iyengar, referred to Chintamani "as a person who had helped us in building up public life in the U. P. during the last 20 years" and said, "If Madras"—(really speaking, it is Andhradesa) "has reason to feel proud of him as one born within its territory, we of the U.P. are prouder still in having adopted him as one of ourselves."

Chintamani was an old Congressman, and at present, the chief intellectual asset of the Liberal Party. His position cannot be better described than in his own words. On the first day (July 3, 1925) on which he edited the "Indian Daily Mail" he wrote over his name in the course of a leader, "I was a Congressman from 1898 to 1918 and have been a Liberal during the last seven years, which is to say that I have been, continuously and consistently, an adherent of the political creed of the fathers and founders of Indian Nationalism, which in a word is self-government to be attained by constitutional means. It is my conviction that no other policy has done, or will in the near future do, any substantial good to the country. Constitutional agitation is misunderstood by not a few and misrepresented by many, as moderation is, as being an euphemism for imbecility and mendicancy. I absolutely deny this. Moderation is not weakness; it can be 'strong' as in Cobden, it can be 'animated' as in Sir Pherozishah Mehta."

In Chintamani, it is both strong and animated. He blew up the whole case for Dyarchy in his masterly evidence before the Muddiman Committee. In the last few months of his Ministership he used to carry a resignation letter in his pocket. And on a point of principle he—a moderate of moderates!—resigned the job. His spirit was restless and he soon seized the tattered flag of Moderation from a stricken

field and went about trumpeting the policy of Liberals. Again on principle, he resigned the editorship of the "Indian Daily Mail" about three weeks after he took it up amidst almost lyrical appreciations. As his thickset and massive features indicate, Mr. Chintamani is combative. He has the courage of his convictions. To rout the N. C. O. movement which stunk in his nostrils he advocated repression and started in U. P. the notorious Aman Sabhas. He had the boldness to proclaim that every vote given to the Swarajist was but a vote given to the bureaucracy. I once heard from him that when every one was in raptures over the "Satyagraha"—he told Mahatma Gandhi (in May, 1919)—"You alone will retain the *Satya*; all your disciples derive the *Agraha*." In opposition to any man or any party he is a tough bit of cold flesh, and to-day he prefers to lose a Governorship to giving evidence before the Simon Commission. When once he arrives at a decision, he refuses to budge an inch. Like Sir William Harcourt, he is a fighting Liberal who gives and takes no quarter from the enemy. His worst enemies must concede that in a public controversy he is a formidable factor, and that many a political opponent and bureaucrat who could afford to sneer at other public men has had his armour pierced and his shield battered by Chintamani's onslaughts.

As a speaker he reminds us of "the old-fashioned historian of the Gibbon school," to whom the sonorous sweep of rhetorical sentences is an intoxicating music. In defence, he can prove, like Mr. St. Leo Strachey, at inordinate length that everything he has done has been quite refined and gentlemanly, while, on the war path, he can discharge inconvenient facts and figures like a naval gun to the destruction of the enemy.

To compare him with men nearer home, Chintamani lacks Subbarau Pantulu's ripe wisdom, Ramachandra Rao's sweet reasonableness, Pattabhi's keenness, and Ramalinga Reddy's polish of expression, but all of them combined have not his phenomenal memory. B. C. Pal called him a moving encyclopædia. The "Bombay Chronicle" wrote years

back that "he has a strong memory, with a rectangular finish for every new idea in his head." Mahomed Ali, who has an unusual gift of phrase described his memory as the card-index system of Indian politics. A friend of mine who received his journalistic training under him referred to it as a small secretariat in itself—luckily with none of its voluminousness and mustiness. Whether he writes a letter or a leader, or speaks on the platform or at tea-table, he performs those feats of memory which have almost gained a legendary reputation. If he wills, a Niagara of facts and figures, statements and statistics, quotations and passages shoots out, submerges you, and sweeps you off. It is partly because of this dominating influence of memory, that his epistle is like an essay, his conversation is like a lecture, and his lecture like a page from history. It is a positive good luck to find him in reminiscent mood when he is embedded in clouds of smoke at tea-table. You will receive what I venture to call "liberal education."

In politics a confirmed liberal, in social matters a whole-hogging rebel, in journalism a born craftsman, in public life a formidable figure, and in private life an amiable gentleman, he has played no small part in the history of Modern India. But for his incorrigible admiration for the West, and what matters more, his intense disregard for native culture, and his stubborn opposition to the ruthless march of new forces, Mr. Chintamani would have achieved an almost epic fame. As he is, he will be a classic example of a self-made man. I am tempted to close this sketch in the words with which Lord Birkenhead closed his sketch of Mr. T. M. Healy. "His reminiscences," said his Lordship, "are a joy, and he ought, while he still retains so much of vigour and a memory so unimpaired, to collect them, in the interests of those who love good stories; a vivid pen; a stirring and brilliant career."

Where Old Coins are Found

By T. G. ARAVAMUTHAN

The few gentlemen who, to the daily routine of gathering in the current coin of the realm, add the delightful pastime of collecting coins which are neither of this our realm nor of this our age, do not generally know of the sources that supply the odd lumps and the curious bits which once were the lubricants of commerce and the tabloids of wealth. Their wants are usually supplied by the money-changer or the coin-dealer, and except for an enquiry, not often pursued, as to where a specimen was found, they are ordinarily content with following the policy adopted by those who have lost dogs,—thankfulness for the goods and repression of idle curiosity. Gentlemen whose bank accounts are swollen might well afford to despise closer acquaintance with what forms the very marrow of their hobby-horse, but the man who has to finger his purse-strings with the delicacy with which the reins of a mettlesome horse have to be handled, would not minimise the value of a thorough knowledge of the sources from which supplies are drawn for him and his fellows. The artful counterfeiter is busy with his dies and has often established a mysterious, but none the less effective, understanding with the coin-dealer, especially because, in this country, collectors, though few, are indiscreetly liberal, the relations between the rupee and the sovereign are never cordial, and the rare old coins—good souls,—are so crudely fashioned that their features may be faithfully and facilely copied by tyros in counterfeiting. They bear, often enough, marks of their last resting-place and those are, in very truth, the evidences of their resurrection. Even gold coins, which rarely succumb to the chemical influences of their morgues, bear physical traces which speak clearly to their genuineness. The distinction between the spurious and the genuine is too real to render the knowledge an idle superfluity.

Old coins, in this country, are most commonly found

buried in the soil. In digging the foundations for a house in an old village-site, the workman's pick strikes sullenly into an earthen pot containing a few jewels and a quantity of coins which some ancient denizen of the village had entrusted to the secrecy and safety of Mother Earth in fear of the numerous Karapatas who not only practised house-breaking as a fine art but also wrote illuminating treatises upon it. Occasionally, it happens to be a bell-metal vessel or casket, and was probably the property of a person whose vanity would not permit him to give his coins a coffin so near allied to dust as earth. In rooting up a tamarind tree to provide a substitute for the village oil-mill, two small copper vessels, green with verdigris, turn turtle and their 'treasure on the garden throw.' Or, again, in following a lonely furrow in a field remote from the village, the sun-burnt plough-man finds his plough-share turning up treasure-trove more valuable to him than what King Janaka of Mithila came by in similar circumstances; it is wealth secreted from the eyes of prototypes of the Pindaris. The superincumbent earth has often crushed the frail vessel with its weight and become intermixed with the coins, nuggets and jewels.

The ruins of ancient monuments, such as temples or *stupas*, and the remains of extinct towers, found in every part of the country, have an interest to the numismatist, for by probing among them he might come across quantities of valuable coins, if he is aided of course by a great amount of luck. In a niche of a cell of a *chaitya* long buried under a mound may be found a number of coins along with inscribed seals and terra-cotta tokens and small articles of pottery. Probably a deposit of ashes close by, marking the scene of an ancient visitation of fire, yields fragments of chank-bangles, an artificial eye and a large number of coins,—some of gold, many of copper and a few of lead. Men who have heard tales of their village having in centuries long past been the capital of a Principality, find some confirmation of them in a coin or two being turned up by the impetuous heel of a buffalo careering across a rather elevated common. One villager, more enterprising than the rest, probably takes the

cue, comes to an understanding with the village-officers, sallies out with his two able-bodied sons by night and darkness, runs a shaft down at a likely spot and is rewarded with a find or a disappointment as the gods please. Many are the shrines in Hampi which have been ruthlessly broken into and torn up in the quest for secreted coins and jewels.

Along the east coast of the Madras Presidency, in the sands of the beach, washed by the waves of the Bay, are sometimes found coins which are among the earliest specimens of the Indian coiner's art. A heavy downpour of rain on the sandy elevations fitfully rising just out of reach of the salt water, cuts thin channels along the sloping sides and permits a few coins to peep into the light. Or far in the interior, up a hill, along a water-course which flows past an old temple or a ruined fort, may be found coins together with some iron shot. Gold coins of a size little bigger than that of a *dholl* seed would be picked up perhaps in an extensive but shallow tank in a village bearing a very suggestive name—such as *Sola-maligai*, the Palace of the Chola.

These finds are often of a stray coin and generally of a small number, but occasionally it happens that a huge hoard is discovered by an unprepared tiller of the soil, very much to his embarrassment. No fewer than five cooly-loads of Roman *aurei* were once discovered near Cannanore. Government took, at one fell swoop, a hoard of over 16,000 gold coins, worth about a lakh of rupees, discovered in a garden in Kodur, a village in the Nellore District, which was probably a sea-port in the past. Such luck rarely falls to the lot of a numismatist,—not even to that of a professional treasure-hunter, whether incorporated or unconvicted. Guided by local traditions and by an ill-understood inscription, some gentlemen formed the Trichinopoly Treasure-trove Syndicate, about twenty years back, to recover treasure which they believed to have been hidden under the Cholamparai Rock at the village of Puthur in Trichinopoly, but their optimism does not seem to have eventually matured in a dividend. It is accident not calculation, that brings to light a large hoard or adds a few specimens to those already known.

The Kellog Peace Treaty: Retrospect and Prospect

BY C. V. HANUMANTHA RAO, M.A.

Of the most outstanding events in recent times that have had anything to do with the ideal of guaranteeing and maintenance of the peace of the world, the Kellog-Pact ought certainly to be assigned a prominent place. The last world war was characterised by optimistic people as "a war which would end war" and it was confidently foretold that the world could satisfy itself that it had witnessed the end of all sanguinary conflicts. To embody this very highest aspiration of peace, the League of Nations was ushered into existence, the idea having been first conceived by America alone in the person of its President, Woodrow Wilson. But in spite of the brightest anticipations formed of it, the League has so far woefully failed to come up to them, owing, as everyone knows, to a combination of causes and circumstances. America left the League severely alone from the very beginning, and the other Nations though they rendered lip-homage to it and to the ideal it represents, have, in practice, made it altogether impotent for good. Other efforts towards ensuring the peace of the world have been made from time to time; and at the termination of each effort, it was proclaimed with the loudest trumpeting, that the millennium had at last dawned. America had not participated in all these endeavours, nor could it be said that she was keeping absolutely quiet. She had been waiting for an opportunity when she could effectively and advantageously intervene: for America is not the country to allow itself to be relegated to an obscure background and thus contribute towards its own political and moral degradation. The Disarmament Conference of 1921, held in Washington, was convened on her own initiative, a Conference in which India had the honour of being

represented by a delegate of Indian nationality and where the Nations agreed to the principle of Disarmament and the progressive reduction of armaments. But then, and even now, the world was too young in its philanthropic altruism and too much surcharged with reactionary suspicion and distrust, for the Washington proposals to be put into execution, even on a partial basis. Having waited again for a propitious opportunity, America has now come forward with a comprehensive scheme for world peace, formulated by Mr. Frank B. Kellog, United States of America Secretary of State, which has recently been signed.

