

TRIVENI

A JOURNAL OF THE INDIAN RENAISSANCE

EDITED BY
K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO



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

252

MAZZINI.

Vol. II. No. 5

Madras
(India)

Sept - Oct
1929

Tributes to 'Triveni'

The July-August issue of 'Triveni' which has just been published, maintains unimpaired the high excellence of the previous issues. It is now nearly two years since this Journal made its appearance in Indian periodical journalism. But in so short a period it has made a reputation for beauty and culture of which any magazine of veteran service can well be proud. To those who knew the slender resources with which the Editor, Mr. K. Ramakotiswara Rao, embarked on his enterprise, the quality of the content as well as the finish of 'Triveni' has been a constant cause of admiration and wonder. But each succeeding number has only excelled its predecessors in appearance, interest and variety. 'Triveni' is thus a monument not only of the Founder's faculty of discrimination and literary worth, but also, if the truth is to be told, of his essential spirit of dedication and resolve which has been refusing to be beaten by difficulties, and has extracted even out of adversity a peculiar fragrance of practical idealism. 'Triveni' is almost unique in this respect. And we wish the Journal and its talented Editor a career as long as it has been rich in initial discipline and fulfilment. Lovers of art and culture can have no finer and worthier object for their patronage.

—Swarajya.

'Triveni' is not merely maintaining but even adding to its reputation as a high-class journal of Indian Renaissance. The July-August number is rich in its contents which cover a wide range of interests, including civics and politics, history and biography, art and literature.

* * * *

The issue also contains besides the usual reviews and current topics a splendid tri-coloured frontispiece 'A gift to Lord Buddha' by Ramendranath Chakravarty. If given greater public support the talented Editor is sure to make 'Triveni' indispensable in every cultured home in India.

—The Hindu.

TRIVENI

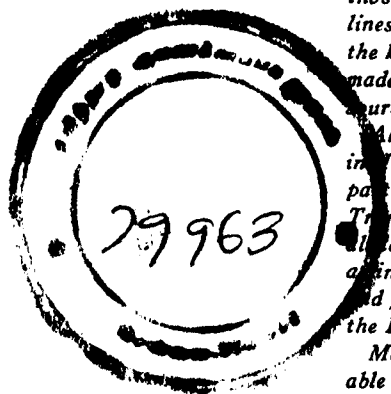
'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects. Barring isolated attempts, the Renaissance spirit as reflected in Andhra, Dravida, Vanga, Karnataka, Kerala, Maharashtra and other sub-national units, has not been carefully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

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the elect. To those that worship the Muses in loneliness, and not infrequently in indigence, the knowledge that their productions are made known to kindred souls must be a source of satisfaction.

All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. Translations into English of poems from all languages, will be a feature. In this, and in all else, we count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the triple stream of Love, Wisdom and Power—towards whom converge the self-same streams of Bhakti, Jnana and Karma!

The Editor



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T. VIRABHADRU, M.A.

Professor of English, the Osmania University, Hyderabad (Deccan). Member of the Senate of the Andhra University. As a student, he had a distinguished career at the Government Arts College, Rajahmundry, and the Presidency College, Madras. An ardent student of English literature and eminently qualified to interpret the same to his Indian countrymen. Delivered the Patna University Readership lectures for 1928 on the Art of Shakespeare. A lover of Andhra culture and traditions.

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The permanent Life-subscription for *Triveni* is Rs. 100/-. The following is the further list of those who have enlisted themselves since August last. The Editor's grateful thanks are due to all Life-subscribers. We trust more will come in.

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Kalkā-mūrti

Swaraj and Military Power

By GEORGE JOSEPH

In nearly all the current discussion about the attainment of Swaraj, there is a considerable gap. Whether Swaraj is conceived as Independence or on the basis of Dominion Status is a matter of little consequence. But neither Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar nor Pandit Motilal Nehru seems to have perceived or made allowance for the fundamental condition of all Government, viz, the right relation between the Civil Government and the Armed Forces of the State through whom Government protects itself and its people against external invasion and internal rebellion. But it goes to the root of the whole matter, and unless it is examined carefully and definite conclusions arrived at, there is danger for the future.

I

For, consider the matter in its most simple elements. Assume for a minute that the Secretary of State for India introduces a Bill into Parliament by which a Representative Assembly is created in Delhi and a Government responsible to that Representative Assembly is put in charge of all the affairs of India. There will be a Cabinet with a number of Ministers, to whom the Civil departments of Government will be subordinate. The responsibility and the power will be real because the men who go into the Legislatures and who form the governments of the future belong to the same class from which come the officials and administrators of the Civil department. In one capital respect, however, their position will be difficult. The Army is not represented in the Legislature. The politicians are not acquainted with the temper of the Army or its mind. The Army in its turn is extremely suspicious of politicians, and we

had the other day in the Memoirs of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson a frank, and in places a cruel, exposure of the little regard in which politicians have been held by the fighting forces.

They are throughout referred to by the contemptible nickname of 'Frocks'. Especially is this so under Indian conditions and the consequence will be that the Army which is trained in the unlimited use of force for achieving its purposes, will not be inclined to accept the orders of the politicians. The intelligentsia, from which the politicians are drawn, does not furnish the leaders of the Armed forces of the Crown and there is complete lack of touch between them. If, therefore, under these circumstances, the Civil Government lays down policies and measures which the superior officers of the Army do not understand or approve of, the consequences will be disastrous. If their superior directing intelligences are wise and if they represent the public opinion more truly than the Legislature and the Government, the situation will resolve itself by the institution of a Military Dictatorship. If on the other hand, the Civil Government is overthrown by selfish soldiers and the country backs the Government, you will be faced with anarchy. In any event there is no assurance that the Army will automatically and inevitably be loyal to the Civil Government. The ordinary assumption that the Army will always obey the Civil Government is historically false and is based upon a misappreciation of the English constitution. History is full of instances where Civil Governments, monarchical or representative, were overthrown by revolution. Revolutions have succeeded only when the Army failed in its loyalty to Government. Modern military forces are so efficient and machine-guns and cannon so destructive, that there is very little chance of a Government being overthrown in the old fashioned ways of mob-risings. To take the most recent instances, the Czar and Amanullah Khan were overthrown because the Army failed in loyalty to both. Since the seventies of the last century, there had been a number of formidable risings against the Czardom, but they failed because

the Army continued to be faithful to the House of Romanoff. In 1916, however, the dynasty fell because the Army became disaffected. The case of Amanullah Khan is more recent and points to the same moral.

II

The case of the supremacy of the Civil Government over the Army in England is peculiar and easily susceptible of misunderstanding. The doctrine that the Civil Government is supreme over the Army is no doubt well established. But close analysis yields a surprising result. The representative of Civil Government and its most characteristic instrument is Parliament. Once you proceed, however, to analyse the civil elements constituting Parliament, a different picture presents itself. The lawyers are there right from the beginning of historical times; the land-owning classes have also been there. Besides these two (before the coming in of Labour), the most important group was composed of Army men. Even in the matter of this classification it has to be noted that the land-owning classes themselves have had vital and continuous relations with the Army. The military group, then, was partly professional soldiers who had retired, and partly men who had been trained in the Militia and Volunteer and Territorial organisations. These latter were scions of the old families and the natural leaders of the people in war and in peace. The consequence then was this: even though Parliament was essentially an instrument of the Civil Government, it was equally representative of the fighting elements in the community. The men who created the law and carried on Government were themselves leaders of the Army. The rank and file of the Army might not have been represented in Parliament but military discipline did not permit of any conflict between the Army and its officers. Consequently, if Parliament arrived at a decision, it was the decision of the whole community and the doctrine of the supremacy of the Civil Government over the Army did not create any fundamental

difficulty. But as it happens, there occurred in recent history an incident which strained the doctrine pretty drastically in England. In 1914, when political passions waxed high on the proposals of the Liberal Government to grant Home-Rule to Ireland, the supremacy of the Civil authorities was put to the test. Though the Army was supposed to have no concern with politics, the majority of officers belong to the great Conservative families or are themselves of a Conservative complexion in politics. There was the additional complication introduced by the fact that Ireland was dominantly Catholic and these Army Officers were mainly Protestants. As a result of these factors, there came into being a definite and serious cleavage of opinion between the Lawyer-Liberal elements in Parliament and the superior officers of the Army. General Gough who was at Curragh, as it now turns out, with the support of Sir Henry Wilson, in plain terms mutinied and declared that rather than permit himself to be used as an instrument for putting down the Ulster rebels headed by Lord Carson, he would resign his place in the Army. The seriousness of the situation arose from the fact that General Gough was representative of a considerable section of Army opinion and he was joined by a number of other officers in Curragh. The developments were grave enough to lead to the resignation of Col. Seely who was Minister of War and to the assumption of the Seals of the War Office by Mr. Asquith, the Premier. Fortunately or unfortunately, the ultimate danger to the British constitution from this conflict between the Civil authorities and the Army-forces did not develop itself to the ultimate consequence, because of the intervention of the Great War. If war had not intervened, it is quite on the cards that there might have been civil war in Ireland, a civil war in which sections of the British Army might have joined the rebels. Though the course of history was different, there was grave warning in the incident to statesmen and soldiers alike.

III

I mention this episode for the purpose of suggesting that the assumption ordinarily made that the Army is always bound to obey any Government with representative institutions is a little too easy and facile. Applied to Indian conditions, it is not merely facile, but also monstrous. If the Nehru constitution is accepted by Mr. Wedgewood Benn and is implemented in the terms of a Parliamentary Statute, it is highly likely that the forms of responsible Government would be observed and a Government might come into being. But the members of that Government will be lawyers, politicians of a purely peaceable type and without any kind of military experience. If orders are issued by such a Government to the Indian Army, they will have to be carried out by the officers, who are Englishmen, who are fighters, and who have an ill-disguised contempt for all politicians and the 'Babu-tribe'. It will be quite the easiest thing for our statesmen to misunderstand the military temper and lay down policies and measures, which may, for aught they know, be regarded as objectionable by the Army. If under these circumstances there is conflict between the Government and the Army, the whole scheme of Swaraj will break down and it will be quite the easiest thing for a rash Commander-in-Chief to walk into the Assembly Chamber with a platoon of soldiers and disperse the legislators, as Cromwell dispersed the Rump, and assume the business of Government. And in such a case, it will be little use looking to the Parliament of Great Britain to enforce the authority of the King as against these mutinous officers. Parliament might either refuse to interfere or agree to interfere. Refusal will be followed by anarchy or a Military Dictatorship. Agreement will be tantamount to the establishment of the English Government once more in this country.

This result, disastrous as it is, will be inevitable under existing conditions. There are no soldiers in the Legislature. At any rate the few there were like Col. Umar Hayat Khan

were regarded by their fellow members as impossibles and reactionaries. I cannot see any peaceful future for responsible Government unless the Civil organs of the State aspiring to supremacy manage to get among themselves representative elements from the Army. If in an assembly of 100 legislators, you have about 50 soldiers, the Civil Government will be able to function without serious peril of breaking down. These 50 will be there, not in their own capacity, but as indicative of the mood and spirit of the fighting elements of the population, who in the ultimate analysis will face the business of protecting Governments and peoples against slavery and tyranny.

Let it not be supposed that I suggest that the Army's representation in the Legislature should be by election. That is manifestly absurd. The Army should always be free from all political entanglements and it is important that the Army, which is the servant of the Government, should not be put in a position where it can compete for the ultimate loyalty with its own master. My proposal is different and more radical. What I want is that the intelligentsia which gives birth to politicians should have the opportunity of getting into close and intimate touch with the mood and realities of the fighters. The difficulty now is that the politicians, who come from the educated classes, legislate and carry on the Government, but since they are thoroughly ignorant of conditions of life in the Army, the Army has got a self-centred existence and it goes its way in utter contempt of the legislators. But if we can devise any means by which the educated classes can be made acquainted with the conditions of modern fighting and be put through the disciplines of military life, the gulf that now separates them from the Army will be bridged. As a result of such militarisation, the middle-classes will have the military atmosphere and they cannot go far wrong as to the relations that should exist between themselves as politicians and fighters. If under these conditions, the final danger of revolt by a professional Army against the considered decision of the State comes about, the task of

putting down such military mutiny will not be beyond the capacity of the intelligentsia—because the educated classes themselves will know how to fight and maintain their rights.

There is a second aspect of militarisation which should not be ignored. I do not know whether Swaraj is going to come straightaway or not, in the form of a Parliamentary Statute. My suspicion is that it is not going to come in as great a hurry as some people imagine and would have us believe. The Fabian temperament is in all things Anglo-Saxon, and in Anglo-Saxon politics more than in anything else. Even under the Nehru scheme, the authority for the Army is not to pass into the hands of the Indian Government at once. It is, therefore, worthy of note that the militarisation of the educated classes will be a guarantee not merely of a well-ordered constitutional Government in days to come, but also an assurance that the achievement of the ultimate goal of Swaraj would not be postponed through design or incompetence. The educated classes who aspire to govern will themselves in the interval be shaping the instrument, which will secure for them full responsible Government.

IV

My scheme will be something like this: In what I should call militarisation of the educated classes, I would for the time being leave the professional Army alone. It has got its traditions with which it may not be wise to interfere, but I would go in for the creation and vigorous expansion of a National Militia, as a second line of defence and for the training of youngmen in the art of National defence. There is the Territorial Army, the University Training Corps, and now the Urban Unit. The present figures are not satisfactory and my proposal will consist in creating facilities for the training of 5,000 men every year in each province. In the nine provinces then, we shall have about 45,000 men trained in the course of a year, not necessarily to be professional fighters, but to be trained to know the most

essential elements of National defence. Barring the essential minimum of trained instructors from the British Army, I would have the whole of these 45,000 composed of Indians belonging to the educated classes, officers and men alike. I would convert, if I can, the University Training Corps into Officers Training Corps, as in European Universities, a certain number of them going to the Territorial and Urban Units as officers, and a certain number trained to start as subalterns in the professional Army. If the scheme is faithfully carried out, we shall in the course of 10 years, have nearly half a million men more or less trained in the best features of Army discipline. At the end of 20 years, the number will be a million. But what is more important still, there will begin to trickle into the Legislatures at Delhi and in the provinces, men who will know what the Army means, something of its mood and with rich suggestion of its place in the Commonwealth. Not only the Legislatures, but the Government will also be composed of some of these men. The unity that will be postulated between the politician and the Army and the harmony necessary for the ordered system of Government will thus be achieved. The divorce between the Civil Government and the fighting men will be at an end. If at that time Parliament should entrust Indian politicians with the task of Government, we shall be able to go forward without misgiving and fairly certain that the machinery itself will not break down. The reaction on the Army by the slow percolation into it, as officers, of the representatives of the newly-militarised intelligentsia will be immense. The older officers will, by a series of adjustments to the new conditions, find it not a particularly hard thing to obey the orders of a Government composed at least partly of those who have fought by their side and learnt how to live and die.

Sculpture at its Best

BY T. G. ARAVAMUTHAN

III. KANKALA-MURTI¹

A medley of tales, perhaps put together haphazard, gives us the story of Kankala-murti. We have tales of Bhairava which are hard to disentangle from those of Siva, but the two sets of tales get mingled up in stories of which some are said to relate to Bhikshatana-murti and others to Kankala-murti.

Bhairava, having nipped off the fifth head of Brahma, is asked to expiate the sin by going about begging for his food. In the joy of prospective liberation he goes round merrily: women fall in love with him and follow him in his wanderings. But neither begging nor the company of women admiring him having helped him to liberation, Bhairava marches up to Vishnu for advice, but, being stayed by Vishvaksena, the faithful guardian of the gate, grows furious and slays him on the spot. Outrage has thus been piled on outrage, and the need of expiation has grown all the greater. Bhairava is advised to go to Varanasi as at the sight of that holy city he would stand expiated. Joy comes to him once more and he starts again on a hopeful voyage, singing sweet songs. He bears on his shoulder a pole from the rear end of which hangs a bundle in which are stowed away the limbs of Vishvaksena, and he goes sounding a tiny drum, while an even larger throng of admiring women follows close on his heels. He has no more cares: he feels assured of liberation from his sins: his steps are light though his shoulder is oppressed, and his songs are merrier and sweeter. He reaches Varanasi and his sins flee.

Kankala-murti is an idolized Pilgrim whose Progress has

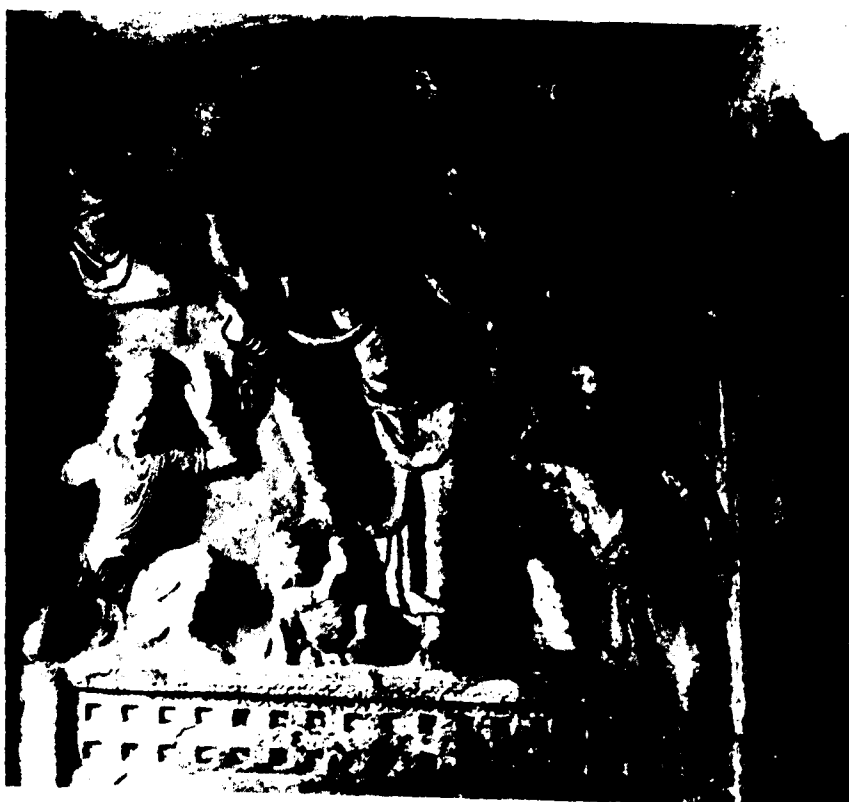
¹ See the frontispiece.

an interest far different from that which Bunyan's hero has been able to evoke. To understand him we should know his brother in spirit, Bhikshatana-murti. We shall say more of both when we publish, as we intend to shortly, a picture of Bhikshatana-murti.

The image we have illustrated belongs to the temple at the top of the rock in the centre of Trichinopoly.



Dvāra-pālakas (Gate-Keepers)



Siva

IV. ART OF THE DAYS OF MAHENDRAVARMAN

Up the rock in the centre of Trichinopoly are two caves, both of which seem to have been excavated in the days of Mahendravarman I, a Pallava King of the early years of the seventh century A.D., who plumed himself on his fastidious tastes and many-sided accomplishments. The upper of the two caves is a low hall of unpretentious dimensions, but it contains some sculpture which is notable for its excellence. At one end of the hall is a deep niche,—really a shrine,—in which once stood an idol of Siva and a statue of the King. On either side of the entrance to this little shrine stands a door-keeper whose lineaments are now much damaged by weather and hard usage. Though too little remains of the sculptures to help us to judge of the finished figures, enough still remains to give us a clear idea of the pose. The *dvarapalakas* stand on duty, but at ease,—not stiff and wooden,—in the calm confidence that no contingency would arise for them to use their heavy clubs. The assurance of perfect watchfulness and sleepless alacrity cannot be expressed in fewer strokes.

At the other end of the hall is sculptured a panel depicting the story of how Siva became Gangadhara ('The Wearer of the Ganges'). At the foot is a platform, the front of which is fashioned on the model of the railings which we see among the sculptures of Amaravati. On this platform is staged a tableau the principal figure of which is Siva who, planting his left foot firm, has leant forward to receive on his head the furious onrush of the Ganga as she is proudly descending to the earth in response to the prayers of Bhagiratha, and having received her on his head made her wind her way through the maze of his matted locks till she wearied of her journey, lost the pride and the fury of her pace and sighed for the freedom

of the fresh air. Having thus broken her spirit and saved the earth from the impact of her onrush, Siva allows her to issue from his matted locks in a stream, thin of volume and sluggish in flow, and so she goes her way to the earth, where she purifies the bones of the tribe of Sagara and carries plenty and purity to all the land she waters. On one side kneels Bhagiratha whose austerities were severe enough to bring Ganga down to earth but not powerful enough to stay the mad rush of the torrent. The other figures in the tableau are *rishis* and other companions of Bhagiratha, and all of them offer prayer and adulation to the merciful Siva.

This group deviates in some respects from the directions contained in the works on sculpture, but the result does certainly justify the deviation. As in all Indian Art, it is the central figure that evokes admiration: if examined part by part, the figure is by no means striking; but so skilful is the composition that the figure emerges almost as a masterpiece. For strength and firmness one may wander far and not easily find its like. It is true that this panel cannot stand comparison with the magnificent group at Elephanta dealing with the same theme, though on a different conception of it: none the less, this piece of sculpture reduces the events to the merest essentials and keeps Siva in the forefront. For serenity of pose and expression it is hard to find a parallel, either earlier or later.¹

¹ The three illustrations to this article are from photographs specially taken under my direction for the Government Museum, Madras. I am indebted to Dr. F. H. Gravely, Superintendent of the Museum, for permission to reproduce them.

The Stranger

BY GAJANAN KATHARDEKAR

He loves me, my brave and noble husband! He has told me this so often. When he smokes his earthen pipe between his working hours, he thinks of me. My poor innocent! Little does he know the caprice of a woman's heart.

But we are honest folk—my husband and I. My parents were care-takers of a house among the hills. The gallant fort of Sinharh has today a few miserable houses at the top and my father kept watch over one of these. He had a few cattle too; and when we were married, my husband and I looked after the cattle. The poor animals always took care of themselves and we took care of each other.

One foggy day, when one could hardly see the trees down the slope, my husband and I slipped away towards the little pool, where the gold-fish have their sport, and we sat beside it, singing together "the song of the mountain breeze", so favourite of my husband. As I sang into the mysterious void around me I thought of a hundred things, of my father and the cattle—of the one that ate nothing and looked so sad; and of the little calf that came to this world on that very day, of his tender white skin, and his bright, bright eyes—oh, he was such a baby!

"You sing so well,—and my word! you are so pretty, my girl!" came the faltering words of my husband as he took my hands in his.

For shame, I looked down. I was pretty, he said, and lo! there was my reflection in the clear waters below.—Perhaps I was pretty!

* * *

That was long ago. It had rained heavily for months

and there were little brooks all over the hills. We had wandered far that day and I was feeling tired. When we came to the stream that sang merrily as it jumped from rock to rock, I thought I would not cross it. But before I knew what I had thought, my husband had picked me up and he was already in the mid-stream.

My heart beat as it never beat before: I must have blushed. He felt something too—a richer blood must have tingled in his veins, his sinews must have been enlivened to a new strength; I do not know. But he said as he took me across and laid me down: "I am a big boy now: I am a man. I am not for grazing cows any more. I will run down to yonder village and make money. I will cover you with gold, my darling; and when the rain sets in again, you will sing a song to your new babe. . . ." And as I looked up into his big black eyes, I loved him with all my heart.

That night he brought great tidings. He had secured a job in a village that lay ten miles away. He was to take care of a garden and he liked such work. It was not up to his ambitions but it was enough to begin with. He had to go early in the morning, before the sun ascended the sky, to return only after dark. For some days I missed him terribly. How could I walk over the hill, every part of which haunted me with sacred memories? I wept and wept. The trees and the brooks taunted me with their mirth and my heart was full of pain. But as the evening came, my thoughts were full of him who toiled away in a garden, all for my own sake. We had enough for our modest needs—why did he labour so hard, all alone? But he said he would bring me ornaments to enrich my God-given grace. I was a growing girl, in the prime of my youth and the thought grew on me: that I was beautiful.

I dressed with eager care when evening approached. My beauty and my youth were his. I merely carried them for him, just as when he brought me roses from his garden, I wore them for him.

"I get so jealous when everybody smells the roses of my garden," he said.

"But you can't prevent the fragrance from reaching them!" I told him. "After all, is not the beauty of the rose for all eyes that rest on it? Can any one imprison the fragrance of the flower that grows so lustily upon the mountain air?"

* * * *

An year has gone by. Things have now changed for us. We have sold our cattle. Poor father died last month. My mother and I look after the house. I am now a mother and my time is spent in nursing the child who is growing into such a healthy kid. The rogue! He gives me no rest at all.

Besides this, I have no work. That gives me time—to think of myself. In fact I realise that I am thinking—too much of myself. I am growing vain—otherwise, why did I fall into such disgrace, only the other day?

It was this way. I was singing to my baby "the song of the mountain breeze." It was raining heavily and the birds lay snugly in their cosy nests, afraid to stir out. I was wondering what they would eat and how they would feed their little ones. Just then some one called for me from the side verandah. He must have been calling for long. I could not hear because I was singing to the beating sound of rain.

"I want shelter;—yes—and now, please, I will have some water," he said. I brought him water; many visitors come this way—I do not think much of them. They are usually good people and they leave us some money before they go.

As I gave him water, I noticed that he was looking intently at my hands. Infinite care has made them tender, I know. He then looked up at me with such wonderful, frank eyes and asked me: "Won't you sing the song you were singing? Please do!" My heart fluttered. He was a young man of high birth. His brown eyes looked sad and his face seemed to be full of a rare charm. I gave in, in a moment. I sang to him my sweetest songs. He said he loved music and wrote

it for people to sing. He taught me a few songs of his own. His voice was so soft and sweet. I loved him for all my worth. He was so kind and noble. . . .

He left a silver coin in my hand and went his way. He may never come again but he has left his magic spell behind. Idly I toyed with the coin; it was no use—I could not help my tears I told my mother what had happened. She said, to love a stranger is a sin and God would punish me for it.

I do not know where God resides: but if he resides in a world where the birds sing their twittering tunes, where the rose blossoms for all, where the clouds hang so mysteriously, enwrapping the beauteous mountain peaks and where the river heedlessly rushes into the blue depths of the sea, He will understand me and know that this child of nature is no sinner, but a lily that lightly holds its head to the passing breeze of the mountains.

