

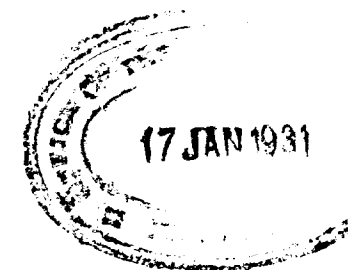
TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

(With which is incorporated 'THE NEW ERA')

EDITOR

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO, B.A., B.L.



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(Formerly Editor, 'The New Era')

Madras
(India)

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Sept-Oct
1930



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

MAZZINI

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Dear Reader,

We know that you are as much interested as ourselves in

- 1. the improvement of the 'Triveni', and*
- 2. its early conversion into a monthly.*

*These objects can be achieved only by **doubling the number of subscribers** during the coming year, 1931.*

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Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,
K. Ramakotiswara Rao,
Editor, 'Triveni'.

P.S.—Please peruse the accompanying Appeal, and do your best for 'Triveni'.

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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 September last. The Editor's grateful thanks are due to all Life-subscribers. He trusts more will come in.

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'TRIVENI' AND 'THE NEW ERA'

We are glad to be able to announce that 'The New Era' has been merged in 'Triveni'. We hope that this result will meet with the approval of the friends of both the magazines. Though these two journals were living separate, it must have been apparent to many that there was much that was common to both. No doubt each had its special features, and no journal need be born if it has nothing special to propagate. But in the combined effort, an attempt will be made to bring out the best features of both. The fortunes of serious journalism in our country are exceptionally precarious, and united they could look forward to a stabler and more prosperous career than while single. We appeal to our friends and subscribers to evince in the combined venture the same interest and sympathy they were pleased to extend to the two journals separately.

M. S. CHELAPATI,

Editor, 'The New Era'

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO,

Editor, 'Triveni'

INFORMATION ABOUT 'TRIVENI'

1. 'Triveni' is published **Six Times** a year, on the 15th of February, April, June, August, October and December. Subscription may commence from any number, but no enlistments will be made for periods of less than one year.

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5. **Advertisements.** A few select advertisements will be accepted for insertion at the end of the Journal. For rates and other particulars, apply to the Manager.

6. **Back Volumes.** A few complete sets of 'Triveni' Vol. I (1928) and Vol. II (1929) are available for sale at Rs. 6 each, (post free). Bound Volumes, Rs. 8 each, (post free).

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Tri-Colour Frontispiece

The Flower-Flame

By Sjt. Ramendranath Chakravarty

Indian States and Federalism

BY V. GOVINDARAJACHARI, B.A., B.L.

The most important problem which is engaging the attention of the Round Table Conference is the welding together, in a common constitutional fabric, of the British Indian provinces and the 600 and odd Indian States with their enormous variations in the matter of size, population and revenue. While it is obviously impossible to find anything like unanimity on this subject among the innumerable utterances made from time to time by British Indian politicians and by the Rulers and Ministers of Indian States, it is fairly clear that the Indian States are prepared to enter into an All-India Federation, provided their internal sovereignty is assured and their "treaty rights" are safeguarded. Some at least of the British Indian politicians are prepared to concede this, while others insist, and perhaps rightly, upon several safeguards which they conceive are necessary in the larger interests of the country and for the avoidance of constant friction and disharmony in the working of the constitution. While a pettifogging attitude is totally out of place at a time when constitutional issues of the first magnitude have to be faced and solved, it is worth while to remember that a solution which forgets the realities of the situation, or which is conceived in a spirit of indiscreet and imprudent generosity, is scarcely likely to function for long without leading to discontent and embittered relations, and without throwing the whole constitutional machinery out of gear.

Anything like a lasting solution must, therefore, necessarily take into account the various groups or interests which must be safeguarded or provided for, as also the existing legal and constitutional position of British India and the Indian States in relation to each other. Some of the British Indian politicians

are prepared to treat the question as one exclusively between themselves, the Rulers of the Indian States, and the British Government, forgetting that there are 70 millions of Indian States subjects with a growing political consciousness and with rights and interests scarcely less valuable than those of any of the other parties. However much the *sang-froid* of Indian Rulers may be wounded by the presence at the same table of the representatives of their subjects, it is idle to imagine that any solution which is not in the main acceptable to the Indian States subjects can have in it the element of stability or permanence. The States subjects have a right to ask that there should be proper safeguards in the constitution against the misrule of their Princes, and that there should be some authority *somewhere* which would put down gross abuse of power on the part of their Rulers. Their legitimate aspirations in the direction of democratic government and representative institutions must be satisfied, if not immediately, at least by progressive and well-defined stages. The revenues of the States must cease to be regarded as the personal incomes of their Rulers and, with the exception of the Civil List to be settled in each case, must be spent on the administration of the State and for the moral and material betterment of the subjects. The question of the extent of the powers which the Central Government should possess over the Indian States, the authority by which the paramountcy over the Indian States should be exercised, the question whether the representation of the Indian States in the central legislatures should consist of the Rulers and of their nominees, or the duly elected representatives of the States subjects, or partly the one and partly the other, are by far the most important of the questions that have to be answered before a constitution for All-India can be devised or even thought of.

It may be suggested that an insistence on such conditions as those outlined above may induce or compel the Princes to break away from the Conference altogether and it is certainly a

possibility which cannot be ruled out altogether. We should, however, put ourselves the question whether it is worth while consenting to a federation of British India and Indian States, if the Central Government is to have no control over the Indian States and cannot curb the misrule of their Rulers—which is really what is meant by a guarantee of their internal sovereignty and their treaty rights,—if the States are to be represented in the central legislatures by their Rulers or their nominees, if there is to be no safeguard against the expenditure by the Princes on themselves of the bulk of the revenues of their respective States, and if the form of government that is to prevail in the States is one of personal despotism. A Federation on those lines would not only not be an improvement on the existing state of things, but would be a most retrograde step from the point of view of the country at large.

One may pause here and examine what exactly are the outstanding features and implications of the legal and constitutional position of British India and the Indian States relatively to each other. The relations between the Indian States and the British Government are regulated partly by treaties concluded between the Rulers of the said States on the one hand and the East India Company or the Governor-General of India in Council on the other, partly by the conventions and usages that have grown up sometimes in the application and interpretation of those treaties and sometimes independently of such treaties, engagements or sanads. That the Indian States cannot be regarded as co-ordinate authorities with His Majesty's Government and that they are subject to the paramountcy of that Government cannot seriously be disputed, and both the Butler Committee and the Simon Commission have declared the legal and constitutional subordination of those States to the British Government.

The exercise of this paramount power is now vested by law in the Governor-General of India in Council. Sec. 1 of the Government of India Act 1915 provides that "all

rights which, if the Government of India Act 1858 had not been passed, might have been exercised by the East India Company in relation to any territories, may be exercised by and in the name of His Majesty as rights incidental to the Government of India", and by Sec. 33 "the superintendence, direction and control of the Civil and Military Government of India is vested in the Governor-General in Council, who is required to pay due obedience to all such orders as he may receive from the Secretary of State." These two sections, therefore, not only declare that the relations with the Indian States form part of, and are incidental to, the Government of India, but also vest in the Governor-General of India in Council the power and authority to regulate and control the said relations. Thus the paramountcy over the Indian States is statutorily exercisable by the Governor-General of India in Council which is the legally constituted authority for the said purpose under an Act of the British Parliament.

No doubt the foreign and political portfolio of the Government of India is always held by the Governor-General and he disposes of the bulk of the work connected with the Indian States with the help of his Political Secretary. But this by itself does not mean that the relations with the Indian States are outside the general control of the Governor-General in Council, any more than the subjects or matters included in, and properly coming under, the portfolio of any member of the Executive Council. While Sec. 41 of the Government of India Act confers certain exceptional powers on the Governor-General to overrule the Executive Council, the Act contemplates that normally the Government should be carried on in accordance with the view of the majority of the members present at a meeting of the Governor-General's Executive Council, the Governor-General voting along with the members of his Executive Council with liberty to give a second or a casting vote if the members are equally divided. With the Indianisation of the Governor-General's Executive Council and as the Government

of India becomes more and more responsive to public opinion expressed through the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State, even if it does not immediately become a responsible Government in the strict constitutional sense of being removable by the legislature, it cannot be gainsaid or doubted that the Government of India Act as it now stands has put British India in a position of vantage in relation to the Indian States, which it will, no doubt, utilise for the betterment of Indian India, with due regard alike to the privileges of the Rulers of Indian States and the moral and material well-being of their subjects.

It was suggested by the Butler Committee and by the Simon Commission that the Viceroy should be constituted the agent of the paramount power in its relations with the Princes and that Sec. 33 of the Government of India Act should be suitably amended by vesting in the Viceroy, as distinguished from the Governor-General in Council, the powers and duties of the Crown in relation to Indian States. The suggestion has been taken up with great eagerness by the Princes, and is being put forward with considerable insistence. The constitutional results of the suggested change are extremely important and fundamental.

It would have the effect of depriving British India of the position of influence which it now occupies and of making the Rulers of Indian States constitutionally independent of the control which British India is now exercising, and which it will in ever-increasing degree exercise hereafter. A Viceroy untrammelled by and independent of the influence and control of the British Indian legislatures is sought to be substituted, as the agent of the paramount power in its relations with the Indian States, for the Governor-General of India in Council who is more or less responsive to Indian public opinion and who would in the fulness of time be responsible to a properly constituted British Indian legislature.

The exercise of paramountcy by British India over the Indian States may be irksome and distasteful to the latter, and

British India is not anxious that it should exercise any suzerainty, now or hereafter, over the Indian States. The suggestion, however, that the paramountcy should be vested in, and exercised by, a foreign agency independent of the Government and the legislatures of this country is clearly opposed to, and inconsistent with, the conception of Dominion Status and is fraught with serious consequences to the rights and liberties of the people of the Indian States. The only acceptable solution would be to vest the paramountcy or power of control over the Indian States in a composite central legislature consisting of representatives of British India and of the Indian States, the latter being partly at least chosen by the people of the Indian States. A good measure of agreement seems already to have been reached as to the subjects of common concern which are to be discussed and dealt with by an All-India legislature to be erected hereafter. There can be and there ought to be no objection from British India or from any other quarter to the Indian States being put on a position of equality with British India in the matter of formulating or regulating the policy to be pursued in the matter of the Customs, the Army, the Railways and so on, though under the existing constitution British India alone lays down for the whole of India the policy in regard to subjects which concern itself and the Indian States alike. But the more important question is as to the extent of the internal sovereignty which the Princes are so insistent about and as to what, if any, constitutional safeguards should be devised within or without the States for checking misrule or abuse of power by the Princes.

The attempt on the part of the Princes to cut themselves away from the constitution altogether by setting themselves up as co-ordinate authorities with British India subject only to the paramountcy vested in the Viceroy, and thereby erect a perpetual dyarchy, while at the same time securing to themselves the right to interfere in and lay down the policy of the country in matters of common concern, must be resisted by British

Indian representatives with all the strength and resources at their command. A Federation of British India and Indian States is not worth having at *any* cost. The continuance of the present state of things is by far better than a Federation which concedes that the Rulers of the Indian States are subject to no control and are answerable to no authority in this country. The repeated reference in the utterances of the States' Rulers to their "treaty rights" is itself ominous. It is fairly clear that they are not prepared to recognise the large volume of usage that has grown up in the regulation of the relations between themselves and the British Government and that they want to go back to the "treaties" which were drawn up perhaps a century ago. A guarantee of "treaty rights", without attempting to define what they are, is fraught with highly mischievous consequences. The occasion requires prudence, firmness and forethought on the part of British Indian politicians. There is no doubt that the Indian Princes are a better organized and a more compact body and that they are pressing their case with admirable persistence and resourcefulness.

Whether the central legislature is to be unicameral or bicameral, whether the smaller States are to be left out of the Federation altogether and placed practically on the same footing as the Taluqdars or Zemindars of British India, or whether they are to form a sub-federation and be represented as such in the central legislature, whether the federation is to be between British India as one unit and the Indian States as another, or whether individual provinces and individual States are to be regarded as the constituent units of the Federation are questions of detail.

The main and fundamental question is as to how best to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Indian States and associate them with British India in the matter of laying down the policy on subjects of common concern, while at the same time providing for adequate constitutional safeguards against misrule and gross abuse of power by the Rulers. If a solution, sound in

principle, cannot be arrived at, it is far better that we leave the question of a Federation for a more opportune or propitious occasion, contenting ourselves merely with agitating for the establishment of responsible Government in British India rather than that we should enter into some patch-work Federation based on hasty or ill-conceived concessions.

Paunan, the Untouchable

BY CHINTA DIKSHITULU

(Adapted from *TELUGU* by *S. Muddu Krishna*)

(A PANCHAMA HAMLET ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SRIRANGAM.
ENTER MOOLAN AND PUTTAN)

MOOLAN: Where did you find him?

PUTTAN: On the banks of the Cauveri he sits with eyes shut.

MOOLAN: Why didn't you fetch him home?

PUTTAN: How to? He doesn't speak. With close-shut eyes, he sits silent, without food, without sleep.

MOOLAN: Then, what does he, sitting like that all the time?

PUTTAN: What am I to say? When, at long intervals, he happens to open his eyes, in a great mood of ecstasy he cries aloud, 'Ranga, Ranga' and dances in an unconscious state.

MOOLAN: Ought to have been born amongst the Brahmins! By an accident he was born amongst us.

PUTTAN: Have you heard of that wonder of wonders?

MOOLAN: Which?

PUTTAN: He is hurt all over. His whole body bleeding from the pelted stones, still in a state unconscious of all bodily pains, he goes on crying 'Ranga, Ranga!'

MOOLAN: What! hurt? How could he get hurt with stones? Why this fate to one who sits with eyes shut on the banks of the Cauveri?

PUTTAN: Yesterday morning, it seems, the Brahmins were going on the elephant to fetch water from the Cauveri in a golden vessel.

MOOLAN: What for?

PUTTAN: Don't you know the holy temple of Sri Ranga where the Brahmins live?

MOOLAN: Yes. Yes. From a distance I see its *gopura* in the sky, hanging like a cloud weighed down with its own water.

PUTTAN: It seems they bathe the holy Sri Ranga with the waters of the Cauveri.

MOOLAN: Well?

PUTTAN: At that time, Paunan was sitting in the sands near the *ghats* with closed eyes.

MOOLAN: But didn't he rise and retire to a distance at the sight of the Brahmins?

PUTTAN: All unconscious, how could he know the passers-by?

MOOLAN: What happened then?

PUTTAN: Sighting Paunan, the Brahmins cried aloud, commanding him to remove himself from the path; and when they thought him obstinate, they pelted him with stones.

MOOLAN: Yes, they can't allow us to obstruct their way with our presence.

PUTTAN: To add to it, the Brahmins were out on God's purpose.

MOOLAN: Poor fellow, he must have been much hurt by the stones!

PUTTAN: I have told you that his whole body is a pool of blood.

MOOLAN: What happened, after all?

PUTTAN: Can't say whether it is due to the injuries or to his devotional ecstasy, he opened his eyes and saw the Brahmins. Springing up and crying "Ranga, Ranga, Ranga, how many Rangas here", he ran towards them.

MOOLAN: What a foolish thing!

PUTTAN: The Brahmins, afraid of his touch, ran away from him pelting him more severely with stones.

MOOLAN: Poor thing! Don't know whether he does these things knowingly or unknowingly!

PUTTAN: But our Paunan is not of that nature to do such things knowingly.

MOOLAN: Don't know if he is possessed.

PUTTAN: By some reason, maybe from the severe injuries, he dropped down senseless. The Brahmins avoiding him from a distance went to the *ghat* and fetched their holy water.

MOOLAN: What became of him then?

PUTTAN: As he lay senseless like that, it rained. He then regained his senses and, searching on all sides, began to beat his head and cry, "O, where are my Rangas, where are They?"

MOOLAN: What an innocent soul!

PUTTAN: He cried himself hoarse. Then collecting those very stones he was hit with, with great respect and reverence he kissed each stone. With those stones he built a small enclosure and in its midst drawing the picture of the temple of Ranganatha, crying aloud in high ecstasy 'Ranga, Ranga,' he again sat down all unconscious. We tried to speak to him, but to no effect.

MOOLAN: But if he goes on doing such dangerous things, I am afraid we may all of us be courting danger.

PUTTAN: Apart from us, I am thinking of him alone. Is this devotion or mere madness? Why should he gather with such respect and reverence those very stones that have hurt him?

MOOLAN: It is thus: "My Rangas have given me these stones, they have blessed me with these stones, they want me to build my temple with them. I shall build a temple for my Ranga with these. O, what good souls are my Rangas! What great kindness they have for me, my Rangas!" Thus crying aloud, he built that enclosure.

MOOLAN: To me, it seems he has gone mad.

PUTTAN: He may become all right if he enters the temple and sees Ranganatha there.

MOOLAN: How?

PUTTAN: Don't you know what he used to say in his younger days, "How are we to see Ranganatha in that temple? Has Ranga no pity for us? If He has, why does He keep us at such a distance? Have we no hearts? Don't our hearts also beat with longing to see Him? What for is this life if not to see Ranganatha? I am certain that some day in this life I shall see Ranganatha face to face."

MOOLAN: That is his madness.

PUTTAN: We shall ask the Brahmins to suggest a remedy for this madness.

MOOLAN: All this is leading to some disaster to our community. If not, what is Ranganatha to us? Why should we think of serving Ranganatha, who is accessible to the high Brahmins alone? What a sin to offend the Brahmins!

PUTTAN: Yes, it seems so. We cannot say whether all this is for our good or evil, but this desire has been in Paunan even from his birth.

MOOLAN: But yet, which place is devoid of God? Why should we desire *that* Ranganatha alone who is in that temple?

PUTTAN: What am I to say?

MOOLAN: All this means some disaster.

PUTTAN: Look! What for are the Brahmins coming this way towards our Panchama hamlet?

MOOLAN: Didn't I say so much, that all this means some disaster? I don't know if they will drive us away from this place or inflict some punishment on us.

PUTTAN: Why should the Brahmins come to the Panchama hamlet? Our sins have ripened. Whose is the sin if the Brahmins step into the Panchama hamlet?

MOOLAN: Shut up, don't speak, let us step aside, we should not stand in their way.

PUTTAN: You are right. But what are we to do now? Look, look, how our people are remonstrating with the Swamins not to step into the forbidden hamlet! Shall we also cry out requesting them?

MOOLAN: Yes. Else that sin will cling to us as well.

PUTTAN: Swamins! Please don't come this way. These are Panchama huts. These are not places for you to tread.

MOOLAN: Great Swamins, pray don't come, pray don't. We would be sinning if we didn't warn you that this is a forbidden place. But I tell you, you who are sacred Brahmins, these are Panchama huts. Please don't come this way. You are our Gods, don't step into this Panchama hamlet.

(ENTER TWO BRAHMINS—PUTTAN AND MOOLAN FALL ON THE GROUND IN SALUTATION FROM A DISTANCE)

MOOLAN: Swamins, pardon us the faults committed in ignorance. If you don't pardon our trespasses, who else is going to protect us?

PUTTAN: Something has been wrong with our Paunan even from his childhood. He is mad and, in his madness, he acts unconsciously. Please forgive his trespasses. We promise to take care of him hereafter.

DESIKACHARI: Sirrah! Where is Paunan?

PUTTAN: Swamin, he is a mad man. You will pardon him this time and protect us.

MOOLAN: Had you sent us word, we would have run up to you. Why should you, great sires, come to our dirty place?

DESIKACHARI: What means this unnecessary prattle? Where is Paunan?

(PUTTAN LOOKS AT MOOLAN AND KEEPS QUIET)

MOOLAN: (With folded hands) Please to protect us, great sires!
He is mad. Allow him to live. Please pardon us
this time.

DESIKACHARI: Fool! Shut up your prattling. Speak, where is
Paunan? It is the order of the King.

MOOLAN AND PUTTAN: O, the King's order! Alas! alas! our
homes are lost!

DESIKACHARI: In another hour, the King will come in person to
visit Paunan.

PUTTAN: What! the King in person! the King in person to see
Paunan!

MOOLAN: Perhaps the King punishes him in person. Perhaps
he has committed a fault that deserves a punish-
ment direct at the King's hands.

DESIKACHARI: You idiot, what for is any punishment? The
King in person will take Paunan in procession
round the town in his own chariot.

PUTTAN: I am asking in ignorance, our Brahmin Gods, pardon
this impertinence and tell me. Is not the King
coming to punish our Paunan?

DESIKACHARI: No. He comes personally to lead Paunan into
the presence of Ranganatha.

MOOLAN: The Swamins are cutting jokes. Pardon us, you
are our Gods; what is impossible to your thoughts?

DESIKACHARI: You perfect fools, can't you understand? The
King is much pleased with Paunan. Without an-
other word, bring him here. Inform him that the
King is coming and make him ready. Go.

(MOOLAN AND PUTTAN GO AWAY)

VEDANTA: My hair stands on end as I enter this Panchama
hamlet.

DESIKACHARI: Why?

VEDANTA: I never thought that in my life I would commit
such an unthinkable act.

DESIKACHARI: But, is not this hamlet sanctified by the grace of
Sri Ranganatha? It means that it has got all the
sacredness of Sri Ranga's place.

VEDANTA: Yes. But my mind refuses to be convinced.

DESIKACHARI: Custom at times destroys the *Dharma*. Knowing
full well that it is *Dharma*, we are yet slaves to
custom.

VEDANTA: Well. It is not an unknown truth. If it comes
to that, where is that place where God does not
dwell? Who exists without His grace? Does
Ranganatha desire caste and religion or does He
desire devotion? Even though fully conscious of
all this, the mind refuses to go against custom.

DESIKACHARI: Perhaps that is in human nature? Or may be
the fruit of the *Karma* of previous births.

VEDANTA: Think of these mysteries in this age of Kali.

DESIKACHARI: Ranganatha is a manifest God, what doubt is
there?

VEDANTA: Think of the wounds inflicted on Paunan becoming
visible on the body of Ranganatha!

DESIKACHARI: We always thought that Paunan was a mere
Panchama, but nobody ever thought that he was
one of the greatest devotees.

VEDANTA: By the grace of Ranganatha we now know of one
great devotee.

DESIKACHARI: Not only that. Ranganatha has demonstrated
that the devotee and He are not two but one.

VEDANTA: What greatness this of Ranganatha!

DESIKACHARI: Since men have become fond of precept devoid
of action, Ranganatha it seems gave *darsan* to the
King in a dream.

VEDANTA: Else Paunan would have died of those wounds
inflicted by the throwing of stones.

DESIKACHARI: We extol an atom of devotion in a high-born person and make a mountain of it but value less than a blade of grass the most precious devotion of a low-born. Methinks Ranganatha appeared to the King in a dream just to set this right.

VEDANTA: Perhaps Ranganatha gave this demonstration to let people know that His devotees also should be worshipped along with Him.

DESIKACHARI: With our limited knowledge we are attempting to gauge the thoughts of the Omniscient.

VEDANTA: Don't know if it is the sin of our birth or our caste, we have been claiming a monopoly of God. I now understand that it is wrong of us to imprison God within our boundaries.

DESIKACHARI: Now it is manifest that God's embrace is the haven of happiness to all humanity.

VEDANTA: But hear me, I say this. We, no doubt, admit Paunan to our circle, but if another like Paunan is born again, we will surely pelt him too with stones.

DESIKACHARI: Yes. And Ranganatha will have to prove his greatness again. Till then we won't accept him. That is true.

VEDANTA: Perhaps, greater devotion is born in the heart of the Panchama who sights the temple *gopura* from a distance, than in the heart of the priest who performs the daily rites.

DESIKACHARI: By the grace of Ranganatha we now understand that devotion alone determines the caste. The crooked views of this generation are dead from now.

