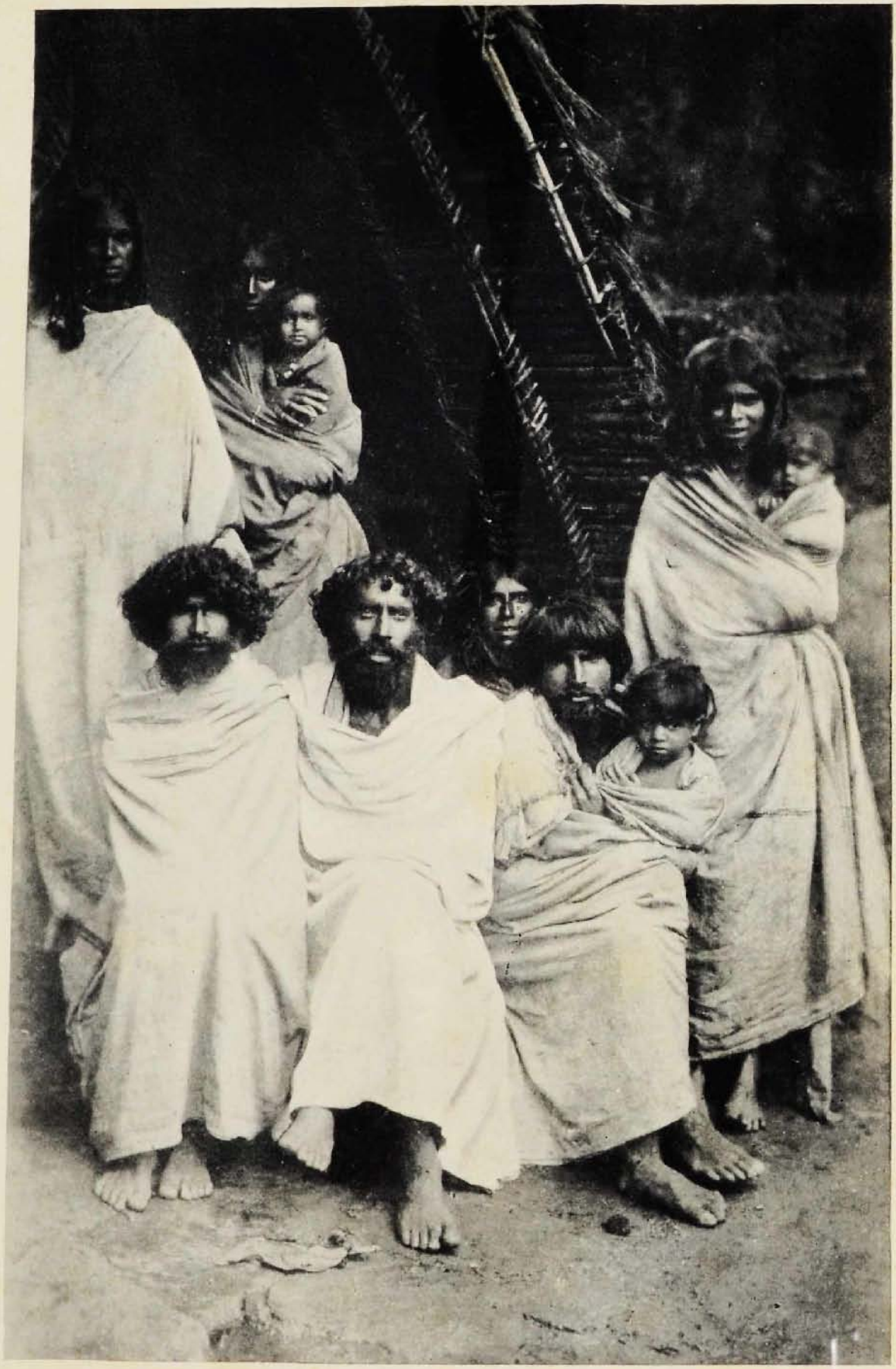

TODAS OF THE NILGIRI HILLS

(*See page* 47)

A BOOK OF SOUTH INDIA

BY

J. CHARTRES MOLONY

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE (*retired*)

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

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TO

MY WIFE

PREFACE

WHO excuses himself, accuses himself; who explains his meaning, merely confounds it. Nevertheless, I offer an excuse and an explanation.

My excuse is for the seeming egotism of this book. I have described South India as I myself saw it; the thoughts about South India, which I have set down, are the thoughts that have passed through my own mind. Others may have seen South India more extensively and more accurately than I have seen it; others may have thought about South India more intelligently than I have thought.

My explanation is of the spirit in which I have written. I have striven to avoid alike aggressive superiority and effusive sympathy. The general people of South India, the particular persons whom I have named, I have taken very much as I found them. I do not think that the accidents of race, religion, social position, have ever influenced, much or at all, my likes and dislikes.

July 26, 1926 J. C. M.

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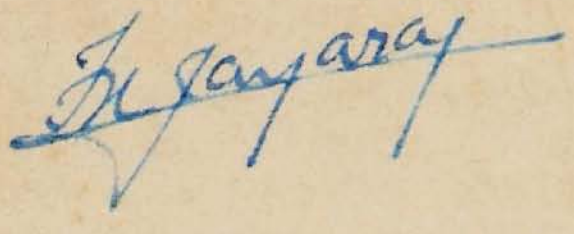
* Photographs: A. Ratna & Co.



A BOOK OF SOUTH INDIA

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

The wisdom of the village—Narayana and Maddi—on *Maya*—the barber and his bridge—on giving medicine—visitors to India—Anglo-Indian society—Oriental disguise—Charles Forjett and Richard Burton—on Babus—fellow wayfarers, Michael, Gottfried, Autolycus—Deacon Ebenezer Thompson

I AM sitting, a vagabond figure in disreputable shorts and khaki shirt, on the village pial. On the flat stone by my side are engraven triangles which intersect each other; their sides are marked with dots. There is no masonic or religious significance in the figure: this stone is the board for "Tigers and Goats", a form of chess in which seventeen goats endeavour to keep in check two tigers. Yesterday we clustered round in breathless excitement while a wandering master essayed to get his tigers through the skilfully disposed goats of the village champion. The little patches of white beneath the trees on the far side of the broad sandy river bed are my tents: the hot weather is setting in, and the river is dry, save for little scooped-out channels and pits from which village housewives are drawing water. Quarter of a mile downstream the flat bank rises in a bluff of scattered rocks and scrub jungle; every now and then a lordly peacock rises from the scrub, and, alighting on a boulder, struts and spreads his tail in the evening sunlight. On the ground before me, level with my dangling feet, is a sea of dusky faces.

The rains have been neither timely nor sufficient; the harvest is endangered; it is most necessary that I as Collector, Chief Official of the District, Protector of the Poor, and Heaven knows what beside, "having mercy should come and see". What particular good I shall accomplish by so doing I do not know: neither, I suspect, does anyone else. But custom ordains that I should come.

Ramanathan, the village headman, has led me to the conference. He has trudged through the hot river sand to my tent, and, halting six feet or so from the table at which I am writing, he has surveyed me with stonily unrecognizing eyes. Then he has called a *peon*, and has inquired through the proper channel whether it is my august pleasure to receive him. Not for worlds would he be guilty of addressing his first question directly to me. A *peon*, as described by one of the brotherhood, is a man who "wears a belt and is present"; according to the late Dr. T. M. Nair he is a fungoid growth on the outer surface of officialdom. That he is necessary to the official is proved by the fact that no official in India has ever existed, exists, ever will exist, without *peons*. I began my official life in company with two *peons*; I ended it with a multitude. Once I possessed a *peon* endowed with positive and human attributes: he was stone deaf, a mighty hunter, and the intimate friend of every poacher in the 6,000 square miles of the district.

The news of my coming has been spread abroad, and the village is waiting to receive me. True, the gathering in of such scanty crops as there are might seem a more pressing care; but then there is seldom any business in an Indian village which cannot be attended to as well to-morrow, and rather better the day after. So the village is squatting on its heels in an attitude that would be torture to a European, with a quid of betel stowed comfortably in its cheek. As I take my seat there arises a great and bitter cry, "There is no food, we are dying, our cattle are dying, we shall have to leave our village." This tale of misery does not tug unduly at my heart-strings: I

have heard it so often before. The ice of reserve being thus broken, we discuss affairs. A new well for each and every one of the multifarious castes of the village would provide employment and add to the amenities of life; so would a dam thrown cunningly across the river, and canals led (uphill for the most part) through the parched fields. I assent in principle to these propositions; then, as one officially dedicated in later life to the preaching of the gospel of democracy, I urge that initiative has passed from my alien and bureaucratic hands; the voice of the people has named two wholly unofficial, and presumably more sympathetic, guardians of the public weal; to such now should these prayers be addressed. The stream of my eloquence trickles away in the arid sands of a foreign tongue. In any language it is difficult to speak with conviction to an audience one half of which quite obviously regards the speaker with kindly compassion as insane, and therefore in the special keeping of God; while the other half quite as obviously wonders when he will cease talking nonsense. "It was ordered that we should vote," says the village patiently; "well, we have voted, and now the Government will make Rao Bahadurs of two vakils in Madras. But what has all that got to say to us, or to our crops, or to anything that means anything?" So our business comes to some issue: the morrow's morn I will do a round of the fields and see the crops: this is all that the village expects or desires. If there has really been a total failure of crops over a wide area, I can grant remission of the land tax, and with a stroke of my pen wipe out thousands of rupees of the Government revenue; odd that I cannot buy a penny stamp without special sanction from above.

Bit by bit my audience drifts away, and the pial is left to me and to old Narayana, the Brahmin. His earthly sun is westering fast; but the sun of The Lord shines on him and comforts him, as he sits reflecting beneath the trees, or drowses in his veranda over the *Bhagavat Gita*, The Lord's Song. To him, as to the Nestor of the village,

I talk of progress; we are better than our fathers; we have, or are about to have, village hospitals, model schools, sanitary streets, female education. These things, Narayana agrees, are all good: in exactly the same spirit he would find it good should I announce my intention of making mud-pies in the river bed. Only, if the all-powerful Government desires these toys, why should it not provide them without bothering the people, and, above all, without asking the people to pay for them? Maddi, the pariah, stands "without polluting distance", and he is pricking up his ears: a hospital, a school, a sanitary inspector? Surely these strange things or persons will need *peons*; and Maddi has seven souls (four being females) in his family to support. Maddi is an Autolycus. From Civics we pass on to religion and philosophy. Why, I ask passionately, should absurd caste prejudices force me to fritter away on separate and inadequate wells for each the money which might provide one decent well for all? Would the sky really fall should Narayana break bread with Maddi, or give his grand-daughter in marriage to the son of the Komati grain merchant? Narayana watches me with his wise, weary, old eyes, as their master watched Abib and Karshish,

> . . . when, being young,
> They both would unadvisedly recite
> Some charm's beginning from that book of his
> Able to bid the Sun throb wide and burst;

and he listens indulgently, as one listens to the heedless prattlings of a child. "You do not understand," he says gently; and Maddi nods assent.

By my tent in the dusk, and in the blessed coolness of the evening air, I smoke, and wonder. Fifty yards away my servants are squatting round the cooking fire: they talk, as the Indian talks, incessantly. I would give something to know what they talk about to one another, what are their real thoughts and interests. My head servant is more efficient than an English butler: he does not lift an eyelid if I tell him that I propose to move twelve miles

farther on next morning, and that I expect to find breakfast ready under a tree on my arrival. If newly arrived from furlough, and for the moment possessed only of camp equipment sufficient for three, I announce my intention of giving a dinner party for twelve next evening, he bows assent, and conjures a table service out of the air. He speaks four languages, and writes in two. Yet, when I lost a small silver dish, he spent half a month's pay on a witch, who undertook to get it back by incantations, curses, and the Black Art in general!

Am I really doing anything among or for these people; or am I just an absurdly self-conscious straw, floating on a great, deep, slowly moving tide? I am better educated than those about me; I have read more, thought more, travelled more; at the end, am I the better or the happier for it? Do I meet the day's troubles as uncomplainingly, look forward to the end of all things with such composure? In the eyes of Narayana and Maddi I am possessed of wealth incalculable: as Europeans count money I am a poor man.

I fret and sweat over the lack of some trivial convenience: the villager does not worry overmuch about the very possible uncertainty of next month's meals. As he sits by me on the pial, Narayana can see the burning ghat by the river bank: soon he will make his last journey thither to the sound of braying conches and tom-toms. The prospect has no terrors for him: he is sure that somehow he will live again; but I do not think that he expects a continuation of his personal life. From what Matthew Arnold called "a bloodthirsty clinging to life" the Indian is free. So much good Narayana has done in his time, so much ill: he has added just so much to the sum of things; and he leaves the use of his effort to God, Who is all things, and Who yet is above all things. In that I am more enlightened, I am surely more efficient than these people about me; yet they draw a living from the arid plains where I should starve, did not their charity come (I am pretty sure that it would come) to my aid.

The village had a wisdom of its own, and I do not understand it. But the days when I thought it folly are behind me.

Reader, will you in fancy wander with me down an old path: some day, perhaps, you may have occasion to tread it for yourself, and to find it new? Then let us first sit and talk awhile: let us shake ourselves free from the power of *Maya* ere we start. *Maya*, illusion, the Indian says, is over all things in the world: I think he means that no one sees things as they really are, and that the same thing presents itself to different minds in different guises. Here are some examples of *Maya's* power.