* * * *

A Poem

BY J. KRISHNAMURTI

In the choicest of valleys
There is moaning and lamentation,
In the great thoroughfares of men
There is the laughter of changing sadness,
In the melodious song
There is the emptiness of fulfilled desire,
Upon the lofty mountain
There awaits the stillness of death.

Wave upon wave
Comes the action of men
To break lonely upon the shores of vain glory.
The whirlwind of young love
Grows sad within the fold of a single day.
Thought conquers the great regions of time,
Only to return to the bondage
Of a deceiving mind.

Ah, desire is as young as the first ray of dawn
And sad as the procession of death to the grave:

Struggle, the pursuit of fleeting pleasure,
Toil, the dull pain of easy ambition,
Gain, the gathering of the peculiar treasures of the rich,
Domination, the cry of perverted judgment that holds the heart
of the oppressor,
Greed, the cruelty of privation that corrupts the growth
of life,
Fear, the eager search after shelters of comfort,
Worship, the deep forgetfulness from the confusion of many
desires.

To the music of the distant flute
Flows the wide, ancient river,
Fresh with young waters.

Many chants are sung in praise of happiness,
 Many gods are invoked as guides to happiness,
 Many heavens are glorified as enticements to happiness,
 Many altars are built to happiness,
 Many rites are performed as offerings to happiness,
 Many benedictions are asked as protection for happiness,
 Many truths are extolled in anguish for happiness,
 Many virtues are sought in fear for happiness,
 Many possessions are gathered in hope of happiness,
 Many desires are gratified in expectation of happiness,
 Many sacrifices are made in quest of happiness,
 Many austerities are imposed in longing for happiness.

Deep in the mire the seed of the lotus is in travail,
 The soft fragrance lies hid in the heart of the flower.

To the Ideal

BY HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

I know you will not come to me again
 But I am grateful for the holy pain
 That you have left to me: this gift of flame
 To me who now to you am but a name.

I thank you for this fiery gift of tears—
 My lonely garden of the coming years
 Will blossom into one last tree of light
 Watered by tears shed at the dead of night.

Lo! I am of the dead! I am a tomb
 Heavy with the deepest solitude and gloom,
 But should you pass me by one sudden hour
 The tomb will break for you into a flower.

Illusion

BY A. F. KHABARDAR

I

When man comes down from his heavenly home
On earth through the cloudy screen,
He still half dreams of his starry flowers
And his moon-faced fairy queen:
A dear little light and a queer little dark,
And a smile and a cry between.

II

And his screen gets thicker and thicker here;
Less bright do his dreams now come;
His stars are his grapes and his acid-drops,
His moon is his little drum:
A sweet little prattle, a sweet little lisp;
And a tumble completes his sum.

III

And the screen gets thicker and thicker still,
And he starts with his waxing weight;
His stars are his playing marbles now,
His moon is his rimless slate;
And he rubs his eyes, and looks to the skies,
All the world to penetrate.

IV

No more does he dream of his garden now:
New glories appear on the field;
His stars are his gleaming arrow-heads,
His moon is his trusty shield.
O the glorious flood of his full warm blood,
That even to gods would not yield!

V

And a new-heaven dream fills his pulsing heart,
And he leads a new fairy home:

ILLUSION

His stars are her bright enchanting eyes,
His moon is his rich honeycomb;
And launching his boat on the wide sea afloat,
He sails out thro' splash and foam.

VI

Ah, the screen is thickest before him now—
He has learnt to lie and hate;
His stars are his sparkling gold-dust stored,
His moon is his silver plate;—
A good deal of pride, and a step go-wide,
And a pose like a deity great.

VII

But lo! he has verged to his sunset-land,
And at last there breaks the spell:
His stars are now his rosary-beads,
His moon is his temple bell;
And he sees again with a twin-edged pain
His dreams of heaven and hell!

“In Tune with the Infinite”

BY V. V. CHINTAMANI

In incarnations of a dream
Bird-like I flew with wings endowed
And heard a cage-bird's pliant scream
To whom the gift of flight I vowed,
 So we may roam eternally
And be in tune with nature free.

“My wings have dropped thus confined,
My cries of importunity
Have made my music unrefined.
To sing with you in harmony
 Or roam with you above the cloud
 Alas, were I by fate allowed.”

We'll combat fate with delicate love
Till soon thy wings with freedom rise;
Attuning songs to storms above
We'll dance with thunders of the skies
 And drink the sunset's golden wine
 Or milk of streams where moon-beams shine.

I'll weave thee star-white jasmine crowns
And paint with rain-bow streaks thy wings,
This earthly cage we shall renounce,
And bathe in sparkling Helican springs,
 And free with nature re-unite
 To be in tune with th' infinite.

Freedom's Battle: Gandhi, the Charioteer

BY B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

Ten years ago, the political atmosphere of our country was surcharged to a degree with feelings of indignation, resentment and expectancy. Behind the month of October 1919, there was the tragedy of the Amritsar massacre, the studied secrecy maintained about the holocaust of Jalianwalabagh, the humiliations to which the men, women and children of the Punjab were subjected by Messrs. Smith and Thompson, Colonel Johnson and General Dyer, the encaging of barristers-at-law in a public street, the whipping of a bridal party in a marriage procession, the crawling of passers-by in a gulli, the showering of bombs on innocent villagers, the proclamation of Martial Law and the resignation of Sir Sankaran Nair. In front of it lay the prospect of the Reform Bill, the emerging of the monster Dyarchy into human shape masquerading as Self-Government or a counterfeit thereof, the amnesty of political prisoners which was bound to follow a Royal proclamation, the warfare between Responsive Co-operation espoused by the Lokamanya and the rejection of the Reforms advocated by Chittaranjan Das. All this sounds as some chapter of ancient history, but one touch of bureaucracy links together the epochs of eternity by the one tie of common suffering. Today we have almost the same prospect and retrospect. Indian Nationalism, seemingly beaten and balked of its hopes and plans, is asserting itself once again with redoubled vigour, though, being in the midst of this renaissance we are not able to analyse its contents and visualise its features before our

mind's eye. By a strange turn of the whirlgig of time Sir Sankaran Nair, who won his laurels ten years ago by resigning his membership of the Executive Council of the Government of India on the issue of the continuance of Martial Law in the Punjab, is recovering from the pitfall of the Central Committee into which he had let himself drop and holding at bay as usual his colleagues and his masters. The Punjab is again the storm-centre of politics and public life, in which the Congress is to be held in Lahore. At Amritsar Dr. Satyapal is again in jail to-day as he was in 1919, though his companion, Dr. Kitchlew, is free. They were then together. Now they are in opposite camps, not indeed hostile to national aspirations, but in campaigns ridden by internal factiousness. Gandhi swayed the destinies of the Congress and the country in 1919, though he was not in the lime-light and though he had emerged just then from an avalanche of abuse and execration for his Satyagraha movement.

A decade has not weakened his hold on the cult of truth and non-violence and today once again, though he is not in the lime-light, he is the one man to whom the people look for guidance and salvation. At Amritsar Pandit Motilal presided in 1919. At Lahore his son will preside in 1929. But more than all these, India gave proofs of hard determination to win Swaraj in 1919 by sacrificing hundreds of her sons in the Punjab on the 10th of April that year. They were however mowed down by the dastardly cruelty of General Dyer then. Now in 1929 the flower of India's sons are proving to the world that they can make willing sacrifices of themselves, yea, sacrifice themselves inch by inch and minute by minute, cell by cell and limb by limb as much as they can hold themselves as food for cannon or dynamite. India's expectancy at the present moment is not less keen or less buoyant than it was ten years ago and every day new reports bring new hopes and augur new disappointments.

Ten years ago, Gandhi wrenched the leadership, not as a

personal prize but through a new philosophy, from the hands of his elders. Of them there was Dr. Besant who was the har-binger of the Reforms of that era, the Messiah whose atonement had brought salvation to mankind. She was ignored, set aside and superseded. She had already herself supplanted earlier leaders like Surendranath Banerjea, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Satyendra Prasanna Sinha, Bhupendranath Basu, Lala Lajpat Rai and others of that category. She had inaugurated a whirlwind programme, a tearing, raging campaign of agitation which left no breathing time to the British and brought them down to her feet. But Gandhi's agitation came actually to choke Britain. The self-complacent dictum of Lord Chelmsford that the Non-co-operation movement would die of its own inanition proved a false political prophecy and it was Gandhi's initiative in boycotting the Hunter Commission, organizing an Indian Enquiry Committee into the Punjab wrongs, and publishing the impartial verdict of the nation, that was responsible for the resolution at Amritsar asking for the recall of Lord Chelmsford. That was soon followed up by the declaration of the principle of Non-co-operation in April 1920 and this nucleus gathered a whole protoplasm by September that year and began to bud and multiply by December. Like Caesar of old, Gandhi came, saw and conquered. Here was Bepin Babu palpably jealous of this pigmy, shorter, smaller and younger than himself. There was Malaviya 'perplexed and puzzled' over the ovations that greeted Gandhi everywhere which were never his. Elsewhere was Lajpat Rai saturated with Western experiences, American and English, who could not for the ghost of him understand what this Non-co-operation was and would be. Away was C.R. Das fighting the new movement with his wealth, voice and vote. All were foiled before this inscrutable small man, this philosopher-statesman, this mystic, this idealist, this man of business, this little *Bania Rishi*. How should such a man, who by his irresistible moral uplift, swept away before him his elders and his compeers and

installed himself on the *gadi* of power, allow himself in turn to be submerged by the rising tide of youthful invasions, enthusiasm and readiness to sacrifice? He sees all around him the youth of the nation hungering for freedom, thirsting for liberty, yearning to lay down their lives before the altar of the Mother, and he, at any rate, is not the man to stand between a patriot and his cherished object. Patriarchs of old have always ennobled themselves by singling out their successors and installing them on the throne of power. He who lingers to the end, long after his time is up, is neither wise, nor discerning, nor even patriotic; but he, who in his own day watches the pulse and knows the warmth of the blood surging beneath his fingers, can measure the strength of the throb within and knows how to adjust himself to the rising pressure and temperature. This, Gandhi has done in nominating Jawaharlal to the chair at Lahore. The charioteer bears even perhaps a greater responsibility in the conduct of a campaign than the warrior himself that wields the weapons. We know how *Nara Narayana* fought the battle of Kurukshetra on to a successful end. Which was the greater of the two? Arjuna was overcome with doubt; his courage failed him; his impetuosity at one moment yielded place to vacillation, at the next. Through all these vicissitudes, it was Krishna that put heart into him and guided him to victory; and Arjuna himself put a like spirit and a like courage in Uttarakumara in the great feat of *Gograhana*. Today, Gandhi standing by Jawaharlal in the great battle that is to come is not a puzzle to those that have the vision, but fulfils the prophecies of the epics.

Whether it be in professions or in politics, the duty of the elder generation is clearly to take in hand the rising members of the younger and guide them along paths of rectitude and leadership. It is only when this is done that unity is established, rather continuity is ensured between the streams of life that are conventionally termed the past, the present and the future. These are but the

halting stations in our march to eternity and fatuous is the man that thinks he must wipe out all these from the map of time. The uninitiated have doubtless cavilled at one another, the old at the young and the young at the old; but old and young, age and youth, past and present, leaders and following, all make up one united whole, one harmonious blend, which would be imperfect without either the one or the other in its composition. So palpable a proposition as this is little understood and less realised by the common run of politicians. But there are qualities and attributes in human nature which mark the prophet from the politician, even as they draw the line between the engineer and the architect, the photographer and the painter, the mechanic and the scientist, the preacher and the *paigambar*. All of us do not possess such qualities, but it is up to all of us to cultivate our minds so as to be able to recognise these qualities where they exist and realise the greatness and the glory which they betoken. Not all may be Gandhis, but let us not lose the opportunity of knowing in our own day and realising in our own experience what Gandhi stands for.

Some Verses of Sarvajna

I

Who made the peacock's feathers thousand-eyed ?
Who made the sky as wondrous as it is ?
Who made the leaves, the flowers, wondrous-dyed ?
Bow down, vain man ! for all these works are His !

II

Who made the rose and filled it with perfume ?
Who deposited water nectar-sweet
In the soft heart of palm ? Bow down ! Bow down !
He made all things and made the *Kokil* sing.

III

Look to your Lord who lives and moves ov'r all ;
Nev'r in His net of faint illusions fall ;
Women are fleeting shadows, wealth a dream,
Truth doth with constant light through ages beam.

IV

God bid the melon rest upon the ground ;
The banyan fruit grows on the giant tree ;
For every thing a fit place has He found
That man may rest in peace and happy be.

V

He who doth contemplate with steady mind
Upon his Lord is no worse at his home
Than in a temple ; but he who doth find
His way to temples with a wandering mind
Is better in his home than in a dome.

VI

Can there be fire from the peaceful moon ?
Can ever ocean dry and feed no cloud ?
A world-famed warrior turns a coward soon—
Than a devotee lose his faith in God.

VII

Be calm and wise nor let the body free
To kill itself ; for ever dwell on good ;
Bar with high barriers that disastrous flood
Of dark temptations,—live but to be free !

VIII

He has no shape ; but He is as the sky
Majestic, invisible, infinite,
Lives hidden from the mortal eyes that try
To see His face, blind with His flood of light.

IX

Great God who lives in mouldering shapes of clay,
In images bare to the eye of day,
In pictures growing indistinct and wan :—
How can he *not* live in the heart of man ?

Translated from KANNADA by

V. K. GOKAK.

“Little Bird, Little Bird”

BY THE REV. NARAYAN WAMAN TILAK¹

Little bird, little bird, will you return to me?
 Little bird, little bird, will you not remember
 The little pleasant autumn hour?
 Little bird, little bird, will you not remember
 My breath which has mingled with the wind?
 No, no, my little one, you will fly away I know;
 You will fly away with the first coming of the summer wind
 And disappear from my poor forsaken world.
 Stay awhile, therefore, little thing; for once
 Let me look at you.
 See this little scar you made on my wrist when you
 First came to me, little bird . . . ?
 The scar will remain : but you will be away.
 Forget me, little bird, in the great wide world
 And fly away.
 But stay awhile, and accept this tearful farewell
 Little bird . . .

Translated from MARATHI by

R. L. RAU.

¹ The Rev. Narayan Waman Tilak was a very popular poet of Maharashtra and a great writer of verse and devotional literature. Most of his poems are set to music and the above sad refrain is sung in every cultured home in Maharashtra.

The Madness of Manini¹

BY THE REV. NARAYAN WAMAN TILAK

Dear one, your touch has set me a-weeping,
 And the tears stream down.
 With these very tears did I nurture a little plant,
 And the little plant grew and flowered.
 Lovingly I held these flowers at my breast;
 And alas! one day I crushed them :
 Crushed them through my pride.
 Sadly I plucked them—these withered faded ones, the ones
 that I had crushed.
 And gazed at the ruin.
 Lo! I beheld the fires I myself had lit
 Into which I had consigned my offering.
 The ashes I smeared on me in despair
 And went a-crying out into the
 World: ‘I was mine own enemy’.

Translated from MARATHI by

R. L. RAU.

¹ Manini, in a fit, sends her lover away. She is proud and sensitive and does not want to call him back again to her. And then come regrets, longings and the inevitable madness.

Bitter and Sweet

.. BY VISWANATHA SATYANARAYANA, M.A.

Beloved, in thy nature I often do find, the waves of the wildest whirlwind; but, for the ineffable coolness of the *Malaya* breeze that doth abide in thee, I gladly bear with them.

Beloved, in thy nature I often do find, the whirlpools that surge and stifle; but, for the gentle spray of the tiny rivulet dancing in thy heart, I gladly bear with them.

Beloved, in thy nature I often do find, the scorching hot-winds of the angry Sun; but, for the refreshing shade of the tender mango-blossoms deep down in thy heart, I gladly bear with them.

Beloved, in thy nature I often do find, oceans of brine that parch the tongue; but, for thy nectar-seas of unimagined sweetness, I gladly bear with them.

Translated from TELUGU by

"BITTER-SWEET."

Book Production

BY K. S. VENKATARAMANI

The West is now under a deluge of books. The annual output in Europe and America is amazing, running to several thousands of new books every year. Book production has now become a highly organised Industry. It has reached its present state of enormous quantity and poor quality, because of over-specialisation and the application of mass production methods. Division of labour is healthy when a broad, natural need dictates it. But specialisation to a very high degree merely for money or trade convenience is a fateful attraction, and this is just what has been going on in the book trade. There are too many middle-men, and like an inter-leaved book, the bulk is only discomfort without adding to the value. The result is overlapping and conflict, leading to the creation of several alien minor vested interests. The health of books is being slowly undermined. A kind of obesity lowers the vitality, while it increases the bulk.

The remedy is simple but needs courage and self-denial. The publisher is an anomaly even in a world which has well reduced everything to market-values. You have made your publisher a speculator in a commodity which has the least affinity with grains and pulses. The author goes on writing novels of standard length whose value does not depend on their intrinsic worth but on the intrepidity and resourcefulness of his publisher in forging a market. The work is unreal and the methods are speculative, and the fruits are random and mixed. The result is a deluge of books which carries with it to the waste of the sea even the occasional particles of gold-dust which crumbling rocks have slowly yielded to the wooing of many monsoons.

Small measures will do no good. Lift book production

from the base ethics and economics of a trade with the false coin crowding the market and keeping out the true. A publishing house which need publish one hundred books a year to cover at least their 'over-head' charges cannot afford to have scruples about the quality of production. And there is not one house but tens of hundreds. Every unemployed is an author and his dug-outs crowd the channels. Book writing, like printing and binding, has become a profession.

The ideal condition is to combine all in one, the author to be his own bookseller and publisher. For one thing, he would not have the heart or the time to go on thoughtlessly producing two books a year, tempted by a cheque. No one should advance money to produce another's book, and put up for sale at his risk the brain product of another and thus forge the first links of commerce. One who has earned nothing to pay for the production of his own books, is not likely to know much of life of which he pretends to write with sympathy and insight.

Nowadays everything is turned into a profession. Literature, like religion, can never be a profession. The curse of the professional is now choking the throat of the song-maker. Literature is a personal expression of experience caught in rare and sunny moods of intimacy and communion with the All. The very rarity of their occurrence is the very test of their genuineness. An adventurous and busy publisher wants to make money, and in his attempt he does not scruple to reduce the art of writing to a profession, like rope-making, so many hundred feet per hour.

Some sincere attempts should be made to preserve writing at a level somewhat higher than book-binding, and rescue literature from the importunities of paper merchants, printers and publishers—all eager to make money rapidly, while good writing requires leisure, peace and inspiration. At this rate, I am sure that humanity will die some day of ignorance amidst a plethora of books, even as the ship-wrecked mariner of thirst, on his lonely plank, amidst the endless and lapping waters of the salt sea.

East and West

BY PROF. C. KUNHAN RAJA, M.A., D.Phil. (Oxon)

One hears so much nowadays of the spiritual civilization of the East and of the materialistic civilization of the West, of the possibility of a conflict in the immediate future between this spiritual and this materialistic civilization, between the East and the West, between the white and the coloured nations of the world. We hear also of the collapse of the Western civilization, of a Pan-Asiatic League and of Europe coming and sitting at the feet of Asia as 'Chelas' to learn wisdom.

True civilization is neither spiritual alone nor materialistic alone. There is no exact division possible between matter and spirit. They are not two opposing factors in the Universe. They are not two mutually destructive forces in this world. Matter and spirit are the two aspects in which Truth manifests itself. They intersperse each other and function in co-operation with each other to fulfil the great Purpose. To set matter and spirit, one against the other, is to corrupt philosophy and religion with the diplomats' design of 'divide and rule'.

The assumption of two such distinct forces is a fallacy. To associate each with East and West is a further fallacy. The Chinese civilization of the Far East, the Chaldean civilization of the Middle East and the ancient civilization of the Near East, in which Jesus Christ was born, not one of them can be called more spiritual than the modern civilization of Europe. The civilization of India as seen in the 'Vedas,' in the 'Puranas' and in the Classical Sanskrit Literature, is not less materialistic in tone than the modern civilization. When we think of Veda-Vyasa who codified the Hindu culture, of Vasishtha and other sages who lived for the welfare of the less evolved members of the

human race, when we think of kings like Rama, Yudhishtira and Harischandra, when we think of philosophers and reformers like Sankara and Ramanuja, we must not forget the sage Kasyapa who allowed himself to be bribed with gold and who left the great king Sri Parikshit to die a miserable death; we must not forget the voluptuous life in Courts and cities corrupted by gambling, wine and women; we must not forget the superstitions and cruelties glorified under the name of religion.

When we condemn European civilization with its long-range guns, poison gas, bombs and submarines, with its competition in industry and deadly rivalry in commerce, with its ultra-nationalism and mutual jealousy and distrust, with its false economic theories which compel a large number of innocent human beings to groan under poverty and misery, when articles of use lie rotten for want of purchasers; when we think of European civilization in this way, we must not forget the earnest desire of statesmen to put an end to the atrocities of war, to bring industry more and more under popular control and to make commerce free, to bring in an atmosphere of internationalism so that jealousy and distrust vanish, to correct the false economic theories of the last century by making consumption and not profit the aim of production. We must also think of the abolition of slavery, of the emancipation of women, of lifting politics above religions and creeds; we must also think of the large number of humanitarian movements for the relief of the dumb and the poor and the suffering; we must also think of the missionary and other organisations within the Christian Church whose members go out into the far regions in the outside world, and at great personal danger and subject to the oppressions of climatic conditions exposed to diseases, spend whole lives in bringing the light of knowledge to the savage nations of the jungles and the deserts, or in attending to the poor persons suffering from very loathsome diseases; we must also think of the many educational institutions and many hospitals, and orphanages run by the philanthropy of individuals and

societies; we must also think of scientists who dedicate their whole life to the discovery of Truth with no thought of any personal gain, and who through their labours have helped so much man's spiritual progress by bringing in the forces of nature as an aid to man, by bringing men closer and closer to one another through improved ways of communication and mutual understanding, and thus creating a real consciousness of unity and brotherhood of man; we must also think of the great achievements of modern science—the Atlantic Liners, the air-ships, wireless and X-ray marvels, the attempts at the solution scientifically and by experiments of the nature and constitution of the Universe, and of the origin and nature of life and matter, the thrills of the Polar expeditions and of the conquest of the Everest, solving the mysteries of the stars in the skies, and all that science promises to achieve. All this shows a very high stage of spiritual evolution in the modern man, and all this is a contribution from Europe; if Asia is contributing anything or has contributed anything to the modern civilization, it is mainly towards militarism, nationalism, competition, jealousy and rivalry. The true fact is that Asia has long lost her culture and civilization, which is as much an advance in material things as in things spiritual, and she is now trying to console herself with the boast that matter is base and destructive, and that she is the custodian of the intangible and incomprehensible spirit.

Civilization cannot exist by itself, independent of the life of a nation; it has to be revealed through the life of the people—through so many forms and conventions. There may be no inherent and inseparable relation between the true spirit of a civilization and the forms and conventions prevalent among the people who develop that civilization; at best there may be merely a sort of concomitance. Still people associate civilization and these forms as inalienable factors, and they consider persons who do not conform to these forms as lacking in civilization. Indians have their own forms and conventions—the

particular way in which their homes are arranged, their way of cooking and eating and dressing, their etiquette and manners. Indians consider these forms and conventions as the soul of India's civilization, and any one who strays away from these non-essentials is branded as denationalised. Indians have the reputation of being a nation of philosophers. Still they cannot understand that they can remain essentially Indian, steeped in an essentially Indian civilization, even if they speak another language, even if they change their ways of dressing, eating, mode of arranging their homes, their etiquette and manners. They do not separate the real from the non-real, the essential from the casual.

Europe has a civilization of her own. The East may not recognise it as a high civilization and some people may even question its title to be called a civilization, just as the West on the whole does not recognise a thing called an Oriental civilization. But no one can convince a Westerner that he has no civilization and no one can deny him the right to have his own convictions. Europe has a civilization of her own. That civilization manifests itself in the life of the European nations, now spread throughout the world, a life clothed in many forms and conventions. A European associates these forms and conventions with civilization as inextricable factors.

If you place your feet on the shining brass fenders round the fire-place, if you eat oranges and spit the seeds into the fire, if you drop the cigarette ashes on the carpet, if you keep the end of a lighted match stick on the mantel-piece, or your cigarette-end on the table, if you eat a banana and throw the skin out into the public road or into the garden through the window, if you soil the table-cloth with drops of tea, if you do not handle the instruments with ease and grace at dinner, if you do not conform to some decorum, to some prescribed conventions in the little affairs of ordinary life, a European, just like an Indian, considers you as uncivilised. You may be the greatest Oriental, a great artist and poet, philosopher and thinker; but

these qualities are beyond the comprehension of the normal people and you are judged by the extent to which you conform to the forms and conventions recognised within a particular civilization.

There is really no colour problem. There is only a lack of mutual understanding due to the diversity in forms and conventions in social life. An Oriental, if he can behave properly, if he can adapt himself to the forms and conventions of the West, is ever welcome to an English home. Few Englishmen in England examine the colour of your skin. He does not care for it. He is particular only about your polished shoes and clean nails. A well-behaved (from the Western point of view) Indian is welcome to an English home, but not an Englishman or Englishwoman who is an organ grinder in the public street or a hawker in boot-lace and match boxes, or who hangs about street corners for immoral purposes. If any colour problem is present in the life of a nation, it is in India. A Brahmin, whether he is a beggar or a leper, can enter the innermost sanctum in a Hindu temple; he is quite welcome in a Brahmin house. But an Englishman, though belonging to a very aristocratic family, though his family may have been very famous for centuries and may have produced many eminent persons, if he enters even the outer walls of a temple or the first portal in a Brahmin house, he defiles the place. No such colour and race prejudice exists anywhere in England.

Civilization is essentially the same, whether it is ancient or modern, whether it is Eastern or Western. It consists in man's quest after Truth, man's struggle against the limitations of the physical life. There must be an aspect of matter and an aspect of spirit in all civilizations. The differences are in the forms and conventions, and these are the non-essentials of civilization. East and West are in a state of conflict with each other, not because there is anything conflicting in their civilizations, but because the outward forms are different; they are in this militant attitude, not in defence of culture but in defence of

forms. If only East and West will understand that these forms are non-essential and of secondary importance, that they can alter these forms without doing any harm to civilization, so much misunderstanding can be avoided. If East and West can slightly alter their forms in life, if they can come to some sort of adjustment, it will be found that they have a common civilization.