VEDANTA: But later generations, instead of pondering over the moral of this incident, will surely become slaves to custom again.

DESIKACHARI: There! The trumpets announce the King.

VEDANTA: Still, they have not brought Paunan. What have these untouchables been doing all the while?

DESIKACHARI: This day Paunan will offer the flower of his heart at the lotus feet of Ranganatha.

VEDANTA: He has done it already. This day all the members of Paunan's caste will have the great fortune of Ranganatha's *darsan*. They will bathe in the benevolent sight of Rangadhama.

DESIKACHARI: This day they will all become the most blessed Vaishnavas. There, there, they are forcing Paunan to come.

VEDANTA: With that little strip of cloth and nothing else, how are we to present him to the King?

DESIKACHARI: Why decorate that "Crown of Devotees"?

VEDANTA: True. Devotion itself is his greatest decoration.

(ENTER MOOLAN, PUTTAN AND PAUNAN)

PAUNAN: Let me off. Please. I go to my Ranga. Leave me. Where, where is my Ranga? Where? There my Ranga is sitting on the banks of the Cauveri. O, He beckons to me: I go. I go to meet my Ranga.

PUTTAN: Stay, Paunan. Why do you struggle like this? Look, the holy Brahmins have come for you.

PAUNAN: Have They come? Have They come? My Rangas have come for me. How kind are my Rangas to me! Have not my Rangas given me stones to build a temple with? I will salute my Rangas, where are They?

(HE FALLS AT THEIR FEET)

VEDANTA: Nay, don't touch—(looks at Desika and bites his tongue)—Get up, Paunan, get up. The King is coming for you.

DESIKACHARI: The King wants to take you in person before Ranganatha. There, the King is coming.

PAUNAN: (Jumping for joy) They take me near my Ranganatha! The King is coming! Am I to see my Ranga in His temple? Am I to worship Him in person?

DESIKACHARI: No doubt about it.

VEDANTA: Ranganatha is much pleased with you.

PAUNAN: Why does the King come for me? Haven't I got my Ranganatha here? Is not this Ranga enough for me? My Ranga plays on the sand-banks in the bosom of the Cauveri. I will go to my Ranga. I will worship my Ranga.

DESIKACHARI: Don't go. The King will grow angry.

VEDANTA: And you will be punished if you run away.

PAUNAN: I don't want the Ranganna in that temple. That is the Ranga of the Brahmins. The Brahmins will get angry if I go there. I will be sinning against the Brahmins. O, my Ranga will be angry with me if I provoke the Brahmins. This Ranga is enough for me. I will play with my Ranga alone. My Ranganna alone is enough for me.

DESIKACHARI: No. The Brahmins won't be angry if you enter the temple. A thousand Brahmins are coming along with the King to lead you there.

VEDANTA: Ranga has asked them to take you to Him.

PAUNAN: What, the Brahmins are coming for me! Can the Brahmin Gods come near my house? Has Ranga asked them to take me to Him? Truly, truly? Is it Ranga that has sent for me? Is it my Ranga?

DESIKACHARI: It seems the wounds inflicted on you were found upon the body of Ranganatha.

PAUNAN: Upon whose body?

VEDANTA: Upon the body of Sri Ranganatha.

PAUNAN: Why was He hurt?

DESIKACHARI: We pelted you with stones and they hurt the body of Ranga.

PAUNAN: My God, my God! Injuries to my Ranga! Alas! Why did not those stones hurt me alone! My bleeding body would then have been worthy for offering Him worship. My Ranga is hurt, alas, alas . . . (He cries).

DESIKACHARI: Ranganatha appeared to the King in a dream and asked the King to fetch you to His presence.

PAUNAN: Really? Really?

DESIKACHARI: Yes, truly.

PAUNAN: Is it true that my Ranga has sent for me?

VEDANTA: It is.

PAUNAN: My Ranga has granted me permission to have His *darsan*! Is it true?

PUTTAN: Yes. So it is.

PAUNAN: How partial is Sri Ranga towards His servants. *He* sends for me! *He* sends for me! Really?

MOOLAN: Why don't you believe? They say that it is all true.

PAUNAN: My Ranga permits me to enter His temple! At last, I can visit my God. After all, I can feast my famished eyes with His sight. What for are these eyes if not to see my Ranga? What for are these hands if not to salute Ranga? What for is this tongue if not to speak of Him? What for is this heart if not to think of Him? With all my heart I will worship Him. My Ranga has sent for me. The Brahmins permit me to visit Him. The King wants me to see my Ranga. My Ranga is beckoning me. I am going. I will see my Ranga. I will embrace my Ranga. I will worship my Ranga. Ranga, Ranga, Ranga, my Father, O, Ranga, my Father, I am coming into your embrace. I am coming to do obeisance to you. My Lord; I am coming near to your feet. I am coming, Ranga. I am coming, Ranga, Ranga.

(HE GOES)

DESIKACHARI: The King is coming in procession. Stop, Paunan, stop.

VEDANTA: He is coming with a thousand Brahmins.

PUTTAN: Shall I stop him, Swamin?

MOOLAN: Shall we run and stop him?

DESIKACHARI: Do.

PUTTAN AND MOOLAN: Stop. Paunan, stop.

(THEY RUN THAT WAY)

VEDANTA: No, they can't catch him. Shall we stay here, or shall we go?

DESIKACHARI: But the King is coming. We have to inform him about all this. Let us remain.

VEDANTA: Look! He is leading all the people from the Panchama hamlet into the temple. He is dancing. He is singing. All the Panchamas are singing along with him.

DESIKACHARI: See, how the thousand Brahmins surround him. They fall at his feet.

VEDANTA: What a fault we have committed! We never thought of falling at his feet.

DESIKACHARI: That is our misfortune. Who can do away with the *Karma* of the past? Look, look, they seat him in the chariot beside the King. The King embraces him.

VEDANTA: Paunan has swooned in the chariot.

DESIKACHARI: What a great sight! What a holy day! In all eternity this day alone is the holiest. The Panchamas and the Brahmins together are following in a procession behind the chariot.

VEDANTA: The Panchamas are singing songs. The Brahmins are reciting *Vedic* hymns; Ranga's name today resounds everywhere.

DESIKACHARI: Why remain here? Let us join the great festival.

VEDANTA: Come along, quick!

The Indian Village, Old and New

BY CHOWDHRY MUKTHAR SINGH

(Member, Indian Central Banking Enquiry Committee)

In order to understand the present condition of our rural population, it is necessary to have a clear view of India's pre-British village economy. From time immemorial the village was a unit of local self-government in the administration of the country. Under the old Hindu kings the village was considered to be a self-sufficient institution and since then, in spite of the fact that the government of the country passed into the hands of alien conquerors, as far as the village administration went, no change of a radical or revolutionary character took place. No doubt, at times whenever the alien rule was weak at the centre and conditions of life became unsettled there were internal disorder and strife; but there was never a time when the village unit was disintegrated into a number of groups. Even religious differences and proselytizing zeal did not disrupt the internal harmony of the village life. In spite of the fact that a party of men in a village was converted by force or by consent to Muhammadanism in Northern India, the village tie of the people remained unloosened. Even upto, say, two or three decades ago Hindus and Muhammadans in a village were living quite amicably and peacefully. On every occasion of marriage or funeral they came together and at their daily rendezvous exchanged friendly and neighbourly greetings. Every village had its own elders coming from different communities inhabiting the village, and a court of those elders set up by the villagers themselves decided all the disputes between the villagers. If there was any trouble from outside, the whole village stood against the intruders as one man. There was a feeling of respect for the Pan-

chayats of elders and it was very seldom that any case had to go before the tribunals created by the Government of the country. Every village had its own Accountant, Headman and Chowkidar. These offices are no doubt found even today, but in the old days they were not the creation of the Government; appointments of Headman, Chowkidar and Village Accountant was dependent upon the good-will and consent of the people. Out of these three, two were paid from the village common funds and so the Chowkidar and Patware (Headmen) in a real sense were the servants of the people and they worked for the people. They had not to carry tales to higher authorities nor to create factions amongst the people to open up avenues for making their little fortunes.

The organisation was so complete on account of the practice and convention built up from very ancient times that nobody could go against the decision of the village. Everybody had to respect village public opinion and, in spite of the fact that in certain cases he might not agree with the decision of the Panchayat, he was bound by the discipline of the entire village society. The village did not consist of the cultivators and the labourers alone, but it included the priest, the money-lender, the shop-keeper, the goldsmith, the barber, the washerman, the carpenter, the smith, the potter, the shoe-maker and others who rendered services to make village economy self-contained. Every necessity that could be conceived of by the people of those days was provided within the village itself.

The ideal of old rural India was not to "multiply wants and to toil breathlessly to satisfy them" but to "have few wants and lead happy and contented lives." The area attached to every village was a sufficiently big one to leave ample area as a common grazing ground for the village cattle, and milk was in abundance in every village. Most people were vegetarians, and milk and dairy products were quite enough to give them the necessary nutrition. The area under cultivation was much smaller in every village than it is today.

As a matter of fact the same land was not cultivated every year but patches of new land were brought under cultivation every year, and after cutting the crop the land was left fallow for a year or two for grazing. The rotation coupled with the large number of cattle subsisting on the land, kept land fertile and in an unexhausted condition. The produce of one year was ordinarily enough for consumption for two or more years and every house had a granary of its own stored with grain. As the living of the people in the country was more akin to Nature, Nature's gifts were plentiful.

Famines were not common, rainfall was sufficient and the cultivation was as far as possible practised only in places where water-supply was adequate. There were sufficient number of wells for irrigation which were resorted to whenever rainfall was inadequate or the rains failed occasionally. Even when there was trouble from drought, the people could live upon their accumulated resources and thus could tide over the season with ease. The artisans and others who rendered hereditary professional services worked with the producers in a spirit of co-partnership in the village economy. The village smith and carpenter made and mended the agricultural implements, the village cobbler made and mended the shoes and so on, every other fraternity of the traditional services waiting to receive payment for the services till the land yielded up its treasures at the next harvest. The system of payment of wages in money was unknown in those days. Every service was paid for by a share of the produce of land and once in every six months or at the time of each harvest. Money played then a less important part in rural economy than it does today. The cultivator grew his own cotton himself and turned it into yarn through the spare-time labour of the womenfolk of his family, the weaver weaved it into cloth for him, the dyer dyed the cloth and the village tailor would sew. Thus food and clothing, the main wants of man, were forthcoming in the village by the willing co-operation and cheerful exertion of all who

inhabited the little village republics. Even for the occasional purchase of his spices, salt and such other small articles not produced by the villager, he had seldom to depend upon outside help. For that purpose, he had not to go out, for the village shop-keeper had his connections with the neighbouring market town and would stock his tiny shop with the villagers' necessities of life. Moreover, almost in every village or group of villages weekly markets were held where things were brought from far and near to cater for a wider range of wants, from toys for children or toilet for women to costly pairs of special breeds of bulls. The small purchases were made generally in return for grain. The larger bargains were in coin by those who could afford it, but seldom on credit. If there were cases of pressing need to buy on credit, the money-lender of the village would find the necessary financial accommodation.

In old days, money-lending was much less remunerative, the reasons being, firstly, that borrowing cash was less common and repayments were more punctual, and secondly, the money-lender who was a part and parcel of the village social life could neither drive hard bargains in loaning nor adopt unrelenting methods in recovery. He had to depend upon the good-will of the people and so charged reasonable and humane rates of interest on his advances, and for the realisation of his money he had to approach the Council of Elders of the village, if the borrower did not liquidate the loan. There was thus no prospect of making a large fortune by the pursuit of greed or avarice in the exploitation of the needs of improvident borrowers.

The book rate of interest was perhaps not much higher than it is today, but it was not actually paid at that rate. When a person was in debt, at the time of the harvest he would invite his money-lender and the Council of Elders and the Accountant of the village. They would take an account from the money-lender and fix the sum due from the cultivator and they would also decide the manner in which the debt

was to be discharged. They would take into consideration the financial position of the debtor, the security for the loan, as well as the amount advanced by the creditor, and would arrange for the discharge of the debt in a manner least inconvenient to the debtor and without prejudice to the creditor. Wherever possible, the repayment was received in grain or other movables which the debtor could conveniently part with. Few debtors denied the debts, and bonds were seldom taken. If he had not the means of paying back his debt in full, he would ask the elders to absolve him from a portion of his debt and the money-lender, knowing the condition of the debtor well, would willingly forego it. There was no necessity of frequenting courts and suffer from the law's proverbial delays. No bailiff was needed to execute decrees, no civil debtor's prison was necessary. Without recourse to insolvency proceedings, debt collection could be effected periodically and a debtor could be discharged from his liabilities when he was unable to repay. Nevertheless, the notions of moral obligation and the effect of the pious obligation theory were so strong that not only the discharged insolvent but even his sons and grandsons would try to pay back the money-lender, in spite of the legal obligations having been wiped out, when fortune took a better turn and the land yielded well. Cases in which the money-lenders have been paid by their debtors' descendants after a hundred years, perhaps by the great-grand-sons of a debtor are known. Agricultural land was not ordinarily considered to be a source of investment and did not frequently pass into money-lenders' and non-agriculturists' hands through indebtedness.

Every village possessed a school of its own, and in some localities the village priest was entrusted with the duty of imparting education to the children of the village and in return for it he was provided with all the necessities of life. His profession was one of honour and he was respected by all. He could command the entire resources of the village, if need be, but he lived a life of almost an ascetic, a selfless worker in the

cause of moral and material improvement of his fellow villagers. Theft and adultery were rare in the village and were considered to be crimes of the most abominable type. The respect for women was at a very high level. The system of land revenue was very simple and no complications arose in its administration. The cultivator had simply to pay a share out of the produce to the Government of the day through his village organisation. The quota that he had to pay to the Government was in proportion to the produce that he got out of his land. Agriculture afforded scope for a contented and honourable life worth living. Profit from agriculture was only a secondary motive. The primary motive was to produce enough for the family and the village, enough of food for the household and the servants and enough of fodder for the cattle. Life in an Indian village of old was that of a citizen in a tiny republic whose resources were self-sufficing.

The British came to this country as traders, acquired political power and soon annexed the different provinces and went on exploiting India's resources. Though, after 1858, the Government under the Crown was established and it is supposed to be working for the good of the masses of this country, every facility is being given to the British people for the exploitation of this country and every attempt is made to provide the young men of Great Britain with berths in all the civil and military services of this country, thus elbowing out Indian enterprise and talent. It may very well be said that there is little difference between the ideals that actuated the East India Company when it came to this country and those of the present-day British administration of India. In the pursuit of those ideals the net effect of the administration on Indian rural life has in course of time become more prejudicial to India. This is not the place to discuss the methods adopted by the Company's Directors to kill the indigenous industries of cloth and ship-building in this country, but suffice it to say that within the course of a few years both these industries

were practically replaced by foreign trading enterprise. The East India Company, as we have already stated, wanted to make as much money as they could out of this country, and the flag followed the trade and the strongholds of the Company soon became British provinces. Political power and commercial exploitation have gone hand in hand since then.

The first great change in the rural economy of this country that the foreign Government brought about was the creation of new rights and interests in land and the alteration of the form of land revenue from one in kind to cash. In the olden days, as the amount of revenue payable to the Government was always a share of the produce of the land, it varied with the quantity of the produce that the cultivator got. But in order to know the exact position of their land revenue resources, the East India Company at first tried to introduce the system of Permanent Settlement. They vested different classes of people with rights to collect revenue from the cultivators and made them owners of the land for which they collected rents. Thus for the first time the landlords or Zemindars were created in this country. It is a mistake to suppose that Englishmen understood and perpetuated the practice already in existence in this country in the matter of land revenue. The Ijaredars or the people who paid revenue into the Government treasury were not the owners of the land according to the usage or laws of the land in pre-British administrations. They were only acting as agents of the Governments for collecting revenue from the people to be paid into the Government treasury. They were remunerated by a small percentage of the revenue collected. The utmost that can be said for these people is that they acted as Lambardars of the present day. The East India Company, at the time of introducing the system of land revenue farming, did not understand the implications of their policy on the cultivator's rights and its reaction on land values. Their sole aim was to ensure the regular collection and remittance into the treasury of as much revenue as could be got, and they effected Permanent Settlement in certain areas

with the newly-created landlords, authorising them to deal with the actual tillers of the soil as they pleased. In other places they tried to implant the idea of the English system of landlordism and they asked the people to pay the land revenue direct into the treasury, thus constituting the State into a landlord and the cultivator into the State's tenant. This was the most important change brought about in this country's rural economy. The land passed from village Panchayats into the hands of either middlemen rent-collectors or into the hands directly of the Government. In the former case, the cultivator was forced to pay rent to the newly-created landlords and this rent could be increased at the sweet will of the landlord. The holdings could change hands from one cultivator to another. In the case of those who were asked to pay revenue directly to the Government, people known as Malgujars, the land practically belonged to them and they were at perfect liberty to cultivate it themselves or to rent it to whomsoever they liked.

After the Government passed into the hands of the Crown, the system founded by the East India Company was continued substantially in the same form. Thus the real power over the cultivator of the soil, which was possessed by the village, passed into the hands of these new landlords or into those of the tax-collectors of the Government. The Headman, the Accountant and the Chowkidar, who were appointed by the people and who held office only so long as they commanded the confidence of the people, have been converted into officers of Government and their allegiance is naturally transferred from the village to the Government. Thus, the outlook and the ideal of the people of the village has entirely been changed and they have no longer to live under the social order of the village and controlled by the public opinion of the village. Their lives have become merged in the new social order controlled by the commissioner and the revenue officer. This is not all. The weavers, the potters, the chamhars and practically all the people who carried on the hereditary professions and handi-

crafts of the village have been submerged. Those people who were living on different industries, either as primary or subsidiary occupations, are now forced to live upon land. They have either to cultivate or to work as labourers.

What changes are wrought in our rural economy by 150 years of British Rule, how the modern land revenue administration and the new landlord and tenant systems operate in practice and how the village solidarity became gradually disintegrated, will appear from the picture of the new village. Before that picture is presented, let me cite two impartial foreign observers to show how the modern village life presented itself to their receptive and unbiassed minds. Mr. Brailsford, who is now touring through India, has conveyed to his countrymen the following account in one of his latest communications to the British Press :

These landlords sink no capital and perform no social services. They levy rent on villages where every householder is in debt. The children who survive the appalling mortality of infancy rarely taste milk. The landless labourers are glad to work for three or four pence a day. I have seen men who owned as their sole garment one length of tattered cotton cloth though India feels the cold after sundown. In normal conditions, this rent is merciless extraction. Today its payment is physically impossible. Wheat, the staple crop of these northern plains, is now far below the pre-war price level. Borrowing seed from the usurer, toiling at the well with his inconceivably primitive apparatus for irrigation, the tenant cannot possibly retain a bare subsistence if he pays his rent."

Dr. Stelter records his impressions thus :

"A huge population without adequate outlet for absorption in industry or for immigration, and driven upon agriculture as the only precarious means of occupation and also livelihood : this is the explanation of the poverty of the Indian ryot. Of one thing he has more than enough and that is leisure. In other words, there is enforced idleness and unemployment. He earns little, he spends little and is thus inefficient. The fact remains that the Indian workman

earns very low wages, has very low standard of expenditure and attains a very low level which is cause rather than effect."

What has led to this grave condition of affairs? Before answering the question it is worth while clearing the ground by disposing of the oft-repeated arguments that the economic weakness of the Indian rural population arises from causes over which the State and the cultivator have no control, and that the chief among those causes are the frequent failure of the monsoons and the rapid growth of population which the land is unable to sustain. It is suggested that agriculture in India is a gamble in seasons and that *Varuna* could not be so propitiated as to function with unerring regularity and, therefore, if, in one part of India or another, crops fail every year, no one can be held responsible. It is also urged that the population of India is increasing rapidly while the land available for cultivation is a constant quantity; the cultivated land per head thus inevitably tends to decrease with the increase in population, and the aggregate return from land will not keep pace with the aggregate needs of the population.

Let us examine both these points and see whether the present condition of the masses can be explained away by them, without responsibility being fixed for it elsewhere. If it is really a fact that on account of failure of the monsoons crops must continue to fail, and on account of growth of population the net produce per head of population must decrease, then the position truly gives rise to despair. There is not a single country in the whole world where one sort or another of Nature's unkindness afflicting cultivation does not exist. But the people of those countries with the help of the State have been able to overcome the difficulties and make agricultural enterprise successful. They did not despair and plead hopelessness against the operations of natural causes. If America could produce bumper crops in places which were once deserts, why cannot India cope with the failure of monsoons? There is water not only in the clouds, but also beneath the surface of the earth.

Has it been adequately tapped in India? Again is it not a fact that the Indian cultivator cannot sustain an ordinary standard of life even in years when there is sufficient rainfall? Normally, he is so poor that he cannot withstand a single failure of the monsoon even if it happens once in five years. Taking India as a whole, it is ascertained that failure of the monsoons on a wide scale does not occur more than once in five years. Then it amounts to this, that even with four years of normal rainfall, the cultivator is unable to produce enough to tide over a fifth year's calamity which may last for a few months. The Government has very big Agricultural, Chemical and Meteorological Departments all over the country. Has any attempt been made to systematically investigate into the causes of failure of the monsoons in this country? There is no record which is made available to the public of any such investigations and the old people tell us that the occurrence of the failure of the monsoons has increased during the last forty years. The clearance of forests and a few other causes are vaguely alluded to in this connection, but one searches in vain for any disclosures of systematic investigations. Nature has blessed this country with very big perennial rivers which are full through the greater part of the year, thanks to the heavy rainfall in the Western Ghats and the melting snows of the Himalayan ranges. If more attention had been paid to the system of canals, it cannot be denied that at least twice the area that is protected today would have been protected and agriculture would not have remained a gamble in the monsoons, but would have provided a sure and sound means of making land yield much more than it does today. The sub-soil has hardly been studied to perfection. It is not only a question of the principles to be investigated as to how the moisture can be conserved, but of finding out means by which an ordinary cultivator can apply those principles. The question of lift-irrigation has not been tackled. The financial assistance given to the cultivators to improve their lands is practically *nil*. The extent and manner in which the Agricultu-

ral Loans Act and the Land Improvement Loans Act have hitherto been worked are matters of common knowledge and the Royal Commission on Agriculture pronounced that they have reached very few agriculturists. In these circumstances, to take shelter under the monsoons amounts to evading responsibility.

The other cause is growth of population. In every country population is increasing and the people of those countries are providing means for the growing population. If we compare the increase of population of this country with that of other countries, we shall find that the increase in India is lower than that of many other countries. If other countries have been able to find out means of livelihood for the people of their country, why not India? Moreover, it seems to be quite clear that, at least up to the present times, the increase of population in India has kept pace with the increase in the area under cultivation. A comparison of the figures for 1872 with those of 1921 will bear out that the area under cultivation has increased proportionately to the increase in population and the time has not yet come when we can say that the maximum limit of pressure has been reached. Assuming that the pressure has reached that limit, then the obvious remedy for it is to create other means of wealth and employment. As far back as 1880, the Famine Commission at page 34 of their Report, stated as follows:

"The main cause of the disastrous consequence of Indian famines, and one of the greatest difficulties in the way to provide relief in an effectual shape, is to be found in the fact that the great mass of the population directly depends on agriculture, and there is no other industry from which any considerable part of the community derives its support. The failure of the ususal rains thus deprives the labouring class as a whole *not only of the ordinary supplies of food obtainable at prices within their reach, but also of the sole employment by which they can earn means of procuring it. The complete remedy for this condition will be found only in the development of industries other than agricultural.*"

We are now in a position to present a picture of the new village.

The Ballad of Bobbilee

(Fragments of a Translation into English Verse)

BY P. R. KRISHNASWAMI, M.A.