In Madras there is a bridge known as The Barber's Bridge, and many a visitor has asked the question why a bridge should be dedicated to a barber. *Maya* is ready with the reason. In days of old at one side of the brook (which is really a canal) there lived a barber, and on the other his master, who was a personage in the land. Each morning the barber crossed the water to shave his master. One morning he found a foaming torrent where a babbling brook had been. Undismayed, he plunged in and swam to his duty, carrying in his mouth, one supposes, his razor and his soap-brush, even as Julius Cæsar once carried his Commentaries. And his master in gratitude built the bridge, whereby all succeeding generations of barbers might pass in safety to their morning toil. Now, in fact, this bridge was built by one named Hamilton, and it bore its builder's name. The South Indian emulates the cockney in uncertainty about the initial letter H; and the letters L and T unseparated by a vowel do not come trippingly off the South Indian tongue. So Hamilton in due course became *Amitton*. *Ambattan* is the Tamil for "barber", and in the pronunciation of everyday speech the B is elided. Thus *Amitton's* bridge became the *Amattan's* bridge; and from the mists of *Maya* there emerge the faithful barber and his master to supply an answer to the tourist's curiosity.

In an Indian village I strove in company with an Indian-born, but English-educated, physician to induce a sick

man to take a medicine, which, if there be any certitude in science, would certainly be beneficial to him. I exhausted the arguments of common sense, the doctor the arguments of his profession. Then the headman, who accompanied us, took a hand in the game : it so happened that he knew English, and could speak to us without the sick man understanding what he was saying. " Does it make any difference," he asked the doctor, " whether the man does, or does not, eat brinjals ? " The brinjal is a commonplace, tasteless, wholly uninteresting, Indian vegetable. " Why, no," replied the doctor. The headman turned to the patient : " Do you eat brinjals ? " he demanded. " Yes ", said the patient. The headman threw up his hands with a gesture of despair. " Brinjals ! " he exclaimed, " why brinjals are poison to you. And the aspect of this window " (east, west, north, south, I forget which) " is inauspicious." The patient's interest was aroused : he sat up and began to take notice. He agreed to forswear brinjals, to transfer himself to a room with a more auspicious outlook. There followed a prescription of prayers to be recited. " Then," said the headman, " at this point you will drink so much from a bottle of a particular colour which I shall send to you." So was the medicine got down an unwilling throat. " When a man is sick," said the headman later to me, " it is of little use to tell him to take medicine, or to do anything so obviously sensible that he could think of it for himself. But tell him something so madly improbable, so hopelessly remote from common sense, that it could never occur to his unaided intelligence, and he begins to respect your wisdom. Amid a crowd of things of no importance it is not difficult to slide in something that you really want a man to do."

Here is the moral of these stories : I wish to clear from myself the *Maya* of a learned and travelled man. Though I have lived for nearly twenty-five years in India, I have lived those years in one little corner of the country. I have never journeyed north of Bombay ; and the country between Bombay and the south bank of the Tangabhadra

River I know only as one who has seen it from the window of a railway carriage. The great sights of India, the Frontier, the States of Rajputana, even the cities of Delhi, Calcutta, Benares, I have never seen. I am not sure that I have ever greatly desired to travel far afield, and to see all that it is the duty of the conscientious traveller to see. I like a journey better than the journey's end; and I like to journey slowly, governed by my own whims rather than by a railway time-table. Above all, I love to linger by the wayside, and to pass the time of day with other wayfarers. It does not matter who they be, or what their business—very possibly they have not any business—but I always find them interesting.

For many a visitor *Maya*, especially the illusion of scandal, clings about the life of the Englishman in the East. This illusion experience will dispel: it no longer thrills or even interests me to read in fiction of improprieties in the High Places (literal and metaphorical) of India. Did I now start to climb to an Indian hill station, hoping against hope to find Delilah there, the fire of hope would be chilled to grey ashes ere I got half-way by the assurance of the years that Delilah, when I found her, would prove to be an inefficient and uninteresting female. The doings of Society at home, as recorded in the daily newspapers, make me reflect that the naughtiness of the merriest grass-widow grazing on Indian hills shines only as a very little candle set in the darkness of a vastly respectable Anglo-Indian world.

Yet one little gird at Anglo-Indian life I shall permit myself. Nowhere else in the world, so far as I am aware, certainly nowhere in the Western world, is it so possible and easy as in India for the stranger to dwell in a strange country, and yet so entirely apart from it. I know many who have lived in India longer than I have, and who yet cannot exchange a word with a native of India in his own tongue. In the self-centredness of English society in India may be found, I think, the reason why for so many the years of an Anglo-Indian life are as the years which the locust

has eaten. Gaiety in India is linked to gaiety, till in the end all gaieties become but an unending effort to maintain the fiction of England in the East, to put behind one thought of the time that must intervene and be endured ere exile be ended. Despite the comforts and conveniences which modern ingenuity has added to life, the note of contentment found in the letters of those who bore the burden and heat of the early British day in India, has now fallen silent. The people of old made their choice, and they were satisfied to abide by it.

I can, at least, utter sounds to Indians which they are so polite as to profess to understand ; but I do not think that I have attained to any profound knowledge of the Oriental mind and character. Yet once I lived for four years among Indians, and apart from men of my own race. I have often wondered how far I and my daily companions understood one another, how far any man of European birth has ever "got into the skin" of the Oriental. Of one man strange tales are told ; but then he was more Indian than European. This was Charles Forjett, head of the Bombay City Police during the days of the Indian Mutiny. In those dark days Forjett's mysterious presence (he seemed to be everywhere at once, and never where he was expected to be) was the chill shadow that overhung the hopes, and checked the efforts, of the disaffected. Legend, possibly, has added an element of mystery to Forjett's name ; but of much that he did there is authentic record. In lighter vein he once wagered the Governor of his time that he would effect entrance between sunset and sunrise to the Governor's apartments through any cordon of police or soldiers set to keep him out. The Governor accepted the wager, and set his watchmen. Throughout the night there was no sign of an intruder ; but when morning dawned, the humble, necessary sweeper was sweeping the floor of the Governor's room ; and the sweeper revealed himself as Forjett.

We have in English an epic of an Englishman's wanderings in disguise through an Eastern land : this is

Burton's story of his pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. This story I have discussed with a Moslem friend, himself a Haji, and one who knew well the holy cities and the pilgrim route. Burton's feat he thought a wonderful one; but the success of the disguise he was inclined to attribute to the probability that no one thought of questioning it. Burton certainly was not an orthodox Christian, alike ignorant of, and scornfully contemptuous of, the faith of Islam. If he had never undergone any formal rite of conversion, his writings suggest that he never refused assent to the essential articles of the Muhammadan creed. He probably spoke Arabic extremely well; but then he had provided himself with a life-story cleverly adapted to explain any peculiarities of accent, or lapses in idiom; and all sorts of languages are in daily use on the pilgrim road. He had a remarkable knowledge of Muhammadan theology; but this learning, my Moslem friend assured me, is a mere superfluity for the ordinary pilgrim. After all, not every devout Catholic who visits Lourdes is prepared with an exposition of the Tridentine Decrees.

From the tourist who comes to see the sights of India, and from the butterfly who comes to mingle in the gaieties of Anglo-India, my mind runs on to yet a third class of visitor. This is the earnest soul who "studies the Indian problem," preferably at the feet of politically minded Indians, and who scorns the frigid prudence of the sun-dried bureaucrat. For such a one *Maya* lies in wait. Pagett, M.P., was of this brotherhood; but it is rather hitting below the belt to describe the poor gentleman as "a liar, and a fluent liar therewith." Pagett, is always, or nearly always, innocent of intention to deceive; he is an English Pickwick putting questions to, and in childish good faith recording answers from, Oriental Jingles. There is, however, a point of distinction to be borne in mind. Jingle was a dyed-in-the-wool dodger: the much abused political Indian rather resembles Newman as seen through the spectacles of Dr. Abbott: he is all the

more deceptive in that he is so enthusiastically honest, so transparently unwilling to mislead.

Englishmen speak of the Indian politician as the "Babu"; and the word pictures for them a fat and cowardly man, who talks seditious nonsense in ridiculous English. "Babu" is not a term current in South India: possibly the Madras equivalent is *vakil* (lawyer). But the Madras *vakil*, when he discourses on high politics, generally does so in English wellnigh as correct as that of the English candidate for Parliament. If a fat Madras *vakil* might cut a physically ludicrous figure on a battle-field, so might also a fat London "city man". Why should we assume that a fat man is brave in spirit just because his face is white; cowardly in spirit just because his face is brown?

No; I look back with kindly remembrance to the many southern Babus with whom I have held discourse; with something more than kindliness to many Babus who have worked under me and for me. When I think of these last, I think also of Newman's words addressed to the Fathers of his Oratory: "Who have been so indulgent to my failings, who have grudged no sacrifice if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them." But I am sure that the Babu, uninterpreted by experience, is a wholly unsafe adviser or informant for the hot-gospeller of Western democracy. For when a man with centuries of caste pride and tradition in the marrow of his being speaks of the freedom and equality of all, of equal rights and opportunities for all men, he either does not understand at all the words which he utters, or else he understands them in some sense totally different from that of his Western listener.

But a truce to talking: let us take the pilgrim's staff, and start forth on our desultory wanderings through the South Land. Let us keep our eyes open for fellow travellers: perhaps we shall meet again Michael, Gottfried, Autolycus, and a few others.

Michael began life as an apprentice in a crack racing

stable. His emotions on the first day that he sported silk in public he has described to me: "I wouldn't have owned Queen Victoria as me Aunt." But pride went before a fall. The race was a steeplechase, and Michael's mount, instead of soaring over the water-jump, executed a nose-dive into it: "I dredged about two feet of mud from the bottom," said Michael ruefully. Michael, to his own disgust, grew into a splendid physical type of manhood. He stood six feet in height; he was made of wire and whipcord, and did not carry an ounce of spare flesh on his frame; but a jockey who cannot scale less than eleven stone, and that at a pinch, has small prospect of employment or of success before him. So Michael migrated, by way of the army, to India, and there he abode. When I knew him, he was Master of an important railway station, and he dealt with Governors and Members of Council as one having authority. He was my fellow countryman and countyman, and once he speeded me on my way when all hope of getting farther seemed lost. That there would be no room in a certain train at a certain point, this was a certainty as certain and as dismal as any well could be. "Would you take a commission?" inquired Michael thoughtfully. "Commission for what?" I asked blankly. "In the army, to be sure," said Michael cheerfully: "if I give your name as proceeding on urgent military duty, faith they *must* make room for you some way. And if anyone objects, all you need do is to tell the truth, and to stick to it." Michael seemed to have an idea that truth is made like trumps at Bridge—by declaration.

Gottfried I met walking along a railway line. He was dressed like myself in an old khaki shirt and trousers: though his name was German, his speech was the speech of a citizen of God's Own Country. "Sir," said he, "I have been to the station to see whether I could get *a* drink on the train, but this *conserned* country seems to have gone as dry as my own." "My camp," I suggested, and we drank lager beer and talked beneath the trees. And gradually it dawned on me that I was talking to no

ordinary man: I learned afterwards that, in his way, he was wellnigh world famous. "A man should have some ideals," he remarked. He had left his own country to do a year's gratuitous work for the poor and suffering in a strange land. In that one year, in that one corner of the vast peninsula, he had learned more of Indian life and thought than the serious-minded student of Indian questions learns from half a lifetime's study of blue-books. Gottfried worked for a very "intense" mission to the heathen, and the mission made him sign its creed ere it accepted his services. "Guess I strained my scientific conscience *some*," said Gottfried; "but I signed."

With Autolycus I sat one summer's afternoon on an Indian hillside. Autolycus was a *Kuravan*, a member of a tribe held in small account and esteem by the Indian villager. He was a self-confessed picker and stealer: he explained and excused the lightness of his fingers by the plea that he only thus acquired such unconsidered trifles as he needed for his support. Regular work, the day's toil for the day's wage, he viewed with unconcealed distaste: better, he thought, to wander on "for to admire and for to see" the great world about him. He was Jean Richepin's *Cheminau*: "Whence does he come? God knows. Whither is he going? He does not know himself." Like the Apostle, he had been in prisons oft, and he disliked the experience, though for a reason which probably never occurred to Paul. Of one thing, at least, he was sure and proud: he was no casual vagabond, but a member of a definite and definitely organized microcosm in the great social cosmos of South India. As a *Kuravan* he claimed descent from some godling or hero that once sailed over the sea to land on India's shores; yet looking back on him I think that, despite his knowledge of and pride in the tribal family tree, he did not greatly differ from the many other bad old men with whom I have held wayside discussion on the perplexities of life.

To one little fellow traveller I must send a long farewell across the sea. I shall never again see Deacon Ebenezer

Thompson. The Deacon was a dog: at least, if he was not a dog, he was not any other sort of animal. Some said that he was a dachshund; and he had a sister who was a rather handsome fox terrier. I always maintained that his spirit had outsoared the limitations of species. For nine years he was my fellow traveller *per æqua per ardua.* He lay at my feet in my office, or sat in a chair by my side; at night he slept at the foot of my bed. He was only one man's dog, and I was the man. At least I found a happy home for his old age. Deacon, once more a long farewell.