II

The proposal of Mr. Kellog was in the air for a considerably long time before it was able to secure approbation at the hands of the Powers. There had been undisguised apprehension in the minds of the bigger European Powers that America did not mean what she declared, for the very simple and very good reason that America had in recent years appropriated quite enormous sums for the strengthening of the total tonnage of her Naval armaments. But then all the other Nations were doing the same, and England, France and Italy were equal, if not worse offenders in that respect. While every country was thus arming itself on a war basis, the talk of peace appeared a huge joke, which would not be worth taking seriously, were it not for the fact that sweet words and honeyed expressions were indulged in profusion on all sides and by everybody. It is seriously argued that the increase of armaments was only a safeguard against possible wars, though it is hard for unsophisticated minds to reconcile the paradox that unlimited accumulation of war materials and effectual proscription of war could go together. When the magazine is well-stored, a spark will be sufficient to produce a conflagration; and when Nations are armed to the teeth, a conflict is sure to occur, because a spark will not be wanting. The League ideal of harmoni-

ous co-operation has not permeated the minds of Nations and effected a secure lodgment there ; rather Europe is still groping in the Middle-Age darkness of maintaining a Balance of Power between contending parties by diplomatic manœuvres supported by the bayonets of a despicable militarism.

III

Very sanguine were the expectations aroused in the minds of people on the 28th August, regarding the future peace of the world. Nearly all the Big Powers put their seal of approval to the remarkably succinct and straightforward document submitted for their signature by Mr. Kellog. The event was marked by enthusiastic utterances of exuberant solicitude for the peace of the world, made by responsible Ministers and statesmen of Europe. But there is very grave ground for genuine doubt about the whole-heartedness and the unreservedness of the support accorded to it. England, even before the Pact was actually signed, enunciated a proposition, which considerably detracts from the honesty of her truthful intentions. Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Foreign Secretary, declared in the House of Commons that Britain, while accepting the principle of the Kellog-Pact, does so with certain 'reservations' which concerned her responsibilities as an Imperial country ; responsibilities which she could not legitimately afford to relinquish. Everyone then perfectly understood that those 'reservations' comprised within their fold the countries of India and Egypt ; that they related to the relations between them and Great Britain ; and that they implied the guarantee to Britain to maintain unimpaired her suzerainty over these two countries, and through them over the trade and commerce passing through the Suez Canal and the Singapore Base. It was, from this 'imperial' view-point, nothing extraordinary, therefore, that there was a huge flutter in the Foreign Office dovecotes, when it was announced that Mr. Kellog had extended a separate invitation to Egypt to sign

the Peace Treaty and thus tacitly acknowledged her position as an Independent sovereign country. The uncertainties of the British attitude are further accentuated by the unequivocal speech of Sir William Joynson Hicks, the British Home Secretary, who, by the way, has a praiseworthy reputation for straightforward speaking, which was to the effect that, apart from facts and conventions, every country would and should safeguard the defence of its own shores and frontiers from possible encroachment or aggression on the part of outsiders. Where British intentions are so dubious, it is impossible to expect deliberate conviction on the side of other Nations, and it will not be far wrong to suppose that the latter also have had their own individual mental 'reservations,' as in fact they do, when they responded to the call of Mr. Kellog.

IV

The Peace Pact signed on the 28th August 1928 in the magnificently decorated palace at Versailles by fifteen Nations, including the Dominions and Dependencies of the British Empire, can be conveniently considered in three parts ; the Preamble, the Articles of Agreement, and the hopes and aspirations of the signatory Powers and methods of ratification. The signatories express their avowed and deliberate intention to renounce war as 'an instrument of aggression' and 'national policy' and declare their conviction "that all changes in their relations with one another should be sought only by pacific means and be the result of a peaceful and orderly process." The Parties solemnly agree "that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be," shall be settled only by 'pacific means.' They hold that any signatory Power which hereafter proceeds to aggrandisement over its neighbours by resorting to war, shall automatically place itself beyond the pale of the Treaty or, in the words of the Treaty itself, "should be denied the benefits furnished by the Treaty," and shall in consequence impliedly render itself liable to

be treated as an inimical Nation by all the other signatories. The document expresses the "deep sense of the solemn duty" of the high contracting parties "to promote the welfare of mankind", and their persuasion "that the time has come for the frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy." So that in the end the "friendly relations now existing between their peoples may be perpetuated," and they hope that "encouraged by their example, all the other Nations of the world will join in the humane endeavour" by bringing their people "within the scope of its beneficent provisions" and thus unite in a common endeavour to banish war in perpetuity. As is quite easily discernible from its provisions summarised above, the Kellog-Pact is a merely voluntary document, comprising pious platitudes about honest intentions and does not exhibit any marked or sincere conviction as animating those Nations who agreed to it. International morality is a thing which will hold good only so far and so long as every nation is free to carry on its own unhampered aggression, and which will evaporate the moment a clash occurs between antagonistic national interests. Real internationalism is a matter of the heart, of mutual concession and compromise, and cannot be injected into the body-politic of a country by the assiduous endeavours of well-meaning individuals and well-drafted Pacts; and internationalism has not yet become a factor capable of coping with and eliminating from existence the intense nationalism, which is so outstanding a feature of the Powers now-a-days. If, apart from this obvious absence of conviction, the Pact had enforced on them compulsory Disarmament as an essential preliminary and as an earnest of their desire for peace, it would certainly have been of much benefit. An absence or lack of courage to face the stern realities of the situation is writ large on the efforts of Mr. Kellog and a virtual charter of 'laissez-faire' has been allowed to the Nations—though this is the fundamental obstruction in the way of world peace—in this respect of Disarmament. Again,

another deficiency noticeable in the provisions of the Pact is the absence of any international sanction for the enforcement of the obligations agreed to. As it is, such sanction is conspicuous by its absence in the present case, a fact which renders it liable to the gibe that it is but an endeavour, at second hand, to imitate the work of the League of Nations, and if possible, to supercede it by subterranean means. What the League, primarily established for the purpose of inaugurating an era of peace and international harmony, has not been able to do all these years, this new-fangled scheme from across the Atlantic, cannot be expected to accomplish in the short space of an hour, with all that may be said in favour of its excellence.

V

The prohibition under the Kellog-Pact of all wars which have an aggressive intention and the implicit countenance given to all wars waged by Nations in self-defence are propositions, which, if taken together, show how large a loophole is left for would-be belligerents to indulge in the brutal pastime of provoking and fighting wars. It is, as has been so eminently reasonably pointed out, difficult to distinguish, should such a situation arise, which are aggressive wars and which are wars fought for self-defence, especially in the case of Imperial countries like England, France and Japan, etc., with all their now famous 'reservations.' It is also more than doubtful if in a war of aggression by a big Power against a smaller or a weaker opponent, considerations of justice will induce the other Powers to interpret the former's action as an 'aggression,' and whether they will be ready to decide upon conjoint action to safeguard the integrity and independence of the weaker party from encroachment and infringement. The League of Nations has, as one of its most outstanding objects, the protection of the national interest of small countries, but there has been precious little that it could do in that direction, while it was constrained to look on with an impotent non-chalance and ineffective unconcern and

disinterestedness, in all cases of such interference when they happened. An institution will become what its constituents make it, and the League cannot be blamed, if those who have the strength believe in elbowing it into a corner in times of real crisis and take matters into their own hands.

VI

If there is one thing more intimately bound up with the question of maintaining unbroken the peace of the world than the others, it is that of effective Disarmament; and 'renunciation' of war which the Kellog-Pact seeks to ensure, can be fulfilled in practice only where and when there is absolute or partial diminution of the Agents which bring on war. Unless, therefore, the big Powers are prepared to disarm to a considerable extent and give a practical demonstration of their desire to maintain peace, there can be no hope, no possibility of the outbreak of war becoming a thing of the past. As has already been said above, it is a serious deficiency in the Kellog-Pact that it has not made it necessary for the signatory parties to effect a cut in their military, naval and air-force expenditures. It is a matter for much gratification that the League of Nations has taken upon itself the work of formulating a scheme of disarmament, by instituting a preparatory Disarmament Committee to work out the details. But it is regrettable that, so far, the Committee has not been capable of producing tangible consequences, owing mainly to the diplomatic game of playing off and procrastination which the Powers indulge in, when they come to tackle the question. The Disarmament Committee as an annexe of the League can be expected to be productive of precious little good, as any beneficial recommendations that it might think proper to make will be successfully scotched by the faint recognition that will be paid to them by those concerned. With the experience that we have had of the scant consideration given by the Committee to the Soviet proposals for

'complete' Disarmament presented to it sometime back, and with the knowledge of the secret understandings that are being entered into between the European Powers, the above conclusion becomes irresistible. If, however, something concrete emanates from the recent conversations and confabulations in Geneva, as optimists declare it will, it will be something on which humanity can profoundly congratulate itself. There was much jubilation at the time of the opening of the latest session of the Assembly of the League of Nations, because the Kellog-Pact had been signed, but the subsequent gloom that supervened owing to the intelligence of the 'secret' Naval Accord between France and England does not warrant the impression of there being any substantial easing of the tension.

VII

As if to spite the enthusiasm of the Ambassador of Peace from across the Atlantic, the Naval Agreement between France and England was concluded between the Powers even before the ink on the Kellog-Pact had not fully dried up and in fact just before it was solemnly signed. In the absence of an authoritative statement on the actual provisions of the Agreement, it is not possible to pronounce any definite opinion on its possible effects, but it is not less than certain that it was a compact between the two Powers to counteract the influence and power of the United States of America. The United States Government has taken strong exception to the Naval Accord, though the Anglo-French diplomats and pressmen are trying to make out that it is a purely defensive alliance, with no aggressive intent behind it. But that the impression sought to be produced does not contain the truth and the whole truth is testified to by the undisguised apprehension and suspicion with which the document is construed in the German press, wherein it is likened to a similar agreement concluded between the same two Powers just before the outbreak of the great world war, with equally loud protestations of remoteness

from bellicose intentions. The mail-fist attitude maintained by the French Government towards the question of the evacuation of the Rhineland in Germany, and the notoriously mealy-mouthed declarations of the Acting British Foreign Secretary only strengthen the suspicion. The Agreement between France and England, so far as it is known, refers to the limitation of the construction of the 10,000-ton cruisers of 8 inch base guns, which programme the two countries had wished to follow, while at the same time it does not set any limit to the construction of smaller tonnage vessels, which can be easily converted into warships in times of emergency by the mounting of 6 inch base guns. This programme is objectionable from the American point of view on two grounds, the first being that such a secret understanding,—for it is a secret understanding in spite of protestations to the contrary—which is declared by Mr. Hearst, the American press Napoleon, as a sure precursor of another European war, which the European countries are trying to precipitate. It is in direct contravention of the fundamental principles of the Kellog Peace Treaty and in direct violation of the Washington Agreement; and secondly, it is a silent, but nevertheless a deliberate blow aimed against American Naval supremacy, as it attempts to secure the limitation of that description of war craft, which America intends to add to its Navy. It is also objectionable from the German point of view, because it is considered a threat to the rapidly rehabilitating German commercial prosperity and as an attempt at overawing her by a show of superior strength and curb her possible competition and rivalry. The Agreement has been on the one hand approved and supported in principle by Japan and Italy, though with minor modifications in detail; while on the other, it has been distrusted and feared by Germany, America and the Soviet, the latter of whom has so far given practical testimony of its peaceful intentions in the international sphere by its Disarmament proposals, though its political and economic doctrines and activities are of a dubious, doubtful and