Pessimists are never tired of saying that the days of Western civilization can now be counted, that the civilization will soon collapse. Neither history nor experience supports such a hypothesis. A four years' war, a slight dislocation of industry and commerce, the collapse of an empire or two, the extinction of a royal house, these events are very trivial in the history of a civilization. The fears regarding the imminent collapse of modern civilization are no more seriously to be taken notice of than the fears of an old woman, who as soon as her husband sneezes once, gets into a fit and calls a lawyer to make his will.

There are several persons who expect that in the near future Europe will have to sit at the feet of Asia to listen to the latter's sermons of wisdom. That is a day which might never come, and which should not come. If it is unfortunate that Asia should have been dominated by Europe, it is equally unfortunate that Asia should dominate over Europe. The unfortunate thing is aggression, and it matters little who the aggressor is. The attempt of all well-wishers of humanity should be to see that the whole world lives like one civilised nation, dropping off all labels of East and West, coloured and white, spiritual and materialistic. By throwing off all our forms and conventions—the merely external aspects of civilization—and by saturating the minds of Indians with a little more of the essential spirit of Oriental civilization, we shall be able to make an easier approach to the West; and it is the duty of Asia,—being more spiritual and philosophical as is claimed, and hence less scrupulous of the mere externalities,—it is the duty of Asia to make that approach and thus to hasten the day when Europe and Asia will live side by side in greater harmony.

Nature-Cult in Romantic Poetry: A Modern Study

BY DR. P. GUHA-THAKURTA, M.A., Ph.D.

'Return to Nature' was the slogan of the Romantic Movement. It implied a new romantic attitude towards both external and human nature, but this attitude was only a part of the larger naturalistic movement that manifested itself as a reaction against the superfluous conventions and artificialities in the life, art and literature, of the pseudo-classical age. Romanticism surely meant, if it meant anything at all, a widening of the imaginative outlook, a sharpening of emotional sensibility and a greater intellectual freedom of ideas and beliefs; but unfortunately it took those who felt its first spell into strange by-paths of feeling and imagination from the broad highway of ordinary, normal, human experience. The newly awakened free spirit led the romanticists into either vagueness and obscurity of thought, or fantastic exuberance of imagination or even into indolent, morbid dreaming and reverie. So the new feeling towards Nature, as a part of the Romantic Movement, shared the effects of the general confusion. The subject of poetic interpretation of Nature by the English and Continental Romantic poets unmistakably offers many interesting questions of psychology and æsthetics to the modern age, which, however, it would be impossible to discuss at length within the limits of this paper. Nor would it be possible to make any comprehensive and exhaustive treatment of the various ways in which Nature has been utilized by the chief Romantic poets, because the subject itself is too complex to admit of any exact classification. Moreover, one kind of nature-poetry ostensibly merges itself into other kinds;

different kinds will be found side by side or overlapping each other or blended, not only in the work of a single poet but often in the same poem or passage. We shall only attempt to find out here the poet's general attitude or feeling towards Nature, his individual reaction to all the phenomena of the external world, and his dominating tendencies in laying Nature under contribution for his poetry

Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Shelley, Byron and Keats, are all poets of Nature, all equally exemplifying the outstanding features of the Romantic Movement in England, but each was also very decidedly distinct from the others in many ways. Broadly speaking, the interpretation of Nature has been fundamentally a matter of individual temperament and mood. The degree of imagination involved in these different methods of treatment is also variable. In fact, the essentially genuine romantic quality of all nature-poetry is the power and quality of the poet's creative imagination, either working objectively or subjectively. Indeed, nothing in the entire realm of Nature is really too trivial for poetic treatment, if it is properly and artistically handled with fitness and propriety. An ordinary sunset, a cluster of spring flowers, the wild west-wind, or the simple song of a nightingale, can be transfigured into poetry by a real creative artist, if his imagination and inner balance do not fail him. But the romantic cult of Nature, with all its subtle sense of mystery and mysticism and all its primitivistic instinct for the elemental simplicities of life, gradually became a real obsession with the poets when they began to ignore the everyday realities of normal human life and experience. So it would be dangerous to assume that anything believed or set up as a reaction to neo-classicism was genuinely romantic. For, when the poet's subjective attitude towards Nature became too temperamental, his ego became an obtrusive element; and when his objective outlook on the external world happened to be too fantastic and wild, imagination no longer remained the creative and transforming power in his poetry. We must not forget that the

whole Romantic Movement, of which the attitude towards Nature constitutes only one single phase, had very distinct limitations of its own. Little attempt was made by its protagonists to apply their new ideas and theories to concrete problems of the day in the light of universal truths and standards. Romanticism harped on Man rather than Men, sought the way of escape from the existing conditions of life rather than a reconstruction of that life in its reaction against the town or 'boudoir' literature of the previous age; too readily accepted what was primitive, wild, strange and picturesque, as the only essential glories of life. Among all its exponents, we always notice the tendency to exalt the merely bizarre and to replace the old conventions of 'correctness' by extravagances at all costs. Perhaps some of it was inevitable. No great movement in the history of mankind ever took place without obscuring for the time being the important and vital aspects of human life and consciousness. In the over-zealous enthusiasm for fresh air, some windows were bound to be broken, as Lowell remarked. It is not our intention here to criticise Romanticism as a philosophy of life or religion. But it should be clearly understood that whenever the romanticist sought to erect upon his poetry a philosophy of life or conduct, he invariably failed. True Art does not admit of either metaphysics or undisciplined imagination. The chief thing to remember is that fresh air was badly wanted and that literature and life needed a real synthesis of principles in every way, and the Romanticists only partially succeeded in achieving it.

Before attempting to analyze the specific romantic tendencies in the treatment of Nature by the principal English poets of the period, let us see how each one felt towards Nature and interpreted Nature, and how one differs from the other in temperament and spirit. Wordsworth may be regarded as the chief representative of the new romantic feeling towards Nature. The stages in the growth and development of his love of Nature are clearly marked out in his

'Tintern Abbey' lines, which only state briefly what is set forth at greater length in the 'Prelude.' From a healthy boy's delight in the freedom of outdoor life and open air, it passes on to a sensuous, animal love of external beauties, and from it finally to an ardent, 'spiritual' devotion to Nature. The spiritual meaning was not only added to natural beauty but even substituted for it. It was because of an essential kinship between the spiritual faculty in man and the 'indwelling Soul' of the Universe, and also because 'the External World' and 'the Mind' are exquisitely fitted to each other (see lines 62-71, Introduction: 'Excursion') that Wordsworth felt human communion with Nature was possible and through such communion alone, he found, as Mr. Myers puts it—"an opening, if indeed there be an opening, into the transcendent world." To grasp this point is to get the key to Wordsworth's interpretation of Nature. Wordsworth further believed that this communion with Nature was possible only when the poet went to her in the right mood—the mood not of analysis and intellectual speculation but of receptivity and religious meditation. It is perfectly obvious that Wordsworth's receptivity became a sheer, wanton abandonment, and religious meditation was nothing but a pantheistic reverie. This, indeed, is the serene, blessed mood—the mood of mystical raptures when the burden of thought is lifted and the power is granted to 'see into the light of things'. One moment of such mood 'may give us more than ages of toiling reason'. Thus Wordsworth carries his claims on behalf of Nature to the verge of ridiculous paradox when he says,

"One impulse from a vernal wood
Will teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

Thoroughly anti-scientific and anti-rationalistic in temper, he is in radical opposition to all kinds of philosophy which assume that intellect is the only organ of Truth. This is brought out

most clearly in his short poem, entitled 'A Poet's Epitaph'. Special emphasis is laid by him again and again upon the fundamental need of a right relationship with Nature—sometimes one 'of a wise passiveness' ('Expostulation and Reply'), and often one 'of a heart that watches and receives,' ('The Tables Turned'). Aubrey de Vere ("On the personal character of Wordsworth's poetry": Wordsworthiana, p. 147) points out that Wordsworth looked at Nature "as the mystic of old perused the pages of Holy Writ, making little of the letter, but passing through it to the spiritual interpretation." This statement, though a little misleading, contains an element of truth. To Wordsworth, a rock, a flower, a sunset, a mountain torrent, are only the varying manifestations of the one great principle that he discovers as underlying the external universe. The primrose or daffodil is a symbol to him of Nature's message to man; a sunrise for Wordsworth is not simply a glorious pageant of color, but it signifies a moment of spiritual consecration. The poet, in this height of mystical and pantheistic mood, becomes 'a dedicated spirit'.

Wordsworth and Shelley, unlike their other contemporaries, have this point in common, that they both tried to spiritualize Nature. This 'spiritualization' of Nature was only a continuation of Rousseau's naturalistic philosophy and implied an 'imaginative melting of man into outer nature' in a mood of superlative ecstasy. So Wordsworth and Shelley were not merely poets of Nature, but they became prophets of Nature. They were concerned less to depict than to explain; less to marvel at her beauty than to exult in her inner significance. They were always moving in this manner from the concrete external fact to the idea. Shelley's way of achieving such an end is, however, sufficiently distinctive from Wordsworth's. There is very little of the restless visionary in Wordsworth's pantheistic reveries. Shelley's mind is constantly overhung with wonderful visions of an Arcadian dream-land, where 'Love' is the panacea for all the evils of the world. Shelley's method is therefore more diffusive and

expansive. Wordsworth's pantheistic ecstasy over Nature has more depth and concentration than Shelley's intensely exuberant rhapsodies. It is always so fatally easy for a romantic mysticism of this kind to slip unconsciously into a parochial moralizing or a 'passion for reforming the world'. One deplores the didacticism of Wordsworth all the more, because, in several instances, he does show his capacity for expressing most artistically the delights that are derived from the world of Nature. Wordsworth can take a pleasure fully as keen in the placid lake:

"The calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart and held me like a dream."

Wordsworth can, if he chooses, throw the very spirit of June into a couplet:

"Flaunting summer when he throws
His soul into a briar rose."

Wordsworth can awaken, as Shelley has remarked, 'a kind of thought in sense,' when he writes:

"The winds that would be howling at all hours
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers."

Shelley, without Wordsworth's quasi-philosophic grounds for the Nature-cult, held at the root almost the same idea that Wordsworth held,—that the external Universe was alive. He represents 'this vast Being' in his 'Asia' of 'Prometheus Unbound.' He calls her 'Life of Life.' She is Shelley's personification of the vital spirit which pervades both animate and inanimate Nature. Wordsworth conceived this vital spirit in Nature as Thought evolving in life, Shelley conceived it as Love,—'Love whose smile kindles the universe'. This 'Love' in Shelley's Nature-cult becomes the transcendental force, 'kindling all things into beauty'—which he indefinitely pursues in his 'Alastor' or 'Ehipsyichidion' and which always eludes

and baffles him. Evidently, in Shelley's interpretation of Nature, we hardly find the homeliness of Wordsworth's steady affection or even the concrete sensuous touches of Keats. Shelley's dream-pictures float away, like exquisite bubbles, which melt even as we watch them. The weakness of Shelley's Nature-poetry lies in the fact that his idealism and warm human sympathies are clad in shadowy fantasies. Thought and feeling, emotion and imagination, are etherealized. He is the Oberon of poets; and even in the most universal of his impassioned songs—in such matchless little lyrics as 'The world's great age begins anew', where our rough guttural speech breaks into a lyric cry—even there, it seems as if he were only lamenting the lives and inequalities of mankind. Shelley's reciprocity with Nature often reaches a condition where the landscape itself merges readily into the state of his soul. The spirit of the west-wind becomes identical with Shelley's own and so the 'Ode to the West Wind' no longer remains a mere simile but becomes an interfusion of landscape and the poet's spirit. 'The Cloud' and 'The Skylark' also reach the same point of a blending together of the poet's spirit and natural phenomena.

Coleridge, sympathizing as he did intellectually with Wordsworth's transcendental cult of Nature, is, however, far more readily influenced by the sensuous appeal in Nature. To him Nature was not separate from man, but Nature was 'ourselves'. The visible world seemed to him only the image of human thoughts and feelings. Man alone gives life to Nature. When he is dull and dead of heart, he gets no response:

"I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within."

This specific attitude of Coleridge towards Nature finds emphatic expression in his 'Dejection: An Ode.' Coleridge holds that Nature can give nothing to those who do not come to receive. Seldom has the hopeless, desponding, misanthropic mood of a Romantic poet in England found such tragic utterance as in Coleridge's 'Dejection' ode.

The mediævalism of Scott is blended with his passionate love of the Earth. His Nature-cult was more the nature of Earth-worship than Nature-worship and the Earth in particular of special localities, endeared to him by a hundred associations. This qualification differentiates his Earth-worship from that of Meredith, which is general, cosmic, not specific or humanized. He loved his country's soil, as a child loves, for its associations; and he told Washington Irving that if he did not see the heather once a year, he thought he would die. But Scott's sense of beauty in Nature was inextricably mixed with mediæval or historical associations. "Show me an old castle and a field of battle and I was at home with it." To Wordsworth, the pageant of the Middle Ages was only a dream of ancient strivings that stirred the imagination and touched him as another chord of that 'still, sad music of humanity' which came to him from a distance while he sat in philosophic aloofness. He would ruminate vaguely over 'old, unhappy far-off things and battles long ago', but to Scott the unhappiness concerned him far less than the variety and excitement, and battles for him were never 'long ago' but 'exhilarating actualities' close at hand. That nebulous atmosphere of dateless climes loved by some Romantic poets, Coleridge, for instance, in his 'Christabel' or Keats in his 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci', was to some extent alien to Scott's nature. Yet Scott was not without his romantic love of wildness and isolation from humanity. Provided that no man should intrude on his isolation, he could be content to spend time indefinitely in the solitude of Nature, as he does in 'The Lady of the Lake' or 'Rokeby'. In this particular attitude of lonely delight in the wilderness, or retreat to Nature as an escape from work-a-day world, Scott resembles Byron. Nature intoxicates Byron with an almost heady delight:

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot had ne'er or rarely been."

To climb the trackless mountains all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean—
This is not solitude: 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

In this love of Nature, there is very little pantheistic musing or sense of subtle mystery but only a live sense of the wildness and solitary wonders of Nature. Byron takes 'the pleasure in the pathless woods' and learns 'the language of another world' in 'the dim and solitary loveliness' of Nature. This solitary pleasure, this romantic longing for 'another world' and misanthropic melancholy are the only things left to Manfred, who loves to talk with the 'witch of the torrent' when he most hates to talk with man. Byron again does not share Wordsworth's belief in the restorative power of Nature to soften and subdue the ills of life. Nature has not enabled, Byron writes in his Journal of 1816, "to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above and beneath me". Byron revels rather in Nature's grand and awe-inspiring aspects, in the vast space of silent heaven, in the boundless expanse of ocean, in the gloom of dark forests or in the more terrifying manifestations of tempest, thunder and avalanche.

As for Keats, he had no theory of universal Love or universal Thought pervading the external world; he had little sense of those mystical mysteries which speak to the 'contemplative' soul out of the external show of things. His was a simple, direct passion for natural beauty just for its own sake—the beauty of forest and field, of flower and sky and sea. Haydon speaks of him: "He was in his glory in the fields. The humming of the bee, the sight of a flower, the glitter of the sun, seemed to make his nature tremble; then his eyes flashed, his cheeks glowed and his mouth quivered." It was this intense, wholehearted sensuous love of all forms of natural beauty which inspired and incited Keats. Another aspect of his love of Nature is found in his belief that

the whole material world is peopled by living beings who speak out of the waves of the sea and the trees of the wood or the mountain and the stream. This may be described as what has been called Keats' 'Greek-god fellowship with Nature'. His 'Ode to Nightingale' throws out Nature in sharp contrast with the life of man and the pathetic brevity and littleness of human life is emphasized. The Nightingale is the 'Immortal Bird' with which the tiny space of personal existence or of the passing generations vanishes into nothingness. Similar sentiments find expression in other poets also, as in Matthew Arnold's 'Youth of Nature': "They are dust, they are changed, they are gone. I remain." This romantic tendency of contrast led poets to ascribe indifference or cruelty to Nature. Tennyson saw nature 'red in tooth and claw' and another Victorian poet dwelt on the modern scientific conception of Nature as a further argument in favour of his romantic pessimism and melancholy:

"I find no hint throughout the Universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
I find alone Necessity Supreme!"

(James Thomson: 'The City of Dreadful Night', XIV). Moreover, Keats' 'Nightingale' Ode embodying as it does the very stuff and spirit of mediæval romance, is voluptuous and intensely passionate in its emotion. At times, the emotion threatens to overpower the poet and a hysterical euphuism here and there jars on the reader. This romantic emotion though considerably focussed and controlled in such lines as the very often quoted

" . . . magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn"—

breaks out now and again in a wistful, Arcadian longing and pensive retreat, when the poet wants to,

"Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret

Here, where men sit and hear each other groan—
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-ey'd despairs."

The naturalism of Wordsworth is blended in Keats with a hypersensitive æstheticism:

"A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence breathes."

His well-known lines in the 'Ode on a Graecian Urn'

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.—

simply suggest the æsthetic symbolism of Schelling or Shaftesbury. This identification of truth and beauty as a prominent misleading factor of romanticism has been at the root of Ruskin's philosophy, Pater's æstheticism, Oscar Wilde's doctrines of creative criticism, Morris' social gospels and Benedetto Croce's 'impressionism' in art.

Not to carry our discussion too far, we may note that the romantic treatment of Nature has been, for the most part, steeped deeply in the poet's own personal feeling or mood. It seems as if to see or describe any external object in Nature, without reference to temperamental joy or grief, was absolutely impossible with romanticists. This subjective animation of Nature feeling was not a new thing in European Romantic poetry. Rousseau more than others emphasised this particular phase of Nature-cult. M. Masson says that "the Nature that Jean Jacques worships is only a projection of Jean Jacques". Speaking of some external objects of Nature, Rousseau himself exclaims: "Unfeeling and dead things, this charm is not in you; it could not be there. It is in my own heart which wishes to refer back everything to itself." So Nature was what Rousseau and Coleridge could put there. Tieck asks: "Do you think we are really able to describe Nature as it is? Every eye must see in it a certain connection with the heart, else we do not see anything, at least nothing that would please us, if told in verse." (Kritische Schriften, Vol. I, p. 82). We could not find anywhere any better

elucidation of this particular phase of the cult of Nature. Thus the poet himself becomes the predominating factor in his intercourse with Nature. Nature is made the plaything of his varying mood. Another German romanticist, Herder, said: "I rustle with the wind and become alive—give life, inspire, inhale fragrance and exhale it with flowers, dissolve in water; float in the blue sky; feel all these feelings." This kind of exultant liberation of the poetic ego is adequately represented by Byron and Shelley in England. Novalis had ample justification in giving a warning to his friend Tieck: "The poet must give life to Nature, but he must not play with his moods. Poetry must be carried on as a serious art.....A poet must not roam about idly the livelong day in search of images and sentiments". (Meissner: Novalis' works; vol. III, pp. 59-60). Strongly allied with this romantic ego is the romantic melancholy, and the longing for Arcadian companionship with the wilderness. Byron's entire Nature-cult as exemplified in 'Childe Harold,' 'Manfred' and 'Don Juan' is an admixture of the romantic ego, romantic misanthropy and romantic worship of wild Nature. The other important phase of the romanticist's attitude towards Nature is the pantheistic feeling—the idea of a spirit greater than man's spirit residing even in the tiniest of external objects, such as the little 'flower in the crannied wall'. Among the chief romantic protagonists, Shelley and Wordsworth in their highest moods of exaltation held the belief that God was in Nature and God was revealed in Nature. This aspiration of the poet towards the infinite as identified with God merely intensified his pantheistic feeling and such a tendency of looking at Nature invariably produced an irresponsible, leisurely reverie and indeterminate vagabondage of the emotions. So instead of producing any real sound basis for religious or meditative life, the Romantic poets broke out time and again only in 'inarticulate ecstasies over the wonders of Nature'. The poet as an interpreter of Nature then ceased to be a poet; he became a theologian, a metaphysician, a mystic or

a dreamer of dreams. Tennyson ostensibly begged an answer from all the high-priests of naturalistic philosophy when he wrote:

"Little flower—if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Who could answer?

Jane Austen

BY SRIMATHI K. SAVITRI

If the whole group of successful English novelists may be divided into two main classes, two figures will stand out more remarkable than others, in the representation of their kind to the fullest detail. Between these two, the rest of the writers, with the exception perhaps of Sir Walter Scott, may be said to range themselves. As distant as the poles, they present quite a striking contrast to each other in their mode of writing and ways of thought. For, indeed, no two persons could be actuated by such wholly divergent impulses and influences as Charles Dickens and Miss Austen were. Literature owes much to them both, for the creation of the most fresh and original kind of novel-writing.

The works of Charles Dickens, more numerous than any other writer's, reveal to us too plainly that the man is nothing but all soul and heart. He had eyes only for the poor and the miserable. The silent, suffering humanity whose feeble voice, if raised at all, is utterly lost amidst the joyous shouts of the vain and the prosperous, touched every fibre of his inmost being, and he heard the voice too distinctly to shut his ears against it. Charles Dickens created a world for himself, which was exclusively full of the weird and pathetic creatures he drew in an astonishing variety. He saw and heard deeper with a heart overcharged with feelings of an acute nature, and these he poured forth in his novels without any reservation. His men and women, grotesque and vulgar as they are, awaken the pity of the hardest, and deliberately move us often to tears.

The emotional kind of novel is the field where Dickens is held as the undisputed master, save, perhaps, the eminent French novelist, Victor Hugo, who unites a very lofty imagination with a

heart tender as a flower and large as the Universe. For, who but himself could conceive of a Gilliat that paid so mute a self-sacrifice at the altar of his love, or a Jean Valjean, or even an Ursus? Victor Hugo created such grand characters that simple mortals could only stand awe-struck before them.

When we turn with our hearts torn to pieces by the deep pathos that is too full in these novels to Jane Austen, we seem indeed 'to have dropped suddenly, as it were, through a hole into her world,' which is altogether different. Poverty and misery are no more for us, and there is the peaceful country-side with scarcely other than ordinary, middle-class people. Unlike Dickens and Victor Hugo, Jane Austen saw only with her eyes, and derived her materials chiefly from what appealed to her intellect. Hence, no novel is more singularly free from any kind of fancy or play of emotions than those she has written. Verily, she seems a person whose head is all active, while the heart remains unusually calm in its place. The art, too, which she employs, is quite characteristic of her. For it is not upon a full, broad canvas that she works, nor with a bold brush in her hand, from where the free lines and touches could speak out eloquently for the extraordinary range and sweep of the worker's imagination. The material on which Miss Austen works with such finished skill is, as she herself says so aptly, 'a little bit of ivory two inches wide on which I paint with the finest brush'.

The effect produced by this unique craft is something so rare, that only a class of mind can grasp the details in all their delicacy and fullness and enjoy them. Utterly devoid of pathos and any sense of emotion as her novels are, they still have a peculiar hold on our intellectual perception. None who is able to divine the presence of genius, can help feeling the profoundest admiration for the uncommon skill she displays in taking all her characters from those around her, and drawing them just as they are. 'Three or four families in a village is the very thing to work on, and to make

full use of them while they are favourably arranged.' Such is her method as she herself observes, and accordingly her novels have but one common theme which she makes no attempt to vary. It is, however, no mean attribute of her literary excellence that she could make her characters reveal themselves in the course of their daily life, and on those trivial occasions when humanity does not take the trouble to act a part. With misery, sorrow and exalted feelings, she seldom seeks to concern herself. No sooner do we come to her than we are at once taken into her surroundings, and thrown there quite at home with the keenest enjoyment of the mind. The magic influence which, in her sphere, she is able to wield over us makes us indeed care very little sometimes even for those books, where the workings of the mind and heart are brought forward and dwelt upon.

If minds endowed with a rich imagination like Sir Walter Scott's could be induced to say in admiration for her art and style, "the big bow-vow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me," we make no doubt as to what renders Jane Austen so perfect within her own range. Her whole greatness lies in her power of making her characters live. As we read about them, they emerge more and more from the cold print, and engage us in a warm, living companionship.

If the height of literary excellence is best achieved only by the writer's revelation of self as little as possible in his works, one may state without hesitation that few authors have shown a less obtrusive personality than Jane Austen. Like Shakespeare, she has made her characters speak for themselves, and take each a distinct shape and individuality after the fashion of God's own creation. Seeing Miss Austen's novels differ neither in manner nor in treatment, who will not have expected them to be monotonous and insipid? But no such

thing! To those who have learnt to relish them they remain a joy for ever.

Again, the inimitable satire that characterises her style in writing about those whom she ridicules, and the fine sense of humour that is revealed in the delineation of characters like Miss Bates, John Dashwood and Mr. Collins, invest her, in a sense, with a greater degree of fascination than any other author possesses. It is at once peculiar and remarkable of her rare genius that, though she has almost scrupulously avoided indulging in any feeling and tender love-passages, the reader nevertheless receives, with the lovers of the story, the sweet thrill of pleasure of 'the supreme moment'. What true delight we feel at the love of Darcy and Elizabeth, and how far more real and faithful to nature it appears than the high, romantic passions told with a wealth of feeling and art!

Few authors have tried to portray such ordinary characters as she has, yet they are all in fact 'as perfectly discriminated as if they were the most eccentric of human beings'. It is a gift which belongs to none but Miss Austen. What reader is not charmed at the fine distinction made between Sense and Sensibility, all by means of dialogue, and the beautiful and complete pictures therefrom of Elinor and Marianne? Elinor is all sense, and Marianne is nothing if not the high sensibility that she betrays from beginning to end. Nothing can be so felicitous as the extremely light and sparkling vein in which Emma with her blunders in match-making is conceived. The most unhumorous of persons can hardly fail to be affected by the lively humour that is never absent in this delightful book. Yet all this is done by touches so delicate that they elude analysis, and defy the power of criticism. And when thus much might be freely said of a writer, does not one feel the greatest praise has been paid?

Studies in Rajput Painting

BY G. VENKATACHALAM

III. ÆSTHETICAL AND TECHNICAL

The term 'Rajput Painting' was first coined by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, the well-known Indian scholar and critic, for this class of Hindu pictorial art of Mediæval India and to distinguish it from its later development under the influence and patronage of the Timrud Kings, which is known by the name of 'Moghal Painting'. There was a constant confusion of criticism with regard to both these schools of painting, and often some of the best examples of Rajput art were mistaken for Moghal pictures and under that name they were collected and catalogued by the early European connoisseurs. It was left to Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy not only to draw the attention of the world to the great æsthetical and pictorial values of this vernacular folk-art of the Hindu India of the Middle Ages but also to point out the main differences between the various schools of Rajput painting and the court art of the Grand Moghals. Moghal art, so called, was not an exotic plant transported into India from elsewhere, but an indigenous art developed and enriched by the Persian culture of the Moghal Court. Rarely in the history of the world have two great cultures, rich and significant in their own ways, fused and blended so harmoniously and so wonderfully as in the case of Moghal India.