CHAPTER II

MADRAS

A challenge to Mr. Kipling—the Beach and the Port—"Divers long streets"—Armenian Street and the House of Binny—Stephen Popham—Fort St. George and St. Mary's Church—the captivity of Lord Pigot—"Parade of Country Houses"—the *buthams* of the bridge—housing of officials—a Slavonic bicycle dealer—Tom Derham and the horses—Parthasaradhi and Venkataraman—the Tamil language

MR. KIPLING has described Madras as a withered beldame dreaming of ancient fame. Were these the days of chivalry, I should feel tempted to lay a quill pen in rest against the great writer, and to maintain the fame of Madras as the pleasantest dwelling-place in the East. At most I will concede, adopting Kipling's metaphor, that Madras in 1900 was a very charming old lady, gowned in old silks and laces. She had, perhaps, known richer, more exciting days; but she was neither physically decrepit nor financially pinched. And she greeted her friends, especially her young friends to be, with old-world courtesy.

One irreverent question, I must admit, arose in my mind. Often and often during my first month in India I asked myself, "Where on earth is the city?" Seeing that Madras was then the abode of half a million souls, the question may seem a strange one; but indeed the traveller arriving by train from the north-west saw little of the city. He passed through Perambur, and saw the Buckingham and Carnatic Mills, which were not then so imposing as they are to-day. He entered Madras proper with the smelly Buckingham canal on his right hand, and the grubby Wall Tax Road on his left: a rickety victoria

took him up, there was a sharp turn to the right, then a bend to the left, and the traveller found himself at a hotel on the broad Mount Road. South-west this road ran past pleasant houses, each sheltered 'neath the trees of its own garden : eastwards, within a small area, were the big European shops. The real city lay far away, and the newly joined official had small inducement to visit it.

To see Madras aright one should approach by sea as did the men and women of old. On the walls of the Madras Club hang quaint prints : ladies in flowing skirts and poke bonnets, holding sunshades, have disembarked on the sands before the walls of Fort St. George ; they are welcomed by elegant gentlemen in top-hats, very high collars, abundant cravats, wasp-waisted coats, white pantaloons, and pointed shoes. At the sea edge are beached the Masulah boats : " Certaine barkes of purpose high : they are made of little boards, one board sowed to another with little cordes." The Masulah boats are there still : all else is changed.

The ladies and their cavaliers would be surprised could they revisit Madras to-day ; but scarcely less surprised would be one who died in the early years of this century, and came to life again to see the harbour of Madras as it now is. The harbour of my early days was just two walls, shaped like the jaws of a pincers, running out into the sea. Ships entered straight from the east through the opening of the jaws, and anchored in a basin within. Boats conveyed the passengers to an old pier of wood and iron, which jutted out from the shore ; merchandise was unloaded from ship to lighters, to be unloaded again on the beach. To-day the opening towards the east has been closed, and a long sheltering wall runs to the north. The ships rounding this wall enter from the north ; the old pier has vanished, and vessels moor by the quayside. Giant cranes that travel on rails swing out freight from the holds ; there are rows and rows of great warehouses waiting to receive it. The harbour has been described by its creator, Sir Francis Spring, as " a challenge flaunted

in the face of Nature" : assuredly to few men has it been granted to change so greatly the sea-front of a city.

He who comes up from the south by sea catches his first glimpse of Madras in the spire of the cathedral of San Thomé. San Thomé was once a settlement of the Portuguese : there, legend says, was buried the Apostle Thomas, who suffered martyrdom on a hill without Madras which bears his name. Ill neighbours the Portuguese seem to have been. When the Company in London proposed that certain of their merchants should settle and trade in San Thomé, "you shall choose such of your servants as are stick-proof and poison-proof," was the sour answer from Fort St. George ; "for such is their daily use, and no justice done." San Thomé became British territory in 1749.

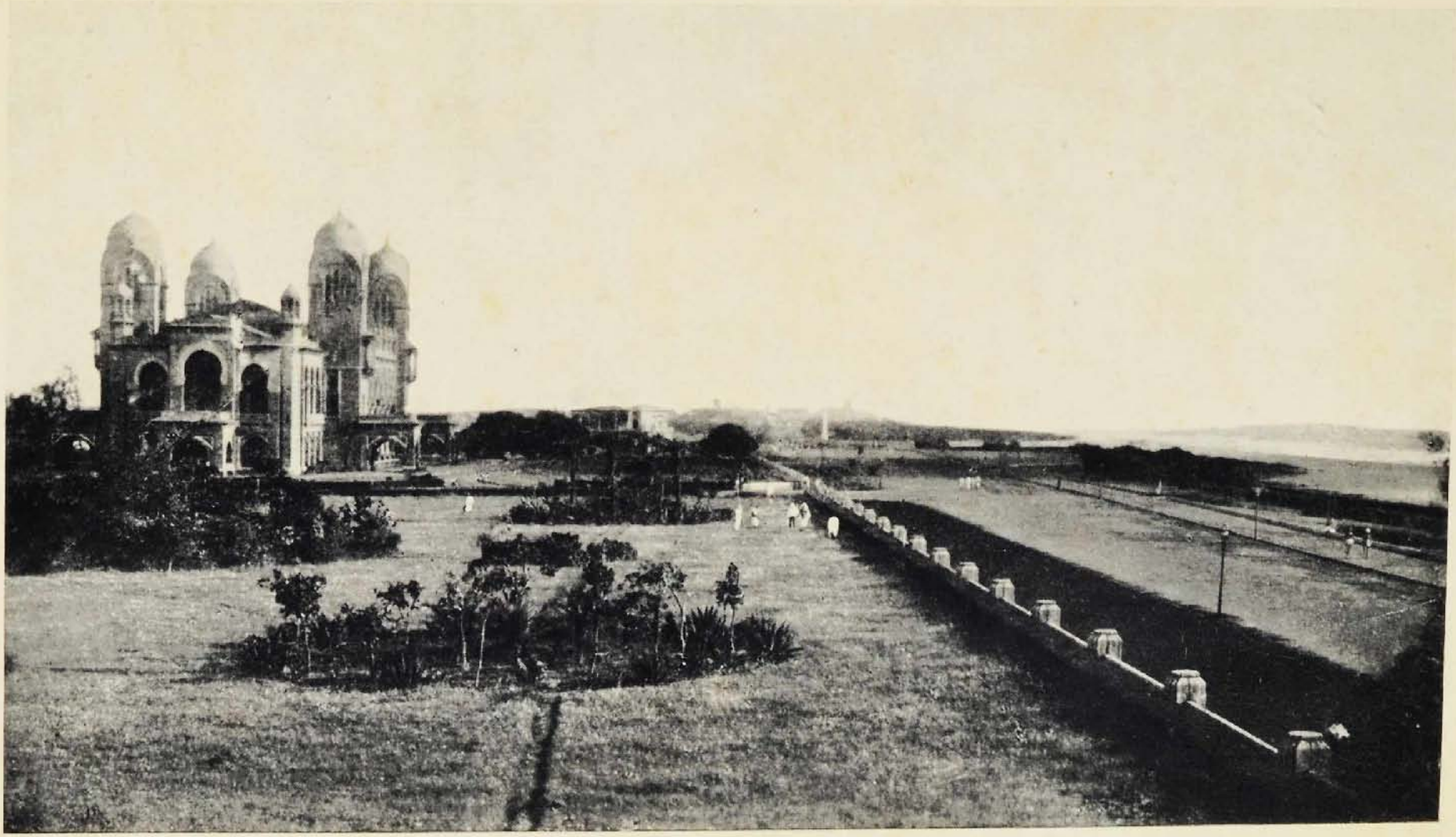
From San Thomé to Fort St. George runs the Marina, a broad road along the sea-front some two miles in length. Here all Madras pours out of an evening, on foot, on bicycles, in carriages, in motors, to meet the cool evening breeze that blows in from the sea : on the landward side buildings are slowly, very slowly, rising. Such are Queen Mary's College for Women, the Presidency College, the Secretariat of the Public Works Department, the Senate House of the Madras University. Just south of the Senate House is an old palace of the Nawabs of the Carnatic, now used as the office of the Board of Revenue. The sea road crosses the Cooum River, and runs beneath the walls of Fort St. George into the city.

"Madras," says Dr. John Fryer, "then divides itself into divers long streets, and they are chequered by as many transverse." The southern base of these long streets is the Esplanade, with the High Court buildings on its south side, and the Christian College on its north. Before the High Court stands the statue of Dr. William Miller : the famous Principal gazes from his pedestal on the College with which his name will be for ever associated. The first long street running north can boast no more euphonious name than First Line Beach. It starts from Parry's

corner (Parry & Co. is an old-established business house), and runs to the office of the Collector of Madras; on its western side stand the General Post Office, the Imperial Bank, and other public offices and mercantile buildings. Here the building of the harbour walls into the sea has produced a curious effect. There is a strong scour of the sea from the south; the drifting sand, checked by the outrunning walls, has settled down, and so a new stretch of land has arisen from the sea. About the year 1915 the Corporation of Madras built a storm-water drain on the seaward side of Front Line Beach; the engineers digging down came upon the old sea wall of the city; but outside the old wall then ran the South Indian Railway, and beyond the railway stood the houses of the Port officials.

West of the First Line is the Second Line: this branches into Jehangir Street and Moor Street. A visitor to Moor Street can scarcely fail to note the height of the house basements above the street. Madras to the eye is flat; but the engineer's level shows ups and downs, and Moor Street is wellnigh the lowest point of the city. When the monsoon rains fall, a flood pours down the street: considering the matter of a drain to carry away this flood I have stood waist high in water. Then come Thambu Chetty Street ("Tomby Chitty" was a "principall merchant" in the early days of the eighteenth century), Armenian Street, and Popham's Broadway.

"The Armenians being oblyged in complyance with the Honble Company's commands to leave their habitations in the white towne, having requested that a proper place be assigned to them to build on: Agreed that they be permitted to chuse a spot of ground for that purpose provided that it in no way interferes with the intended Fortifications." So the Armenians, one supposes, here built their houses; as a separate community they are no more, but their street and their church remain. In this street stand also the Roman Catholic Cathedral of the city, and the great Madras house of Binny & Co.



THE MARINA, MADRAS,

SHOWING THE SENATE HOUSE OF THE MADRAS UNIVERSITY

The house was founded towards the end of the eighteenth century by John Binny, a supercargo on an Indiaman: it is probably the oldest business house in Madras, certainly the house that has borne longest an unchanged name. John Binny's portrait still hangs in the Partners' Room: the truth to tell, the appearance of the old gentleman is somewhat suggestive of a pirate. John Binny hoped, no doubt, for the private prosperity of his firm; but he can scarcely have foreseen the part that it was to play in, the way in which it was to affect, the industrial life of the city.

Madras has never been, and probably never will be, a great industrial centre. Two things are lacking: coal within easy reach, and a sufficient water supply on the spot. The Buckingham and Carnatic Mills, founded by Binny & Co., stand on the only channel (and that a poor one) available for industry, the Oteri Nullah in the north-west quarter of the city. Here are employed about 11,000 hands, and in the conditions of employment offered these Mills have set an example to Indian industry. This is not the mere vaunt of a Madrasi: it is a fact formally recognized and stated by a Factory Commission. Binny's took the lead in shortening the cruelly long hours obtaining in Indian factories, in raising the scanty wages of the Indian workman. But an obstacle in the path of real improvement has always been the contentment of the Indian labourer with a mere animal existence, which the soft, warm, climate of the South renders not intolerable. The workman has to be taught to want more; an increase in his wages by itself brings him little benefit. If by three days' reasonable work he can earn the bare living wage which formerly he earned by five days' unremitting toil, he is apt to work for those three days only, and to spend the other two in dozing in the sun. Binny's have fought this spirit of lazy acquiescence in old conditions by housing and by education. The workman of the city, as a rule, is miserably lodged. At the Census of Madras I found a man whose house was a sheet of tin leaned against

the side of his friend's mud cabin. In the neighbourhood of the Mills the building of workmen's cottages goes steadily on: men housed as men, not bedded down like animals, come slowly to appreciate, to strive towards, the life of civilized man.

By the side of the Mills are elementary schools, probably the best of their kind in South India. And here the mistake, so often made in India, of an aimless, insufficient, literary education that produces merely the inefficient clerk, is carefully avoided. Attached to the department of the three "R's" are model workshops, where boys can learn thoroughly, and with tools and apparatus proportioned to boys' strength, every trade of the Mills whereby, as men, they can earn the wages of skilled workmen.

Virtue is said to be its own reward. But it is pleasant to record that the work of Binny's has not passed unheeded by the State. On three senior partners in succession, Mr. J. A. Boyson, Mr. C. B. Simpson, Mr. A. P. Symonds, the honour of knighthood has been conferred: of each of the three it may be said that no man, save by his work, ever sought public honours less.

