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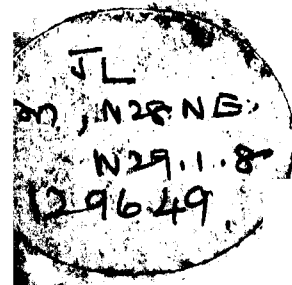
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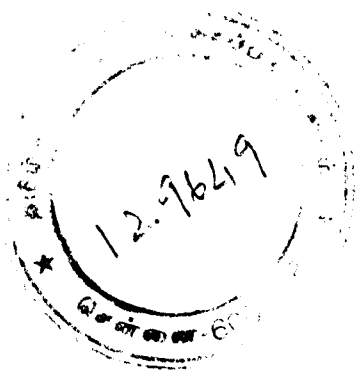
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INDIAN FINANCE AND AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

By THE HON'BLE V. RAMADAS PANTULU.



THE presentation of financial statements, year after year, by the Finance Member of the Government of India, generally excites the interest of the politicians and the industrialists but rarely that of the agriculturist. The reactions of the monetary policy of the Government on agricultural finance and on agriculture as an industry are not seriously watched or criticised by agriculturists. There are reasons for this seeming unconcern of agriculturists towards the shaping of the Indian Budget.

Firstly, there being no system of controlled and regulated financing of agricultural industry through agencies whose resources are affected by the Currency and Exchange policy of the Government, that policy little interests the peasant. Agriculture, as an occupation, has been traditionally financed by the *sowcar* or the money lender on his own terms. The price which he charges for his money is so exorbitant that the fluctuations in the bank rate or in the value of securities make no appreciable difference to him. To a usurer who lends money at anything between 12 and 36 % it hardly matters whether the bank rate stands at 4% or 8%. Mr. J. M. Keynes's statement that the "native money market" is ultimately dependent for its funds on the European money market" does not affect the correctness of the statement that the usurious character of agricultural loans advanced by the *sowcar* is not the result of bank rates and exchange rates. It is true that some cultivators vaguely know that price levels of the produce raised by them in their fields are somehow affected by the money

conditions of the world. But even there, as the middlemen have the largest share in the margin of profits, the small farmer scarcely knows the benefits arising from the movement and marketing of crops on an organised scale; and the low prices which he ultimately gets do not create in him a direct concern in the features of Government Budgets which influence the price levels of internal and external markets.

Secondly, the neglect of the study of the effects of the Indian financial policies on agriculture is due to inadequate realisation of the intimate connection that subsists between agricultural prosperity and industrial prosperity. The Industrialist and the Politician who criticised the Budget mainly emphasised, rightly of course, from one standpoint—on the need for capital and credit to the urban industries and rarely troubled themselves with advocating the imperative need for treating agriculture on an equal footing with other industries and similarly providing it with capital and credit—half forgetting that agriculture supplies food not only to men, but also to the mills and factories.

Thirdly, anything like a borrowing policy of the Government of India for capital expenditure on agricultural industry is practically non-existent. The Government does not resort to borrowing to any large extent, which has any effect on the money market, to advance loans to the ryot, to promote irrigation and allied schemes, to put provincial Governments in possession of funds for schemes of agricultural developments or to improve internal communications like roads and waterways. Railways, no doubt play an important part in opening up the country to the benefit of the agricultural producer, but the borrowing policy on railway capital expenditure creates but only a very remote interest in the agriculturist. Indeed, the agriculturist has little reason to be enthused over such borrowing policy. As a matter of fact the capital expenditure on railways and other productive works was not entirely met out of borrowings for those purposes. During the last 5 years large revenue surpluses aggregating to about 50 crores have been diverted to capital expenditure on productive works. But this is wholly indefensible from the agriculturist's and taxpayer's point of view. It means that so much of unnecessary taxation was raised from the people, who in the bulk are agricul-

turists, in excess of the requirements of the administration and good government of the country and was unjustly diverted to productive capital expenditure. Many a beneficial scheme, which would have improved agriculture, should have been started by that policy.

The effects of the budgetary policy of the Government on agricultural development therefore calls for more careful study, wider publicity and keener criticism. The attempt to finance agriculture on an organised, rational basis is at present practically confined to the Co-operative Credit Societies which are, no doubt, a very small factor to-day in finance, but are, by no means, a negligible factor. At the end of the year 1927, there were in British India and the Indian States, no less than 88 thousand such societies that had a total working capital of over 67 crores of rupees. As these societies derive their resources from an investing public who keep themselves in touch with the money market, the fluctuations in the money market, naturally, quickly react and are duly communicated to the members of these societies. When the bank rate goes up to as high as 8% and money drawn at that rate cannot be readily lent at 6% to the co-operative central banks, and consequently rural societies cannot get money promptly, or can get it only at a high rate, co-operators can scarcely fail to recognise the intimate connection between agricultural credit and the bank rates. Again, where marketing is done through the agency of co-operative societies and middlemen are excluded, the reactions of money market conditions on price levels of raw products will also become more easily understandable by the rural population. The deterioration in Indian agricultural industry in recent years has opened the eyes of the industrialist to the risks he is running in neglecting agricultural finance and concentrating on industrial finance. One of the services that the World Economic Conference rendered to India was the attention it drew to the interrelations between agricultural industry and commerce. In fact, the Conference points out that depression in Agriculture and Industry is moving in a vicious circle. Low agricultural production diminishes the purchasing power of the agricultural population which in its turn leads to industrial depression. The Conference

states its conclusion in the following words: "The Conference regards as a vital economic question, the increase of agricultural production, and, with this view, the placing of agriculture on an equal footing with industry by enabling all those engaged in agriculture to obtain a satisfactory standard of living and normal return for their labour and on their capital." Not less important is the statement of the Fiscal Commission which I feel has not received the attention that it deserves. The Commission says: "Agriculture is and must remain the foundation of the economic life of India and this not merely because it furnishes the livelihood of three quarters of the population. Indian industries cannot flourish without a prosperous Indian agriculture. Agriculture is largely the provider of the raw materials for industry and Indian agriculturist will offer the main market for the products of Indian industries."

There is no doubt that these vital economic facts are being unfortunately neglected both by the Government and by the people. Let us examine the present position of the agriculturist as a consumer, who provides the market for the indigenous as well as the imported manufactured goods. It is obviously no use to multiply the pace of industrial production unless there is an adequate consuming population to absorb the goods. If there is one outstanding disclosure of the Indian Budget which was presented by the new Finance Member, Sir George Schuster, it is that the purchasing power of the people is at a distressingly low ebb. The fall in the customs revenue, in income tax and postal certificates, is a clear indication of the decrease of the purchasing power of the people. Recent calculations made in regard to the consumption of piece goods by the people of India revealed that while the pre-war consumption per head in 1914 was 18 yards it has now decreased to so low a figure as 10 yards per head. It is an unmistakable sign of the diminution in the people's purchasing power. The low condition of agriculture is undoubtedly one of the direct causes of this decrease in consuming capacity. The depression of Indian agriculture threatens to become more serious by new world factors over which India has no control and which it is ill-equipped to counteract. The Finance Member has told us that in the year 1927-28, there was fall in the rice export by 7 crores owing to

Japan's prohibition of its import and competition of Mediterranean Sea-board countries. Indeed one crore of rupees worth of foreign rice was imported into India in 1927-28. Wheat has the same story to tell. There is not only a steady decrease in our export of wheat, but there is a rapid increase in import of foreign wheat into India. During the 4 months between October 1928 and January 1929, India imported over 2,70,000 tons of wheat. Sugar has even a sadder tale to tell. It once figured in the list of Indian exports, but to-day it takes a prominent place in the imports list. Indeed, the position of sugarcane cultivation and of sugar industry is alarming today. This is all due to the economic weakness of the Indian cultivators and the newly developed organised competition of the foreign producer of food stuffs which we are not prepared to face. The implications of the position thus created are lucidly explained by Sir Atul Chatterjee, the Indian High Commissioner, in his foreword to the Report of the Indian Trade Commissioner for the years 1926-28. Speaking of the decline in India's advantageous position in certain classes of tropical and semi-tropical produce, Sir Atul says:

"Conditions are rapidly changing in this respect. Extensive virgin areas are being brought under cultivation in Africa, South America and the Asiatic Archipelago; the principal sea-board countries of Europe are developing their own tropical resources in Africa and Asia; synthetic substances are replacing the natural products of the soil. In these circumstances, if India wishes to retain or widen her markets, special endeavours are necessary in various directions. Agricultural processes in India have to be improved and brought up-to-date. Transport facilities should be developed and the costs reduced. The requirements of overseas markets should be carefully and continuously studied for communication to producers of India. We are, therefore, faced with a situation in which the purchasing power of the agriculturist—who is on the whole manufacturer's biggest customer—is restricted; the manufacturer's output is restricted; industrial employment is restricted. The resulting unemployment still further restricts the demand for goods; and restricted output means a reduced demand for raw materials such as the agriculturist produces."

What is the remedy for all this? There is only one remedy, namely, to increase the margin of profits of the cultivator and make him economically stronger. This can be achieved by four important measures among others. *First*, we must enable him

to secure a larger yield per acre by improving irrigation, supply of fertilizers, use of better seeds, implements and the like. *Secondly*, we must lower his cost of production chiefly by reducing the rate of interest on the loans borrowed by him. Computing India's agricultural indebtedness at eight hundred crores of rupees and money-lenders' interest at 20%, 15 of 800, that is, 160 crores of rupees of the agriculturists' profits will be absorbed in the payment of interest alone. Production cannot be remunerative under these conditions. *Thirdly*, we must increase the net profits of the cultivator by improving his methods of marketing, thereby reducing the toll taken by the middlemen, which is considerable. *Fourthly*, we must supplement the credit side of the cultivator's budget by creating additional sources of income from suitable cottage industries, specially like those of handspinning and weaving. His economic individualism is the weakest part of our rural economy and his organisation is the one solution of our rural problem.

All this requires capital and credit at reasonable rates of interest and on equitable terms. It also means the improvement in the conditions of rural life, for the economic efficiency of the producer certainly depends upon the environment in which he lives and labours. It is impossible to separate the man from the producer. The problems relating to his life should be handled as a whole. This means finance and larger expenditure on our agriculture and rural development schemes. Do administrators realise that the present day tendency of vast proportions of the revenues raised both by direct and indirect taxation from the rural population being spent on the towns, starving the rural needs, is not altogether defensible? A system of local self-government which does not ensure spending upon the improvement of rural economy adequate proportion of revenues realised from rural population is unsuited to Indian conditions and vicious. What justification is there to starve the village panchayats, union boards and other autonomous institutions in the villages, while the State draws no inconsiderable portion of its revenues from the peasant? So, a more sound and humane policy should be adopted in the allocation of provincial revenues for rural recons-

truction programmes. These aspects of rural finance must become features of the budgets of the Central and Provincial Governments. It is a helpful sign that in this year's Budget discussions both in the Central Legislature and the Madras Legislative Council, some criticism was directed towards questions bearing on agricultural industry and rural finance. I am sure that in the coming years, more and more pressure will be brought to bear on the Government to so shape their financial policies as to make due and adequate provision for agricultural finance and make agriculture once more a flourishing occupation, thereby assuring greater prosperity for our industries and commerce also. The agriculturists will be well advised to send ardent co-operators in larger numbers to the central and local legislatures so as to ensure a proper presentation of their case to those assemblies. I have not the slightest doubt that the cause of agriculture is suffering for want of those who are prepared to advocate it with the same amount of knowledge, zeal, courage and persistence with which political and commercial causes are advocated in the councils and outside. Reform of rural economy seems to be even more difficult to achieve than political and social reform. Such is the conservatism and placid, pathetic contentment of the Indian peasant; and to rouse him, more sustained effort of a larger number of rural reformers is necessary. Our rural economy is centuries behind the times. I believe it is the Bengal Chamber of Commerce that said that "the endeavour to base a twentieth century administrative and political structure on a tenth-century economic system cannot succeed."

MADRAS.

V. RAMADAS PANTULU.

THE MODERN APATHY TOWARDS RELIGION.

THE ZORVASTRIAN POINT OF VIEW.*

By Professor J. S. TARAPOREWALA.

It is the usual complaint among old people that the younger generation is getting irreligious and irreverent. From this they go on to forebodings of all manner of evils that are to come upon the land. In every land and in every generation the older folks have talked of "the good old days" and of how good and obedient they were in their youth. But in modern India the cry is raised more loudly than ever against the younger generation. As is happening in all countries today, India, too, stands at cross-roads and naturally very few of the older generation have the openness of mind or the freshness of spirit to understand and appreciate the point of view of the youngsters.

This state of the younger people and their elders being at cross-purposes is to be seen in every department of life. The last session of the Indian National Congress showed mainly the political aspect of this same struggle. In this paper, however, we have to consider the religious aspect of the question alone. In these days when many people are talking of the advent of the World-Teacher, it is necessary to look somewhat below the surface.

A word of personal explanation is needed. I have personally been in close touch with the younger generation of my own

* The substance of this was delivered at the Parliament of Religions at Calcutta on 27th January, 1929.

community during a number of years, and so I hope I can venture to speak of my experience of the "religiousness" of my younger brothers and sisters. Of course, I shall have to speak mainly about my own community and I hope other communities might also make use of these limited experiences.

It is necessary to get some fundamental notions about religion quite clear; at any rate to make clear my own view point. Every great Teacher who has swayed the destinies of the human race, has come with a Divine Mission. The teaching of each one of them has contained the same ETERNAL TRUTH; they have always pointed to the identical Path of Righteousness as the Path to God. In other words, these messengers have shown to human beings that there is something above and beyond their narrow, selfish selves; and if one but realises this, one's life is changed into something higher and nobler.

The purest form of every Religion is to be found in the words of the Founder Himself. And He speaks from *personal* experience, far beyond the ken of most of us. That first message is the *Gospel* in the truest sense of the word. And that is given in the most straightforward and direct manner. As the days of the Founder become more and more remote in time, we find that the religion puts on new accretions, till often the original Truth is completely hidden and covered over with a mass of dogma and ritual.

Thus in every religion we should distinguish clearly between two things, the original Gospel and the later dogma and customs that have grown round it. Dogmas are explanations given of various matters concerning life here and hereafter, and these have been given at a later period and in a manner suited to the needs of those who give them. The Prophet's point of view is *universal* and His utterances are firmly based on the Eternal truth, whereas the later dogma is distinctly narrower in its outlook and hence has a limited application. Similarly with the customs and ritual of a religion, these are introduced for certain definite purpose, and though some of the customs are of universal applicability, still the majority serve a special purpose at a special period.

The whole of this collection--the Original Gospel, the dogmas

and the customs and rites—is what we usually understand by “Religion.” To my mind the first is the most necessary item and the rest, though useful when introduced, should always be regarded as secondary in importance, and should never be allowed to occupy the principal place.

A short account of the history of the Zorvastrians would not be out of place here, because it would make clearer what follows. The great Prophet of Iran was one of the Great Teachers of the world and His Gospel as contained in His *Gathas* declared, (1) that there is the One Supreme Being from whom all emanate; (2) that Good and Evil are *both* His Creation, and that from an interplay of these two the manifested universe comes into being; (3) that as a man sows so shall he reap; and (4) that in order to realise the supreme in us we have to walk along the Path of Righteousness. For this last He gave His three Commandments—*humata* (good thought), *hukhta* (good word), *huvarshata* (good deed).

This Gospel inspired the Iranian people and set them upon a career of greatness and glory such as few ancient nations have attained. Their great service to humanity was to show how justice to conquered nations and fine organisation of government could go hand in hand. The people they conquered never found their yoke galling, for they had the wisdom to allow indigenous institutions to continue.

Naturally, these conquests meant contact with other faiths and so there was a corresponding growth of dogma and ritual. The conquest of Iran by Alexander led to further religious contacts and the Zorvastian faith went into temporary eclipse. Before it emerged once again two other great religions, Buddhism and Christianity, had also gained foothold on Iranian soil. Hence, the revived Zorvastianism under the Sasanian empire, was even more overlaid with dogmatic and ritualistic accretions.

The chief event in the religious history of the Sasanian Empire was the fight with Christian Rome. This created a faction within Iran, who sided with her enemies, and this in turn caused the Zorvastian clergy to erect fresh defensive barriers round their creed. Towards the end of the Sasanian period so great had their accretion of dogma and ritual grown around the Gospel

of Zarathushtra, that the religion failed to satisfy the needs of the majority. These turned eagerly to the further and more vigorous Gospel of Mahomed, and in the clash between the two, the older creed collapsed after a very short resistance.

The few faithful who still clung to the ancient faith of Zarathushtra went into a sort of voluntary exile and arrived after some wanderings on the hospitable shores of Western India. The Hand of God led them to a back water as it were, and at Sanjan, and along the strip of coast from there up to Broach, the Parsis lived in peace surrounded by Bhils and other non-Aryan tribes. This fact had two important consequences. In the first place they were not absorbed into Hinduism, as we have reason to believe other earlier and contemporary Iranian refugees were, who had emigrated to the definitely Hindu centres. Secondly, the barriers of ritual and dogma erected about the Sasanian Zorvastianism, which they had brought with them were strengthened. In fact they became a distinct caste in Western India, self-contained and aloof from all others.

Such was the state of the Parsis at the time of the advent of the British. They had been living for nearly a thousand years in a sort of backwater in India unaffected by the general current of Indian history. All their interest during these centuries centered round their Sacred Fire, the living symbol of their faith, for the sake of which they had left their ancient motherland. They were hedged around by defensive barriers of ritual and dogma. But still, they had preserved the Gospel of Zarathushtra more or less unsullied. To these people the advent of the British, and the consequent opening up of the learning and sciences of the West, came as a veritable Renaissance. A new world opened out before their eyes, a world real and living, but of which they had no inkling. It was all very new and very grand, and what was more, this new learning opened out to them fresh avenues to worldly prosperity and advancement.

In the wake of this Renaissance came a Reformation as it had done in Europe about three centuries earlier. And this Parsi Reformation, too, was marked by the same iconoclastic zeal and the same fervid puritanism that had marked the movement in

Europe. The community being numerically small was carried away entirely by this new flood of Western ideas and Western science; and though a large number clung to the old forms and ritual, still at the back of their minds there was always the haunting suspicion that these ancient forms were not quite suited to the modern rational age. Brave attempts were made by scholars of the Avestan Scriptures to explain the hygiene of these ancient works in the light of modern science. They tried, for instance, to impress upon the Parsis that the *druj nasus* (the demon of dead-matter) represented the "germs" of Pasteur and his school.

In every religion its followers may be divided into two classes as far as their attitude towards it is concerned. The first comprising the majority may be called "unthinking," without meaning any disrespect. They have neither the time nor the inclination to devote much thought to matters of religion and so they are satisfied with following out the routine of ritual and leave the rest to the priesthood. The second class which is the minority, may be called "thinking." These try to look deep into all matters pertaining to religion and want a rational explanation for everything that is presented to them as "religion." These are naturally the leaders of the community.

When the Reformation began among the Parsi community during the second quarter of the last century, the belief was that a great deal of what could not be rationally explained in their "religion" was "Hindu superstition." And this was true to a great extent, but it would have been more correct to call it "aboriginal superstition." Some among the reformers wanted to uproot everything that could not be explained fraternally (*i.e.*, in the light of nineteenth century science). It is quite interesting to observe that the thought of England was reflected among the Parsis a generation later. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the wave of Western materialism nearly overwhelmed the community, and a large number of the "thinking" minds called themselves atheists. Many others who clung to "rational explanations" could not reconcile the outward forms

and practices nor many of the beliefs with their consciences and with what they had learnt.

But the tide of materialism was clearly turning in Europe and about the beginning of the present century the younger generation among the Parsis of the day became distinctly more religious both in outward observation of forms as well as in their inner mind. A good deal of this change may be due to the much abused Theosophists. These latter—even though very often crude and unscientific—gave some explanations of the things found in the "religion" of the Parsis; and some explanation was certainly better than none.

Many of us who were just emerging into manhood and womanhood at that time had to pass through a mental struggle. In the first place the prayers were in a language, which very few even among the priests understood. Many frankly discarded such prayers as sheer waste of time and preferred to repeat passages from the Bible or other books they understood. Then again, the things taught as "religion" comprised so many later accretions, and these failed to satisfy modern requirements. What these young men and women needed was an ideal in life, something which could draw forth the highest in them, something that would answer life's questions satisfactorily. Instead of this what was offered was a heap of ceremonial, a set of recitations called "prayers" in an unknown tongue and just the three Commandments of the Prophet. These last surely constitute the finest inspiration for conduct of human life but three words alone could hardly appeal to the *heart*.