The Hellenistic influence and the so-called cultural conquest of India by Greece was a failure; its nett result being the hybrid art of Gandharan sculptures and architecture. The commercial and political conquest of India by the European nations that followed the decline of the Moghal Empire, resulted in the national degeneracy of her people and the decay of her arts.

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Moghal India, culturally speaking, was a glorious period in Indian history; and especially from the standpoint of Indian art, it was a period of considerable enrichment of national heritage. Indian architecture, Indian music, Indian painting, Indian textiles and crafts, Indian dress and food, all these were greatly influenced and enriched by the Moghal conquest of India and yet they remained distinctly Indian. It was, therefore, no wonder that early collectors and connoisseurs of old paintings were not able easily to distinguish the early indigenous Hindu art from its later development, the Moghal art.

It is now nearly over two decades since Dr. Coomaraswamy called the attention of the world to the significance of these miniature paintings, both as works of art and from the point of view of the history of Indian culture. In his *Indian Drawings*, Volume II, and later, in his most valuable and exhaustive work, *Rajput Painting*, he attempted a thorough analysis of the subject and discussed at length, with profuse illustrations, the æsthetical values of these paintings. He has since been followed by other students and critics, notable among whom are Dr. Goetz of Germany, Percy Brown of the Indian Educational Service, Laurence Binyon of London and O. C. Gangoly of Calcutta. Mr. Gangoly's latest portfolio, *Some Masterpieces of Rajput Painting*, with explanatory notes, is, perhaps, the most up-to-date and informative work on the subject.

Nothing saddens a lover of Indian art so much as the fact that some of the finest examples of this art are outside India, in the private collections of connoisseurs in Europe and in the museums of the West. The collections of Johnston, French, Rothenstien, Binyon and others in England are at least exhibited now and then for public view, and are reproduced and written about in journals, so that one does not get the feeling of their having been lost, but what about those other rare paintings that are in the private possession of unknown individuals and rich millionaires, which do not see the light of day? Some of the choicest and rarest pictures are in the Boston

Museum under the care of Dr. Coomaraswamy, and in the museums of London and Berlin. In India the best private collections are those of Parsanis of Satara, Manuk of Patna, Gazdar of Bombay, the Tagore Collection in Calcutta and the collections of the Rampur State and Jaipur Palace. The Calcutta School of Arts, the Tata collection in the Prince of Wales Museum in Bombay, the galleries at the Baroda and Lahore Museums, the Bharat Kala Parishad of Benares and the Bharata Ithihasa Mandali of Poona also have some rare collections of Rajput and Moghal paintings for public view. It is by a close and careful study of some of these paintings that one can get a fair idea of the æsthetical and technical qualities of this art.

"The Rajput School" writes Mr. O. C. Gangoly in his introduction to his *Some Masterpieces of Rajput Painting*, "forms one of the most characteristic and fascinating chapters of Indian Painting and is of great æsthetic and spiritual significance." There are critics who object to the word 'Rajput' and would prefer to call it 'Hindu' School of Painting, on the ground that the appellation 'Rajput' or 'Rajasthani' connotes restricted geographical area and therefore misleading, as this art was spread all over Northern India from the deserts of Rajputana to the lower valleys of the Himalayas. However misleading the name may be topographically, culturally speaking it is a significant term, and a happy term at that, to be associated with this style of painting. The name has come to stay and it is best known all over the world by that name. There is another class of critics that refuses to see anything 'æsthetical' in this art, and considers it merely as a primitive folk-art, and what to them is pictorially intelligible in it, they trace to the influence of Persian art introduced into India by the Moghals. Fortunately, further researches made by scholars like Goetz, Ananda Coomaraswamy, Binyon, Havell, Gangoly and others, based on the styles and mannerisms of the pictures, technical treatment, dress and other significant

motifs, have once for all established its indigenous character and its pictorial excellence.

Though there is much dearth of materials for a proper study of the art of painting in India between the closing years of the seventh century A. D., which saw the completion of the last of the Ajanta *Viharas* and its immortal frescoes and the opening years of the sixteenth century, when blossomed this exquisite Rajput art of India, yet from the few fragments of illuminated manuscripts of Jains of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and from the Gujarati illustrated manuscript, *Vasanta-Vilasa*, of the fifteenth century, one can easily estimate their pictorial values and discover the conventions and traditions of Rajput art. In fact, there is little difference either in the technical features of both these arts or in their style or mannerisms. The general tone about these early folk-paintings is weak, there is a lack of sincerity and depth of conviction and also a poverty of strength which is emphasized by the muddy colour schemes, in contrast with the joyous note of the blaze of colour in Rajput Miniatures. Otherwise, the general features are the same. On these early Indian paintings of the fifteenth century, my friend, Nanalal Mehta, of the Indian Civil Service, a good critic of Indian Art, has a very interesting note, which throws additional light on the origin of Rajput Painting and reveals identical methods of treatment and technique. "The pictures," writes Mr. Mehta, referring to the illustration of the manuscript *Vasanta-Vilasa*, "are not by way of illustrations of the verses, but may be regarded as a sort of pictorial interpretation of the perennial themes of Love and Spring. . . . They are painted with all the directness, vigour and concentrated intensity of primitive art. . . . The figures are bound by bold and definite lines; the colour scheme is extremely simple, and there is a preponderance of yellow, red and blue. . . . Shading, foreshortening, perspective, are conspicuous only by their absence." The Rajput painting, of course, is not one of pure draughtsmanship; the pictures are

mere compositions in colours, harmonious and balanced. As contrasted with the primitive folk-art of the fifteenth century, the sixteenth-century Rajasthani Painting is a more developed, cultured and refined art.

"The whole composition," writes Mr. O. C. Gangoly, "is architecturally built up by the bold juxtaposition of masses of severely defined colours. There is not much drawing and the whole design is expressed in colours. They are characterized by unconventionality and originality of design . . . Trees, flowers and clouds in the background are introduced not for their own sake, but as significant *motifs*; nothing is introduced which is irrelevant to the expression of the theme. In Indian Art there is a remarkable fusion of form and substance. And if we forget for a moment the subject-matter of these pictures, their plastic and chromatic qualities cast the spell of their magic, and we are embarrassed to choose between the variegated claims of their appeal, their sensitive drawing and luminous colouring, the graceful curves of the figure, the magic rhythm, the sinuous grace of the flowing lines of their drapery, and above all the charming ensemble of their decorative composition. In the types they create, in the manner of presentation and in the peculiar vision in which the spiritual and humanistic outlook are skilfully fused, the Rajput Schools introduced new value into the history of pictorial art. Indeed, they do add something new to the world of art, and this something is indescribably precious."

This style of painting became widespread in India, with local variations and peculiarities, and extended from the Himalayan valleys of Kangra, Basholi, Jammu, Chamba in the North to the fertile plains of the Vijayanagar, Tanjore and Mysore kingdoms in the South, and from the deserts of Rajputana to the Gangetic valley of Bengal. In the hill schools of Kangra and Garhwal, myths and legends of Shiva became popular subjects for painting, and in the plains of Rajputana, Krishna and his *Leelas* were the favourite themes.

The representation of *Ragas* and *Raginis* (melody-moulds), lyrical love scenes, erotics and Nature's moods were other characteristic features of this school of painting.

IV. HISTORICAL

It is but natural that, for the purposes of a correct estimate and proper study of so vast a subject as Indian Art, covering over a period of two thousand years and more, and comprising as many styles, schools, types and expressions of art as it is possible to conceive, students and critics divide it into definite eras or periods; but in this, there is always a fear of being too rigid and dogmatic. These divisions, as all students will admit, are only arbitrary, and are based on scholars' speculations and researches and archæologists' finds. Pre-Buddhistic period, Buddhistic period, Kushan period, Mauriyan and Post-Mauriyan periods, Gupta period, Mathura School, Gandharan School, Sanchi-Barhut styles, all these indicate to the student of Indian Art a rough outline of the development of the Fine Arts in this country. In most cases, the names were given arbitrarily by the first researcher or the pioneer in the field, and the name sticks to them in spite of its wrong application or connotation, as further investigations disclose. There is really nothing final in the statements that critics make, and the last word can never be said with regard to the past history of the arts of any country, much less with regard to those of India. Though the superstition that 'India is country without a history' is knocked on the head by the researches of epigraphists, archæologists and students of Indian Art, yet our knowledge of India's past will always remain fragmentary, one-sided, meagre and confusing, considering its vast antiquity and the mass of materials available, which are too overwhelming to be easily disposed of. Indian Art has suffered much for want of this understanding on the part of its early students, who ever emphasized the 'formal' side of India's artistic expression and often missed its inner or vital life-expression. The one great message that India has

ever given right down the ages, through her religions, philosophies, arts and sciences, has been that stupendous truth, the Unity of Life, and therefore, the unity of her arts; and it is strange that almost all the early European scholars, who did such magnificent work to interpret India to the West, managed to miss that fundamental fabric of India's thought and life. It is only the latter-day students like Goetz, Havell, Cousins and others who were able to sense and intuit this great secret of India.

The above preliminary remarks are necessary for a correct and proper estimation of the subject under study. The Rajput School of Painting is one of the most significant and outstanding artistic achievements of Mediæval India, but it is not an isolated achievement of a particular period in Indian history. Whatever may be the originality and the peculiarity of a work of art, it is rarely an isolated work: it is explained by anterior works, and is justified by the contemporary ones. The Hindu art of Rajput Painting is a direct descendant of the Buddhistic art of Ajanta, and in spite of the seeming differences in mannerisms, style, size and expression, the underlying unity of both these arts is the same. It is true that the art of Ajanta is more highly developed, more naturalistic and richer in composition than the sixteenth-century art of Rajputana and of the Punjab and foothills of the Himalayas, which is primitive in style. But, nevertheless, both styles are nearly the same; the difference in expression need not belie their common genus. Even the art of Ajanta was not an isolated factor. It had its antecedent, and is the direct outcome of the creative genius of the Guptas. The Gupta Empire was most powerful then, reigning over the greater part of India, whose cultural rule expanded over the whole of the known world, to China and Japan, to Turkestan and Rome, to Cambodia and Java. It was the Golden Age of India. Its greatest poets were Kalidas, Dandi, Amaru and Bhartrihari. Its special achievements were in sculpture and painting. Ajanta was the epitome of that culture. Its last great king was Harshavardhana;

and with his death, India soon fell into decay and degeneracy, and her greatness vanished for many, many centuries. The whole of Northern and Middle India fell into the hands of less cultured but more warlike dynasties, and new kingdoms were founded in the Punjab, in Gujerat, in Rajasthan, in Bengal and along the lower valleys of the Himalayas. These were the ancestors of the Rajput clans. The history of Mediæval India, from the twelfth century to the eighteenth, is a history of the struggles, wars, achievements and cultural conquests of these races. The ideals, thoughts, aspirations and feelings of a people are best reflected in their arts, and we find in the arts of this time, a new development, a new tendency, a new expression, but fundamentally Indian in character and genius. The painting of this period imitates the marvellous frescoes of Ajanta, but while the latter were large wall paintings of rich composition, here, during this period, they were done in miniatures and for book-illustrations. The art was not so much religious as courtly. When the Thakurs and the Ranas became more and more independent, and firmly established themselves as powerful rulers, the art was filled with a new vitality and feeling. Though the primitive style remained, the colourings became more fine and harmonious, and the human figures were more delicate, refined and sensitive. These were the days of romance, chivalry and heroism, of Padmini, Rupmati, Mira and others. Rajasthan was a world of castles and hill-forts, a world of knighthood and chivalry. And just as the Knights of Europe worshipped their Ladies, so the Rajputs plighted their word of honour to protect, help, shield, fight and die for the women who had given them the *Rakhi* (bracelet). Woman became one of the *motifs* of their art, and soon 'worship of woman' became almost an artistic cult. Women inspired the art of Ajanta as well, but they were women of a sensuous type and mundane feeling. In the languorous poses of their bodies, in the coquettish looks in their eyes, in the fascinating gestures of their hands, in the well-developed busts and

slender waists, in the confusion of curls and flowers round the faces, in the jewellery, modelled out of many little filigree-links, in the extremely fine texture of the dresses that revealed their beauty and grace, and in their enchanting smiles, you recognize the grand amouresses of the women of Ajanta. Nothing vile, seductive and immoral, but frivolous, sentimental and charming. Those were the morals of the Gupta times. But in the art of the sixteenth century, woman was depicted as a tender, delicate, innocent but proud heroine. She is painted as an ideal type "with round moon-face seen in a bewitching profile, with large sensitive eyes, graced by eye-brows which rival the bow of Cupid, whose dark raven hair ends in the fairest curls and whose fully-developed bosoms throbbed with love longing in their hearts". Their dresses were long gowns down to the knees or even the ankles, in simple, great lines, and sometimes also trousers.

"The Schools of Rajput Art," writes Mr. O. C. Gangoly, "embody a whole cycle of Hindu culture, chiefly covered by mediæval Vaishnavism, with its doctrine of Love and Faith. Though rooted in the old Sanskrit classic culture, it takes the form of a vernacular folk-art, the pictorial analogue to the great body of Hindu literature, inspired by the renaissance of the Puranic Hindu religion. The most absorbing themes for painting are furnished by the cult of Krishna, idealized in a series of religious mysteries, the *Gopis* being the symbols of the souls yearning for the Divine."

The Message of Carlyle

BY PROF. T. VIRABHADRU, M.A.

Thomas Carlyle is a great force in the field of nineteenth-century English literature. His character and personality and his theories and doctrines are unique in the life and literature of Victorian England. His contribution to the literature of the time is many-sided and the service rendered by him to the several departments of prose-writing is remarkable. As a biographer and historian and as a critic of literature, his achievement stands by itself and he shines in English literature as one of its great prose-poets. His style, like his temper and doctrines, is peculiar, and affords a typical example of the truth of the saying 'Style is the Man'. He is heroic in many ways and what he says about Great Men or Heroes applies very well to him. According to him, the Hero must be original and sincere. His main purpose in life must be to reveal the God-like in man and in nature. He must study life deeply and try his best 'to pluck out the heart of its mystery'. He must have a lofty ideal and dedicate his life to the fulfilment of that ideal. There is no doubt Carlyle affords a good illustration of such heroism. He is a great thinker and a most zealous preacher. He is never tired of repeating his doctrines or elaborating them, and his books, which are in several volumes, are an example of the same ideas explained in different ways, examined from different stand-points, applied to different conditions or illustrated with reference to different personalities. He is a *God-missioned* man; the great prophet of modern England who delivered his message to 'a perverse and gainsaying generation'. By many he is neglected as a mere dreamer; but it is interesting to note that similar points of view regarding human progress and civilization are being championed with great force by some of

the most famous and heroic personalities of the world at the present time.

Carlyle was the great apostle of German culture in the nineteenth century. He often said that his main purpose in life was to enable his countrymen to have access to the ideals, thoughts and aspirations of Germany. In his works he often explains how he drew his inspiration from Goethe and the other German Masters and how the touch of German influence transformed him into a new man and put him on the road to the solution of the knotty problem of human existence. Like several thinking men, Carlyle had once his mental troubles; he was for a time in the region of unbelief. "The hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within his breast", he could not be reconciled to life. "Doubt had led him to Denial and he wandered aimlessly in this world with no tidings of a higher one." He could not be at peace with himself, for, loss of faith in God meant loss of everything to him. He could not seek for any solace from the conditions of his time, for, as he puts it, "The more you have, the greater the discontent". Lord Byron had the advantages of birth and wealth but was always dissatisfied with life and was always complaining of something or other. Man is never happy and if you give him more, he will ask for more and hence Carlyle exclaims in words which anticipate Mahatma Gandhi's teaching in the present age:

"Well did the wisest of our time write: It is only with Renunciation that life may be said to begin."

Therefore, he advises those who wish to be happy not to ask for more and more food but to close their *Byron* and open their *Goethe*. It was this great German Philosopher who developed the God-like in him, persuaded him to love God in preference to pleasure and installed belief on the throne of his heart. Thus Carlyle after wading through agony, doubt and scepticism, finally emerged from the Slough of Despond—The Everlasting

Nay—and alighted on the land of belief—The Everlasting Yea—"wherein all contradiction is solved". Truly, as a great critic has said, if Carlyle was the revealer of Germany to England, "Germany revealed Carlyle to himself!"

Carlyle was a great reactionary in England in the nineteenth century. The age was famous in its own way, but, to a mind like that of Carlyle's, England was looking at life from the wrong end. It was an age which aimed at wealth and one which was suffering from lack of spiritual ideals. The achievements of the age may be summed up in three words: Science, Democracy and Commercialism. In the opinion of Carlyle, great as these achievements were, not a little damage was done to national growth and prosperity. Love of money and, with it, selfishness grew by leaps and bounds, and sympathy for man was at the lowest ebb. Men were satisfied with the life around them and would not bestow any thought on what would happen to man in the next world. The fountains of religion, the fountains of belief, were completely exhausted. Society was supposed to be improving but while the rich became richer, the poor were becoming poorer day by day. In the opinion of Carlyle, the age of scientific inventions and democratic spirit has no doubt caused a tremendous increase in man's comfort but its moral effects are far-reaching. The Utilitarianism, Mammonism, Agnosticism, Positivism, Chartism, and the various other *isms* that were the offspring of this age were the evils of English society and several of the writers who could rise above the surface condemned it in unmistakable terms and Carlyle was the most vehement of them all. One of them tried his best to open the eyes of his contemporaries to the seamy side of the London poor man's life. Another pleaded very strongly for a revival of the emotional religion of the Middle Ages by pointing out how completely the springs of religion were dried up in his own day. Two others proclaimed most courageously how the social and economic life of the time degraded the poor and demoralised

the rich and how economic bankruptcy and spiritual bankruptcy went together. A few others regretted how scientific inquiry and absolute realism would not quench the thirst of the poet's heart and showed how a poet could be happy in the world of the Mediæval or Hellenic past. Thus the citadel of science and utilitarianism was being bombarded on all sides. The humanitarianism of Dickens, the transcendentalism of Carlyle and Ruskin, the Catholicism of Newman and the Æstheticism of the Pre-Raphærites were the various aspects of the attack on the spirit of the nineteenth century by some of its own best men. It was a great scientist who declared that action and reaction are equal and opposite and what is true of the laws of motion is equally true of the laws of society.

Thus Carlyle was a great reactionary and led a crusade against the Mammon-worship of the time. Mammonism was according to him the bane of English civilisation. He could really have no sympathy for an epoch in which "The Upholsterer is a Pontiff and the Drawing-room a Temple". The science of political economy is a *dismal science* for, "in the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish". There is wealth in the country but it is 'Midas-eared Mammonism', since the poor cannot touch it. "The people are all a flock of dumb sheep whom we are all agreed to shear." All acts of the Commonwealth are useless notwithstanding the noise they make. Our laws and regulations which are often advertised as promoting national interests are but 'the rudder and spigot of taxation'. The poor man, in Carlyle's opinion, is not anxious for our theories and constitutions or philosophy and poetry but is anxious for only *one* thing: how to keep the wolf from the door. An exactly similar sentiment was expressed by Mahatma Gandhi when he said that even the best poems from Kabir are of no avail with an empty stomach which can be lulled to sleep by only one song—invigorating food. According to Carlyle our politicians often miss the purpose for which they are intended. They are busy with their theories and doctrines.

"They are playing a game of chess (whereof the pawns are men) while two-legged animals without feathers are lying in horizontal positions....."

He therefore asks:

"When such is the state, is it a wonder that a general over-turn like the one we witnessed in 1789 will be produced? Our King-Do-Nothings and Eat-Alls will in course of time be the parents of Meal-Mobs and Dull-Drudgery and the Monster, Many-headed Fire-breathing Sanscoluttism, will eventually devour up the whole system."

In his opinion this is but the logical sequence of our great 'Profit and Loss theory' and 'Machine-theory of the Universe': that is, this is the natural product of an age of utilitarian industrialism and scientific logic. Matters can be set right only when we believe that the world is not a mere lifeless mechanism, but that it has a force behind—the Supreme will of the Creator who is above all science, whose sympathy is our solace, and whose vision we have to see not with the help of our *logic-spectacles* such as the ones we have used up-till-now but with the God-given eye of the human heart!

Carlyle's message to his contemporaries, therefore, is that they should remember that life is not a sport but a stern reality. It is an 'Unfathomable Somewhat'. It is an 'open secret', open to all but seen by none. He means that life yields pleasure to us if we understand it aright and are able to solve its problem; otherwise it will make us miserable. In *Past and Present* he says:

"Such a spinx is our life—very attractive with the claws of a lioness."

The human being must think about life and pursue a lofty ideal. Carlyle feels that Ben Jonson is right when he says:

"A certain degree of soul is indispensable to keep the very body from destruction of the frightfullest sort; to

save us the expense of salt; otherwise even salt will not save us."

and what Ben Jonson says about individuals applies very well to nations. Carlyle's opinion is that we are liable to temptations of several kinds and unless we have a goal before us which we have it as our ambition to reach, we are likely to be lost in the mire of our ordinary lives. The most important thing in life is belief, and absence of belief is irreligion: a state of mind which is ugly and unnatural. The word *Church* speaks volumes to him. It is a symbol of belief and hence a mighty force. He reveals his enthusiasm when he exclaims:

"The church: what a word was there; richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world!"

—*French Revolution.*

These symbols, which the modern rationalist treats with contempt, are a reality. They are the Finite shape which the Infinite assumes for the benefit of mankind. But science by bringing in a spirit of inquiry has destroyed wonder (the basis of all worship) and in its stead substituted *measurement* and *numeration*. In this connection Carlyle mentions "there is one thing remarkable in Indian character—the Hindoo Passivity". Carlyle appreciates those who consider all matter as a manifestation of the spirit and treat every object as sacred. He sincerely thinks that man is a miracle of miracles and one must study man or nature with veneration. Thought without reverence does not stay long and,

"The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he the greatest scientist of the modern time, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no eye. Let those who have eyes look through them and they may be useful."

Carlyle's sympathy for the poor and down-trodden is unbounded and is the offspring of his belief in the oneness of

things. He has a contempt for those who despise people in the humbler walks of life. To him the spinner and the weaver, the carpenter and the road-maker, are objects of study and imitation. He indignantly asks,

"That manly man in the Ragged coat, Did you Reverence him? Did you know he was a manly man till his coat grew better?"

He finds poetry in "the poorest Ox-Goad and the dirtiest Gipsy-Blanket", for, he believes "there is only one temple in the Universe and that is the body of man". He says:

"What is it we cannot love since all is created by God?"

The man that is untaught, uncomfited and unfed has a claim to recognition; he is not a separate individual standing by himself but a part of the spirit that flows through the whole Universe, and his attitude is best expressed in the following passage from *Sartor Resartus*:

"That little fire where the sooty smith bends over his anvil,—and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe, is it a detached, separated speck, cut off from the whole Universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithy fire was (primarily) kindled at the sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dog Star; Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation; Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself."

Carlyle thinks that Nature with its manifold productions and destructions is but the reflex of our own inward Force, 'the phantasy of our Dream,' and the view of Goethe that the Universe is the living visible garment of God is full of meaning. He is very fond of quoting the remark of the Earth-Spirit,

"I weave for God the Garment thou seest him by."

The highest state of a man's mind according to one system of Hindu philosophy is when the human being can realise that the Universe is not separate from him, but that it is only an image of himself, or when he is conscious that he is the Universe and the God we are all seeking for is within himself. In other words, in this, as in many other points, Carlyle comes nearest the Eastern mind, for, in his famous expression 'Me the only reality', we find an echo of the Hindu sentiment *Aham Brahma* (The Creator is in me).

Another great contribution that Carlyle has made to nineteenth-century thought is what he calls 'the Gospel of Work'. To him work is sacred however humble it may be. Work is religion and even road-making or drawing out water from the puddles is noble. All work is worship. Our doubts and troubles—the Everlasting No's—will all disappear, when we are on the path of duty. Doubts can never be removed except by action and so he exhorts mankind thus:

"Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer. . . . Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! It is the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day: for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work." (*Sartor Resartus*.)

He believes that even cotton-spinning is a holy task! He emphatically says:

"There are only two men who deserve honour: one who works for daily bread, the physically indispensable, another who toils for food and also gives us light—the spiritually indispensable. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant saint, could any such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself."

Is it not lucky for us that after a long lapse of about twenty centuries, the world has been able to discover in India a worthy companion to the Carpenter of Nazareth in the Weaver of Sabarmati?

Carlyle's theory of Great Men is his most famous contribution to English thought in the Victorian Era. He has implicit faith in great men and in his opinion biography is the most instructive branch of human knowledge. His doctrine of great men seems to have its origin in his distrust of Democracy. Though he shows great sympathy for the poor and oppressed, Democracy, in his opinion, is Mobocracy and one of his disciples, Ruskin, went so far as to say "No King means no government". He believes that there are a few wise men in each age who should be chosen and placed at the head of the State to guide its affairs. It is the duty of the nation to choose members from this great Aristocracy of Talent and follow them through thick and thin. To select these men is by no means an easy task and to imitate them is very difficult. But the nation can reach its destination only when it acts according to the advice of these wise men who are therefore the makers of the history of that nation in that particular epoch. This view seems an extreme view to many of us, especially to those to whom society is a matter of scientific progress and the so-called great men are only ripples on the surface. Many of us may find it impossible to say whether the great man is absolutely the creator or creature of his age, but one thing is clear. At certain stages in the history of a nation, it often happens that an individual is born who towers aloft, who sees the wrongs from which his country suffers in social life, religion or politics, who realises fully well the limitations of his nation and who dedicates his life to its uplift. He sees the vision of his country's future and tries his utmost to show his countrymen a far-off goal which they have to reach by dint of honest and courageous effort. His duty is to place them on the path leading to the goal and from time to time pour

enthusiasm into them lest any Fainthearts should falter on the way. He has to exhibit all his strength and courage and push on uncorrupted by bribes or undaunted by threats. He is a Hero and his history is practically the history of the nation in that particular epoch. Carlyle believes that 'the Sovereign is the wise man' and that these heroes rule the world as priests, warriors, kings or poets. He has no sympathy for those who inquire *scientifically* into the conditions of the age and begin 'to account for these great men'. He admits that every great man is a creature of the age in a way but is careful to add that there are some periods in the world's history when the maker of history is born—the Indispensable saviour of the epoch—whose position, 'that of the hero in a drama,' should not be lost sight of by the historian. Odin the God, Mahommed the prophet, Cromwell the politician, Shakespeare the poet, and Johnson the man of letters, every one of them is a Hero and creator of history. Moreover such great men are the epitomes of their several epochs, for, the spirit of the age is embodied in them and its various struggles are summed up in the struggles of the individual. In Carlyle's opinion, these great men have not only a reason to be admired, but have also a right to govern mankind; and it is the privilege of mortals to admire them. He says:

"Moreover it is the joy of man's heart to admire another and worship him . . . Does not every man feel he is made higher by reverencing one who is great? It is the most vivifying influence in man's life, heart-felt prostrate admiration, submission of oneself to another, burning zeal for a God-like form of man." (This form of worship still exists in India e.g. *Namaskar*=bowing down).