Mr. Stephen Popham I venerate, for to me he seems in some sort a spiritual ancestor of the great Wilkins Micawber. He came to India as Secretary to Sir John Day, Advocate-General of Bengal. That their association was not happy may be judged from Mr. Popham's own words: "He will not lose sight of me till he has laid my fortunes as prostrate here as they are in England; till he strips me of the rags of Character that I had filched from the Humanity of the Settlement." Poor Mr. Popham! One can picture him, like Wilkins, quoting Addison ("Cato, thou reasonest well"), and gazing sombrely on his shaving tackle. But Mr. Popham was not one to be long cast down by the frown of the great, or by the buffets of Fortune. He came southwards to Madras, where he exercised the profession of Government Solicitor, and proposed and undertook (generally with

disastrous commercial results) many labours for the good of his new city. Like Mr. Micawber, he took thought for his house, though it is not recorded that he ever threw out a bow-window: "I propose to purchase some waste ground opposite my house"; and, "I will covenant to keep a clear, clean, and wholesome watercourse for the passage of the Monsoon, without prejudice to any inhabitant." But the Broadway is not particularly broad, nor did the clean and wholesome watercourse quite fulfil expectations. Popham's Broadway in the heavy rains is a sheet of water, whereby, at least, it gets an annual cleaning. Hard by is Stringer Street, which commemorates Mr. Jas. Stringer, who in 1763 was appointed to the honourable office of Master Bricklayer.

There are many other north-and-south streets: Godown Street, where dwell the wholesale dealers in piece goods; Mint Street, so-called after the Mint which once worked at its northern end in the building which now shelters the Government Press; and Wall Tax Road, already mentioned as the first street to catch the eye of the stranger who looks on Madras from the window of a railway carriage. To pay the cost of making a rampart, "the most reasonable and equitable way will be by making an assessment on every House and Garden within the Walls". So had the Company's agents decided: an officer had been appointed, with the direction that he "in the general books be called the Collector of the Town Wall Tax", when suddenly there was received from Bengal an opinion of the Company's Standing Counsel to the effect that "the Company have not any power of taxing the inhabitants". And so Wall Tax Road keeps alive the memory of a tax that was never collected.

Among the "transverses" are Errabalu Chetty Street, where were the old offices of the Madras Corporation; Mannadi, the street of the ironworkers; and the street whence one enters the Kotwal Chavadi, the great produce market of the city. North of the long streets Old Jail Street runs from east to west, and where it joins Mint Street

are the Seven Wells, whence the Fort draws its water supply. With the Seven Wells is associated an old Madras name, that of Nicholas. Sylvester Nicholas (probably this was not his real name) was an Irishman of the eighteenth century, and by repute somewhat of a desperate character in his own country. In India he approved himself a gallant soldier, and as a reward for his vigilant watch over the water supply in the stormy days of Hyder's raids he was named custodian of the Seven Wells. He lived rent free, and drew a salary of ten pagodas per month: that this pittance then represented a comfortable income may be judged from the fact that old Sylvester kept his horse, carriage, and palanquin. The appointment remained with the Nicholas family for a hundred and twenty-five years. Though the official connection has ceased, Mr. Evelyn Nicholas still lives by the Seven Wells; should the need arise, doubtless he would guard them as faithfully as did his great-grandfather long ago.

"Near the outside of the Town the English Golgotha or place of Skulls presents variety of tombs, walks, and sepulchres, which latter as they stand in line are an open cloyster." So Dr. Fryer described the land on which the Law College now stands. The road leading from the city to the modern European quarter skirts the Law College, and passes under the landward side of Fort St. George. Cogan and Day began the Fort. Of the old-time life within it one writes in the middle of the seventeenth century: "All sort of provisions being too cheape: onlly sack is too deare, yet have we other goode drinke to remember our friends withall." Despite the "goode drinke", life cannot then have been a bed of roses, for the writer continues: "I doe not take any felicity in my life though I live in greate pomp, eating and drinking and wearing noe worse than the best in This Town, or rather city, for it is built to a marvellous bignesse in a few years. This is an expensive place, and from the drunkennesse thereof good Lord deliver me; all gamesters and much addicted to venery." Streynsham Master found the

Governor's house to be "spatious", and the cheer was good: "At noone we were treated with a very splendid dinner, the Table being spread with about 100 dishes of Meate well dressed and well sett out." But the common people can scarce have fared so well, for a monument to Thomas Conway in St. Mary's Church styles him "The Soldier's Friend", the man who first took note of the miserable lodging of the soldiers, and had permanent barracks built for them.

St. Mary's Church within the Fort is the oldest place of worship built by English settlers in India: it may be the oldest British building of any kind in the country. The first sod was turned on Lady Day, 25 March, 1678, and the church was consecrated on 28 October, 1680, by Richard Portman. Here, in 1689, were baptized the three daughters of Job Charnock, the founder of Calcutta; here, in 1753, Robert Clive was married to Miss Maskelyne; and here, in 1777, was buried Lord Pigot, Governor of Madras. Lord Pigot saw some strange vicissitudes in his life. He was twice Governor of Madras, and in 1758 he defended the town against the French led by Lally. He retired in 1763 with a huge fortune, wherewith he bought himself an Irish peerage. In 1775 he returned to Madras as Governor, and after a quarrel with his Councillors, he was by them arrested, and confined at St. Thomas's Mount. There he died; and a legal battle raged about the question whether those who had confined him could be considered guilty of manslaughter or of murder. Indeed, the confinement had little to do with Lord Pigot's death. We read that at the Mount the captive Governor "had parties, and frequently sang after supper with Miss Prime". He was imprudent, for he took little heed of the sun, often working in his garden till past noon; and the proximate cause of his death is suggested to have been his "eating remarkably hearty of turtle at Mr. Monckton's the Sunday before his illness".

From the Fort across the Wallajah Bridge the road runs directly inland. Modern Madras is really an agglomeration

of several old "cities", among them the "cities" of Triplicane and Elambore (Egmore). These two cities had their several rivers, and in the seventeenth century a cut was made which joined the two streams, and enclosed the great open space now called The Island. On the road across The Island stands an equestrian statue by Chantrey of Sir Thomas Munro; this road crosses the Cooum again at Willingdon Bridge, and skirting Government House, the town residence of the Governor in modern days, it runs past shops, a confusing medley of opulence and squalor, till at the statue of General Neil the residential suburbs commence.

"But if it is merely to gratify the vanity and folly of merchants in having the Parade of Country Houses and Gardens, We think that these are distinctions which belong only to our Governor and the Principal Persons of Madras."

So did the pursy old merchants of London town strive to enforce sumptuary laws on their servants in the East. Probably they had little enough idea of the state and pomp wherewith those servants lived. Mr. Richard Mohun, for example, who in the seventeenth century received the modest salary of £100 *per annum*, once threatened to sue his employers on the score of wrongful dismissal, and he estimated his damages at £100,000!

At any rate, the penurious doctrines of the London Directors found small favour in the eyes of the old worthies of Madras, who left many a "country house and garden" for their successors to gaze upon and to envy. At Neil's statue one coming from the city may turn to the right, and go along Commander-in-Chief's Road to Anderson's Bridge. This is a dangerous spot, for under the bridge live *buthams*, to wit, devils at once malignant and powerful. In the bygone horse-carriage days the Indian coachman made the crossing in fear and trembling; he drove at a walking pace, a rein in either hand, and he threw out a friend (if he could find one) as an advance guard against the hosts of evil. The fame of the *buthams* waxed exceeding great, when a Madras merchant motoring home

in a fog crashed into the parapet, and hung suspended between the road above and the river sand below. Once across the bridge, the explorer reaches College Road, so called after a great house and garden, which in 1817 belonged to Samuel Mookartish Murat, an Armenian. Samuel's son, Edward, sold the house to the Government of his day, who made of it a Training College for newly joined servants. A little farther on is Doveton House: it was built sometime towards the close of the eighteenth century. John Doveton, who gave the house its name, joined the Madras Cavalry in 1783; when he died at Doveton House in 1847 he had risen to the rank and state of Lieutenant-General Sir John Doveton, G.C.B. Doveton House in 1900 was the residence of Sir Ralph Benson, then a Civilian Judge of the High Court. Now it is a Government, or Mission, college or training school for girls.

He who shrinks from the *buthams* of the bridge may turn to the right and towards the city, and soon he will see on his left hand a road which recalls a name long associated with the Civil Service of Madras. The road is Casamajor Road. Noah Casamajor is spoken of in 1737 as a supercargo; he then became an assistant in the accounts office at Fort St. George. His son, James Henry Casamajor, joined the service of the Company as a writer in 1762, and by 1789 he had risen to the position of Second in Council. The Casamajor family in the next generation supplied three recruits to the Civil Service. The name has vanished from South India; but a daughter of the Casamajors married into the Elliot family, which sent Lord Minto to succeed Lord Curzon as Viceroy of India.

Far away in the Vepery quarter a cashier of the Carnatic Bank, who came to Madras in 1787, obtained an acre of ground, whereon he built a house. This was John Hunter; his house no longer exists, but the road on or near which it stood will long keep his memory green. "Hunter's Road" has become a descriptive term; it describes the Anglo-Indians (formerly styled Eurasians), and a locality which they favour as a dwelling-place.

Almost every one of the great houses of Madras can be traced by its name to some far-away founder. Moubray House, indeed, the most beautiful of them all, has changed its name: it is now the Adyar Club. The house of spacious rooms, and with a great white cupola on its roof, stands in grounds so extensive as to deserve the title of park, wherein there is room for a riding track, a golf course, and several tennis courts. A broad open terrace on the southern side of the house overlooks the Adyar River. Yet large as is this property, it is but a fraction of Moubray's holding. From his riverside estate were carved out the adjoining Beachborough, Ben's Gardens, and Adyar House, stately mansions all, each standing in its own grounds, Moubray arrived in India in 1771; his name survives in the road which leads to the main entrance gate of the Adyar Club.

But time and circumstance have proved more potent than orders issued from a Board Room in London. The rich official of my young days is to-day's citizen of very moderate fortune. He no longer hesitates in his choice between two spacious dwellings; he deems himself fortunate if for a rent not utterly exorbitant he can share a house with a not too uncongenial friend. The employments and rewards of commerce have increased; official emoluments stand practically where they stood long ago. In the open market, where the amenities of life are bought and sold, the official is outnumbered and easily outbidden. Moreover, in days that are past the Indian landlord was wont to build large houses in the suburbs, to draw rent for them from a foreign occupier, and to live himself hard by his office in the hot, dusty streets of the business quarter. The wiser Indian merchant or lawyer of to-day, if he builds a house without the city, occupies it himself.

To one aspect of this change, an aspect serious for the State, the late Sir John Rees once invited the attention of the House of Commons. He was laughed at, as is anyone who ventures to suggest in England that Pagett, M.P.'s "bloated Brahmin" can have aught to complain of in

the East. The expense of living in the Presidency capitals has increased so enormously that many a District officer now views the prospect of promotion to Headquarters with a feeling akin to terror. I myself once compared budgets with a friend about five years my senior in length of service and correspondingly my superior in official rank, who served in Madras city. "It seems to me", I said, that I am far better off than you are." "Not a doubt of it", he replied; "one pays for one's promotion nowadays." Surely this is wrong. Promotion to the higher ranks of the Service may never come to a man; but, should it come, should he be offered the opportunity to set his foot on the first rung of the ladder of selection, he is a fool to refuse what Fortune offers. Yet by acceptance he may very well exchange the pleasant certainty that the day's income will cover the day's expenses for a daily worry in making two ends meet. When he reaches the topmost rung, it may be said, his worries will be at an end. This may, or may not, be true; but a man cannot fairly be expected to keep on discounting the future till the very end of his official days.

There must always be a certain number of permanent officials at the Headquarters of Government; it is easy to know their approximate number, and the approximate salary which each official post carries. A provident Government might either have built houses, or have leased permanently houses built by private enterprise, wherein such officials might live in reasonable comfort, and at not unreasonable cost. The Government of Madras did not attempt to do this until too late; perhaps now, when the trend of Indian opinion is against the grant of any concession, reasonable or unreasonable, to the European official, the Government can do no more.

But Gallio in his young days and without a penny in his pocket cared for none of these dry questions of domestic economy. I drove to pay my duty calls along the laterite roads that sufficed for the easygoing carriage traffic of those days; my rickety old shandrydan rolled slowly

beneath the overshading avenue trees, through which the sun's rays filtering lighted up the road surface to a rich, deep, red colour. The society of Madras was then a much smaller group than it is to-day, and perhaps more hospitable because smaller. Or rather, the great distances had the effect of splitting the general group into small intimate groups. It was then quite an undertaking for a resident of Egmore to dine at an Adyar house ; the day's arrangements needed careful planning to keep the horses fresh for their long journey at night. The members of each group made a little world for themselves ; they strolled casually into each other's grounds for morning tennis, afternoon tea under the trees, chat and iced drinks in the veranda when the quick Indian evening swooped down on the twilight. To-day, when the untiring motor reduces ten miles to twenty minutes, the circle of acquaintanceship is enlarged, but the intimacy of acquaintance is not what it used to be.