compromising character. There is no knowing at present what further developments will arise out of the signing of the Naval Agreement, but much is bound to be heard of it in the near future, which will disclose an interminable tangle of naval preparations providing an illuminating commentary on the honesty of the peaceful intentions of the Nations agreeing to renounce war. Indeed, a Soviet newspaper has published a detailed summary of the outstanding provisions of the Naval Agreement, which is reported to contain seven separate clauses, binding the two contracting parties in a close co-operation to maintain their Naval supremacy in the European Seas and the Pacific Ocean, as well as to a unity of action between the Air Forces of the two countries, in times of danger; in short, to secure the Allied predominance in all matters international both in war and peace. Since writing the above, the British Government have issued a white paper setting forth the course of the negotiations between the two friendly Powers culminating in the signing of the Naval Accord, but this fact, accompanied as it is by the feverish assertion by the British and French statesmen that there was nothing secret or inimical to peace in it, has not in any way improved matters or allayed misunderstandings. The correspondence has not disproved the contention that the Agreement was aimed against America; neither does the circular note, issued by Lord Cushendon to the British representatives at Foreign capitals immediately after the publication of the correspondence, which says that the Naval Agreement represents only another link in the long chain of negotiations for affecting the Disarmament of the Nations consistent with national security and is intended to implement the decisions of the Washington Agreement of 1921, contain the whole truth and reality about British intentions. There is something suspicious also in the apologetic pronouncement of British Cabinet Ministers preceding and following the publication of the white paper, as well as something significant in the cautious indignation of the

British press which suggests that it looks upon the management of the whole affair by Britain with a feeling that her diplomats irretrievably blundered and bungled in it. The Agreement is bound to have undesirable repercussions in the United States, which are sure to become estranged and alienated instead of being drawn closer to the European Powers by the speech of Mr. Baldwin, at the time of the celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the League of Nations in London, in which he vented forth his righteous indignation at America's incapacity to appreciate the genuineness of the British pretensions to peaceful predilections.

VIII

The attitude of the British and the French Governments towards the problems of German Reparations, is one which is fraught with grave menace to the growth of international goodwill and harmony; especially when it is remembered that the German view is one of reasonable hostility to the continued occupation of the Rhineland Zone by the Allied armies. France cannot get over its vindictive disposition aroused by memories of the Franco-German War of 1870, and dejected Germany is made to feel the humiliation of its situation, though a ruffled conscience has been soothed by the outward recognition of an international status and uncertain exculpation from the 'war-guilt.' The industrial rehabilitation of Germany has been proceeding apace, a phenomenon which is looked upon with zealous concern by England and France, whose position in the commercial sphere has become appreciably depressed by German competition. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand why the two Powers desired so eagerly to ensure to themselves the unabated prolongation of the Rhineland occupation, which would act as a check upon the free and unhampered progress of German national prosperity. German national self-respect has been much wounded on account of the cussedness on the part of the two Powers, and this feeling of suppressed discontent is finding vent in the gradual *rapprochement* which is marking the German attitude towards the Soviet and

the United States of America. A half-hearted and not a wholly sincere attempt is being made to arrive at a settlement of this disputable question and find out a means of emerging out of the *impasse* by referring it to a special Committee of the League of Nations. The Committee has set to work and it is to be hoped that it will recommend the evacuation of the occupied territory and thus demonstrate to Germany the willingness of the Allies to repose trust in her sincerity and honesty of purpose. It may, in this connection, be stated that Germany has so far faithfully fulfilled all the obligations imposed upon her by the Dawes Plan, which has reduced her Reparation payments from 6650 million sterling at which they were fixed by the Versailles Treaty to 2500 millions, and manifests a scrupulous intention of meeting all further obligations also in the same spirit, and that she insists on the evacuation of the Rhineland Zone on the ground that America may be willing to consider the war-debt payments due to her from England and France in a liberal and broad-minded spirit actuated by a desire to lessen the pressure on Germany from these two creditors. Britain and France have at first repudiated all talk of American intervention and wished to negotiate demobilization of the Rhineland Army quite independently of what America may wish to do. That is the thin end of the wedge, which exposes in a thorough manner the unconciliatory attitude of the West European powers. But it is gratifying to note that what the diplomats have failed to achieve, because diplomacy always runs a tortuous course, the financiers have accomplished; and a satisfactory compromise on this question between the till-lately-irreconcilable views of German, British and French Governments seems to be in sight.

IX

Among the Powers of Europe that make no secret of their real inward feeling and that do not indulge in diplomatic rhodomontade, but which speak straight and clear, the most prominent one is Italy, dominated by Signor Mussolini. He is the 'strong man' of Europe now, one who does not mince his words and who will not say what he does not intend to

do. Italy has signed the Kellog-Pact "for what it was worth", and not because she is under any illusions about its potentialities for peace in the present temper of the Nations. There are notorious differences of opinion between France and Italy in their Central European policy and each of them has been trying to overreach the other. From the published views of Signor Mussolini, it is permissible to conclude that he is out for a policy of extending Italian Colonial possessions to provide outlets for her growing population; and he cannot, by any understanding, national or international, be expected to abandon his plans of aggrandisement. No more strong condemnation of the attitude of the European Powers towards peace, and no more unequivocal declaration of the Italian position in regard to the Kellog-Pact, can be secured than that contained in a speech of Signor Arnaldo Mussolini, brother and right-hand man of the Italian Dictator, who is reported to have said that "if we want to be honest, we must say, that, in this Kellog-Pact, there is transparent insincerity. For Italy, therefore, a strong, well-armed force, which must be morally and technically re-organised, as the hand of destiny might come very suddenly, remains the best protection in the future as it was in the past." It may be recollected in this connection that Italy has since approved of the principle of the Naval Agreement between England and France, though she stipulated certain modifications in the document, which require the limitation of the total tonnage of vessels rather than the limitation of particular descriptions of war-craft. Italy has still to find her appropriate place in the sun, and a policy of peace, such as the Kellog-Pact postulates, cannot in the nature of circumstances commend itself to her acceptance. She has to fight it out, with her neighbours and her adversaries, and she has been arming herself for that purpose both on land and on sea, Kellog-Pact or no Kellog-Pact.

X

Lastly, looked at from the point of view of India, there is absolutely no cause for us in this country to feel exultant

over the signature of the Kellog Peace Treaty. For one thing, while all the other Dominions of the British Empire were represented at the ceremony of solemnising the conclusion of the Pact by the respective Prime-Ministers or accredited plenipotentiaries, the great 'Dependency' of India alone was relegated to a second-rate position and was represented by Lord Cushendon, the Acting British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It cannot be construed in any other spirit than as a calculated insult hurled at India, for her to be represented by a British Minister, and for her High Commissioner in London to be left uninvited to sign the Pact on her behalf. India is being lulled into a false somnolence on the one hand by pious pronouncements of her 'equality' of status and bamboozled on the other into accepting a subordinate position in matters and on occasions that really count. For another thing, India in her internal administration is too heavily saddled with Military expenditure to advance any pretence of a desire for Disarmament, while there is every indication that her Military burdens will aggravate instead of being curtailed in the near future. With an increasing Military budget, designed in the interests of Imperialism and with no Naval armaments to boast of, India is in a very false and unreal position, even though the people are all for world Disarmament and renunciation of war for all times. Even without the Kellog-Pact, India and her people can be reckoned as valuable assets on the side of international peace and concord; and the Pact is to them only a practical, concrete manifestation of her inward feelings and sentiments. The signing of the Peace Treaty by Lord Cushendon on India's behalf is however an insult and an injury which has roused India to a pitch of resentment, which it will take a long time to appease.

XI

The lesson of all the indications and tendencies enumerated above is quite plain. It is neither wise nor prudent to construct extensive expectations on the signature of the Peace-Pact. The document is undoubtedly a notable one and the

signing of it may be considered a great event, and it may perhaps have something like a profound effect, even upon those Nations, whose activities are not altogether favourable for world-peace. The people of the United States, and especially Mr. Kellog, deserve commendation for the initiative and enthusiasm with which they have set about the business of securing acceptance for a document of the character of the Pact, though it has, of course, to run the gauntlet of the United States of America Senate still. The United States is a fast growing colonising and commercial Power with far-reaching interests in the securing of a favourable atmosphere for her policy of prospective exploitation of her undeveloped neighbours, and for that end, for bringing about a new orientation of her Monroe Doctrine. It is, therefore, a matter of the utmost necessity for her to cultivate the friendship of other big Powers, who may be expected to sympathise with her in her aspirations by reason of the similarity of aims and objective between them; and what more natural or profitable course could she adopt than the appearance before the world as a messenger of peace, good-will and concord? The message of peace is to the war-weary world, what a cooling shower is to the scorched soil of a desert—a very welcome and joyful thing. Peace had been talked about for the last ten years, but real peace has not been possible of attainment; and it is only an armed truce, one that is based upon the superior strength of other Nations, that has subsisted up till now. The United States of America has seized the opportunity with consummate adroitness and has turned it to its own advantage by pushing itself again into the lime-light. Almost every country that counts in international politics has assented to the principles of the Pact and has solemnly sworn to abjure war. If they are not sincere in their asseverations, or if it is more than evident that they are simply hobnobbing with the idea of peace, the blame or the discredit rests on them alone and not upon America. It may be that the European Nations are silently arming themselves to the teeth; it may be that they are concluding clandestine agreements to

perpetuate a condition of mutual distrust among themselves; it may be that the bigger Nations look upon the smaller ones with the utmost condescension and that they utilize them, whenever it suits them, as pawns in the chess-board in international rivalry; it may be that they do not stop to enter into a subtle argument on the ethics of aggressive and defensive wars, when it comes to a question of their own national safety—it may be all this, but at the same time it may also be that the moral effect producable by the signing of the Peace-Treaty will be so considerable, that Nations would think twice before plunging into a conflict and involving the world in a disastrous welter. This is the correct perspective from which the Pact has got to be viewed; it is an instrument of peace only so far, and to the extent to which, such Pacts can serve as instruments of peace—that is to say, it becomes what the signatories make it. The peace situation to-day, to all intents and purposes, is possibly worse than what it was ten years ago, and the next war to which probably we are precipitately heading will, in the view of competent experts be a war, which will prove the destruction of civilization. The aerial demonstrations that recently took place in England and France in the course of which it was shown what a tremendous annihilating power is possessed by the Air Fleets of European Nations, is a certain indication of what we are for, if war breaks out. One wonders how, in the face of all these indubitable signs, the Nations who signed the Kellog-Pact could conscientiously say that they are all 'convinced' that they were all engaged in the 'humane endeavour' of banishing war as a contingent instrument of their national policy for the future. The only hope for humanity is of course in the realisation of the ideals of the Kellog-Pact; and humanity can only pray that it be given to the statesmen and rulers of the world to undertake a thoroughly honest, and sincere attempt at peace, lasting peace, and belie the strongly grounded suspicion of their peaceful intents. There is nothing that cannot be accomplished by an inflexible determination; and if, therefore, there is a real determination on the part of Nations to renounce war, it

can be affirmed that there is not a question, the question of Disarmament included, which cannot be satisfactorily tackled by arbitration and mutual adjustment. We look in vain for this 'change of heart,' a change which can alone be capable of dissipating humanity's fears. The Kellogg-Pact aims at effectuating this moral metamorphosis, and its success, which depends upon such uncertain and flimsy foundations as the world-situation presents to-day, looks very precarious indeed.