In one age it is the prophet, in another it is the warrior, in a third it is the poet, in a fourth it is the statesman, but there is hero-worship in some form or other in all epochs of human civilisation. In fine, society is based on hero-worship and hero-worship endures for ever while man endures.

Carlyle's Heroes or Makers of History have qualities peculiar to themselves and common to all of them—a social reformer, a religious preacher, a Puritan politician, a dramatic poet and an original critic. All of these are inspired. Sincerity is the soul of their moral being. Above all every one of them is silent. Carlyle's doctrine of silence is peculiar—as peculiar as are other doctrines preached by him. A man who could keep silent for a day finds himself happier and more elevated the next day. The Empire of silence is vast and these Heroes are the monarchs of that region. He admits speech is silvern but undoubtedly silence is golden. The history of the Oak tree is in his opinion a mighty truth. When the seed was sown, how it grew nobody knows. In its life-time the tree did silent service for a thousand years and when it was felled it produced a thunder and everybody marked its fall. The great dramatist of Elizabethan England performed miracles during his time and is still a potent force with many of us; still his birth was silent and his career was silent. Great men do not proclaim themselves from house-tops, but they do steady silent work, till at last they are able to capture the whole world. Also they do more of thinking and acting than of speaking. Their religion is silence, for,

"If speech be Time, silence is Eternity."

Another quality characteristic of these great men is that they are versatile. "A Hero is a Hero at all points." Understanding or the faculty of thinking is not a mere tool but is a hand which can handle any tool and whatever may be the department of human activity to which it is applied, it certainly produces wonders. But the most important feature of these Heroes is they are all *unconscious*. The greatest dramatist of England is so great, is able to exercise such eminent influence on the world, because he is unconscious. Carlyle believes that a great man never "engraves truth on his watch-seal". He is able to do such mighty things in life because he is inspired. When we

happen to have a great soul (e.g. M. K. Gandhi) amidst us, whose work is mighty or miraculous, our admiration for him is so great that we style him a Saint, a Prophet, an Angel, or an Incarnation; but if we approached him—were he the greatest man of the world—with such opinions, he would certainly surprise us by saying, "I am a mortal such as you are. If you prick me, shall I not bleed?" In Carlyle's opinion "the unconscious is alone the complete," and it is also true to a great extent. Very often in life we find that the imperfect often pretend to be perfect while the perfect still feel they are imperfect. Carlyle's enthusiasm for these Heroes is so strong that he considers them—prophets, statesmen or poets—messengers of God coming down from Heaven to uplift humanity. He says:

"They are Inspired Texts in the Divine Book of Revelation whereof a chapter is completed from Epoch to Epoch and named History."

They are the shapes which God assumes in the various periods of world's history, in order to redeem mankind from their wrongs. This is certainly a very sublime and spiritual conception of great men and their task. It reminds a Hindu of what Lord Sri Krishna said in the *Gita*:

"For the protection of the righteous, for the destruction of the unrighteous, for the establishment of *Dharma* (Right) in the world, I appear in the world from time to time."

Carlyle's enthusiasm for great men is so characteristic of him that he thinks there is no science in the world which is not based on the doctrine of Hero-worship. History, which is to us the story of the rise and fall of a large collection of individuals, is to him 'the essence of innumerable biographies' and the history of the world is no more than the history of its great men. Goethe is right when he says that we know nothing of the past

except a few details of some of the great men of past times. The most surprising statement of all is when Carlyle—himself a historian—emphatically declares,

"In history we do not find what is done but what is misdone; and hence those people are lucky whose annals are vacant."

At a time when people were devoting their lives to the study of documents and collection of facts, Carlyle had the boldness, we might call it audacity, to proclaim,

"Foolish History ever more or less, is the written epitomised synopsis of Rumour."

This does not mean that Carlyle does not believe in the usefulness of history. History, in his opinion, is the most ancient of all branches of knowledge. To write history is a sacred task. "It is a prophetic manuscript in which several letters have not been deciphered so far." It is a mighty task to which most of us are unequal. The historian must not confine his attention to battles and wars, charters and constitutions but must present to us life beyond these limits: the thoughts and ideals of the people and the problems which puzzled their minds and must detail to us the efforts of those who by toiling hard days and nights have contributed in no small way to the comfort and success of mankind. The historian must reveal the spirit of the age. He must at the same time select the heroes of the epoch—the makers of history—present to us their ideals, their joys and sorrows and elevate us by giving us the clue to the solution of some problem relating to his time or to human kind in general. This means Carlyle wants history must not only be scientific but must also be biographical, philosophical and dramatic. Really Carlyle was not the proper man to write history or criticise it; he was a preacher and transcendentalist whose sole aim in life was to teach men to realise the one among the many, to pass from the finite to the infinite.

When we turn from Carlyle's treatment of history to his criticism of literature, we find the same attitude, that of the transcendental preacher. He was not a professional critic or a mere man of letters. He was a philosopher and prophet whose doctrines and outlook on life colour his views on everything (poetry included) and hence it is no wonder that his views on individual works and authors are unique. When he examines a poet, the first thing he looks for is sincerity. In his opinion poetry without love (i.e., genuine feeling) is an impossibility. Dante the great poet of Italy is so great because he is deeply sincere. "His poetry has all been as if molten, in the hottest furnace of his soul. He is world-great not because he is world-wide but because he is world-deep." It is Dante's inmost feelings that have taken the shape of the *Divine Comedy*. Carlyle often speaks enthusiastically of one of the most remarkable books of the East, the sacred book of Islam, for, in his opinion, "if anything come from the heart of man, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that freedom from cant." The *Al Quran* is sacred because its author had a sincerity—"an unconscious sincerity"—and was 'deep-hearted'. Another quality that Carlyle seeks for in poetry is that the poet must not restrict himself to the real. The poet must tell us of the ideal and must take us through the finite to the edge of the infinite. Moreover poetry is not a quality which can be separated from or super-added to the human system in any way we like. It is an index of general harmony in the human mind, the music of the language being a result of the music of the heart. Another thing about poetry is that "a poet in word is a poet in act" and to write a heroic poem, the poet must make his life itself a heroic poem. Life is a great battle with pleasure and temptation, evil and doubt, and unless the poet comes out victorious in this fight, i.e. unless he has strength of heart and is finally reconciled to life, his works will not elevate us at all. Therefore the author of every great poem is a warrior or a hero.

and similarly the heroic struggles and achievements of any individual, recorded in however plain and simple a language, form a heroic poem. Thus Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is the most valuable heroic poem of the age. It is the *Johnsoniad* (unrhymed, however) of the eighteenth century. Also Carlyle says it is impossible for any poetry to make an appeal unless the poet first passed through all those emotional stages which he associates with his characters. He asks: "How could a man delineate a Hamlet, a Coriolanus, a Macbeth, and so many suffering heroic hearts, if his own heroic heart had never suffered?"

These are the reasons why poetry is sacred and the poet a benefactor of the human race. His enthusiasm for poets can be excellently illustrated from the following tribute to Shakespeare:

"He is the grandest thing we have yet done. Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire, or your Shakespeare, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never had had any Shakespeare? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but, we for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: Indian Empire or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakespeare. Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us; we cannot give up our Shakespeare!"

(*Heroes and Hero-Worship.*)

In conclusion, it may be said that Carlyle's great message to his countrymen was that they should not be contented with the world around them but must think of the Great Beyond, and that Mammon-worship must yield place to God-worship. All scepticism will disappear when men take to their work, and work is the solution to evils individual or national. But to fulfil this ideal the human being must lean on the example of some great man, i.e. he must be a hero-worshipper. Thus the message of spirituality, the gospel of work and the doctrine of hero-worship—these words sum up Carlyle's contribution to

nineteenth-century thought and the same message is delivered in some shape or other whatever the name of the book may be. In his love of spirituality, in his mysticism, in his belief in the oneness of things and in his enthusiasm for heroes of the past, Carlyle is in the company of the thinkers of the East. Like all transcendentalists he looks at life from on high. He thinks that all branches of knowledge aim at the same thing. To the average man Philosophy, History, Biography and Poetry are separate departments or water-tight compartments. The philosopher gives abstract generalisations on life and dry discussions of moral truths. The historian deals with facts relating to the progress of a nation in politics. The biographer records in prose the thoughts and sayings, and the successes and failures of some one distinguished individual. The poet resorts to fiction and makes the natural supernatural and the supernatural natural. Carlyle feels that all these branches perform one and the same function and have to adopt one and the same method. "History is the essence of innumerable biographies." Also, "History is Philosophy teaching by experience", thus in history the general and the particular are combined, so that history is the same as literature. Again he says poetry is at best a biography, for there is no great poem in any language which is not at bottom a biography and at the same time there is no biography of a great man which is not a good epic poem. Thus history is philosophy, poetry is philosophy and both these are to be treated biographically. To the man who walks in the street one man is different from another and one house is distinct from another; but for one who is seated on a rock, it is not easy to distinguish between man and man or house and house. The average individual feels that science is one thing and religion is another and their ideals necessarily clash. But to the great scientist of the modern time, Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose, both science and religion teach only one thing: that there is unity amidst diversity. Therefore in Carlyle's opinion, all sciences deliver the same message: that amidst these Specialities, we

should not forget the great Generality. This can be achieved only when we study the life of a great hero whose life gives us the key to the solution of one or other of the problems of man. Thus the great prophet of Victorian England toiled hard for a whole life-time to preach a message which reminds us how we can "make our lives sublime" and leave "footprints on the sands of time".

The Northern Circars and The First Committee of Circuit

BY LANKA SUNDARAM, M.A., F.R.Econ.S. (London)

THE COMMITTEE OF REVENUE

The Regulating Act of 1773 was responsible for a marked change in the conduct of the administration of the affairs of the East India Company. It made it obligatory on the part of the Presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay to lay before the authorities at home a detailed analysis of their respective revenues. Not long after the receipt of orders from the Court of Directors, the President and Council at Madras resolved¹ that "it appears that some inconveniences have arisen from blending . . . ['the business of revenue'] with other proceedings of the Civil Department, that connection being frequently broken and interrupted, it is often necessary before a subject can be thoroughly understood, to make a great number of references which not only create trouble and loss of time, but it sometimes happens, notwithstanding the greatest care, that many little circumstances escape notice and occasion omissions which might be easily prevented by a more regular and connected method of conducting business". It was further resolved that the revenue business be conducted by a 'Board of Revenue'² and the Proceedings be entitled 'Proceedings of the Board of Revenue'. To facilitate the smooth and efficient working of this scheme, a Committee of Four was elected by ballot and appointed to meet once a month or oftener to conduct

¹ *Rev. Cons.* 18th August 1774, Vol. 17, p. 1.

² This Board must not be confused with the Board of Revenue as such created on 1st August 1786 during the administration of Sir Archibald Campbell.

THE NORTHERN CIRCARS

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the business of this department and to maintain an 'Account Current Book'¹ in order that the amounts of balances arising out of the transactions between the Company on the one hand and the Zemindars and renters on the other might be clearly exhibited. Henceforward, a continuity of policy and thoroughness of revenue administration with the attendant benefits to the renters and cultivators as were so far unknown might be expected.

The efforts of the Madras Council at this stage were beset with great difficulties. With a view to clear the ground for the Committee of Four, they reviewed the existing position of revenue affairs in the Northern Circars.² The Company's possessions comprising of lands 'held by them in absolute right' were found to consist of the *haveli* lands, approximating to a certain extent to the ancient royal demesne and of Zemindari lands held by individuals with varying rights and status. In both these cases the Company entered into agreements with them on a mixed tributary and lease basis and as such no direct contact between the former and the actual cultivators was possible. The Zemindars were found to be of a puzzling type. Some of them were 'hereditary landowners', tracing their origin to comparatively remote periods. Others were self-created territorial proprietors who came into existence during the troublous times that followed the break up of the Bahamani Kingdom and the Mughal Empire. But both these classes were equally obstinate and "often refused obedience until compelled by force" which at times resulted in their expulsion from their Zemindaries. "The Government found the attachment of the people to the Zemindars so strong that they could seldom collect any part of the revenues and in general they rather chose to give the lands to one of the family than to annex them to the Crown." Forcible occupation was never contemplated. All that was done was to 'secure a reasonable tribute' settled with the individual Zemindars and the renters in general. The

¹ *Idem.* 26th August, p. 5.

² *Idem.* pp. 5-25.

system of leases, generally for periods of three or five years, more often the former, was found convenient. A principle of gradation of annual payments in the ascending order was unconsciously adopted, and the 'medium'¹ was generally recognised as the standard for revenue transactions. This system, presumably, worked smoothly as far as it obtained, inasmuch as the lower initial payment was capable of being augmented considerably by the time the leases expired, on account of the possibility of an increased attention to and grasp of detail by the contracting parties of the agricultural conditions. This feature led to the unavoidable presence of balances outstanding in the Company's accounts, while the principle of continuity of management as seen in the convenient re-appointment of a renter was gradually instituted. The tentative arrangements recognising Hussain Ali Khan as the chief renter of the Company's southern possessions and allowing Sitarama Razu to mediate for the revenues of the Chicacole Zemindars were given up, and "the Board"² thought it expedient to try the mode of settling with the Zemindars without the intervention of a renter, and the experiment succeeded beyond all expectations".

Paucity of material, in spite of the accounts of the subordinate settlements, hampered the activities of the Company "to prevent the people from being oppressed and to secure to them all their just rights and privileges, for industry is the natural effect of security". To obviate this difficulty, the duties of the Committee of Four were clearly defined. They were to meet as frequently as occasion demanded. Something like an agricultural census was to be attempted. The Committee were directed to ascertain the value of the lands, their capacity for improvement, the mode of division of crops and the realisation

¹ The medium finds its parallel in Akbar's *mahsul*. See the present writer's brochure, *Mughal Land Revenue System*, p. 25. The Basheer Muslim Library, Woking, England. 1929.

² The Board here referred to is the Madras Council which was customarily called by that name.

of the assessment, and to "draw out an account of the several divisions of the home farms",¹ specifying the chief towns and villages dependent on the various *cusbas* or chiefships, the number of houses, the nature of the soil, whether watered by tanks or *pikotas*,² the number of tanks and water courses, the expenses required to put them into proper condition, the prospective advantages to be derived from such constructive undertakings, the proportion of cultivated to uncultivated land, and the like. Likewise was an industrial census enjoined with a view to facilitate the commercial activities of the Company. Further, the Committee were asked to make an historical inquiry into the position of the *srotriam* and *inam* lands. A minute investigation was cautiously avoided, but the Chiefs and Councils of the subordinate settlements were instructed to furnish detailed accounts-current of revenue, with their views on the probable effects of a fragmentation of individual holdings under the management of renters from whose 'want of responsibility' the Company 'frequently suffered'. Particular emphasis was laid upon the independent 'further enquiries' of the Company's servants in supplying this information explanatory to the accounts of the *sheristadars*, *mujumdars*, *deshmukhs* and the *deshpandyas*. All this was anticipatory of the terms of reference to the Committee of Circuit which was appointed a year later.

The Committee submitted its first report on 1st December 1774, which dealt with the accounts-current of the various districts belonging to the Company.³ After carefully comparing their information with the oral and written evidence and accounts of the Zemindars and renters, the Committee dilated upon the imperfections in the dealings of various subordinate

¹ Corresponding to the *Khalsa* of the Muhammadan regime. Same as the *haveli*.

² *Pikota* is one of the principal instruments in lift irrigation. See Maclean. *S. V.* Vol. III. p. 682.

³ *Idem.* pp. 169—177.

Chiefs and Councils with the farmers of revenue in general. Extracts from this report were sent to the chiefships concerned for their explanation. This may be regarded as the first instance of a system of audit of the revenue accounts fully developed in the Madras Presidency at a considerably later date.

The inquiry, rather the survey ordered by the Madras Council occasioned a lot of suspicion on the part of the renters as well as the cultivators. The Committee were not satisfied with the accounts supplied by the Chief and Council of Masulipatam and deemed them "insufficient to enable us to judge of their real value,"¹ while they expressed their surprise at the fears of the inhabitants who "appear to be so much interested in every kind of improvement of the lands, that we cannot conceive why an enquiry of this kind should afford them any real grounds of suspicion."² At this stage, George Mackay, a member of the Madras Council, submitted a reasoned minute deprecating short leases.³ He raised seven points dealing with the advisability of adopting a system of long leases, encouraging the Company's servants to rent lands, bringing Zemindari agreements into assonance with those relating to the *haveli* lands, and synchronising both for purposes of administrative convenience, prohibiting the acceptance of *nazars* on pain of suspension from office, issuing public advertisements in English and Telugu while calling in revenue offers scrapping up inland duties and finally appointing a committee to circuit the Company's *jagir*⁴ and the Northern Circars. All these proposals

¹ *Masulipatam to Madras*, 18th April 1775. *Rev. Cons.* 8th May, Vol. 17-A, pp. 162—168. Again, Masulipatam wrote that "on account of the intricacy and excessive tediousness of the Elloreaccounts . . . it would not be in our power to perfect the enquiry you have directed" *Same to same*, 7th August, *idem.* 18th August, pp. 418.

² *Idem.* pp. 171—172.

³ *Idem.* pp. 167—170.

⁴ At this period the *jagir* consisted of the lands round Madras forming part of the present Chingleput District.

were approved with the exception of the last for which the existing conditions were deemed unpropitious.¹ "Upon a comparative view of the affairs. . . the Board observe with concern that the offers for five years fall short of the late rents upwards of 7,000 pagodas per annum, and they observe also that the offers upon the increased term of eight and ten years even do not come up to those rents." This is evidently due to the reflex effects of the stir caused by the proposed inquiry. "The offers are in general inadequate to the value of the farms" and all except three, of which one was that of an European renter, were rejected. At the same time the farms for which the proposals were rejected were to be managed "immediately on . . . [the Company's] own account," until the results of the survey ordered to be conducted by Mr. Scott of the Masulipatam farms became available.

The Committee submitted its second report on 21st July 1775.² As far as the Northern Circars were concerned, the findings of the Committee indicated a very unfavourable situation. Large balances were outstanding in the Company's accounts. Most of the renters and Zemindars under Vizagapatam who owed them were dispossessed of their lands. The balances under Masulipatam "appear to us very considerable and we therefore represent them to you that you may issue such orders as may appear to you necessary upon the occasion.

. . . For the regular keeping of the books account-current of the Zemindars and renters, it is necessary that it be the province of one person." The Madras Council circularised the Chiefs and Councils of Vizagapatam and Masulipatam with the above findings, while Mr. Hoissard was appointed to the charge of the accounts-current with the Zemindars and renters.

THE FIRST COMMITTEE OF CIRCUIT

The appointment of the Committee of Circuit is memorable in more ways than one. So far, matters relating to revenue

¹ *Rev. Cons.* 6th June; *Idem.* pp. 200—218.

² *Rev. Cons.* 21st July *idem.* pp. 340—42.

were dealt with in the most casual manner possible. The subordinate chiefships conducted the revenue business at first in the public consultations and then in the military consultations and sometimes in both. It was not till 1774 that the revenue business was clearly separated from the military and commercial undertakings, and a series of revenue consultations started. The appointment of the Circuit Committee resulted in accelerating this attempt for a departmental organisation of the ever-increasing volume of the revenue business and not only provided for continuity of policy but also systematised the revenue methods.

Previous to the appointment of the Circuit Committee, the Chiefs and Councils of the subordinate settlements had not access to detailed and authentic local information necessary to give them a regular, definite and real grasp of the position of the agriculturists and the capacity of the country to yield an adequate and reasonable revenue for which there was an ever-growing demand on the part of the Company with their increased responsibility and enlarged field of activities. No wonder that they were at the mercy of the few who understood the English language and were entitled to their confidence. It was essentially an age of *dubash* tyranny. The cases of Kandregula Jogi Pantulu, Venkata Rayulu and Jaggappa on the one hand and of Bala Krishna Naidu on the other are instances in point. Next to these 'interpreters' came the select group of the landed aristocracy who had the wherewithal to parade their capacity to rent lands for a consideration. What the Company at this period wanted was an adequate security for the regular payment of the much needed revenue, and this the mixed type of landed proprietors, otherwise indifferently called Zemindars, were seen to provide most often with the collateral security of *soucar* bills. But the *dubash*, by the nature of his appointment which was often coupled with that of a renter of the Company's *haveli* lands, was a potential instrument for double-dealing and oppression, while the

demonstrations of some of the prospective renters were frequently deceptive. The latter fact may be illustrated by the enormous balances invariably remaining in the credit columns of the Company's accounts. Even the large estates, say of Vizianagaram and Pithapuram, were not sufficient guarantees for the regular payment of the Company's dues. The period prior to this important event was essentially one of revenue speculation, both on the part of the Company's servants and the prospective renters, inasmuch as neither of them had the means or the social standing sufficient to inspire confidence and obtain a specific knowledge of the condition of the husbandmen, the capacity of the land, the state of irrigational facilities, the effect of the seasons on the crops and the like, not to speak of the question of land tenures. The situation was worsened by the fact that most of the renters were privateers in the good books of the Company without possessing any local knowledge. What was looked for was the assurance of an agreement for an appreciable amount of revenue reinforced by a guarantee for its punctual payment. Obviously, such a variable mode of revenue speculation could not have produced a just system of revenue assessment and collection. The orders for the appointment of the Circuit Committee were conceived to relieve the disastrous effects of such a process susceptible of modulation from year to year.

The appointment of the Circuit Committee was ordered by the Court of Directors in their dispatch of 12th April 1775.¹ It was to consist of 'a committee of our Council', meaning thereby the Madras Council, which was "to acquire a compleat knowledge of the territories which have been granted to the Company on the Coast of Coramandel and to establish a judicious and

¹ *Madras Dispatches*, Vol. 6, pp. 872-98. It is quite probable that this measure of the Court of Directors was prompted by the decision of the Madras Council in appointing the Committee of Four, as there was sufficient time for the former to receive the Madras advices announcing the same before they proceeded with the appointment of the Circuit Committee.

permanent system for their future management". They were to "ascertain with all possible exactness the produce of the countries, the number of inhabitants, the state of manufactures, the fortified places, the gross amount of the revenues, the articles from which they arose, and the mode by which they are collected, the charges of collection, the specific proportion usually received by the Rajah or Zemindar, and that which custom or usage has allotted to the cultivator as reward of his labor . . . They are particularly to enquire what security . . . [the latter] has for his property, what courts there are for the administration of justice and how far similar regulations to those lately established at Bengal by our President and Council [there] may with propriety be introduced into the Northern Circars." "The impropriety of suffering any Zemindar to become a formidable neighbour or too powerful cannot admit of a doubt. . . . In order to enable us to strike at the root of this evil, the Committee of Circuit must take the most effectual means for ascertaining the strength of each Rajah, Zemindar or landholder in the Circars, the expense of his household and that of his troops, the means he may have of defraying such expenses, and the number of regular troops which it will be necessary for us to maintain in the respective districts in order to keep them in due subjection. . . . [to maintain which, the] tribute remitted to our treasury at Fort St. George be nevertheless considerably increased. We are therefore resolved that every military man in the Circars shall be absolutely under our own command, obliged to serve us whenever he may be wanted." If any of the Zemindars "relinquish their hereditary claims, we have no objection to allow them such stipends as shall be found reasonable in lieu of the benefits arising from their Zemindaries". "It is by no means our wish to deprive the hereditary Rajahs or Zemindars of their annual incomes; on the contrary, we mean to secure it to them without the necessity of keeping up an armed force to compel payment thereof and it is our earnest desire to deliver the

inhabitants, so far as may be in our power, from undue exaction and oppression." Finally, the Committee were to lease out the lands for a period of years, at their own discretion, on the expiry of the existing agreements.

The unfortunate administration of Lord Pigot, which resulted in his ultimate imprisonment by the majority of the Madras Council, impeded the immediate appointment of the Circuit Committee so definitely insisted upon by the Court of Directors. Notwithstanding the spirited protest of Sir Robert Fletcher,¹ the obstinacy of Lord Pigot who pleaded the urgency of the Tanjore affairs and the impossibility of sparing senior servants to serve on the Committee, protracted the quarrels among the members of the Madras Council to a disgusting extent. During the course of this unfortunate affair,² Francis Jourdan, a senior member of the Council who saw service to the northward, minuted³: "I know of no other circumstance in the present situation of our affairs that can justify longer delay in carrying on these orders of the Company for the Circuit into execution; on the contrary, the rents of the farms are continued for one year and the mode tends evidently to distress the inhabitants in those districts. The Zemindars likewise must be managed in the same manner. The Zemindars will be discouraged from improvement in the apprehension of an increase of tribute and this mode, injurious as it may be, cannot be altered until the Committee obtain full and perfect information of the real value of the lands. The Circars are capable of great improvement.

¹ *Rev. Cons.* 28th June 1776. Vol. 18. p. 162.

² See *idem.* 26th July, 1st August, 2nd August, 5th August and 9th August *idem.* pp. 180-82; 206; 218; 217-218; 223-26; and 257-68 respectively. For a vivid narrative of Lord Pigot's career, see Love: *Vestiges*. III. pp. 84-122. For a narrative of the personal animosities between the members of the Madras Council see *Lord Pigot's Narrative of the late Revolution in the Government of Madras, with marginal notes* by Alexander Dalrymple. India Office Library. No. 4. D. 20.

³ *Rev. Cons.* 28th July. Vol. 18. pp. 180-82.