Of course I bought myself a bicycle : I have never been able to understand how anyone living in a land sufficiently civilized to have roads can afford to be without the handiest contrivance for getting here and there which modern ingenuity has devised. The queer cycle-dealer from whom I bought it still lingers in my mind. He was tall and gaunt ; he wore a pointed beard and large spectacles ; obviously he was a European, but he spoke English with an accent the like of which I had not heard before, nor have I heard since. In later years I learned that he was a Slav from the eastern shore of the Adriatic ; and curiosity prompted the inquiry why he had come from his far-away home to sell bicycles in Madras. He told me that he first came to Madras to work as a diver on the old harbour walls ; his health failed in this employment, and he turned for a livelihood to the selling and repairing of bicycles. He was a born mechanic, a man who loved the work that he was in. " I vork at it vit *passion* for tree day " ; thus he described to me his attempt to make and refit a part broken in the freewheel of a later bicycle,

no duplicate of the part being obtainable in Madras. When the Great War broke out, poor Mr. Voyvodech's (this was his name) business and personal liberty were in danger; but common sense and the testimony of his old customers rallied to his aid. The old man had then spent nearly fifty consecutive years in India, and he was practically illiterate. Even if he *would* (which was not in the least likely), it was fairly clear that he *could* not, do anything to aid the Austrians, whom, as a Slav, he hated in so far as he had not totally forgotten them. "Py Gosh!" he exclaimed—this was his stock expression in moments of perplexity—"Py Gosh!"

The bicycle was an affair of personal taste; but official regulations prescribed that the young Civilian, ere he went up country, should provide himself with a "suitable horse or pony". So I bought a horse. Everyone rode or drove in those days; horses were imported in droves from Australia to supply the market, and the buying of a live quadruped from an Australian bushman was a business much more exciting, amusing, and interesting, than to-day's purchase of a petrol-driven tangle of machinery from a dapper shop assistant. Tom Derham, from whom I bought my first, and many a subsequent horse, was a character. An officer of the Army Remount Department told me that he was probably the best judge of horses in India. He swore fearsomely; and, so far as my knowledge of him goes, on his tombstone, when his time comes, might be carved Ruskin's testimony to his father: "An entirely honest merchant". Horse-coping is not ordinarily regarded as likely to draw out what innate honesty there may be in a man; yet Derham never "did" me, nor do I think that he ever "did" anyone who was willing to deal fairly and honestly with him. He used to suffer agonies of comic apprehension when prospective purchasers, such as myself, essayed a trial ride. Some of us might have ridden a little before; but the Australian horse-dealer interprets the word "riding" in a very liberal sense, and the Australian horse, if it takes a sudden

dislike to its rider, can be depended on to put any ordinary horseman on the floor with promptitude and emphasis. "Do you think that the horse is really quiet?" I once heard a customer, arriving for a trial, inquire. "'E ought to be", rejoined old Tom hopefully, "seein' that a man 'as been walkin' 'im round the yard since four this morning."

Years afterwards I asked old Derham to tell me how to choose a horse for myself. He thought awhile, then called to one of his satellites to bring forth an animal. "Wot d'ye think of that one?" he asked. "Speak out; I won't laugh at you." I gave my opinion, which was not a favourable one. "Right enough", said Derham grimly, "but *I* bought that 'oss. Wot chance would you 'ave, buyin' 'osses from 'oss-dealers?"

To each Australian dealer was attached his "colt-breaker". Cheerful, pleasant-spoken, wiry lads these were as a rule; and they rode unconcernedly anything that looked like a horse. Once in the saddle, nothing save his own free will or dynamite would get a colt-breaker out of it; it was a fascinating sight to watch him swaying easily in time with the frantic bucks and plunges of a waler taken from the mob, and mounted without any of the preliminary mouthing and reining considered indispensable in England. Practice, one supposes, makes perfect. "So you would if you'd been at it as long", once rejoined a colt-breaker to whom I had remarked that I would give anything to ride as he did; "I can't remember any time that I couldn't ride, and I began breaking for my living when I was fourteen."

In the enjoyment of our first month in the pleasant European world of Madras we youngsters did not seek Indian society or Indian acquaintances, but two Indian personalities had obtruded themselves on us ere ever we reached Madras. These were the *munshis* Parthasaradhi and Venkataraman, oriental reincarnations of Mr. Pott, editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and of his rival who edited the *Independent*. What their everyday occupations might

be, I never knew; I fancy that both were clerks of some sort or other, earning 15 rupees or so per month. A young Civilian would probably pay 30 rupees for a month's so-called tuition in Tamil; and over me and my fellows Parthasaradhi and Venkataraman strove, even as the Archangel Michael once wrestled with the Devil for the body of Moses. They learned our names as soon as we were assigned to Madras; they addressed letters defamatory of each other to us at our several Universities; they boarded the train forty miles north of Madras, and aroused us from slumber at four o'clock in the morning. They did not imitate the good manners of the Archangel in refraining from "railing accusations". "That man is an incompetent quacker", said Parthasaradhi scornfully to me. He had pinned me down in my hotel room as his victim as securely as a butterfly collector pins down a specimen, while Venkataraman prowled disconsolately outside. And Parthasaradhi could at times translate his words into action. Venkataraman was in treaty with a pupil; when the door flew open with a crash, and Parthasaradhi, with his thin brown legs escaping from the folds of his *dhoti*, his turban dangling on the top-knot at the back of his head, and with an irresistible suggestion about him of a plucked chicken in full flight, bounded into the room. He seized Venkataraman, and incontinently hurled him downstairs; then returning, he seated himself, and announced himself as ready to begin the lesson.

I recall the pronouncement of a later *munshi* on the abstract quality of Honesty. Dishonesty, greed of gold, he condemned; but in his opinion an entirely "honest" magistrate in the space of four years should "save" about twice the total sum which he received as salary.

Tamil needs a word of introduction to those who do not know it. The language has no relative pronoun, no system of relative construction: from this fact spring consequences strange to the European mind. Every word which qualifies another must precede the word qualified. Take, for example, a simple sentence in colloquial English:

" The first time that I came here I saw you." Translate into Tamil, and the order is, " I here first come time on you saw I."

Tamil has a great many letters, but at the same time it lacks letters to express certain everyday sounds. There is no F sound in the language, and the same letters do duty for P and B, and for G and K. But then Tamil has three N's and two L's. This last letter presents some pleasant complexities : *kolei* (the diphthong is pronounced as the French accented *ê*) means " murder " ; *kollei* means a " backyard ", and it is essential to mark the double consonant. But then *kollei* with a different double L means " dacoity ". These difficulties are trifling compared with the difficulty of pronouncing the last letter of the word " Tamil ". This letter has (more or less) the sound of ZH, with a suggestion of R, and a slight inclination to L !

The month flitted by, and orders posting us to our several stations appeared in the *Gazette*. I took train for Trichinopoly—where the cheroots come from.

CHAPTER III

TRICHINOPOLY AND OOTACAMUND

Peter and the mangoes—the Rock and its watchman—Indian soldiers—Kolmayi—Shanmugam Pillai—the *kavalgarans*—a job, and a disquisition on *sarishtadars*—strife at Srirangam—the Kaveri floods—a village of malefactors—Ootacamund—Todas and buffaloes—a Badaga prevaricator—the hunting-field—the Hadfield brothers

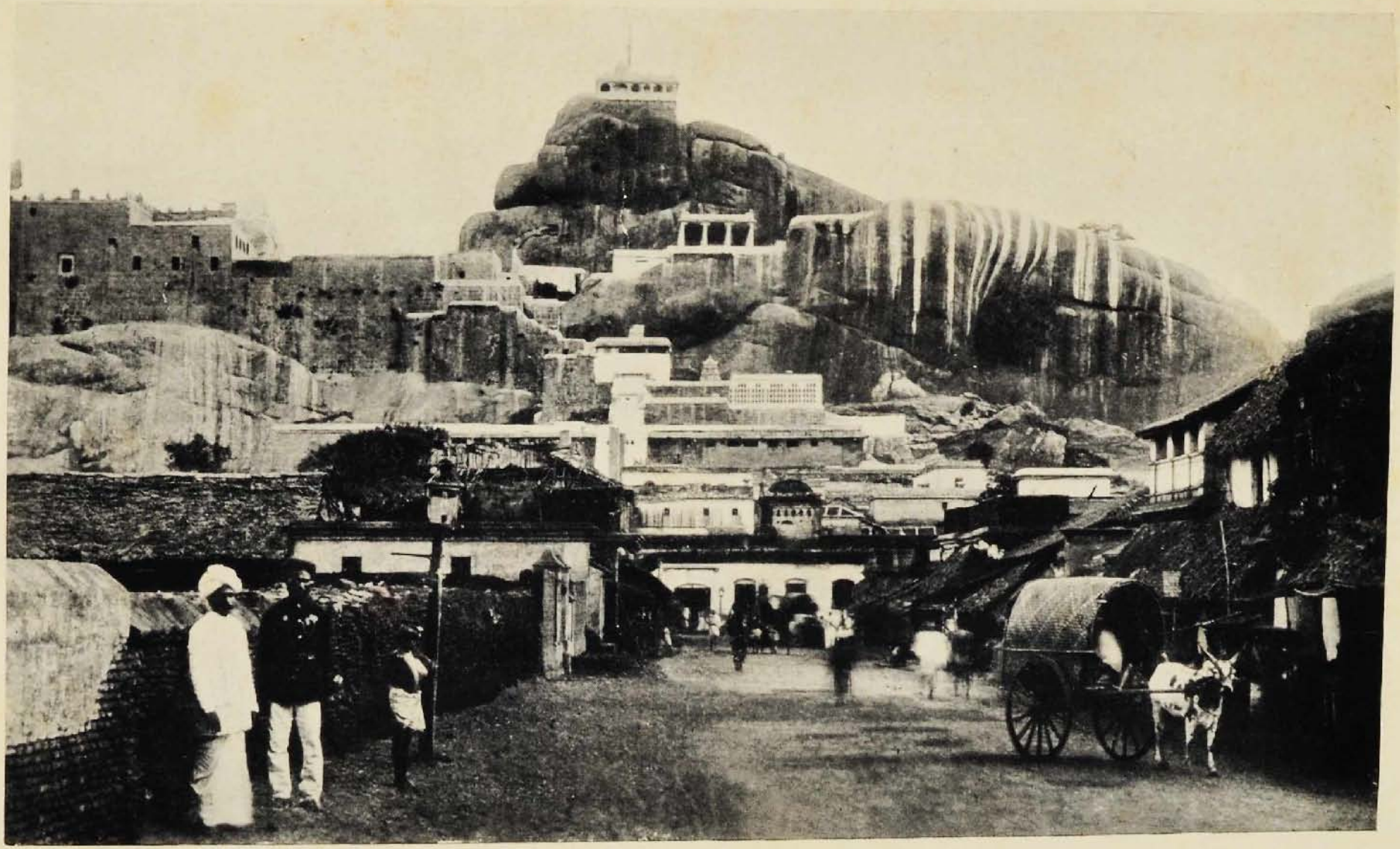
THEY don't. To modern English ears the chief association of the name Trichinopoly is with cheroots, but, widespread as is the fame of the "Trichy", Trichinopoly is not now in an especial sense a centre of the tobacco industry. To one brand of "Trichy" the name "Dawson" is commonly added; and there are "Java Dawsons" as well as "Trichy Dawsons". Who or what "Dawson" was I have no idea; but the Trichy and Java "Dawsons" recall to me a still more curious use of a personal name. Mangoes are a speciality of the "Ceded Districts", and one very delicious variety of mangoe is known as the "Peter *pasundh*", which means "the mangoe that Peter liked". I can picture to myself Carlyle's Dryasdust or Smelfungus starting with this little clue to dig out "Peter" from the rubbish heap of District tradition.

Trichinopoly, once the capital of the Nayakkan dynasty of Madura, but abandoned in favour of Madura city by Tirumala Nayakkan (1623–1659), lies south of Madras, and at a distance from it of some two hundred and fifty miles by rail. Half a mile to the north of the city flows the Kaveri, which separates Trichinopoly from the holy island of Srirangam, famed as the last dwelling-place of Sri Ramanujachariar, the chief prophet or saint of the Vaishnavite school of philosophic religion. Over the city

towers the great Rock, which rises 273 feet above the level of the surrounding streets. One climbs the Rock from the south by a covered stairway; half-way up this stairway emerges into the open at a little *Pillayar* shrine, where each evening, as dusk closes in, three lamps are lighted. On the summit stands a Siva temple.

A tale, be it true or false, told to me of the Trichy Rock and of the watchman on it, suggested a thought or question which persisted in my mind throughout nearly twenty-five years of reading about and wandering over the Districts of the Madras Presidency. The Rock commands a wonderful view of the surrounding country, and during the long struggle of the eighteenth century between the English and the French, the English, it is said, were wont to keep on the Rock top a watchman armed with a telescope to give them news of the enemy's movements. It was a curious picture then to call up in the mirror of one's mind: the two little handfuls of white invaders contending for the mastery over the great country and the vast population which lay about them, and the great Indian Rock with its watchman standing silently above and aloof from the combatants. And the picture rose again and took shape before my mind's eye many a time during the later years of my service. I have stood on battle-fields whereon the fate of Southern India was decided, and the fight there was between nations alien from India, Indian auxiliaries on either side looking on and offering their compliments to the victors. These pictures of the dim dead past suggest the thought and the question: South India could neither govern herself nor fight for herself two hundred years ago; is she more ready to do either to-day?