List, list, the tale of deadly feud
That first was born at cock-fight rude.
Vijaynagar and Bobbilee
That neighbours were and friends should be,
Their hearts were filled with mutual hate,
Their arms revelled in carnage great.
Proud Rama Raj who fame had won
In manly sports, his thoughts did run
To pastimes new: his wish he told
A tournament of cocks to hold.
Then Anand spoke, the king's nephew,
Few gallant men in sport he knew
Like Vengal Rao of Bobbilee,
And first that prince should summoned be
Ere lists were set for cocks to fight.
The king replied, "O well and right,"
And wrote in words polite and fair
To bid the Bobbilees prepare
Their bravest cocks of colours bright
In listed tournament to fight.
The tents were pitched on the border land
And forth was passed the king's command
To seven and seventy warriors brave
That bound in service homage gave,
To show their best on the jousting day
Of fighting cocks with deckings gay.

* * * *

Now in the land that strife did rend

The French held sway from end to end
 And dauntless Bussy built his fame
 With nawabs bold and rajas tame.
 To Golconda his thoughts did tend
 And Bussy brave did northward wend,
 With treasure-loads on camels brought
 And train of cannon, guns and shot.
 In thousands told his fighting corps
 They marched one hundred seventy-four.
 With Bussy went both Haidar Jung
 And Lalkhan bold who yet was young.
 And now they reached Golconda town,
 The poets sing in whose renown,
 And in the open ground outside
 They fixed the camp both deep and wide,
 And lo! the brilliant tents they spread
 In brightest silks both blue and red,
 And Bussy sent his word from there
 The Pasha might his books prepare
 And tribute pay by reckoning made;
 A hundred thousand soon he paid.
 And Bussy prayed the Nawab great
 To bless a wish that he would state.
 "I long to tour the East countree
 Before I turn to Pondcheree."
 And smiling spoke the wise Pasha,
 "A dangerous wish is thine, ha ha!
 For vast doth stretch the East countree
 And factious chiefs there countless be
 Who sure will seek thy aid with gold
 And breed confusion vast, untold,
 No, Bussy dear, you list to me,
 It's best you go to Pondcheree."
 The gallant Frenchman low did bow;
 "Nay Pasha great, don't thwart me now,

O let me view at least thy land,"
 And *nuzzur* gave with lavish hand.
 The Pasha wise, he inward smiled,
 "We never can trust these Frenchmen wild."
 The shrewd *dubash* Lakshmayya hight
 Who tongues all four could speak all right,
 From Bunder came in great hurry
 To show Bussy the East country.
 From stage to stage they march'd their way
 Till near Vijaynagar they lay;
 And Rama Raj was bidden to greet
 The Frenchman great with honours meet.
 And Ranga Rao of Bobbilee
 Was likewise bid to greet Bussy;
 But Ranga Rao was filled with scorn
 To think that he who prince was born
 Should bend before a Frenchman vain
 Who came from far for pitiful gain.
 To Lakshmayya the Frenchman's guide
 That writ so bold he ne'er replied.
 But Rama Raj he quaked in fear
 To know that Bussy camped so near
 And straight he wrote to Bobbilee
 In gentle words that craved pity.
 "The terrible news to me is brought,
 With train of cannon, guns and shot,
 The wild Bussy not far doth camp,
 And who can meet this drunken tramp
 Of foreign land and alien speech?
 Your friendly aid I now beseech,
 And pray, forget our old time feud
 With love of native land imbued.
 United we a foreign foe
 May boldly face and make him know
 What valorous arms would leap to fight

Our royal place if he should slight."
 When read these words proud Bobbilee
 He laughed the laugh of scornful glee:
 "If on Bussy he must attend,
 Like moustach'd man thither may wend,
 But why for aid from me should write
 In cowardly acts of womanish fright?"
 And Ranga Rao great passion bore,
 The king's letter to pieces tore,
 And on the couriers poor that came
 He flung abuse and words of shame.

Biography and Fiction

BY DR. P. GUHA THAKURTA, M.A., PH.D.

The line between truth and fiction in life-narrative has always been perilously shadowy and this was never more clearly evident than in the present age. Perhaps, the danger is inevitable to a certain extent. More than a century ago, Stuckenberg, writing his "Life of Immanuel Kant" anticipated it: "The distinction between biography and fiction is easily obliterated when the greatness of the subject has elements of the sublime and when the temptation to add to the interest of the description by means of exaggeration is strong." This reminds one of Egerton Brydges' "Imaginative Biography" in 1834 the writing of which the author justified by saying that he had attempted to erect "an imaginary super-structure on the known facts of the biography of eminent characters". This work of Brydges' was a clear indication of the danger into which a biographer may stray. Sir Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son"—a combination of a biography of the father and an autobiography of the son—published in 1913 is exactly a modern version of the method of Brydges. Although Sir Edmund Gosse has written what he declares to be "scrupulously true", over the whole narrative hovers the blue haze of fiction. "Father and Son" contains much of the charm of fiction and much of the method of fiction. It is interesting to recall in this connection Wordsworth's advice of considering only "the airy fabric" part of the "Life of Burns," but it must be confessed that Wordsworth's dictum, if followed to its logical conclusion, would reduce biography to a mythical narrative.

ANDRE MAUROIS

Within very recent years, the well-known French novelist Mr. André Maurois has served us with a couple of what he calls "novelised lives" and critics have wondered if they should

be seriously treated as biographical literature. M. Maurois is a very clever and audacious writer. His novelised life of Shelley called "Ariel" took everybody by surprise and made the author famous in England. Undoubtedly M. Maurois possesses a more intimate knowledge of English people than any other modern French writer. M. Maurois was congratulated upon the happy inspiration that revealed Shelley to France, and in England, he was commended for having combined winged fancy with the most solid kind of erudition and having turned history into novel. M. Maurois boasts of this in the preface of "Ariel," where he says: "The author has wished to make this book the work of a novelist much more than the work of an historian or critic. The facts are unquestionably true and the author has not made Shelley responsible for a single phrase or thought that does not appear in the memoirs of his friends or in his own letters or poems. However the author is forced to arrange these real elements in such a way that they will produce the impression of progress, discovery and natural growth that seems proper to the novel." In further justification of his method, M. Maurois says: "It is very difficult to give a kind of unity and beauty to a real life. It resists. It is what it is. It wanders about in every direction. Twenty times over, it recommences the same motifs at the very moment when one wants them the least. For ten years, a life is full of lively interest, then for twenty other years, it is a deadly bore." The biographical method of M. Maurois is childishly simple. It consists in getting the best biography of the person whose life he is going to novelise, then condense it, compress it, and finally wind it up with a romantic flourish. This is exactly what he has done in 'Ariel'. He reduced Dowden's two large octavo volumes of Shelley's 'Life' in English to a little book of two hundred odd pages in French. He reconstructed nothing, imagined nothing, only romanticised everything. Such audacity seems hardly credible,—countless passages could be taken from

M. Maurois' work which would appear to have been summarised word for word into French from Dowden's work. It is only fair to point out that M. Maurois perhaps did not do it intentionally, but it has raised the question how freely a writer should be allowed to borrow from others and even re-tell old stories without proper acknowledgment. M. Maurois' second novelised life "Disraeli" is similarly modelled on the works of Mr. Monypenny and Lord Buckle. M. Maurois acknowledged this time his debt to Lord Buckle, although it clearly appears that M. Maurois has reduced the six volumes of the English original by compressing as much as he could to a neat little book of 330 pages in French. From his bibliography to the work, it would be natural to suppose that M. Maurois took a lot of pains to collect his material, but, curiously enough, the bibliography is constructed entirely from references gleaned among the footnotes of the original. It is not surprising that M. Maurois, after having dealt with a poet and a dreamer, should turn his attention to an *arriviste* politician and man of action. M. Maurois himself breathes strength and self-confidence. The whole secret of his success is to hit upon an original manner and popularise it skilfully. In modern days, reputations are built by advertising. If this sloppy century overdoes it, no matter—it is a clever stroke. And, strangely enough, the translation of a translation disguises "plagiarism". What should remain of a text of Shelley translated from English into French by M. Maurois and then translated back again into English? From this, I merely want to indicate the danger that faces artistic biography, if its line of difference from fiction is completely taken away. Novelised lives are bound to be disfigured and deformed; because originals would always be more effective than copies. A noted French novelist Barbey d'Aurevilly said: "There are hands that respect nothing." So, we will have to learn to stand glorified fakes passing as genuine biographies *a la mode* in the name of "novelised lives".

The worst is that this contagion of novelised history or biography is spreading. We have had several instances of this sort of thing lately. The method is simple; you simply take some well-known personage who has been dead not too long a time and say of him or her in print all the unkind things that you would never have dared to say in their life-time. Only a few months ago, a literary sensation was caused in England by the publication of a novel with Charles Dickens as its central character. The book in question "This Side Idolatry" by "Ephesian" (C.E. Beechhofer Roberts) reveals the famous novelist in an entirely new and unexpected light. The author violently attacks the picture of Dickens as drawn by John Forster in his classic biography, and shows him an utterly mean, egotistical, self-centered man. Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., the surviving son of the novelist has vigorously protested against the inventions and fabrications in the book. Truly no biographer has the right to build his work upon untruth. A historical novel or a novelised history may have its uses but it does not mean simply transposing, inverting and giving fancy figures historical names. It only throws away the game. Since Mr. Strachey started to write, the present generation has gradually grown to be ungenerous and unnecessarily cynical and is always on the lookout for faults rather than virtues. Mr. Strachey has not been blessed in his literary descendants. Most of them imitate his method, without showing the slightest knowledge of his discretion, sense of proportion and craftsmanship.

EMIL LUDWIG

"Artists have sometimes dramatised historical figures with a free hand, sometimes they have produced also one of those horrible mishmashes which go by the name of 'historical novels' of which Goethe said that they confuse everything"—these are the words of the eminent German historian Herr Emil Ludwig, who is regarded as one of the finest biographers of modern

times. Within less than three years, Herr Ludwig has produced half a dozen biographical works—"Napoleon", "Kaiser Wilhelm II", "Bismarck", "Goethe: the History of a Man", "The Son of Man" and a book of miniature portraits called "Genius and Character". Condemning novelised biography as destructive alike of history and imagination, Herr Ludwig states his own position in a very short but decisive sentence: "My ideal is a portrait of documentary authenticity which yet shall suggest a dramatic narrative." Evidently that is very much the same ideal as Mr. Lytton Strachey's, but Herr Ludwig does not write for a Lytton Strachey audience, for, he confesses that his aim is also to "reanimate and remould any material so that the man in the street will feel as though he saw living men". Herr Ludwig openly confesses that his masters are Plutarch and Carlyle. He says, he has "tried to emulate from afar those two unparalleled psychologists—the one in his immaculate lucidity, the other in his volcanic energy." In fact, when Herr Ludwig declares, "I believe in greatmen", it does sound like Carlyle speaking. One might have supposed that Carlyle had gone to dust heap along with so many Victorians. Yet, in spite of the gods he invokes, Ludwig is an arch-rebel and ultra-modernist both in technique and temper. He accepts the discovery of soul as the basic principle of biographical writing and with a kind of native cynicism, he appropriates the scientist's laboriously collated facts for his own purposes. He is more a portraitist than a biographer; he is more a psychologist than a traditional historian. Ludwig fully shares with the other founders of the new biography the conviction of the necessity of dramatic portraiture. The main secret of his popularity is that those who move across his pages are not felt to be marionettes, but entirely human. He possesses an almost uncanny power of probing human actions and discovering the motives that produce them. Naturally, his biographies are mostly of an impressionistic type. His lives of the "Kaiser" and of "Bismarck", for all their amount of histo-

rical material and documentary evidence, are at bottom impressionistic studies of the soul. And his "Napoleon", from start to finish, is a temperamental interpretation of personality, although apparently based upon a multitude of authentic documents. As he himself says, the means and end of his portrayal of Napoleon was "to examine this man's inner life; to explain his resolves and refrainings, his deeds and his sufferings, his fancies and his calculations, as issuing from the moods of his heart". Nevertheless, however impressionistic, Herr Ludwig's biographies do not give the impression of being works of pure fancy or merely metaphysical abstractions. Each one of them is made to cling to some sort of a frame-work of historical truth. All his data are recorded facts; instead of hazy and clumsy complexities we have precise literary simplicity. Ludwig fashions facts and incidents in such a way as to conform to the ideal he has in mind. He accomplishes his object most cleverly by means of a number of stylistic tricks. He mixes quotations with inverted soliloquies; he uses recorded words in the historic present, at times in vague contexts, and he writes as if he were reading thought. These peculiarities of style combined with his habit of perpetual dramatic emphasis constitute his whole method. Over and above this, he possesses the almost uncanny mental gift of completely forgetting himself in his subject. In every single work, Ludwig shows unbounded confidence in his intuition and understanding of the character. In his life of the Kaiser he attempts to trace from the idiosyncracies of a misguided monarch the direct evolution of international events and draws the whole course of the country's destiny from complications arising out of the incorrigible nature of a young man, who, by reason of a physical infirmity for which he was in nowise to blame, was in constant dread of those stronger than he and must, therefore, all his life, make a greater show of energy than others. Ludwig also shows that an innate love of "theatricality" and an innate dread of "inferiority complex" in Kaiser William brought Germany to grief. Thus, the mind

of the Kaiser with its twists and whimsicalities, as changeable as weather, is the focus for our soul-searcher. In the same way in "Napoleon" Ludwig shows that irrelevant are the battles of Napoleon, irrelevant are his attitudes towards the Revolution, legitimacy, and social system and problems of Europe, irrelevant are the coalitions and antagonisms of his life as compared with the imbroglio of his own heart—which was the one and only source of his genius and character. Ludwig goes even further to show that Napoleon's personality had nothing whatever to do with the nation for which or against which he was fighting. Napoleon, the most human of humans, found himself in a world as it was, struggled and gradually advanced to his doom, by the sheer logic of his destiny and character. Bismarck's personality in the same manner is entirely divested of enigmatical or miraculous elements; Ludwig only follows the tempo of the great statesman from his birth to death; he reveals the heart of the 'Iron Chancellor', from which issues an honest confession of the causes and results of the statesman's successes and failures in life from stage to stage. "The Life of Bismarck" is undoubtedly the best work that Ludwig has done so far. The task was by no means easy, considering the most complicated history of Europe connected with Bismarck's long career. The portrait of Bismarck that emerges out of Ludwig's biography is a very vivid and plastic portrait. Evidently it has been depicted by the author having in his mind something that Bismarck once said of himself: "That which is imposing on earth is always akin to the fallen angel; who is beautiful but lacks peace; is great in his plans and efforts, but never succeeds; is proud and melancholy." Ludwig's Bismarck is like this, 'fallen angel', always restless, always proud, and always melancholy.

"Goethe: the History of a Man" is not a great biography but it is the most fascinating of Ludwig's works. Making comparisons, Lewes' "Life of Goethe" is certainly a more authoritative exposition of Goethe's life-work; Winckle-

mann's psychograph of Goethe is a more successful attempt at a dramatic sketch, but none of these writers succeeded like Emil Ludwig in what the latter calls "reconstructing the genuine man". Here, indeed, is the first work in which Goethe has been revealed, not primarily as an author or a great master of literature or even as a type of a particular race or age, but as a very unique individual, swayed by elemental, timeless and super-racial emotions. It is an effort to describe the human side of a man of genius. As an emotional biography Ludwig's "Goethe" is the product of very high-class workmanship. In this respect, it is similar to his little sketches of famous men in "Character and Genius".

The latest to come from the pen of Ludwig is a life of Jesus called "The Son Man". This work is so puzzlingly impressionistic that it almost seems that in this instance Ludwig's art has entirely gone to pieces. Undoubtedly, it is superior to Papini's fictitious "Life of Christ" but as a work of art or scholarship it can hardly compare with Renan's famous work or even Mr. John Middleton Murray's "Life of Christ". A good many prejudices will have to be overcome before any profit can be had out of reading this work of Ludwig's. In the preface to the book Ludwig admits that he has made no attempt to deal with Christ but paint Jesus as a purely human personality against a background of three civilisations—Greek, Roman and Jewish. Certainly, Ludwig attempted the impossible when he tried to give the life of Jesus without the Christ. Moreover he has made the background look larger than the man himself. The atmosphere is laid on with such a heavy hand that we feel we are witnessing the literary version of Griffith's film-picture of Jerusalem. Ludwig seems also to have allowed himself a perfectly free hand in the matter of chronological arrangement. Such cheap and crude realism is unpardonable in a writer of Ludwig's class and naturally the book has totally failed to make the expected impression. The writer should have realised that

a biographical portraiture of a man concerning whom very little authentic is known except what can be got from the Gospels—and even there only of a short period of his life—was by no means a very easy task. Ludwig speaks like a cautious critic and scholar when he says that he has carefully sifted the available material, but how can we trust him when, in one place, he rejects what he calls the interpolations in the Gospels and, in another, uses the very same Gospels just because it suits his picturesque pen? For instance he relies upon the Gospel of St. John for his sketch of the beautiful woman taken in adultery but refuses to take the word of St. John in his account of the "Crucifixion". The work has a deceptive air of simplicity and abounds in picturesque sketches which unfortunately read like cinema scenarios. The 'miracles' Ludwig accounts for by a kind of hypnotism which should be interpreted and naturalistically. We are not concerned here with the theological side of the work; but even as a human picture of a nice young carpenter, who has a disturbing vision just as he is being baptised by John and finally invades Jerusalem with the consciousness of a Messianic mission, only to meet destruction at the hands of the cynical and greedy city-dwellers—the work fails to make any convincing impression. It drags one, to use Ludwig's own phrase, "out of the depths into shallows".

CONCLUSION

In our times, we are daily confronted with the intangibility of what is known as "soul-stuff"; very often one feels utterly helpless of ever getting at the soul of a man or what psychologists call "subliminal consciousness". This is one of the many problems that lie before us and, I believe, the course of future biography will be determined by the practical solution of them and the manner of their solution. But the tendencies of the new biography stand forth quite clearly and one thing specially is perfectly obvious, *i.e.*, the mode of treat-

ment is not uniform. In some cases, biography approaches the sphere of philosophy; in others, that of history, while in the majority it assumes the character of analytical criticism. When all is said, a great deal of the charm of modern biography is closely akin to the charm of drama. But biography not being drama, one defect is unavoidable—the defect arising out of omission for purposes of compression. The extraordinary length and lack of compression in such works as Morley's 'Life of Gladstone' or Cook's 'Life of Ruskin' which came out in the first quarter of the 20th century or the recently published Lord Ronaldshay's 'Life of Lord Curzon' would hardly satisfy trained taste and sensibility. More than ever at the present moment is recognised the superior craftsmanship of winnowing biographic material.

Even as early as 1565, the wise old Jacques Amyot wrote: "There is neither picture, nor image of marble nor arch of triumph nor pillars, nor sumptuous sculpture that can match the durableness of an eloquent biography furnished with the qualities it ought to have." For nearly four hundred years since Jacques Amyot wrote this, writers one after another have been labouring to give biography "the qualities it ought to have". As we come to the close of our very brief study of Biography, we find that after all much the best has been accomplished by the modern biographers. Some of them have almost approximated perfection so far as perfection in any art is possible. After a period which attempted to define man in terms of descent and breeding, we have entered upon a period which tries to discover the human soul and explain his life in terms of his personality and inner attitudes. Quite a number of modern biographers have also been successful as literary artists, so far as the higher technique of writing goes. They have selected, discriminated, arranged, pulled out of the shapeless material the letter, the passage, the incident, the episode which have become in their hands vital and dramatic. The modern biographers have exhibited every

means of securing this dramatic vividness in their narratives. Epigram, paradox, irony, antithesis—all these have served to vivify the descriptions. They have given free rein to their impulse to paint pictures, concentrating on those brightly-coloured images that would help in the comprehension of the character portrayed. They have so completely understood the principal actors in the history of the times depicted that they have described them, as if they had created them themselves. Thus, the new biography in seeking to create this illusion of reality, is stereoscopic. It is painted from the life, executed in colour, light and sound. It shows the real artist's instinct for exact values. It has height as well as depth.

India and the World of Sport

BY S. A. GOVINDARAJAN, M.A.

"Tennis is only a sport; sport is only a pastime, as I am aware. Nevertheless, I know that when it is necessary to defend the Davis Cup I shall play with more pleasure and courage than ever. After all, what is the importance of the aim if the effort is worth while in itself and carries in itself its own reward? Tennis is only a game but it is a game that is worth playing."

Rene Lacoste, the famous French lawn tennis "ace", who attained world pre-eminence at the age of twenty, has, in these words, proclaimed the Testament of Sport. And, indeed, it is like painting the lily or gilding gold to expatiate on the importance of sport in any scheme of modern life. Letting alone the obvious, physical advantages accruing to a nation from participation in healthy games, sport has won world-wide recognition as an active agent of international friendship.

It is, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that I view the rapid strides taken by India in games and athletics. It is part of the great Renaissance which "Triveni" is interpreting in all its manifold aspects. Here, if anywhere, she has achieved not merely "Dominion Status in action" but also "the substance of independence." The very fact that she has decided, in view of the disturbed situation in the country, not to entertain any team from the Marylebone Cricket Club this year—a visit for which she would have been more than grateful a few years back—is proof positive that she realises her own power and greatness.

Not a little of the credit for this is due to the marvellous achievements of the Indian hockey teams that visited New Zealand and Europe. They swept everything before them,

setting up an ideal which was nothing less than a revelation to their opponents. Dhyan Chand, the great little centre forward, is, of course, a name to conjure with; he has no superior and hardly a rival in the world. But the team as a whole that visited Europe and won the Olympic Tournament in Amsterdam proved that, in hockey, it is a case of India first and the rest nowhere.

No wonder that the Indian Hockey Federation received an invitation from the English Hockey Association for a team to tour in England in 1932. The Indian Federation have accepted the invitation and arrangements for the tour are proceeding apace. The tour is expected to last about eight weeks beginning from March, 1932. About twenty matches will be played and, in addition to the first-class clubs, the Oxford and Cambridge Universities will be met. International fixtures have been arranged against England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland.

It is essential that all possible steps should be taken to send the most representative team and no racial, provincial or sectional jealousy should operate in the choice of the players. Even the Olympic Champions were *not* the best that India could have sent; Madras, for example, was conspicuously out of the team. An effort should be made by every Provincial Association to take part in the Inter-Provincial trial matches that will take place some time in March next and, thus, help the selectors to choose the best men. Will Madras wake up?

Nothing venture, nothing have. The I. H. F. must be prepared to spend considerable money and energy if they would deserve success. Organisation is a *sine qua non* of any team-triumph and the way the Americans set about their games has a lesson for us. Golf, Polo, Yachting, Lawn Tennis, yes, even in Bridge—whenever they play England they come out on top, all on account of the sheer thoroughness of their organisation. The Indian Hockey Federation must see to it that we are represented abroad by the best team or not at all.

And the players selected have also a duty to the country. They must realise that they are truly our ambassadors and must endeavour to prove worthy of the sacred charge. "Firm friendship, feeling of comradeship, emulation free from all jealousy—these are the best reasons for the victories of the players in the French team"—writes the one man who has been mainly responsible for French triumphs in Lawn Tennis, and the value of the team-spirit is a thousand-fold more emphasised on the hockey field. Some of the incidents that marred the last visit abroad of our hockey-team should not be allowed to happen again. No claim to superiority or preferential treatment on the basis of colour or race should be put forward by any player and much less accepted by those controlling the tour. Petty jealousies must give way before the all-urgent call of our country whose glory is the one thing that should matter. May India go from success to success for ever and for ever and for ever!



Sadhu Sunder Singh: A Christian Mystic

BY PROF. PRITAM SINGH, M.A.