Glimpses of Post-War English Poetry

BY M. V. RAMANA RAO, B.A.

In a world enveloped in the mists of materialism, the soul-uplifting melodies of song and poem, the entrancing transport of verse laden with the beauty of form and rhythm, are at a discount. But all the same, the world has not become a dry desert where the verdant growth of poetry is altogether absent. There are poets and those who read them—poets whose souls rise above the noise of mortal earth and sing in accord with the music of the stars. There are yet people that are subject to the transitory fits of poetic susceptibility, entranced with the music of verse, the sublimity of higher thought. There are still other poets, even if they are not flourishing, yet existing and adjusting their inspiration to the environment and dressing their thought to suit the fashion of the day. There have thus arisen two types of poetry—the mystic and the materialistic, or the imaginative and the realistic—the former, entirely transcending the earth and the mustiness that encrusts it and purely of a subjective and spiritual kind, more self-absorbing and less popular, less intelligible to the ordinary man, more concerned with what is invisible, far and unrealisable; the latter, of a kind that touches man at all ends and stills his appetite, pleasant, light, accessible, based on observation set in poetic atmosphere, appealing to the man in the street, less taxing. The pre-war and the post-war poetry of the British Empire is essentially of this kind.

Helena Colman, the Canadian poet whose "Marching men: war verses" has the measured march of war-roused men is a typical example of a poet whose inspiration was the devastating war and whose verses tossed the feelings of the Canadians in a whirl of patriotism:

her expression and all the grace, the delicacy and ease that go with it :

I sit beside my sewing wheel
And croon my little song
Content to bide a wife at home
The whole day long.

So does she sing in exquisite strains with that throbbing heart of a woman—the symbol of sweet modesty and noble devotion. As she says, "The gilded queen upon her throne, compared with me is poor." Such quaint reproduction of realistic life, such reposeful ease of expression, such direct and simple outflow of the fullness of heart and the affluence of love are all visible in the verse of this present century. It has produced more women poets than before. This is not only true of this department of literature but as well of others, but this is remarkable especially in this sphere. To-day, among others we have Lawrence Alma Tadema, Mrs. C. A. Dawson Scott, author of "Idylls of Womanhood," Hellen Parry Eden, author of "A string of Sapphires",

Rose Flyman whose charm and humour and fantasy are arresting has an enticing quality in her verse that cannot be said to provoke thought while at the same time it makes the mind reflect :

Blind folk see the fairies
Oh, better far than we
Who miss the shining of their wings
Because our eyes are filled with things
We do not want to see.

Among others she has written "Fairies and Chimneys," "The Fairy Queen," "The Fairy flute." Sheila Kaye Smith, Rose Macaulay, Sylvia Lynd have each of them contributed to the poetic output of this century and made it with their delicate thought and graceful expression more resplendent, and enriched and beautified the treasury of English verse to an inestimable extent. Sylvia Lynd with her exquisite

phrasing, her beautiful thought, her love of humanity and faith in the Divine, sings in soul-stirring verse :

God does not fail in anything—
The sunny perfumes of the Spring
The blue dusks dropping fold on fold.

Other poets there are who need no introduction. They are famous if not by their poetry, by works transcendently beautiful in other spheres. Hillaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, John Drinkwater, are luminous in the literary firmament. Kipling, the poet of Imperialism, than whom there is none so truly, typically representative of the age, has disturbed the placid waters of Victorianism and is responsible for the new orientation which the poetry of Keats and Shelley and Byron and Wordsworth has been given.

The poets whose names have been mentioned in this necessarily imperfect sketch may not have received the deserved meed of attention or admiration, essentially because of the nature of their themes and the peculiar limitations they set on themselves by choosing to be local, not universal. But they in their own way served to leave a fragrance behind, sweet and lovely. It may be that their permanence is problematical ; but that they have been able to diffuse their lively imagination for their own soul's delight and in a manner appeased the hunger of kindred souls that thought but remained dumb in the ineffectual struggle for literary expression, is undeniable.

The Tamil Academy: A Myth

By V. NARAYANAN

There is a volume of literary tradition that a 'Sangam' or 'Academy'¹ existed at Madura and that the two great Tamil epics, *Manimekalai* and the *Silappatikaram*, belonged to the epoch in which the Academy flourished.² It may be useful to consider the evidence on which this tradition is based.

We have to start with a consideration of the evidence in favour of the so-called 'Sangam works'³ being practically contemporaneous with each other. These works consist of eight anthologies, ten songs and eighteen minor poems.⁴

Let us start with the anthologies. The first of the eight is the *Narrinai*.⁵ This consists of 400 *akaval*⁶ verses of the *akam*⁷ class, of nine to twelve lines each. One

¹ The tradition in fact is that three such academies existed; but Dr. S. Krishnaswami Iyengar thinks it is one academy with three marked periods of literary activity: *Some Contributions of South India to Indian Culture*, II.

² Dr. S. Krishnaswami Iyengar has accepted this tradition with some convenient modifications in his *Manimekhalai in its Historical Setting*.

³ I have pointed out in the *Journal of Oriental Research*, II, 149-151, that the word *Sangam* is in all probability a variant of the Sanskrit word *Sanghata*, which means an anthology. Perhaps, the credit for the discovery should go to the printer of Dr. S. K. Aiyangar's *Some Contributions*,—he having made it appear that 'Sangam is the Sanskrit *Sangha*'—for Dr. Aiyangar has stated that the latter word 'means ordinarily no more than an assembly' (p. 11).

⁴ According to the preface to the commentary on the grammar on 'Akam' by Iraiyanar which contains the earliest reference to the three academies.

⁵ First in the order of an old *venba* which sets out the names of the eight anthologies; the order is influenced by the exigencies of the verse-mode and is neither chronological nor logical.

⁶ *Akaval* and *kali* are verse-modes.

⁷ *Akam* and *Puram* are two broad classifications in Tamil literature. Dr. S. K. Iyengar renders *Akam* by 'erotic' and *Puram* by 'heroic'.

Pan-nadu-tanta Pandyan Maran-Valuti¹ is responsible for this collection, but the anthologist's name is not known. The collections are prefaced by a poem in praise of Vishnu by one Perum-Tevanar. According to its editor² there are 175 poets included in this anthology.³ The 'excellent' *Kurum-Tokai* collection contains 400 similar verses of three to seven lines each and is prefaced by a poem in praise of Shanmukha by the same Perum-Tevanar. The collection is compiled by one Purik-ko⁴ and includes the work of 205 poets.⁵ The third anthology *Aim-Kuru-Nuru* or the 'Five Short Hundreds' are by the five poets, Orampoki, Am-Muvanar, Kapilar, Otal-Antai and Peyanar. The prefatory verse is again by Perum-Tevanar.⁶ The anthologist is one Kutalur-kilar and the patron king is Yanaik-kat-chey Mantaram-Cheral-Irum-Porai. The next is *Patirrup-Pattu* or the 'Ten Tens' each ten being by a separate poet on a particular Chera king. The first and the last tens are not extant. The rest are on (a) Imaya-varamban Nedum-Cheral-Atan by the poet Kumattur Kannanar, (b) Imaya-varampan-Tampi Pal-yanai Sel-kelu Kuttuvan by Palai-Kotamanar (c) Kalamkayk-kanni Nar-Muti-Cheral by the poet Kappiyarru Kappiyanar, (d) Katal Pirakkottiya Sem-Kuttuvan by the poet Parananar, (e) Adukotpattu Cheral Atan by the poetess Kakkai-Patiniyar, (f) Selvak-katum-ko Ali-Atan by the poet Kapilar,

¹ His date has not been fixed.

² The late Pandit Narayanaswami Iyer, 1914.

³ There are about 2,500 poems sung by different poets on different occasions in various verse-modes, *Akaval*, *Kali* and *Paripatal*, and falling under the two-fold classification *Akam* and *Puram*. These poems were gathered into eight anthologies under the directions of different kings and by different anthologists.

⁴ Nothing is known of this Purik-ko either.

⁵ Vide the introduction to the *Pura-Nanuru*, edited by Mahamahopadhyaya V. Swaminatha Iyer, and the introduction to *Kurum-Tokai*, by Tiru-Maligai Sauri-Perumal-Arangar.

⁶ From the fact that Perum-Tevanar's poems are prefixed to some of these collections, Mr. G. S. Duraiswami considers him to be a post-Sangam poet: *Tamil Literature: Sangam Age*.

(g) Takatur-Erinta Perum-Cheral Irum-Porai by the poet Arisil-kilar, and (h) Kutak-ko Ilam-Cheral Irum-Porai by poet Perum-Kunrur-kilar. The names of the anthologist and the patron of this collection are also not known. *Paripatal* is the name given to a species of poems set to music. Seventy such poems formed the fifth of the anthologies: only twenty-two of them and portions of two more are now extant. The anthologist and the patron of these collections are also unknown. The names of persons who set to music the extant poems of this collection are mentioned at the end of each poem. One hundred and fifty stanzas, in the verse mode *Kalip-pa*, form the *Kali-Tokai*, the sixth collection. One editor¹ thinks that the poet Nav-Antuvanar was the author of all these poems. Another² holds, on the strength of an old verse,³ that Nav-Antuvanar was the author of only one of the sections of this anthology and that all the poems were wrongly ascribed to him because he was also the anthologist of the entire collection. The last two of the eight anthologies are the *Akam* and the *Puram*. The former, which also begins with an invocatory verse from Perum-Tevanar, includes 142 named poets besides a few anonymous ones. The anthologist is one Rudra-Janman⁴ son of Madurai Uppurikuti-kilan and the patron was the Pandyan king Ukkira Peru-Valuti. This king was also a poet, and one of his poems⁵ was included in the very anthology which was compiled under his directions. The *Puram* collection contains 399 poems, besides the benedictory verse of Perum-Tevanar, and includes 157 named poets:⁶ the

¹ The late Pandit Damodaram Pillai in his edition of the *Kali-Tokai*.

² Pandit E. V. Anantarama Iyer in his edition. Mahamahopadhyaya V. Swaminatha Iyer agrees with him.

³ The five poets according to this *venba* are Perum-Katum-ko, Kapilar, Marutan Ila-Nakanar, Nal-Uruttiranar and Nav-Antuvanar.

⁴ Dr. S. Krishnaswami Aiyangar has erroneously read this name as 'Rudra-Sarman'.

⁵ The 26th in Pandit Rajagopala Aiyangar's edition.