The present state of the younger thinking people among the Parsis is this. In the first place they have some notion of the past greatness of their Iranian ancestors. Secondly, they have the idea that their Prophet was one of the greatest of the Teachers of the world. They have also the idea that their scriptures contain some very high teaching, which would give inspiration in any age or clime. But the unfortunate thing is that the greatness of their ancestors and of their Prophet is *not felt as a living reality* but rather as a historical fact. A faith that has to be something real in life, a faith for which one would live or die,

should call forth devotion to *something felt as real*. Very few Parsis feel that the Prophet Zarathushtra is a living force today.

So there is want of a living devotion from the heart for our Great Teacher; we have rather an intellectual appreciation of Him as a great historical personage. Added to this, is the fact that the translations of our Scriptures are emphatically not satisfying. I very well remember a talk I had many years ago with the late Professor E. G. Browne of Cambridge. He told me he had read translations of the Avesta and had found them "dreary and childish." As a Parsi, I felt greatly annoyed at this, but subsequent study has convinced me that his remarks were true to a great extent. Avesta in translations *does* seem "dreary and childish." This is due to two reasons, first because some portions—those which I have called later accretions—are undoubtedly themselves of that nature and secondly, it is due to the fact that the translations are done by people who are not themselves Zorvastrians. All honour and respect is due to our Western *gurus*, who taught us the critical methods of scientific philology; but we could not possibly expect these great scholars from the West to put into their translations the devotion of the heart. Hence, appealing only to the head, they must appear "dreary." The dictum of Schlegel about the rendering of Hindu Scriptures "with the critical spirit of the West and the devotion of the Brahmana" applies also (*mutatis mutandis*) to Parsi Scriptures.

The Parsi youth today are not by any means irreligious. In common with the youth of the rest of the world they are thinking for soul-stirring ideals, they are yearning for the figure of a great Prophet at whose feet they would pour forth their hearts' yearnings. The Prophet is there—a living, vitalising entity, contained in His message. What is needed is to get hold of the true Gospel He preached. Like all true Gospels it contains the Eternal Message, true for all time. Luckily we have got this almost complete. What is needed is an interpretation of it in modern language to suit modern needs. We see the great currents of modern life flowing all around us. Does our religion give us any hint as to their direction? We have our life's problems, social, political, international. Has our religion any solution to

offer for these? What says it about our industrial unrest? What says our religion about our attitude to Indian Swaraj? How does our religion help us to form our views about Bolshevism, about the League of Nations, and a hundred other things besides? Religion is something vital, something that gives us an unerring lead in all difficulties of life; it is not a mere historical fact, however glorious, and a bundle of rites, customs and hymns. Parsi men and women today demand the vital message of Zarathushtra. If His message cannot be revitalised, we have no use for a mere episode in the growth of human thought.

This is the attitude of our young men and women today and many of them utter it frankly and shock the elders. It is good for the latter to be shocked, if only it would make them re-adjust their values of things essential and non-essential in Religion and thus make them realise that religion is not worth having unless it can respond to the *Zeitgeist* (the Spirit of the Age).

To take a concrete instance—and I wish to be pardoned for speaking about myself—I have some experience in teaching "religion" to children as well as to young men and women. My main emphasis has always been on the essential unity of all religions, for in this age what is needed is not a separatist creed but a union of all. Then again I have many boy scouts and girl-guides among my young friends. When I tell them that Scout Law is essentially the same as the Religion of Zorvaster and when I exemplify Scout Law from the deeds of ancient Iranian chivalry, the effect is very noticeable. Here is a thing which is living to the children and what they need is a religion they could live and practice every day.

In the same way I believe that the message of Zarathushtra does contain vital truths, which would help us in our lives today. If only this is explained, Zorvastrianism would live again—a very living and a very inspiring Religion. The Prophet Zorvaster is an Ideal man in the highest sense of the term. The message is there, the great Ideal is there, if we Parsis could but bring it to our brothers and sisters in terms they can understand today.

CALCUTTA.

I. J. S. TARAPOREWALA,

ANCIENT TAMIL CULTURE.

IV.

By P. T. SRINIVASA AYYANGAR.

THE ritual of worship followed today in India consists in (a) showing to a visible representative of the God worshipped all the attentions (upachara) due to a royal guest, such as bathing, clothing, decorating and feeding, literally or symbolically, and if the divine representative happens to be an idol in human shape, parading it on palanquins, imitation animal vehicles and chariots, (b) reciting a hundred or a thousand names of the God, or muttering a name of the God turned into a mantra, (c) and, above all, proffering petitions to him by word of mouth to grant the many desires of the suppliant. The ritual of worship in ancient times was much more complicated. Besides the sacrifice to the God, there was choral worship, religious dancing and dramatic action, not differentiated from each other, but mixed up into one homogeneous ritual. Gradually music, the dance, and the drama have become separated, each into an art by itself, but have also become divorced from religion, and are cultivated as secular activities pursued for the pleasure each gives and not for mollifying a superhuman being. In old times both the professional priests of a god and the general body of his worshippers, men and women, took part in the ritual of singing and dancing, and, as the worship advanced, went into a frenzy, which culminated in a wild orgy. Imbibition of intoxicants was a necessary part of the ceremonial; though in modern times drinking has also become a secular institution, drinking in company is a relic of the old ritual drinking. Spirits or other intoxicants hastened the coming on of the religious frenzy and made it easy for the god

to take possession of the bodies of his worshippers and to make them dance furiously. The use of intoxicants in religious rites is not yet quite dead even in ceremonies in which the higher classes participate.

The ritual of the worship of the Red God of the hills, Murugan, seems to have been the earliest to be developed. It provided opportunities to the hill-folk for the outflow of the animal spirits and the inflow of the superhuman afflatus. The priest of the hill-god was the recipient of the greatest degree of exaltation, and he therefore could detect the particular spirit who caused a disease and exorcise him both by his spells and his more effective simples. Thus he was priest, prophet and medicine man rolled into one. His Chorean ministrations on the hills are described in these terms:—

“He wears a garland made of the sweet-scented (nutmeg) fruit, the beautiful fruit of the Takkolam, shaped like a basket and hidden (within leaves), the flower of the wild jasmine and the Solanum called Kudalam, all tied to the green vine. His deep-coloured breast is daubed with sweet-smelling sandal paste. The cruel-hearted Kuravar, killers with the strong bow, along with their kindred, who live in the small hill hamlets, drink with glee the spirits brewed from honey and matured in long bamboo poles; they beat the hill-drum and dance the Kuravai dance. The women have on the plaits of their hair garlands of many-scented, fully-opened out blossoms which grow in deep springs and round which beetles wheel, as well as garlands made of separate petals. They wear round their waist girdles made of Tulasi leaves, bunches of sweet-smelling leaves and flower and white twigs of Kadambu (*Eugenia racemosa*) from whence bees suck honey. The girdle waves on their forelap and they look like peacocks when they walk languidly. The soft-shouldered women move like hinds. The priest has put on red-dyed garments. Asoka waved in his ears. He has tied stays (round his waist), anklets, and a garland of Vetchi. He blows a horn, and many musical instruments are sounded thereafter. Behind a ram and a peacock he lifts the fowl-standard. He wears bracelets on his upper arms. He puts on a gown, which hanging below his belt trails on the ground. He

grasps the hands of women who sing so sweet as to resemble the music of stringed instruments and dance along the hills."

The above quotation refers to what one might call a full-dress religious dance. There occurred also numerous less formal, but more fervent songs and dances. As the Red God, Murugan, presided at the birth of spontaneous, whole-hearted love of maid for man, the girl whose lover had gone away from her after the first furious love-passages, sang to Murugan and prayed to him for being restored to the arms of her beloved. The heroine was always accompanied by her playmate, who was usually her foster-sister. They sang the Valli song in praise of the hill belonging to the hero for the purpose of securing the favour of the god residing in the hill.

"Let us sing, my playmate, about our hearts' desires. Let us pull with our fingers the millet-grains from the stalk which is bent, like the head of a modest girl whose eyes are handsome and speech is pleasant, let us pour the grains into the mortar made from the trunk of a sandal-tree which has blossomed, and let us pound it with a pestle made of pearl-bearing ivory. While the pestle is being raised (alternately) let us sing about our hearts' desires and praise the fertile hill where resides the god who causes the sickness (of love) for which there is no antidote."

This is the song they sang.

"The hill, belonging to him who can relieve our distress, is such that on it, like the clasped hands of the hill-maidens who worship the hill-god, the November flower-plant waves its sweet-smelling boughs, shaking out the honey stored in its flowers. The hill that belongs to the chieftain who is distressed more than the maiden that has lost her former beauty (on account of love-sickness), is so excellent that it will induce him to go to her numerous relatives and demand from them the hand of the slender-fingered maiden."

Similarly there were dances in which the priests did not take part.

Thus,

"The hill-folk, in their small huts with low roofs, drank the liquor matured in bent bamboo tubes, and in their front-yard where grew the Vengai tree danced the Kuravai dance."

The Kuravai dance was also inspired by the heroism felt by warriors, while they danced to relieve the tedium of camp-life.

"The white royal umbrella, was decorated with a garland of pearls; (it shone) like the many-rayed moon in the sky. Under its shadow men without swords at their sides slept, with the royal umbrella as their only means of protection. Covered with a thatch of the straw from the waving stalks of the rice-plant and built of thin rushes, rows of roofs looked bright as on a place of festival. The sound of the ceaseless rice-pounders and the sound of the Kuravai dance danced by fierce heroes who wore Tumbai flowers made of gold and stuck in their ears rolls of palmyra leaf, resembled the roar of the sea."

The Kuravai dance was also performed to express the quiet satisfaction of peaceful home life.

"In the small hill-village surrounded by a short fence, the hill-men scattered the gem-like buds of the (sacred) Vengai which grew in their place of assembly and thus beautified the boulder in front of their huts and danced the Kuravai along with their matrons."

The Kuravai was not peculiar to the hill-country. It was popular in all regions.

"The sturdy sailors who had well-knit boats, drank the stimulating liquor and danced the Kuravai keeping time to music."

It was danced also in the pastoral regions. Seven or eight or nine milkmaids joined hands and danced round and round, singing the praise of the Black God. Sometimes men and women joined together in the Kuravai dance. After witnessing a bull-fight,

"Milkmaids whose beauty fascinated the beholders, along with herdsmen danced the Kuravai in the streets of the fertile village."

As men and women danced, so too did demons and demonesses. They were bloodthirsty fiends and

"pressed their teeth, white like the tusks of the elephants and ate the flesh (of the fallen warriors) and wore garlands of guts; they wished that the great hero who provided them with the gory feast would live for as many years as there

were stars in the sky. Then the terrible demonesses danced on the bloody battlefield."

The Sky-God of the river-valleys was, like his worshippers a patron of harlots. When he poured the first monsoon rains of the year and the freshes came rolling in the bed of the river, the flood-festival was celebrated. Men rode in their chariots along with their harlots to the river and celebrated the bathing-festival, called 'playing in the flood.'

"The lord of this fertile village got up in the morning, made his fast-going chariot ready, and went (to the river) for bathing in the company of his harlots who were adorned with many ornaments."

On occasions of the festival, held in honour of the sky-god of the riverine lowlands the people gave themselves up to unrestrained jollity. The foster-sister of a wife neglected by her husband wanted to have him up before her and was frustrated in her attempt. So she reported to the injured damsel,

"Lady whose forehead smells sweet, in my foolishness I wanted to catch him while he was decked with earrings, garlands and small golden bangles and was dancing the Tunangai dance in the field where the festival was held. Looking like a stranger he suddenly encountered me in a circuitous path at the end of the long straight street. I said, 'will no one reproach you for your evil conduct?' Pretending to be a stranger, he said that the languor of my looks added to the beauty of my eyes. His arrogance was such as to charm even his enemies. I did not bow to him, but without hesitation, I said, 'get away, you shameless man,' and have returned to you."

The Tunangai dance referred to in the above ode was as popular as the Kuravai dance. In the Tunangai, men and women bent their arms and beat their flanks with their elbows and jumped about and danced, and sang to the accompaniment of drums. The Tunangai dance was danced also by demons and demonesses on the battle-field.

The Kuravai and Tunangai dances prevailed over all the Tamil country. The differing functions of the two dances are

referred to in one ode which otherwise throws light on the life led by the lazy owners of fertile lands. Lords of agricultural districts indulged in the luxury of entering into relations with several hetairæ at the same time. Along with the wedded wife at home there lived the 'house-hetaira,' and the lord of the house also visited 'love-hetairæ'. An individual of the latter variety sent the following insulting message to the house-hetaira through the latter's friends.

"On the green expanse of the broad thick leaf of the *Caladium nymphaefolium* which has tubular stalks, lives the she-otter with her young. The he-otter rose to procure timely food to relieve the distress of her hunger; and caught the Valai-fish (*Trichiurus lepturus*). (The otter and the fish) rolled together in their fight and the water of the tank became muddy. The women who had drunk the clear toddy-liquor, (to let the water become clear) placed their delicately made and beautiful pots (on the bank and while waiting) sang about the infidelity of their disloyal husbands and danced the Kuravai dance in the shade of the Kanji tree where flower-clusters had fallen. They say that the bejewelled women ('house-hetairæ') who came riding in the chariot of the lord of this large tank of sweet water, sneer at my beauty. As the life of the elephant-driver lasts only so long as the murderous elephant with boiling anger spares him, so they (the 'house-hetairæ') and their followers can take part in the festival when the Tunangai is danced to the beating of drums, only so long as I do not go there. When I go there I will (attract him to me and thus) make them follow me, just as the nerunji flower keeps turning to the sun as he shines in the sky. If I do not, may the beautiful bangles which sit tight round my forearm break to pieces, as did the army of the Aryas in the forest outside Vallam where the Cholas who had bucklers of hides fought them with their bows!"

MADRAS.

P. T. SRINIVASA AYYANGAR.

NATIONAL WELFARE SYSTEM IN GERMANY.*

J. D. SAVARIROYAN PAUL M.A., P.H.D. (London).

Every child is a ward of the state, and has the right to care and education for physical, spiritual, and social existence.

GERMAN JUVENILE WELFARE LAW.

Germany has come to us with her cheap machine made articles and her vigorous commerce. Alternately loved and hated, the strength of the greatest bureaucratic State in the world has been little revealed to the outside world. It is scientific spirit and organisation. Hardened by adversity, Germany is still young. In the summer of 1923 Marks were gyrating like a balloon without a ballast. Farmers had their walls plastered with milliards of marks. The middle classes were ground to powder between the upper and nether millstone, the great industrial magnates with gigantic combines and the revolutionary working classes filled with the Marxian millenium. The dream of world power spurs many a nation. Fallen Germany unified her system of social code in 1924 to save herself from Soviet Russia and communism. The Welfare Law of 1924 with a Public Minister responsible to the Reichstag is a comprehensive scheme, covering every possible case of man, woman, or child, disabled for any reason whatsoever, from obtaining a living or an education for useful citizenship.

The law compels every province, district, city, town and village, to establish a bureau of social and child welfare. Expert workers are trained to administer not the laws but the purpose of the laws. It is a distinction with a very great difference. Social Relief is now a very important part of the German constitution.

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Military aggression and the German Navy loomed too large before our eyes. The more solid social organisation for the making of a vigorous people escaped the world's attention. America is the one country that has fashioned many of her institutions on the German model.* So too, in many respects, the astute people of Japan. Acquisition of colonies, trade and wealth, prove abortive without a happy and contented people. A German Railway porter has greater security for his life and for his civilised existence than many an Indian University graduate. It is true that the European industrial Leviathan has not tended towards happiness or contentment. But I would rather have the unrest of the iron heel system and the wage slavery than the soporific contentment of the agrarian Eastern village. The accidents of the Philadelphian steel works, I conceive, are nobler than the epidemics of the East. The one dies for a great civilisation, nobly conceived, the other drops in poverty like crops in a draught.

It is part of the duty of a modern state to regard welfare as an integral part of the constitution. Germany does so. England leaves all that to a gigantic scheme of voluntary social emotion. Under such a scheme, that it should be possible to run huge Barnardo's homes, Coram's Foundling Hospital, Medical and surgical institutions, shows a high sense of duty in the private citizen. In the East, it may fall low enough in the scale of values as channel for Birthday and New year honours. Charity is thrice blessed. But it has a way of robbing a citizen's self-respect where the right to live and to work should be his birthright.

Social workers are trained for their profession like Doctors, Lawyers and other intelligent professions. The training lasts from 3 to 5 years. There are 30 schools in different parts of Germany for the training of social workers. The school has peculiar attractiveness for Lady social workers and therefore only one school exists for training men. Entrants to the school must at least be 20 years of age with a high school education, a professional or technical education reorganized by the state. Where a candidate is found particularly suitable, but without the necessary preliminary

* R. M. Brown, "Public Poor Relief" L. Herring, "Welfare Work in Mill Villages" Sydnor H. Walker, "Training of Social workers, University of N. Caroline Press. Chapel Hill. U.S.A.

qualifications, such a candidate is first taken to a social clinic as an apprentice for 3 years under the direct supervision of one of the schools. For ordinary candidates, the training lasts for two years in theory and case work.

The syllabus is very thorough, covering such subjects as administration or organisation of Welfare homes, Welfare laws, History, Sociology and Economics, Psychology and Pedagogy, Physiology and social Hygiene. This is not mere cramming but a sound drilling and drawing out the capacity for thinking and working. After this training, the young women undergo 2 more years of practical work in a welfare institution. Normally in her 24th year a girl can obtain the State diploma and the blue uniform of the paid social worker. Only children's nurses, governesses and hospital nurses in other parts of the world are seen with similar uniform. Nevertheless, it serves to promote *esprit de corps*.

That which is accomplished by such an organised body throughout the state, is something that cannot be adequately understood by the Reports of the Director of Bureau of Welfare. The present state of Germany itself is ample proof of the efficiency of the nation in coping with serious national problems and that in a time of great national emergency.

I may illustrate the organisation for social service by citing their premier city—Berlin—one of the most solidly built capitals of Europe and where the state pays its debts to the less fortunate citizens through its organisation of a social and Child Welfare Bureau in each of the twenty Municipal wards. These Bureaus know every house, every needy person, every child from whom the State conceives responsibility. The control over these units lies with the Central Bureau. The Central Bureau is responsible for finance and administration. The Central Bureau takes direct charge of certain aspects of Welfare such as the Deaf and the Dumb, the blind and the homeless. The Bureau has four departments: (1) Child Welfare (2) Old Age pensions, sick and accident insurance (3) general Welfare (4) war wounded and their dependants.

Child Welfare:—The regard for Children is the most fascinating feature in the German social code. Politicians do not

- usually care for children. They do not have votes. They dare not grumble. But in Germany children are cared very much for.
- The law forbids child labour under fourteen. Every boy and girl has to bring a certificate of 8 years attendance at a public school before being eligible for apprenticeship in any trade.
- The system of child welfare is so complete that not a child in Germany, but a social worker has her eye on it. The State in every case supervises the training.

The Child Welfare Department runs Maternity clinics. Most noteworthy is the case of the unmarried mother. A woman with a child, whether married or unmarried, is legally entitled to food, clothes and shelter as long as is necessary. There is every kindness and all the honour that a civilised people extend to a woman in the family way. The child of a poor mother is given a monthly allowance by the mother's clinic. Physicians and trained nurses are provided free to the expectant mother. There is no stigma whatsoever and thereby an innocent child is given a decent human chance for a healthy life. The Maternal Welfare budget runs to millions.

Orphans in Germany have as good a chance in life as normal children and even better in some cases. Germany has no faith in herding them in orphanages, as in England, with its Barnardo's homes, Foundling Hospitals and other unpleasant reminders of illegitimate birth. The children are placed in homes to be brought up as far as is humanly possible in the normal way. The Welfare officer investigates all possible homes for children, ascertains their hygienic, economic conditions. When satisfied, the children are placed with the families. There is no possibility of the scandal that Dickens used to expose of the exploitation of the waifs and strays in England of his time. The law forbids adoption unless medically it could be certified that the couple could not possibly beget children. The Bureau pays for the maintenance of the child and exercises a close guardianship. Germany regards a foster home infinitely better than herding them in institutions meant for this specially branded class.