(Editor, *The Khalsa Review*)

The Sikh faith is a synthesis of Hinduism and Islam. The founder Guru Nanak was a mystic saint of medieval India, and a Sikh is a disciple or one who learns from the *Guru* or the teacher. The doctrine of the *Adi Granth* or the sacred scripture of the Sikhs is pure monotheism with a strain of pantheism. Sikhism like Islam lays great stress upon the belief in one God. There is, however, a touch of mysticism about the God of Hinduism, who is both transcendent and immanent. The Sikh prayers are full of a spirit of devotion and a belief in a personal God, who is a Friend and a Father. The ideas of sin and forgiveness are as prominent in Sikhism as they are in Christianity and the idea of salvation and grace is also present in the Sikh scriptures. As a matter of fact the Vedantic ideal of Hinduism, the monotheism of Islam and the *bhakti* movement of medieval India—all have contributed to the tradition which has formed the Sikh faith. The external, the ritual and the ascetic element in religion has been condemned by the Sikh Gurus. Among the Sikhs, however, the *Guru* has taken the place of God Himself—the only Mediator or the way to the Lord of All. Sadhu Sunder Singh's ancestral religion is therefore a blend of all that is best in Hinduism and Islam. Sikhs have their saints, mystics and martyrs, very much like their prototypes among the Hindus and the Muslims.

In this mixed religion, however, the soul of Sadhu Sunder Singh did not find complete satisfaction and he started a search early in life and became a devotee of Christ in whom he

found a Saviour, not only for himself but for the rest of the world.

Sadhu Sunder Singh was born in 1889 in the village of Rampur in the Patiala State. His father Sher Singh was a wealthy landlord owning a large property. Sunder Singh lost his mother at the early age of 14, and as she was deeply religious and devout, sorrow filled the heart of the son and left its mark upon him for the rest of his life.

Sunder Singh came into touch with the New Testament as a student of the Mission School, where he became the leader of a group of students who called themselves the enemies of Christianity. He went even so far as to throw stones and cow-dung at the Christian missionaries but the mysterious power of the Christian Bible had already gripped him. In 1904, in the month of December, he prayed and found comfort in Jesus Christ who appeared to him in a vision. The Living Christ revealed Himself to him and he became a Christian and was baptised in 1905 at Simla on the 3rd of September. It was then that he took the yellow robe and went about as an evangelist and has since been travelling all over the world, preaching the Gospel of his Lord as a wandering Sadhu. At first he preached in the Punjab villages and at Hindu places of pilgrimage and then went to Kashmir. On his way back to Simla, he met Mr. Stokes, another Christian ascetic and mystic. The two agreed to work together and went to the Kangra Valley, where Sunder Singh was taken suddenly ill. They then worked in the leper asylum at Sabathu for a time till Mr. Stokes left for America and the Sadhu travelled in Sindh and Rajputana. In 1909 Sadhu Sunder Singh joined St. John's Divinity College at Lahore which he left in 1910, after having completed the course of study. He then travelled to Tibet and had to face many hardships and it was here that he came across the Maharishi of Kailash—a meeting of which much has been made by the opponents of the Sadhu.

Sadhu Sunder Singh next went to South India and met many Syrian Jacobite Christians and also travelled in Ceylon. From there he took a missionary tour to Burma, Strait Settlements, Penang, Singapore and Japan, giving the message of Christianity to many on the way. From Japan he travelled to China.

He set sail for England for the first time in 1920, where he stayed for three months and then went across to America and visited many of the big towns of that continent. From Honolulu he went over to Australia and visited Sydney, Melbourne, Perth and Adelaide.

He paid a second visit to Tibet and on return from there visited Palestine *en route* to Europe. In the Holy Land he visited almost all the places connected with the life of Jesus Christ. From there he went to Cairo and Port Said, from whence he took a trip to Geneva in Switzerland and preached the Living Christ in the famous Hall of the League of Nations. This time he visited Germany, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Russia, Greece, Roumania, Serbia, Italy and Portugal and returned to India in 1923. He has not moved out much since, and has settled down in his little home in the Himalayas, where he has always returned after his evangelistic tours. For some time past, however, he has not been traced and his sudden disappearance is causing much anxiety to his friends and admirers.

Sadhu Sunder Singh belongs to no particular school of Christian thought. He cannot be classed among the reformers of the Church. He can only be called a mystic, who loves solitude and contemplation and practises meditation and prayer and has visions and ecstasies. He differs from other Christian mystics in the sense that he does not believe in 'degrees' of spiritual life. His mind is childlike and simple and he puts his faith in inner religious experience alone. He rejects the mystic idea of a union with God or the Vedantic idea of 'deification'. For him God remains God and man is His creature or one who has been created in the image of God. He

follows Christ completely and through his own wonderful personal experiences glorifies God's power and mercy as manifested in Jesus Christ. When questioned by the present writer about the second coming of Christ, the Sadhu said that "He would be coming riding on a cloud of glory and all eyes shall see Him."

Sadhu Sunder Singh interprets Christ to the Indian people in the language of India. The leaders of the Brahmo Samaj did the same before him, but they represented an artificial blending of Christianity and Indian religions. They were unable to understand the inwardness of the mystery of Christian redemption. Sadhu Sunder Singh on the other hand is an Indian from head to foot, in no way being influenced by the intellectual culture of the West. That is why he has been able to offer the pure unadulterated Gospel-Message to the Indians in an Indian form. He is familiar with the Indian thought but it is wonderful, however, when he preaches or writes, his thoughts and language become steeped in the Bible. The fact is, the Sadhu has rejected that part of the essential Indian conception of religion which conflicts with Christian ideals. Thus he has entirely given up the ancient Indian doctrine of transmigration of soul. He has also given up the gloomy pessimism of the Buddha and the rigid doctrine of renunciation or the extinction of desire. The Sadhu has no faith in Indian pantheism. Thus we see that Sunder Singh does not advocate a compromise of Indian religions with Christianity: he gives the pure Gospel of Christ. He may be regarded as the apostle of Christ in India having a peculiar influence for Christ, both among Christians as well as non-Christians. He comes as a true disciple of Christ to win a victory for Christianity over Hinduism. In one of his sermons, in his own inimitable style, he observed:—

"We Indians do not want a doctrine, not even a religious doctrine, we have enough and more than enough of that kind of thing; we are tired of doctrines. We

need the Living Christ. India wants people who will not preach and teach, but workers whose whole life and temper is a revelation of Jesus Christ."

Such is Sadhu Sunder Singh as described by some who knew him well. It was a privilege and a pleasure to meet him.

Indian Art Education

BY SRIS CHANDRA CHATTERJEE

A strong movement is in evidence in certain quarters in the country for the inclusion of a training in Art in the educational curriculum of schools and colleges. "If the aim of education", it has been said, "is to encourage and assist the natural and harmonious growth of man's inborn powers, the study of the fine arts, especially the visual and the graphic arts, and the cultivation of the sense of beauty, should form an important feature in all educational schemes." It seems that by "fine arts" the writer meant the arts of painting and sculpture. There can be no doubt that the training of the eye for the cultivation of the sense of beauty, for the development of our æsthetic faculty, can best be effected through the arts of painting and sculpture. There can be no difference regarding the necessity for the Art education of our students. The only question is, how can it be made fruitful? A three hours' study of drawing or painting in a week in the class room and then the gloomy environment in the city is certainly not helpful to the development of the æsthetic vision of the student. Unless there is a world of beauty around him, such education will obviously remain a hot-house plant.

The citizens draw the inspiration of their lives from the civic architecture. They cannot have true national and æsthetic spirit unless and until they dwell in, or move along avenues of, buildings which are really great and which are an index of the national life and culture. Architecture is the mother of all the plastic arts. It was architecture that tickled the imagination of the artist to produce a statue or a painting. The history of the world has several times witnessed the phenomenon that great national awakenings

were characterised by the regeneration of the fine arts and literature; and there was always a revival of architecture which held the fine arts in its embrace. From the time of Asoka when monuments of Buddhist saints were begun to be built in permanent materials, historic Indian architecture took its course. Following that, the art of the sculptor gradually came into being, prominent in all religious works. Painting on a large scale became entirely subsidiary to sculpture. The architecture of the earlier cave temples of Ajanta preceded the sculpture and painting that enriched the cave temples of the following period. The golden ages of the Imperial Guptas, of the Cholas, of the Rajput and Moghul princes, are among other examples of artistic upheaval in India when literature and the fine arts flourished side by side with the schools of architecture. The great temples of Southern India with their vast corridors, their pillared halls, their *Mandapas*, meant also schools for the boys, colleges for the scholars, and picture galleries and museums for the masses. Old Indian paintings, whether done in fresco in the cave temples or in mica sheets as in the palaces of the princes, were executed on walls—even to this day they are in vogue in Rajputana—and were treated as an inseparable branch of the tree of architecture, combining with the same as a homogeneous whole. They drew their nourishment through architecture and developed to perfection. In modern days they are no longer considered as organic and inseparable parts of the building and are regarded merely as detachable ornaments showing the taste or the wealth of the owner. Art is now looked upon as a mere luxury—in olden days it was considered a necessity and was supported by the king as well as his subjects—and when the people to pay for this luxury are too few, or those few who can pay for it lack taste and good sense, Art cannot flourish. The average middle-class man cannot support a painter or a sculptor.

This being the situation, where is Art to go for patronage, and how is it to live in the land at all? It seems

that the fine arts cannot thrive in this country. Even though the people may not care for or afford to pay for Art, they must have buildings to live in or transact business. They must have dwelling houses as well as public buildings. Here alone the plastic arts can be made to flourish, provided the buildings are made in beautiful Indian styles which will conform with every part of the structure, both exterior and interior, and include in its domain other fine arts of the country to find harmony in, and bring in an additional note of beauty to, the surroundings. Decorative tiles, terracotta figures, statues, fresco painting and various examples of graphic and visual arts, as well as metal and wood works and furniture will, more or less, find place in structures built and furnished in Indian style. We should, therefore, consider it as our foremost duty to revive our beautiful national architecture. With the growth and spread of our architecture other allied arts will follow as a matter of course and they will never die of starvation. In doing so, and for encouraging the artistic regeneration of India in its own architecture, I would suggest the foundation of chairs of Indian architecture in the universities of India and the planning and execution of artistic buildings and allied crafts and the publication of the same for the public by the municipalities and Government Departments. I understand that some private Engineering Colleges have been established in different parts of India. They should include the teaching of Indian architecture in their curriculum both in theory and in practice. The Calcutta Engineering College, recently started, has that object in view among other things. Its worthy President, Dr. B. N. Dey—who is known all over the world as a great engineer with great constructive ability and wonderful foresight—and his worthy colleagues deserve our best thanks. Let other engineering institutions follow its example. The municipalities must encourage the construction of beautiful Indian styles of buildings.

Some years ago when I returned to Calcutta from

Bikaner with a little experience and an amount of love and enthusiasm for Indian architecture and started to rouse our nationalists and others to a sense of the duty they owed to the ancient culture of their country in the domain of architecture, I was received certainly not with open arms but with a considerable amount of mistrust, even contempt, from vested interests in the building line. I had an instinctive feeling that when there was a renaissance in all the walks of life, when the country was throbbing with the pulsation of a new life with its yearning to realise itself in every way, architecture which is after all an expression in one direction of communal life could not but be affected. The tide was coming, it has now come; and the apathy and hostility of the people have by this time changed to one of active interest. Not only in Bengal and Bombay has the matter been followed with some lively interest but there is plentiful evidence of an awakened feeling in many other provinces. I am thankful for constant enquiries and invitations, which, compared with the situation sometime ago, are becoming greater in number and more varied in character than can be properly attended to by a single organisation. The Principal of the Behar Engineering College, in his presidential address in connection with my lecture on the "Renaissance of Indian Architecture" which I was invited to deliver, promised to do his best for the inclusion of the training in Indian architecture in the College course. Bombay has been greatly interested in reconstructing almost every aspect of national Art, Indian architecture being in the forefront. My recent experiences in Madras—particularly with reference to the hearty response I had from the worthy President of the Madras Corporation and the encouragement I received from Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, ex-President of the Congress—also show the possibility of this movement becoming popular everywhere.

I am confident the bigger municipalities of India can do a good deal for this great cause without undergoing any financial liability—or without indulging in any extravagance in

that direction. The municipalities have also got to take up the movement for the revival of Indian architecture in its educative aspect. The Corporation has a large department dealing with the question of building. There are apprentices in training in this department. Those young men while in training might be made to know, both in theory and practice, something of Indian architecture. A little study of Indian and other architecture side by side with the technical training that may be imparted to them will not harm them in any way. And a corollary to such a decision will be the preparation of a series of practical hand-books on architectural drawings of details and decorations. Later on they may be called upon to deal with buildings with real architecture about them. Preparation of standard types of designs for buildings of all sorts is another line in which the municipality can serve the people, in both directing them how to build usefully and elegantly and at the same time bringing home to them the beauty and suitability of the Indian styles. There should be some attempt from now to have the new streets and "boulevards" made into an architectural paradise by building beautiful buildings and edifices on either side. A single such avenue laid out by the municipality would serve as a model to all other proposed avenues of the city and even of other cities of India. The municipality should start an architectural craft school. It has mechanical workshops for supplying appliances for many of its departments. This comes out cheap in the long run. The Corporation is also a builder. It can easily start a craft section to supply its building construction department (and also to the public) various building parts such as decorative tiles and figures, balustrades, 'jalis', brackets, etc. and the terracotta and wood and metal works. If it can turn out standardised articles of good quality it would give a tone to local manufactures. It can open a school where some of the handicrafts which are associated with house-building can be taught. Drawing and painting can also be taught in addition. The decorator, the carpenter and very often the

sculptor and the painter, can flourish only when the house-building trade flourishes. A school of crafts teaching terracotta work, ornamental carpentry and wood-carving and bronze and metal casting, would enable a number of young men to learn some artistic crafts for which, as the experience of any builder will show, there is a growing demand. The bread problem of our unemployed young men, who are driven to the University because they cannot get training in a decent and paying trade anywhere, can be partly solved if a central school can be opened for these crafts for which there is demand. A small beginning can be made any time. The matter of details can be fixed upon easily. For the present it is unnecessary to deal with the problem elaborately. Let big municipalities lead in this matter and the entire country will follow their example. Now that the fear of cost in the Indian styles of construction has been removed through actual constructions, Indian arts can no longer be treated as a Museum treasure only or as a subject to write theses on, but must be made actually living. It may not be presently possible, neither is it desirable, to completely eschew foreign ideas or to build in strictest conformity with the grammar and conventions of our *Silpa Sastras*, but any way the demands of free-thinking and artistic traditions have to be harmonised as far as possible. It is expected that a new synthesis suitable to our present-day needs will evolve in the near future. Our immediate duty is to turn the tide of the wayward ideas. A combined and sustained effort has to be made to save Indian architecture—which includes in its domain sculpture and painting—from starvation.

In conclusion I should like to add a word to the authorities of the Indian universities. They should know that even our modern engineers, trained in the European principles of architectural composition, are feeling the glow of enthusiasm for the great and the beautiful national architecture. The imagination of people whose profession would seem to give little scope for the exercise of this faculty has at last been

touched, and the spirit of curiosity is also abroad among them. The necessity for giving greater prominence to architecture, specially to Indian architecture, in the Engineering College curriculum is being acknowledged universally. The principle has been accepted and is waiting to be carried out in practice. The Principals of some important Government Engineering Colleges are agreeable to its inclusion. Every year houses with elevations with Indian "feel" are being erected, and the opportunities for the builder in Indian style are brightening. The municipalities also are interesting themselves in this matter—the Calcutta Municipality has taken official steps to encourage Indian architecture—which augurs very well for the real development of Indian architecture in our country. I think the University and the Engineering Colleges and Schools should now take the lead. If necessary a regular cut and dried scheme can be formulated, taking into consideration all practical aspects. For the present I can only state that Indian architecture, both in its historical and in its constructive side, should form an important subject in the Engineering College and School courses, and that a properly-qualified Professor of Architecture with special practical knowledge of Indian architecture, as well as teachers of architecture with requisite draftsman assistants can at once be provided for. Libraries and model rooms, photographic collections and other accessories necessary for proper teaching will also have to be provided for. Practical training excursions to important seats of architectural remains in India are also to be organised as part of the training. Other details can be worked out and formulated if the idea takes shape and receives the support of the authorities. I conclude with a very optimistic view of the whole situation and I feel quite confident that good times are in store for Indian architecture in this country. The interest and enthusiasm for Indian architecture which I see everywhere among our engineering students and young engineers makes me feel most hopeful—for these young men of today will be the seasoned builders and engineers of tomorrow. And with

the love of national Art strong in them they will be able to turn into an accomplished fact what I have been dreaming of ever since my days as a student in the Sibpore Engineering College, namely, the rebirth of Indian architecture.

Kanchipuram: More Buddhist and Pallava Vestiges

BY T. R. CHINTAMANI, M.A.

During my last trip to the famous city of South India, Kanchipuram, I was able to discover some further vestiges of Buddhism and Pallava rule in that city in the form of certain neglected architectural relics, scattered here and there. A further and a more systematic search will probably reveal many more of such relics and it is not unlikely that more light may be thrown upon the history of Buddhism and Pallava rule in the city of Kanchipuram.

The following are the relics to which reference may be made in this connection.

BUDDHIST

In *The Indian Antiquary* the late lamented T. A. Gopinatha Rao has published a paper on "The Vestiges of Buddhism in Kanchipuram." The vestiges he refers to are mostly from the temple dedicated to Sri Kamakshi Ambal. Those to which attention is invited herein, come mainly from the temple dedicated to God Ekambresvara situated in that part of the city known as Big Conjeevaram. On the inner side of the southern wall to the east of the big *Gopuram* constructed under the orders of the Vijayanagara Emperor Krishnadevaraya¹ there are seven statues of the Buddha, each of them placed in a niche. That they are figures of the Buddha is beyond doubt. All the figures are in the sitting posture with the palm of their hands placed in their laps; in addition, there is the *ushnisha* on the head, though it

¹An inscription incised on a stone fixed at the top of the main entrance of the said *Gopuram* bears evidence to its erection under the orders of Krishnadevaraya.

differs slightly from those that we usually come across in the North Indian sculptures of the Buddha.

There is another figure built on the outer side of the eastern wall at the southern end. The figure must originally have been in a standing posture, but now it is built in such a way that one may easily mistake the posture to be one of lying, the head to the south and the feet to the north. The head is damaged beyond recognition and it is not clear what the figure represents. The garment covering the body could be easily discerned.

PALLAVA RULE

It is unnecessary here to make mention of Pallava vestiges in Kanchipuram, for it is a fact known too well to bear repetition that Kanchi was the capital of the Pallava Empire for a long time; but attention is here invited to such relics as have not been noticed before. The relics referred to herein are two-fold, epigraphical and architectural.

1. A mutilated inscription of the Pallavas, in the script similar to that found in places like Dalavanur, Siyamangalam, Mahendravadi, etc. is to be found in a small fragmentary stone built over a pillar which belongs to the period of Rajasimha, in a small temple adjoining the eastern wall of the big shrine of Ekambresvara. We know that the script in use, in places like those mentioned above, belongs to the days of Mahendravarman I. The inscription I refer to must have been incised during the period of the same king. The inscription is too fragmentary to be interpreted.

2. A number of pillars of the days of Rajasimha, in the style that is usually attributed to his influence, are to be found scattered in various places in the town of Kanchipuram. The pillars I refer to are all lion pillars which are so famous in Pallava history. It may be mentioned by the way that two kinds of lion pillars may be distinguished among Pallava sculptures—one, the pillars with the lion sitting and supporting the

pillars, and the other, with the lion in the rearing posture. The former are somewhat earlier in point of time and slightly older than Rajasimha.

(a) Two pillars supported by the lion are to be found built into a wall in the temple dedicated to some minor deity adjoining the eastern wall of the big temple of God Ekambresvara, facing east.

(b) Two similar pillars are to be found at the inner shrine of Sri Kamakshi Amman temple. The architecture of these pillars is similar to those referred to above.

(c) Two such pillars again are to be found at the entrance to the temple of God Narasimhasvamin at Little Kanchipuram. In addition, there are found in the inner sanctuary of the same shrine two pillars that can be definitely attributed to the period of Mahendravarman I. These pillars are exactly similar to those found in the temple of Ekambresvara where are to be seen the inscriptions of Mahendravarman.

These points lead us to the simple conclusion that somewhere in Kanchipuram there must have existed some big structure of the days of Rajasimha or his ancestor which was destroyed for some unknown reasons; the remnants of that building, when it was demolished, being used for other structures. This is perhaps the reason why we come across such fragmentary sculptural relics.

One more point deserves mention here. I have elsewhere¹ remarked that probably a portion of the temple of Ekambresvara was repaired or constructed in the days of the Pallava Rajasimha. It may be noted here that the small temple to the west of the main shrine in the temple referred to might have been constructed in the days of Rajasimha; the temple is facing west and the prismatic *linga* which is a favourite with the Pallava kings finds place in the inner sanctuary of the temple; the style of architecture corresponds to what is found in the Kailasanatha temple of Rajasimha.

¹ *Journal of Oriental Research*, Vol. III, pp. 55-56.

Tales of Long Ago

BY G. KRISHNA RAO, B.A.

The gentle art of story-telling, like the art of conversation, has perished. The old race of men and women, who interested us immensely by their powers of story-telling is gone. What intimate and delicious moments we had with them as we drew near them to hear them begin a story! The leisurely drawl and the old-world grace with which they started telling a tale, the easy description, the quiet flow of their words, carried us away into the worlds they created by the witchery of their words. While we heard them we hardly thought of anything but the entrancing narrative. Such story-telling has gone out of fashion and the charm of the spoken word has been banished by the printed one. But nevertheless those that had the experience of having heard such stories when young, remember how it enriched their life and they would like to live those happy, far-away memories over again.

My particular story-teller was an old antique-looking Mahratta, bearing a very picturesque personality. He had a handsome face with beetling eye-brows beneath which twinkled a pair of humorous eyes. He had a pair of snow-white moustaches the ends of which he turned up assiduously, giving his face just the touch of martial air which he liked. He had a string of the sacred *tulsi* beads round his neck and wore a striking caste mark. He carried his three score and ten with a wonderful lightness of step, and deportment. He was so meticulous in his dress and so spruce and trim that you might think he had just come out after his bath. Added to these qualifications he was a great *connoisseur* in the story-telling art, having an interminable fund of anecdotes and stories in the repository of his mind. Many and many

a time has he regaled our days of boyhood with his absorbing tales from the *puranas*, from history, from the common folklore. I remember him and the quiet art he practised with that rare distinction as a master craftsman, even at this distance of time. The personality has passed away but the memory remains!

He told me this little story once. In print it is impossible to bring back the subtle inflection of the voice that told it, the gentle gesture that enlivened the narrative and the deft strokes of pathos and humour that lighted up those eyes. "The story that I am going to tell you," said he, "is not of today or yesterday but of thousands of years ago, when the God Mahadev and His wife Parvathi used to go out on their aerial journeys during nights and see if there was any miserable being who needed succour. It was not like the present drab days when there is misery everywhere and the world is full of miserable beings. Then the happy were many and the miserable few, and the Gods hastened to relieve the suffering of the unhappy if they implored their help. It happened that there was at that time a pious old Brahmin who was blind in both of his eyes. He was an extremely devoted worshipper of God Mahadev, patient and uncomplaining though very poor. He had three boys and a girl and a wife whom he could hardly clothe and feed. He had nagging poverty at home and had to eke out his livelihood by begging for alms in the temple of Dakshineswara in the town. His wife was a good woman. Though the husband was blind and poor, she loved and respected him. Every morning she would take him by the hand to the Dakshineswara temple, where the old man would sit with a napkin spread in front of him whereon the passing visitors to the temple put a few pieces of copper or a fruit or a handful of rice, whatever they could spare. In the evening the wife came to take her husband back, or, if it was not possible for her to go, she would send her little daughter or her son to fetch home their blind father. Added to the oppressive cares of poverty they now and again had to bear the threats

and insults of an unsympathetic and cruel landlord—a Bania—when the month's rent became overdue. It was difficult to meet the demand and the poor Brahmin's wife had to put up with much rudeness at the hands of the Bania's servant. They both talked in the nights of their sorrows and the poor Brahmin cheered up his wife by saying that bright days might come when they performed the *moonj* or thread ceremony of their boys. Because then they became the twice-born and would become fit to beg for food. People would give them alms which might relieve them a great deal, and then there was his daughter who could be married and thus got off his hands. The good wife shared his views and was for the moment cheered by his words; and so, through the revolving seasons, the poor couple consoled themselves and spent their days, trusting in the goodness of the Almighty and thinking that He would give them better days.