⁶ K. S. Srinivasa Pillai puts the number at 159 in his *Tamil Varalaru*.

names of the anthologist and of the patron of this collection also are not known. The 'Ten Poems' or *Pattu-Pattu* consists of the *Siru-Pan-Arrup-Patai* by Itaikali-nattu-Nallur Nat-Tattanar, the *Malaipatukatam* by Iraniyamut-tattup-Perum-Kunrur Perum-Kausikanar, *Perum-Pan-Arrup-Patai*, *Pattinap-Palai* by Katiyalur Uruttiran-Kannanar, the *Kurinjip-Pattu* by Kapilar, the *Mullai-Pattu* by Kaverippumpattinattu Pon-vanikanar-makanar Nak-Kiranar and the *Maturaik-Kanji* by Mangudi Marutanar and the *Porunar-Arrup-Patai* by the poetess Mutat-tama Kanniyar.

Besides the *Ettu-Tokai* or 'Eight Anthologies' and these 'Ten Poems', there were eighteen Minor Poems which went by the name of *Patinen-Kil-Kanakku*.¹

Let us leave the 'Ten Poems' and the Eighteen Minor Poems aside for a moment and confine ourselves to the eight anthologies. These eight anthologies fall into five groups: the *Akam* songs in the *akaval* mode, which are, according to their length, included in one or other of the three collections, the *Kurum-Tokai*, the *Narrinai* and the *Netum-Tokai* or the *Aka-Nanuru* and in *Aim-Kuru-Nuru*; the

¹ Differences exist in the enumeration even of these eighteen minor poems, which are due partly to differences in identification of the names given in an old verse and partly to variations in its reading. I have in my introduction to the *Nalatiyar* (Mylapore) pointed out these differences. The generally accepted eighteen are:—

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| (1) The Nalatiyar. | (10) The Tinaimalai Nurraimpatu. |
| (2) The Nanmanikkatikai. | (11) The Tiruk-Kural |
| (3) The Iniyatu Narpatu. | (12) The Tiri-katukam. |
| (4) The Inna Narpatu. | (13) The Asarak-kovai, |
| (5) The Kalavali Narpatu. | (14) The Palamoli. |
| (6) The Kar Narpatu. | (15) The Siru Panchamulam. |
| (7) The Aintinai Aimpatu. | (16) The Mutumolikkanchi. |
| (8) The Aintinai Elupatu. | (17) The Elati and |
| (9) The Tinaimoli Aimpatu. | (18) The Kainnilai. |

Of these No. (11) infringes the *Ilakkanam* or description of these eighteen poems and therefore some think that there was another *Muppal* not now extant. Some Mss. read *Innilai* for *Kainnilai*. An *Innilai* has been published by Mr. Tillaiyati Ta. Vetiyappapillai with commentary by Mr. V. O. Chidambaram Pillai.

Akam poems in the *Kalip-pa* mode which form the *Kalit-Tokai*; ³ the 'Ten Tens' and the ⁴ *Paripatal*, which were set to music, and lastly the *Puram* poems.

It may be noticed that the poet Kapilar has his poems included in all the anthologies except the *Paripatal*, and, for aught we know, he might have been the author of some of the missing *Paripatals*. One Orampokiyar's poems are found in five anthologies; so are the poems of Palai-patiya Perum-katum-ko, Paranar, Perum-Kunrur-kilar, Maturai Marutan Ila-Nakanar and Perum-Tevanar.¹ Eighteen other poems are found in four of the eight anthologies, thirty are in three and sixty-eight in two.² On the whole, according to one computation³ there are 486 named poets in the whole collection, while others consider that over 500 poets are included.⁴

With this knowledge of the nature and contents of these eight anthologies, we are in a position to appreciate the tradition about the three Sangams. The earliest mention of the Sangams is in the prefatory portion of the

¹ Probably a poet of the period when some of these anthologies were made whose verses the anthologist has freely borrowed for the purpose of invocatory verses.

² Mr Duraiswami's *Tamil Literature : Sangam Age*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ K. S. Srinivasa Pillai in his *Tamil Varalaru* says: "From a computation made from the available Sangam poems alone, Kanakasabhai Pillai says that there are names of over 500 poets, and Mahamahopadhyaya Swaminatha Iyer says that there are over 700 names. It will be useful to examine their names, their places of birth, their lives, their poems and their contents with a view to learn the following: (1) which of these poets were earlier and which were later; (2) the patrons and the kings contemporaneous with them, (3) the prevailing modes of life and beliefs (4) the early history and early religions in South India (5) The general life of the Tamilians of these times." If none competent to undertake this monumental task were forthcoming, Mr. Pillai thought of doing it himself. It is not yet known whether he has left any valuable manuscripts behind.

My friend Mr. T. G. Aravamuthan, who has been engaged on a similar work for some years, has almost completed a comprehensive account of the numerous poets and potentates of the literature of the Sangam Age, and endeavoured to marshal them in chronological sequence, on the basis of the evidence gleaned from that literature.

commentary ascribed to the poet Nak-Kirar on Iraiyanar's Grammar on *Akam*. There is an Iraiyanar whose poem is included as No. 2 of the *Kurum-Tokai* and the tradition has it that this poet was no other than Lord Siva himself and that the poet Nak-Kirar found fault with this poem, as he found fault with many other Poems presented to the third Academy, and was for his pains cursed by the Lord. The curse, says the tradition, was removed by the poet singing *Tiru-Kuruk-Arrup-Patai*, one of the 'Ten Poems.' The same Nak-Kirar had this commentary read before the Academy and accepted as the best on the Lord's Grammar on *Akam*.

Certain distinctions must be kept in view in the discussion of this as well as other literary traditions. We have seen that the 'Sangam works' are in the nature of anthologies and, according to the manuscripts, they were collected at different periods by different anthologists. Such collections are known to the early Tamil grammarians as *Tokai*; and Dandin, the well-known Sanskrit author, calls them *sanghata*, and his annotator cites these Tamil anthologies as examples of *sanghata*. The manuscripts call these only *Tokai*. In the early references in literature there is no mention of the word 'Sangam.'

Secondly, there were in Tamil India, as elsewhere, conferences of poets, pandits and religious men convened by kings. The convocations were also sometimes held for setting the hall-mark of approval on particular poems or doctrines. Such Assemblies or Sangams are referred to, which later miracle-mongers confused with the 'Sanghata' literature, and built stories on names like Iraiyanar. After the 'Sangam' anthologies had achieved the reputation of classics, later writers call their poems 'Sanga-Tamil' or Classic Tamil.¹ Such claims are also made by annotators of works like the *Silappatikaram* and *Manimekalai* to indicate that those poems are done in the classic style. A confusion about these distinctions might

¹ Instances of this are found in Sri-Andal's *Tirup-Pavai*, in Tirumangai-Mannan's *Periya Tirumoli*, and in the *Tevaram*.

help the growth of a tradition that there were three literary academies in the Tamil land at different times and that in the third, forty-nine poets sat in solemn conclave and passed judgment on four hundred other contemporary poets.¹

We are now in a position to evaluate the tradition recorded in the prefatory portion of the commentary to Iraiyanar's *Aka-porul*. "It is said that those who formed the last Sangam and scrutinized Tamil literature are Siru-Metaviyar, Sentam Putanar, Arivutai Aranar, Perum-Kunrur-kilar, Ilam-Tiru-Maranar, Maturai-Asiriyar Nav-Antuvanar, Marutan Ila-Nakanar, Kanakkayanar-makanar Nak-Kirar and others numbering forty-nine.² Including these, the poets were 449. Their songs are the four hundred *Netum-Tokai*, the four hundred *Kurum-Tokai*, the four hundred *Narrinai*, the five short hundreds, the 'Ten Tens,' the one hundred and fifty *Kalis*, the seventy *Paripatal*s, *Kuttu-vari*, *Per-isai*, *Sirr-isai*, etc. Their *nul* or Grammars were *Akattiyam* and *Tolkappiyam*. They sat at the Sangam or academy and scrutinized Tamil for 1850 years, it is said; those who formed them into an academy were kings from Muta-Tiru-Maran whose kingdom was lost by the inroad of the sea, down to Ukkira Peru-Valuti, forty-nine in all, so they say. The place where they assemble was, they say, North or Uttara Madura. And it is said that among these, three Pandyas were accredited poets."³

¹ 'What actually does make the tradition look very suspicious is the extraordinary length of time that is given to each one of these periods. It is this impossible longevity in the traditional account that stamps the whole tradition connected with these two bodies as entirely false in the estimation of modern scholarship'—*Some Contributions of South India to Indian Culture* p. 12.

² Some of the names of poets included in the eight anthologies ascribed to the third Academy are herein recited as having sat in the first or the second Academy—a fact which reduces this record of the tradition to almost no value.

³ The uselessness of this passage for historical research is made out by the late K. Srinivasa Pillai in his *Tamil Varalaru*, ii 15 to 21, and by Mr. G. S. Duraiswami in his *Tamil Literature*, 54 to 56.

Some scholars¹ have accepted this tradition with a pinch of salt. But it is obvious that Nak-Kirar of the anthologists could not be the author of this passage or of the commentary to which it is prefixed, as that commentary refers to a Mara-Varman, who is ascribed to the 8th century, unless, indeed, the anthologies which include Nak-Kirar's poems can all be said to have been compiled in the 8th century itself.

Nor can we agree with the view that the Sangam epoch covered a few centuries only and not 1850 years according to this tradition. An examination of the contents of these anthologies reveals (a) that certain poems celebrate mythological incidents (for instance, one of the Cheras is said to have fed both the armies in the Mahabharata War) and (b) that certain poems celebrate the same miraculous incidents, ascribing them however to different kings. A number of kings are said to have achieved what King Canute failed to do. They had each of them, after the manner of Lord Shanmukha, thrust their lances at the ocean and reclaimed lands therefrom.

Lastly, the poets used to sing about kings as if they were their contemporaries even when they sang about mythical kings and have often attributed the achievements of the heroes of old to their royal descendants. These features deprive, to a very great extent, the value of any information gatherable from the anthologies; and it is not proper, by skilful manipulation to reduce the dates of these kings, some of them mythical, to a period of five centuries of literary activity on no other evidence than the above-mentioned tradition.

All that we can say about these eight anthologies is this: they comprise poems which are the oldest available in Tamil literature; being anthologies, they range from the very beginnings of Tamil poetry down to the time when they were collated. The anthologies being collated on different occasions, some earlier and some later, the poets could not have been all contemporaries nor could they

¹ Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Iyengar and Mr. G. S. Duraiswami among them.

have belonged to a particular epoch exclusively. Probably the last of these anthologies was compiled in the 7th or 8th century,¹ at a time when the *Silappatikaram* and *Manimekalai* were published. The astronomical data in some of the Sangam poems point to the 5th and 7th centuries and there are other reasons urged against fixing the second century as the 'Sangam Age.' There will be no need to canvas arguments against the value of the evidences urged in favour of a later period, once the collation of these anthologies at a later date is admitted.

We may now consider the chronological evidences contained in the two Tamil epics, *Manimekalai* and the *Silappatikaram*. The other extant epic, the *Jivaka Chintamani*, has been assigned to the 10th century A. D. and it is only the former two epics that are claimed to belong to the 'Sangam Age.'

In order to understand the arguments for and against this view, it is necessary to know something about the structure of these poems.

The story of the *Silappatikaram* is briefly told. A young merchant-prince of Kaverippattinam, Kovalan, neglects his good wife Kannaki for a lovely courtesan, Matavi. He becomes impoverished, and one night when he suddenly returns home, his wife thinks it was to get money for this courtesan and offers her golden anklets to him. This rare sacrifice reforms Kovalan and he resolves to start life afresh in Madura, selling the anklets there.