Under-nourished children and weaklings are sent to rest camps and vacation homes beautifully located on the mountains

or on the sea shore. Poor parents place their needs before the Bureau. City children are sent at public expense for six weeks and others for the whole summer. Tubercular children are cared for in sea-shore hospitals, sanatoriums, in the country or on the mountains, until they are cured.

The same system applies to all students. On production of a medical certificate, a poor university student would be sent away to the hills for a month or longer with all expense paid for him. In a northern cold region like Germany, the summer season is the great period for physical recuperation. Under the Bureau of Child Welfare are many schools for physical culture, specially meant for children and young people. These are taught German Folk dancing, and many other forms of physical education suitable for growing children. The gymnasium has been extensively copied by America. Large groups of young folk are taken in under a sports leader who forms an association of moving camps. They spread their camps on the mountains, along rivers, historic places, forests, cook their own food, carry all their baggage. This movement has become quite famous. It is quite a common sight in Germany during the summer to see strong sturdy boys and girls with their knap sack swung over their shoulders, lustily singing the songs of the Fatherland. This is new Germany in the making, a pattern of vigorous manhood and womanhood, meant to play the game of life by the Fatherland.

Pensions, sick and accident insurance :—I must omit the War wounded and their dependants. It is not a very palatable subject to me. There are enough reports on the subject. But the most humane social code for the protection of those who had given the most active part of their lives to the community may be found in Germany. Other nations have adopted some of it. Colonies of small houses are maintained for pensioners. Free Legal and medical advice is also given wherever necessary. A woman or man 55 years old, draws usually a pension sufficient to meet his or her ordinary standard of living. The State assures responsibility for the maintenance of those who have not been able to save enough for old age. Specially in the case of industrial works, this involves the employment of a staff of

experts, as industrial workers can seldom save enough for old age and their unions are a bug bear to all Governments.

The German Sick, Accident and Social Insurance is very well known to Sociologists. It was Bismarck who promoted a State Pension scheme to oppose the spread of Marxism. Every workman pays 10% of his weekly wages and the business firm pays twice this amount to the Accident Treasury. This branch pays its own way. When sick, the workman gets 2/3 of his regular wages and at the State clinics, he gets free treatment. Any member of the insured man's family could get maintenance and treatment.

The Accident and Social Insurance Department controls all the hospitals, convalescent homes, sick and rest homes, so that there is complete co-ordination in the most essential form of social relief, the magnificent task of setting disabled persons firmly on their feet. They can get free medical or surgical treatment or long rest cure. When I use the term free, it implies, the tax payer pays for the services of the state. There can be nothing for nothing anywhere. Much can also be taken from the people and very little given!

The Maternity clinic of the Child Welfare Department is also controlled by this department and I have also drawn attention to the utter lack of stigma attached to the unmarried mother. She gets as kind a treatment as any ordinary mother and as much as is necessary for her child. The German point of view and the present state of Social Insurance may be found in an excellent article* by Dr. Ruth Weiland of the German Red Cross.

In presenting in this brief outline what Germany has done, I do not disparage the magnificent philanthropy of the Americans and the voluntary systems prevailing in the United Kingdom. Every nation has genius of its own in facing the facts of life. No nation is without a heart for the poor. A very valuable study of "English Poor Relief" was made by Miss Leonard and any one who cares, may find what one of Elizabeth's great ministers, Sir William Cecil, attempted in the England of his day and much of which has survived in a changed England. Several years ago, I heard Dr. Henderson of the University of Chicago deliver a

* Survey Graphic: New York, February 1929.

series of lectures in Madras city on "Social Programmes in the West."[†] The audience was overflowing and even now, after the lapse of a decade, the child mortality and the housing conditions amply testify to the inadequacy of relief in a growing city. Not that one belittles all honest efforts by Indians themselves but one deplores the lack of scientific investigation of an evil which can be arrested and the city of Madras in South India is a typical instance of what prevails in more than one city. The beauty of the Marina and the stateliness of the buildings on the sea front cannot be a compensation for what is hidden behind them. Real estate values will automatically rise with disinterested efforts made to make any city worth living in. The Greeks centred their art and culture in the city life. Modern Europe does so. The Eastern village is a sleepy hollow and only a regenerated city can galvanise by its virtue the new age.

The German state has taken on itself the duty of relieving in an organised way millions of persons throughout the country. The unification of German social laws were due to unprecedented suffering—the war blockade, the dearth of food and other consequences of four prolonged years of carnage, destruction of property and the burden of taxation for reparation. It is the peculiar merit of the German that he could stoically bear disaster, and patiently organise to overcome them. This dogged perseverance and industry brought them back again on a level with other European nations. Unorganised charity reduces our fellow human beings to the level of whining dogs that Shakespeare describes in pithy language as "Bedlam beggars." Where the state reorganises the duty to the poor as part of the citizens of a nation state, there is a conservation of independence and a sense of self-respect. The prosperous section of the people in any state owe a duty to their more unfortunate section. In Germany women dedicate themselves to this work of relief—a profession that calls out all that is motherly in them. Some of the finest type of women are found in the ranks of social workers receiving only a pittance when they can earn salaries in a competitive market for all kinds of expert service. But they feel amply rewarded that they reclaim their own

[†] C. L. S. Press.

kind. I do not claim that a millenium has come anywhere or that any scheme is perfect. Human beings cannot be turned out like sausages or cigarettes on a standard model. But I do claim that the task of social relief has been of immense value to mankind, in so far as it has called out the full powers of men and women and to know themselves, if it ever was true that the proper study of mankind is man. Genius has been found in the ranks of the blind. There is profit in saving what others discard as rubbish. Out of rags and refuse, millions have been made and out of human dregs it seems to me, we have yet to find the possibility of a more lasting fortune, the enduring tablet in the hearts of men and women.

MADRAS.

J. D. SAVARIROYAN PAUL.

ADVENTURES OF ROSE.

By CYRIL MODAK.

IT was a fine morning in the exuberance of spring when I was born, not of a mother, for we are a curious species, and the father bears children, who are in their turn all male. When I opened my eyes I saw, far away above my head, dazzling waves which I soon understood were really the folds of the purple robe of a monarch; but it was stained with patches of crimson blood bequeathed by the monarch's late duel with a certain monster called by mortals 'Night.' My father was fed by our grand-mother on the richest victuals which she could obtain. I learnt that our granny loved us very well, after the fashion of grannies, and gave me special dainties which wise botanists term 'sap,' but which seemed to me sweeter than ambrosia. Then came a royal messenger to instruct me in the duties of citizenship, and on being asked his name, told me that the Greeks called him Zephyr, the Persians Naseem, and the Aryans Vayu. With this first royal visit I was left to myself for the remaining days of my first year. One could hardly imagine my surprise when I found a total eclipse of the sun just about the time of my second birthday, and the whole of my second year was spent in utter darkness. Nay, delicate fairies came with gobular lamps to see me, this being their custom, as my father told me, that they freely pay visits but only under the cloak twilight. I believe they are unhappily called 'glow-worms.' No sooner had a company of them—which a poet compares with 'lambent flame'—raised their lamps, which curiously enough they carry with their lower extremities, beheld me and departed, than I was given a few sips of Nectar, which the scriptures compare with God's mercy, and which assuredly quenched my thirst. This was the first time I was allowed to drink something.

After being hibernant for the remaining six months of my life, as the solar eclipse was still extant, I was awakened by a wandering minstrel. "English bards call me Nightingale, Persian poets Bulbul, and Greeks styled me Attick Warbler," he said to me; and I opened my dreamy eyes to find nobody near by. I thought I had been beholding a vision; but the notes of the minstrel were distinctly audible. I strained my eyes. Nothing was visible. Like a gray shawl the mist had wrapped the bare shoulders of my dear granny. So I closed my eyes and soon fell fast asleep. But not for long, for, in the middle of a beautiful dream I was awakened by a rough hand. I looked at the figure that stood and sternly looked down upon me. My father said, "Bow to him. He is the gardener!" Those who have been disturbed in this manner will not fail to understand how wroth I was with this bearded biped. Yet, though my fascinating dream had been broken, implicit obedience is the first filial duty, or so we uneducated creatures fondly believe. I had to bow to him. He stroked my head; blessed me; complimented my complexion; and departed. I was now quite two years old, and full, as ever young people are, of that vanity which makes praise so delicious to hear. There was an eagerness within me for more compliments. There was a sorrow that I could not see my own beauty which had inspired that old hard-faced gardener to spend a phrase of flattery.

I did not have to wait long to gratify this impatient desire. There came a young man, slim and short, and of dreamy eyes that were perhaps somewhat feeble, for they had transparent protectors strangely fixed to the bridge of his nose. He seemed aflutter with shy excitement. He was about to pass me by, and I was beginning to feel hurt that he had paid me no heed, when he stopped, stared in his peculiar manner at me, and then said audibly, "Pretty Bud, you are truly fit for—". I could not first comprehend such mystic words, but later decided that this creature, whose fingers seemed to be those of a scientist and whose eyes were those of a dreamer, who had assigned such a mysterious mission to me, belonged above all to that slender herd of superhuman animals collectively called 'poets.' My vanity,

however was not yet satisfied, though I was immensely pleased to find another visitor. This angel stood in front of me, took out something from a satchel, and, making a copy of me, she said, "That is how you look, sweet rose bud." I was delighted with my portrait and felt a thrill of self-satisfaction. The rest of the five months of my third year were spent in the happy reverie of my personal charms and how they had subdued people!

It was the last month of my third year, the last week of that month, and the last day of the week, when a fair comely youth rushed hurriedly towards me, his eyes furtively spying things around and his manner on the whole that of 'a guilty thing surprised.' As he stood in my presence I felt a foreboding pang in my heart, and alas! before long this burglar had seized me by the trunk and had plucked me from my father's arms. I remember, as I was being carried away, my father shed many a tear-leaf. This member of that huge army of kidnappers, commonly though erroneously called 'lovers,' brought me into a palace courtyard, and securing me in his prison-like pocket, scaled up a rope and jumped down. I know he jumped, for I experienced a shock. I was then taken out of my prison, and found myself a humble offering to a fair creature who seemed to be a princess. She planted me in a twisted coil of very soft grass which to my utter astonishment was not green but black! There was a brief conversation between the kidnapper and my princess which made me blush fiery red with shyness; and I cannot reproduce it here. Perhaps, it will suffice to say that it began, "Beloved, if you should explore the vast islands of my dreams—" When my kidnapper had finished his long oration, for he was certainly growing eloquent and his gestures were most graceful, I felt so pleased imagining it was addressed to me, that I jumped for joy and fell on the marble floor with a knock on my head. Nevertheless, it gave me exquisite pleasure to find myself lifted up instantly by my princess.

But my torture began, for, the kidnapper had just gone. I was now in my fifth year and found myself on something made of a soft substance like cotton or fleece but upon my face lay a heavy weight, hard and round. Need I mention my agony, which

continued for the full space of a twelve month, when this hard weight compressed me? I knew my joys had been nipped in the bud. The days passed slowly. I lay under the same weight. It was on my sixth birthday that this cumbersome density, which is supposed to have contained 'brains,' was removed from my frail frame, and I was taken up by the princess whom I had learnt to love though in vain! She sat in her orchard, where I could see some of my cousins smiling at me. She held me in her hand with but one finger and a thumb, and raised me to her lips. After all it seemed to me that my life was not as purposeless as it had seemed. And yet, the very next moment she frowned—so fickle are they that inhabit the earth!—and saying something to her maid, who had brought a message, began tearing away my limbs, which learned botanists call 'petals.' One by one this fair tyrant denuded me of these 'petals' and marred my radiant beauty. One by one she threw the torn limbs into her mouth. I started at her in frozen wonder. But she continued her destructive diversion. At length she held my body bare as it was and deprived of the unity which had constituted its fascinating beauty. Casting one last glance at it she threw it away, and there I lay, injured and insulted, on the threshold of her courtyard—.

The kidnapper who had brought this indignity and torture upon me came and stood beside me: I looked up at him: and he did not recognise me in that deflowered state. My heart was rent; my vanity was cut to the quick: and I should have uttered a loud vituperative epithet on him and his kind, had that royal messenger, who had first come to visit me, not come swiftly. Taking my disfigured body in his arms, he sped to a realm where only formless fairies flitted about like radiant butterflies. As we travelled through space he consoled me, "Unity is life; life is beauty; beauty has a mission; you have fulfilled yours."

JUBBULPORE.

CYRIL MODAK.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ENGLISH PROSE STYLE.

By C. L. R. SASTRI, B.Sc.

THE art of expression is an art like another: if anything, it is the greatest and most difficult art of all. There are some well-defined courses of study for the other arts; and, with all these, surprisingly few persons, strange as it may seem, are ever able to make a name for themselves. In regard to style, however, there are no recognized text books, the guiding hand is nowhere distinctly seen. The writer has nothing for it but to fall back, in the last resort, upon his own resources, whatever these may be; and to make his spoon or spoil his horn, according to circumstances.

The word "style" connotes a way of writing. It touches not the matter but the *manner* of a given piece of writing. It follows that the best style is that which has the best manner. The thought, the internal content, alone is not sufficient, be it ever so noble. This, in our view, requires emphasising. Certain reputed critics have laid it down as their considered opinion, as their unshakable conviction, that the manner is nothing so long as the matter is precious; that the idea is the chief thing; and that "style," being only a kind of outward dressing, a sort of extraneous ornament, does not, and ought not, to appeal to the serious student. One of our objects in writing this article is to show up the utter hollowness and absurdity of this theory.

It is, we venture to think, high time people recognized that obscurity of expression does not necessarily connote profundity of thought. Every person that writes is allowed certain peculiar-

ities of style (to match the particular idiosyncracies of his mind), but it only stands to reason that he should not push these peculiarities beyond a more or less well-defined limit. All arts enjoin on their practitioners some amount of discipline, of self-restraint, and we do not see why, amongst them all, writers alone should regard themselves as being exempt from it. The function of literature is to entertain, not puzzle, the reader. Nor is profound thought, we imagine, any the worse for lucid expression. If the expression is not lucid, then one of two things follows: either the thought of which it is, *ex hypothesi*, the vehicle, is not so profound, is not so world-convulsing, as it feigns to be, or it is, as yet, not clear enough to the writer himself. Let us not be taken in by such pretences. There never yet was any thought that was incapable, in the right hands, of the most lucid expression. As Mr. Herbert Paul, referring to Swift, says in his admirable book, *Men and Letters* (John Lane, 1915):

"Untill Swift became a lunatic, his mind cut like a diamond through the hardest substances in its way. No sophistry ever deceived him. No difficulty ever puzzled him. There was nothing he thought which he could not express. The pellucid simplicity of his style, both in prose and in verse, came of clear thinking and sound reasoning, assisted by the habit of daily explanation to unlettered women. *It is easy to understand him, because he understood so easily himself.* A great deal of time is wasted by the 'general reader' in guessing at the meaning of authors who did not mean anything in particular. *Uncertainty is the fruitful parent of obscurity, and many people write obscurely in the hope that they will be thought profound.* Like the subaltern who would not form his letters distinctly lest his correspondents should find out how he spelt, there is a class of writers who will not be plain lest the poverty of their thoughts should be exposed.

(Our italics pp. 282-283).

In Philosophy, thought may be more important. Nay, it is more important. But literature is not philosophy. Literature may be many things; and, amongst these, may be philosophy also. But, in the process of their being taken to its capacious bosom, they are made to

"Suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange"

and what emerges ultimately is literature and not any—*ism* or *ology*. Thought, indeed, need not be absent from literature. But there it is more valuable for the *garb* in which it is conveyed than for itself. Literature consists of "what oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed." Literature, in short, is of the word wordy: it is thought *plus* style; and sometimes, even, it is *all* style and *no* thought—if, that is, anything written or spoken can be said to be completely devoid of thought. The silliest thing uttered well becomes literature: whereas the profoundest thing spoiled in the telling remains outside literature's porch. (We are, of course, to be understood as speaking in the most general terms. There may, indeed, be circumstances which palliate even the worst writing imaginable. Authors have been known to exist—as Balzac, for instance, who, it would seem, was not guilty of having written a *single* beautiful sentence in all his numerous books—authors, we say, have been known to exist that have written in a very atrocious style, yet they stand high in the ranks of literature. But, we plead, they are only exceptions, and, as such, cannot invalidate our argument). Literature, then, by its very nature, deals rather with the *outside* of things than with their inside. As Mr. George Moore says in his "Epistle to the Gymry," included in his famous *Confessions of a Young Man**

"The thought that sustains a book is but a small part of the book; a thought is but common property, but the words belong to the writer and he cannot be dispossessed of his verbal beauty any more than a sculptor and a painter can be robbed of their surfaces."*

Again, in the same "Epistle," he says:

"An idea is mine to-day, it is yours tomorrow, the day after to-morrow it belongs to the whole world; but a beautiful sentence is always the property of him who made it."†

Coming now to the practical part of it, of all kinds of style the simple and the familiar is the most to be recommended. The simplicity should relate not only to the length of the sentences,

* Heinemann: 1928.

* Page 290.

† Page 300.

but also to the size of the individual words. One cannot, to be sure, be always measuring one's sentences with a foot-rule, or weighing one's words in a balance, but the safe rule is to try to make the one as short and the other as light as is consistent with beauty of expression. This, of course, does not mean that there should be no variety in the structure of one's sentences. If there is no variety, and, further, if there is no imperceptible gradation from one sentence to another, the reading will not be smooth, and there will, inevitably, be considerable jarring on one's ears. The writer must guard particularly against such loose, careless, and haphazard endings to his sentences, or paragraphs. There are authors that end their sentences as well as their ideas most abruptly,—with a bang, as it were. There is no knowing when one train of thought ceases and a fresh one begins. This is a serious fault in composition; and even some otherwise admirable authors often fall a prey to it. The sentences, considered by themselves, may be beautiful enough, but the writing taken as a whole, the *tout ensemble*, in short, is seen to be defective. A well-known instance is that of Emerson. Emerson's sentences are usually very simple: though, it is only fair to say, his thoughts are not. They are charged full with matter. Emerson, indeed, seems to have profited immensely from the famous advice of Keats to Shelly, namely, to "load every line with ore." He suffered, in other words, from an excess, a repletion, of ideas. We may say of his immersion in them, what Chapman, we think, said of Marlowe's immersion in poetry, that he "stood up to the chin in the Pierian flood." This is all, no doubt, very good in its own way: but, unfortunately, when he came to the *arrangement* of his ideas he sometimes (as has been testified by innumerable critics) broke down. Of course, his method of piecing together his essays is partly, at least, responsible for this. He would, it appears, jot down stray thoughts of his in a note book and, when engaged on his essay, would bodily transfer them (or such of them as were apposite) to it. Naturally, his essays lack development. As Mr. Birrell pertinently remarks.

"For let the comparison be made with whom you will, the unparalleled non-sequaciousness of Emerson is as certain as the Corregiosity of Corregio. You never know

what he will be at. His sentences fall over you in glittering cascades, beautiful and bright, and for the moment refreshing, but after a very brief while the mind, having nothing to do on its own account but to remain wide open, and see what Emerson sends it, grows first restive and then torpid. Admiration gives way to astonishment, astonishment to bewilderment, and bewilderment to stupefaction."†

Our whole point is that, in such a style of writing, both the sentences and the ideas have a bad, an incorrigible, habit of leaving ragged edges of themselves behind: they are not "remarked off" as they ought to be: they do not, if we may say so, "cease upon the midnight with no pain," but go on, as it were, making rambling noises in our brains when they ought, by rights, to be comfortably asleep. For perfectly good writing, your thoughts need not be as multitudinous: they need not be legion: if you have the right stuff in you, a fraction of them will usually suffice. We do not, indeed imply that you can make bricks without straw. But we do say that an abundance, an overplus, of that material is not necessary: or, if there is an abundance of it, you must know how to space it out. A wise and even distribution, rather than local and haphazard accumulations, is the gist of the matter. As De Quincey puts it:

"Eloquence resides not in separate or fractional ideas, but in the relations of manifold ideas, and in the mode of their evolution from each other. It is not indeed enough that the ideas should be many, and their relations coherent; the main conviction lies in the *key* of the evolution, in the *law* of the succession. The elements are nothing without the atmosphere that moulds, and the dynamic forces that combine."‡

We were saying that of all kinds of style, the simple and the familiar is the most to be recommended. It is not easy to write a simple style. One of the simplest of styles that we have come across is that of the distinguished journalist, historian, and critic, Mr. Herbert Paul; and it is only necessary to try to write

† *The collected essays and Addresses of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Augustine Birrell*, Vol. 2 p. 61, J. M. Dent, 1922.