One day the Brahmin sat in the temple till it was very late in the evening. The time for lighting the lamps had come, but not his dear wife to take him home. He was getting anxious, when suddenly he heard a sob near him and found that his wife had come but she was crying. She told him between her sobs how the Bania's servant had come down on their poor household and how he ill-treated her and her children and threw away all their little belongings in the street, and the little stock of the rice and *dal* they had was strewn in the thoroughfare and he wanted the rent to be paid off immediately if they wanted to live another minute under his roof. The poor Brahmin was moved by the sobs of his wife, and as she began to cry at the end of her doleful tale, he too broke down and began to weep with her. At that moment Parvathi and Mahadev were passing in the sky, and hearing the helpless sobs of the devoted couple, Parvathi turned to her husband and said: "My Lord, look at this miserable, helpless, old and blind devotee. Can you not take pity on him and relieve him of his misery? I want you, my Lord, to help him at once. I cannot bear to see their

sorrow. To-morrow you must make him a rich man with a *lac* of rupees "

"My dear wife," said Mahadev, "he has to pass through *karma*. No one is uniformly happy or uniformly unhappy in this world. Better days will dawn on him soon."

"Let it be now, my Lord," implored Parvathi.

"So be it," said the Lord.

At that time the rich Bania landlord had come to the temple for *Darsan*. He was sitting in the many-pillared audience hall that leads into the sanctum, awaiting the priest. He suddenly heard the deep tones of some one speaking from the sanctum.

"Ganesha! My darling son," called the voice.

"Yes, father," came the response from Ganesha who was in the inner recess of the corridor.

"Within to-morrow evening the blind Brahmin who comes here every day should be given a *lac* of rupees. See to that. Will you?"

"Yes, father," came the willing response.

The Bania heard this conversation so clearly that he had no doubt whatever of the truth of it. He heard the sounds, syllable after syllable, emanating from the idols of Ganesh and Mahadev. He was a man of the world and had always an eye for the deal, so he hurriedly finished his worship and went home. That very night, whom do you think he met? It was the poor blind Brahmin who was sitting in his house.

"Babaji," said the Bania in the most unctuous tones as he approached him, "I came to greet you at this unusual hour and to apologise for the rudeness of my servant. I am sorry. You see they are always such brutes. I am sure you will pardon me, as I hear he was very rude to your wife and children. By the bye, I want to help you, if I can, as you are a devout Brahmin and my heart goes out to you as you are afflicted with this blindness. I shall pay you ten rupees. You need not at present bother about paying me the rent that is due. You may

live here as long as you like. I am sure you will not misunderstand me if I ask a favour of you, and that is that you should give me whatever you get to-morrow at the temple from morning till evening."

The old man was a bit surprised at his landlord's request. He was very poor, and a gift of ten rupees was a fortune to him. But he thought awhile and said that he would not care to sell away his to-morrow's luck for ten rupees and that the Bania might keep his money.

"No, no," said the Bania edging nearer, "don't be in a hurry, Babaji. I shall pay you a hundred rupees, if you so desire. I just want you to give me what you earn to-morrow." The Brahmin was shrewd. He was not for closing any bargain with his Bania landlord in a hurry. But the man would not leave him. And so, on and on he haggled, till the amount offered went up to seventy-five thousand rupees. Even then the Brahmin was unwilling to give his word. The wife who had come to hear the conversation now intervened and said: "Setjee, bring the money and I shall see that my husband accepts Rs. 75,000." Then she induced her husband to say 'yes' to the proposal. Immediately the Bania ran home and brought Rs. 75,000 in bags and deposited them in the Brahmin's house and went away happily, as there was still a margin of Rs. 25,000 on the job.

The morning dawned. As usual the Brahmin was taken to the Dakshineswara temple and there he sat cross-legged with his napkin spread in front of him in the quadrangle of the shrine begging from the passers by. The Bania was with him watching the events. It was noon. There had been only a few coppers, a handful of rice and some vegetables on the napkin—the humble takings of the day. The Bania had hoped for better results. But then there was the rest of the noon and anything might happen, he thought. He had heard the clear words of promise of the God and they must be fulfilled. The noon wore on. Evening was coming and still there was nothing

hopeful. The Bania was naturally getting impatient. He said in curt tones to the Brahmin that he must sit later than usual if need be. The Brahmin cheerfully agreed to do so. Another hour passed and yet another, and nothing came. It was almost dark. The Bania's blood was up. He straightway walked up to the idol of God Ganesh and in a threatening attitude held his trunk and said: "Where is the *lac* you promised to pay this poor Brahmin? You know he is suffering and you must honour your promise if you are a God. Do you hear? So saying he pulled the God's trunk. Suddenly, to his amazement, he felt a tug himself in return, and his own hand was caught in the trunk of the idol. The Bania pulled and tried to disengage himself out of the grip, but in vain. A mortal fear came over him and he humbly prayed the idol to leave him free, and promised to break a thousand cocoanuts as an expiation for his impudence, but to no avail. His hand was caught in a vice-like grip. He heard again the same distinct voice in the silence of the shrine:

"Have you paid off the *lac* to the Brahmin?"

"Yes, father," replied Ganesh, "I paid Rs. 75,000 last night and I am now arranging for the balance. If the Bania will see that another Rs. 25,000 is sent to the Brahmin's house, he will be liberated to go home, and not otherwise."

Seeing the sad plight in which he was caught, the Bania called out for help and ordered that Rs. 25,000 should at once be paid to the Brahmin. As soon as it was done, he got out of the clutches of God Ganesh and went home, a sadder and wiser man.

"Gods do not give anything out of their own hands," said my story-teller, "They take from one man and give to another. And you must know that when they do their favours, they do not do them by halves. They not only blessed the poor Brahmin with a fortune but gave him also his vision and made his children prosperous, and thus enabled the devoted couple to live happily ever after."

Social Reconstruction in India

BY DR. T. V. SESHAGIRI ROW, M.A., PH.D.

(The Presidency College, Madras)

Our impulses may be divided into two groups, the possessive and the creative. The impulses of the first group aim at acquiring and retaining something that cannot be shared. And the impulses of the second group aim at bringing into the world some valuable things such as knowledge or beauty or good-will in which there is no private property. The best life is that which is built on creative impulses. And the worst life is that which is inspired by love of possession. Social institutions have a very great influence on men and women, morally and otherwise. They should, therefore, be such as to promote creativeness at the expense of possessiveness. They should be so organised, both by individual effort and co-operative labour, as to liberate the creative principle in man or woman for purposes of furthering and fulfilling life, and contributing to the joy and beauty of life and helping the unfoldment of the meaning and purpose of life.

In India the principle of growth or creative evolution in most men and women is hindered by inherited social institutions. The impulse for free life and creativeness has been stifled. But, fortunately, with the progress of thought and knowledge new possibilities of growth have come into existence. These have given rise to new claims which must be satisfied. Institutions which give less opportunities to some classes and castes than to others, to one sex than to another, are no longer recognised as just by the less fortunate, though the more fortunate still defend them vehemently. And if Indian life is to progress, it should liberate and promote creativeness, and satisfy the new demands of men and women for justice and liberty.

And for this the Indian social institutions should be so fundamentally changed as to embody the new respect for the individual and for his or her rights which modern feeling demands.

There are three forces on the side of life which might be fostered under better social conditions than those that prevail at present in our country. These forces are love or mutual regard, the instinct of constructiveness or creativeness, and the joy of life. In India, all these three forces are checked and enfeebled by the conditions in which men and women are obliged to live. This is the case not only among the outwardly less fortunate but also among the majority of the well-to-do. The conventional conception of what constitutes peaceful life leads most men and women to live a life in which their most vital impulses are sacrificed. As a result of this the joy of life is lost in listless weariness. Our social system compels our men and almost all women to carry out the purposes of others rather than their own, making them feel impotent in action and only able to secure a certain modicum of passive pleasure. Our coercive customs destroy the vigour of the community, the expansive affections of individuals, and the power of viewing the world generously. They are all unnecessary and should be ended by wisdom and courage. And those institutions that are really good should be so remodelled as to suit the growing needs of a race that has to progress and that has to contribute so much to the glory of mankind. If this were done, the life of men and women in our country would become remarkably different from what it has been, and the Indian race might yet travel towards a new vigour and a new joy.

Customs and habits are merely moulds that serve the life for some time and soon become a hindrance to the flow and progress of life. And all moulds must break and yield in the face of the oncoming and ever-expanding current of life. Otherwise stagnation and death will result. All prophets have broken the moulds that have become rigid, and liberated life. Life refuses to be hemmed in them perpetually. Our caste-rules

are so many rigid moulds and they have to give way if life is to expand and progress. Educated men and women should be free to marry in any community or caste they like. The privileges of *Athithi satkara* (hospitality) should be extended to the members of all castes, creeds and communities. Excommunication should soon be a thing of the past. *Purda*, the monopoly of the Muhammadan women and the women of the Non-Brahmin communities of the Andhra Desa, is another hindrance to free, healthy life. And it has to be torn away if life is not to be suffocated behind it. The practice of isolating men and women, in society and at home, should be given up in recognition of the fact of the inevitable need of each for the company of the other for purposes of refining, enlivening and ennobling of life.

The place and function of women in society should be carefully considered. Her *Dharma* should be rebuilt on the principle of creativeness, so as to enable her to realise the joy of living and the highest purposes of life. She can realise her moral worth and dignity only when her instinct for creativity and her initiative are released and prevented from being checked by enslaving customs like child-marriages, enforced widowhood, inferior treatment, dowry system, etc., and by other customs that deny her the privileges of free thought, free movement and action, and free choice to mould her own life according to her own purposes and ideals. She should be recognised as absolutely equal to man in all matters,—social, political and religious. She should receive special consideration and courtesy as befitting her tenderness and grace. And she should have all-round freedom, just as man has, for the full expression of her individuality, for furthering and extending her life either at home or in society abroad.

All the world over it is woman that is superior to man in morality. What is to be improved is the moral nature of man but not of woman. The habit of looking upon women with suspicion and the habit of assigning to them inferior kind of seats at home and in gatherings should go. If man requires

that woman should be inspiring indeed, he should cultivate reverence for her. He should learn to look at a woman so as to feel as if he were in the presence of a saint. If he learns to recognise that woman is the symbol of all that is pure and tender and loving, then features that are commonplace acquire a new charm, and voices which are familiar and appear stale become musical.

Women are the mothers of the race. They are the veiled sisters of things unknown to man. Their seat is at the foot of the Infinite itself. It is they that preserve for us the sense of the mystic on earth. While men have only a utilitarian interest in their fellow-beings, women have a genuine interest in their fellow-beings and in everything that is genuinely human. It is indeed this—woman's vital interest in whatever is genuinely human,—that reveals to us the beauty that is behind this life on earth. She reveals to us the miracle, the beauty and divine glory of the common things in life by throwing a halo on everything that she touches or approaches.

If the real worth and dignity of womanhood is thus understood, then necessarily home-life and social life become one of the greatest blessings of the human race. The *Grihastha Asram* will no longer be considered as a drudgery to be tolerated for some time till the soul gets ripe for the so-called higher stages of life. But on the other hand the home will be valued as a God-planned nursery of the soul, a mirror of infinite beauty and love, a paradise of God. Really there is nothing wanting in social life and of home-life in particular for the perfecting and refining of a person's self, provided it is re-organised on sound principles of equality and freedom, love and service. Unless this new attitude dawns in our land, home-life cannot be a means of furthering and fulfilling of life, and man cannot fully see either the grace of social life or the glory of human life. May God grant our countrymen this new vision and this new blessing! And may our social institutions be so remodelled as to embody a new vigour and a new joy of life!

THE "TRIVENI": A REQUEST

Indian Journalism is by no means rich in first-rate periodicals, but among the few which have sounded a fuller and richer note we are sure that you are aware of the proud record of *Triveni*, the English bi-monthly published from Madras. *Triveni* is, in every sense of the term, Mr. Ramakotiswara Rao's creation. We find in the journal, as in its Founder-Editor, fine simplicity, beautiful idealism and the radiant spirit of the times. Unlike many journals started in this country, *Triveni* has not had to linger unacclaimed for long, and within three brief years it has made its mark as a journal of intellectual consequence, with few rivals this side of the Vindhyas and no superiors on the other. The quality of its contents and the value of its judgments are evidenced by the constitution of its Advisory Board which includes men of national and international reputation like Professors S. Radhakrishnan and K. T. Shah, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa and Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, and by the authority of its contributors among whom are Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer, Diwan Bahadur M. Ramachandra Rao, Messrs. O. C. Gangoly, J. Krishnamurti, O. J. Couldrey, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, K. M. Panikkar, K. S. Venkataramani, George Joseph, Dr. James H. Cousins and Prof. P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar.

It has also been the peculiar fortune and privilege of *Triveni* to have received financial support from persons of all parties and communities, and this has enabled Mr. Ramakotiswara Rao to keep the journal steadily at its present high standard. The help so rendered, though liberal in measure and generous in spirit, has been hardly adequate to the requirements of the enterprise. The journal was launched by him with slender resources. In spite of help received through life-subscriptions and considerable increase in the circulation, the journal has had to be run at great loss, and but for the Editor's stout heart and robust faith it would have sunk long ago. He has made heavy sacrifices, reducing his personal possessions to next to nothing. It is an open secret that because of this glorious, if perilous, enterprise, he is barely above a precarious existence.

As this cannot but be a matter of grave concern to his friends and well-wishers, we are now going out of our way to acquaint public-spirited citizens like yourself with the state of affairs and

solicit your help for a cause which is good and noble, and, incidentally for one who, years ago, forsook a career at the Bar in response to the call of the country and devoted himself to national reconstruction, first as Vice-Principal of the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala, and later as a full-timed publicist. To stabilise the concern and safeguard its position we now propose to collect from sympathetic friends Rs. 100/- each by way of life-subscription, or, in the alternative, a sum of not less than Rs. 25/- each by way of donation apart from the usual annual subscription. This Fund will, it is hoped, enable Mr. Ramakotiswara Rao to continue his excellent work undeterred by persistent monetary worries.

In accordance with the wishes of several lovers of *Triveni*, the Editor is anxious to make it a monthly ere long with a view to increasing the range and scope of its usefulness to the public. We have no doubt that if this appeal is responded to, in the spirit in which it is made, he will be in a position, first to issue it regularly with considerable improvements, and at a later stage, to convert it into a monthly.

We make this appeal to you, trusting that you will be generously disposed to help *Triveni* which, reflecting as it does, the intellectual alertness and the artistic impulse of the South Indian peoples, will enhance the cultural achievement of the nation.

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A. RANGASWAMI IYENGAR
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The Czecho-Slovakian Republic

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

In the re-shaping of Europe after the Great War, through the fall of the Austrian and the Russian Empires, the most striking and romantic change was the emergence of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. It has also proved the most important and the most completely successful.

The other three countries that grew up as an aftermath of the War with populations that made them very considerable powers (Poland, 27 millions; Rumania, 18 millions; and Yugo-Slavia, 13 millions) were either fully formed States before the War or had not long lapsed from that position. They were natural rallying centres. But the region now known as Czecho-Slovakia had been ruled by the Austrian Hapsburg family for nearly 400 years and had lost its last opportunity of independence 300 years before. It was drawn into the War as an opponent of the Allies and as an ally of Germany; and by a tremendous effort of will and statesmanship it had to make a fresh beginning across the vast gap of history. But it has accomplished the miracle with a success that can be called unparalleled, a tremendous achievement, which is at once a tribute to the strenuous and single-minded purpose of its people and an example to other nations striving to do the same, and which therefore calls for sympathetic and admiring study by all mankind.

The marvel is the greater because, like all the central lands of Europe, Czecho-Slovakia has a mixed population; and of the 14 million people it contains, about two-thirds only are Czecho-Slovakians; that is, they are Czech by race and language. Among the rest of its people more than three millions are German or Austro-German by race or language, three-quarters

of a million are Magyars, and about half-a-million Ruthenian Russians. There are many Jews and a considerable number of Poles in the industrial districts. Yet this mixture and agglomeration of races, in spite of the difficulties of attaining union and of reconciling the minority interests and satisfying their demands, has formed a stable, new country that is prospering and showing increasing satisfaction with the change that had been brought about. How has it been done?

The central explanation is that the Czechs, the most vigorous and practical of the Slav branches, holding one of the most favoured and desirable positions on the European Continent but hemmed in for centuries by ambitious and warlike races—Germans, Poles and Magyars—had been cherishing for a century and more, with ever-growing ardour, the consciousness of a great and glorious past. They knew that Bohemia had had a fame which had resounded through Europe for centuries; that she had on occasion held sway and exercised sovereignty as far south as the Adriatic sea; that she had led the thought of the world against those whose watchword was 'No change'; that she had been in the forefront of progress in education, and that her learned men had held council with the best minds of the West when the human mind was achieving emancipation; that she had a language and a literature that could not be stifled by the Empire, into which she unfortunately had merged herself against her own inclinations in a time of stress in the distant past. Yet their race had endured nearly three centuries of repression after an equal period that had warranted their nursing a spirit of national pride and independence.

It was in 1526 that the Czechs elected the Austrian Hapsburg to the throne of Bohemia, thereby linking themselves, on their own initiative, with Austria and Hungary and allowing themselves to become an alien minority in an Imperial combination. For centuries thought had been far freer in Bohemia and Moravia than ever Austria was willing to allow it to be, in so

far as they were Christianised from the East and had not readily accepted the complete authority of Rome in religion. The claim of the individual conscience to a right of judgment on religious problems made a great appeal to the Czech mind, and that right was strongly upheld and strenuously propagated by the ancient University of Prague, which had been founded in 1348 by the Bohemian King Charles, son of the blind King John of Bohemia who died fighting against the English at Crecy in 1346.

The right had first been boldly advanced in England by John Wycliffe, and was as firmly claimed, a quarter of a century after Wycliffe's death, by John Huss, the Rector of Prague University, a man of saintly life and great mental power, who rose to European eminence from the Czech peasant class. Like Wycliffe, John Huss made his appeal to the populace through the speech they understood, and to him in no small degree is due the credit of preserving undefiled the language that has led Czecho-Slovakia on to a modern resurrection. Huss died, treacherously martyred, for the faith he upheld, but his influence permeated his countrymen for two contentious centuries, after which it has re-emerged as powerful as ever after 500 years.

The Bohemian nation followed Huss, a century of warlike pressure having failed to extirpate the heresy of refusing to accept an official religious creed by order; but during that time the Hussites themselves had become divided: Luther's Reformation movement had begun in Germany and introduced new points of controversy, political complications ensued and Bohemia sought rest by electing a foreign prince as its ruler. Ferdinand, the prince who was thus elected, was the brother and heir of the Great Roman Catholic Emperor, Charles the Fifth. He promised to accomplish things all in a fair spirit, but his heart was with his brother's anti-Protestant proclivities, with the result that Bohemia became, as a consequence of his accession, only an unofficial appanage of the Empire known as the Holy Roman Empire. The safeguards which the Czechs had

forced Ferdinand to stipulate for the purpose of preserving their religion and State under a system of toleration were broken down; persecution followed, with continual pressure in favour of the Austrian policy of religious unity under the ægis of the Roman Church, till finally in 1619, the Bohemians, roused to open resistance, deposed the Hapsburg who was then reigning and placed on the throne the Elector Palatine, who was a Protestant and had married a daughter of the English King, James I.

But it turned out to be a futile attempt with a nerveless leader. By a converging movement of many forces the deposed king utterly defeated the Czechs in the battle of Prague in 1620; and Bohemia, falling prostrate under the heel of Austria, lost her individuality and most of her Protestantism for another 200 years. So steady and so ruthlessly undeviating was the repression of the Czech language by the governing authorities that, towards the close of the 18th century, it almost seemed as if it would perish in its written form, though it was handed on in the people's speech. The preservation of their national language was considered by the Czechs so much a matter of life and death, and the spirit of the people to regain their lost independence so dominantly overpowered their minds, that they never allowed their political subordination to interfere with their most zealous guardianship of their language forms; and if today they are able to reinstate their country in its proud place of independence, it is due not a little to the influence exercised by the language as a unifying, rallying force.

The advances towards democratic self-government throughout Europe in the nineteenth century, and the translation of foreign books into the Czech language, revived once again the racial consciousness and gave a fillip to the movement for rescussitating the national glory. The country's early history began to be written; national pride and confidence had a rebirth; and a demand emanated for a renewal of those constitutional rights that had been abolished and for the

restoration of the language to a position of equality with German in the country's educational system.

The grievances suffered were felt equally in Bohemia, in Moravia and in Silesia, where the Slav population predominates, while Slovakia in its turn resented the treatment it received from Hungary. At Prague the discontent culminated in 1848 in rioting and bloodshed followed by further repression. Though Provincial Diets were constituted with a general Parliament at Vienna, the conditions were such that German influences remained predominant even where Czech interests were specially concerned, till the Bohemian members of Parliament refused for years to attend and co-operate in the sessions of that body. Their claim was that Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia should be organized into a separate State, albeit under the rule of the same sovereign as Austria and Hungary. Needless to say, the demand was never favourably received, but in 1882 a National Bohemian University was established in Prague for Czech students using their own language, and in 1897 it was decided that all officials must possess a knowledge of the Czech as well as the German language. Still the oppressed soul of Bohemia did not feel fully emancipated and the Czech two-thirds majority felt itself a down-trodden and subject race.

During the last quarter of a century immediately preceding the War, the industrial progress of the present Czecho-Slovakia proceeded at a rapid pace, and it was widely acknowledged, in consequence, as the most indispensable part of the Austrian Empire. But its legitimate national aspirations were not reasonably recognized; and when Austria hurried Europe into appalling strife by insisting on the stern chastisement of another Slav nation, it could not be otherwise than that the Czech branch of the Slav race should be dangerously indisposed to lend its help towards crushing its brethren in the South.

The War, indeed, brought to the Czechs the opportunity they had lacked for three centuries, of asserting their nationhood

in a practical way. Nothing was needed but the defection of the Czechs to cause the ramshackle Austrian Empire to crumble into irrecoverable ruin, provided that defection could be organized and controlled by a statesmanship both wise and bold. Fortunately for the country that statesmanship was forthcoming; and so from the ruins of the northern part of the Austrian Empire arose, by voluntary union, a Republic that embraced Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, the mountainland of the Slovaks and their slope down into the Hungarian plain, as far down as the population is predominantly Slovak, and also the Ruthenian Russians who live on the southern slope of the Carpathians,—a Republic almost as big as England and Wales, settling into prosperity under the feeling that its new life offered justice to all and better prospects than could be expected from any conceivable change.

Of all the reconstructions brought about as a result of the War, this formation of the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia was the most remarkable, for it called forth into existence a political structure that had crumbled three centuries before. It called an old nation into a rebirth; and not only was the response instantaneous and whole-hearted, but the organization was quietly ready; it worked at once, without any serious hitch, much less a break-down. Twenty-four days before the War terminated as a result of the Armistice, Czecho-Slovakia proclaimed itself an independent Republican State, and a fortnight before the Armistice, it had, through a National Council, taken over the entire machinery of Government.