... These are the objects of Government (*sic*) and which if well attended to will give confidence, wealth and happiness to the people and increase the revenues of the Government, and these are the objects entrusted to the care of the Committee." Spurred to action by this spirited minute, the majority in Council,¹ appointed the Committee of Circuit on 11th October 1776.² Consisting of Samuel Johnson, Charles Floyer, John Hollond, Peter Perring and Quintin Craufurd, the Committee were ordered to investigate in the first instance the revenues of the Chicacole *pargana*.³

DUTIES OF THE CIRCUIT COMMITTEE

Early during the disagreement between the members of the Madras Council, attempts were made to define the scope of the work of the Circuit Committee on the basis of the instructions of the Court of Directors. Alexander Dalrymple, the future author of the *Oriental Repertory*, then a member of the Council, prepared an elaborate list of the duties of, and the procedure to be adopted by, the Committee.⁴ His clear enunciation of the *modus vivendi* to be profitably adopted, which consisted of the detailing of individual members of the Committee assisted by junior servants to localise their investigations in the

¹ The majority minute was signed by George Stratton, Sir Thomas Fletcher, Charles Floyer, Henry Brooke, Archdale Palmer, Francis Jourdan and George Mackay.

² *Madras to Vizagapatam*, 11th October. *idem*. p. 856.

³ The Committee originally named by the Court of Directors consisted of George Dawson, Claud Russel, Alexander Dalrymple, Samuel Johnson and George Mackay. See *Madras Dispatches*, (Revenue) 12 April 1775, para 35. Vol. 6. p. 397. But owing to official and personal difficulties, the original Committee as such could not proceed as a body. It is significant to note that the appointment of junior servants was mostly disastrous. Almost all of them were found guilty of peculation during later investigations. It is equally conspicuous to note that the members of the original Committee were exactly of the opposite character.

⁴ *Rev. Cons.* 29th July. Vol. 18. pp. 191ff.

different parts of the Circars and after collating their work in committee to proceed with the leasing out of the lands, did not evoke the consideration it merited. Lord Pigot was suspended on 25th August 1776, and instructions were issued to the Circuit Committee on 31st October¹ under the signature of George Stratton who was elected President by the majority in Council.

Put briefly, the Circuit Committee were ordered to investigate the best possible way of increasing the Company's revenues.² To supply authentic and detailed information about the state of the existing affairs was a secondary charge. Not even a single point was missed. From the examination of the position of the formidable military strength of the Raja of Vizianagaram to an enquiry into the necessity of building a residence for the Paymaster of Aska, the Committee were to concern themselves with everything. Sufficient latitude of action was given to them and they were urged to conduct the inquiry "in the most expeditious and effectual manner possible". All the records of the Company's subordinate settlements were put at their disposal, and the persons employed in the survey of the lands were detailed to assist them in every way.

The Committee were asked to examine into the validity of the claims for an abatement of revenue by Jagannadha Razu and Jaggabandhu Chaudhari, renters of the Company's *haveli* lands in the Chicacole and Ichchapur *parganas* respectively and by Sitarama Razu *diwan* to and elder brother of the Raja of Vizianagaram. They were further to report on the advisability of converting the smaller and heavily encumbered

¹ *Madras to Circuit Committee*, 31st October. *idem*. pp. 875-82.

² For a clear account of the duties of the Circuit Committee see *Madras Letters Received* (Revenue) 14th October 1775 (Wynch). Vol. 7. Complaining of the chaotic condition of the revenue affairs in the Circars, to rectify which the Circuit Committee were appointed, Madras wrote home: "The rights of the Government have been sacrificed and the privileges of the inhabitants violently encroached upon." *Idem*, para 5.

Zemindaries into the Company's *haveli* with suitable *jagirs* provided for the maintenance of the sequestered Zemindari families. But, "we do not mean upon any account to take away from the Zemindars their hereditary rights." Means were to be recommended for reducing the price of salt. Octroi and other Zemindari duties which were harmful to industry and commerce were to be minutely inquired into with a view to their total abolition, as well as the validity of the innumerable grants for lands in the possession of cultivators which exempted them from paying rent to the Company in some way or other. This practically amounted to an historical inquiry into the question of land tenures. Finally, the instructions were rounded off with the following remarkable passage¹: "The increase of cultivation and of population, the increase of the wealth of individuals and of revenue to Government are so connected with each other, that in the investigation entrusted to you, every day will throw new light upon the information of the preceding day. We rely upon the exertion of your endeavours in the execution of this important business, and we shall therefore only add that much will depend on impressing the minds of the people with confidence in our Government and securing to the industrious the produce of their labour."

The appointment of the Circuit Committee did not immediately secure the avowed objects of the majority of the Council which shortly after arrested and imprisoned Lord Pigot, as they at once proceeded to abandon the principles on which they had appeared to fight. On the recommendation of the Masulipatam Council,² they let the lands for a term of two years

¹ Para 21 of the instructions *Idem*.

² *Masulipatam to Madras*, 21st November 1776. *Rev. Cons.* 4th December. *Idem*. pp. 480ff. Charles Floyer who was a member of the Circuit Committee and who later became notorious for his acts of misappropriation of public revenues, was the Chief of Masulipatam at this time. See also, *Madras Letters Received* (Revenue) 6th February 1777. 4. (Stratton). Vol. 8, pp. 244-45.

under the impression that such an act would not only allay popular apprehensions but also facilitate the Circuit Committee's work, and thus within less than a fortnight of the revolution, the policy which they so vigorously enunciated was completely reversed.

After the completion of preliminary investigations of the Vizagapatam records, the Circuit Committee requested¹ for a copy of the report of the Bengal Committee of Circuit, which was appointed considerably earlier,² with a view to inquire into precedents and assess their applicability to the conditions prevailing in the Northern Circars. The original Committee of Four still continued to function, and on 14th January 1777 they furnished a report³ based on a detailed analysis of the Company's revenues from the various *parganas* of the Northern Circars. This curious parallelism in the functions and investigations of the two Committees is not clearly explicable.

REPORTS OF THE CIRCUIT COMMITTEE

The Circuit Committee were compelled to plunge at once into the tangled morass of Vizianagaram politics which came to a climax at this period. The fraternal jealousies between Vizarama Razu, the Raja of Vizianagaram, and his aggrieved elder brother, Sitarama Razu, whose claims to the Zemindari had been overlooked, reached the point at which no orderly government of the vast tracts of land under their joint control was possible. Jagannadha Razu, the *diwan* of Vizarama Razu and the renter of the Company's *haveli* lands in the Chicacole Circar, was imprisoned by the Vizagapatam Council for his alleged contumacy in aiding Rajanna Dora, a rebel chief in the

¹ *Circuit Committee to Madras*, 20th December. *Idem* 31st December. p. 495.

² The Bengal Report was not at all supplied to the Circuit Committee. See *Report of the Circuit Committee* 10th September 1777. para 24. *Rev. Cons.* 18th November. *Idem*. p. 658.

³ Interim Report signed by Brooke and Jourdon dated Fort St. George 14th January 1777. *Rev. Cons.* 17th January. Vol. 19. pp 14-17.

West Godavari District.¹ The Madras Government took strong exception to this and wrote to Vizagapatam²: "As we have already recommended to the Chiefs and Councils in the Circars to keep upon the best terms possible with the several Zemindars and to maintain them in their respective rights and privileges, we are much concerned at the steps you had taken to confine Jaggernautauze without the charge being proved against him. For being Duan to Vizarama Razu he should have been imprisoned through him for the claim laid to his charge." Vizarama Razu protested at this obvious encroachment of his just rights and refused to proceed to Madras as was ordered by the Vizagapatam Council.³ Instead, he rescued Jagannadha Razu from the custody of the Company's troops, and not only made him a prisoner for a second time but also abetted his brother Sitarama Razu in imprisoning and torturing Jagga Rao, the Company's interpreter at Vizagapatam.⁴ Notwithstanding the protests of the Circuit Committee⁵ and the demand by the Madras Council for the release of Jagannadha Razu,⁶ he put Vizianagaram in a

¹ *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 27th February 1777. *Milit. Cons.* 10th March. Vol. 88. pp. 819-28. In this Jagannadha Razu was supposed to have had the support of his erstwhile enemy Sitarama Razu. The records for this period dealing with the Vizianagaram family seem to be very much confused. It was the same Jagannadha Razu who was later recommended by the Circuit Committee to the *Musumdari* of the Chicacole Circar. See *Infra*, p. 28.

² *Madras to Vizagapatam*, 2nd May. *Idem.* pp. 655-56.

³ *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 17th April. *Milit. Cons.* 28th April. Vol. 88. p. 685 and Vol. 84. p. 686.

⁴ *Same to Same*. 30th June and 1st July. *Milit. Cons.* 14th July. Vol. 84. pp. 995-98 and 999 respectively; see also *same to same* 5th June and 30th June. *Rev. Cons.* 17th July. Vol. 19. pp. 285-305. ; See further, *Madras Letters Received*, 18th September 1777 (Whitehill) paras 9-11. Vol. 8. pp. 868-65.

⁵ *Circuit Committee to Vizarama Razu*, dated Chicacole 28th June in *Circuit Committee to Madras*, 5th July. *Rev. Cons.* 1st August. Vol. 19. pp. 480-82.

⁶ *Madras to Vizagapatam*, (military). 14th July. Vol. 84. pp. 1018-14.

state of defence and collecting 25,000 troops threatened hostilities with a view to openly assert his rights.¹ He was further believed to be in league with the Maharattas.² The disputes between the Vizagapatam Council and Capt. Murphy, the officer commanding the Company's troops in the Chicacole Circar, unnecessarily dragged on till 19th July 1777,³ when at the request of the former, reinforcements were sent under Capt. Collins from Masulipatam and Capt. Cheshyre from Ganjam.⁴ Roused at last to a sense of the gravity of the situation the incapable Vizarama Razu recalled the detachment of a thousand troops sent to the aid of Rajanna Dora, sent in *teeps* for Rs. 1,22,666 and promised to pay off the remaining balance to the Company in a short time. But Jagannadha Razu's life was still in danger, since by this time the ascendancy of Sitarama Razu over his weakling brother was supreme. Samuel Johnson, Chief of Vizagapatam, deputed Quintin Craufurd, a member of his Council, and the Company's *dubash* to conclude a speedy settlement with Vizarama Razu.⁵ Madras condemned this proceeding as calculated "to degrade the authority of the Company"⁶ while the mission itself failed in that Vizarama Razu refused to deliver Jagannadha Razu into the custody of the Company.⁷

Even though Jagannadha Razu was released almost immediately afterwards,⁸ Sir Edward Hughes was asked to

¹ *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 8 and 9 July. *Milit. Cons.* 21 July. *Idem.* pp. 1080-82.

² *Idem*

³ For the correspondence between the Vizagapatam Council and Capt. Murphy, over the powers of the Company's military officers in relation to those of the civil servants, see *Milit. Cons.* 21 July. *Idem.* pp. 1088-50.

⁴ See correspondence in *Milit. Cons.* 5th August. *Idem.* pp. 1189-90.

⁵ *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 23 July. *Milit. Cons.* 5 August. *Idem.* pp. 1180 to 88.

⁶ *Madras to Vizagapatam* 5 August. *Idem.* pp. 1168 to 66.

⁷ *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 28 July. *Milit. Cons.* 8 August. *Idem.* pp. 1178 to 80 and the enclosures pp. 1180 to 85.

⁸ *Same to same*, (supplemental) 28 July. *Idem.* p. 1186.

provide two ships to carry troops and stores to Vizagapatam,¹ and on the minute of General Stuart the Madras Council resolved to garrison the fort of Vizianagaram.² Jagannadha Razu still remained at large³, and ran the risk of being again kidnapped.⁴ Further reinforcements were ordered to Vizagapatam,⁵ Masulipatam was directed to defray the expenses of the expedition,⁶ and Col. Braithwaite placed in charge of the operations.⁷ Vizarama Razu was ordered⁸ to remove all his effects from Vizianagaram, to look to Madras for future instructions, to account for the "indignity and insult [offered] to this Government and for the impediments thrown in the way of the Circuit Committee,"⁹ to appoint with the consent of Sitarama Razu an heir to the Zemindari, to deliver the fort of Vizianagaram

¹ *Idem.* p. 1188.

² He was supported by the President George Stratton, Charles Floyer and Francis Jourdan. Charles Mackay, who was former Chief of Vizagapatam, requested in vain for an inquiry into the conduct of the Vizagapatam Council and into the intrigues of a John Douglas and his *dubash* (who was recently appointed the Company *dubash* at Vizagapatam in succession to Jagga Rao) in fomenting dissensions between the Vizagapatam Council and Vizarama Razu, and thus give the Raja an opportunity to justify his conduct. See *Milit. Cons.* 11th August. *Idem.* pp. 1192 to 1204. Strangely enough, the Court of Directors approved the conduct of General Stuart. See *Madras Dispatches*. 14th April 1779. Vol. 8. pp. 368-77.

³ *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 19th July. *Milit. Cons.* 11th August. Vol. 84. pp. 1209-12.

⁴ *Vizagapatam to Madras* (supplemental) 29th July, and of 31st July *Milit. Cons.* 11th August. Vol. 84. pp. 1212-18.

⁵ *Madras to Sir Edward Hughes*, 11th August. *Idem.* pp. 1119-20.

⁶ *Milit. Cons.* 12th August. pp. 1121-22. Mackay again vainly pleaded for the postponement of aggressive measures.

⁷ *Madras to Vizagapatam*, 15th August. *Idem.* pp. 1225-31, and instructions Col. Braithwaite, *Idem.* pp. 1231-37.

⁸ *Madras to Vizarama Razu*, *Idem.* pp. 1237-44.

⁹ The Circuit Committee strongly complained of the impediments thrown in the way of their inquiries by Vizarama Razu who refused them access to the village accountants. See *Circuit Committee to Madras*, 5th July. *Rev. Cons.* 1st August. Vol. 19. pp. 480-82.

to Col. Braithwaite within twenty-four hours' notice; and, finally, to proceed to Madras for a new revenue settlement. Vizarama Razu protested in vain against his ill-treatment by the Vizagapatam Council,¹ and surrendered on 17th August 1777.² Sitarama Razu fled from Vizianagaram the very next day, and the Vizagapatam Council recommended his imprisonment inasmuch as his flight with his family effects constituted an act of criminality and as "his ambition [could] only be equalled by his avarice".³ Communicating the whole transaction to Warren Hastings, the Whitehill Government observed⁴ that the preceding Stratton Government had taken such severe steps "thinking this a favourable opportunity for reducing the increased power of Vizaramrauze which has long been an object of jealousy to the Company".

It is clear from the preceding narrative that the action of

¹ *Vizarama Razu to Madras in Milit. Cons.* 18th August. Vol. 85 p. 1274. The Razu's letter was not dated.

² *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 20th August. *Idem.* 4th September pp. 1340-43, and enclosures, pp. 1344-57. A narrative of the incidents was supplied in same to same of 30th August. *Idem.* 9th September, pp. 1382-93, and the numerous enclosures which constitute Braithwaite's correspondence with the Vizagapatam council and contain copies of the *sanads* given by Vizarama Razu to Jagannadha Razu are to be found in pp. 1394-1427.

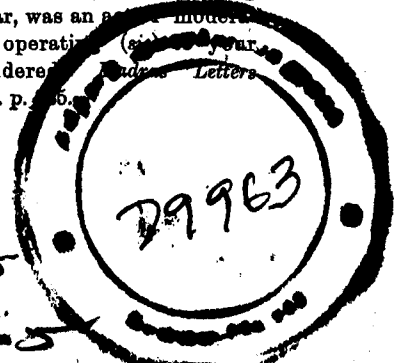
³ "In justice to Vizaramrauze", the Madras Government wrote home that he formally submitted to the Chief of Vizagapatam before the arrival of the European detachments. See *Madras Letters Received*, 15th October, para 3. (Whitehill). Vol. 8. pp. 432-33.

⁴ *Loc. Cit.*

⁵ *Madras to Bengal* (military) 19th September. *Idem.* pp. 1446-69.

The Whitehill Government further wrote to the Court of Directors: "Vizaramrauze's power appears long to have been an object of apprehension to this Government, and his Jammabundy or tribute to the Company has on that account been rated much lower in proportion (*sic*) than that of the other Zemindars. To strike at the root of this evil without forcibly dispossessing him of his lands or involving the Company in the inconveniences of a war, was an act of moderation and prudence which cannot fail of operating to the great advantage in whatever light it is considered." *Madras Letters Received*, 19th September 1777, para 11 Vol. 8. p. 436.

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the Madras Government was unnecessarily provocative and precipitate. No doubt, the Vizianagaram Zemindari had become more and more formidable ever since the battle of Kondur, and the Court of Directors and the Circuit Committee recommended its reduction. The difficulty lay in finding a suitable pretext for such an unprecedented act. The aggressive attitude of the Vizagapatam Council in imprisoning the *diwan* of Vizianagaram without the charges being proved against him and without the previous permission of his master was condemned with justice by the Stratton Government. But the righteous indignation of the vacillating Vizarama was exploited as offering a pretext for reducing the influence and wealth of the Vizianagaram family, and hence the precipitate proceedings. It is singular that the Court of Directors made no comment on these transactions although they strongly condemned the later proceedings of Sir Thomas Rumbold.

The first report of the Circuit Committee¹ naturally comprised an account of the military strength of Vizarama Razu. It is impossible to credit this report with the responsibility for the reduction of the Vizianagaram Zemindari, since it was dated 16th August 1777, the day previous to, and was read in Madras revenue consultations ten days after, the actual surrender of Vizarama Razu. Equally impossible it is to say how far the investigations of the Committee during the nine months preceding the fall of the fort of Vizianagaram supplied the Madras Council with information sufficient to induce them to pursue such a forward policy. Hence, the doubtful value of the sections of this report dealing with the military position of the Zemindari. Yet, it throws a flood of light on the exact situation of the affairs in the Chicacole Circar and undoubtedly helped the Madras Council to formulate plans for the general demilitarisation of the Circar which was systematically carried out subsequently.

¹ *Circuit Committee to Madras*, dated Chicacole 16 August. *Rev. Cons.* 27 August. Vol. 19. pp. 522-48.

The accounts perused by the Committee 'were broken and unfinished' and their investigations were greatly handicapped by want of access to the village accountants. The revenues of Vizarama Razu were estimated at twenty lakhs of rupees a year. Of this, six or seven lakhs, or nearly a third of the gross revenues of the Zemindari, were generally expended on the maintenance of a regular force of eleven thousand *sibbandi*.¹ Sitarama Razu was "well known to be a man of great intrigue, abilities and persuasion" and kept a constant correspondence with the other Zemindars awaiting an opportunity to take the field against the Company. The renters of the Chicacole and Kasimkota *haveli* lands were not entitled to any abatement of their rents.

The second report of the Circuit Committee² throws a lot of light on the proprietary rights of the Zemindars, *inamdars*, renters and, finally, of the actual cultivators of the soil, even though some of their contentions and observations as to fact are questionable. The resolution of the Madras Council on this report is not of any real significance as Johnson and Perring who are signatories to the report happened to be members thereof when it came under their consideration.

"The Chicacole havelly is, in general, we understand, thinly populated and not sufficiently stocked with bullocks for cultivation and that on this account many spots capable of cultivation have been neglected for many years past." A succession of short leases entirely ruined the country as "in a short lease the renter must necessarily be discouraged from launching out in (*sic*) any considerable improvements on account of the danger his property would be liable to from

¹ Eight thousand troops were stationed at Vizianagaram. Two thousand three hundred of these were "sepoys with firelocks, of which eleven hundred are clothed and a thousand and seven hundred receive the same pay as the Company's".

² *Circuit Committee to Madras*, 10 September. *Rev. Cons.* 18 November. *Idem.* pp. 628-64.

The observations on land tenures are fully utilised in the chapter on land tenures.

the failure of rains and as he can have no certainty of his expenses being reimbursed". "The computation of the produce being fixed too high in several villages where they (*sic*) fell, and partly as the price at which the Government's share was charged to the inhabitants being rated above the due medium of value", the cultivators were heavily indebted to the renters. Further, the Company sustained a loss of a lakh and a half rupees during the management of the *haveli* lands by Akkaji and Mir Sahib. The Vizianagaram family was aggressive in usurping the Kotapalem *pargana*¹ from its lawful Zemindar whose family first obtained possession of it from Hafiz-ud-Din, Nawab of Chicacole, as far back as 1725, and of the Gunupuram and Nerumandalam *parganas*² which rightfully belonged to Jagannadha Deo, Raja of Kimedi. Sitarama Razu claimed illegally and enjoyed the revenues of certain *haveli* villages valued at Rs. 45,000.

The Committee did not approve of the appointment, according to the usual practice, of inexperienced *tahsildars* to collect the revenues of the lands of defaulting renters and Zemindars. With a view to obviate the existing undesirable features in the administration of the Chicacole Circar, as enumerated above, they recommended that the *haveli* lands be leased out to Padmanabha Razu for a period of ten years which would improve the revenue conditions to an astonishing extent. The improvement of the revenues being their primary charge, the Committee recommended that all the outstanding balances must be considered as revenue 'whether received or not' and inserted accordingly in the Company's accounts. Further, they thought it proper when preparing *chowles* "to insert such conditions in order to preclude all pretensions in the renter (*sic*) to deductions at the expira-

¹ In the Chipurupallee taluk of the Vizagapatam district.

² In the Gunupuram taluk of the Vizagapatam district. I am not able to identify the Nerumandalam *pargana* which word, in all probability, is not in current use.

tion of the term on the ground of former precedents." The Vizianagaram family was not entitled to the retention of the Kotapalem *pargana* and as such Timma Razu the rightful owner should be restored to it on a reasonable rent. Likewise, the offer of Rs. 25,000 by Jagannadha Deo, Raja of Kimedi, for the Gunupuram and Nerumandalam *parganas* might be accepted and the countries delivered to his charge, as these were obtained by Sitarama Razu as lately as 1771. "We conceive the lands themselves are unalienable" and "it appears to us to be not only inconsistent with the submission due to the supremacy of the Company's Government that the Zemindars should privately alienate any part of the lands of their Zemindaries, but further the allowing of such a practice would be no less repugnant to principles of sound policy." As to the *haveli* villages, continued possession by Sitarama Razu had not created any legal right for him. They were first obtained by the Vizianagaram family in 1741 during the governorship of Jaffer Ali Khan, whose inefficient administration resulted in his removal and the appointment of Abdali Khan. Vizarama Razu the Great found means to arrange for the reappointment of Jaffer Ali and subsequently defeated the Hyderabad forces in 1752. Then followed the administration of De Bussey. The villages in question were never relinquished even during the management of Ibrahim Khan who was appointed as the French deputy in the Chicacole Circar when De Bussey finally left the Northern Circars. Finally, no authentic *sanads* under the Hyderabad seal were produced by the Vizianagaram family. Even if there were any, "it cannot, we think, be doubted that the Company by the cession that was made them of the Circars by the Court of Delly, became immediately possessed of all the rights over them, that resided in the Mogul Government." On all these grounds the Committee recommended that the *haveli* villages concerned be taken possession of by the Company and managed on their own account.

The Committee reported that it was customary for the Company to realise the revenue from the inhabitants in specie.

and not in kind. When the grain was ripe the renter or his agents attended by the head inhabitants and the village *conicoplies* made a computation of the produce. In case of a disagreement, the fact that the grain was under the surveillance of the renter coerced the inhabitants into acquiescence. Attested copies of documents stating the quantity of the produce were deposited in the *muzumdari* office. The renter then ordered the inhabitants to gather the produce, and the price charged by the Government for its share was then established. There were no specific regulations observed in the fixation of the price, but it was incumbent on the Muhammadan *nawabs* or managers, to assemble all the *sowcars* (merchants), the principal inhabitants and the *kazi* of the village, and take their opinions in writing before the price was fixed. The Committee confessed its inability to assess the degree of security enjoyed by the cultivator in a transaction like this as there is "in this country no intermediate independent judicial power for him to appeal for the redress of his grievance". "It is hardly necessary for us to point out that in settling the computation of the produce of the harvests and establishing the standard price for regulating the Government collections, great openings are unavoidably given for fraud and abuse and that if in either case injustice be wilfully inflicted, the inhabitants having the whole weight of Government to contend with must necessarily be in a hopeless condition." The villages did not maintain any registers, and hence it was not possible for them to ascertain with accuracy the number of the inhabitants, and the modes of their occupation and the figures supplied by the renters of the *haveli* lands under these heads were untrustworthy.

The more significant part of this report deals with lands enjoyed mostly rent free under various and varying titles and rights. These include *jagirs*, *inams*, *agraharams*, *srotriams* and *brahmani manyams*.¹ The administration of the Chicacole

¹ These are fully dealt with by the writer elsewhere. Their validity alone is here discussed from the historical point of view.

nawabs and renters not only increased the number of these grants but also left undefined the respective rights of the individuals enjoying them. "Too rich and too well fortified with powerful connections to be exposed to any scrutiny at the Durbar, and consequently too little interested and concerned with respect to the condition in which they might leave the public revenue, the Chicacole Nabobs seem not to have been very scrupulous in lavishing the Government possessions." A thorough and critical examination of these grants was not possible. "It is, however, difficult to get at the truth of an enquiry of this nature. The interests of the claimants, the frauds of the renters, the good nature of bystanders, being all considerable obstacles. Those Sunnuds which we have marked as appearing to us to be wholly admissible¹ were granted, as you will observe, part of them by persons who could not have been authorised to perform such acts, and part of them were since the establishment of the Company's Government," and hence illegal without the confirmation of and recognition by the Company. The various grants may be classified under the following heads:

- (1) Grants under the Hyderabad seal.
- (2) Grants of *nawabs* of the Hyderabad Government confirmed by successive administrations to the time of the expulsion of Jaffer Ali Khan by Viziarama Razu the Great in 1752.
- (3) Grants same as in No. 2, but not confirmed by successive Governments.
- (4) Grants from the time of the expulsion of Jaffer Ali Khan to the conquest of the Circars from the French, and further to the cession of them to the Company by the Mughal Government (1765).
- (5) Grants for which the *sanads* are said to be lost, but without any attestation thereof and which have been continued under the orders of successive renters.

¹ It is to be regretted that the numerous enclosures to this important report were not preserved in the India Office Library.

(6) Grants on account of offices which have become obsolete under the Company's administration.

(7) Grants since the conquest of the Circars from the French or cession of them by the Mughal Government.

The Committee deplored that the Company had not so far maintained a register of the grants enjoyed by various individuals besides those given to their subordinate servants. "Whichever of these grants, or denominations of grants, your honor & co. may judge proper to continue, they should, we think, be officially registered, and sunnuds for them expressing the quantity of ground, and the purposes for which it was bestowed should be given (*sic*) under the Company's seal." They further pointed to the fact that "no record has been kept in the accounts of the particular sums received by the several Inaumdars", and confessed that the block figure representing such receipts had not led them to any definite conclusions about them.