It is a catch-phrase of politicians that South India was conquered for the English by the Indians; it would be truer to say that South India was lost to the Indians by the Indians themselves. The history of South India is at once a glorious tale of the valour and endurance that won for England her Empire in the East, and a dreary record of the vacillation, faithlessness, and intrigue of



THE ROCK, TRICHINOPOLY

Indian rulers that gave dominion over the South to the foreigner. There are "Home Rulers" in India to-day: of them, during the great struggle between England and Germany, said Mr. N. Tilak, cousin of the better-known Poona politician, "The cardinal fact in the whole situation is that the Home Rule Leaguers have not realized their country's vital relation to the war. They are blind to the fact that the time has come to prepare seriously for the defence of their own country. They are under the delusion that whatever is done by the Indian people to help the cause of the Allies is done by way of obliging the British Government." Had India and England not prevailed, there would be little talk in India to-day of a greater or less measure of self-government; if the Germans were brutal in their actions, they were, at least, candid as to their intentions. Even in the report of an Indian political conference of to-day I find this airy disposal of the problem of the army and of the armed defence of India: "It is not surely for the protection of the Indian people, but for the perpetuation of the British rule in India [that British troops continue in India]. Nations live and prosper by the strength of the moral force that permeates their life, and brute force is not after all the final arbiter in the destinies of National struggle." True, perhaps: but the supreme test of the "moral force which permeates the life of a nation" is the willingness of the members of that nation to unite, fight, and die for the nation. The rising of the Mappillas of Malabar a few years back was hailed by some extremists as an effort towards Indian freedom: the effort found expression in wholesale massacre by Indian Moslems of their Hindu fellow Indians. And though the sword does not decide all, the years have taken away nothing from the truth of John Ruskin's words: "For many a year to come the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or to subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that you will ever draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon

the iron of the earth—when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more."

Yet India, it will be said, is a land of splendid soldiers. This is true: Indian soldiers have proved their worth on many a hard-fought field. But only under foreign leadership have Hindu, Moslem, Sikh, Pathan, Gurkha, united to fight for a common cause. And for what cause did they fight? I have often put this question to soldiers returning battle-scarred from the Great War. Some fought because their officers, whom they admired, asked them to fight; some fought to uphold the traditional honour of their regiment; some admitted frankly that they fought because they liked fighting. The idea that they fought "for India" did not seem to have entered into the minds of any of them.

Beneath the Rock is a sacred tank (*teppa-kulam*), and hard by are the buildings of the great Jesuit college dedicated to St. Joseph. Local tradition points to one of these buildings as the house where Robert Clive once lived; but there is little or no reliable evidence to corroborate this legend. And the old Rock, which looks down on the strange Western priests at their task, looks down also on a stranger sight, the festival of the goddess *Kolmayi*. The goddess came from the West, where her craving for human flesh was so insatiable that her people at last shut her into a box, and threw box and goddess into the Kaveri. From such plight a pious Brahmin rescued the goddess: she served him in the likeness of a *Palla* slave, till in one of her fits of blood-lust she cut off his head. Now at the festival of the goddess her image, made of palmyra leaves, is brought into the city, and her thirst for blood is slaked with the blood of black kids. The priest of the sacrifice is said to drink of the blood which flows from the victims' throats.

Within the city, in addition to the Jesuit college of St. Joseph, are situated the Hindu college and the college of the S.P.G. Mission. Trichinopoly is in fact one of the

great educational centres of South India. It is an odd and amusing fact that another famous abode of learning is situated in a city of which the name is in Tamil slang a synonym for mendacity. One may indulge the charitable hope that here is an Oriental equivalent of the derivation *lucus a non lucendo*. No religious restrictions, so far as I am aware, obtain at either of the Christian colleges of Trichinopoly: indeed, so far at one time was religious tolerance carried that there were not wanting Hindus to condemn the education of the European as entirely godless.

West of the city proper lies the cantonment. Here is a square with European bungalows ranged along its sides: old Father Sewell, of whom I shall speak again, told me that in his soldier days there was a station order which forbade officers of the garrison to drill their companies on the square, dressed themselves in pyjamas and standing on their roof-tops. Trichinopoly cantonment is no longer of any great military importance, but it thrives as the headquarters of the South Indian Railway. Farther away on the open plain the "Golden Rock" overhangs the huge Central Jail. Here were found golden coins, possibly the relics of a French invasion or occupation: the legend of a buried treasure grew and grew, till there was formed a syndicate to search for hidden wealth. I saw the office of the syndicate on my return to Trichinopoly many years later, but I fear that the venture was scarcely a commercial success.

At Trichinopoly I formed the first of a few Indian friendships which have lasted till now, and which will last, I hope, throughout my lifetime. S. Shanmugam Pillai was my first clerk at my first Indian station; he left Trichinopoly for a time to serve under me in the taking of the Census in 1911; he welcomed me on my return to Trichinopoly as Collector in 1913; and he journeyed to Madras to bid me farewell when I left India in 1925. When in despair I once protested that I made no progress in understanding the Tamil of my *kavalgaran*, he cheered

me with the avowal that he found the understanding scarcely less difficult. The *kavalgaran*, or the system which he represented, deserves a passing word.

Kaval means "watch"; consequently *kavalgaran* (it is difficult to represent in Roman script the sound of Tamil words) is "the watchman". A watchman in England is ordinarily chosen for his honesty: the watchman of Trichinopoly is chosen because he is a thief. It would be a libel on many a hardworking and honest man to say that *kavalgarans* actually steal; but the fact remains that they belong to a caste of which the traditional occupation is stealing. On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief one appoints a member of the thief caste to look after one's goods. If property vanishes unaccountably, the *kavalgaran* is expected to take the unofficial steps needful for its recovery. The *kavalgaran* is ordinarily the most obliging and industrious of servants; how far his ability to resteal, or somehow retrieve, that which has been stolen really extends, I should hesitate to say. Quaint tales are told of the pranks played by the tribe on those whose principles forbade them to support a thieves' trade union. Of a *kavalgaranless* Judge it is related that he awoke one morning to find himself sleeping on his bed beneath a tree in his garden; thither he had been carried sleeping from his house, and his goods and chattels were arranged in neat piles about him. A variant, and a more annoying form, of the *Kaval* is the system of *tuppu-kuli* (detection-money), which, despite the efforts of the Police, still prevails to some extent on the countryside. Cattle are stolen from the fields or from the cowsheds: the owner, on payment of *tuppu-kuli*, usually estimated at half the worth of the stolen animals, can have back his property. Rules of a most unblushing publicity provide for fair distribution of the blackmail: so much to the local head of the tribe, so much to the actual cattle-lifters, so much to those who harbour the cattle while financial arrangements are under discussion.

My first stay in Trichinopoly was not a very long one.

I returned to the District thirteen years later under circumstances which made some appeal to my private sense of dramatic contrast. I left as an Assistant Collector under training, as one so low in the official hierarchy as scarcely to have any definite place in it: I came back as Collector (it was my first Collectorate), the chief official of the District. Indian towns and Districts change in outward aspect slowly, if they change at all; but the European population of a station is as an ever-rolling stream. There were few of my fellow-countrymen whom I remembered, but almost the first of the Collectorate staff to greet me was my faithful old friend Shanmugam Pillai. And I won quickly but undeservedly a certain repute as one who remembers merit in the lowly. I had met by chance in my early days a very humble servant of the Government; now I met him again, and I fished him from the backwater in which he had lain stagnating and unnoticed throughout the intervening years. The truth to tell, it was his peculiar appearance rather than any peculiar efficiency on his part that I remembered. So I gave him some small promotion. "I fear", said my *sarishtadar* deferentially, "that this may be regarded as a job." "It *is* a job", I replied; "and if I don't do it, nobody else will."

For English readers the *sarishtadar* needs a word of introduction and explanation. His name signifies "the holder of the ropes", and the ropes are those which connect the alien bureaucracy with the voiceless masses. He calls the Collector "your honour", and he draws one-tenth of the Collector's salary; but in the estimation of the dusky mob with which the Collector has to do the Collector in the hands of the *sarishtadar* is as clay in the hands of the potter. Very possibly the judgment of the mob is right. For the Collector's Office, as later I shall have occasion to point out, knows everything, and the *sarishtadar*, as the clerical Head of the Office, is the repository of its wisdom. A competent *sarishtadar* is also, of necessity, a casuist. It is the great principle of Indian administra-

tion that, if anyone wants to do anything, he mustn't. On the ground floor of Headquarters Secretariats toil myriads of babus erecting, metaphorically, barbed wire entanglements against the feet of those who would walk: the initials of the Secretary on the top floor represent just the twist and clinching of the final strand. But a *sarishtadar* clears these entanglements with the careless ease of a stag hopping over six feet of masonry, and he carries his master with him in his flight. Well it was for the great Newman that Charles Kingsley had no *sarishtadar* at his elbow. Newman could make the Thirty-nine Articles mean anything or nothing: a *sarishtadar* can prove that two and two make three, four, or five, as the need of the moment suggests.

Of course I visited Srirangam, and saw the great temple of Raghunathaswami. The plan of this temple is seven rectangular enclosures, of which the outermost measures 3,070 by 2,520 feet. But, strange to our European way of thinking, the temple decreases in majesty as one advances within it: the central shrine, the holy of holies, is no more impressive than a little village temple.

Srirangam at the time of my second stay in Trichinopoly was torn by spiritual dissension, and threatened with material damage. The dissension was between the *Vadagaleis* and *Tengaleis*, two sects of the Vaishnavite faith. The theological difference, so far as it can be expressed in the words of Western thought, is that the *Tengaleis* believe salvation to be a matter of God's grace alone, the *Vadagaleis* hold that man by his works must do his part. It is probable, however, that the uninstructed follower of the faith knows and cares little about all this; if asked, he would specify as the difference that which is merely the outward and visible mark of that difference, namely, the particular shape of the Vaishnavite caste, or better, school mark worn on the forehead. One sect now desired to go in procession through the streets; the other side protested vehemently, laying stress on the inevitable Indian argument "it is not the custom". The question

had been fought up to the highest appellate tribunal, and, pending the decision of the law, the procession had been interdicted. The decision of the High Court declared the procession legal: forthwith deputations of the other side waited on me with the comforting assurance that bloodshed would be the result. It seemed to me to be an occasion for plain speaking. I informed the protestants that I would call out the Reserve Police (a military reserve rather than a body recruited for police purposes), and carry out at any cost the order of the Court. A touch of comedy was added to the proceedings by the humorous outspokenness of a lawyer who appeared to support the protest. He had suggested that I might "suspend" the High Court's decision. "Suspend the High Court's decision"! I snapped. "Don't you know that you are talking nonsense?" "I do", replied the lawyer blandly. This was candour at least. "Why do you do it?" I asked. "Why do you charge me income-tax?" counter-queried the lawyer, with unabated good humour. "I've got to earn it somehow or other, haven't I?" The procession, shepherded by the Police, passed off undisturbed. I believe that it has met no let or hindrance ever since.

Theology in all probability would have ceased to interest Srirangam had the city been submerged, or cut off from Trichinopoly by the destruction of the bridge which spans the Kaveri. At one time one or other of these contingencies did not seem altogether unlikely. The Kaveri impinges on the western end of Srirangam Island, and there branches into two arms. The northern arm passes through great regulating shutters (there are, or were, fifty-five bays of forty feet span), and is thereafter known as the Coleroon. The Kaveri continues as the southern arm: at the other end of the island the Grand Anicat keeps the two rivers from uniting again. Not a drop of rain was falling at this time in Trichinopoly, but the floodgates of Heaven were opened near the river's source, and the waters rose and rose. The shutters of the Coleroon regulator were raised to their utmost height, and the flood roared through;

the Kaveri was swirling up to the parapet of the bridge. The floodbanks on the south side cracked ominously, and water crept slowly over the railway line. To supplement the efforts of the railway staff, the local regiment was held in readiness; an engine with steam up stood ready to drag trucks loaded with sandbags to danger-points; and daily telegrams announced that the headwaters were rising steadily. It looked as though something must go with a crash; when suddenly the distant rains ceased, the river fell rapidly, and we breathed once more.

Of the effect of distant rain in India I had one striking illustration. I was in camp near a railway line in the Bellary District; it was the middle of the hot weather; the earth was burned to the dryness and colour of brick-dust; the sky had the hue of burnished copper. I put my camp cot clear of my tent under the open sky, and I tossed uneasily through the parching night. At dawn a messenger from the railway station awoke me. "A bridge half a mile off has been washed away during the night", he said. I went to the scene; the stone piers had been overturned, and the rails sagged unsupported over empty space. In the evening two dejected forest officers reached my tents. They had pitched theirs in the dry river-bed: with a crash the waters from far away poured down on them in the middle of the night, and clothes, tents, papers, floated away on a foaming tide.

It is an old and true saying that a creaking hinge lasts long. The danger-point at the time of this flood was supposed to be the bridge across the Kaveri. It is an old bridge, and, so an engineer informed me, one not built quite in accordance with modern ideas of scientific strength. On the Coleroon regulator no one bestowed an anxious thought. But when the floods came with greater force in 1924, the bridge stood up, the regulator went down. The purpose of the regulator and of the Grand Anicat, of course, is to control irrigation, and to lead the river waters inland. Almost more interesting than these great masonry works of modern days are the

age-old *karambus*, temporary dams of sand and wattle pushed out at intervals into the river-bed to divert some of the flood water to the rice lands above and uncommanded by the Anicats. This is the primitive water engineering of old India; some of these dams are a thousand yards or more in length, and they have to be built up laboriously anew each year. The method of the actual building is known and stereotyped; but the choice of the moment at which to commence building, the angle at which the dam is to be set, demand a nice discrimination. At such work the Indian villager is marvellously skilful; his skill represents an instinct developed by ages of experience. I have seen Indian cultivators excavate without the aid of any levelling instrument a channel over a mile in length, and round the shoulder of a hill, to fields not visible from the irrigation source, and yet bring the water exactly to the point at which they needed it.