This, of course, indicates that all the preliminary arrangements had been perfected beforehand; but more than that, the whole movement for national self-assertion against dominant Austria and Hungary—as both countries were concerned in the repression of Czech and Slovak aspirations—had been inspired, sustained, perfected and brought to a culminating point by one man and the friends he had gathered around him. That man was Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, now President of the Republic

he had formed; and though the constitution of the Republic says that its President must not serve more than two terms, it is understood and practically certain that Masaryk will be re-elected as long as he wishes to retain the chief office of the State. He is now eighty years old, the veritable father of his country, trusted and loved by all.

Thomas Masaryk was born in a Moravian village and started life as a blacksmith's apprentice, but soon sought the education which it was the ambition of his countrymen to acquire. At the age 32, he was one of the first professors in the newly established University of Prague, the Bohemian capital. Then he turned to journalism as the readiest means of influence to any person possessing a purpose, his purpose being to give the Czech people their fair place in the world and to combat the methods of unjust repression practised by the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When the War broke out he left Prague, and in Switzerland, London, Paris and the United States, worked incessantly to fulfil his mission of detaching the Czech race from Austria and refounding the State that, as Bohemia, had had an illustrious and glorious past. The Czechs recognised, as every other nation striving for emancipation ought to recognize, that education introduces men to all the world; and in all the allied lands there was a great Czech rally to support Masaryk and Benes, the Secretary of the movement and now the Foreign Minister in the Czecho-Slav Government, who worked hand in hand with many foreign friends who knew of their honesty, enthusiasm and wide-spread influence.

Part of the work was carried on by the Czech regiments in the Austrian Army, who utterly detested the service which opposed them to the Russians, Serbians and other Slav nationalities; and wherever the Austrians fought, unless they had German or Bulgarian support, they were defeated, for their Czech regiments took every opportunity of passing over to the other side. There came a time, indeed, when 70,000 Czech soldiers, nominally prisoners but really a disciplined army, were

in Russia with their arms, marching eastward to reach the Pacific Siberian coast and return to Europe by sea to help the French and the British on the western front. Many of them made that remarkable journey, while some of them took part in the entry into London by Field-Marshal Haig, when all the Allies had contingents in that great parade.

Long before the end of the War, the Czech leaders were in the confidence of the British, the French and the American Governments, and knew they would have the full support of all lands when the time came for forming the Czech Republic. That was why Czecho-Slovakia ceased to be an Austrian principality but stood forth as a newly-organized State, inheritor of the fine memories of Bohemia and Moravia, dating back 500 years, and at the same time could do the feat within ten days.

The way had been prepared gradually during the 36 years that had elapsed since Thomas Masaryk, once a young blacksmith, was appointed a professor in Prague University. He had educated the Czech people for what was to follow; he was known and trusted; he had had under his tuition and within the range of his friendship such men, for instance, as the Bohemian farmer's son, Edward Benes, a journalist who also became a professor and ultimately Foreign Minister for the newly-formed State. The rebirth of the Czech nation into independent Statehood was long in coming, but when it did come it came with a swiftness, a smoothness, a completeness, and a romance unequalled in the story of the fall and rise of nations. The first ten years of its revival have witnessed a promising settling down of the varied races that are included in its population, who have all reconciled themselves to the new dispensation and are making every endeavour to make it a success as complete as possible. The fixing of the boundaries inevitably brought out rivalries, with Germany on the one hand and Poland on the other, but they have been tided over. The very considerable German population is largely interested in industrial production, and in the

past has had Government prestige on its side. The German-German or the Austro-German has belonged to the ruling race; in a less degree has the Czech been an industrial capitalist, but a working fusion has been rapidly developing and the country has been reasonably prosperous. Finance is an awkward problem for all young States and that has been seen on all sides since the War; but Czecho-Slovakia has surmounted its early financial obstacles with a re-assuring skill. At first, it found money hard to borrow and interest high; but its business application, on many and varied lines, not only reinstated her credit abroad but has also enabled her to pay off in a substantial measure foreign loans at a high rate by internal borrowings at a lower rate. From all accounts it is clear that the financial health of the country is sounder than in the average State that is making a new start with larger responsibilities than it had before the War.

This is as it might be expected, for Czecho-Slovakia is a well-favoured land, with a productive, fertile soil and an industrious, adaptable people. It has abundant mineral resources, vast forests, immense raw material for valuable glass and porcelain manufactures, abundance of water supply that may be converted into power, an unsurpassed beet-sugar production, a large trade in cotton and woollen goods and a prolific fruit-growing industry. Its people, except in the more eastern mountainous parts, are among the best educated and the most efficiently trained in the world. It has, too, the advantage of being closely surrounded by regions that need the things it can produce; but with this goes the disadvantage of being entirely inland. Its products can only reach customers in countries that are not neighbours, by passing through some adjoining land and through the hospitality of some foreign ports. Bohemia reaches Hamburg by the river Elbe through Germany; Moravia and Silesia reach Stettin on the Baltic by the river Oder; again through Germany Slovakia has direct access to the Danube at Bratislava. But it is only

through such devious ways that one of the most important manufacturing countries in the world can transport its industrial products to world-uniting seas. Of course it has entered into international agreements for facilitating the free passage of its goods by the river and train routes, but the inland remoteness is an undeniable handicap, necessitating, as it does, the restriction of most of its trade to the neighbouring countries, with the attendant disadvantages of such a position.

Surrounded on the north and west and plentifully intersected by mountains, Czecho-Slovakia is a picturesque and beautiful country to visit; and its capital, Prague, now a city of 750,000 inhabitants, is one of the most sought places in the world.

The people of the country have social qualities and national movements deserving of sympathetic understanding and intimate study. The people speak, besides their own national language, English more generally than any other European race or country does; but then the Czechs of the towns are a very practically-minded people, educated in a way which is most advantageous to them. From the days of John Huss, who was one of the earliest rectors of the ancient University of Prague, to the days of Amos Komensky, far famed as Comenius, the Moravian Bishop who first made education practical and popular through the instrumentality of pictures and magic-lantern lectures, down to Thomas Masaryk, the inland realm of Bohemia has been calling to the outer world through education, and the last of its great men educated his whole race into the desire and fitness for independence. Comenius, who exercises an abiding influence over the Czech race, was a wanderer, who, in the course of his peregrinations, carried on his educational work, writing books which were the first attempt at founding education on a scientific basis, and which were later translated into fifteen European languages. Three centuries back when he was driven into exile, Comenius wrote in his Testament: "I believe before God that, when the storms of wrath have

passed, to thee shall return the rule over thine own things, O, Czech people!"

The day has come and the forecast is fulfilled to the very letter; and the man who has been the great instrument in bringing that consummation to pass, Thomas Masaryk, who was himself a wanderer, has said: "In my journeyings in all parts of the world during the War, I carried with me, not only the Bible but also Comenius's Testament." The wheels of God grind slowly, but their work is very sure; and the country which was trodden under the iron heels of a humiliating subordination has emerged not only victorious but also glorious, providing an example to other nations experiencing similar vicissitudes to exert themselves, not to abandon hope and to go on cherishing the ideal of national independence.

A Note on The Theatre of the Hindus

BY K. V. RAMACHANDRAN

Indian Art whether Brahminical or Buddhistic, Gupta, Pallava or Chalukya, was intrinsically and predominantly æsthetic. Whether it was a wooden plank or household utensil, article of dress or floor of the house, it had first to be made comely with color or decorative pattern of flower, leaf or bird; one had to *sing* or *intone* poetry instead of merely reciting it, and sit down to compose scientific treatises in *verse* and suitable literary form; one found no use whatever for the prose that Art had not vitalised. It used to be said that the Hindu was deficient in historic sense, when all that was meant was that he had a very much better developed Art-sense.

And his Art was conceived and executed in a plane of lofty idealism; in its supreme moments, it was as perfect as music and as imaginative, and accommodated no burden other than its own loveliness. Art, according to him, was her own guide and she invented and imagined and dreamt as it pleased her fancy, without reference to any objective standard of probability or verisimilitude. She was undisputed mistress in her own domain and pressed nature and life into her service if she chose, or replaced them with her own creations; she had no models but of her own making, recognized no law but her own.

The Art of Europe on the other hand was realistic, imitative; its purpose was to hold the mirror up to life. No wonder that those familiar but with this type of Art, made a mess of Art of any other kind. Thus it was that Lord Curzon came to label Indian Art as "bizarre, grotesque, obscence". Thus it happened that though Prof. Keith wrote a book on the Sanskrit Drama, the subject remained as much a mystery as ever to him, as

indeed the attitude of mind of those who gave it birth. It was easy enough to develop into an authority on Kalidasa, but it was not quite so easy to understand him, especially for those who looked for representations of the actual in works of Art. India has forgotten more Art than Europe has learnt, and it would be well for her critics to understand what they seek to criticise. It was of no importance to such critics that the very self-conscious creator of "Sakuntala" sought his theme, not in life, but in the handiwork of Valmiki and Vyasa who had cleansed, refined and purified early myth and legend; or that he re-shaped it into something new and vital, and informed it with a beauty that man had not known; or that he employed, not the vulgar *patois* of the market-place or street corner, but the perfected and stately Sanskrit, "the speech of Gods". They were not aware that it was a concession he gave to life when Sudraka employed it as his rough material; that he did so on his own terms and produced characters so fiercely alive, that one searched in vain for their duplicate in life; and that it was only in the *prakrits* of the servant and the soldier that life heard echoes of her own voice. The secret was hidden from them that it was an Art impulse that prompted the rejection of tragedy, because in its actual form it was life's special monopoly, and that even the semi-realistic Bhasa instinctively shrank from it.

As in the Sanskrit language the artist had a rarefied medium for verbal utterance, so in the perfected technique of dance he had another for the visible presentation of the finished drama. *Natya* was the imaginative art through which alone the *Rupaka* was suffered to find expression. The realistic mimicry called 'acting' is the legitimate property of the European theatre; and if today there is a craze in India for such acting, it is but another sad proof that we have lost the faculty of æsthetic appraisalment. *Abhinaya*, on the other hand, was a method of pictorial approximation and comprised an equally expressive dance, delivery and costume: the dance included the

inflections of the body, eyes, lips, breath, etc.; the delivery was musical and rhythmic; the costume was epic.

The theatre was the meeting place of all the arts. The conception of a music-drama, in which painting, sculpture and architecture co-operated as well as poetry and music, towards which Wagner was feeling his way and which is looked upon as the Art of the future by modern Europe, was among the achievements of ancient India. The builders and carvers of Ellora designed the stage; the painters of Ajanta fashioned the screens; the playwright was Kalidasa; the music was that many-dimensioned thing called *Gandharvam*, long forgotten in India, but whose fragments are to be heard in such places like Java, Siam and Cambodia; above all there was the supreme art of the *Nata*—the poetry of movement and gesture. The theatre in short was a "Palace of Art".

The passing away of the arts of the carver and painter and the sterilisation of that of the musician is matter of common knowledge. Fragments of the art of the *Nata*, however, are available and are being fast unlearned by a world pre-occupied with something else; but by a curious accident the art has become the national accomplishment of Greater India. So impressed was Tagore with it and the intimate part it played in the daily lives of the Javanese, that he remarked that Siva had surrendered His dance to these Islanders, while He gave us but His ashes. The classic instrumentation which Bharata prescribed for various situations of the play, the *kirita*, *kundala* and *keyura* of the master-jeweller, the significant masks (*prati sirsha*) ensouled with the appropriate *rasa*—all are there. They make no call, as folk arts do, on our imagination, to recognise in them the accents of a loftier speech; the speech itself is there, immemorial yet unchanged. And if that consummate dance which Ganadasa taught and Malavika embodied is no longer remembered, the classic sculptor has captured some of its cadences at Barabadur and Angkor.

There is nothing comparable to this art in Europe. The opera and the ballet serve at least the purpose of conveying to the West, however remotely, what is really ancient Hindu dance in one of its characteristic moods as the interpreter of the written word. And how weighty, sparing and suggestive of a hundred nuances was that word! And those who study Kalidasa as they would a botanical specimen, could never realise the conditions of theatric presentation under which he worked and their reaction on his art; and the critic who distinguishes between his mature and immature work but reads his own mediocrity into one who neither developed nor ripened, but simply passed from one perfect creation to another. And what a contrast our own 'acting' of the present day to the ineffable charm and quiet dignity of the Siamese personators of Rama and Sita or the energetic Hanuman or Ravana the terrible!

Describing his impression of this art in Cambodia, an European observer admitted that it represented "the victory of an absolutely refined and pure art over our own too ready sense of criticism." "It was one of the most eloquent defenders of heredity and tradition; it is the beautiful soul of a long departed race." Incredible as it may appear, that race was no other than our own. Is it too much to hope that some wealthy donor would depute a body of scholars to these places for gathering material? No nobler theme awaits research than *Natya Sastra* which our universities could certainly encourage, if indeed they could not make a faculty of it.

The Layton Scheme

BY B. V. RAMANARASU, M.A.

(Asst. Professor, The Nizam's College.)

The chaos of abuse, which the Simon Report so deservedly called upon itself, precluded many students of that ill-fated document from doing justice to the one oasis in that vast constitutional desert—Mr. Layton's Report on Indian Finance. It had to share the evil consequences of mingling with mischief-mongers. Nevertheless, Layton is a great name and his recent Report adds one more feather to his cap, already so full. Its clearness, lucidity and constructive originality truly represents the author's genius and mentality. His detachment is superb.

The socialistic tinge of the Report is so patent on account of the author's outspokenness, that it may be a bitter pill to be swallowed by the rich and those that are growing rich. But if the evils of militant Socialism must be avoided, in these days of crystallising riches and financial feudalism, it must be accepted as a necessary evil and admitted by the back-door. There can be no charity in finance or politics, and very often remedies for chronic economic disease must be forced down an unwilling throat. The Western countries have been doing it and India must follow suit.

After all, the present sacrifice of the rich will be their future stepping-stone for the accumulation of further riches. Nations cannot hope to fatten on carcasses. All depends on what the nation can bargain at the market round the Table in London; but the more national goods we procure, the more the importance of the Layton Report.

Without any equivocation Mr. Layton says that the comparative inadequacy of Indian revenue is the result of its abject poverty and mal-adjustment of taxation. In England where

the annual national income is £4,400 millions, *i.e.*, an average income of £100 per head, $2\frac{1}{2}\%$ of average individual income is spent on defence. In India with an average annual income per head of £8, 2% is spent on defence. At the same time the British Government spends £2-15-0 per head on education while the British Indian Government spends only 9d. per head on the same item. The conclusions that he rightly draws are that the Indian masses are poor, that more is spent here on primary needs like defence than on social services. In the expenditure on the Army and allied branches, we stand on a par with the most advanced Western countries, though we miserably lag behind them in the expenditure on social services. This is quite in keeping with economic principles. Poor nations are like poor men. They spend more on primary needs, even as men with a low standard of life devote most of their earnings to the satisfaction of their animal appetites. The average expenditure in India on defence has got a greater incidence on individual income, because the marginal utility of money is more to the poor Indian than to the rich Englishman.

As a remedy for this evil Mr. Layton suggests further and more equitable taxation. As it is, the ratio of total taxation in India to total national income is at best 8%, while in Britain it is 20%. The reason is the present system of tapping incomes is anything but scientific. Mr. Layton honestly admits the poverty of the country, but at the same time he correctly points out that India is a country in which there are large accumulations of wealth, on which the burden of Government rests very lightly. As Prof. K.T. Shah says: "The Indian system of taxation is the perfection of inequity in the adjustment of burdens. While rich multi-millionaire Zemindars escape taxation altogether—though theirs is perhaps the only instance of unearned income, fixed and regular and expanding utterly irrespective of any special talent or exertion on their part—the poor ryot, habitually living below the barest margin of necessities, is taxed so as not even to allow him an exemption for

the minimum of subsistence." The same learned author gives the following instructive table :—

Item	Amount of tax-burdens borne by the rich	Amount of tax-burdens borne by the poor
	Rs. Crores	Rs. Crores
Customs ...	17'30	18'60
Land Revenue ...	20'37	21'50
Income-Tax ...	19'21	...
Excise ...	...	19'22
Salt ...	1'20	7'50
Forests and Registration ...	2'00	5'00
Stamps ...	6'81	6'00
Railways ...	33'14	60'20
Posts ...	5'00	5'35
Total ...	105'03	143'37

Thus the poorer and more numerical section of society bears about 40% higher burdens than the other and more fortunate section.

Hence, rightly does Mr. Layton want an adjustment of incidence of taxation to capacity to pay, without putting additional burdens on primary necessities. He also cautions, however, against indiscriminate spending and financial wastage when surplus accrues on account of more taxation. This is the only way to develop and improve production and create a better and a more secure livelihood. The future of India is, therefore, bound up with improved production, the means to attain it, and a proper scheme of distribution here and hereafter.

Mr. Layton is not unaware of certain constitutional hindrances in the way of increased revenue accruing to the authorities.

He mentions, for instance, the eagerness of legislators to buy cheap popularity by raising fresh taxation or not suggesting it; the irresponsible nature of the Government which limits its powers of increasing taxation; the defective assignment of tax-heads to provinces and the consequent friction between well-placed and ill-placed provinces. He says that these provinces are bent more upon re-distribution than upon increasing available funds. But with due deference to the distinguished economist, I may say that provinces hanker after re-distribution, just because available funds cannot be increased by further tapping. This is again the result of faulty incidence.

As main items of reform, he, therefore, frankly suggests cutting down of military expenditure, more economy in running the Government, followed by an inevitable tapping of additional and more paying sources.

Before attaining these, however, he wants from the constitution-makers the guarantees that responsibility for imposing additional taxation should definitely be laid on those who will have to incur additional expenditure; that sources of revenue should approximate to their requirements and should be available to those authorities who have urgent and expanding services to administer; and that all parts of India should make an equitable contribution to common purposes.

Sir John Simon may be laughing in his sleeves at the first condition at any rate!

II

The history of financial relations between the Central and Provincial Governments is a thrice-told tale. Today we have discovered the origin of the disease; what is wanted is a remedy. Certain broad conclusions may, however, be drawn as they have a bearing on present and prospective finance.

The financial development of the country has been closely mixed up with constitutional evolution, which itself often followed a policy of drift and make-shift. It is more the result of expediency and less the outcome of any scientific and deli-

berate planning. The Government were unaware of their own destination and it required the white elephant of a commission to clarify what has been obvious for years. Viewed thus, the Simon Report is more an eye-opener and interpreter to the Government than to the people. Consequently, the Central Government was, for a time, a dole giver and then a contribution receiver.

It upset all principles of federal finance when it began the policy of financial decentralisation, for in a perfect federation money-collecting and money-spending powers must jet upwards, from independent part-States to the new-formed Central Government. In India, the process was just the opposite. Even when the provinces were given certain tax-raising and tax-collecting powers, they were made to pay fixed contributions to the Central Government without being given the power or opportunity of determining the scale and nature of the Central Government's expenditure. Necessarily, therefore, the Central Government had to keep certain sources of taxation to itself and abolish the 'divided heads,' in course of time. Again, unlike in unadulterated federalisms, the residuary powers of taxation are here left with the Central Government.

When the Meston Committee gave its settlement, it did not remedy any of these defects, perhaps because it did not look upon rectification of provincial financial difficulties as its job. It wanted the provinces to make good certain monetary losses to the Central Government, through fixed financial contributions commensurate with their increased spending powers. This remedy aggravated the disease, partly because it was a mis-application. Their unequal treatment of provinces created inter-provincial heart-burnings. The provincial departmental needs were always of an expanding nature, whereas the means given them were either stationary or inelastic. It also left no power with industrial provinces to tax industrial activities which formed a great and legitimate source of complaint for provinces like Bombay.

Even when the contributions were abolished in 1927—28, the injustice done to industrial provinces continued, and it is bound to continue so long as the country's finances are not organised on definite and rational principles, unitary or federal, preferably the latter, because unconsciously or otherwise the movement has been started.

This means that complete financial autonomy with the least possible interference from the centre must be given to the provinces. This cannot possibly be done unless the Central Government cuts down certain of its extravagant items on the expenditure side and thereby reduces its needs to the minimum.

The era of deficit budgets, for instance, began in 1921 and lasted till 1929. Excluding the provincial contributions, the total deficit was Rs. 80 crores, which came down to Rs. 30 crores, if provincial contributions were set off against a portion of the total deficit. The revised estimates for 1929—30 and the budget estimate for 1930—31 promise a surplus of 0'35 and 0'70 crores respectively, thanks to the proposed enhanced taxation by Sir George Schuster. The peculiarity through all this period was that there was a continued growth of revenue, which, however, was swallowed by a disproportionate increase in expenditure. It was a mad, headlong race between income and expenditure towards bankruptcy. The splendid brake to this speed is not always found in extra taxation, though it has its own part to play. It must not be the riddle of the faster pipe emptying the cask quicker than the comparatively slower pipe that fills it. What is wanted is a drastic and radical reduction in the expenses of the Government. It is here that Mr. Layton is refreshingly frank and candid.

(To be continued)

The Dawn of Gandhism

BY B. RAJABHUSHANA RAO, B.A., B.L.

Rebellion is the most unmistakable sign of the present times. In every field of our activities we find it questioning the basic ideas of our so-called ordered society. It is impatient to break the decaying shell of conventional authority. Through this universal unrest, one can see glimpses of coming unknown changes of an all-revolutionising character. It is when the world is in such throes of a new birth that it needs the expert lead of a practical seer, who, with his accurate knowledge of the root cause of this wholesale unrest, can direct the world by the straightest course to the goal towards which it would otherwise drift by endless circuit. At the present day there is in the world a growing section of thought which accepts Mahatma Gandhi as such a "Pillar of Light and Leading".

This ready acceptance is the consequence of the belief that the Mahatma has taken up the work of world-reformation at the stage at which it was left by Jesus Christ. It was perhaps Christ who first visualised the plan by which this world, with its complications of evil, can be reformed into a "Kingdom of Heaven". His was a dynamic creed of love which would come into direct non-violent conflict with every evil until it is completely rooted out, for

"the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." (Luke Ch: 3, 9).

His mission was to give the world enough strength to grow into perfection. He came to establish a living and lasting peace, which results from the raising of the actual into the ideal, and not that peace which consists in the continuance of the existing order of things or maintaining the *status quo*. It needs no Son

of God to establish such peace. That is the peace born of the cowardice of the oppressed and the hypocrisy of the oppressor. It is the result of a desire to let sleeping dogs lie, lest they should wake up to bark and bite. And if by peace is meant inertia, stagnation and all that a skin-saving philosophy implies, nothing can be farther from truth than to suggest that Christ came to establish peace on earth.

"Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am come not to send peace but a sword.

"For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, the daughter against the mother; and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law."

(Mathew Ch. 10, 34 and 35).

He saw that the misery of the world was due, not so much to the dearth of moral codes as to the absence of moral sanctions without which those codes had remained dead letters. His attempt, therefore, was to convert what had been merely moral ideas into moral laws. Christ did not suffer simply to repeat parrot-like by word of mouth those moral codes which had already been plentiful, but to enforce them in the world and to apply them to every system and organisation by the sanction of self-suffering, by a life of vicarious sacrifice.