‡ De Quincey's *Works*: Edited by Masson: A & C. Black, 1897. Vol. 5, p. 231.

like this to see how difficult it is. A simple style is not, as some imagine, an insipid style. There is an ornament that pertains to simplicity, and there is a simplicity that is at the same time scholarly. There is, we are aware, a widespread opinion that the more grandiose the language is, the lovelier *ipso facto*, is the style. Prince Harry said of Falstaff that he was a "tun of a man." There are writers who would go any length to introduce a "tun of a word" into their compositions. They are all for magnificence in writing. They, evidently, are followers in real life of that well-known character in Messrs. Stevenson's and Osbourne's *The Wrecker*, Jim Pinkerton, the typical hustling Yankee. Turn to his comments on the word "hebdomadary":

"That's a good catching phrase, 'hebdomadary,' tho' it's hard to say. I made a note of it when I was looking in the dictionary how to spell 'hectagonal.' 'Well, you're a boss word,' I said. 'Before you're very much older I'll have you in type as large as yourself.' And here it's, you see."

"A boss word," that is it: that is the ideal of many writers.

A gaudy style, if we analyse it carefully, will usually be found to be, after all, not the wonderful thing it looks at first sight. Many faulty and unnecessary things often go to make it. As a general rule, we may say that to use two words where only one grew before, or to employ a word of four syllables where, previously, a word of only two syllables was known to exist, is not conducive to chaste writing. In literature, as elsewhere, economy is of the essence of the thing. We shall even go so far as to say that in writing (we refer to prose, not to poetry), it would be well to have a sort of birth-control of words; and the state, we are convinced, would be assisting the cause of letters where it to impose some kind of penalty on too, too prolific writers.

Figures of speech are the bane of most writers of prose. Aristotle, we know, put a premium on metaphor, raising it almost to the level of a divine gift; and poetry, perhaps, becomes all the more poetical for it. But in that (as Dryden calls it) "other harmony of prose," metaphor (or, for that matter, any figure of speech) is not such a prime necessity. Nay, it is often a positive

hindrance. Some of the most exquisite writers of prose have avoided metaphor as they would have done the devil: they have let it severely alone. Swift is a case in point. "The rogue never hazards a metaphor," said Johnson; and right he was not to hazard it. People are apt to forget that what is good for poetry is not always equally good for prose. "There is one glory of the sun and another of the moon"; and prose has its distinct glory, and it is harder to be attained than the one appertaining to poetry.

There are the exponents of the ornate style of writing, Burke, and De Quincey, and Ruskin,—not to mention Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, and that curious poet-preacher, John Donne. With Burke, indeed, it was more or less a case of overflow of mind: the thought and the style had to keep pace with each other: images crowded upon him "not single spies, but in battalions." And what exquisite images, too! Burke, we are inclined to think, could not help writing a pompous style: he was to the manner born. There have been, and are, those that have tried to write like De Quincey and Ruskin, but they have succeeded only as far as the *length* of the sentences go: sentences that, as Mr. Chesterton has happily remarked, "lengthen out like night-mare corridors, or rise higher and higher like impossible eastern pagodas." But they have not been able (as how should they?) to copy those masters' felicity of expressions, or their mastery over phrase and idiom. The mischief with this kind of style is that, apart from lack of elegance, mistakes are bound to creep in, despite the best care in the world. Take Newman. Newman's style has been extolled to the skies by almost all the critics of English literature. And, no doubt, it deserves at least part of the praise. But read Mr. George Moore's *Hail and Farewell** and note the faults he finds in Newman, and in Newman's best book. It is not, it will be perceived, enough if one's writing is fine at places: it must be uniformly fine and, at least, it should be exempt from mistakes of whatever kind. Sonority (let it be remembered) is not always sense; and volume (or voluminousness), by itself is seldom a recommendation.

The more common amongst us will do well not to aspire too high. Rhetoric is a dangerous mistress to woo, and he only

* Vol. 2. "Salve," Heineman, 1920: pp. 240-254.

should woo her who is fairly confident of success; else, there is every likelihood of a sudden and ignominious retreat. We should, on the contrary, try to write a simple and elegant style: the sort of style that such great masters of prose as Shakespeare and Swift and Cowper and Goldsmith and Hazlitt and Lamb and Thackeray and Stevenson wrote. If such a style of writing was good enough for them, it will, we fancy, serve us, too well. Hazlitt writes in his well known essay, "On Familiar Style," included in his *Table Talk*: "The proper force of words lies not in the words themselves, but in their application.....I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate too see a load of hand-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without any meaning in them." That is to say, we ought to exercise an economy in words, as in everything else: there should be a self-restraint in language, what Plato calls "the beauty of a frugal closeness of style." This is what Stevenson meant when he advised the late Sir Edmund Gosse in the following terms. The occasion was a personal of the latter's *Father and Son*, which that gentleman had sent him. Stevenson, in his letter of acknowledgment, writes:

*Beware of purple passages.....And in a style which (like yours) aims more and more successfully at the academic, one purple word is already too much; three—a whole page—is inadmissible. Wed yourself to a clean austerity: that is your force. Wear a linen ephod, splendidly candid. Arrange its folds, but do not fasten it with any brooch. I swear to you, in your talking robes there should be no patch of adornment; and where the subject forces, let it force you no further than it must."**

Elsewhere also he writes to the same effect:

"There is but one art—to omit! If I know how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an 'Iliad' of a daily paper."†

* Letters of R. L. Stevenson, Vol. 3, pp. 70-71. Tusitala Edition. Our italics.

† Ibid, Vol. 2 p. 271 our italics.

TRIVANDRUM.

C. L. R. SASTRI.

THE UNKNOWN.

'Haps you may blush unseen
To feel a warm heart by your side,
A joy eternal—ever had been
Felt. Your soul's ebb and tide—
Flow rapidly through your veins,
I too feel that in my heart,
Oh loved unknown! and it pains
It shakes and toss to think thou art
Cruel; if aren't, might have come—
In my lonely spring bloomed place,
Would have sung sweet a tune, my room
Been turned gaily. Let heavenly bless
Fall o'er thee; I will wait for you,
What e'er may be for years and years!
Rosy sun greets the morning dew—
Clasp in my eager arms with joyful tears.

ROBEE DUTT.

ON THE DECORATIVE ASPECT OF INDIAN ART.

By Dr. STELLA KRAMRISCH.

MANY crafts are still alive in India. They excel by a variety of design, they seem to be full of invention. Dacca Muslins and South Indian Silk saris with bold patterns, the delicate tracery of ruby—and green—golden Partabgarh enamels, the potters' skill in shaping and ornamenting vessels and the painters' taste in giving them a joyously multicoloured appearance on the occasion of different festivals, excellent above all others in Benares,—these are just a few examples taken at random from a wealth of production, that varies from place to place, each having an old tradition of its own. It is justified, if, on the broad basis of so sound a craftsmanship, one were to look for the higher manifestations of the contemporary creative genius. But here disappointment is inevitable. Those images of the gods that are still moulded and carved by artists, unsophisticated by the knowledge that comes from beyond India, are far from being distinguished by genuine feeling or invention. Dead puppets they are that have left the hands of a worn out player. Such disappointment however is soon overcome, once it is taken account of in its inevitable sadness. It is overcome by turning away from it, into another direction, towards novel sources and centres of creativeness. Their tradition and heredity no longer work spontaneously nor are they deadening encumbrances. The artist is aware of his heritage consciously and proudly, but he is aware of many other things too. Out of his intellectual consciousness, out of his widened knowledge and prompted by an urge of self-expression he is on the road towards creation. He has entered its painful path. His work—the paintings

for instance of the Bengal School—has the timidity as well as the freshness of a new start. It is based on knowledge and taste. It is thoroughly conscious of its aim. Therefore, it has not achieved it as yet and the vigour of coming generations will have to outgrow the present consciousness, which in its turn has cleared away dead remnants and extraneous encumbrances.

Such is the threefold aspect of art at the present moment in India. The past that has its firm hold of beauty on a great number of crafts, the past that has lost its meaning and is nothing but a badly made coffin for contents that are dead—although they managed to die imperceptibly—and the present that clears away the refuse of the past because it hears a new call and passionately tries to realize it but as yet fails to do so, for although the waste matter is cleared away, so much strength had to be given to this task, that but little is left ready to answer the call. But it will be answered for how else could all this labour have been accomplished had it not been upheld by the strong promise of the inward call?

Side by side with this present struggle, that is its own vindication, side by side with ghastly puppets with high pretensions under great names—for do we not see images of Krishna, swollen with stiffness, images of Kali inert with waste and annihilation, images of all the gods, powerless in a childish glory of tinsel and multicoloured silk that hide their poor lifeless limbs—are the last and many and richly varied vestiges of the past that make up the vast fabrics of Indian ornamentation. Far from being dead it is a source of inspiration to the conscious artist of modern India as well as to the artist of the West. The decorative aspect of Indian art is the door through which the past goes out into a far future.

The question lies at hand, why just there and not through one of the most cherished aspects of India's creativeness, why not nearer the spiritual sphere or in fact nearer any aspect of deeper significance? Why should the heritage of the artistic past of India be transmitted by so superficial a means as that of decorative devices? Because—the answer is simple—anything and almost everything that once was conceived by Indian thought

and transformed into visual terms had the tendency to become a decorative device.

Although the answer is simple, the process itself is elaborate. It is the outcome of a development parallel to that which began with revelation and ended in ritual. It is the result of a spiritual process that no longer has any actuality, but to which we owe the great past of Indian Art.

The inspired age of Indian art may be reckoned as having lasted from the 2nd to the twelfth century A.D. A millenium of rhapsodic elation (Amaravati, 2nd century A.D.), of the bliss of introspection (the sculpture of the Gupta period, 4th—6th century A.D.), of amorous resignation and cultured exuberance (the paintings of Ajanta, Bagh, Sitanavsal, 5th—7th century), of gigantic gloom and power (the cave sculptures in Ellora and Elephanta, 8th Century) and finally of a somewhat slighter, of an already somewhat conventionalized summary during the 9th—12th century of such inner experiences as preceded this last phase. Before these significant thousand years, art had been devoted to narrative tendencies (the railing reliefs of Barhut, Sanchi, etc.) or it gave shape to things seen as well as unseen in a wholly impersonal manner. (Yaksa figures and Mauryan capitals). Interwoven with stories represented and imaginations embodied there was a considerable store of decorative devices, nameless combinations of scrolls and flowers as well as of a number of fanciful animal figures treated as a class by themselves or freely intermingled with the floral and other devices. After the tide of artistic inspiration had subsided, by the twelfth century, what remained was similar in kind, though varied in subject compared with what had preceded it. Leaving Muslim architecture aside, the innumerable miniatures and illustrations of the subsequent centuries do justice to the narrative and wholly impersonal manner that had marked the artistic output during the few centuries before and immediately after Christ. A limitless number of decorative devices, on the other hand, is now at the command of the craftsman and many of the motives that embellished early. Buddhist sculpture may be found on wood and brass work dating back a few centuries only or which may belong just as well to the present day.

Whereas the vocabulary of ornamentation and its grammar in other centres of artistic culture are limited to a few standardized devices, simple in their application and combination, those of Indian art in the course of its existence have grown immeasurably rich and bewilderingly complex in its use. In contrast to the simplicity of a few geometrical, floral, scroll and animal patterns of Chinese design, Indian decorative devices embody every notion, every fancy and every rhythm that have swayed the artist and have led his hand. Indian ornamentation amounts to a nameless and abstract accompaniment to figure compositions, while on the other hand it is nothing but creative inspiration as such, but at second hand. Whereas in other civilisations any artistic form, that has outlived itself becomes forgotten and is soon superseded by a different design, in this country it remains, it only changes its phase and the part it used to play. The figure of Buddha for instance, supreme embodiment of consciousness that has attained salvation from all its fetters and pains, visualised with the help of a human body, whose beauty does justice to supernatural conventions, on account of its mental ever-presence as well as of its regular, symmetrical appearance, soon after its introduction into Indian art descends from its lofty pedestal of a main divinity, on whom all devotion is concentrated and forms one unit only in a row, or in a number of rows of small Buddha figures, almost identical, that go to decorate the frame of a door or a portion of the wall (Ajanta) with the same importance that is given to friezes of lotus-scrolls or protecting ganas. The peculiarity of this process will appear more striking if we try to imagine a row of Madonnas for example that were to cover a wall in a Renaissance-Church!

Or let us take landscape as one branch of pictorial art, as which it was leading from the seventeenth century onward in Europe and during the Sang and Tang periods in China. In India too it has left us scenes of luxurious, restfulness, not so far in mood as in technique, from the humid stillness of the Venetian landscapes of Giorgione. But in vain would we look anywhere else in the world for landscape that has turned into an ornament by the freely rhythmical repetition of its main motives, as well

suited to its decorative purpose as any regular sequence of simple geometrical forms that may run next to it. Fully blown lotus flowers, bending with the heaviness of their bloom, give shelter to water birds and allow peaceful cover to graze on an imaginative and fresh pasture. There the rhythm is full and freely sweeping creative energy flows unrestrained into its own pattern, quite contrary to the stiffly systematical regularity of the "Buddha-pattern."

Religion and nature, and art itself too furnish ever surprising motives, that originally were as far removed from decoration as a piece of poetry is from a proverb. Take the case of the Indian tower, with its bent, curvilinear silhouette in the northern half of India, with its stunted pyramidal design in Kanara. Halves of such miniature towers appear in gracefully relieved rows on the base of the temple, which is crowned by the actual tower, which however in its turn is decorated all over with a profuse array of its own likenesses.

Still more widely spread and more intricate is the history of the Chandra-Sala-vyuha, the well known "sun-window" and its changes in the realm of decorative art. Originally we had the simple device of bent bamboo, that goes to make a window opening with two poles rivetted in a base and with their ends being tied up into a point. This window-form, the common characteristic of bamboo-thatch huts of ancient days, in the houses of the upper classes was copied in wood, in order to do away with so frail a material as bamboo. From there again, when Buddhism and Jainism had outgrown their original sternness, and monasteries and temples were cut into the rock, the craftsman copied the window form in stone and gave it an exalted position just opposite the main sanctuary so that it admitted the light of the day into the darkness of the cave and made the sanctuary appear by the contrast with its darker surroundings, in an unearthly light. But such windows were also copied in large numbers and on a lesser scale as niches or sham windows, just to decorate the facade of the rock cut sanctuary. So on, after these, Sun-windows were not left empty. Just as in actual houses, the heads of the inmates now and then could be seen peeping out of the window, so in these rock cut temples, heads of gandharvas, of celestial spirits, were made to look

down permanently and blisfully carved in the stone of the facade of the rock cut temple. When structural temples, made of stone become more and more prevalent and also in the later cave temples the sun-window, scarcely recognisable has changed into a flaming scroll surrounding a divinely childlike face, in other cases, however, (Bhuvanesvar) the mighty grimace of a heraldic lion, an emblem of supernatural power. But while the window in these examples dwindles into a halo like frame, it entered at the same time also into another connection. It repeats itself and splits itself up. One full "sun-window" in the middle, flanked by two half-windows, in the seventh century has established itself as an independent device. But already in the next century and fully in the tenth and eleventh, such "split-window" suits are combined horizontally and innumerable rows of them are placed one on top of the other, the single device being of miniature size, the effect of the whole a filigree tracery that now covers the surface of northern Indian towers like the finest lace that ever went to make a veil.

Ornamentation, we may say, is the memory of Indian art. Nothing ever is forgotten. Paradoxically, the form is preserved, even when the meaning is lost. This store house of unforgettable relics however is not only precious from the antiquarian's point of view. It has a deeper than a merely historical value.

Genius, everywhere is the exception. Where it is absent, and "art" is produced by name only, so to say, the result is tedious. Rhythm however and the playful invention out of forms already in existence is widely shared by the child as well as by unsophisticated nature man. The Indian "artist" was a craftsman, and mastering his craft he could yield himself to his own rhythm, his own life, personally, racially, historically and geographically conditioned, and this his own life—rhythm applying itself to forms, once inspired went on inventing ever new combinations, the result of living rhythm and cherished tradition. Both of them are the substratum of Indian art and have not abandoned even to this day the humble craftsman. In its wide field of ornamentation, Indian art has a fertile soil. It awaits the seed of genius to germinate across the obstacle of "consciousness."

CALCUTTA.

DR. STELLA KRAMRISCH.

GLEANINGS.

GREAT MEN WHO WERE DEFEATED IN LOVE.

THE broken romance of Lord Haldane, disclosed in his autobiography, condemned him, he felt, to a life of solitude so far as women were concerned. He suffered a single disappointment, and for him it was final.

Men and women, great or little, for the most part do not thus enshrine their griefs and embalm their sorrows. They take advantage of an emotional Second Spring, or go straight from winter to high summer at a leap. Sometimes they indulge in a whole procession of the seasons where their loves are concerned. Of such a type was the woman George Sand, whose tragedies were far too numerous to be real. But there have been others who, like Lord Haldane, being stricken once, have been stricken for ever.

There was the poet, Ernest Dowson, that graceful and now remote nineteenth century figure, who wrote one of the supreme poems in the English language to the memory of a passion that would have been a joke, had it not been so sincere.

Dowson wandered through the 'eighties and the nineties, making verses always charming, often beautiful, and spent much time dreaming over his love for the daughter of a Soho restaurant proprietor. He played a nightly game of cards at the establishment, after his dinner; wrote poems at the girl rather than to her, and was utterly, if a little vaguely, devoted.

And the girl smiled at him with sympathy, but without understanding, and married the head waiter. It was not to be expected of her that she should do anything else.

Dowson was thereafter dedicated to disappointment. He settled into a permanent melancholy, largely genuine, partly poetic, and died at thirty-three of consumption—a disease in no way ameliorated by occasional bouts of drinking.

With another, and a greater poet, things went more hardly. That was John Keats, who, far too young to have reached a sense of values in such matters, became enslaved to the hideously named Fanny Brawne. Fanny ruled his life—what was left of it after he met her, for he died three years later of the same disease that killed Dowson.

Keats idealized Miss Brawne, who was a solid and normal type of young woman. He saw in her all earthly beauty—though what, as a poet, he thought of her name Heaven alone knows. He maintained with her a correspondence now famous as the "Keats Love Letters," and suffered tortures of jealousy, probably unfounded, at the thought that she was flirting with his friend Brown.

He knew that he was dying, and that his only hope was a visit to Italy. He wrote: ". . . I hate men, and women more. I see nothing but thorns for the future—wherever I may be next winter, in Italy or nowhere, Brown will be living near you with his indecencies." He died a little later.

Then there was George Romney, the great portraitist of the eighteenth century. He fell in love with lady Hamilton, who became the mistress of Nelson. She began like a blacksmith's daughter, and Romney was born the son of a cabinet-maker. Both attained fame, the woman by beauty, wit, and a contempt for convention, the man by his genius as a painter.

Lady Hamilton—she was Mrs. Hart when Romney first knew her—became for him his "divine lady," the inspiration of his work. He had a wife in the country—he saw to it that she stayed there, from motives of social and professional expediency—and he worshipped the beautiful woman, who was by turns the admiration and the scandal of the day.

Nothing came of it, for the woman remained aloof or Romney was too timid, and finally, when she became Lady Hamilton, their association ceased.

"Fear has always been my enemy," he wrote, and without his "divine lady" to sustain him, he lapsed into an increasing morbidity and returned, as a hopeless idiot, to die in the care of his neglected wife.

But the tragedies—or comedies—of thwarted union are not the only type worthy of note. There was the case of William Makepeace Thackeray, whose marriage would never have been so disastrous had it not been so happy.

At twenty-nine years old, with success still a long way off, Thackeray found himself confronted by the insanity of his wife, the death of one child, and the necessity of supporting two others. He was condemned to celibacy at the very instant that he was most appreciative of marriage.

There is a horrible pathos in the story of how Thackeray, visiting his wife in the asylum, and discovering from her incoherent words that she longed for children, brought her wax dolls to nurse, since she might not see her children, of flesh and blood. Thackeray's was a terrible fate, and, as we know, he overcame it magnificently.

Consider another marriage tragedy—or rather, tragedies; the matrimonial catastrophies of August Strindberg, the great dramatist. Strindberg, who said "the sexes are born enemies, and remain always opposed"; Strindberg, who also said: "I have always worshipped women, those enchanting, criminal minxes. . . ." married three times, and disastrously on each occasion.