Srirangam is a city given over to piety. Travelling through the Trichinopoly District I came upon a village at once impious and totally unlike anything that I had ever seen before.

The Indian village is ordinarily compact—dreadfully so, in fact. When all vacant spaces at the sides of the so-called streets have been filled up, the villager, unless prevented from so doing, will build himself some sort of dwelling into the street, or else plump in the middle of it. Here the houses were all separate, and about each house there had been planted, or there had grown up, a veritable maze of the formidable Indian "prickly-pear". The spikes of this plant or pest are as formidable as the barbs on wire, and beneath the broad leaves, on which the spikes grow, snakes find congenial shelter. The reason for this strange departure in village-planning was explained to me by an aged and wicked man: whether he spoke the truth, or not, I cannot say. A Government of former days, exasperated by the thievings, maraudings, murderings of the villagers, had burned the village to the ground, and had decreed that henceforth no village

should stand on the site of that destroyed. The inhabitants had replied by the construction of isolated houses, each house sheltered safely within a prickly-pear entanglement. A village of criminals might be bad enough, but families of criminals separately and strongly entrenched seemed to me even worse. My informant had been compulsorily absent from his family circle for more than twenty years: the cause of his absence was an altercation with a policeman, in the course of which the policeman unaccountably expired. Of this village and of its strange inhabitants a brother official told me a story. He was encamped in the immediate neighbourhood, when a lady came to him with a doleful tale that her husband's enemies had murdered him, and had hidden the corpse in the depths of the prickly-pear. "But", said the official, noting the date of the tragedy, "I was here on the day after the murder; why didn't you come to me then?" "I forgot", said the widow artlessly.

In Trichinopoly, on the occasion of my first stay there, a plague of boils such as once afflicted Job the man of Uz smote me, and a considerate Government (all things said and done, Indian Governments are considerate to their subordinates) transferred me to the hills and to nominal duty, that I might recover my health. So at a very early stage of my service I was wafted to Ootacamund, the queen of Indian hill stations, the Paradise to which those who have sweltered through long years in the heat-sodden plains turn longing eyes.

Ootacamund can be reached by rail or road from Mettupaliyam, and the road, thanks to the coming of the motor-car, has won back the traveller's favour. It climbs nearly eight thousand feet in less than forty miles; but, though winding and fairly steep, it is a splendid piece of engineering, and the surface is kept in perfect order. When I made my first journey to the hills, the motor-car was practically unknown in South India; one took the mountain railway to Coonoor, and completed the journey by road in a *tonga*. If the *tonga* has not disappeared

entirely from South India, it is likely soon to disappear ; but no better horse-drawn vehicle was ever invented for the traffic of the mountain roads. It may be described as a heavy, low-built gig, so proportioned that the greater part of the weight was at the back. The *tonga* was drawn by a pair of horses running on either side of a centre pole : this pole carried an iron crossbar which fitted into slots in specially devised saddles. This was the principle of the draught, which dispensed with breast harness and traces. Horses were changed two or three times between Coonoor and Ootacamund, and a change provided, as a rule, a moment crowded with thrills. For it seemed to be a point of honour with *tonga* owners that their horses should never be broken properly ; usually, while one animal reared straight up, the other endeavoured to lie down and grovel in the roadway. Once started, the pair travelled at a swinging canter ; the road was good, and the drivers in their wild way were skilful ; accidents were unknown.

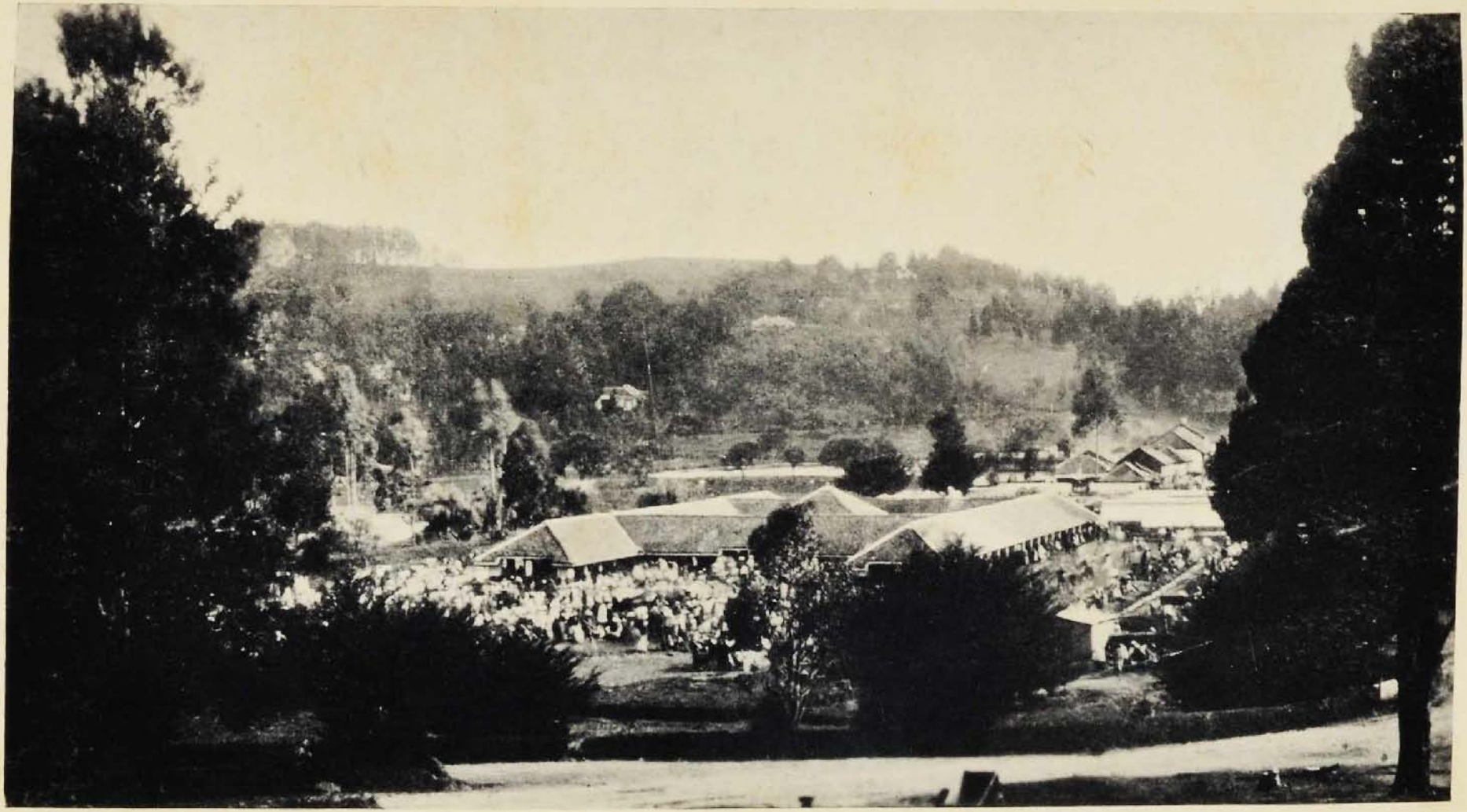
It is easy now to roll by steam or petrol power up the mountain side into the well-ordered town at the summit ; but, for all the comfort, one would give something to recapture the wonderment of the first European explorers who scaled the mist-shrouded Nilgiris, and found a new world and a strange people before their eyes. For Ootacamund is not a mere assemblage of houses, stuck one by one like barnacles on the hill-side. Imagine Lambourn raised thousands of feet above sea-level, with the Berkshire downs stretching around and about it, and the picture is not unlike that of the modern summer capital of the Madras Government.

The first mention of an ascent of the Nilgiris is a dim tale of a mission sent in 1602 by the bishop of the Roman Catholic Syrians of Malabar in search of Christians said to have wandered away into the mountain mists. Probably the first Europeans to reach the top were the surveyors Keys and MacMahon in 1812 ; Whish and Kindersley ascended in 1818 ; in 1819 Mr. John Sullivan of the Madras Government followed ; and in 1821 Europeans commenced

to settle on the hill-top. It took some time to dispel the fear of malaria ; up to a certain height the hills and forests are sodden with fever, but as one ascends one rises clear of the fever zone. Sir Thomas Munro visited the Nilgiris in 1826, and he has given a charming description of his visit in his letters. Munro's successors from the terrace of to-day's Government House can look on a strange freak of nature. Government House lies under the shadow of Dodabetta (*Kanarese* : " the big mountain "), and where the mountain slopes to the toll-gate through which the main road from the plains enters Ootacamund, the rocks and trees of the hill-side, seen from the mile or two of intervening distance, suggest a gigantic sculptured head of the late Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister of England.

The Nilgiris are regarded by those who live in India as a refuge from the scorching summer heat of the plains, but the visitor who would see them at their best must visit them during the winter months. No rain falls then, nor do stormy winds blow ; the frosty nip of the early morning air fades pleasantly beneath the warmth of a bright sun shining in a cloudless sky. The Ootacamund market is a gay sight of a winter morning, with the Badagas in their red blankets, the tall bearded Todas bringing in their buffalo milk and *ghi* (clarified butter) for sale, the big carts that have climbed slowly from the plains with salt, oil, cloth, and that then roll away laden with whatever they can secure of hill produce. Ootacamund has the finest golf-links in South India, and in 1901, when cricket was more in favour than it now is, the Hobart Park was a ground that many an English county club might envy. C. T. Studd then lived on the Nilgiris, and many a long day's exhibition of first-class batting he gave to aspiring and perspiring Indian and European fieldsmen. Coffee was then in the lowest depths, but tea has now brought back prosperity to the planters.

Ootacamund at the beginning of the twentieth century recalled to me Guy de Maupassant's description of a village in Algeria as inhabited solely by Generals. On half the



THE SHANDY (MARKET) OOTACAMUND

gateposts of the place one read the name of a General, or, at least, of a Colonel; these were old officers of the Indian Army, who had lost all touch with the Homeland, and who passed contentedly the evening of their days in "the sweet half-English Nilgiri air". *Quis separabit* is the motto of the P. & O. Steamship Company, yet nothing has done more to separate the Englishman from India than the present-day facilities for passing between one country and the other. "When you landed after six or seven months in a sailing ship", once said an old soldier to me, "you thought twice ere you tempted Fortune on the sea again." Time has taken its toll of the old warriors: Liardet, Penton, Tillard, Baker, these and many another are names of a bygone day. Yet of late years Ootacamund seems again to find favour with those who fly from the taxes, rents, servants, and labour troubles of England.

For myself, I renewed my strength in the clean mountain air: my official chief good-humouredly told me to get fit and strong ere I bothered my head overmuch with work, and he left me to my own devices. So I roamed the hills afoot or on a pony; I visited the little Badaga villages, of which the streets, in contradistinction to those of the ordinary village of the plains, are always in perfect alignment; I tried with very indifferent success to talk to the Todas, and underwent the usual European experience of being chivied by a surly Toda buffalo, and rescued by a toddling Toda child. The Boer War sent a number of Boer prisoners to these hills; they were quartered at Keti, the village where the St. George's Homes now stand. I met two Boers once: they were out on parole, and were discussing amiably with a planter who had returned wounded from the war a battle in which they had fought against their host of the moment. About that time, too, was commenced the building of the great cordite factory at Aruvankadu.

I have often wondered what the Todas really are, and whence they came. They are so few in number, and so totally different from all the hillmen about them, that

they surely must have come as a separate body from somewhere else. Yet a Toda without his buffaloes is inconceivable: how, then, did they bring their buffaloes with them? The Toda is a tall man, heavily bearded, with long black hair falling on his shoulders. He is, as a rule, singularly handsome; and a stranger can scarcely fail to note in him a strange resemblance to the legendary portraits of Christ. He lives in a conical hut, which resembles nothing so much as a gigantic beehive; the door is so low that the entrant must needs crawl in on all fours. The buffalo is the be-all and end-all of the Toda's existence. The Toda himself will do no work save pasture his herds on the rolling downs; his dairy is his sacred place to which no stranger is admitted; his speech to his fellows sounds oddly like the utterances of a buffalo. Civilization has brought no benefit to these pastoral nomads; the Toda women are shamelessly immoral, and the tribe is rotten with drink and disease. Yet it would be unfair to cast on the shoulders of civilization all blame for Toda decadence. Polyandry (which the Todas still practise), female infanticide (which they used to practise), idleness, all these things have in them the seeds or causes of decay. The Todas had a drastic method of "trying out" their female children: the luckless infant was placed at the entrance of a kraal, and the herd were driven in atop of her. One thing is curious: by all the laws of human probability the Todas ought to have died out by this, but their numbers show no very great variation from census to census.

One old Toda of my day had been lured for a season from his mountain home by that indefatigable seeker after all that is strange, the late Phineas T. Barnum. On his return to his own people he wore spectacles, as befitted one who had studied deeply the wisdom of the outside world. And he knew an English word or two: *ishnow*, he said proudly to me one morning, pointing to the hoar-frost which whitened the downs.