"To whomsoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn the left."

was not intended to tell the world that "Discretion is the better part of valour". It embodies the doctrine of non-violent resistance of evil, by focussing love upon the hate of the evil-doer, till it is completely dissolved into love. It is the only weapon, consistent with the dignity of the human soul, which does not descend to the level of the brute in order to conquer him. The radical conquest of the evil in the world is not to kill any individual evil-doer but to change the heart of the evil-doer through self-suffering. But because of the unpreparedness of

the people of Christ's age to understand his message, his mission ended rather suddenly and prematurely, causing little elevation in human character. Society chose to remain in compartments and to put on religion as a cloak for occasional use. Non-violence and truth have been freely abandoned at all inconvenient times. Christianity, by ceasing to be dynamic, degenerated into a passive and preaching religion. It is not to be thereby understood that there are no pious Christians or honest seekers after truth among them, but one doubts if even they, sincere as they might be, have fully understood and appreciated Christ's ideal of love when they accept the present compartmentalism of the social fabric and pray in a spirit of narrow nationalism for the success of their own country's imperialistic wars and plunders. Thus an imperfect understanding of Christ's mission, followed by a worse practice of his teachings, resulted in such a staggering divergence between the original purity and the present practice of the great religion, that Christian Britain smote India on the right cheek and in the name of Christianity appealed to her to turn the left, but when she did it, smote her on the left as well. Thus Christianity, conceived by its founder as the boldest and loftiest of spiritual experiments for the redemption of humanity, almost perished with Christ who left behind him few traces of his mission over which we could build our hopes for the future of mankind, except perhaps his own promise that he would come again to complete his task.

Mahatma Gandhi has taken up the same experiment made by Christ under unfavourable auspices nearly two thousand years ago. In his life, the world is re-discovering the Christian scriptures. He has shown that Christ's life should have more than historical interest to the world, and that it was intended to be copied by everyone of us. It is foolish to suppose that Christ suffered once and for all for the sins of past and future generations of mankind, merely to enable it to behave as it pleased. His life represents the grand idea that everyone is responsible for the sins of everyone else. Christ knew that

mass salvation was not easy unless each of us felt his responsibility for the existence of every evil in the world.

Gandhi turned his spiritual searchlight upon every system in the world and exposed all the underlying evils which give it sustenance. He has clearly brought to the surface the mischievous powers at play threatening to destroy all moral forces, and has cried a halt to that part of our civilisation which consists in the unconscious or semi-conscious involution of man into matter. He demonstrated that most of our systems, including Government, are based upon violence and untruth, and gave to the world the best antidotes, namely, active non-violence and truth. If he has chosen politics for his first object of reform or non-violent invasion, it is because it has become a part of our being, and hangs like the greatest dead-weight upon all progress even in other spheres of life. And there is no domain of life which is so utterly devoid of non-violence and truth as politics. He has proved to the world the utter ridiculousness of not recognising that "law and order" are not the last words upon right human conduct, and that there are higher laws in obedience to which man-made laws must either bend or break. He reminded the world by his example that the vilest and blackest murder in human history was committed in the name of law, and that the maxim that "The Sovereign can do no wrong" has no place in the realm of ethics. It is at this thought that constitutional bigots begin to shudder. If such ideas are spread, they ask, which Government is safe? Even the most violent revolutions that shattered the stablest of Governments did not stamp out organised and peaceful systems of Government from the face of the earth. A popular Government which does not enact laws for keeping large numbers of its best subjects in prison will never be faced with a crisis similar to the one that is now confronting the British Government in India. While those persons who do not rise above what they call practical politics need some such answer, no such difficulties are imagined by those who do not view ultimate realities from the stand-

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point of immediate expediency. No evil can come out of resisting evil. Such resistance does not involve destruction, any more than the disarmament of the world. It is as much constructive as the destruction of the lower self by the higher Self in the spiritual ascent of man.

Nothing is surer of leading one to truth than a tireless search after it in scorn of consequences. It is only a long series of such "experiments with truth" that can help one to find the ultimate Reality. Gandhi improved upon this method by inviting a whole nation to join in the search. By training not merely individuals but communities to react to a spiritual impulse, he has found a method for human evolution and not merely a prescription for individual salvation. By admitting wholesale communities into his Laboratory of Spiritual Research he has liberated a force that is likely to stay in the world till it re-organises all phases of life on solid foundations of truth. It is perhaps bound to bring in its train unheard of changes of more far-reaching consequences than any revolution known to history. It is not strange that Gandhi's attempt to completely efface the animal in man produces, as it must, an entirely new psychological atmosphere in which none of our present-day institutions can function. For, after all, do not our arguments in favour of the existing order of things rest on the assumption that human nature will for ever remain what it is? By calling upon wholesale communities and nations instead of individuals to "experiment with truth", one wonders if Gandhi has not set in motion a power which may lead us through stages far higher than soulless democracies and mechanical socialisms into better and higher worlds.

Vedanta as Science of Reality—I

BY C. T. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

(Lecturer, The Annamalai University)

The term Science, no matter to what sphere of life or existence it is applied, is currently understood to signify a systematic study and exposition of things and factors that have been, are, and yet to be. In its modern usage and acceptance, no science could boast of having actually achieved such a happy consummation, although the ideal of such a perfection is necessarily implied not only in the different sciences of our time but in our very life and existence. Without the ideal of perfection present explicitly or implicitly, no science would be worth the name, nor life itself worth the pursuit. This urge towards an ever-growing perfection and completeness is present in varying degrees of explicitness in aspects of the one universal life. So long as these manifold aspects and life-processes have not been gathered together under a common view-point, life or existence would continue to be full of errors and contradictions. As such, every science demands not only the truths and facts to be accounted for, but also the errors and illusions which, though really non-existent factors, have nevertheless been assumed to be. It is quite logical that a science which successfully explains facts and figures, can also consistently account for the presence of error. In fact the very value and function of any science depends upon its capacity to account for the error or ignorance besetting our life and to remove such unreal factors by an exposition of the underlying truths. "If the truth is not manifest, it must be made manifest; and if it is manifest, it must be reached." So long this basic truth of life is not understood and firmly grasped, life would be covered up, as it were, with ignorance and contradictions. The phrase "the grades of

Reality" being really a misnomer, the differences in the sciences are due to the different degrees of Reality emphasised by them. Thus we come to have a hierarchy of sciences based upon the degree of success actually achieved in life.

A science demands as its essentials the following facilities *viz.*, observation, experiment, verification and inference. At the outset, we must confess that these facilities are not given to us in their fullest measure. Error, as such, is not really in the life itself, but rather in one or other of its organs and instruments of observation and experiment. Verification and inference themselves could be shown to be defective in one aspect or another and, as yet, imperfect in every case.

Further, the factors like observation, experiment, inference, etc., are all factors of individual experience only to a large extent. And our ordinary human experience does admit of a variety of mutually opposing factors like differences and unity, freedom and constraint, the infinite and finite, the external and the contingent, light and darkness, pleasure and pain, so on and so forth. Logically speaking, these mutual oppositions must themselves be necessarily and eternally cancelling one another. If mutual opposition be the only truth, there would indeed be no truth at all, because it will be contradicted by error. But without these opposing factors distinctly perceived as such, no life or experience could be possible, and experience is the only factor on which all sciences and knowledge are based and are to be guaranteed. Life then is the sole repository of both knowledge and ignorance and it alone can explain the truth of these oppositions. Every scientific problem is a life-problem only, and life alone can give the one solution of all the different contradictions. Thus, no science is independent of life, and life includes all sciences within its fold and is infinitely more than a mere totality of sciences.

With the modern canons of scientific procedure, Reality could never be actually demonstrated, for we have already pointed out how factors like observation, experiment, inference,

etc., are not only limited in their scope but inherently defective in their nature and constitution. Let us take observation, for example. We can state at the outset that whatever we observe seems to be real. But the illusions produced by our optic centres are too well known. For example, the sun going round the earth seems to be perfectly real, so far as our common observation goes. Our very dreams and these optical illusions assure us that whatever is taken to be real may not be so, after all. A true scientific observation requires the whole of Reality, including the observing subject as well, to be placed before us as an object for our observation. Such a task is utterly futile, for how could the "I" or the observing subject be possibly objectified or treated as an object? The cognizer is ever the cognizer, and the cognized is ever the cognized only. It is impossible as well as illogical for any thing to be the cognizer as well as cognized at the same time. The instruments of our observation, our very eyes and microscopes, are vitiated by the danger of mal-observation or non-observation. While we cannot absolutely trust our very senses, how can we pretend to have been assured by the merely external and artificial, though wonderfully constructed and delicate, instruments like the microscopes, telescopes, stereoscope, etc., which, one and all of them, are the results of our very deceptive senses themselves? Are these instruments really more complex or delicate than the human eye itself? What is not possible for the human eye becomes an utter impossibility in the merely external instruments, however delicate they are claimed to be. As Bertrand Russell correctly puts it, we can never be assured that what we observe through the microscope is really a motion in the ether or merely a reflection of a quiver in the retina of the observing eye. So much for observation.

What about experiment? Man is given only one chance to know the truth. The theory of re-incarnation might, after all, be a real Oriental balm to the many disappointed and disheart-

ened human souls, but to a scientist it could not count more than as a mere belief. The religious dogma need not affect or alter the scientific conception. It is a rational but pious hope only that what could not be possibly achieved, here and now in the present life, we hope to achieve after death or in a rebirth. What I want to emphasize is not the rationality or irrationality of the religious doctrine—it is a question for the *pundits* and priests to fight over—but the tremendous and momentous significance of our present life. Have we really any positive evidence or guarantee to show conclusively that, after death, there is a sure return? Hence, if at all any scientific experiment is to be conducted upon Reality, it must be done in the present life only, for science does not lie outside the life. But experiment requires that the subject doing the experiment must live before, during, and after the experiment. In other words, the present experimenter must now live as he was before his birth, and also continue to live after his death. On the very face of it, it not only sounds absurd but it is not at all possible in human life. Our very limitation and littleness in this ruthless orderly machine of an immense universe seem to mock at our attempt to know Reality as it is. Even a blade of grass seems to scoff at man's vanity and his claim to presumptive wisdom and superiority.

In the absence of correct observation and experiment, verification and inference will be more or less speculative and dogmatic in character. That is the reason why any of these so-called scientific inferences are always open to be proved to be false and replaced by subsequent or more acute inferences *ad infinitum*. Newton might have laughed at the Copernican system. Einstein might possibly induce the future generations to laugh at the Newtonian system, but awaiting in his turn to be laughed at probably by a future Copernicus himself.

We are now left on the brink of an abyss, ready to be dashed to pieces. Are human existences and endeavour merely the accident of a ruthless system of coincidences over which we

have no control? If the evolutionary process, disclosing itself in manifold ways and existences in Nature, is nothing more than hallucination, human endeavour and aspirations become utterly futile and unnecessary. The methods of the sciences, as currently pursued, leave us thus between the devil and the deep sea, if stretched to their extreme limit. But the question is: "Is Reality so?" The Real in order to be real must be artistically the most beautiful, morally the most perfect, and scientifically the most correct. The fact that the majority of mankind have not been able to comprehend the Real as it is, with all its perfections, does not spoil the Real as it is. The Real whose very nature is perfection itself, does not wait upon the human cognition or recognition. But this fact does not preclude the possibility on the part of some of the most intelligent men not only in knowing the Reality or God, as Himself is, but also in becoming entirely Himself. As Spinoza put it, if Reality or God-becoming had become the commonest of all things, humanity would not have waited so long for its salvation, but all rare things are very difficult of attainment. The fault then does not and cannot inhere in the Real, but lies only in the methods we are adopting. The methods of the modern sciences are pre-eminently fitted, neither to prove nor to disprove anything in all the three worlds, heaven, earth or hell.

As a science Vedanta alone gives us some hope. It brings before us the whole of experience for review. There is no mystery nor mysticism about the Upanishads. One and all of the Upanishadic Seers think that experience alone will give the clue to the whole affair. They proclaim the truth and also prove by reasoning how it cannot be the whole truth. Thus by viewing and reasoning from different angles of vision, we can arrive at certain facts. When we bring them all together, we would become silent. But we will, as a matter of course, arrive at the right conclusion. What this supreme Upanishadic method is, will be described in a subsequent article.

Sententiæ

BY NOLINI KANTO GUPTO

The human in man seeks Divinity, the Divine in man seeks humanity.

**

Your smallnesses only you can call your own; your greatness is the greatness of the Divine in you.

**

It is the Godhead in you that can reveal God to you; there is no other proof of God.

**

What you want to possess absolutely as your own, will also claim to possess you as absolutely its own.

**

Lose all—and you fall into the bosom of boundless plenitude.

Sacrifice all—but into the radiant fire of Aspiration that flames up to the Gods.

**

The Heart is the blazing hearth of Aspiration, the Divine door that opens into Immortality.

**

Of Love Ananda is the soul, self-mastery the head, and purity the foundation.

**

The human approaches to the Divine are dangerous. Seek God in God's ways.

**

SENTENTIÆ

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Aspire and love . . .
Ascending Love leads to Immortality.
Descending Love leads to Death.

**

Love is defeated as often as Lust is victorious.
Love is ascending Ananda that leads to Immortality.
Lust is descending Ananda that leads to Death.

**

Divine love has an element of detachment which human love has not; and yet Divine love can be as passionate as human love, nay, Divine love has an intensity which human love cannot attain.

It is the element of detachment which intensifies love, because it is this which purifies love.

Detachment means freedom from attachment to the body and to the bodily desires and, more than that, freedom from attachment to one's own self.

The love that is thus detached and free makes no demands, for it has no hunger. It is, it exists and therefore possesses the fulness of delight; it can only give itself and ask nothing.

**

The strongest attachment is the attachment to one's own self—not to what one really is, but to what one has actually become. To remain what one has been in the past or is at present, to refuse to be what one is meant to be—this is human, too human.

The human self must yield, surrender and dissolve itself into the Divine self.

**

The secret of joy is self-giving. If any part in you is without joy, it means that it has not given itself, it wants to keep itself for itself.

**

The secret of Love is the joy of self-giving.

Never say, "I cannot". Look more closely, you will find that it means in reality, "I want not".

Earth has a consciousness, matter is instinct with an Aspiration; only the consciousness is involved and turned inwards, the Aspiration is mute and knows not itself.

The consciousness is that of a Divinity which has precipitated and taken this material form, the Aspiration is to regain Godhead even in this form of matter, to sublimate itself into that Divinity *here and now*.

The secret urge of Evolution lies there in the compelling stress of that consciousness and that Aspiration.

In so far as man embodies in himself and gives expression in his terrestrial life to this consciousness and Aspiration, to that extent is he in line with the march of Evolution and fulfils his high destiny.

Facts by themselves are not great or small; it is the forces behind them that give them their real stature.

Facts have value in so far as they are significant—significant of forces, of dynamic possibilities that work out in and through them.

Facts in their outward form may even directly contradict the very forces that manifest through them or are embodied in them.

Two consciousnesses are there at two extreme and opposing poles—one of the Spirit and the other of Matter. Both are static.

A dynamic consciousness lies between; it joins, harmonises, energises both—it is the Occult Consciousness.

The passage from the world of the Spirit to the world of Matter and back lies through the Occult World.

Faith is the urge of the soul's truth—the truth that has not yet come down and become evident to the reason and the brain-mind.

Faith brings out not only your own latent power, but opens the gates to a Power higher than your own.

There is no limit to your *own* power, if you know how to push back this *own* of yours nearer and nearer to the Divine.

The consciousness seeks in its ordinary movement to lean upon something, something outside itself; alone and within itself it feels a void and is uneasy and short of breath, as if in a rarefied atmosphere.

The Higher Consciousness feels a completeness in itself, is full to the brim with its own reality and needs no going out for materials and objects necessary to fill a vacuity.

Beauty is delight organised.

Poetry is the soul's delight seeking perfect expression in speech.

Speech is self-expression. It is the organ of self-consciousness. The nature of the speech shows the nature of the self-consciousness. The degree of perfection in utterance measures also the extent to which one is conscious of oneself.

What is the Truth? The Man who bears the Truth.

Ask me not to test and toil for the Truth: ask me rather to love the Man who bears the Truth.

Shackles and Shackles

BY JAYANTI RAMAMURTI

JUDGE: Prisoner at the bar!

PRISONER: My Lord!

J—: Are you the one that jumped through the prison window and made a bid for liberty?

P—: The same, my Lord,—but unrelenting Law holds me still in her iron grip of bondage.

J—: And so you lightly staked that precious life of yours on a straw of hope?

P—: Was it precious, my Lord? Indeed. . . I did not know that!

J—: Marked you not the height of the prison window?

P—: No, my Lord,—I only marked the breadth of Life beyond.

J—: Nor the deep stream below?

P—: No, my Lord,—but only the fishes in their myriad gambols.

J—: Nor the heavy clank of arms of the guards above?

P—: No, my Lord,—but only the muffled, unshackled throbs of their Human hearts.

J—: Nor the officious crowds of people about?

P—: No, my Lord,—but only their honeyed Hum of Life.

J—: Nor the prying world all around?

P—: No, my Lord,—but only the birds on the wing.

J—: Nor even the blaze of the midday Sun?

P—: No, my Lord,—but only his clouded servitude to Routine.

J—: Prisoner at the bar!

P—: My Lord!

J—: Now you are free!

P—: Alas!—is *it* to be a gift?

J—: Alas!—I do not know!

The Indian Touch in Civics¹

BY C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (*Cantab*)

In India, most men and women think in terms of the village, not the city. Cities have always been few and far between; the main currents of Indian life have flowed in the villages, at the great places of pilgrimage, and in the Ashrams where dwelt the philosophers and the religious teachers. Among the poets, only a few, the poets at the courts, were city dwellers; the thousands of singers, who have comforted India, were poets who travelled from village to village. The cities therefore have never been the true centres of Indian life; they were places where the king dwelt with his body of administrators but not where the people lived following the true current of their being.

In the West, on the other hand, the cities have been the centres of national life. This was pre-eminently the case in Greece. The very word 'Civics' reminds us of this fact; for 'civis' was the citizen, the city dweller. Therefore, in the West, the civic sense, speaking generally, has always been more prominent than it has so far been in India.

But this civic sense, the recognition of the need to direct the well-being of the city dwellers *as a whole*, grew in Europe chiefly because kingship began to fail. In India, what today we mean by Civics was the daily duty of the king. It is just because the old Indian ideas as to the duties of kingship are fast disappearing, that the idea of Civics must necessarily take their place.

Whereas in Europe, especially in England, it is easy to rouse the citizens on some matter affecting the city administration, it is less easy to do so in India. It is less easy, because

¹ Contributed also to *The Calcutta Municipal Gazette* founded by the late C. R. Das, the first Mayor of Calcutta.

we have yet to get away from thinking in terms of the village. But the new way of thinking is rapidly spreading, because the cities are beginning to dominate national life in ways they never did before. In what manner, then, shall we try to gain the co-operation of our Indian citizens, and ask them to grow in civic sense?

I take here as an axiom, that if any movement is to succeed in India, it must have a religious basis. For instance, we shall get little enthusiasm for hygiene and sanitation by merely pointing to them as physical necessities to bring down the death rate. But put the matter from another angle, that the soul of man seeking Liberation needs pure air and water so that the body may weigh down the soul the least possible, then we give to the Indian imagination a reason that is a reason.

It is such a mystical element in Civics which is utterly wanting in the West. If therefore we introduce into India methods of Western administration, without putting the Indian touch to them, our people will look on, but will not co-operate. Enthusiasts of Western municipal methods ought never to forget that Coke in England once defined a "corporation" as a body without a soul. If our Municipal Corporations are purely administrative bodies without any *religious* ideal behind them, they may achieve flushing systems and asphalt roads, but our Indian citizens will do little more to co-operate than pay their rates and taxes.

I hold that we in India should, in Civics, turn not to modern Europe, but to ancient Greece, especially to Athens under the regime of Pericles. For Pericles aimed at building a city where everything should make a subtle appeal to the Athenian to live at the highest of his being. The Greeks were intensely religious, not so much with a worship of the Gods, but with a whole-hearted worship of the principle of Beauty. Pericles showered beautiful buildings on Athens less to make her outshine her rivals in material splendour, and more to make

each Athenian vibrate with enthusiasm for all noble causes. Every institution of Pericles had this aim; the theatres, the public games, the philosophical retreats, the jury system, the military training, all had one aim, which was to make the Athenian feel his city as the shrine of his noblest enthusiasms. Little wonder that a Spartan once described Athens in the few but significant words: "All things noble there."

As great as was Athens, so can every Indian city be. For we have in our Indian religions the supreme principle that all that is greatest and holiest in the universe—God, in other words—resides in man also. "*Tat tvam asi*—That art thou" is the greatest teaching of Hinduism, and it appears under many forms throughout the ages. Let but the aim of Indian Civics be to rouse the latent Divinity in man, and at once we shall have on the side of each civic improvement all the cultured men and women in India, and, I heartily believe, all the masses too, if we explain the matter to them.

Then municipal elections will lose their partisan quality, and I feel sure the councillors will feel a powerful inner urge to perform their duties better than they do now. As things are now, our "civic fathers" in most municipalities deserve the wrathful denunciation of the citizens of Hamelin:

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin.
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

But a corporation quakes only when the citizen rouses himself from his lethargy. It is the role of Civics to bring about that result. I think to do that, in India, we must make a new kind of appeal to our rate payers. We must introduce the Indian touch into our civic problems. And that touch is, that man must live in a perfect city—perfect with beautiful avenues, parks, buildings, homes—because the perfection in the environment which surrounds him will bring out the Perfection latent within him as a Fragment of Divinity.

‘Thou’

BY KALIPADA MUKERJEE, M.A.

Thou art my diadem of beauty, my beloved, thou art also my crown of glory.

As Morning appears on the head of green valleys—even so thou appeareth to me in the morning ;

And in the evening thou cometh before my eyes—even as Evening when she stands on the top of lonely hills.

Love and beauty are identical in my eyes when I behold the light of thy countenance which puts the gladness of life in my heart.

And thy crown of love is my crown of pride.

Translated by the Author from his BENGALI poem

'Debts'

BY V. V. CHINTAMANI, M.A.

I

Thou hast kist me to life

Mother,

With lotus-kindling breaths ;

And thro' thousand deaths

I'll pay the debts of life

With thousand withering breaths.

II

Thou hast fired me to life,

Mother,

With thousand twinkling dreams ;

In death thro' thousand schemes

I'll pay the debts of life

With thousand withering dreams.

III

Thou'st watered me to life,

Mother,

With thousand streaming tears ;

With sheaves of seedless ears

I'll pay the debts of life

Thro' thousand withering years.

IV

Thou'st sung me into life,

Mother,

With thousand painful sighs ;

With thousand withering cries

I'll pay the debts of life

Thro' death that never dies.

Current Topics¹

IN THE WILDERNESS

"It is not at the Round Table at St. James Palace, it is not by the brilliant array of Princes and statesmen gathered there, but it is in a convict's cell in Yervada Jail and by this frail, half-clad, half-starved figure that the destinies of India—may I say the destinies of the British Empire—are being modified." Thus spoke Mr. Francis de Zoysa, K. C., a leading lawyer of Ceylon. And we believe that the Princes and the other "Knights of the Round Table" will be among the first to acknowledge the world-wide influence of Gandhiji and the remarkable success of his movement for Indian freedom. It is passing strange that Britain should seek to come to a settlement with India by negotiating with individuals and groups that have not so far played a decisive part in the struggle. Fancy one of the belligerents in a great war nominating "representatives" of the other and imagining that the terms of a lasting peace could be drawn up without reference to the actual fighters! The Premier as well as the Indian members of the Conference seem to be painfully aware of this position. They are anxious to hammer out the details of a constitution that shall be acceptable to Nationalist India. "You dare not go back without taking a workable constitution," says Mr. MacDonald. "No, we dare not," reply the Indian delegates. And yet, precious days and weeks are being wasted without coming to grips with the main problem of Swaraj—the only one, in fact, which interests the majority of Indians today. After the Conference was ushered into existence with the usual fanfare of trumpets, and the tiresome platitudes of the King and the Premier, the Indian delegates were content to indulge in pious hopes about the birth of a new

¹10th December 1930

Dominion. Mr. Jinnah wanted the Dominion Premiers to witness that birth and Mr. Sastri prayed for "rounded wisdom" at the Round Table. The Conference is an open one and each delegate is free to put forward his own proposals. The British Government are not obliged to lay their cards on the table. They can play a waiting game and let the Indian delegations make a display of their eloquence—and their unending differences. The Princes can speak of their sovereign rights, the Moslems about their fourteen points, the Sikhs about the safeguarding of their position in the Punjab as against the Moslems and the Hindus. And the Sub-Committees are at work, trying to make the All-India Federation acceptable to the Princes, and discussing whether the time is ripe for the transfer of Law and Order in the provinces to Indian Ministers. Well may Messrs. Tambe, Moonjee and Shiva Rao exclaim: "Is it for this that we are in London!"