He became embittered, lapsed for a time into mania after his second marriage,

for the last time. He revenged himself on his first wife by revealing in his "Confessions of a Fool," every infamous secret of their relationship.

You have also Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote:

"I could not love, except where Death was mingling his with Beauty's breath,"

and proved it in the tragedy of his girl-wife, who, after a brief period of passionate mutual devotion, died of consumption. He followed her two years later.

There is equal sadness and more nightmare about the broken romance of Charles Lamb. He was forced to devote his life to his sister, Mary, who was subject to repeated attacks of violent mania, during one of which she stabbed their mother to death.

Lamb's love affair with Anne Simmons was broken as a direct result of the taint of madness in his family, and, after the breach, he suffered a bout of frenzy which caused him to spend ". . . six weeks. . . very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. . . ."

Lamb also loved Frances Kelly, the actress, "with her divine, plain face," but she would have none of him, though they were great friends.

He wrote her a proposal, to which she replied in a rather sententious refusal, beginning, "An early and deeply-rooted attachment has fixed my heart on one from whom no worldly prospect can well induce me to withdraw it," and when Lamb got the letter he wrote back that he felt in a "no-how-ish kind of a humour. I believe it is the rain, or something. . . ."

In our own day, we have a famous Bishop whose romance was shattered when the woman he loved married another man, and a great statesman—a man who has been Prime Minister—who suffered the same fate. Both are living, and it would be therefore unfair to give their names.

But such men prove that whimpering collapse of the spirit is not an inevitable consequence of disappointed love, as does also the avowal of Lord Haldane—"I came to realize afterwards, when the pain was past, that my love for her, though it failed, had brought me not loss but great gain . . ."

—THE SUNDAY EXPRESS.

LORD MORLEY'S "PSALM OF LIFE."

A MANCHESTER reader asks me whether I can find space to print the not-easily-accessible lines, commonly entitled "The Divine," which Thomas Carlyle translated from Goethe's "Das Gottliche." Lord Morley once named this poem as his "Psalm of Life," and to Carlyle it was "the nearest approach to an inspired document that the nineteenth century had produced." Carlyle had no dealings with teachers of creed or dogma, but, as Mr. Augustine Birrel says; "For more than half a century, with superhuman energy, he struggled to establish the basis of all religious 'reverence and godly fear.' 'Love not pleasure, love God; this was the Everlasting Yea.'"

The rendering he gave of "Das Gottliche," under the title "The Divine," as follows:—

"Noble must man be,
And helpful and good;
'Tis humanity only
That raises the human
O'er all other beings.
All creatures we know.
All hail the unknown ones!
All hail the divine!
Whom we darkly grope after,
And fain would resemble,
In their good we believe,
Because good is in man.
For Nature is cold,
Unfeeling, and blind;
There shineth the sun
Upon evil and good.
Moonlight and starlight
Gleam down in their beauty
On one and the other.
The flood and the tempest,
The thunder and hail,
Rush blindly their way;
And, sweeping along,
They strike, all unheeding,
The one or the other.
So is it with fortune;
She gropes in the crowd,
Lays her hand upon the childhood's
Innocent ringlets,
And then on the bald,
The guilt-laden head
By laws that are iron,
Grand and eternal,
We all must accomplish
Our cycle of living.
And man alone doeth
What else doeth none:
'Tis his to distinguish,
To choose and to judge.
He can to the moment
Eternity lead.

" is

And he alone dares
The good to reward,
The evil to smite,
To heal and to save,
The wandering and erring.
For service to bind.
So, likewise, we honour
The mighty immortals
As if they were men,
And did on a grand scale
What good men on a small scale
Do or fain would.
'Tis the glory of man
To be helpful and good,
Unwearied procuring
The useful, the right:
A prototype so
Of the gods we grope after!"

—JOHN O'LONDON WEEKLY.

BYRON: "THE LAST JOURNEY"

MR. HAROLD NICOLSON'S MOVING STORY.

The Tragic End.

With passing days he grew worse; the fever increased. How the people loved him! It was Easter Sunday, the 18th of April. "In order that Lord Byron should not be disturbed by the celebrations usual on that day, the town guard patrolled the streets, warning the inhabitants to keep quiet. The artillery brigade was marched out of town to provide a counter-attraction." By 4 p.m. on that Easter Sunday he seemed to be singing. Delirious, he was shouting, "Forward! Forward—courage—follow my example—don't be—afraid." How they revered him, what hysterical anxiety; appalling and terror-stricken confusion. "There was no one in authority; no community even of language. Dr. Bruno's English was as unintelligible as Fletcher's Italian; neither Parry nor Tita could speak anything but their native languages; the Greek servants were incomprehensible to everyone."

And Death hovered around. Byron in a sudden lucid outburst had exclaimed, "Poor Greece—poor town—my poor servants." Then at six in the evening: "I want to go to sleep now." On the Monday morning the end was near. "Outside, the afternoon waned wet and sullen, and with sunset came the sound of thunder in the gulf." At 6.15 he opened his eyes and closed them again in everlasting sleep. "Slowly the night descended, wet and thunderous, over the lagoons. And with the dawn came the boom of cannon firing the last salute."

The body was embalmed. Then the last scene of all; which we should like to

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have been spared. The doctors gathered to make their autopsy; the naked body, perfect in symmetry like unto Apollo himself. "For over an hour the five of them hacked and sliced and weighed and dumped things into separate pails. The brain and skull interested them particularly; the *dura mater*, it appears, was firmly attached to the internal wall of the cranium; they had to tug and lever between them to get the two apart. . . . When it was all over they put him more or less together again, and fitted the parts of the skull back into each other, and sent for the undertaker." There is more; but that is enough.

Byron's remains were brought to England to be refused burial in Westminster Abbey, and to be laid in the family vault at Hucknall Torkard near Newstead Abbey.

CHURCHILL'S PORTRAIT OF LENIN.

His mind was a remarkable instrument. When its light shone it revealed the whole world, its history, its sorrows, its stupidities, its shams, and, above all, its wrongs. It revealed all facts in its focus—the most unwelcome, the most inspiring—with an equal ray. The intellect was capacious and in some phases superb. It was capable of universal comprehension in a degree rarely reached among men. The execution of the elder brother deflected this broad white light through a prism: and the prism was red. . . .

Implacable vengeance rising from a frozen pity in a tranquil, sensible, matter-of-fact, good-humoured integument! His weapon was logic; his mood opportunist. His sympathies cold and wide as the Arctic Ocean; his hatreds tight as the hangman's noose. His purpose to save the world, his method to blow it up. Absolute principles, but readiness to change them. Apt at once to kill or learn: dooms and afterthoughts: ruffianism and philanthropy. But a good husband, a gentle guest: happy, his biographers assure us, to wash up the dishes or dandle the baby; as mildly amused to stalk a capercailzie as to butcher an Emperor.

. . . Lenin was the Grand Repudiator. He repudiated everything. He repudiated God, King, Country, morals, treaties, debts, rents, interest, the laws and customs of centuries, all contracts written or implied, the whole structure, such as it is—of human society. In the end he repudiated himself. . . . His body lingered for a space to mock the vanished soul. It is still preserved in pickle for the curiosity of the Moscow public and for the consolation of the faithful. . . . The Russian people were left floundering in the bog. Their worst misfortune was his birth; their next worst—his death.

—WORLD CRICES.

MISSIONARIES.

In 'Sails and Saddles' (Cape 7sh. 6d.) Sir Michael Bruce chronicles his reminiscences and has some hard things to say of the missionaries.

During his residence in Rhodesia, Sir Michael Bruce had some considerable experience of the methods of missionaries in that country. He is extremely frank on the subject. The African Missionary he regards as "one of the great illusions of the world":

"The missionaries have never given the natives a substitute for the simple faith they rendered unto their wooden images, because the missionaries are usually second-rate people. There are exceptions. Laws of Livingstonia, and others, were the lonely spirits in Africa, surrounded by a horde of greedy, selfish priests, with withered souls. They make a nice spiritual bargain with the native. They hang the tortured Figure on the crucifix at the end of the little galvanized iron church. Sankey and Moody strut the boards, and because the kaffir is a tuneful child, he sings 'Shall we gather at the river' with glorious zest. Then the missionary makes his bargain. 'If you work for me, I'll teach you English and save your soul.' The black boy likes the idea, the emotional orgy of the hymns, the story of the Crucifixion, so he consents. And English clothes come with English religion. So the black boy tills the missionary's land for nothing, and the missionary produces his crop and undersells the farmer." But there is another and a better side to Missionary Work, as travellers and explorers can testify.

WHY IS GEORGE ELIOT NOT READ?

INTOLERANT OF SINNERS.

I recall all these things because nowadays they must appear rather strange. I suppose people still read George Eliot, but there is no doubt that her glory is to a great extent faded. Her views on the relations of the sexes have been profoundly modified; even in her own case and in her own time they must have appeared a little strange to the readers she addressed. There is no mitigation in her punishments, no very real pity for her sinners; everybody who departs from the most rigid lines becomes in her pages an outcast and a sinner. This fierce and relentless condemnation does not correspond to the wider and the humaner outlook of the present day, and in her case, in addition, it was regarded as the more remarkable and the less tolerable because she had sinned in the same direction as these victims of a fierce law in her own books.

Will George Eliot come back again? She will always live, of course, but the rapture of her early days which so profoundly influenced my life has, I fear, disappeared for ever.

RT. HON'BLE O'CONNOR—*T. P's Weekly*.

THE GREATEST LIVING MEN.

In a special interview with Dr. Emil Ludwig an "Observer" correspondent recently enquired, "who, in your opinion, are the greatest men in the world to-day?"

Dr. Ludwig in reply said:—

"One cannot speak of great men as one does of different makes of motor cars; also, one should remember that everything has a relative value, even beauty, in whose kingdom there is nothing absolute. But when I think of great men I have

known, the names of Edison, Einstein, Shaw, and Masaryk come uppermost to my mind; and it would be impossible to say which of these is the greatest. For instance, I have a friend at Heidelberg to whom I am much attached, more than to any 'great man,' because I feel boundless respect for him on account of his exceptional character. A man like him inspires one to write a novel, or, better still, one writes nothing at all.

"I knew Lord Haldane and Lord Oxford shortly before their death; they were splendid men. Among the living I have the very greatest respect for Lord Balfour, a unique figure in the world for his finely balanced intellect. Then there is Mr. Snowden, and Lord Reading; above all, Winston Churchill, the quintessence of a policy far removed from my own mentality, but I admire him because of his originality and vision.

SHAW AND VOLTAIRE.

"My old, yet youthful, master is Bernard Shaw, the greatest teacher in Europe, whose influence in our time can be compared with that of Voltaire in the XVIII century. Another fine man is Sir Alfred Keith, the distinguished Darwinian biologist."

"And the greatest statesmen in the world to-day?"

"In my opinion Masaryk is the greatest statesman in Europe to-day, not so much for his genius as for the purity of his sentiments, his idealism, and sincerity. I look upon him as a real 'Pater Patriæ.' He had to do harm to Germany and, therefore, I am not speaking of him as a German; it is his personality which has won me."

"What about Mussolini?"

"Mussolini and Masaryk are two great examples of two opposite types of modern statesmen, the one advanced in years, the other young. Masaryk, when as young as the Duce, was far more revolutionary than he is to-day. I think that it is a most fortunate thing when a statesman has to wait some years before he is able to carry out his ideas; he has then time to mature them and to limit himself to practical ideals.

MUSSOLINI'S HANDICAP.

"A man who begins his work young like Mussolini is handicapped by his first gift, youth. Adventurous talent, which a man of thirty throws into questions of State, is a dangerous asset, because, in making use of this force, he can bring about the most radical upheavals, and with danger to himself in proportion to the extent of his boldness. Masaryk only began to see his dreams realised at the age of sixty, and succeeded by quite another method to that of Mussolini, but, on the other hand, more like that of Lincoln, who started his political activities at a ripened age. Masaryk and Lincoln are closely related in a method which rests on a very moral, idealistic, and genuine basis. Mussolini and Masaryk have in common their origin from the people. Masaryk, son of an emperor's coachman, told me his Socialism was born in him at the age of six when he used to witness the arrogance of princes towards members of his family."

NO SUPER-NATIONS.

I asked him who he thought were the outstanding people of the future. He answered emphatically:—

"None, I sincerely hope. All the work of our century is directed to prevent the predominance of any one nation. Although a certain incredulity exists as to the life and efficacy of the League of Nations, our best minds in Europe and America have faith in this ten-year-old child, weak still but alive.

THE HEREDITARY PRINCIPLE

"There must necessarily be different forms of government for the various nations. But they will be agreed upon one thing in common, that the idea of passing power on in a family from father to son has definitely ceased. Let us leave existing monarchies where they are, since they are not obstructing the progress of people; but do not let us reinstate anachronistic forms of government to nations which are just beginning to breathe freely. The four great empires were not overthrown by force of arms, but by the spirit of the times, as being completely out-of-date regimes. When I'Ergeist appeared to Faust, the doctor threw himself on his knees at the unusual sight of royalty. But had this spirit appeared to Bernard Shaw, the playwright would certainly have said: 'How do you do?'"

THE DEAN AND THE DEVIL.

INGRAINED BELIEF IN EXISTENCE OF SATAN.

RECENTLY, in a sermon, Dean Inge dared to be orthodox—and over the Devil, too! On the following morning many a Modernist must have been amazed and mutinous. Hear, then, the Dean:

There is truth in what we are told as children about the Devil and his works. It is not an outworn superstition that we need the whole armour of God to enable us to withstand unseen enemies. Evil is not always good in the making, but there is such a thing as active, positive evil.....we must resist as men fight against a crafty and malignant enemy.....

Such, of course, is the message preached by every old cathedral, in whose hallowed walls pale saints and angels witness, from windows and niches, to the deathless struggle with the foul fiends who, cast out of the City of God, cling to exterior perches. The symbolism of the gargoyle is magnificent.

INGRAINED BELIEF.

Such, it would seem, is the ingrained belief of most of us, who intellectually may doubt the existence of the Devil, but use his name frequently. I personally believe in the existence of the Devil and I have often, in my parish, been aware of an

opposition which is obviously organized campaign, recurring in waves at the precise period when spiritual effort has been quickened. The blow never fails to be from an unexpected quarter.

If, for instance, the lapsed are returning, there is at once defection of some whom one considered to be safe. If a work of permanent importance is about to be inaugurated, there has not failed, in my experience, to be, on the eve of the new advance, an amazing series of misunderstandings, whisperings, tumults and oppositions, threatening not only frustration of the new work, but the collapse of the old.

Most people engage in solo strife with evil. Let them try it on a large scale and see. Let them dedicate their lives to the building up of *Civitas Dei* and they will find that there are invisible enemies who are obviously anxious, not only to pull out the bricks one has laid, but to throw them at one's head.

ACCOUNTING FOR EVIL.

This is no narrow theological view. We *must* account for evil somehow. The question is: Is evil good in the making? Or a bad mood out of which humanity, in spite of individual lapses, is slowly growing? If so, you can dispense with the Devil. If on the other hand, evil is something positive, you must attribute it to a maker. I, personally, have seen too many good people lapse into evil ways, and too many evil people become good, to be able to hold a no-Devil theory.

Wordsworth found God in nature. But he lived in lake-land. Would not his views of God's immanence have been balanced by a journey into the tropics of Africa? Nevinson, in his *More Changes and More Chances* saw this acutely. He writes:

Nature has here said: "Look, I will display all my powers of evil. I will do the worst I can. I will give querulous mankind something to whine about. I will silence the silliness that prattles of this "beautiful world." Then she took stinking slime and for hundreds of miles she laid down the man-grove swamps that never dry, and covered them with deadly growths that rot under their own darkness..... Into the forest she put deadly serpents and envenomed spiders, obscene reptiles, and scorpions as large as a woman's foot. Then over swamp and forest alike, she blew dense clouds of flies and every kind of poisonous insect—the fever gnat, the gnat that gives black-water, compared with which malaria counts as health, the speck of life that makes a man swell like a bulbous tree, and the speck that sends him to the grave by a few months' sleep through madness. Savage ants also to tear his flesh as with red-hot pincers she poured upon the land in countless hordes, and ticks to suck his blood, and crawl-crawl to drive him frantic, and, in the sandy places many millions of invisible jiggers to burrow into his toes and rot them away.

NEWMAN'S ANSWER.

Long before Nevinson wrote this terrible passage Newman had answered it.

Surely (he says) there is nothing abstractedly absurd in considering certain hideous developments of Nature as tokens of the presence of the unseen author of

evil, as soon as we once admit that he exists. Certainly the sight of a beast of prey, with his malevolent passions, savage cruelty, implacable rage, malice, cunning, sullenness, restlessness, brute hunger, irresistible strength, though there cannot be sin in any of these qualities themselves, awakens very awful and complicated musings in a religious mind.

The experience of saints must be considered, too. I do not mean such quaint tales as that about St. Dunstan pinching the Devil's nose with tongs (wherefore at the Pantiles of Tunbridge Wells you may drink chalybate water, which cooled the foul fiend's nose), but the solemn, sober, and authenticated experiences of such as St. Anthony in the third century and the Cure o'Ars in the nineteenth, against whom the hordes of evil were audibly malevolent.

When a humble French priest has his bed set on fire in the dead of night, and is pulled about the room to the accompaniment of hideous jeers, which others hear; and when such a sober and truthful historical personage as Athanasius describes the wounds of Anthony, inflicted by invisible powers in the deserts, and the vision of "a huge something, unsightly and horrid, standing and reaching up to the clouds" catching at ascending beings; when one knows how exorcism is often, in Central Africa and elsewhere, the Church's final and triumphant weapon, when medicine has utterly failed; when one considers the way in which wars are brewed and waged; then, I hold, one cannot—all theology on one side—but feel that evil is organized.

We have no right as many do, to invest this hidden Moriarty with the attributes of Godhead. He cannot be omniscient, omnipresent, or omnipotent. His created will is in revolt, and evil is his glory. Milton saw deeper than Tennyson. "O yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill." Not so. Ill cannot shade off into good. It is not negative. It is positive and in opposition to good.

We can certainly discard the *idea* of the Devil as a kind-looking old gentleman in a red suit, with horns and hooves, whose myrmidons help to roast the souls of the damned. But if we do not regard him as a person we must also close our eyes to the plainest fact . . . how death and life are joined together in a stupendous conflict.

—*The Sunday Referee.*

CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

Mr. Sidney Dark writes the following entertaining sketch on contemporary English Essayists.

The essay was scornfully defined by Dr. Johnson as "irregular undigested piece." Irregular it may well be; undigested, it must never be. The perfect essay is, indeed, as has been well said, "the brief, light, and amusing result of experience and genuine thought." The essay is the *souffle* of literature, and many men who

have been called essayists, Macaulay among them, have been far too heavy in the hand to have written a genuine essay.

The essay may have been invented by Montaigne, but it is essentially an English possession. In England it had its beginnings in the charming writing of Steele and Addison; it found its one perfect genius when Charles Lamb was born in the world; it has had among its creators, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and, most gifted of them all after Lamb, Robert Louis Stevenson, who will live as an essayist long after his novels are forgotten.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Our own day is rich in essayists of talent, far richer than it is in poets and, indeed, far richer than in novelists who matter, despite the flood of fiction that comes from the publishers' presses. The essayist must have his point of view, for preference one that is a little twisted and eccentric, and he must possess the capacity for gracious expression. He must never be portentous, he must never pontificate, he must never forget that his world is *le monde ou l'on s'amuse*. Of the elder essayists now living, Mr. Augustine Birrell still Birrells on occasion with his charming well-bred agnosticism. For example:

If the poet is right, and a poet is at least as likely to be right as any other person, at the back of the Infinite, the Conscience of Man and the Spirit of external Nature once reposed together in the breast of God. But where was the Spirit of Religion? It is perhaps only a question of Precedence: if so it can be safely left to the Boundary Commissioners.

MAX BEERBOHM.