The Chicacole *haveli* lands must be freed from the deductions of the *muzumdari* office which constituted within itself "the superintending and controlling power over all village Conicopies". This office was one of "considerable trust and extent" under the Muhammadan Government, but was gradually limited to the *haveli* lands, having been suppressed by the Zemindars with a view "to conceal the produce of their countries", and quite obsolete under the Company's administration. As the *muzumdar* was never legally entitled to any grants in land, but only to one per cent. of the collections of revenue, the hereditary right to the *jagir* might be suppressed and Jagannadha Razu, the former *diwan* of the Vizianagaram Zemindari, appointed to that office on a monthly salary of a hundred and fifty pagodas.

With respect to the *inams*, *agraharams* and *srotriams*, various forms of charity lands, the Chicacole revenues suffered to the extent of Rs. 50,000 a year. All these lands were enjoyed under the grants of the renters who always had "a power of

harassing and distressing" their beneficiaries. As the original *sanads* for these grants were not procurable, the Committee considered them counterfeit. "It will not, we think, be advisable under the arrangements it may be necessary to make with respect to this important article of alienation of revenue to neglect their priesthood or leave them unprovided for . . . It will undoubtedly be proper that their possession under our establishment should be restricted to some reasonable limit."

The immediate effect of this report was that the Chicacole *pargana* was leased out for ten years (1777-1787) by the temporary Government of John Whitehill,¹ to Sitarama Razu instead of Padmanabha Razu the nominee of the Circuit Committee. The Vizagapatam Council entertained serious misgivings at this decision which discarded an offer of Rs. 40,000 more from a man of outstanding integrity and requested for a reconsideration of the matter, in view of the 'established custom' of the subordinate settlements to recommend suitable persons for the rent of the Government lands.² In this they had the support of the Court of Directors.³ Still, the offer from Sitarama Razu was demonstrably to the benefit of the Company inasmuch as the rent for 1776-7 (Rs. 1,70,000), which was gradually increased to Rs. 2,73,000 by 1786-7 was actually productive of a surplus of Rs. 7,60,000 in ten years. This, the Madras Government wrote to the Court, "is to be attributed mostly to the enquiries your honors had directed to be made by your Circuit Committee".⁴

¹ *Rev. Cons.* 19th December. *Idem* pp. 800-805. See also *Madras to Vizagapatam and to Ganjam*, 24th and 27th December respectively, pp. 807 and 808.

² *Vizagapatam to Madras*, 17th January 1778. *Rev. Cons.* 2nd February Vol. 20. p. 62.

³ *Madras Dispatches*, 10th January 1781, para 18, Vol. 9. p. 337. See also Appendix No. 153 to the *Sec. Rep.* It is significant to note that the Court of Directors waited for three years for a review of the proceedings of the Madras Government relative to the Circuit Committee and that only after definite steps were contemplated against Sir Thomas Rumbold.

⁴ *Madras Letters Received*, 5th February 1778 (Whitehill), para 28, Vol. 3, pp. 92-93.

The result of this decennial lease was to strengthen the position of Sitarama Razu and to complicate the Vizianagaram politics for an indefinite period of time.

At this stage, the Circuit Committee were reshuffled owing to the suspension of Floyer from the Company's service and the promotion of Johnson and Perring to membership of the Madras Council.¹ The reconstituted Committee² consisted of John Holland, Quintin Craufurd, Edward Saunders, Robert Barclay and John Huddleston. The three members last named were junior servants of the Company. The Court of Directors acquiesced in these appointments even though their original orders were for the Committee of Circuit to consist of members of the Madras Council.³ The Whitehill Government were fully intent with the prosecution of the Committee's work and as early as 13th January 1778 admonished them for their inaction.⁴ But the Committee were definitely suspended by the Rumbold Government which shortly superseded it⁵.

¹ Whitehill wrote a personal letter to the Court of Directors deploring the want of senior servants for the administration of the presidency. See, *Whitehill to the Court*, 15th October, in *Madras Letters Received*, Vol. 8, pp. 433-45.

² *Rev. Cons.* 5th December 1777. Vol. 19, pp. 745-48. See also App. No. 11 to the *Sec. Rep.* See further, *Madras Letters Received* (Revenue) 5th February 1778. (Whitehill), paras 29-30, Vol. 9, pp. 93-94.

³ *Madras Dispatches*, 10th January 1781. para 14, Vol. 9, pp. 331-32. See also Appendix No. 158 to the *Sec. Rep.*

⁴ *Rev. Cons.* 18th January 1778. Vol. 20, p. 29.

⁵ See *Madras Letters Received* (Revenue) 4th March 1778. (Rumbold), wherein Madras intimated their desire to defer the measures of the Whitehill Government until they had time to inquire into the same. General Munro and Thomas Rumbold were primarily responsible for this resolution. Vol. 9, pp. 161-62.





Sri Krishnasastri : A New Voice in Telugu Literature

BY 'TROUBADOUR'

It was a cloudy evening. We could not see the sun set. When I met him that evening, the poet was in the midst of a group of his friends. Yet, in manner and in bearing, he was apart from them. He was clad in a most airy fashion. His eyes were those of a dreamer of celestial visions. His luxuriant curls seemed to speak of some wild fancy which swings between the infinitudes. He was looking wistfully, as if at the passing hours which crush beneath their feet the beautiful and the ugly, all alike. His searching glances seemed to peer through all hearts. That evening he was to give us readings from his poems and songs. Krishnasastri recited his own poems as well as some of those of his contemporaries. He has indeed a voice 'sweet as the æolian harp, soft, soft.' He is no musical adept; yet a musical adept could please no better. At the end of the function, he was the subject of much criticism, alike with those who cared to know and those who only cared to talk.

What is new is not easily understood. And what is not quickly comprehended is discarded by some as trash. It is true that Krishnasastri's poetry is not easily intelligible to all. The nature of much of the criticism must therefore be obvious. But why is the poet not understood? It is because, as some say, rightly enough, he has nothing tangible to give. In all his work the last word is never said. He leaves much for his readers to supply for themselves. In Telugu literature, the poetry of suggestion is something new. The average literary mind is not quite prepared for it. This is a period of transition. We are,

as it were, emerging out of a barren epoch which succeeded the classic age in the history of our literature. Our national life is at a low ebb. It has nothing to inspire national poetry. But the impact of English literature and the importation of continental thought through the English medium, the fresh thoughts of masterminds like Tagore, all these are today modelling the substance as well as the quality of our literature. So, in this era, we naturally come across work of a transitional nature. We have now a brilliant set of poets who are bold enough to break the trammels of conventionalism. There is nothing strange, therefore, if their work is not cordially received. To seek a parallel in English literature, the Odes and Poems of Collins fell still-born from the press. He is said to have burnt them all with his own hands. But today the power and beauty of the poetry of Collins have won appreciation. A potent thought, a beautiful thought, is bound to live.

Again, in any literature, the work produced at a period of transition naturally lacks solidity of thought and unity of purpose. So it is with modern Telugu poets. They cannot build a colossal tower. But they can carve out an exquisite shape in marble. Although Krishnasastri is a poet of the transition and shares its qualities, he has given us fresh sentiments and fresh art-forms. His diction is highly original. His treatment of the passions is something very new in our literature. He is pre-eminently the poet of pathos and he revels in the pathetic. Beauty and Love are the very substance of his handiwork. He rarely philosophises. He just gives utterance to the mighty feelings which surge within him.

*"Agikoledu regu nuhala nokinta
Inta chirugeeti eda vegirinchu neni
Padukonunu tandavanritya madukonunu."*

[He cannot suppress thoughts that rage and swell. If but a little note teases his heart, he breaks in song and in wild revelry doth dance.]

A mighty feeling when expressed in an art-form can never be co-ordinated with the details out of which it springs. The details must all be suppressed and the reader left to supply them for himself. The main idea is never lost. Nor can a soul-shaking emotion be ever completely expressed. It can be but glimpsed. This is the art of suggestion. This has been condemned by many as 'obscure' simply because there is nothing tangible in it to clutch at.

The artistic value of any work is to be judged from the element of permanence in its form and content. A train of ideas is suggested by means of exquisite images. It is the power to produce such imagery that makes a poet. The poet pictures them to us in exquisite colour. The power of vision, the artistic effect of colour, the appeal of the emotions are enough to ensure permanence to the work. All poetry of high suggestive effect is great. Now, Krishnasastri's work is a series of suggestive pieces—like flashes of lightning. Though we cannot follow the flash from its birth-place to its destination, we admire it as it appears to us. So do we admire the poems of Krishnasastri. Verily, no man can probe into the heart of a poet. It is only when he sings that we catch a glimpse of his real being:

*"Kaluvapoo bratukulo
Kanumodchu vennele
Kalanalammiina
Gati yemi?"*

[When the sleeping moon-beam
In the life of the lily
Becomes the consuming fire
Where is the refuge?]

This image suggests to us a thousand things. It may mean any and all of them. The note of pathos is unfailingly present whichever suggestion comes nearest to us. This verse becomes poetry in that the vision, the colour, and the emotion are blended together harmoniously.

"Na maranasayya parachu konnanu nene
Bratikiyunna mrityuvunii pravasa timira
Neerava samadhi krulli krungi napudeni
Ninu pilichi nana, na moolgu needa musiri
Kumulu nemo nee ganotsavamula nanuchu."

[My couch of death I have laid with mine own hands.
In living death, in penance of silence, in gloom of exile,
Though miserable and fallen,
Have I refrained from calling out to you, my friend,
Lest the evil shadow of my gasping breath
Should spread and secretly consume
The blissful festivity of your song.]

Supply the details how you will, the situation is intensely moving. It is the crash of a harmonious being. There is also in it a noble sentiment of sacrifice in that the poet wishes to hide his misery in himself for fear it should contaminate the happiness of a comrade. And there is an air of tragedy running all through the lines. Such situations are essentially the subject-matter of poetry. Co-ordinate the situation with your own life, or with the life of any one, the truth of it can be felt. The tragedy of human life, the crash of ideals, the pathos of a broken love, the loss of an intimate friendship, all these and kindred subjects have something 'great' about them. They kindle permanent emotions of the human soul. To give vent to them in poetry is a solace to the poet; and to find his own feelings echoed therein is a solace to the reader. Thus each isolated piece of Krishnasastri's work is great poetry. It is great art.

Again, Krishnasastri has an extraordinary measure of imagination. Happily his imagery never degenerates into gross conceit as in the case of the older poets.

"Tami bigisipovu nokka sandhyavasana
Sandra kasmira dridha parishwanga mandu
Nimidi niluvella nodigi soshilina yame
Nenu tolisari kanchi kampiliti nadi."

"Karmoyilu pedavula khanda khandamuluga
Chidiki poyina koumudi mridula kalika
Ganchiyoka reyi dussaha gadha duhkha
Mapuko leka yedche na yadra manasu."

[In the strong embrace of the dense purple of an eventide, with desire clutching at the heart, caught in that glory, fainting, I saw her. When first I met her thus, I thrilled to the core of my being.

A pale beam of moonlight, between the jaws of a gathering cloud, torn to little shreds, I witnessed; and my tender soul, melting with a burning sorrow, wailed away the night.]

Images like these could but spring from a powerful mind. We do not find the older poets use their imaginative faculties to create such exquisite pictures. They have always over-intellectualised their imagination and created a huge fabric of conceit. In addition to beauty of colour and energy, there is a soft vowel music in his verse:

"Nunu mablu le dunka konalapii Sonaluv
Nelavanka chiru navvu chaluwapata."

An inferior artist would have "emptied a whole pallet of colour" or "shouted through the page" to achieve the effects which we have in each line of the above verse. The verse beginning with the line,

Neevu toli proddu nunumanchu teeva sonavu—

affords a clear contrast between the outlook of the poets of today and that of the classic poets whose imagination was circumscribed by conventions. Such intense emotional revelry in the realms of fancy and such treatment of external nature, thoroughly subjective in outlook, is a new departure in Telugu literature. It is partly the effect of the study of English lyric poetry and is a sure sign of the coming change in the cast of national poetic thought. As already said, we have now in the country a brilliant set of poets all essentially lyrical

in temperament amongst whom Krishnasastri is pre-eminently subjective, occasionally touching the fringes of the mystic, as in

*"Kantaka kireeta dharinii kalarathri
Madhya velala jeemoota mandirampu
Koluvukootala . . ."*

[Crowned with a crown of thorns, in the dense heart of darkness, in the awful court halls of the clouds, I reign in my lone pomp, the sorrowful cadence of the owl's note surging and surging, flooding the gloomy depths.—Let no one pity me: mine are the luxuriant fans of heavily heaving sighs, piles and piles of pearl-strings of streaming tears, the eternal unmeasured treasures of deepest grief in which alone I see my wealth and find a weird joy. Let no one pity me. I am the Lord of dark and vast domains of dread sorrow!]

The unimaginative man condemns these lines as obscure and meaningless. One, more sensitive, experiences a strong emotion vibrating through one's being on reading such pieces. The discerning scholar and serious student of literature sets them apart for special study of the personality of the poet and endeavours to harmonise the work with the man. In all these poems there is a perfection of form which any master of verse might truly be proud of. There are here, in the words of Symonds, "Homeric Ocean-rolls" and "the surges and subsidences of Miltonic cadence." The management of the cæsura, the choice of words and the wielding of verse are masterly. Even a stray verse will bear testimony to the statement.

Krishnasastri sets his stamp upon his diction; we know it wherever we may chance upon it. It shows a marked classical bias. But the peculiar merit of his diction is that, while it is apparently classical, it is employed to convey the most delicate sentiments of the human mind. It should have become monotonous in the hands of a less skilful artist. Indeed we see it become hackneyed and lifeless in the hands of some of his younger imitators. Everybody has some fascination

for that classical phrase which glimmers like the vast green hillside clad in dew-drops in the morning sun.

However we notice an incidental defect of this type of diction. Where a strong feeling has to be expressed with directness, it is diffused in a huge mass of colour.

There are pieces which, in the opinion of some, bear out this statement.

*"Apudu gontetti yedchi nanu.
Apudu nannu . . ."*

Here the opening lines are direct but the main emotion is finally 'diluted' in the vast imagery that follows. The total effect is somewhat a weakened feeling. Such, they say, is the effect also of

*"Maghava mastaka makuta
Manikya ragni nee
Velugu rupokareji . . ."*

Still Krishnasastri's poetry is not obscure as is commonly imagined; but it creates such an impression because of its weird imagery and subtle suggestion. In this connection, one is reminded of the words of Mark Pattison. It is not the critical faculty that is developing, he pointed out, but it is the imaginative faculty that is failing us. Sympathetic imagination is greatly wanting in us. Without this equipment, no delicate feeling is ever understood either in poetry or in any other branch of Art. A mind which refuses to function with sympathy must be indeed fundamentally wanting in a great quality.

We should now like to put forth a plea for inductive criticism. The art of criticism has not yet developed in Telugu literature. Though the 'kind and rule' method is not in vogue now, the spirit of it still remains. We need neither lavish praise nor condemnation of things. Let us be guided by sympathy, and preference. The geologist does not look down upon the glacial epoch and hold that the red sandstone alone is model

rock formation. So, picturing literature as a whole, we feel that the lyric, in its own place, is as great as the epic.

The somewhat disjointed nature of Krishnasastri's poetry is an inevitable defect. This is not the age when colossal literary structures are reared. The 'power of the man' is scarcely present together with the 'power of the moment'. It is only in that conjunction that world-poets are born. Now we have the 'power of the man' without the co-ordination of the 'power of the moment'. An intensely poetic soul has fallen on an unmeet age. Hence its utterances have become spasmodic. They leave us wondering at the complex personality of the poet. But we believe much is yet to come. There is a rich and a sure promise in Krishnasastri's work. He is to be grouped with that bright winged brotherhood to which Shelley belongs; he has a kinship with Blake and the visionaries; he is poetical to the very core of his being. Great poetry is in his work. Verily he is a new voice in Telugu literature—a gentle, yet powerful voice speaking tender, beautiful things. He is a lone fountain of delectable waters in a remote forest whither wanders the weary traveller, takes a draught, and stretches his languid limbs and sinks into sweet repose.

South Indian Music: Srimati Saraswati Bai

BY "KAPPA OF THE CLOUD"

Of her many facets of gracious, grateful light, South India, for centuries, has never shone for anything more benignantly than for her music. Music seems to have made amends for a great deal of her ravaging wants by its ethereality. Conceived with immemorial grandeur and nobility, it has been constantly sought to employ music here for none but lofty purposes. It has been applied to enliven men and women with health, to inspire and inspire them, to heal the sorest wounds, and to attune the Soul with the Infinite in ineffable bliss. Whatever its decadences or abuses, in its history, its supreme object has not once been forgotten, namely, the imparting to man of rejuvenation from far-off, intangible contact, and glimpses of the Godhead. It has been the vehicle of all the great experiences of the Elect, as of the Major and the Minor among the Pleiades of the Sixty-Three, whom the too devoted Tamil land adores as manifestations of the Highest. Of examples of the exponents of Music, who are only second to these, with bold command of all its emancipating efficacy, there cannot be a dearth, for the names of Tyagaiyyah, Deekshita, Venkatesa, Sama Sastri and others would occur readily enough, names of those who, incorruptibly, have kept music altogether on high planes with distinction. If, for good or for evil,—presumably for the former,—India has remained remarkable for her aptitude for religion, it must be also rendered to her fame that she has pressed Music, like all other things, and above them all, into the exalted service of religion. By this no disparagement is meant to other peoples, who have not been blind to the

divineness of Music. However, in India, the emphasis has been laid all the greater on its spiritual aspect by her children, whose despicability of earthly values may be taken as deeper and as far more innate and potent than is usually supposed.

At present, as one can read into the vogue that obtains among professors of Music, nothing strikes so much as the general tacit concurrence in the subordination of its emotional, religious side. The fashionable concert, now-a-days, is conspicuous for the open and unabashed neglect of it. Here- tically, it appears to revel in a profusion of *Talam* and in tedious indulgence of *Swara*, even to unmasked contempt for the courteous wistfulness that would crave timidly for a jot of worthy inspiration. Who now cares to pronounce with mellifluous regard, or so much as to let Music dwell reverentially and lovingly upon sacred words, as "Rama", "Sankara", etcetera, which are the very matrix of too excellent compositions by devotees? Such performances as we have to witness today are not pitched, as it should appear, above the commonplace, hackneyed hankerings of a public, normally too sapped and bored down throughout the week in their avocations, after anything light, anything pleasantly sensational. Still the fact that the blame lies not wholly on the part of the people may be borne out by the enthusiasms that attended the reception of a noble genius like Pandit Vishnu Digambar, a genius because so pure and peerless a lover of Music. He has in him a touch of its spirit, a gifted abundance of what did radiate from Orpheuses, for was it not found that he could alter the pulse of myriads just as he wished? With him is something of the wizardry of Music, as with our own musicians its form in all its multi-coloured display of scientific completeness. The public, in truth, has not the time either to choose well out of their formless inclinations, or to dictate things of their cultured, decisive choice. Meanwhile, concerts go on about us as merrily as ever, and know no restraint, and their auditors are glad and content to compound for anything to enable them

to beguile a Sunday evening with a measure of too careless jollity.

The *Kathas* signify much, by their adaptation to lessons in religion. The stories themselves are many and wonderful, as those of Rama Das, Kabir, and Nandanar, not to mention episodes which are taken for themes from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. They cover a large area of fine, human susceptibilities, and relate to incidents calculated to purge off the dross wholly unto the point of perfection. The *bhakti* of Rama Das who minded not his tragic putrefaction in gaol, brave Kabir who stood fast by his rule of entertainment of guests, even at a compromise of his wife's chastity, the sight of dear Nandanar, whose whole being liquefies into love for God, here is the kindergarten for the heart that may thrill even brazenness into godly piety for a while. The very bare skeletons of such stories are apt to lift one off the ground. And when they are informed by Music, by all its transcendent glows of light, and charm, and colour, what transformation comes upon them, and what appeal with it which surges into the temple of our existence! Blessed, then, are the memories of the Bhagavatas, who, with full-throated melodies and golden-hearted prodigality of inspiration can make people stand on tip-toe, and lure them on to give themselves over into ecstasies of self-renovation. Srimati Saraswati Bai, we think, almost belongs to their class by sheer excellence of her *Nandanar Charitram*. Her endowments, now almost unapproached, either for her accomplished variety of music, or for the bold, stunning reach of her voice, do not but appear most worthily lavished on her presenting the exquisite treat that it is, of her *Nandanar Charitram*. The story itself has been wrought by an immortal giant of the Tamil land, Gopala Krishna Bharati, who, as is accepted, lived near Mayavaram in the Tanjore District. His ballad of *Nandanar Charitram* is an imperishable classic, and will bear comparison with the historic ballads of other countries. What could be more straight, what truer to life, than the

beginning of the Poet's story of Nandanar? What more picturesque and lovelier than the description of his impregnable faith, and of the humility of his offerings of tanned hides, at a very humble distance, at the feet of priests? What a yearning consumes him to catch but a glimpse of the thrice sacred Chidambaram! How he is possessed by it! What contagion, what holy infection, which he must instil into his fellows! How dramatically has the Poet delineated all this! Srimati Saraswati Bai has found herself, in her interpretation of it, a born actress no less than a musician par excellence. With what fidelity she represents the unredeemed boorishness of environment about Nandanar! The slum, whither he has been sent by his beloved Maker, in her rendering, seems almost to swim before our eyes. Her performance of this story is, if the language will be permitted, a series of super-erogations. You cannot say where she has outdone herself more than in any other place. If you should wish to point out the best at all, no task more bewildering could be self-imposed, for you are sure to have set store by well-nigh everything, ere you are yourself aware of it. Moving as is every part of the story, one may almost find oneself stolen away, when Srimati Saraswati Bai plays the part of Nandanar, so, so mad, so gone out of his senses, to see for once sacred Chidambaram, and, there, to behold the Deity at His shrine. "There is a holy land, the Tillai land!" begins what, out of her artistic capacity and taste, and her talents for poetical acting, she makes a song of beauty, a song of sublime devotion and of self-forgetfulness. The Brahman scholar and landlord, under whom Nandanar is a lowly chief of the untouchable tenants, furnishes a type, and he is it that contributes an action, a contrast, and an interest to the main subject. What wealth of dramatic irony lies suffusing *Nandanar Charitram*! If the doctrine that both the playwright and the actor illumine each other holds good, it applies to Srimati Saraswati Bai's rendering with particular force. The Brahman *Mirasdar*, only bookish and epicurean, and given to fancying

mechanical repetition of formulæ as equivalent to Sadhana and hard-earned wisdom, pours forth such a wordy harangue of well-intentioned advice to Nandanar, when he feels gratified to the bone to find his tenant, according to his superficial belief, making rapid amends for his culpable negligences. How this dear pedant soon discovers that he has outwitted himself, by his fond simple reliance upon matters of orthodox faith, and his petrified astonishment and sense of the yawning difference between himself and Nandanar, as he espies his broad acres by the hundred all covered over by the Invisible Hand with a bumper crop,—here, perhaps, is the most effective stroke of dramatic irony, not untouched by dissolving pathos. Srimati Saraswati Bai is up to the ablest elucidation of Nandanar as a model of the opposite to the Brahman Pandit. How she points the latter's sermon with the glibness of tongue, the verbosity, and the stolid self-complacency which are at once characteristic of all those of whom, as the *Mirasdar* is only a type and an illustration!

From this point, almost everything,—Nandanar's parting words to his master, his visit to sacred Chidambaram, etcetera,—has been raised by Gopala Krishna Bharati to white heat, and maintained thereat without cooling. It should be presumptuous, if not elaborating our theme on too large a scale, to demonstrate each merit either in the ballad, or in the brilliant exposition of it by Srimati Saraswati Bai. An incarnation of genuineness, as it may be taken, well apart from the summits of beatitude and mystic bliss whereon lies its native abode, is here attempted to be weighed against wooden cant, formality, and artificial persuasions. And without indulging in inferences from this too chastening episode, one may remark truly that we possess not only an immortal classic of a ballad in Tamil, but that we should congratulate ourselves upon having so gifted an æsthetic interpreter of it. We are reminded, in this connection, of Mahatma Gandhi, who has vowed such championship of the class to which

Nandanar belongs. Already he has expressed his resolve to reincarnate among them as their saviour and servant. And he is such a lover of the Tamil language, for its matchless nuances of soul-redeeming Pity, and Pathos, and superb Self-Abnegation, and he may not think that he could forego a chance of listening to Srimati Saraswati Bai's *Nandanar Charitram* without a regret. Will it not be fitting on our part to bring about a public recognition of her successes under his presidency? The Tamil land owes a heavy obligation to her for her picture of *Nandanar Charitram*. Had she been born in the West, what could she not have achieved? And how would they have honoured her there! *Nandanar Charitram* has now come to be so associated with her, for who could surpass her presentation of it? The consecration of Gopala Krishna Bharati's birthplace as an object of pilgrimage, and the award of the public estimation to be accorded appropriately to her by Mahatma Gandhi for us, are, in our eyes, duties which, if performed early and satisfactorily, will distinguish our profound sense of what we ought to do by those who, to no small extent, have augmented our collective happiness.

Current Topics

THE MADRAS SEVA SADAN

The Madras Seva Sadan has grown out of the pre-existing institution known as 'The Women's Home of Service,' which was the result of the tireless activities of a small group of women in Madras like Mrs. Cousins, Lady Sadasiva Iyer, Mrs. Lakshman Rau and Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi. When Mrs. Cousins left for England, it was thought that 'The Women's Home of Service' would serve a useful and better purpose, if its working was entrusted to an institution like the Seva Sadan of Poona, and a permanent fund started for its working. Mr. G. K. Devadhar, M. A., C. I. E. of Poona and the President of the Seva Sadan undertook the working of the local institution on a certain basis, with the result that 'The Women's Home of Service' changed into the Madras Seva Sadan. We are told that "later on it was felt that in the interests of both the Madras and Poona organisations, the former was to be entirely independent not only in respect to finance but in every respect"; so that the Madras Seva Sadan has officially nothing to do with the greater Poona Seva Sadan Society with its net-work of branches and affiliated institutions all over Western India. The report of the Madras Seva Sadan gives a glimpse into the working of a really good and efficient institution and incidentally shows how if only some of our influential and prominent women care, they could run such institutions with the greatest credit to themselves and to the community at large. What the community is today concerned is not so much with the University education as it is with the question of a real, proper scheme of adult education for the masses; and in what manner such a scheme of adult education for women of the province could be

worked out is really a speculation. The starting of an institution like the Seva Sadan has, we feel sure, gone a long way towards the realisation of such an ideal. We gather from the report we have the pleasure of reviewing, that the Madras Seva Sadan does satisfy a crying need; that it affords occupation to poor and otherwise helpless women to earn a livelihood. Mrs. Venkata Subba Rao, the energetic Honorary Secretary, is throwing herself heart and soul into the work and we are grateful to her for the really splendid work she and her husband are doing. As the Rt. Hon. Mr. Sastri has said, "To dare to narrow one's range, to define one's aim precisely and to labour persistently till results are achieved, are the virtues of public life." We are glad Mrs. Venkata Subba Rao possesses an uncommon share of this virtue, and we hope too she will be a real servant of the community with a record of useful activity. We wish the institution all success.