THE SIDE-TRACKING

We wish one of the leading Indian delegates had stood up at the commencement of the Plenary Session and moved an adjournment of further discussion with a view to obtain, firstly, a statement from the British Government Delegation about their attitude towards the question of full responsible Government at the centre, subject to a few agreed reservations, and secondly, an undertaking to release Gandhiji and other political prisoners and to put an end to *lathi* rule in India. All other questions are of subsidiary importance, and agreement on them can be easily reached. Even the difference between the Unitarians and Federalists is not so very fundamental as it is made to appear. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru favoured a Federal constitution because, among other reasons, it will bring the Princes immediately into an All-India Polity. The Princes are prepared to come in, but on their own terms. Their treaty rights must be guaranteed, the paramountcy must be vested in the Viceroy as representing the Crown and not in the Federal

Executive, and they must be represented in the Federal Legislature by the nominees of the States Governments—which in most cases means the nominees of the Princes—and no restrictions should be placed on their liberty to deal with the people committed to their charge. It amounts to this, that they wish to enjoy all the advantages of a Federal union without any obligation to reform their existing administrations so as to bring them into line with the self-governing provinces of British India. And in order to settle the details of a Federal constitution, the constitutional Pandits are bargaining with the Princes. While we are not opposed to an All-India Federation, we are convinced that the proper method of achieving it is to work out, in the first instance, the scheme of a British Indian Federation with a responsible Federal Executive, and then lay down the terms on which the Indian States might be permitted *individually* to enter the Federation. And those terms must include the safeguarding of the elementary rights of person and property of the States subjects, the initiation of responsible Government in the States, and the representation of the States subjects in the Federal Legislature. But, instead, the entire Conference has been side-tracked by the Princes. The day of responsible Government is likely to be as far off as ever.

THE TREATMENT OF 'POLITICALS'

In no sphere of its activity is the Government of India more 'wooden' and 'ante-diluvian' than in the treatment accorded to the thousands of patriots undergoing imprisonment in connection with the Civil Disobedience movement. In 1921, for the first time, the Government had to face the problem of accommodating large numbers of well-born and cultured individuals in their prisons. Little distinction was then made between the ordinary convicts—thieves, murderers, and forgers—and these leaders of an insurgent nation. It was even argued that men who had deliberately broken the law in order to paralyse the administration ought to be dealt with even more severely than other

prisoners. The Jail Manual, by which every officer swore, was a very primitive document untouched by the life-giving breath of non-official criticism.

But it was not for nothing that cultured people went to prison. There was a searching of hearts in high quarters and the jail rules were revised so as to admit of a classification of prisoners into three classes and proper provision for food, clothing and interviews. This has improved matters but slightly, for the classification is done by the Magistrates in a most arbitrary manner, and the Superintendents of jails are the sole interpreters of the rules. Is it not more sensible to determine that *all* political prisoners shall be put in one class, corresponding to the present "B", relegating just a few to a special division for reasons of age or health? It is unthinkable that any Government calling itself civilized should condemn the flower of a nation to imprisonment in the "C" class, with bad food and clothing, without books or writing materials, and subject to ill-treatment at the hands of unimaginative jail officials who see no difference between them and common felons. Certain aspects of jail administration, like the taking of finger prints and the confinement of young men in the Borstal schools, have roused widespread indignation. But these are only symptoms of a grave disease—the inability of the official mind to grasp the fundamental position that the "politicals" are in prison as a matter of deliberate choice and as a protest against the existing system of Government. The Government are welcome to shut them up in prisons and prevent them from carrying on their political work. But among these prisoners are the men and women who will, in all likelihood, take over the administration of the country within the next few years, and no useful purpose will be served by embittering their minds. They are like prisoners of war who will obtain their release with the return of peace, and we have yet to hear of prisoners of war being treated like criminals.

MADRAS CONGRATULATED

Not content with his performance at the Patna University Convocation, Sir Jadunath Sarkar has gone out of his way to congratulate the youth of the Southern Presidency for keeping aloof from the present political struggle. To him, Madras is the one bright spot in the whole of India, and the leaders of Madras the wisest. Contrast with this the view of Srimathi Mira Bai (Miss Slade) that Madras was fast asleep while the rest of India was wide awake and doing its duty. We have a suspicion that Sir Jadunath is one of those who have done to death the theory of "the atmosphere of pure study". This is, indeed, one of the supreme moments in our national history. It may not be possible—and there are some who feel it is not necessary—for every young man to give up his studies or court imprisonment. The yearning for freedom is none the less intense in every breast. Some parts of India have responded less readily to the call of patriotism than others, and Madras has been among them. It is matter not for congratulation but for regret. But Sir Jadunath is a wise man, and he is anxious to impart his wisdom where there is a chance of its being acceptable.

THE NOBEL PRIZE

It is a relief to turn from these gruesome topics to the things that are more excellent. We offer our respectful felicitations to Sir C. V. Raman, the recipient of the Nobel Prize for Physics. This is an event of international significance, and to India striving to regain her soul, it is a symbol of hope. Raman is one of the great names in recent Indian history. With Rabindranath and Radhakrishnan, he shares the honour of being an ambassador of Indian culture. He is the second Indian to win a Nobel Prize, the first being the Poet. The third—we can risk the prophecy—will be Gandhiji, the peacemaker, for he has done more than any living man to bring about peace and goodwill among men.

'SELECTIONS FROM KALIDASA'

The Samskrita Academy of Madras has brought out a small book of selections from Kalidasa, exquisitely printed and charmingly got-up. It was a happy idea of Mr. C. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar to induce the Academy to publish a series of selections from the great poets of Ancient India, with a view to bring the classics within the reach of the ordinary reader. 'Kalidasa,' the first of the series, is a marvel in book-production. The passages have been chosen with the greatest care and translated into English by a group of eminent scholars. While the matter and the manner are in themselves so excellent, the publication derives added interest from the fact that the dedication is made to one who, while he lived, was a passionate lover of Sanskrit culture, and who from the Great Beyond continues to bless all efforts to advance that culture. We refer to the late V. Krishnaswami Aiyar.

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.]

D. H. Lawrence: *A First Study*.—By STEPHEN POTTER. (Jonathan Cape, London.)

D. H. Lawrence died on March 3rd, 1930, about forty-five years old. The unhappy man, who for nigh twenty years exasperated and enraged his readers, at last passed away from the world of his labours, leaving it absolutely free to formulate his philosophy or clarify his madness, as best as it could manage. To most people Lawrence was a novelist first and poet afterwards. Those who thought him a peccant or a cloacal or a prophetic writer of novels had yet to admit, whatever might be the subject-matter, that his prose was of a kind which in its power and enduring quality few others in his generation could match. His paintings and poems, however singularly interpretative of Lawrence's individuality, cannot be said to have that unquestionable stamp of genius in them as for instance 'Sons and Lovers' or 'The Plumed Serpent' have. This does not mean that one wishes to minimise the importance of his 'Collected Poems' (1928) or 'Pansies' (Secker, 3/6). The rhetoric of his poetry is of a type which will undoubtedly lose its glitter with the passage of time but its flame itself will be extinguished never.

D. H. Lawrence has been one of the most misunderstood and persecuted of writers. The exquisite and moving agony of his spirit which found such microscopic portrayal in his work, far from evoking a sympathetic response in the minds of his readers, closed their eyes to the virile immensity of his dynamic character and made them write him down a worthless writer, at best a competent pronographer. With a careless nod of their heads the components of our stingy 'self-righteous world' calculated the growing volume of Lawrence's 'sin' and gross 'criminality' and with stuffy unconcern and self-complacent stupidity obstinately refused to recognise in Lawrence a writer of great power; in whose work more the modern world's 'sins' than his own are pictured for more vivid perception and

easier reformation. Of course, the stubbornly recurring autobiographical element is there: but Lawrence's philosophy, unhealthy and morbid as it is, transcends the autobiographical plane and is moreover one that ought to be understood by us, if not implicitly to be followed.

In these circumstances Mr. Stephen Potter's excellent volume, modestly called 'A First Study', should prove indispensable to every careful student of the work of D. H. Lawrence. It is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Potter has done to Lawrence what Mr. Shaw did to Ibsen in his famous 'Quintessence of Ibsenism.' By far the most valuable part of the book is the second, wherein a highly successful attempt is made to follow up the workings of Lawrence's mind,—the fluctuations of his attitude to sex, the gradual codification of his message to us,—by a chronological study of his works. His minute scholarship, his sympathy with his subject and his abiding common-sense make Mr. Potter's book very discerning and very informative. In the third part Mr. Potter discusses the salient features of what he terms 'the Lawrence world': here again there is that same penetrating insight, that same critical faculty, that undeniable capacity to construct a homogeneous structure from loose bits gleaned from about thirty novels and books of poetry, that are the true marks of the literary critic. In parenthesis I may also say that Mr. Stephen Potter is the author of 'The Young Man' (Cape, 7/6) a first novel which won golden opinions from those competent to judge.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

South Indian Portraits in Stone and Metal.—By T. G. Aravamuthan [Luzac & Co., London, 1930. Price, 5 Sh. or Rs. 3]

The author has sought to trace one strand of South Indian sculpture—namely, that of portraiture. He has given instances from the beginning of the Christian era—from Amaravati in the 2nd century A. D. under the Andhras, from Mahabalipuram under the Pallavas, from Tanjore and Trichinopoly under the Cholas, from Mysore, from the Vijayanagar Empire, from Travancore and from Madura under the Nayak kings in the 17th and 18th centuries. It was not kings and captains alone that were represented but also men and women in humbler position who had done service to temples or were recognised to be persons of exceptional devotion. Some wished

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to remain in an attitude of perpetual worship; the memory of others was to be kept alive by the portraits. There are, however, hero-stones in memory not of the particular heroes but of their heroic deeds. Such stones have no actual portraits.

Considering all the material which the author has collected—for which indeed he deserves credit—it has to be admitted that the output of human portraits is very small, compared with that of images belonging to the other world of religion with which Hinduism is so uniquely pre-occupied. Whether in philosophy or in art or in life, thought and deed in India are more important than the thinker or the doer. An abstract life, attached to the concrete but transcending it, is to us the reality.

In Indian sculpture, the anatomy of concrete men is replaced by a generalised anatomy which is based not on ignorance but on a fullness of knowledge of human anatomy. Gods are depicted with this generalized anatomy. So are men—witness the fine figures of Chola saints in bronzes. The human body is a pedestal for the spirit and its individual peculiarities are not emphasized. The later excess of emphasis on decoration is a falling away from the ideals of Indian art.

Men, be they kings or carpenters, are no more individual in humanity than muscles in the human body. In so far, therefore, as Indian sculpture seeks portraiture, it is descending below what is distinctively valuable in Indian art. It is not the saint but saintliness, not the devotee but devotion that has a real meaning to the Indian mind. Hence portraiture is not in the main line of Indian sculptural development.

In this quality of its ideals and technique, Indian art, like other branches of Indian life, has a uniqueness which may sometimes give it a feeling of loneliness. It has been said that the contrast in civilization is not between Europe and Asia but between India and the rest of the world. India, as the vanguard of civilization, may sometimes feel the strain of its position and imitate the rest of the world in seeking a realistic art. That it could do so if it would, Mr. Aravamuthan has shown. But it is not Indian sculpture at its truest and its best.

S. V. RAMAMURTY

Nehal, the Musician and other Tales.—By Snehalata Sen (Publisher: S. Ganesan, Triplicane, Madras.)

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One perceives with little difficulty how trying and delicate the art of short-story writing is, since it does not command the range and variety of means at the disposal of the novel-writer. Within its narrow compass the author has to tell an attractive tale, and that in so simple, vivid, and direct a way as to capture the reader's mind all at once, and hold it fast for some tense moments. In a few telling sentences the best story succeeds, at the very start, in awakening the liveliest interest of the reader and carrying it to a pitch that shows no coming down till he gets to the end. With its obvious handicaps the short-story, nevertheless, proposes to achieve in its limited sphere all that a large novel easily aspires to.

The writing of this form of fiction, it may be observed, depends solely for its perfection on the particular skill of the author to create a definite atmosphere of his own, and to produce towards the close a certain and distinct effect upon the reader. The exercise of the literary art may, in its essentials, be everywhere the same; but the effect varies according to the genius and the method peculiar to the writer. Without contriving all this,—the atmosphere and the effect,—the author can hardly hope to lay hold of our imagination and render himself fascinating. The standard of judgment should be based, according to an eminent critic, not on our personal likes and dislikes, but on the degree of success the writer has secured in his especial mode of narration.

Judged by these canons, can any one doubt for an instant that Mrs. Snehalata Sen has been more than successful in her "Nehal the Musician" and other stories? Here are eleven of them, all told in the most alluring way imaginable. In substance the tales are not merely weird or fanciful, as some may be inclined to think; on the other hand, they reveal an imagination so real and vivid, that we cannot but be powerfully stirred by it. They spring one by one, these tales,—some suggestive, and some more beautiful than others,—as at the hands of a master-conjuror. A magic spell seems to be cast over us, directly we open the book, and it is never once broken till we come to the close. Our whole being is thrilled by the sense of a vague charm that is rather felt than described. It is, in fine, like the impression of a wonderful dream that lingers even after we are wide awake.

Mrs. Snehalata Sen is not only a weaver of rich, stirring tales,—she is a literary artist too. The delicate grace and flawlessness of her style have much to do with the marvellous results her stories are apt

to contribute. All these elements blend so harmoniously that we feel there is not one false note, which, however slight, would render the beautiful symphony all discordant and out of tune. We are, however, scarcely aware of this excellence until we pause to think over it. Indeed, what surer test of its merit does the style need than such unconsciousness on our part? The body is never so sensible of health as when disorder sets in.

In our eyes there is a profound beauty about the story of Prince Goha. When the old Bhil King, with thoughts of the past rushing upon him, kneels by the side of his dead brother, and calls him softly by the dear name, "Bhaya", we are visibly moved by the intense pathos that lies in those simple words. The "Gift of a Life" is one which probably tells us what remarkable powers India once owned, and how in this age she has missed all that kind of greatness. In "The Death of the Picture" the author seems to strike a sad note, reflecting as it were on the vanished glory of Indian Art. Again, can one be quite sure that "Harachand Raja-Ki Purie" does not indicate the finest stretch of the author's gifts of invention? On the whole, this volume of short-stories is truly a triumphant work in Indian literature. And in praising it, we believe we have not over-estimated its due. The only possible criticism that could be urged against it is that there are so few of them when we would fain ask for more!

K. SAVITRI

Sivadvaitanirnaya of Srimad Appayya Dikshita.—With Introduction, Translation and Notes. Edited by S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, M.A., B.Sc., Bar-at-Law. Reader in Indian Philosophy, University of Madras. (Price Rs. 2-8-0 or 4 Sh.)

It is a fact, known too well to bear repetition, that Appayya Dikshita, a *paramadvaitin* as he was, had a very soft heart for that system of philosophical thought which regarded Siva as the One and the Supreme Being, in preference to other Deities. The Dikshita, the greatest perhaps of the literary luminaries of the 16th century, was the ablest exponent of that system of thought and he gave expression to his philosophic ideas bearing on what is technically known as *Sivadvaita*, in a number of works composed for the purpose. The Dikshita's *magnum opus* in this respect happens to be the *Sivarkamanidipika*, a commentary on the *Brahmamimamsabhashya* of

Srikantha Sivacharya. The *Anandalahari* and the *Sivadvaitanirnaya*, among other works of a similar nature, are epigrammatic and concise summaries of the doctrines contained in the *Sivarkamanidipika*. The *Sivadvaitanirnaya* was not available to scholars up till now, though as early as 1905, an edition of the work seems to have been issued from Benares by Srikantha Prasada Narayana Simha. Mr. Suryanarayana Sastri is to be heartily congratulated for having brought out a fairly accurate and critical edition of the work.

In a fairly long introduction of 44 pages, the Editor refers to the date of Appayya Dikshita, his works and his philosophy based on the work under review. While referring as far as is necessary to the articles in *The Journal of Oriental Research* on the "Date of Srimad Appayya Dikshita," Mr. Suryanarayana Sastri does not seem inclined to accept unflinchingly the conclusions arrived at in those articles. The temptation to stick to the traditional date, though it is not older than three decades at best, seems to prevent the Editor from accepting the conclusions of Mr. Mahalinga Sastri. To us it seems that what Mr. Sastri says on page 2, in the sentence "The arguments require to be elaborated and examined much more fully than they have been, before being accepted or rejected" has been done by the author of the papers published in *The Journal of Oriental Research*, and the conclusions arrived at therein are based on sufficient data argued out fully and it is hard to resist those conclusions. In the second section of the Introduction, we find a list of the works of Srimad Appayya Dikshita, compiled by the Editor from different sources. The Editor himself does not claim any finality, nor could there be any in the present state of our knowledge. For instance, No. 21, the *Taptamudrakhandana* is not a work of Srimad Appayya Dikshita, though Aufrecht, doubtless by mistake, attributes this to him. Manuscript copies of this work are available and all of them are unanimous in attributing it to Bhaskara Dikshita's authorship. But the list is very useful in that it may easily facilitate further work on the subject.

Two other sections of the Introduction lead us on to a consideration of the essence of Srikantha's philosophy and Appayya's arguments in support of the position held by Srikantha. The table of contents serves a much better purpose than what can be expected of a table of contents as such. It gives in brief the arguments contained in each of the paragraphs into which the text is divided.

Little need be said regarding the text. It is critically edited, care being taken to relegate wrong and unnecessary readings to the bottom of the page. The translation is carefully made, in elegant language, without prejudice to both the English and the Sanskrit idiom. We heartily welcome a production of this kind.

T. R. CHINTAMANI

Sivadvaita of Srikantha.—By S. S. Suryanarayana Sastri, M.A., B.Sc., Bar-at-Law. Reader in Indian Philosophy, University of Madras. (Published by the Madras University, Price Rs. 5 or 10 Sh.)

This forms a companion to the author's edition of the *Sivadvaita Nirnaya*, published under the auspices of the University of Madras. Delivered originally as a course of lectures on behalf of the University, the information collected by the author, as the result of the study of a number of works based, directly and indirectly, on the *Bhashya* of Srikantha, grew so much out of proportion, that he thought it fit to present the results of his enquiry to the public in the form of the sumptuous volume under review. In seven chapters, the work deals with the following topics:—

1. Some General Considerations.
2. Brahavidya—preliminaries and pre-suppositions.
3. Criticism of Rival Theories.
4. Brahman and the world He creates.
5. The Jiva, here and hereafter.
6. Release, the means and state of.
7. An Estimate.

In the Chapter on "Some General Considerations" the author deals with the vexed question of the date of the Srikantha. While not agreeing with the view that Srikantha might have borrowed from Ramanuja, and therefore should be considered later than Ramanuja, the author of the work under review places Srikantha at a period when he might easily have borrowed from him. To take shelter under the suggestion that, like Ramanuja, Srikantha too might have borrowed from Bodhayana who is maintained by Ramanuja as a venerable authority, is out of question, for even Ramanuja does not say that he is adopting the language of Bodhayana, but only following him in his argument.

In the *Sribhashya* of Ramanuja, we find several references to the *Vrittikara* and quotations from that work; and it is noteworthy to refer in this connection to the fact that most of the verbal correspondences between the *bhashyas* of Srikantha and Ramanuja do not happen to fall in any of the quotations from the *Vrittikara* in Ramanuja's *bhashya*, and it is accepted by many that many of the *Vrittikara* quotations in Ramanuja are from the *Vritti* of Bodhayana. The only inference, therefore, that is deducible from the innumerable verbal parallels is that either Ramanuja or Srikantha should have copied from the other. We do not know why Mr. Sastri, while not precluding this possibility, is yet disinclined to accept it either.

In the further chapters of the work, the author gives us a brief, readable summary of the principles of *Sivadvaita*. The author's thesis that "what has been concisely indicated and provided for by Sankara (with regard to *Saguna Brahman*, *Parameswara*), is elaborated by Srikantha Sivacharya in his *Sivadvaita*" has been well explained and forcibly argued. The fundamental principles of *Sivadvaita* have received good attention and are ably presented to us. The details relating to the conception of *pati*, *pasu* and *pasa*, are all lucidly set forth: the differences between the Saivism of the *Siddhanta*, and that of the Saivism based upon the *Brahma Sutras* and the *Agamas* are all made intelligible to us by the author. The appendices at the end, giving a comparative table as it were of the verbal similarities between the *bhashyas* of Nimbarka, Ramanuja and Srikantha are very useful as the basis of further study and comparison of these systems of thought. Again, the correspondences in the reading of the *Sutra* according to the leading exponents of the *Brahmasutra* like Ramanuja, Nimbarka, Madhva, Bhaskara and Srikantha have been given in another appendix. One other appendix that deserves special mention is that where the author brings together those topics on which Srikantha has something distinct and definite to say.

The book is comparatively free from what are generally common to many of our publications, *i.e.*, the so-called printer's devils. The book is neatly got-up and well-executed by the Madras Law Journal Press.

T. R. CHINTAMANI

Famous Parsis.—(G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Rs. 3.)

The edition of "Famous Parsis" is a necessary corollary of Mr. Natesan's useful publications entitled "Eminent Mussalmans" and "Indian Christians." Twelve centuries ago, the Parsis, as fugitives from religious persecution (much like the Pilgrim Fathers), sailed to and settled down in India which sheltered them with generous hospitality and ever since claimed them as her beloved children, while they, on their part, played no inconsiderable part in national life. In fact, there is no sphere of public activity in which they have not distinguished themselves to their credit, and to the country's advantage. As the publishers say in the Preface, "There are no more illustrious names in the roll of Indian patriots than those of Dadabhai, Mehta and Wacha; no more distinguished captains of industry than the Tatas and Petits; no more generous philanthropists than the Jejeebhoy and Wadias; no more ardent reformers than Malabari and Bengali; no more venerated scholars than K. R. Cama and Jivanji Modi." The book contains well-written biographical and critical sketches of the above, and some other equally celebrated Parsis.

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and development of Sanskrit drama but that it also enables us to know the typical structure and plot construction and characterisation of the playwrights themselves. Though one would wish the manner of the presentation of these tales were more simple and less involved in transliteration, still on the whole, one could not have a better volume of tales typifying the work of our ancient dramatists, strengthened in its value as it were, by short sketches of the authors and short critical notes of their plays. The approach to the classics has been made quite easy, and none too soon.

Opinion of

K. Ramakotiswara Rao, Esq., B.A., B.L.

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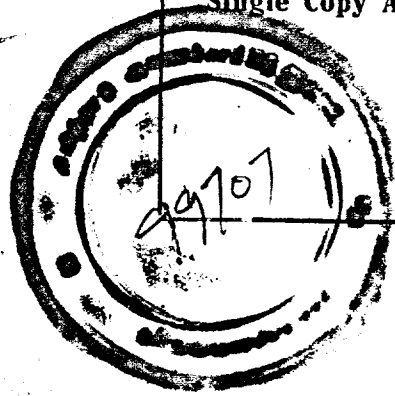
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