Max Beerbohm, alas, now hardly ever writes. His essays mannered, dandified, sometimes audacious, are as delightful as his caricatures. Take for example the following extract from his essay on "Laughter":

Strange when you come to think of it, that of all the countless folk who have lived before our time on this planet not one is known in history or in legend as having died of laughter. Strange, too, that not to one of all the characters in romance has such an end been allotted. Has it ever struck you what a chance Shakespeare missed when he was finishing the Second Part of *King Henry the Fourth*? Falstaff was not the man to stand cowed and bowed while the new young king lectured him and cast him off. Little by little, as Hal proceeded in that portentous allocution, the humour of the situation would have mastered old Sir John. His face, blank with surprise at first, would presently have glowed and widened, and his whole bulk have begun to quiver. Lest he should miss one word, he would have mastered himself. But the final words would have been the signal for release of all the roars pent up in him; the welkin would have rung; the roars, belike, would have gradually subsided in dreadful rumblings of more than utterable or conquerable mirth. Thus and thus only might his life have been rounded off with dramatic fitness, *secundum ipsius naturam*. He never should

have been left to babble of green fields and die 'an it had been any Christom child.

BELLOC AND CHESTERTON.

George Street, a man of Max Beerbohm's generation, is the author of at least three books of most admirable essays, lightly autobiographical, pleasantly flimsy in character and deft in construction. Hilaire Belloc, that monument of versatility, is at his best as an essayist. It is a common habit to class Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc together as though they were twin literary brothers. To read their essays is to discover how entirely unlike they are except in their religious faith. In his most attractive mood, Mr. Belloc writes with a fine unemotional restraint. "The catalogue of facts moves plainly on without disturbing his composure," says Mr. Philip Guedalla. "But the grave voice, the measured utterance is far more moving to his reader than the whole pantomime of emotional effects." Mr. Belloc's essays are close-knit, hard to quote. On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton is always exuberant. He prophesies by means of paradox, he edifies with epigrams. I quote a passage almost by hazard from his "A Defence of Nonsense":

Nonsense and faith (strange as the conjunction may seem) are the two supreme symbolic assertions of the truth that to draw out the soul of things with a syllogism is as impossible as to draw out Leviathan with a hook. The well-meaning person who, by merely studying the logical side of things, has decided that "faith is nonsense," does not know how truly he speaks; later it may come back to him in the form that nonsense is faith.

A. G. GARDINER.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner would have been a charming essayist if he had not been so effective a political propagandist. His business is "to bash away at the minxes," and his bashings are excellently good of their own kind. But I would give them all for such writing as is to be found in his essay "October Days," a little gem of countryside descriptive writing that suggests a literary Morland.

ROBERT LYND.

Mr. Robert Lynd possesses the real essayist talent. Give him any subject under heaven and he will find something to say about it that no one else has said before. His weekly essays in the *New Statesman* are to my mind far and away the best things in contemporary journalism. I could fill columns with quotations from Mr. Lynd, and every quotation would be worth remembering. I must be content with his very wise reflections on landladies:

If you want to live happily in lodgings, it is essential that, on the one hand, there should be no criticism of the landlady by you and that, on the other, there should be no criticism of you by the landlady. There are generally faults on both sides, and the less said of them the better.

FATHER KNOX.

The majority of the younger essayists have the same failing as the younger men in other of the literary crafts. They strain too much. I never can read an

essay by Father Ronald Knox without reflecting: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so Father Knox pants to be smart." There is the strain for the curtain, the implied inquiry: "I wonder what they will think of that?" To me Father Knox has lost almost all the spontaneity that characterized those famous undergraduate audacities of his:

The Venerable Bede
Left out half the Creed
And quite two-thirds
Of the Comfortable Words.

GERALD GOULD.

Mr. Gerald Gould, whose publishers rather unkindly call him the "*Observer's* trusted epicure of fiction," is artificial. He writes for example: "We self-styled artists, creatures of temperament and disappointment, how moodily we moon along the by-paths of the City of Cecrops, deluding ourselves with visions of the City of Zeus!"

That sentence is nonsense. Mr. Gould and his friends are not "self-styled artists," they are far too well-mannered and have too much sense of humour to style themselves any such thing. Neither are they "creatures of disappointment." The joke, if it be a joke, is out of date. The age of Theophile Gautier is past.

J. B. PRIESTLEY.

Mr. J. B. Priestly is an essayist of distinction with style, considerable learning, and originality. Perhaps he lacks urbanity, which is the essayist's great quality and which is found in almost every line of that master essayist, E. V. Lucas, whom following excellent precedent, I have kept till the last. The biographer of Lamb is the only writer after Lamb with the same joy in trifles, the same extraordinary diverse interest, and something of the same gentle humour. Take for example, the beginning of an essay on "A Bookseller's Mistake":

I have been shocked and pained and a little outraged by a classified catalogue that reached me this morning from a second-hand bookseller whom I know and esteem; for one of its sections is entitled "Motoring and Coaching." Now here is a treacherous thing on the part of a second-hand bookseller, a confessed champion of what is old and desirable! Could anything be more traitorous to his trust than to group together such irreconcilables, such essential foes, as the mechanical mushroom volumes that motoring has produced and the old leisurely full-flavoured gentlemanly eulogies of the Tantivy Trot?

Here, as in all good essays, so much more is suggested than is said. When the horse went out, much good literature went with it. The poet and the essayist of the Rolls Royce or the Morris are yet to be born!

COMMON LAPSES IN EVERYDAY SPEECH.

THE number of famous passages which are nearly always quoted not exactly as they were written is larger than one would think. Have we ever heard it put otherwise than this: "The tongue is an unruly member"? and yet that is not quite what St. James said; his exact words were; "The tongue can no man tame, it is an unruly evil."

Possibly the most glaring misquotation is, "Money is the root of all evil." What St. Paul really said was: "For the love of money is the root of all evil"—a very different thing. Money is the source of all good, as those that haven't got it know.

A somewhat similar misquotation is to say: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"; but Pope wrote: "A little *learning* is a dangerous thing." One could never see why *knowledge*, however small in amount, could be dangerous, whereas it is a most familiar thing that the road of imperfect learning or scholarship is full of pitfalls.

ERRORS OF MEMORY.

Most of us would say; "Pride goes before a fall," and honestly believe we were quoting correctly from the proverbs, but the statement there is: "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." It is possibly the same idea, but it is not "word perfect."

Nearly everyone thinks that he is quoting Milton correctly when he says: "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." But Milton closed "Lycidas" with this line: "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new." For "fields" and "pastures" are the same thing, and Milton was too much of a scholar to give us a pleonasm.

"THIS VALE OF TEARS."

Many people seem to think that somewhere in the Bible it is said, "With a multitude of counsellors there is confusion," the idea being "too many cooks spoil the broth," whereas the passage misquoted reads, "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety" and possibly both statements are true.

There is a very common expression, "This vale of tears," meaning our present life. Nor is it at all a recent phrase, for Keats employs it in a letter dated April, 1819: "The common cognomen of this world among the misguided and superstitious is, a 'vale of tears.'" A search amongst the poets fails to discover this phrase, although there is something in Othello (iii., 3) that sounds very like it:—

"I am declined
Into the vale of years."

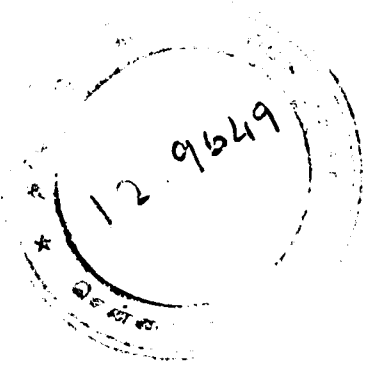
MISQUOTING THE BIBLE.

If we were asked without warning whether the following was correct, we should probably say it was: "And the place that knew him shall know him no more;" And yet the exact words in the Hundred and Third Psalm are: "For the wind passeth

over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." A verse in Job is perhaps closer to the common version. "He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more."

Finally "To be wise above that which is written" certainly seems to have the genuine ring about it; but the actual words in the first Epistle to the Corinthians are: "Not to think of men above that which is written."

PROFESSOR D. F. FRASER-HARRIS, in *John London's Weekly*.



FOREIGN NEWS AND NOTES.

IS RUSSIAN MILITARISM MERELY A BLUFF?

B. Bazhnav who was the Secretary of State till recently is now conducting from Paris a virulent anti-Bolshevik propaganda. He says that the so-called military power of the Soviets is an absurd fiction, that if they could the Russians would have already striven to disseminate the gospel of world revolution and that their professions of pacifism show nothing else than inability to conduct war. Judged from all conceivable standards of military fitness, a powerful industrial system, organization, sound finance, trained leadership and traditions, the present regime in Russia, according to Bazhnav, is seriously defective: He recalls what happened two years ago.

"There was a discussion of the ways and means of waging the impending war in the so-called Political Bureau. This establishment comprises, in the Soviet machinery, the chief governing factor. This Bureau decided at last not to mobilize the millions of men available as a reserve. Such a procedure was too obviously an economic impossibility. The Political Bureau decided to set on foot a force about equal in size to the Polish field Army. This would have meant a body of men one million strong, at least, and probably stronger. The Political Bureau asked the various commissariats whether it would be possible to keep that comparatively small Army so equipped as to equal the total Polish force from the material standpoint. The commissariats answered that this would be possible only for the first two or three months of the expected war. At the end of, say, the third month, a comprehensive collapse—industrial, financial, and political—must begin."

The Russian Military System may be faulty but Bazhnav is not a critic without an axe to grind.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S WAR WITH CRIME.

A dark cloud sometimes lurks in the otherwise peaceful and blue skies of America, where wealth and knowledge are making marvellous progress. But the dark cloud hovers nonetheless and that cloud is crime. Lawlessness and outrage are more common in New York and Chicago than in any of the continental capitals. It is this menace that the new President is set to root out. In his inaugural address he has given utterance to sentiments that are worthy of one who fills so great a place: He said

"The most malign of all these dangers to-day is disregard and disobedience of law.

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THE NEW ERA.

"It is only in part due to the additional burdens imposed upon our judicial system by the Eighteenth Amendment. The problem is much wider than that.

"Justice must not fail because the agencies of enforcement are either delinquent or inefficiently organized. To consider these evils, to find their remedy, is the most sore necessity of our times.

"Of the undoubted abuses which have grown up under the Eighteenth Amendment, part are due to the causes I have just mentioned; but part are due to the failure of some States to accept their share of responsibility for concurrent enforcement and to the failure of many State and local officials to accept the obligation under their oath of office zealously to enforce the laws.

"With the failures from these many causes has come a dangerous expansion in the criminal elements who have found enlarged opportunities in dealing in illegal liquor.

"But a responsibility rests directly upon our citizens. There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronized it. We must awake to the fact that this patronage from large numbers of law-abiding citizens is supplying the rewards and stimulating crime.

"If citizens do not like a law, their duty as honest men and women is to discourage its violation: their right is openly to work for its repeal.

"To those of criminal mind there can be no appeal but vigorous enforcement of the law.

"I propose to appoint a national commission for a searching investigation of the whole structure of our Federal system of jurisprudence, to include the method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the causes of abuse under it.

"Its purpose will be to make such recommendations for reorganization of the administration of Federal laws and court procedure as may be found desirable. In the meantime, it is essential that a large part of the enforcement activities be transferred from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice as a beginning of more effective organization."

THE TROUBLES OF MEXICO.

The recent revolt in Mexico is supposed by a large section of American press to have been engineered by unscrupulous charlatans bent on setting up a military oligarchy. The States affected by the revolt are said to contain American and other foreign property valued at a hundred millions. In this connection the *Baltimore Evening Sun* gives a brief resume of Mexican history:

"From 1821, when Mexico threw off Spanish rule, until the present time, the history of that vast country below the Rio Grande has been a succession of revolutionary wars. Gen. Augustin Iturbide was proclaimed the first President and, a year later, Emperor. Expelled from the country, he returned in 1824 to be shot as a traitor, and the stage was set for the rise to power of Santa Anna, who became President in 1833.

"Never was the Mexican Government in a stable position for any great length of time, and in 1861 began the plots which led to the crowning of Maximilian of Austria as Emperor. Maximilian was found guilty of treason and executed. An era of comparative quiet set in when Gen. Porfirio Diaz became Constitutional President in 1876. General Diaz continued as the one great power in Mexico for more than a quarter of a century, but he, too, finally fell before a revolutionary movement engineered by Francisco I. Madero, who established himself as the head of the Government in 1910.

"Gen. Victoriana Huerta led a revolt which ousted Madero, and later was elected President, was displaced by another revolution, and Venustiano Carranza was made head of the Government.

"Carranza split with General Obregon, upon whom he leaned for military support, and the latter became nominal head of Mexico. Adolfo de la Huerta, an ally of Obregon, revolted, but he was subdued in 1924 and Calles became President in the first peaceable election in years. Obregon was elected to succeed Calles, but was assassinated before taking office, and then Portes Gil took over the reins of government.

"And now President Emilio Portes Gil has another revolt on his hands. History in Mexico insists on repeating itself."

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE.

The *Manchester Guardian Weekly* has the following instructive note on this subject:

The departure of a British delegation, representing one hundred and fifty firms with a total capital of nearly £300,000,000, for Moscow is a big and welcome event. Since diplomatic relations were broken off Anglo-Russian trade has declined. In the twelve-month ending September, 1927, British exports to Russia totalled £10,295,000. In the twelve month ending September, 1928, the total fell to £4,793,000, whereas in the same period German exports to Russia rose from £16,725,000 to £25,559,000 and U. S. exports to Russia from £15,209,000 to £19,166,000. The mere absence of diplomatic relations is a disadvantage to trade, though not a barrier (the U. S. have no diplomatic representative in Moscow), but once diplomatic relations exist, to rupture them destroys confidence and provokes retaliation. Rather than buy from a country that has broken off relations (and for the flimsiest reasons) the Russians have preferred, whenever practicable, to buy from the U. S., from whom they have not yet obtained de jure recognition. The raid on the Arcos building has turned out to be an expensive escapade, for it has cost this country trade to the value of several millions of pounds. It would be a mistake to suppose that Russia is going to be an Eldorado in the near future or even in our generation. She is desperately poor and in a chronic state of acute economic crisis. She has immense natural resources, but, a prosperous Russia is about as far off as a prosperous China. Nevertheless, however humble the beginning of a revival in Anglo-Russian trade may be, it is high time it did begin. There

is no reason why this country should not outstrip Germany and the U. S. in the Russian market and why our exports to Russia should not be doubled or trebled within the next few years. It will, of course, be necessary to resume diplomatic relations as soon as possible. The present state of rupture does no good to anyone, while it does harm to trade and great mischief to international concord. The renewal of relations should be one of the first acts of whatever Government emerges from the general election.

HOME RULE OF ALSACE.

The idea of a sturdy national unity and the slogan of 'France one and indivisible' was born out of that colossal furnace—the French Revolution. When Fates gave away Alsace to Prussia in 1871 and restored her back to France in 1921 there was visible change. Those border lands which could as easily be Germanized as Frenchified are always a problem. France finds increasingly that Alsace Lorraine can never be absorbed by her centralized system. It looks as if the French Government should alter or Alsace Lorraine given autonomy under French sovereignty. Obviously the entire character of French administration with its prefects and sub-prefects, the powerful Executive and the Police, cannot change and internal autonomy to Alsace Lorraine is the only alternative dictated by enlightened statesmanship. But as it always happens, when power has to be parted with, the Frenchmen do not seem to think so. The humiliation of 1871 rankled in the heart of France. For Alsace she fought, believing Alsace was hers and in so fighting thought she was liberating her. After the victory France finds she fought for an illusion and Alsace wants autonomy. There is a quaint irony in the Story of our politics.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"MILITARY SYSTEM OF THE MARATHAS." By Surendranath Sen, M.A., PH.D., Calcutta University. The Book Co., Ltd., 1928.

DR. Surendranath Sen of the Post-graduate Department, Calcutta University, has recently brought out a very useful volume of 300 pages dealing with the "Military system of the Marathas" and has thereby shown to the students of Historical research in India, what an extensive field for investigation exists in the subject of the History of the Marathas, covering the important period of the 17th and the 18th centuries. The Marathas, as Dr. Sen rightly says, were not only the last indigenous empire builders of India, but are perhaps the only ones in this vast continent who have fortunately left us profuse materials of their past achievements and failures. These materials have hardly yet been either sufficiently discovered, or studied and arranged into connected discussion of the various topics.

A proper spirit of study and research into the past-life of India is only a recent growth, perhaps a direct outcome of the welcome lead given to the subject by the Calcutta University and Dr. Sen's contributions in that connection are by no means the least important of the results so far achieved.

The present difficulties in working out any phase or topic concerning Maratha History are indeed great. They are enhanced by the number of languages, Indian and European, in which the original materials exist. It is only a scholar of Dr. Sen's grip that could cope with such an enormous field through which a worker has to wade. Few students outside Maharashtra could be expected to know Marathi well; besides the language of the materials is two centuries old and by no means as intelligible as present day

Marathi. Dr. Sen and Professor Sarkar are about the only outside scholars so far who have studied Marathi and handled the materials carefully. The volume under review reveals at every step how very minutely and accurately these materials have been sifted by Dr. Sen, when even in Maharashtra, very few have come forth to study and arrange them. This in itself is no small credit to Dr. Sen.

But he has done more. He has made available to us fresh information from Portuguese and French of which he certainly possesses enough working knowledge and for which he went in search to the very fountain head in Europe. Tremendous capacity for labour, accurate and minute study, a pithy and terse style, often running into happy epigrammes and a rarely sympathetic grasp of the subject, are in my opinion, some of the outstanding merits of Dr. Sen's treatment. The book has become very readable and edifying to the general readers as well as to a specialist, and will doubtless prove a useful guide to those who would hereafter take up similar topics for special study concerning Maratha History.

Rajwade is considered in Maharashtra to be the great pioneer in constructing and shaping the complicated aspects of Maratha History for the first time; but with due deference to his memory, one must say that his pre-eminent merit consists rather in unearthing new and valuable materials from sources and quarters least expected to possess them. Rajwade shewed the proper way to go about finding old papers along channels unknown before, and accurately enunciated the principles of reading and sifting them and the methods of treating them for constructing all-sided history. But Rajwade's own actual contribution to formulated history was almost negligible. Such a consummation was reserved not for a Maratha but for Bengali scholars like Sarkar and Sen, to whose labours Maharashtra must for ever continue to feel indebted.

Another noteworthy feature of Dr. Sen's treatment is the singular grasp he exhibits about the political situation and constitutional developments of the Maratha State. History is many sided; and it is only when the political circumstances are

fully ascertained, that other technical topics of a special nature can be worked out. All the more credit therefore for Dr. Sen, for ably handling such a complicated topic as the Military system of the Marathas.

In his short but lucid introduction he accurately puts down the nature of the problem, which he sets before himself for investigation, *viz.*, to find out the secret of the sudden fall of the Maratha State at the beginning of the 19th century, when, but a few years before the close of the 18th, the Marathas were apparently the masters of nearly the whole of India and had united in inflicting a crushing defeat upon the Nizam so late as 1795. The fate of a political power must ultimately depend upon its military organization. Wherein lay the strength and weakness of the Maratha power, in what essentials were they weaker than their British successors, are problems of perennial interest in Maratha History. The British, after having followed their profession of trade for a century and a half since the foundation of the East India Company, began slowly to build up their power and attained the mastery of India within half a century. Writers and scholars before now, have, ever since Grant Duff's time, answered the above questions, each according to his light; but few before Sen, were able to treat them so ably and exhaustively, basing their arguments on direct evidence and unassailable logic. Dr. Sen, has for once proved his point in a conclusive manner. He has attacked the questions directly, has nowhere been beating about the bush; he has compared the Maratha and the British systems carefully and clearly pointed out the shortcomings of the former, which brought about their fall.

In order to prove his point, Dr. Sen had to review not only the military organization, but incidentally also the whole course of Maratha History with particular reference to the constitutional changes that took place from time to time. After giving a short account of the rise of Shivaji, Dr. Sen at once plunges into the basic principle of Maratha polity, *viz.*, the origin and nature of the Chowth which accounted for the rapid expansion of their power. This chapter on the Chowth forms the best and most important treatment of a long debated question which seems now

to have been finally settled by Dr. Sen, proving a much anterior origin for Chowth, the credit of which can no longer attach to Shivaji.

In the following chapters, Dr. Sen reviews the circumstances under which feudalism or the system of Jahgirdars owning their conquests and in lieu thereof rendering military service to the State, replaced the able organization of Shivaji and proved at once its source of strength and weakness. After detailing the specific features introduced by Shivaji in his army and the lines of forts by which he held the country against stronger enemies, the writer in quick succession introduces the changes brought about in the system of warfare by the various military adventurers from Europe and illustrates his point by reviewing the campaign of Panipat in a separate chapter, bringing out prominently the causes of Maratha failure on the famous battlefield. The next three chapters are devoted to the naval efforts of the Marathas and their neglect in making their navy efficient. The concluding chapter very well summarises the whole discussion and clearly points out the political lessons in a truly historical spirit.