Arrived at Madura, Kovalan leaves his wife at the shepherds' quarters and goes into the city to sell one of the anklets. At the instigation of the king's goldsmith, who fathers his own theft of the queen's anklet on Kovalan, he is ordered to be killed by the king; Kannaki learning of her husband's death accuses the king of his rash judgment the king realising his error dies instantly of a

¹ In that case, there may be some truth in considering Perum-Tevanar's poems as having been included in the original anthologies: besides, there may be some truth in the tradition that Iraiyanar's Grammar was annotated by Nak-Kirar, and reduced to writing (in an enlarged form possibly) some generations later.

broken heart on the throne. Kannaki's anger sets fire to the city.

Directed by the goddess of Madura, Kannaki goes to a distant hill in the Chera country where her dead husband comes back to take her to Heaven with him in his aerial car. King Sem-Kuttuvan thereupon goes to the Himalayas to bring stones for the image of Pattini-devi Kannaki and builds a temple in her honour, bathing the stones in the Ganges on the way. The princes whom he conquered on the way in his pious expedition carried the stones on their royal heads. The Chola and the Pandya kings and king Gajabahu of Ceylon attend the installation of Pattini whose cult spread everywhere. These form the three books *Pukar*, *Maturai* and *Vanji* respectively, and are prefaced by a prologue which describes how the author heard from the hill-tribes of the neighbourhood of Kannaki's ascent to Heaven and how the poet Sattanar of Madura told him the story which he rendered into verse in the presence of his brother-poet. There is also an epilogue which narrates what the kings of Chola, Pandya and Ceylon did to appease the goddess Pattini.

Manimekalai takes the story from the end of the second book, the *Madurai-Kantam*. *Manimekalai*, the daughter, and Matavi, the courtesan, became anchorites on hearing of the deaths of Kovalan and Kannaki. The miracles in *Manimekalai*'s life are then described and how she finds solace at last in Buddhism. The prologue to the poem says that Ilam-ko, the author of the *Silappatikaram* had this poem recited before him.

For *Manimekalai* there is no old commentary, but for the *Silappatikaram* we have an old commentary and a rather late one by Atiyarkku-Nallar. In the preface to the latter commentary we have reference to the second Sangam and also to the passages in the *Silappatikaram* where *Manimekalai*'s name occurs¹ and also to the opinion that inasmuch as the *Silappatikaram* treated of *dharma*, *artha*

¹ The original passages are capable of other meanings and explanations than those attributed to them by the annotator.

and *kama*, and *Manimekalai* treats of *moksha*, the two were together considered as one *maha-kavya*.¹ This plea of homogeneity apart, the poems have little in common.² The *patikam* in the *Silappatikaram* is of doubtful authorship and one is led to doubt the authenticity of even the third canto, the *Vanji-kantam*.³ As has been well pointed out, the *Silappatikaram* differs from *Manimekalai* in this respect that its main story, up to the point of Kovalan's murder by the king's guards, is quite probable and miracles step in only later, whereas in *Manimekalai* the author resorts to the supernatural almost from the beginning.⁴ Again: 'it revels in the supernatural and, towards the close, becomes boresome.' For this fault and other reasons, a scholar of our day has doubted its reputed authorship, and suggested that it was probably put together by a monkish poetaster.⁵ In this connection, it will be well to remember the familiar practice of Jain and Buddhist writers to adopt, modify and supersede the Hindu legends with a view to inculcate their own doctrines and to propagate their own religious beliefs.⁶ It is there-

¹ This ingenious interpretation of Atiyarkku-Nallar is due to the erroneous rendering in Tamil of the Sanskrit phrase of Dandin about *maha-kavya lakshana*. A *maha-kavya* need not deal with all the four *purusharthas*: it is sufficient if it deals with one of them. In fact, no *kavya* deals with *moksha* directly, either in Sanskrit or in Tamil. Valmiki claims for even the *Ramayana* that it is only *dharma-artha-kama-sahitam*, dealing with *dharma*, *artha* and *kama*. It is significant that the *Tiruk-Kural* deals only with these divisions, and there also the Tamil annotators consider an explanation necessary. Mahamahopadhyaya Swaminatha Iyer apparently doubts the authenticity of this passage. It is interesting to note the scholastic reasoning of Sabhapathi Navalar in his *Dravida Prakashikai*, 292, defending the Saivite Sattanar's exposition of Buddhism in his *Manimekalai*.

² A. Madhaviah says: 'Besides being comparatively simpler in style than most other poems of the Sangam Age, *Manimekalai* is by far the most modern in spirit of them all'—an observation of an acute critic, which is significant when the test of style or spirit is applied to the problem whether the poem belonged to the Sangam age or not.

³ For which Atiyarkku-Nallar has no commentary.

⁴ The usefulness of such a procedure adopted by men of religion for inculcating their own views through poems is exemplified by the case of the

fore possible to assign a later date to *Manimekalai* than to the *Silappatikaram*, to allow time for the *Silappatikaram*, the Hindu or Jain epic, to gather popularity before the Buddhist story is tacked on to it. We can dismiss the testimony of the authors of these two poems¹ that they were contemporaries of the events they set forth and that Ilam-ko was addressed by the Pattini at the festival² as a trick of the trade not unknown in other literatures or to our own age.³

Next, as to the data available for fixing the date of *Manimekalai*. The author, Maturai Kula-vanikan Sattanar, is referred to in the *Silappatikaram* (*Patikam*) as Tan-Tamil Sattan and in Chapter 25 (in the third *Kandam*) as Tan-Tamil-Asan Sattan and 'Nan-nur-Pulavan.' In the eight anthologies there occur the name Sittalai Sattanar⁴ and Madurai Kula-vanikan Sittalai Sattanar.⁵ Perasiriyar the commentator of the *Tolkappiyam*, refers to '*Manimekalai* composed by Sittalai Sattanar.' Whether

other Tamil epic the *Jivaka-Chintamani*. It is said that it was with a view to avert a Chola king's succumbing to a study of the *Chintamani* that the *Periya-Puranam* was composed by the Saivite saint, Sekkilar.

¹ There is only the evidence of the prologues to support this which might be the composition of another author and possibly of a later time even. Dr. S. Krishnaswami Iyengar in his '*Contributions of South India to Indian Culture*.'

² This reference to *Varam-taru-katai* is ambiguous and the whole of the third *kantam* stands apart from the first two *kantams* of the *Silappatikaram*.

³ Mr. A. Madhaviah in his *Manimekalai*, viii. He says: 'I remember how Valmiki too claims to have lived at the time of Rama and to have taken no insignificant part in the incidents of the immortal epic which bears his name. It may be that this was a form of literary convention in those days. Nor do I forget the fact that several historic personages whose co-existence has been verified by other and more authentic records and referred to are made to figure in these works.'

⁴ In the *Nar-rinai* and the *Kurum-Tokai* and in two of the *Aka-Nanuru* poems.

⁵ In the *Pura-Nanuru* and in three of the *Aka-nanuru* poems. The *Puran* poem is sung in praise of Pandyan Chitra-matattu-tunjiya Nan-Maran. Apparently, this anthologist does not adopt the story of contemporaneity of Sattanar with the Pandya who died on the throne, Arasakattil-tunjiya Pandya Nedum Sataiyar.

there is here any confusion of names of two different poets, we cannot say. Even if the poets of the anthologies referred to variously as Sittalai Sattanar and Madurai Kula-vanikan Sattanar¹ are one and the same person, the author of *Manimekalai*, that does not help us in fixing the date of that epic, for we do not know when the *Nar-rinai* or the *Kurum-Tokai* or the *Aka-Nanuru* or the *Pura-Nanuru* were compiled.

The date of *Manimekalai* has however been sought to be ascertained from other data. At the time of the story there was a Chola viceroyalty at Kanchi. It is therefore inferred² rightly that the story refers to a period before the Pallava ascendancy, but it does not follow that the author of the epic was also Pre-Pallava, unless we accept the tradition that the author was a contemporary of the events he described. It is very easy for the author who pretends contemporaneity to support his case by references to Pre-Pallava Kanchi in his poem. But the description of the Pre-Pallava Kanchi betrays the author's date. Reliance is placed on a reference to a battle at Kariyaru in *Manimekalai* which is interpreted as referring to a side attack by the Chera king, but the Chera and the Chola kings were friends according to the *Silappatikaram* and the Chola attended the installation of the Pattini-devi at the Chera capital.

The author is led into this error, probably because the Chera and Chola kings contemporary with him or of the immediately earlier period were often enemies of each other. Then again, in the *Silappatikaram* there is a prediction that Kaveri-pattinam would be destroyed by the sea, and

¹ The probabilities are that they are different and the poet of the anthology belonged to a place called Sittalai, while the corn-merchant author of *Manimekalai* belonged to Madura. Sittalai is probably a place-name. A *venba* in the *Tiru-Valluva-Malai* or Garland of Verses in praise of the author of the *Tiruk-Kural* attributed to the 49 poets of the Sangam, refers to the 'pus-pate of Sattan', or rather to his headaoh, but the whole 'Garland' is obviously spurious; although *Ilam-Puranam*, a commentary on the *Tol-kappiyam*, supports this interpretation.

² By Dr. S. Krishnaswami Iyengar.

during the course of events described in *Manimekalai*, the city is described as so destroyed. A perusal of the description of the destruction of the city indicates clearly that the poet was not a contemporary author at all. We can safely conclude that *Manimekalai* was composed by a poet who came a long time after the *Silappatikaram* and after the events that he developed into a religious romance.

Lastly, *Manimekalai* has been studied from another view-point. The philosophic systems described by the author are, according to one set of scholars, post-Dinnagan, which takes the poem to a period after the fifth century; this is explained away by saying that the particular school of philosophy exemplified in *Manimekalai* might have existed in Kanchi in the second century A. D., although it was put in book-form by a 5th or 6th-century author or philosopher,—a possible explanation if the original exponents were Tamil (which apparently they were not). This explanation is needless, for the evidence of the philosophical systems does not contradict any established fact but rather supports the date we are led to by other evidence.

There remains the discussion of the date of the *Silappatikaram*. Here also, the poet apparently is not a contemporary—at least of the events of the third *Kantam* in *Uraiperu Katturai*, is mentioned the contemporaneity of kings, Senguttuvan, Gaja-bahu, Korkaiyil-irunta Verri-vel Seliyan, the Kosars, and the Chola Perum-Killi. There is considerable difficulty in establishing the contemporaneity of these kings.¹ This difficulty has led some to the inference that the poet probably blundered in his attempt to antedate his poem.²

¹ Sem-Kuttuvan's age is determined on other evidence by Pandit M. Raghava Iyengar, but the other kings in that case are not his contemporaries.

² Mr. Subramania Iyer, in his article on 'Ancient History of the Pandya Country in the *Christian College Magazine*, 1914, says: 'My own view is that the authors, not knowing the time when the kings mentioned by them individually flourished, have treated persons belonging to different ages as contemporaries and thus brought together a Gajabahu, a Nedunjeliyan, and a Karikala as living at the same time. In my article on the date and times of the last two kings, I have adduced

these data, calculated the date to be 756 A. D.¹ He remarks that although the Pattini cult might have been in existence in Ceylon earlier it came over to India only in the 8th century and in all probability this epic was written to support the new cult and advocate it.