HONOURING ANDHRA JOURNALISTS

We join most heartily in the chorus of congratulations to the *Andhra Patrika* and the *Krishna Patrika* on the celebration of their jubilee. In point of prosperity, influence and wide circulation, the Andhra journals, whether they are dailies, weeklies or monthlies, compare very unfavourably with similar ventures in Bengal, Gujarat and Maharashtra. Not even the foremost of the Telugu papers has attained the enormous circulation of the *Kesari* of Poona, the *Navajivan* of Ahmedabad, or the *Basumati* and *Prabasi* of Calcutta. Nearer home, the *Swadesamitran* has a daily circulation of at least three times that of the *Andhra Patrika*, and the Tamils have four daily papers as against a single Telugu daily. But this is no indication of the number of readers. We remember, several years ago, Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee of *The Modern Review*, complaining bitterly that whereas ten men do not wear the same coat or use the same pair of shoes, they nevertheless read the same copy of

a paper. Conditions in Bengal have probably changed but the statement continues to be pre-eminently true of Andhra.

For patriotic fervour and that touch of idealism that makes men suffer for the things considered really worth doing, the journalists of Andhra are truly remarkable. Who has not heard of the noble sacrifices made by our greatest living journalist, Sri M. Krishna Rao of the *Krishna Patrika* and by younger men like Annapurnaiah of the *Congress* and Govindachari of *Satyagrahi*? These papers, despite their limited subscribers' roll have rendered splendid service to the cause of progress and culture. Mr. Krishna Rao's brilliant editorials have shaped the thought and expression of a whole generation of Andhras. Among the papers that have closed down for want of public support, mention must be made of Mr. Srirama Sastri's *Sarada*. During the two or three years of its life it was indeed a thing of supreme beauty, worthy of ranking with the finest journals in India. *Sahiti*, *Sakhi* and *Jayanti* were admirable productions but, like many similar efforts in Andhra, they have suffered an undeserved eclipse. But are there not always some who serve even by their failures?

Mr. Nageswara Rao's advent into the field of Andhra journalism was an event of great importance. Started as a bright little weekly in far-off Bombay in 1908, the *Andhra Patrika* was transplanted to Madras in 1914 and almost immediately converted into a Daily. The historian of Andhra progress during these two decades is bound to acknowledge with gratefulness the achievements of the *Andhra Patrika*. In the forming and directing of public opinion on momentous issues like Non-co-operation, and in the collection and dissemination of news from all quarters of the globe, the *Andhra Patrika* is second to no vernacular daily in India. It has an efficient editorial and reporting staff at Headquarters and capable correspondents in all important places. Illustrious patriots like G. Harisavothama Rao and Challa Seshagiri Rao have given to it of their best and made it a power in the land.

In Andhra, it is not more papers that we want but a greater variety of them. We should like, for instance, to have papers like *The Nation and Athenæum* and *The London Mercury* devoted to literary topics, or *The Round Table* dealing with political questions from the scholar's point of view. Ladies' magazines and magazines for children are badly needed. The financial resources of the Telugu journals must be ample enough to permit of constant and liberal payment to writers. This, in turn, depends on a wider circulation and the growth of the habit of purchasing papers. If the organisers of the celebrations in honour of our journalists can prevail upon their countrymen to enlist as subscribers in much larger numbers, they will have rendered a greater service to the cause of Andhra journalism than by the presentation of caskets and addresses, though even these last are valuable as evidences of public recognition.

THE LATE PROF. S. M. PARANJPYE.

The passing of the late Prof. Shivram Mahadev Paranjpye at Poona, removes from the field of politics and literature of Maharashtra the figure of a truly great man. Having sat at the feet of venerable men like Vishnusastry Chiplonkar and Dr. Bhandarkar, Shivarampant left the Fergusson College after a somewhat stormy career. Later on, he graduated from the Decan College and took the M.A. in Sanskrit, winning at the same time the Zhala Prize and Bhagavandas scholarships. The stormy career at the college was followed by an equally stormy career of ceaseless public activity. Almost following upon his graduation, he started the *Kal* paper. *Kal* in less than three months after its inception became a terror to the bureaucracy. The *Kesari* of Lokamanya and the *Kal* of Paranjpye stood shoulder to shoulder, like Bheema and Arjuna of old, fighting freedom's battle and exposing the utter bankruptcy of British statesmanship in the early years of the 20th century. As a result of this, in less than ten years, a wonderful wave of national

consciousness swept over the great Maratha country, and there was not one Maharashtreeya who did not feel ennobled to a great duty and sense of civic responsibility, after he came to know the *Kal* and its great Editor.

And then came the Government crushing agitators, stilling the speech of all men and women who loved freedom. The Press Act followed and Mr. Paranjpye fell a victim. He was sentenced to hard labour for 19 months. Even today few men could read his wonderful article on the *Well of Cawnpore* without getting thrilled, and how many Indians are aware that even today, in spite of many things, the well at Cawnpore is closed to Indians? But the flame was not to be quenched, which had first illumined the little dark corner of Maharashtra. Others followed and poured out their lives and energy like water on a thirsty soil. Out of the prison again, the Non-co-operation movement found in him a staunch supporter; afterwards came the Mulshi Satyagraha, and then the inevitable breakdown—physical and mental.

But the name of Prof. Paranjpye will be cherished more as a Sanskrit scholar and an exquisite writer of Marathi prose, and as an outpost in Marathi literature than as a politician. He represented the typical Marathi temperament, rugged as the hills that surrounded him, plain and great to the end; giving shelter when it could and yet maintaining itself, and watching the spirit of the time passing it by. That is how one remembers the aged powerful professor. No one can ever forget that orate speech he made last year as the President of the *Sammelan* at Belgaum, and to what heights he rose as he spoke of the glorious past of a unique race and the future that lay before it.

There are some men who vulgarise, like Disraeli, whatever they touch—poetry, art and literature, whilst there are others who ennoble whatever they touch like Mr. Gandhi or Mr. J. Krishnamurti. Mr. Paranjpye did neither of the above, nor did he do colossal things. But he did one beautiful thing. He showed by his personal example what a dignified thing was life

and how each man, provided he had the desire, could rise to great heights, and yet be simple, sweet and pure all through. It is difficult to estimate the result of such a loss. Maharashtra is the poorer by his loss, but it is richer by his sacrifice, by the message he left.

STUDENTS AND RURAL RECONSTRUCTION

Mr. C. R. Reddy never speaks without saying something which arrests our attention and stimulates our interest. The clear applications of knowledge to the practical concerns of life is one of the predominant traits of Mr. Reddy's mental composition. Hypothetical dogmas are at a discount with him. In his latest address as the President of the All-Orissa Students' Conference, he has suggested certain lines of activity for the students, directly calculated not only to develop their powers of organisation but also to rescue the inarticulate masses of people in the rural areas from the slough of ignorance. The scheme adumbrated by Mr. Reddy is one to which no party can take exception. In fact, all parties have advocated it but none of them has laid so much emphasis, as Mr. Reddy has done, on the contribution of students to this aspect of nation-building. Young in years, emotional by nature, and energetic in action, the students can do lasting good to this impoverished land by devoting their leisure on week-end holidays and especially during summer vacation by carrying the torch of enlightenment into the villages where live the bulk of our population. We hope that Mr. Reddy's clarion call will rouse young India to patriotic action in working the scheme of Rural Reconstruction successfully and advancing the cause of the nation.

THE RICKETY AFGHAN THRONE

The unique circumstance in the Afghan imbroglio is the passing of the country under the regime of four sovereigns in

the course of an year. When the Revolution was at its highest pitch, Amanullah abdicated. Inayatullah immediately stepped into his shoes but soon found too many stones in them and he had also to abdicate. It appeared as if Bacha-i-Sakko, the water-carrier's son and adventurer who captured the Afghan throne, would have a long lease of regal life but Fate was not kinder to him. Only a few days ago, General Nadir Khan, the Generalissimo of the victorious forces in the Civil war, was acclaimed by the Afghan National Assembly as the present ruler. The furious welter through which Afghanistan has been passing since the commencement of the internecine strife, the fierce turmoil especially created by the tribal communities living in the impregnable mountain frontiers, and the religious fanaticism of the Mullahs which is always a dangerous and an unreliable factor, point out that in establishing order out of chaos, General Nadir Khan has manifested a statesmanship, a martial prowess, and an undaunted courage of the highest order. There is amongst certain sections of the people a feeling that Nadir Khan is not entitled to their support in view of his supposed leanings towards Amanullah. Bacha's spirit continues to be restless. He made a desperate effort against Amir Nadir Khan with the aid of Said Hussain but could not overcome the opposition offered by Shah Mahomed. A short fight resulted in heavy loss to both sides, a truce was declared, negotiations were commenced, and Bacha's emissaries were even enjoying the Amir's hospitality. But that phase too soon passed. The latest messages state that the rebel was captured at Jabul Siraj on the 28rd of October and that he sent his allegiance to Nadir Khan. It is interesting to note that the personnel of the Amir's Government includes several persons who served Amanullah, though they are now to handle different portfolios. It may be expected that the war-clouds hanging thick over Afghanistan will now disappear and Nadir Khan will restore order under a clear and bright sky. But will he be so selfless as to invite Amanullah back to his

country and his throne? Perhaps yes, perhaps no. In this connection, Amanullah's message from Rome to the new Afghan Ruler is of especial significance :

" My dear brother, in the name of the progress of the country and the joint mission of our party ", says Amanullah, " I will always be with you in the capacity of a devotee to Afghanistan, so that my country may be stabilised in progress and civilisation. So far as my person is concerned, I will always help you from the core of my heart. I will always remain with the devoted party, and wish your welfare. In my sacred mission, it is equal to sit on a throne or a plank or to wear the crown or put a feather on the hat. It does not mean that I have to regain the lost crown and throne. When I had them I did not care much for them. I had rather annulled them. The chief term and condition is that there should be no departure from the programme set by me for education in Afghanistan."

This is quite characteristic of the great man who created a new Afghanistan, though it unfortunately created unlimited trouble for him. What ultimately happens none can tell with any degree of accuracy. He is bold, indeed, who predicts about the rickety Afghan throne.

Reviews

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

ENGLISH

The Library Movement :—Published by the Madras Library Association, Price. Rs. 2.—

The Madras Library Association, which came to birth in the wake of the All-India Library Conference held at Madras in December 1927, has published this collection of essays "with the two-fold object", as the Preface informs the reader, "of promulgating the essential ideas of the movement and of stirring thought so as to lead to the creation of suitable methods and machinery". The first of these objects has been richly fulfilled by the publication, and so too, the second so far as the stirring of thought is concerned. The essays cover a wide range and present many arresting propositions. The root difficulty of the Library Movement is the colossal illiteracy of the Indian population. The fighting of this illiteracy is one of the greatest problems of the movement in India. But how is the thing to be done? Mr. S. R. Ranganathan, the Librarian of the Madras University, suggests on the model of Soviet Russia the creation of local library committees to arrange for teaching the alphabet to the adults in night-schools. Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri would have the vast body of our educated unemployed supply the man-power and energy required for working the movement with success in the rural areas. Mr. S. V. Ramamurty throws out the fascinating idea that young men just out of college should, before applying themselves to the problems of economic livelihood, embark on a life of temporary Sanyasinhood for a definite period—say six months, and with a small bundle of clothes, wander in a prescribed area telling the people the substance of what they had learnt. These suggestions are of importance as stressing the imperative necessity for a programme of removing mass illiteracy which the libraries ought to take up forthwith as a preliminary and preparation for further development. But the movement cannot

afford to wait till the fruition of this activity, and must make use of all available expedients to storm the citadel of understanding of the very illiterate. Public lectures, songs, cinema shows and exhibitions, are some of the methods that occur to the mind in this context, but we require above all, as the writer of one of the essays observes, "a band of modern *Bhagavathars* imbued with the latest knowledge, carrying from place to place serious instruction as well as delight to the adult population". The problem of reaching even the literate few is beset with considerable difficulty. As Dr. Rabindranath Tagore observes in the essay which holds the place of honour in the publication, discriminate rejection is the very soul of excellence in the contents of a Library, and almost one of the very first possibilities of an intelligent library organisation is to solve the problem of choice of books for the libraries under its control. Sir P.S. Sivaswami Aiyer invites the Library Association, through a committee, to prepare suitable lists of books for the libraries to be started in different centres. There is also much sound sense in the suggestion of Mr. N. Raghunathan of *The Hindu* that the lists to be drawn up may advantageously consist of say, "the hundred best books" to form the indispensable nucleus of every rural library. One great handicap of the Library Movement in India, even in the matter of serving literates, is the lack of suitable books in the vernaculars. In England and America, the libraries are said to be the backbone of the publishers' business and hence necessarily the main ultimate support of authors, and the spread of libraries in any vernacular area of the Presidency is bound inevitably to stimulate the growth of vernacular literature in that area. But still, it would be wasting precious time to wait till books are produced in the vernacular languages. The Library Movement ought to be linked with circles of cultured and public-spirited men who shall make it their business to help in the work of adult education by conveying the knowledge of Europe to the masses of India through periodical vernacular pamphlets to be carried to the very homes of the people. The Library Association has rendered a public service by publishing this symposium of essays compelling public attention to one of the great movements of the day, vitally fruitful of national upliftment. There is, however, a considerable amount of repetition in the various essays brought together and published by the Association. The interest of the Library Movement stands in no way to be advanced by a score or so of writers repeating the same observations as to the importance of the movement, each in words of his own within the compass of the same publication. It

should be the aim of the Association in its future publications to exclude purposeless repetitions of this kind by judicious editing, so as to render the publication a live medium for the proper organisation and expansion of the Library Movement in the Madras Presidency.

S. R.

Malabar and its Folk :—By T. K. GOPALA PANIKKAR, (Published by G. A. Natesan & Co.) Madras—Price Rs. 2.

The third edition of this well-known book has been brought out by Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co. revised and enlarged. The book was published in 1900 with an introduction by F. W. Kellet, who spoke highly of the author and his work.

The book is not a history of Malabar; but only a record of men and things, manners and customs, as they are. The author evinces a great capacity accurately and vividly to describe. He has touched in detail on almost everything of Malabar. There are many who have written about Malabar, Marco Polo, Barbosa, Strange, Thackeray, Buchanan, Wigram and Logan and a few others who were all students in varying degrees of the ethnology of Malabar. But none equals Mr. Panikkar, who is a child of the soil, in the story of the customs and manners of the country. To have a clear idea of Malabar without going over there, to know about the Nayar *Tarawad*, the *Marumakkathayam* law, the Malayali traditions and superstitions and the Malabar drama called *Kathakali*, the festivals of *Onam*, *Vishu* and *Tiruvathira*, the serpent-worship, the Namboothiris, to understand these with ease and charm there is not a better medium than the book under review.

Mr. Hamid Ali's short essay on 'Moplas' is an addition to the book. I know he has taken considerable pains to study his subject. But I disagree with him on two points:

1. The derivation of the word Mopla from 'Maha' meaning 'great' and 'Pilla' signifying the 'honorific title' used among the Nayars of Travancore, he says, seems to be the most reasonable one.

This is a knotty point; as yet there is no evidence to decide one way or the other. There is no use of conjecture.

2. Mr. Hamid Ali says that "Tipu (if at all he did convert) always aimed at the high-class Hindus". I ask for evidence. I find there is *nil*. On page 275, speaking of the Moplas of North Malabar, he refers to the *Marumakkathayam* as an 'archaic

institution'. If by 'archaic' he means 'obsolete' or 'out of date', he is wrong. Perhaps he means 'ancient'.

Mr. V. K. John's essay entitled 'the land system of Malabar' is another addition. The author of the book, Mr. Panikkar himself, has in the opening chapter made out a case for tenancy reform and his prayers today are granted in the recent passing of the Malabar Tenancy Bill in our local Legislature. Mr. John looks an industrious student of land tenures and his plea for agrarian reconstruction becomes the modern student of land problems. But is there not some danger, I ask, that "the most scientific, the most effective and the most simple system" should be "to make the cultivator the owner of the property, to combine the functions of both in one and the same person"? It is a matter of controversy. Mr. John has got a theory of which it is now useless to discuss. Before closing the review, I would suggest to the publishers that their next edition of the book will shine better if properly illustrated. A chapter on architecture would be an additional charm.

P. NARAYANA KURUP.

Indian Christians :—G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 3.

The latest publication of Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co. is undoubtedly a valuable addition to our Memoir literature. It is even something more. In as much as it records the achievements of Christian celebrities who were sons of the soil and who played no inconsiderable part in the building up of the nation, it is a useful contribution to the history of Modern India. A perusal of this handy volume which is, by the way, neatly got up, amply illustrated, and priced Rupees three, leaves an indelible impression on the minds of those whose patriotism transcends communal, credal, and religious differences. No dispassionate student of history can ignore and no true lover of the motherland can forget, the contribution of Christian India to the national evolution which is as solid as it is silent. On reading the book it becomes evident that there is no sphere of public activity in which our Christian brethren have not left an enduring record of service. As poets, educationists, publicists, reformers, and Ministers of the Church in India, they have not only distinguished themselves in their individual capacity but also advanced the common interests of all the communities. The book is worth the perusal of all youngmen, if only for the especial reason that it makes them realise that Modern India is the handiwork of the united labours of the sister

communities. It is hoped that the book will have the wide circulation it deserves. To Messrs. Natesan & Co., the public owe their heartfelt thanks for combining so harmoniously, business with patriotism and maintaining the best traditions of a publishing house.

I. D.

Mangalore, a Historical sketch :—By GEORGE M. MORAES. [With a preface by the Rev. H. Heras, S. J. M.A., Professor of Indian History and Director of the Indian Historical Research Institute, St. Xavier's College, Bombay. Published by J. J. Rego at the Codialbail Press, Mangalore, 1927. Crown 8vo pp. 94.]

This little book is the second of the research studies organized by the Rev. Heras who is now recognized as one of the most prominent of the scholars engaged in Indian historical research. It is the work of one of his students trained in the meticulously accurate method of his. The booklet contains eleven chapters besides an excellent list of bibliographical references, published and unpublished. The unpublished documents are a valuable set of 16 extracts (one of which alone is in English) from the Government Archives of Panjim and the Diocesan Archives of Mylapore. They are published as appendices and cover 18 pages (pp. 72-90). The early history of Mangalore, the Portuguese enterprises, the wars of Venkatappa Nayaka, the account of Pietro Della Valle, and the fortunes of the city under Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan are dealt with in the first seven chapters. The subsequent chapters give short and interesting accounts of the relations of Mangalore with the outside world in the 18th century and the history of the Kanara Christians before and after the troublous times of Tipu. The booklet is a model historical thesis though in an unpretentious and Plebian exterior.

Trilochana-Pallava and Karikala Chola :—By N. VENKATA RAMANAYYA M.A., Ph.D. [V. Ramaswamy Sastrulu & Sons, 1939. pp. 120, Royal 8-vo.]

This book is a valuable publication which is likely to be highly useful to those engaged in South Indian historical research. It is well-known that Karikala Chola figures not only in Tamil literature as the builder of the embankment of the Kaveri, but in inscriptions as the originator of the Telugu-Chola dynasty which played an important part in the history of South India from the 7th century to the 13th. Epigraphists are acquainted with the movements, friendly and hostile, of the chiefs of the Telugu-Chola line. It is also equally well-known

that there is a legendary figure among the Pallavas, the celebrated Mukunti Kaduvetti. The author, relying on the basis of the inscription on the one hand and the numerous Mss. available in the Mackenzie collections, argues that Mukunti Kaduvetti and Karikala Chola were contemporaries and that Karikala Chola met him in battle and wrested from him the lands now forming the Ceded Districts. The author is to be congratulated on the large mass of literary materials, Tamil and Telugu, which he has utilised. The appendices are full of analytical data and are a good guide to those who desire to dive into the original authorities upon which the author depends. Pamphlets like these, small monographs on the other doubtful and enigmatic historical figures, are absolutely necessary; and we hope that the author will place the commendable capacity for research he has shown in this volume at the disposal of the unexplored fields of South Indian History. It is not possible to agree with all the views stated here; but the method and the spirit of the investigation are what are exactly needed in the present day.

V. R.

MARATHI

Vidhawa-Kumari:—A novel. (published by the Mahilavijay Granthamala; Khatao Bhawan, Girgaum, Bombay. Rs. 2)

Few books have succeeded in focussing the attention of the public in Maharashtra, as some of the publications of this enterprising firm have done, to the existence of the social evils in the land. As the name denotes, the book is an autobiography of a virgin widow; and it has been told with a poignancy and sincerity which makes the book very fascinating reading. Born in the village of Chiplon, a girl is married in her 11th year to an old man of 52, who is working at Bombay and whom the girl never saw, except perforce on the day of the wedding. She finds to her sorrow and amazement that on her arrival at her husband's house, she is supposed to be a step-mother to a lady who is thrice her age. The story goes on in a delightful rambling way telling us a hundred intimate details of the Maharashtra home and we get a very clear glimpse of the family life of Gopaban. Suddenly the husband dies and the girl becomes a widow. The story then proceeds telling the hideous sufferings of the young widow and finally her emancipation.

A theme common enough; but told with consummate skill and astuteness. The author makes a passionate plea for the resuscitation of the *kumkuma*, the putting in of the auspicious mark on the forehead, as the right of every woman and the death of the husband may not affect this custom.

In short, a very thought-provoking fine story.

B. L. RAU.

TELUGU

Ippudu:—By MR. BH. KAMESWARA RAO, Rajahmundry, (Price As. 8.)

Here is a nicely got-up edition of three plays by Mr. Bh. Kameswara Rao, reprinted from the *Bharathi* in which they were originally published. Readers of the *Bharathi* are familiar with the writings of Mr. Kameswara Rao who is known to be a successful humorist. We understand the present work to be the first instalment of collected plays by Mr. Kameswara Rao, and no doubt, the plays included herein do credit to the author's claim to a high standard of achievement. There are passages in these plays capable of producing remarkable effects both theatrically and otherwise. In places, the dialogues seem to be irrelevant but on the whole they are humorous and entertaining. In the first play, a nickname given to a person largely determines the action of the play. In the next, and more so in the last, there are subtle expositions of some of the characteristics of the Telugu people. This appears to be the author's main aim and he has effectively employed his humour for this purpose.

SRI SRI.

Swaraj by Negotiation

BY K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO¹

Judging from the manner in which the Viceregal announcement has been welcomed by certain sections of Indian public opinion, it looks as if our countrymen have a pathetic faith in the primrose path of negotiation as the way to Swaraj. Even before the first blow has been struck, we are settling down to a comfortable talk of peace. The statement that the attainment of Dominion Status is the ultimate goal of British policy in India—a goal to be attained 'in the fulness of time'—is received as a welcome repudiation of the Haileyian interpretation of the Declaration of August, 1917. Obviously, a subject nation has to be grateful even for small mercies!

We shall not seek to belittle the efforts of Lord Irwin to bring about a better understanding between Britain and India. Blessed are the peace-makers; and Lord Irwin is assuredly one of them. It was no small achievement to have persuaded the Imperial Government to treat with the Indian leaders at a Round Table Conference. But in a case like the present, the conditions which hedge the Conference round are such as to rob it of all value as a measure of peace and goodwill. The farce of the Simon Enquiry and Report is to continue and, ludicrous as it might appear, the proposal for the Conference is deemed to have emanated from Sir John himself. The Conference can meet only after the Simon Report and the Nair Report have been considered by the Government of India. Obviously, these documents which ought to be treated as no better than mere scraps of paper, are to form the basis of discussion. The Conference is to be between His Majesty's Government and such Indian leaders as are invited by the Premier. It is not an attempt to thresh out the details of

¹ Written on the 1st of November.

SWARAJ BY NEGOTIATION

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a scheme of Dominion Status, the broad principles of which Britain accepts in advance, but only an effort to arrive at the greatest common measure of agreement between the Indians who, like Oliver Twist, are always asking for more, and the Britishers anxious to concede as little as may be consistent with their professed desire to set India on her feet, in pursuit of the distant goal of Dominion Status. Even when an agreement is reached after prolonged negotiations, every political party in England is free to pursue its own course. The decisions of the Conference apparently bind no one, not even the party in power which, through the Premier, invites the Indian leaders. It is not a peace-pact between equals that is in prospect—not an agreed constitution which needs but the formal ratification of Parliament. Is this, after all, another attempt to rally the Moderates who were driven into opposition by the all-white complexion of the Statutory Commission? There is bound to be a cleavage in our ranks, the 'more reasonable' Congressmen throwing in their lot with those that have pinned their faith to Swaraj by negotiation, and the younger Congressmen and advocates of Independence refusing to touch the Round Table Conference with the longest stick.

Possibly, we shall be told that it is unfair to doubt the *bona fides* of the Labour Party, or to set little store by the Viceroy's patent anxiety to ease the tension and prepare the way for a lasting peace. But what are we to think of an announcement which makes no mention of the hundreds of patriots wearing out their lives in prison-cells, or the vexatious prosecutions launched against men of undoubted probity? The release of all political prisoners and the withdrawal of all political prosecutions is the acid test of the Government's *bona fides*. We trust that the leaders who are running post-haste to Delhi will examine the situation in all its bearings and set forth the National Demand in an unfaltering voice. Peace with honour is always welcome, but we are not disposed to attach any value

to the opinion of men like Mr. C.S. Ranga Iyer who advise Indians not to look at the Viceregal gift-horse in the mouth. Swaraj can never be a gift from one nation to another. As between Britain and India, it must be won by the pressure that we can bring to bear by insistent and united action. Even the present gesture is the result of the successful boycott of the Simon Commission by all political parties that really count. If, in the end, Swaraj is to be established by negotiation, let us remember that the party that negotiates without the power to enforce its view-point is always at a disadvantage. So, while we prepare for peace, let us continue to develop the strength that will not only win Swaraj for us but enable us to retain it when won.

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