There are of course here and there points and discussions in which it is possible to differ from Dr. Sen or to supplement his arguments by further evidence or interpret some of his sources in another light. But that is certainly no draw back in a historical disquisition; for history after all is interpretation which is likely often to differ according to the light, experience or the view point of the writer. There are yet heaps of saranjami and other papers printed by Rajawade and Parasius, which require careful analysis. Dr. Sen has clearly pointed out the way to other students. We are in an age of rapid specialization of study; and it is a happy sign for the Maratha History that while few in Maharashtra itself have so far cared to specialize in any period or subject, an outsider like Dr. Sen should have found it worth while to set an example in the right direction. There are yet any number of important topics which other workers can usefully take up for special study. There are papers relating to social matters and religious concerns, of endowments and charities, of punishments for religious offences, banking, rates of commodities and interest, of inland and foreign

trade, all these and various other topics are awaiting study. Let us hope that Dr. Sen's example will inspire other workers to enter this virgin field.

The failure of the Marathas to build up a permanent empire in India has, before now, been variously discussed and accounted for, but certainly not so comprehensively and conclusively as is done by Dr. Sen in this book. He quotes on p. 263 Sir Thomas Munro saying, "it is not that the Marathas want resources, that they have not men and horses, but that there is no one amongst them, possessed of those superior talents which are necessary to direct them to advantage". Munro here hits the right point of Maratha weakness. Shrewd as Nana Fadnis undoubtedly was, and most anxiously as he watched over the upbringing of the young Peshwa, he, as a man of the world, could have easily foreseen, as Munro did, that no family can produce great men for ever, and should have tried to meet the eventuality of the empire passing into weak and incompetent hands. But Nana himself was loth to part with power. He never once allowed the young Peshwa to go out of Poona on expeditions to acquire his own experience of the world, as was the compulsory practice in that family. Nana relied too much on his own efforts to create a competent ruler out of the young Peshwa, a vain hope which has deceived many a fond parent in the realities of life. Nana had sufficient premonition that all was not well with the young Peshwa. How could he suppose that a stripling of 18 or 20 could efficiently manage that heavy responsibility of the state which proved even too much for his own well-known powers of diplomacy and dispatch? The Maratha state lacked a leader, above everything else, who possessed not only competency but a kind of ownership and proved success to his credit. Nana Fadnis, during twenty years experience, could have very well realized, why he was not implicitly obeyed. Not only were prominent Sardars like Mahadji Scindia, Raghuji Bhonsle, or Tukoji Holkar, disposed to flout Nana's authority but even his own supporters like Parashram Bhan and Govindrao Kale lost faith in him. Nana possessed no generalship and had always to rely on Haripant Phadke to make it up. But such makeshifts are only temporary. If he could not reconcile his views with

those of Mahadji, the next best thing would have been for him to retire and allow Mahadji a free hand, or with the latter's help, to bring out the Chhatrapati of Satara and once more rally the Jahgirdars under the latter's authority. Mahadji had specially come to the Deccan with the very object of putting the Central Government on an acceptable basis, and there was again a fresh opportunity to revise the situation when Mahadji died. Another opportune moment presented for some radical remedy when the young Peshwa died but was equally lost by Nana, who lacked vision and nearly lost his habitual balance. His career even after the young Peshwa's death was a series of blunders, which rapidly pulled down the edifice so patiently erected after tremendous labour and sacrifice. Even a complete withdrawal from politics on the part of Nana would have eased the situation. But the infatuation of power could not leave him. There was no lack of competent men even then, although Nana's suspicious nature had indirectly led him to increase the Brahmin influence in all departments and to alienate the genuine Maratha aristocracy of standing and prestige. If one competent leader possessing personal magnetism and hereditary influence could not be improvised, a council of three or more could have been erected to fill up the want, just as Nana himself for twelve long years made up his want of generalship by taking Haripant Phadke as his lieutenant. Nana could not obviously expect to command the same influence over the Maratha aristocracy, as the Chhatrapatis or their successors the Peshwas. If he had succeeded in creating a strong Central Government which all could respect loyally, there would have been some chance for the situation being remedied and for the Maratha state to hold its own against the rising British.

Another serious drawback of Nana's policy consisted in his having courted foreign help to fight the battles of the Maratha state. Bajirao I or Madhaorao I never called in the Nizam or the British to fight his enemies either in the south or in the north. That body politic can be considered sound, which is able to protect itself without outside help. Nana first brought in Hydar's help to fight the British and later counted the British help to fight Tippu. Mahadji all along refused to support this move of Nana

and instead, strengthened his own armies on the western model by employing De Bigne, the greatest master of the art at the time.

The Marathas have fallen; but the memories of the past are an invaluable asset for the rising nation. They are a legacy left us by the great souls of Shivaji and Mahadji; and it behoves us all to unite and work towards producing a full, reasoned, and comprehensive account. Such a task is being slowly accomplished, and from this point of view, Dr. Sen's present work is sure to be ranked among the many valuable contributions made to the subject by writers like Duff, Ranade and Sarkar.

KAMSHET.

G. S. SARDESAI.

"LEGAL ASPECTS OF SOCIAL REFORM", By Paul Appaswami, M.A., L.L.B., Christian Literature Society, Rs. 3.

Mr. Paul Appaswami's book on "*Legal aspects of Social Reform*" is a timely publication, appearing as it does when the public mind is inevitably occupied with the merits of the prevailing attempts at social legislation. In a rapid review of the most prominent customs and practices requiring modification and the real or supposed legal basis on which they are or may be supported, Mr. Appaswami has provided his readers with a mass of carefully collected material bearing on both sides of the question in each particular case.

In the opinion of the author, the three chief hindrances to social progress are (1) the low status of women (2) the caste system and (3) the joint family, with all that is implied in the ramifications of each. Under each head, he deals with the ancient texts, the divergence between them and the actual practice, and the extent to which reform has so far been allowed to make its way either by general education or by legislative co-operation, with practical suggestions as to the further lines or stages of reform to be attempted. Incidentally reference is made to the set back given to legislation by reason of and since the Great Indian Mutiny, and the author expresses the hope that the present political constitution may prove helpful to further progress.

"But now that the country has obtained self-governing institutions, it is open to it to propose and carry out instalments of reform, which an alien Government might well have hesitated to initiate." General introduction—p. XXII.

The book opens with the learned lecture of Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar at a meeting held in memory of Sir T. Sadasiva Aiyar on "*The Reform of Hindu Law*"—a subject in which Sir T. Sadasiva Aiyar was deeply interested. The lecture affords a fit introduction to the book. With regard to the futility of legislation to carry out new ideas in opposition to popular sentiment, Sir P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar's advice is :

"The only remedy which is open is to educate public opinion, to persuade the public to come to your views, and then go to the legislature which will be feasible hereafter."—p. XI.

For,

"As the constitution approaches more and more to the responsible type, and the legislature becomes more and more sensitive to public opinion, it would not be possible to carry things with a high hand and in defiance of public opinion"—p. XI.

Mr. Appaswami, however, seems to have no confidence in what is known as "moving along the path of least resistance, as our political orators are apt and love to do." (p. 235.) He also does not believe that the best political constitution will make for progress, "if there are permanent features in Indian social arrangement which make for tyranny, or oppression or injustice." (p. 231.) For "people who tolerate injustice and oppression or themselves exercise it over large sections of their fellow creatures will corrupt the best form of Government, and make it an engine of oppression, bribery and misrule." (p. 232.)

It is unnecessary to deal with the several suggestions for further legislation contained in the various chapters. A few of them may however be indicated in order to convey a correct idea of the scope of the work and the character of the advance advocated.

As a step to ameliorate the condition of widows generally, it is suggested that a provision should be made "for the widow both from the property of her husband and of her father, so that she may be in a position to earn respect and an independent livelihood without having to serve unfriendly relatives as a drudge all her life." With regard to re-marriage of widows, it is recommended that "some positive encouragement should be held out by the State, by, for instance, undertaking the education of the first issue of such a

marriage, be it a boy or a girl, in its own schools or Colleges, and a widow remarrying should be enabled to inherit both from her husband and her father."

With a view to discourage unequal marriages, it is recommended that an elderly widower marrying a young girl should be compelled to make a marriage settlement in her favour, except where the girl, being a virgin widow, is already provided with an inheritance.

Mr. Appaswami advocates legislation declaring that concubines of whatever class, if kept permanently, are entitled to maintenance both during the lifetime of the husband and after his death.

It is recommended that the widow and the daughter should be allowed, on partition, at least half the share that falls to a son, the daughters and the widow sharing equally in the absence of sons, the estate taken by them being full and absolute.

Reasonable and moderate suggestions are made for legislation removing disabilities arising on the ground of caste in the matter of temple worship and use of the public roads. On the former subject, Mr. Appaswami says :

"It will be more in accordance with modern ideas of justice and fair play if at least all those who contribute towards the maintenance of worship and ceremonial in a temple are allowed to participate in the worship."—p. 140.

The book covers a variety of interesting topics relating to Hindu Society, dealt with in a strong but sympathetic spirit of reform, with a view to show that though the outward frame of the country life has been profoundly or at least recognisably altered, (by the stimulating influences at work) the real India or the heart of India has not changed.

The author declares himself against the spirit of "waiting for the entire country to move" and concludes :

"There are three things needed at the present moment—a progressive philosophy, a practicable programme and a league of active workers to carry out the programme according to schedule."—p. 238.

"In this book, a modest attempt has been made towards the formulation of some of the lines along which determined reformers can set to work."

The claim is fully justified.

M. C.

'THE INDIAN STATES AND RULING PRINCES' by Sir. Sidney Low, Ernest Benn.

Sir Sidney Low's brochure in the Benn's six penny Library is a welcome addition to the body of literature that is fast growing in respect of a very important branch of India's political future. The evolution of these states, the system of rule prevailing therein and the varying degrees of autonomy and subordination are brought out very clearly. The relationship between the States and the Paramount power is considered in two periods, one, before the assumption of control by the crown which Sir Sidney describes as a period of annexation and alliance, and secondly, after 1859, the period of Paramountcy and subordination. Sir Low is, of course, conscious of all that the mighty arm of Britain has done for these states living in a perpetual state of mutual suspicion and insecurity. This has not been an unmixed good. It has made the Rulers less responsible and less mindful of the opinion of those whom they rule. As Sir Sidney says, absolute monarchy in an Oriental Country did not necessarily mean bad or oppressive rule. The sovereign's autocratic power was always exercised under conditions prescribed by religion, usage and custom. Thus personal monarchy was in a sense limited and regulated, and the most effective check on the abuse of the power of the Oriental ruler was the public opinion. These checks were considerably weakened with the coming in of the powerful support of the British. Sir Sidney Low says that this irresponsibility was a thing of the past and that the present generation of Rulers consists of men of culture, and of progressive outlook who are trying in varying ways to associate the people in the governance of the land.

Then as regards the most important question as to how the States should be related to the Indian Government, Sir Sidney Low expresses the usual Anglo-Indian view which has since found sanction in the Butler report. India is not politically one and can never be one. The States are separate and they are independent. Sir Sidney Low could not fail to see the absurdity of calling these States sovereign states and contents himself by using the euphemistic term 'semi sovereign.' The crown has made treaties with them and except by mutual consent the terms

of those engagements can never be altered. Whatever might therefore happen to the British India, the 72,000,000 under the Native States have to be treated separately. The Viceroy should deal with them not as the Governor General of India but as Viceroy representing the crown: But there are so many things in common between the two, so many administrative matters that need mutual consultation and for that Sir Sidney Low recommends the cabinet of the Governor General and the council of the Chamber of Princes.

Though there is nothing new and novel in all this and though the scope is elementary the book is both informing and interesting.

S. P.

SHORTER REVIEWS.

THE SEARCH. By J. Krishnamurthi: George Allen and Unwin: Ananda, happiness is the greatest aim of human striving.

"The Happiness that is the only Truth
The Happiness that is the end of all search
The Happiness that is the end of all questionings and doubt
The Happiness that brings freedom from the birth and death
The Happiness that is the only law
The Happiness that is the only refuge
The Happiness that is the source of all things
The Happiness that gives eternal comfort
That true Happiness that is Enlightenment."

This happiness is not to be had anywhere else. It "abides within thee." How to seek that, which lies hidden in the tresses of human soul? That is the search. The song vanishes into the Soporific dream of mystic rapture and aspiration and has all the fragrance of an exquisite spiritual temper, the serenity of a liberated soul.

SILHOUTTES. By V. N. Bhushan: Masulipatam.

The verses have the glow and passion of an ardent poetic temper and hold out rich promise for future achievement.

S.

REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NEW ADELPHI—March—May 1929.

Mr. Middleton Murry the editor has some comments on recent developments in Physics, the controversy between Mr. Eliot and Mr. Babbitt on *Humanism* and Miss Radclyffe Hall's *The well of Loneliness*. On the last question, he observes:

"Our conclusion on the matter is that, in the present condition of society, it is at least irrational to condemn such a book as Miss Radclyffe Hall's on account of its alleged "obscenity." Legally, in the sense of the statute of 1857, the book is "obscene": it does tend to condone, to represent as natural and inevitable, the complete physical satisfaction of a homosexual inclination. It certainly does not glorify what magistrates and catchpenny journalists, prejudging the issue, call "unnatural vice"; but it does represent it—for this is the whole purpose of the book—as an act for which the individual is not responsible. And this, we suppose, in the sense of the interpretation since put by legal authority on the statute of 1857, is "calculated to deprave the minds of those open to immoral influences and into whose hands the book is likely to fall." But, by a precisely similar argument, any book which advocates birth-control is equally "obscene" and should be equally liable to prosecution and burning. The statute, as it stands, is useless and obsolete, unless it is interpreted with courage and good sense.

SANTAYANA ON SPENGLER.

Mr. Santayana has a review of Spengler's *Decline of the West*:

All the lights and shadows of romanticism seem to reappear in the work of Spengler, the latest and most ponderous of its German prophets. His two thick volumes are swollen with a bewildering variety of alleged facts, insubstantial enough in themselves: for we know nowadays better than a hundred years ago, at the dawn of romantic philosophy and history, how fast the most authoritative academic views change on every subject, how often they contradict one another, and on what slender evidence they are apt to rest. Even if Spengler were a leading professor in each of the branches of learning which he deflowers so sweepingly, we might suspect that there was more fancy than fact in his science. For what is his thesis? That there is certain order of phases which recur and must recur in the rise and fall of every great society. Spengler does not follow, like Hegel, a thread of true history,

interpreting it dialectically and giving it out as alone central or significant: he surveys instead the whole panorama, and creates a sort of botany of events; and this in two stages, one obvious and Linnaean, another more Pythagorean and occult. On the surface, he picks out the brighter flowers from the weedy garden of history, counts their petals, notes their colours, and considers their manner of growth and of going to seed. We are pelted with multitudinous assertions which, poor wights, we have no means of testing; and we are filled, in any case, with that emotion of *Reichtum* and *Fülle* so dear to the German heart. But, attempting to go deeper, Spengler offers us an occult botany as well; for where the form, colour, and growth of his flowers are by no means identical, as in Egypt compared with China, or in the Greek world compared with the modern, he nevertheless persuades himself that they exactly correspond, and are really forms of the same species. Here is a revival, in respect to history, of that theory of fixed species and eternal *genres* which once found favour in biology and in the arts. As a tragedy, in whatever age or language composed, was required to have five acts and three unities at the risk of not being a tragedy according to Aristotle, so now every civilization is required to pass through a classical, a magian, a Faust-like, and an imperial phase, at the risk of not being a civilization according to Spengler. Naturally these necessary phases appear in so many disguises that it is hard to say what, precisely, they may be; but if we compare Spengler with Hegel and with Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who seem to be his next-of-kin, we may observe that his philosophy of history is more impartial. Spengler has more respect for the exotic, and more knowledge of it; he is not content to describe the principal ingredients of a single tradition, Hebraic, Hellenic, Germanic, as if nothing else counted in his snug universe, made to declare the glory of one chosen people or of one chosen idea; he sees in his own times neither the culmination of the world nor its collapse, but a phase in its mutation, such as has often occurred before and may often occur again. Germany and the present age are thus put where they belong in the midst of a flux of events in which they have no pre-eminence. The dogma of progress disappears and, for that very reason, instances of actual and finite progress in specific directions can be honestly traced, when we have taken for the moment the point of view of some living interest. The botanist recognizes his struggling flowers, however widely dispersed and curiously modified; the logician, taking a bird's-eye view of history, thinks he can discern the same patterns endlessly repeated in every part.

Thus the superstition of historical idealism is abandoned, but the illusion of it is retained; and the consequent advantage is not unmixed. The views of Hegel and Chamberlain represent a last revision of Hebraic prophecy: they express the vitality, the faith, the arrogance of a stubborn people struggling against infinite odds: if intellectually preposterous, they are morally powerful or even sublime. In them romanticism at least bravely takes its life in its hands, and rushes to a passionate suicide. In Spengler all this narrow zeal and party-spirit are absent; the idealism which in the others was a war-cry, in him is only a hobby; and we may ask ourselves why, having reformed his national philosophy so far, he could not reform it

altogether. I am perhaps no philosopher myself; but I can hardly understand what pleasure any one can find in wanton extravagance. If various plants or institutions can be traced back materially to a common source, this fact is interesting; and if affinities appear between various forms, even when different in origin, this circumstance is interesting too; but in both cases the divergencies are no less real than the similarities, and all the profit of tracing either the one or the other lies in clarifying and elaborating the picture of each particular thing in its own ideal individuality. A cultivated mind clings as to its natural friends to the salient moments of history, when men were noble and arts perfect; but these moments are rare and traversed inwardly by the most disquieting infections and rumblings of decay. On the other hand, minor beauties, incipient arts, and joyful accidents are scattered broadcast even in the darkest ages and in the most savage lives; the desert has its palms and the moor its heather; the bleakest down breaks here and there into a copse, or slopes into a dale, a rivulet, or a meadow. Why deprive these odd nooks and high stony places of their beautiful singularity? Why say that there are only nine kinds of possible nooks, or only one form of true mountain? The metaphysical pretensions of Spengler's idealism, in seeking to impose a pet pattern on the flux of existence, not only do violence to the incorrigible variety of Nature, but in the efforts to conceal their falseness they compromise the purity of the intuitions which they express abusively. Such pretensions may make a system; they may even make a reputation; but are they worthy of a philosophic mind?

The whole force of Spengler's perception—and they have sometimes a remarkable force—seems to me to lie in another quarter. It is subjective, moral, lyrical. Like the epic and tragic poets of Greece, we may transport our own passions into the irrevocable past, and give them a nobler expression in that distant setting. We may vivify a slender tradition with a fresh wonder and a new moral; the vivid fiction will have an interest for us quite apart from its historical truth, because poetry, as Aristotle says, is truer than history; that is, it is nearer to the roots of action and estimation in ourselves. Now Spengler's political botany, the tragic pattern which he discovers repeated everywhere, is a help to intuition: it dramatizes the past for our imaginative pleasure. Analogies are the wings of memory; they are seven-league boots by which we may traverse formidable distances, and sweep aside irrelevant details or contrary facts which would only oppress the mind if it could retain them. Intuition, far from penetrating by a miraculous feminine gift to the truth of things distant, falsifies even things present: it substitutes a luminous essence for their obscure diffusion; and dramatic intuition in particular synthesizes elements never themselves co-existent. A man's view of history is necessarily personal: it exhibits his politics, and his politics, if genuine, exhibit his heart. As Plato's Republic was avowedly a means of writing large the economy of the civilized Greek soul, so any intuitive philosophy of history will be a means of writing large the sympathies and capacities of the philosopher's mind. In Spengler's case, for instance, we can easily see that his private studies and his nationality are responsible for the part assigned to mathematics in his only Possible Idea of Culture, as well as

for the appearance there of a special Faust-like or musical phase. These personal notes would offend, if we could seriously regard such a philosophy as a study of forces actually governing events; but the same peculiarities become innocent and even amiable, when we take them for private vistas, tragic insights of a mind deeply engaged in the very flux which it thus attempts to dominate poetically; that is, always with a profound reference to its own loves and its own fate. The romantic poet crying in the wilderness of history is then like a Homeric hero telling us how manfully he vanquished the god Scamander when caught and almost carried away in that rushing stream.