Then, there is what is known as the astronomical evidence. The poet describes the appearance of the heavens when Kovalan fled with his wife from Kaverippattinam to Madura. The annotator supplies more details of the aspect of the heavens. One scholar has, relying on

It is argued that two passages in the commentary on Iraiyanar-Akaporul refer to the *Silappatikaram* and that there is therefore no doubt that the epic was in existence at the time of the commentary,² but this does not help us much as we have already seen that the commentary is later than a Mara-Varman of the 8th century A. D. A similar inconclusive evidence is furnished by a *Venba* at the end of the second canto of the *Silappatikaram* and by a quotation from *Manimekalai* which refers to a particular Kural in praise of the chaste wife. The Kural has been identified by some as Muppai, one of the eighteen minor collections about the date of which, however, nothing is known.³ The Kural might have been composed some time after the eight anthologies had been made, if the tradition

reasons to prove that they must have lived at least a century apart. I would further state that if you examine carefully the contents of *Manimekalai*, you find mentioned in this work, assigned to the second century A. D. systems of belief and philosophy that could not have struck root till the 8th and 9th centuries.

¹ The late L. D. Swamikannu Pillay. About this Dr. S. Krishnaswamy Iyengar in his *Beginnings of South Indian History* says: 'The few details that the author mentions in the texts are taken in combination with perhaps the somewhat clumsy calendrical efforts of the commentator who at the lowest estimate came three centuries after the author and what is worst of all in the case, these details from this combination are altered in almost very essential and particular to fit in with the fixed date 756 A. D.'

² By Dr. S. K. Iyengar in his *Beginnings of South Indian History*.

³ The *Nalatiyar* is an anthology by one Padumanar who has been ascribed to the 9th or 10th century.

that the 49 poets of the academy praised it was a contemporary tradition.¹

As a result of this discussion we may conclude that the tradition about a 'Sangam Age' is opposed to and is not supported by reliable evidence, and is a mere myth, that 'the eight anthologies' were collected at different periods of Tamil history, that in all probability the Sattanar of these collections was different from the author of *Manimekalai*, that the *Silappatikaram* was in all probability a work either contemporaneous with the latest of the eight anthologies or even later still, that neither the *Silappatikaram* nor *Manimekalai* treats of events contemporaneous with the authors thereof and that *Manimekalai* came several years after the *Silappatikaram* and was in no sense its twin.²

¹ But apparently it is not; and stanzas from the *Kural* might well have been excluded from the anthologies although their author was earlier because the schemes of the anthologies did not allow its inclusion.

² The prose passage at the end of the *Silappatikaram*, which is called *Nurkatturai* and which ends with the words *Manimekalaimel Urai-porul-murriya Silappatikaram-murum*, is an obvious accretion to the text after Adiyarkku-Nallar and his commentary.

I Remember

BY M. T. PATWARDHAN

I remember

Mother, this was your first kiss
And the memory of it lingers within me
Like the perfume of a flower.

When you saw me hurt and weeping,
Did you not bend softly and lay
Your warm cheeks against mine?
Mother, that was your first kiss
And I remember it still.

Then did I raise myself and throw my arms around you
As if I could make you a prisoner! and you smiled;
Ah! if I could ever remain thus with my mother smiling
And the kiss of her warm lips lingering
On my cheeks . . .

Translated from MARATHI by

R. L. RAU.

Village Communal Organisations

BY K. R. R. SASTRY, M.A., B.L.; F.R.E.S.

"Local self-administration and the ubiquitous panchayat are among the East's rich and successful experiments in communal life and organisation, and the rehabilitation of this will be attended with much better results than the introduction of ready-made systems from abroad." An one-sided imitation has led to the problem of de-ruralisation which in its turn has produced a shocking percentage of infant mortality, the slum problem and the unhealthy atmosphere of urban life. Throughout South India to this day, we have many relics of the self-sufficing guild activity of ancient times in the survival of important trade customs and the fairly complete working of the existing corporations functioning effectively in many rural localities.

A small questionnaire like this will be useful to local enquirers:—

1. Is there a village panchayat registered under an Act or otherwise?
2. Is arbitration usual in the village? Specify any disputes settled by the panchayat.
3. How many cases were taken to a court of law last year?
4. How many drink shops (toddy and arrack) are there in the village or in easy reach of it?
5. Is there much drunkenness in the village? On what do you base your answer?
6. Comment on any other social evils in the village, as gambling dens, &c.

A perusal of thirty answers to such a questionnaire forces on one the conclusion that village panchayats and communal gatherings have proved a solvent of many evils by nipping them in the bud, for example, street fights, small

money suits, and cases of moral delinquency. In the summer when water is scarce and hence no cultivation, the villagers take to gambling in the form of playing cards and they are really 'mad after it.' There appears to all outward purposes no popular condemnation of the practice. Drinking is the curse of most if not all of these villages; and ideas on temperance have not yet made their way into these parts.

That there are at the present day many guilds—rural and urban—in South India at varying stages of disruption has been the thesis of the present writer's work on "South Indian Guilds" (with a note from the late Dr. Alfred Marshall of Cambridge). The Kaikola organisation in Udayarpalayam (Trichy District), the Dasaries of Chikkanayakkanpettai (Tanjore District), the Komutties of Vriddachalam (South Arcot District), the weavers of Adamankottai (Salem District) and the Pancha Brahma Sabaiyar of Madura—to mention only a few—have got their panchayats in full working order.

Constructive criticism consists in the arduous work of resuscitation of these picturesque survivals. The *Peria Dhana Karan* of Madura, corresponding to the Alderman of mediæval guilds, deserves to be honoured by the Government during all ceremonial occasions. Every expert adviser of Government should make it a point of meeting these artisans in their panchayats, talking to them on trade matters and giving them advisory lectures if need be. In no case should the Government directly interfere in their deliberations, so long as there is no infringement of law and order. Such an indirect help is essential in the South, where cottage industries are found in a fairly steady position.

A well-organised guild is in fact positively useful to the Government. In cases of famine, leprosy, infant mortality and the spread of contagious diseases, an intelligent and well-equipped body like the guild will be a great promoter of social happiness. Further, in the effective role of fixing the price of a particular commodity and of closely

supervising the indigenous system of apprentices—where many improvements are badly needed—the guild has an important future before it.

Again, these guilds can effectively supplement the efforts of the agricultural department in the introduction and trial of improved modes of cultivation. Each guild can act as a local agricultural association and introduce new agricultural implements to the ryots on the hire-purchase system. The duty of a particular village to construct the channel within its jurisdiction is sacred and obligatory on its occupants. The irrigation department should always strengthen such communal labour in the construction of many minor works of irrigation. The village panchayat may be entrusted with common lands and waste "supervised by an officer analogous to English Enclosure Commissioners." Wasteful law-suits might be curtailed if these local panchayats are given effective power to decide cases in their courts in the first instance before they are carried to His Majesty's Courts. If these guilds and panchayats only thrive well, many of the undesirable developments due to contact with the West can be avoided.

The present South Indian village has been deprived of its powers of initiative. Cash *nexus* has wofully supplanted the old communal ties. Happily, the communal instinct of South Indian culture is not yet dead, as evident from the picturesque survival of guilds and panchayats. If the old panchayat is re-organised and its jurisdiction extended; if the cottage industries are given opportunities of development; if the landed interests show more sympathy towards the hard-worked servants; if the type of rural education is made interesting and the village schoolmaster restored to his time-honoured position of cultural and social leadership; if the dormant hygienic conscience is stirred up to useful activity; if the growing fragmentation of holdings be arrested and if the village receives additional powers through further decentralisation; the South Indian village is bound to live and contribute its "communal and synthetic quota to East Asian culture."

Current Topics

LALAJI: PATRIOT AND SCHOLAR

To the younger generation of Indians, the names of Lala Lajpat Rai and Bal Gangadhar Tilak are hallowed beyond compare. Patriots and scholars of distinction, they never permitted their love of learned leisure to come in the way of unremitting toil for the Motherland. The unspeakable humiliation of subjection to the foreigner burnt into their souls; and, at a time when patriotism was a crime, they were content to stand forth as criminals and wear the crown of thorns that is the reward of the foremost men of a subject nation. The deportation of Lalaji and the long incarceration of the Lokamanya two decades ago, marked the beginnings of a long and peaceful warfare for India's emancipation. May it not be that the *lathi* blows which are believed to have hastened Lalaji's death will inaugurate a swift, short struggle, bound to achieve that very emancipation?

It is significant that Lalaji commenced his great career with the publication of the lives of the illustrious heroes of the Italian *Risorgimento*: for, more than any Indian of our times, he was gifted with the vision of Mazzini, the heroism of Garibaldi and the far-seeing statesmanship of Count Di Cavour. He has left us many precious legacies, but assuredly the greatest of them all is the fight for freedom. May the Nation that he loved and served so well prove worthy of him, and fight the good fight to a finish!

Mr. SASTRI'S SUCCESSOR

The selection of a successor to the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri as Agent-General to South Africa must have been a matter of considerable difficulty. India possesses few men like Mr. Sastri. By his splendid eloquence and wide culture, and his inimitable tact combined

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with firmness, India's first Ambassador served to enhance her prestige among nations. Under the circumstances, no nomination could be expected to meet with a chorus of approval. But Sir K. V. Reddi has to his credit a long record of public work in various spheres. He is a speaker of outstanding ability in English as well as Telugu, though not an orator like Mr Sastri. He is known to be a great fighter for communal, if not national rights. It may sound paradoxical, but Sir Kurma, the champion of the cause of the Non-Brahmins of Madras whom he believed to have been oppressed and kept out of their just rights, may be trusted to champion with equal tenacity the cause of the Indians of South Africa as against the Whites. His is a difficult task in any case, and coming immediately after Mr. Sastri he is apt to be judged by rigorous standards. It is to be hoped that he will prove equal to the occasion and safeguard the interests of his countrymen.

K. R.

SIR SANKARAN'S SILENCE

The public of India are much intrigued by the imperturbable silence of Sir Sankaran Nair. What may account for it? If we thought that he reserved his powder and shot for the Central Legislature and the Central Government, we were greatly mistaken. At Delhi he preserves the same sphynx-like attitude as at Poona, Lahore or Karachi. Neither the tragedy of the Lala's precipitated death nor the super-arrogance of Sir John Simon has moved him to say one word during the course of enquiry beyond the one sentence that he ejaculated in Poona. There the evidence was tending to launch the Conference into communal discussions. After having slipped into it, perhaps unwittingly, Sir John Simon sounded the warning to the witness that they were drifting into communal issues. "Ah, we have already sunk into them," interposed Sir Sankaran Nair, and by his remark he must have stung to the quick that astute lawyer and vigilant politician, Sir John, who has been ruling the Joint Free Conference with an iron hand. Verily, the little

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finger of Sir Sankaran Nair must have proved thicker than the loins of Sir John Simon. The pity of it, however, is that while Sir John is able to lead his team, Sir Sankaran is not. He has two Moslems who stand for separate electorates, one Panchama who would have separate representation, a Sikh with separatist tendencies, and one or two colleagues who may agree with him. So far, Sir Sankaran Nair has not shown his hand, but the real doubt is whether he has any trumps concealed in his pack.

THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT

Both interesting and outspoken has been the evidence tendered by the Central Government before the Joint Free Conference. The topics dealt with stand on a higher plane and the level of discussion also has reached a correspondingly high level. It was up to Mr. Haig and Mr. Dunnet to ask for an *in camera* sitting, but wisely and well did they not seek it. They have made some frank admissions which show that Government observe no high standards of ethics in seducing the elected members from their loyalty to their electorates. If only fifteen elected members are won over, said they, Government carry the day. And fifteen men out of a hundred elected must be easy to secure. But when Messrs. Haig and Dunnet averred that in all controversial measures they could invariably appeal to the European or the Muslim group, they showed the cloven hoof. So the Government of India are unabashed in their admissions that they carry on sedulous lobbying, try to divide and rule, wean patriots from their fealty to the cause of their country, exploit the slackness of their party organization and make good by hook or by crook.

These however are elementary facts which do not require the Home Secretary and a special officer to elucidate. The forward wing of Indian politicians have all along warned betimes those that showed an inclination to Council politics, about them. So early as in November 1922, when Desabandhu Das's private residence was the scene of warm debates, these very issues were raised and answered. Yet

some of our friends and elders, the doubting Thomases that they were, wanted an ocular demonstration and they have had it. On the top of it all comes the plain-spoken and unmitigated admission of the easy strategy by which the bureaucracy have fought its battles over a decade and won its victories. What the people's representatives will propose after this must be interesting beyond measure.

POLITICS AND ETHICS

But the popular representatives and public men who have not coveted that role labour under certain irremovable disabilities. They, especially the latter, are handicapped by their logic and by their ethics. Politics is not a game in which you can visualise the steps right up to the end. It proceeds on the policy that sufficient unto the day is the strategy thereof. And how easily does strategy degenerate into the stratagems and wiles of politicians! If strategy is opposed to logic, stratagems are opposed to ethics. The public man in India who has unbending principles in his moral code and is strictly ethical in all his utterances and acts, is severely handicapped in his political career. He must kill all ambition if he would speak the truth. Ambition requires however to be worked out by the aid of untruth. Men known to be unscrupulous, men with whom therefore you would not hobnob, have to be coaxed and cajoled and cultivated. Their help must be sought and their co-operation always carries with it a price. This price must be paid in cash or rewards sooner or later. Individual convictions require to be merged in, or even buried under, party considerations. Party implies organization, organization means funds, funds come only in return for services, services subserve interests. Interests are public or private. The former need not canvass support, the latter alone must purchase advocacy. Here comes the conflict between party considerations and public duty, between personal interests and commonweal, between expediency and principle, between ambitiousness and morality. Is it any wonder that the best men of a country avoid politics?

S. P.

'SWARAJYA' AND 'JANMABHUMI'

During the present month of November, *Swarajya* enters on its eighth year and *Janmabhumi* on its tenth. The latter was launched immediately before the Amritsar Congress, and since then it has been pouring forth, week after week, a refreshing stream of editorial comments which rightly entitle it to the foremost position amongst the *views*-papers of India. Never coveting place or position either in the Councils of the Government or of the Congress, the Editor has consistently and fearlessly battled for the right, and during times of crisis, when men's minds are perplexed and their vision clouded, he has given a clear and unambiguous lead.

Of *Swarajya* it is difficult to speak without emotion. Started at the height of the Non-co-operation movement, and drawing unto itself the joyous allegiance of a band of high-spirited youths under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Prakasam, *Swarajya* has won a unique place amongst Indian Nationalist papers. To those like the writer, who were associated with it at the beginning but were called away to other fields, *Swarajya* is dear as an *alma mater*. May these patriotic concerns flourish for many a long year!

K. R.

Reviews

[We shall be glad to review books in all Indian languages and in English, French and German. Books for review should reach the office at least SIX WEEKS in advance of the day of publication of the Journal.]

SANSKRIT

Lalita—A short play in Sanskrit with an English translation, by V. K. TAMPY, B. A., Principal, H. H. The Maharajah's Sanskrit College, Trivandrum.

This is a tragic little sketch of a girl who, born to be a courtesan, tries to rise above her station and fails, not through her own failings, but through the kind cruelty of a thoughtless benefactor. Manasimha, a general of the Emperor Akbar, buys her of her mother, who puts her up for sale. His purchase is made in the belief that thereby the girl is being seduced from a vile bondage. The girl herself is romantic enough to fall in love with her redeemer and imagines her love is requited. Though they live together for a while, Manasimha's feeling for her is not deep-rooted. He goes away on affairs of State, forgets Lalita and legally weds another and comes back with his wife to the city where Lalita lives, ever expecting to welcome her Lord with the son, the pledge of their love. At the very last moment, from a letter carelessly dropped by the Mayor, she learns of Manasimha's marriage and her heart breaks. The theme is slight and requires all the delicate handling given to it by the author. The dialogue, in places, is spirited, the tragic end is worked up to by subtle touches and the final tension is relieved in part by the pompous soliloquy of the Mayor, for whom Lalita is no more than a worm crushed by the heedless foot-steps of those who tread the highway of custom and established usage. The translation which is the author's own, renders faithfully the spirit of the original. As a curtain-raiser, the play is bound to be a great success.

S. S.

ENGLISH

National Anthems and other songs of Freedom of the various countries of the world, with a foreword by B. G. HORNIMAN, Editor, 'Indian National Herald'; compiled by R. K. PRABHU. Price Re. 1.

A compilation of the national songs of several countries of the world is a distinct service to a people who are still struggling to win freedom. Their inspirational value cannot be too much stressed. Our own national songs included in this book tingle with patriotism, and for a people whose love of the Motherland is too flexible and incoherent, the fiery outflow of brave and unbending hearts will have a wholesome effect. But all the same, we cannot readily agree with Mr. Horniman that our national songs are dirges or laments and lack the fire and fervour that can march us to victory. If they are laments merely, they are laments born not of imbecility but of indignation of a non-violent character. Mr. R. K. Prabhu has done a national service by a compilation of the kind and it will serve in no little measure to spur slow-footed patriotism to greater endeavour and slow-witted minds to more inspired output.

M. V. R.

The New Era—(Post Box 752, Egmore, Madras). Annual subscription Rs. 8.

This is a monthly journal of Literature, Philosophy and Politics published from Madras and edited by Mr. M. S. Chelapati, M.A. The editorial board consists of eminent scholars like Professors S. Radhakrishnan and K. T. Shah. Starting under such excellent auspices, the *New Era* is bound to make itself felt as an exponent of liberal culture. An earnest attempt is being made in its pages to interpret the East to the West and *vice versa*. The November number contains Prof. Radhakrishnan's brilliant address on 'The implications of evolution' and Prof. Joad's 'Invalidity of literary judgments' besides 'Gleanings', 'Reviews' and extracts from different periodicals. We heartily wish our young contemporary a long and prosperous career.

The Madras Law College Magazine. Annual Number, Price Re. 1-8-0.

Our young friends of the Madras Law College have produced an annual number which is splendid in its contents, get-up, illustrations and cartoons. To old students of the college,

it must be matter for pride that their successors are evincing a remarkable spirit of enterprise and enthusiasm. We invite special attention to a very valuable 'Full Bench Decision' regarding the attractiveness of legal studies. The opinions of distinguished lawyers about the qualities necessary for success at the Bar make interesting reading, but we feel that the prefatory sketches of these lawyers by the interviewer are infinitely better. They are worthy of a Stead or a Gardiner. Messrs. Shanmukham Chettiar, A. Rangaswami Iyengar and the learned Principal contribute valuable articles on constitutional questions. The editorial committee deserves to be congratulated on this venture.

TELUGU

Maharani Jhansi Lakshmi Bai by M. JAGGANNA SASTRI, Rajahmundry. Price As. 12.

From the detective novels which are produced by the dozen, and the cheap claptrap which passes for 'drama,' we turn with relief to works of surpassing value and perennial interest like this unpretentious volume by Mr. Jagganna Sastri, already well-known to the Telugu reading public as the author of a life of Vinayak Savarkar. Badly printed on inferior paper, and equally badly bound in a dull green cover, the book is very uninviting in outward appearance. But once you open and read through the first few lines, you are held spell-bound by the absorbing interest of the subject as well as the rare charm of the Telugu prose-style. You press through the chapters and finish the book, at a single sitting: you lay it down with a sigh of regret that you did not have more of it. To lovers of Indian freedom, 'Sri Lakshmi Bai' is a name to conjure with. The author's admiration and reverence for the subject of the sketch is evident in every line. He has used all the available materials, English, Hindi, and Marathi with great care. The early history of the principality of Jhansi, the circumstances under which the adoption of an heir to Maharajah Gangadhar Rao was performed, the unquenchable thirst of Dalhousie for more and more dominion, the thrilling episodes of the 'Indian war of Independence' and the heroic deeds of Lakshmi Bai are narrated in great detail. The author has rendered a distinct service to the cause of Telugu literature. We should like to see a second edition of this brilliant monograph, printed and bound in a manner worthy of the theme, and adequately illustrated.

To Our Readers

OSWALD COULDREY

The name of this cultured English gentleman must be familiar to the rising generation of Andhras. It is given to few members of the Indian Educational Service to win the love and regard of Indian youth in the way that Mr. Couldrey did. He inspired a band of youngmen with his own love of poetry and the fine arts and contributed indirectly to the growth of the Renaissance spirit in Andhra. The Editor wishes to share with his readers portions of Mr. Couldrey's charming letter :—

I have very much enjoyed reading the 'Triveni's and looking at the pictures. They revive old and happy memories in me, but they are also very delightful in themselves. . . . Even simple reproductions in coloured inks, such as the *Kolams* in the January number, have a most charming effect (to my mind) upon the general appearance and prevailing grey matter of an intellectual magazine. I should like to see something more about the folk-art of the Andhras. What about the *Tolu Bommalu*?¹ Can't you get Bapiraz to write you an account of them? He probably knows as much about them as most people, and a couple of the figures or characters, in flat bright colours, would be a delightful decoration to your pages and a feature of great interest to the world at large. While I was dealing with art I meant to suggest that you should look out for articles on Andhra antiquities, such as the Bezwada caves or the ruins of Warangal, wonders that I missed when I was among them because nobody knew much about them. I heartily sympathize with your note, by the bye, on the Nagarjunakonda sculptures. Your note on *Malapalli* stirred a sympathetic echo in my breast. . . . You ask for contributions and I am sending you something like what I thought you lacked, a short story. I write almost nothing now-a-days, the perpetual silence about me (you know I am deaf) seems

¹ Literally, 'leather dolls'—used in popular puppet shows.

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to have infected we with silence. . . . but I send you this as evidence of my sympathy and goodwishes in this your venture in the cause of sweetness and light in Andhradesa, of the things I loved in the land I loved.

CURIOS

It is well-known that art, like religion, pervaded every sphere of Indian life. The Indian craftsman with his inherited skill and innate artistic instinct fashioned objects of beauty which are the admiration of art-lovers. The carved doorways and dinner seats, the drinking vessels and the cooking utensils, the toys and the trinkets, the mats and the carpets that filled Indian homes are fast disappearing, giving place to ugly machine-made articles imported from abroad. It is the duty of all cultured persons to seek out and reward the skilled craftsman, and revive interest in his age-long crafts. The Editor announces with pleasure that, through the courtesy of Sriman T. Rajagopalachariar of Puraswalkum, Madras, and other friends, he is enabled to reproduce in half-tone some of these curios from time to time. In the present issue are given specimens of nut-crackers, simple articles of everyday use, but invested by the cunning craftsman with a wealth of detail that is truly remarkable. The Editor makes an earnest appeal to the public to help him develop this feature in the pages of *Triveni* by sending him originals or good photographs of curios. All possible care will be taken of them before they are returned to the owners.

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