May we not drop the superstitions or illusions of romanticism and yet catch occasional noble themes recurring in the confused orchestration of Nature? May not history, unfalsified, justify epic intuitions of retrospect and prophecy? Undoubtedly: Homer himself is a witness to it, and every other poet and philosopher who has surveyed the world without arrogance and without fear. Even others, like Plato and Dante, who were officially pledged to a moralistic view of the world, have often known how to re-translate the fable, and keep and value it in their hearts only for its spiritual meaning. When a man with any depth of soul proclaims a hierarchy of values or sees in events anywhere a supreme culmination and glory, it is evidently no pattern in history or purpose in some god that can compel him to exalt those particular features; he might actually witness their realization, and they might leave him cold, or utterly alienated. That which clothes events with interest, and even endows each of them with its specious unity, is the apprehension of them by the spirit, when they respond to the temper or capacity or secret hopes of some soul; and that imagined event will always seem supreme to a man which is the image of his highest natural good. In this beginning of self-revelation and self-fulfilment lies the true meaning and the whole value of his ranging intuitions.

After reading Spengler, I have observed an instance of this in my own person. Being in Rome, and occasionally entering the Pantheon, I find myself telepathically thanking Spengler for a new insight. Now whenever I stand there I say to myself: This grandeur in unity, this splendour in emptiness, this harmony in silence, this vastness in seclusion—all this is magian. This is the first mosque. Dates and derivations may be what you will; you may refer this structure to Etruria and this decoration to Greece; in their marriage here those elements have generated a different, an incomparable beauty. You do not come here, as you might go to a temple or to a church, with busy petitions and anxieties, trying to keep your votive doves quiet in their basket, or troubled in your conscience by that other sweet sin of yours of which you cannot repent. You come here to divest yourself of yourself, as you might leave your sandals at the door. You come to submit and to be disabused, saluting silently a perfection and an immensity which annihilate your life, and yet somehow overwhelmingly renew your secret happiness. How beautiful seems this wholeness, how impertinent those catastrophes rumbling in the distance, which more deeply emphasize this peace!

I need only go out into what is ironically called the open to find myself in the midst of congestion, in a frantic world where, to no purpose, all is blowing, whizzing, tooting, scampering, and jostling; yet even in the stress of that lively reality, some humorous consciousness may survive of the quietness beyond. If I have loved things Greek or Gothic or Baroque—and I by no means intend to renounce those loves—was it perhaps only a tender passion, a fancy-love born of a sort of sexual contrast, because my soul was a fascinated stranger in that wilful world, and in herself secretly devout and magian? Perhaps those Homeric heroes and those Christian knights, dying beautifully stupid and young in their wanton valour, seemed to me so satisfying only because, without preceiving it, I held a deeper love in reserve: a quiet pleasure in the divine irony by which all things mortal are disinfected and transmuted into their essences, becoming friendly to one another in their diversity and complementary in their lyric charm. The realm of truth is magian like the Pantheon. All things, in the impartial light of eternity, show like marbles inlaid richly but unobtrusively in one seamless dome, windowless like a hollow gourd, yet vertically open to the heavenly air and the perfect blue.

Mr. Middleton Murry and Dr. James Carruthers Young write on *Modern Marriage*. Their sympathies are with experimental unions. They say:

"The traditional objections to such experimental relations between the sexes are two. The first is that they tend to promote a habit of sexual irresponsibility, a cynical promiscuity. Such men and women (strange though it may sound to conventional moralists) want to find their mates. The objection really proceeds from that mistrust of human nature which has been the most dubious legacy or organized Christianity. The time when men and women could be kept faithful by making it difficult for them to be unfaithful is already long past. We may as well accept the fact and recognize that a willing loyalty in marriage is the only loyalty worth having.

The objection to such unions, that they saddle young people with unwanted children, falls before modern methods of birth control. To say that birth control is an unnatural interference with the process of nature simply begs the whole question as to what "nature" is. A sane philosophy would regard the inventions and discoveries of civilised man as no less a part of nature than the practices of the savage. They are natural extensions of human aptitudes. Unless we are to hold that ancient things are more natural than modern, and consequently that polygamy is more natural than monogamy, and promiscuity than either, we may as well get it into our heads that birth control is on its way to become as natural as wearing clothes.

No doubt the main objection to "experimental" relations between the sexes, and to the practice of birth control which makes them socially unobjectionable, is based on the belief that they degrade the sex relation and cheapen the mystery of marriage. But when it is brought to the test of experience, it is found that men and

women who have indulged in "experimental" relations (in which commerce with a prostitute is not included) have, if anything, truer ideal of marriage than those who have not; and they bring to marriage when they enter it, as they almost invariably do, a sense of realities which is often completely absent from the ordinary "romantic" marriage. They know what they do not want, they know what does not suffice them, and they have at least begun to learn what is possible and what impossible between a man and a woman.

It is indeed simply untrue that a greater freedom in "experimental" relations would cheapen marriage. On the contrary, it would help to make marriage more precious, more satisfying, and more permanent. The dogma of original sin still warps our sense of psychological realities. The realities are, first, that men and women do, very ardently, desire to find a companion for life; and secondly, that under the present system of marrying for keeps at an early age, they are required to possess a degree of life experience, of self-knowledge of the possibilities and the difficulties of the sex relation, which they simply do not possess. Even the fundamental necessity of physical satisfaction, without which any marriage is bound to be essentially a failure, is a matter of mere chance. The romantic age simply will not believe that biological compatibility is a prime necessity of marriage. Romantic love and married love are different things. Romantic love may, with good fortune and unusual understanding, pass unbruised into the condition of married love; but the disasters on the path are more frequent than the success."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW,—April, 1929.

The Marquess of Crewe has an article about his father. Mr. Greenwood writes on *Socialism*. He contends that the Conservative, the Liberal and the Labour parties stand up for the rights and privileges of the upper, middle and lower classes.

Conservatism holds to what is; it deliberately resists change; when it moves it does so tentatively and cautiously. It has a real conception of the State and is not opposed to State interference, provided such interference is limited to maintaining the existing order and defending or assisting existing interests. It is, for example, the advocate of State interference in trade by means of protective duties.

"Conservatism regards itself in a special degree as the guardian of the British Empire, and it has commandeered the Union Jack as its party emblem. It is the authentic voice of the British lion, and is the first to suspect insults to the British Flag.

"Conservatism is not in any real sense democratic. Its interests are in the classes rather than the masses. In its heart it still believes in the existence of the lower orders, whom it despises. Given full rein, Conservatism is Imperialist, militarist and anti-democratic, but the mere existence of its political opponents has tempered and modified its attitude.

"Whilst Toryism has its roots in the aristocracy, Liberalism has its roots in the middle classes. It was the political expression of the employing class which became the dominant factor after the Industrial Revolution. Since then it has become *petit bourgeois* in its outlook and attitude. Its conception of the State is that it should merely hold the ring. The basis of the Liberal policy was individualism. It upheld the claims of the individual to political and religious liberty, and became the great upholder of Free Trade. But its inherent individualism led it to draw the line at the implications of economic freedom. It has a sentimental attachment to social reform, and is prepared for such changes as will not seriously challenge the existing order. Historically the party of the Left, Liberalism has been ousted from this position by the growth of the Labour party, and it now hovers uneasily between the Left and the Right, endeavouring to accommodate itself to a centre position. Whilst parading its multi-coloured reports as an earnest of its progressive spirit, its leaders continue to denounce Socialism with the same fervour as the Tory Party.

The Labour Party is frankly Socialist in outlook and in spirit. There would, indeed, be no justification for its existence if its proposals were but a variant on the politics of Conservatism and Liberalism. The vision of both Toryism and Liberalism is bounded by the four corners of the capitalist system. Their plan are designed to operate within its four corners. The Labour Party, on the other hand, consciously challenges the existing order of society on the ground that it has shown itself incapable of satisfying the needs and aspirations of the people."

Mr. Greenwood thinks he has failed to solve the problem of the distribution of wealth.

"Though the capitalist system solved in large measure the problem of the production of wealth, it has found no solution of the problem of its distribution, nor has it discovered how to adjust its activities so as to secure continuity of employment and regularity of earnings to the worker. It has, indeed, misused the available labour power. It has been greedy in its exploitation of the young, and it has been careless of the lot of the aged. The existence of the blind-alley labour and casual labour both indicate the capitalist system's disregard of its human material. The spokesmen of capitalist interests have opposed the satisfaction of the human needs of labour through the development of the social services. Finally, capitalism's most signal failure—and the cause of many of its other shortcomings—has been its inability or unwillingness to apply to its structure and administration the principles of democracy, already part of the warp and weft of our common life, in the conduct of national and local affairs."

"Political democracy cannot express itself completely under capitalism. The independence of the worker on the employer for his job deprives him to some degree of political freedom. It stands to reason that we must extend the principle of democracy to the material side of life also and bring industry and trade into harmony with the principle governing almost every other aspect of public affairs, governmental and voluntary.

"It will be absurd to contend that the economic system is so technical and difficult that it cannot be entrusted to popular control. For, after all, many of the present leaders of industry are obvious misfits. Justice to the producers and service to the consumers demand a change in both the ownership and control of industry.

"The Association of producers and consumers in the 'government of industry, with capital as a servant, may take different forms, and in many cases may require to be achieved by instalments. But the central conception of socialism is a simple one. It is that private profit should be eliminated, and that the fullest advantages of science, organisation and applied skill should, on the one hand, accrue to the administrative, technical and manipulative workers who produce, and to the public, as consumers, on the other hand."

There are other articles of interest such as Dudley Heathcote on *Mussolini and the Roman Question* and Robert Machray on *China and Japan*.

NINETEENTH CENTURY. April, 1929.

The question of *The Censorship of Books* is discussed by a number of distinguished writers including Justice Darling, Mr. Forster, Mr. Havelock Ellis and Virginia Woolf. The most important of these is the contribution of Mr. Havelock Ellis.

"The question of the censorship of literature—and, in the wide sense, of art and the cinema—with special relation to what is vaguely called 'obscenity,' has lately come violently to the front. It is said, indeed, that we have no censorship. If that is so, we have what is worse: if not the Censorship, call it, if you like, the Inquisition. Under whatever name, the actions committed by a few persons in brief authority to-day are marked by a degree of ignorance and mental confusion—not to assign worse motives—scarcely to be found in any other field. The following six points, if we wish to clarify the situation, should be kept in mind.

(1) What is 'obscenity'? Nobody knows, though so many have undertaken to suppress it. The definition varies from day to day and from court to court. The absurdities and inconsistencies that have thus been laid down by magistrates and judges are competently and temperately set forth by Morris Ernst and William Seagle, a lawyer collaborating with a man of letters, in a book entitled *To the Pure . . . A Study of Obscenity and the Censor*, lately published in New York and shortly to be published in London. It is a book that would be mightily amusing if the issue were not still so serious.

(2) However defined, we know that 'obscenity' is the antiquated legal term to indicate some sort of reference to a sphere of natural human activity which is essential and even central, and which it is therefore entirely legitimate to refer to, for even Christian Fathers held that 'we should not be ashamed to name what God has not been ashamed to create.' There are indeed ways of such reference which may be regarded as offensive, though there is no agreement as to what

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the ways are which may be so regarded. None of them, however, would be likely to appeal to normally healthy minds if they were not surrounded by secrecy and prohibition. *The market in obscenity is artificially created.* That is the central fact of the situation. No one would read a book because the Home Secretary commends it; there is a vast public to read a book because he condemns it. He and his subordinates are responsible, not merely for the advertisement of what may properly be termed 'filthy' by conferring on it the charm of the forbidden, but, by creating the demand, they are directly responsible for the creation of the 'filth' which supplies the demand. That, we must always remember, is the central fact of the situation so far as the crudest and most offensive productions are concerned. It also extends its influence even to the sphere of genuine literature where Home Secretaries are impotent to create. Not long ago a book on an unconventional theme, but recognised by competent critics to be of literary distinction, was published in a small edition at a high price. The Home Secretary condemned it as 'obscene' and took steps which led to its supposed 'suppression.' To-day, a few weeks later, there are 60,000 copies of that book in circulation in English (the number of readers is enormously greater, and I hear of one man who made £ 20 by letting his copy out to readers at half a crown each), while it is in course of translation into all the chief languages of Europe. You would think that the Minister who thus betrayed the cause he held sacred, and, as he believed, 'corrupted' so vast an army of human souls, would swiftly have followed the admirable example of Judas. But—oh no! He complacently continues on his way, and you are tempted to think that he is just playing his part to the gallery in a wretched farce, perhaps secretly subsidised by the publishers of supposedly 'improper' books.

(3) You would be mistaken. The cause probably lies deeper, and a psycho-analyst might possibly help to reveal it. Dr. G. V. Hamilton, who is not a psycho-analyst, has lately presented in his *Research in Marriage* the most searching and elaborate document we yet possess concerning the intimate thoughts, feelings, and actions of typical and presumably normal members (100 men and 100 women) of what we should here call the upper middle class in New York, some of them persons of distinction. He finds that not 5 per cent. of these people have escaped damage in their sexual life or attitude from some unfavourable and preventable influence in early life. I am able to say that much the same is true of the conditions among the same class in England. But it is the class from which our Home Secretaries and Public Prosecutors are chosen, excellent people, no doubt, in many respects, but not always quite sane—too entangled in their own taboos where sex is concerned.

(4) It is a mistake to identify the censors with Puritanism. It would be more correct to say that Puritanism has been in perpetual rebellion against censorship. In the great days of Puritanism the question of obscenity was not to the fore, and Milton's magnificent *Areopagitica* was not directed, as to-day it might be, against that form of censorship. The Puritans had no horror of plain

speech or even of plain action (one recalls the naked seventeenth-century Quaker who used to preach repentance in Westminster Hall), and the Bible, the great book of Puritanism, is a model of the right use of 'obscenity,' for in the Bible all the naked sexual and scatological facts are dealt with in the plain way that our officials call 'obscene,' and yet they are always in due place and due proportion. It is among those who inherit the spirit of Puritanism that the abhorrence of censorship is today most fervently alive.

(5) The Bible by no means stands alone. All great literature contains the element we absurdly call 'obscene.' That is as true for English as for all other literature, from Chaucer to Mr. D. H. Lawrence or Mr. Joyce or Mr. T. F. Powys, or whomever you prefer to regard as the representative of English genius in literature to day. And it should give cause for thought that it is precisely the greatest works of literary genius, from the *Canterbury Tales* on, which are the most 'obscene.' Literature reflects life, and since the so-called 'obscene' is an essential part of normal and wholesome life, that art is defective which is inadequately 'obscene.'

(6) We are thus led to what must be the pivot on which the whole question of obscenity and the censorship ultimately turns. For wholesomely born and bred persons obscenity is no problem. Legislation is uncalled for when mischievous taboos are abolished. With children reasonably brought up—for which we need, first of all, the right parents—and progressively familiar from childhood with the central facts of life, the perverse zeal of our Home Secretaries and Public Prosecutors will no longer create a market for pornography.

This will not happen today. The censors for a while will stay with us. I rejoice in the knowledge that the younger generation, of both sexes, is saner, and will not stand this nonsense. The Home Secretary of the future is still a boy. Some of us may think we know him. Meanwhile we endure our foolish officials, seeking, so far as may be, to restrain their most mischievous activities. However humiliating for men of true English breed, we must remain for the present, so far as this matter is concerned, the laughing stock of Europe."

Under the Caption "*An American Platonist*," Mr. Philip Richards discusses the humanism of Dr. Paul Elmer More of Princeton University. Mr. Elden Moore, the Editor of the *Eugenics Review* discusses the question of the *Sterilisation* of the Unfit. Mr. Orlo Williams has a very pleasant article on "*Book hours*."

THE REALIST, April 1929.

The first issue of this enterprising new Monthly devoted to the exposition of scientific humanism promises a great future for it. It is published under very distinguished auspices and some of the leading thinkers and writers of Great Britain are on the Editorial Board, Arnold Bennett, J. B. S. Haldane, Aldous Huxley,

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Julian Huxley, Harold Laski and Percy Nunn. Every article is important and interesting. Arnold Bennett leads off with a contribution on *The Progress of the Novel*, which has spicy things about novelists dead and living. It concludes with an appreciation of Mr. Aldous Huxley and his latest novel *Point Counter Point*.

"Among novelists under forty (he is thirty-five) Aldous Huxley rises high above everybody else as a figure in the world of imaginative prose literature. His novels are anticipated with eagerness; and it is impossible for anybody critically interested in fiction to ignore them. He has matured gradually and surely, which is a good sign. What he will ultimately achieve no one can foretell. What he has so far achieved is one sound and complete novel, *Point Counter Point*, issued last autumn. He is immensely well-informed about the social structure; his intelligence is acute; he has generally, but not always, a scientific mode of thought; he has taste and erudition; he has power and style; he is courageous, perhaps more courageous than he feels himself to be. He influences his contemporaries, and it may be said that, in the matter of the progress of the novel as an artistic vehicle, he stands for his generation; his generation may fairly be judged by him.

We will therefore test *Point Counter Point* by settling its place in the three groups of categories. The task is easy.

First: breadth of outlook - particularly sociological outlook. No fresh progress is to be observed, but rather a retrogression from the standard of Balzac, and certainly from the standard of Wells. (I do not mean here merely the Wells of the Utopias.) I do not see how the contrary can be argued with any hope of success. The novel deals with authors and their mates; three of the principal characters are authors; and yet I remember in *Point Counter Point* not a single passage in which are broadly treated the repercussions of literature upon life, or vice versa. Here, if ever in a novel, was an opportunity for imaginatively and dramatically portraying those relations. It was refused.

Second: destructiveness and constructiveness. The book is almost, if not quite, wholly destructive. It is a very formidable and uncompromising attack on the society which it depicts, and there are few or no implications which might pass for constructive criticism. The ground is littered with the shapeless rubble of demolished images. Never was ruin so ruthlessly accomplished.

Third: sympathy or antipathy towards individual characters. The attitude is almost uniformly hostile. In one case, that of Burlap, the treatment accorded amounts to virulent persecution. Of all the chief personages, one alone is sympathetically drawn. Indeed, the author gives the impression that he hates and despises his characters. He is without pity in the exposure of their weaknesses and their turpitudes, and his censure can only be justified on the assumption that their iniquity and absurdity are the fruits of individual naughtiness and original sin, and not in any degree to be attributed to ancestry, to environment, or to the mysterious but unescapable influences of a defective social structure.

Hence I do not see in the representative serious novel by a young man any appreciable sign of evolutionary development of the vehicle. I am judging it comparatively, not positively. As a positive achievement it ranks high; it has rightly aroused enthusiasm. The author is entitled to be proud of it. And one willingly admits that it contains a large dose of antiseptic straight talking—corrective of the pervading, timid sentimentalism of the British novel. Personally I exulted in its tonic brutality. But it is not a progressive book, save in the respect just noted. I should call it reactionary, in both a spiritual and a technical sense. And the milk of human kindness is not in it. Having read it—yes, and having sardonically enjoyed it—one comes to the conclusion that Jesus may have preached the Sermon on the Mount in vain."

Charles Singer comes second with an exposition of the importance of science for life and history of science for education. Aldous Huxley's original study of Pascal is all that we expect of the author. The present number has only the first instalment of it. The other Huxley, the Professor and Biologist, has an illuminating article on Individuality. Professor Catlin's contribution on Kellogg Proposals is disappointing to the defeated peoples of the world. Dr. Norman Haire has a temperate and scientific but not technical account of *Rejuvenation*. Mr. Collingwood institutes a searching inquiry into our easy assumptions about progress. Other articles which deserve mention are those of Ernest Newman, Robert Nichols and Paul Banks. Editorial comments on topical questions form the concluding part of this Number. We wish this great venture every success.

ERRATA.

Page. 544. 4th line Heading: Read "Irach" before J. S. Taraporewala.

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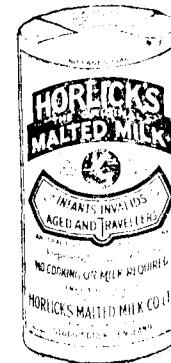
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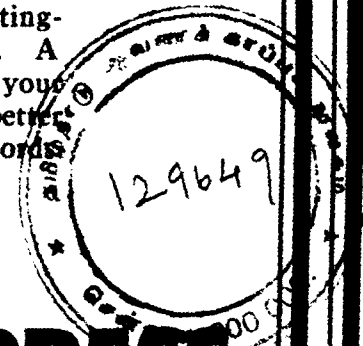
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