The Badaga is a bustling, active person; in some ways

he is, I fear, almost too well qualified to cope with the complexities of modern life. Once I was directed to examine the accounts of a Greek trader, contractor, and money-lender, who had come to follow his calling on the hills; these accounts were kept in Greek, and it was assumed that I, as latest from school, would be more likely than anyone else to understand them. I found modern Greek cursive script about as decipherable as Chinese; but the writer of the script was an agreeable and explanatory personage. Dealings with Europeans, and especially dealings with Government departments, he told me, were just the pocketing of profits which awaited the first intelligent passer-by; but against money dealings with Badagas he gave me a fatherly caution. His own ventures in this line he meditated writing off to experience. After twenty-five years I recall the name of one Badaga, and the circumstances which fixed the name in my memory. He was named Uttamathan, and he led me on a wild-goose chase by some fantastic tale of wrong and oppression. When I arrived, Uttamathan was not. "All Badagas are liars", said the headman politely, "but Uttamathan——" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

With the coming of April *tongas* in increasing numbers clattered past Charing Cross (there is a Charing Cross in the Nilgiris), *peons* in red livery sprang like mushrooms from the ground, "the Government" was upon us, and the Ooty season opened. I think that in many ways the hill season of twenty-five years ago was pleasanter than that of to-day. There were fewer people; those few knew one another; money, or the want of it, was more or less equally distributed. There was less of gaiety than there is to-day, but there was enough of it. Ootacamund is now a pleasure resort of the wealthy from all over India; the place is ruinously expensive, and the round of pleasure has become a treadmill.

In June the rains commence, and for months Ootacamund for the mere pedestrian seeker after coolness is a dreary wilderness, over which the dark rainclouds brood,

and through which the chill damp winds whistle. But the rains soften the downs, and the world and his wife turn out to hunt the jackal. There is no jumping, but the wild rushes down the steep slopes supply as much excitement and risk as the ordinary mortal demands. Hunting to-day has been improved and speeded up till it is a matter of blood horses and plenty of them to live with the pack; long ago one hunted and had good sport on anything that more or less resembled a horse. There were figures in the cheery fields of the old days that I still remember. Sir Gabriel Stokes, Member of Council, rode a heavy weight, but he had the eye for country, and the knowledge of how a jack will run, which partly are of instinct, partly come by experience, and keep a heavy man up with the hounds. Mr. Colin Mackenzie, tall and thin, was always in front, sitting beautifully, his long grey beard floating behind him. Mr. Mackenzie, I think, was rather proud of his patriarchal appearance; but an illustrated paper once paid a compliment to his supposed years which he scarcely appreciated. Under a photograph of him showing a horse over jumps at the Ootacamund horseshow appeared the legend: "The veteran sportsman is now in his seventy-fourth year."

In Ootacamund then there dwelt two mighty hunters before the Lord—the Hadfield brothers. Gordon was Forest Officer of the Nilgiris, Edward had retired from the Indian Police. How many tigers they had slain between them I do not remember, but the number was even greater than the number of their dogs, of which the name was Legion. To hold their trophies, which they mounted themselves, the brothers had put up a special building hard by their house, and a visit to the Hadfield museum was part of the routine prescribed for every sporting visitor to the hills.

All pleasant things must end sometime, and on a wet July day I received an order to betake myself to Bezwada, in the Kistna District. I packed my traps, squeezed in one last hunting-day, took *tonga* to Coonoor, and so to the hot plains once more.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST AND LAST THINGS

The training of a civilian—the Government of twenty-five years ago—Bureaucrats—the Indians turn against the English—the reason for the turning—" non-co-operation "—Lord Curzon—national character—Lord Morley and Mr. Montagu—Dyarchy—social relations between Indians and English

IT is natural to compare first things with last. I therefore pause for a moment in my journeyings, and turn my thoughts to a comparison of myself in official infancy with myself officially grown senile, to a comparison of the Government and social conditions of my first days with the Government and social conditions which I left behind me twenty-five years later.

When I left Ootacamund for Bezwada I was by technical description a " passed assistant collector " fitted to take independent charge of a division. My first eighteen months supposedly had been a training for the work which lay before me : now I ask myself whether this training was good or bad, useful or a mere waste of time. I think that the principle of the training was bad : what little I know I learned in quite other ways.

I shall have occasion later to speak of the artificiality of South Indian culture, and of some strange results produced by this artificiality. One such result is the Indian belief that all knowledge can be, and ought to be, measured by the foot-rule of formal examinations. The Indian judges every man by his " qualifications ", and " qualification " in any subject is attainable only by passing an examination in that subject. On the other hand, when once the examination has been passed, no further question as to " qualification " can arise.

Now, I had spent four years at a University, and in each one of those years I had sat for at least two fairly stiff examinations. I had appeared at, and had been successful at, the open competitive examination for the Indian Civil Service. I had then been sent back to my University for a year's special study, punctuated by two examinations. When I arrived in India I found that the work set immediately before me was the passing of fresh examinations. I cannot say that I found any particular difficulty in the task, but, in truth, I had had more than my share of examinations. I was sick to death of examinations and of the preparation for them.

The greater part of these new examinations was in Indian law, a subject which I had studied, and in which I had been examined, during my last year at home. If the study and examinations of that year were considered unavailing and insufficient, why keep a young man at Home for a wasted year? Why not bring him at once to India, make him pass his examinations in India, and then have done with examinations for good and all? The second spell of examinations could only be justified by one or other of two suppositions: the one, that the young Englishman arriving in India would take no further interest in acquiring the knowledge which must serve him throughout the best years of his life; the other, that he could acquire by a year's cramming a sufficiency of knowledge to last him for his lifetime. Both these suppositions appear to me absurd. In truth, English common sense had surrendered to the slow pressure of Indian opinion: let there be but a sufficiency of examinations, and the young official could thereafter front hostile criticism in a panoply of passes.

A bough is easily bent when it is green: the first year of a young man's life in India may influence for good or evil the utility of his whole stay and service in the country. I verily believe that it would pay India to pay the young arrival to do little during his first year save wander, unaccompanied by an interpreter, through

the country, getting into touch with the life and thought of the people, and, above all, getting to understand their speech. For one examination at least I would maintain, an examination in an Indian language, and I would make that examination a fairly stiff one. I am in accord with the spirit of a minute written in the year 1676: "That the Company pay a Tutor for six months; the Tutor to read to them one hower every day of the weeke. If any absent or neglect to forfeit; that if they be not at six months end perfect, then three months more to be allowed; wherein he that speakes not the language shall forfeit for every time that he speakes English. The account of forfeiture to be sent to the Company, which will more affect than the loss of the money."

In after years, when I was appointed as an examiner in languages, I found no reason to change the opinion which I had formed in my youth. No one regarded, or professed to regard, the examinations in general as aught save a useless nuisance, a waste of time and effort. An examination in an Indian language was imposed on all and sundry without the least thought as to its practical utility. A middle-aged man, brought out from England to advise the Government on scientific technicalities, was forced to spend months on the elements of a difficult language which he would never have occasion to speak. On the other hand, young men, whose duties ought to bring them into daily, hourly, contact with the Indian masses, regarding the language examination as a mere formality expected to pass it on the strength of a few patter phrases committed unintelligently to memory.

The Government of my early days can be described simply. It was an oligarchy of European permanent officials. The appointment of the Governor, the titular head of the whole administration, was made in England, presumably on political considerations. But the Governor issued his orders as "the Governor-in-Council"; he was but one in a Council of three, and the other two were European members of the Indian Civil Service. There

were three Secretaries to Government, all Europeans, and all members of the Indian Civil Service. The Government was advised in all matters pertaining to revenue by the Board of Revenue, which consisted of four European members of the Indian Civil Service. The Collectors, heads of the several Presidency Districts, were, with one exception, Europeans, and members of the Indian Civil Service.

The highest judicial tribunal of the Presidency, the High Court of Madras, comprised six judges. Of these, two were European members of the Indian Civil Service, and three were English barristers. One judge was an Indian lawyer; at a later date another was appointed. The great majority of the District judges were European members of the Civil Service.

I may seem to assert a paradox when I say that in all this there was no element of racial exclusiveness or unfairness. A certain outline of administration had been drawn, and details were filled fairly and impartially into this outline. By way of illustration I defend the position seemingly the most easily, certainly the oftenest, attacked. Why, it was asked, should not the Government choose at least its judges from among those especially qualified to hold judicial office in India, namely, the Indian lawyers practising at the Indian Bar? Why should the esurient white bureaucrat encroach even on the judicial Bench?

In the first place the Government of the day had no choice in the matter. The charter of the High Court provided for a certain number of judges, of whom a certain proportion should be members of the Indian Civil Service, and a certain proportion barristers, that is to say, men who had obtained their legal qualification in England.

In the second place, the general argument that judges should be recruited from the ranks of practising lawyers has really nothing to support it save the fact that judges are so recruited in England. The system works in England, sometimes well, sometimes not so well; other systems are possible; and no system devised by reasonable

men is necessarily better or worse than another. A Civil Servant who reached the High Court Bench had worked for years as a magistrate, and had sat for years on the District Bench. A man learns his law in the daily practice of the Courts, and he can learn as well on the Bench as at the Bar.

There is a certain practical argument to be adduced in favour of the appointment of Civilians to the highest judicial posts in India. Such appointment is in every sense advancement for a Civil Servant : the appointment therefore *can* be made solely on the grounds of merit. A successful practising lawyer must weigh against the dignity of judicial position a very substantial pecuniary loss.

I have often thought the appointment of barrister judges more open to criticism than that of Civilians. Theoretically, an admixture of men trained at the very centre of British jurisprudence is desirable. Practically, the salary of an Indian judge will not ordinarily attract from England a man who has attained success in England or has a reasonable prospect of attaining it. Moreover, such man, however brilliant he may be, comes in middle life to a country with whose peculiar mentality and customs he is entirely unacquainted. It is, of course, possible to appoint Indians, *qua* barristers, as judges ; but the number of Indian barristers in Madras has always been small. The professional rules governing an Indian lawyer (vakil) differ from those governing an English lawyer (barrister) ; and it is only reasonable to suppose that Indian lawyers prefer to work under rules devised to suit Indian conditions.

That the Civilian judges of Madras were, or at any time are, Europeans is a mere accident. There was not in 1900 any Indian member of the Civil Service whose seniority gave him a reasonable claim to a seat on the High Court Bench. And the same was true in respect of the high administrative appointments which I have enumerated. The Indian members of the Civil Service at that time were very junior in standing. I do not think

that it was suggested that an Indian qualified by seniority and merit should be, or in fact was, denied promotion.

But why should the control of a country's affairs rest solely in the hands of a bureaucracy, be that bureaucracy white or brown ? This is a perfectly reasonable question. If India is prepared to adopt the English system of political control, so be it : let the Indian Civil Service take place with the English Civil Service as the servant of a political chief. But while a political Government and a bureaucratic Government are alike possible, nothing save disaster can come of a mixing of the two systems. And in a bureaucracy, whether it be itself the Government or the servant of the Government, the sole principles leading to reliability and efficiency are promotion *within* the bureaucracy, and promotion according to seniority reasonably tempered by selection. Once men are brought in arbitrarily from outside into a bureaucratic *cadre*, once race, religion, or any political considerations are allowed to affect those within the *cadre*, the crumbling into ruin of that bureaucracy has started. And without an efficient bureaucracy no decent system of Government has ever existed or ever will exist.

The Government of South India in my early days was a white bureaucracy, and the white bureaucrat of the time did (he still does) an honest day's work for an honest day's pay. He offered to the Indian people a just and impartial, though possibly a somewhat rigid and mechanical, conduct of their public affairs. The Indian recognized these qualities of justice and impartiality : many an Indian of pronounced " nationalist " views has made the admission to me. Why then did the Indian turn, as turn he undoubtedly did, against white bureaucrat in general and white Indian Civilian in particular, and demand the heads of both on a charger ?

The white official offered good government to the Indian ; but whether the English and the Indian conceptions of good government are one and the same thing is a moot question. It is possible to surfeit a child with

kindness, particularly with a sort of kindness which the child does not altogether appreciate. I recall the words of an Indian villager with whom I sat under the shadow of one of the old, half-ruined forts which stud the Deccan, and watched a famine road in the making. That a road in its way is a good thing my villager agreed; but then, the making of many roads means the levy of much taxation. Country carts in the dry weather travel over the fields as easily as on a road; in the season of the rains no one has any particular desire to travel. Uniformity of justice is good; but the expense of modern Courts is the ruin of many an Indian family. It is a noble thing to succour the halt and the maimed at all times, the needy in the time of famine; but, after all, what is this save interference with Nature's way of regulating the population of a poor country to the country's resources? Wisdom is always good; but is the education of the standard school, which teaches the farmer's boy to despise honest manual work, the surest road to wisdom?

I do not entirely agree with these opinions, but I think that they deserve, at least, consideration. It is possible that the Englishman, honestly desiring to ameliorate the material lot of the Indian, ended by worrying the Indian to the point of distraction.

I think, too, that there is room for doubt whether the Government in one sense now "governs" as well as it once did. I have always been fond of listening to the opinions of "the man in the street", or, in India, of "the man in the rice-field". His opinions may be ill-founded, but they are, at any rate, the honest opinions of the man who utters them. Now, Ramaswami, Kandaswami, and the like were fertile in criticism of "the Government", but generally they ended on a note of approval: "the Government has brought us peace, life is easier, more secure". Gradually the note of acknowledgment died away; the note of criticism grew louder and more insistent. There must be reasons for this change. Undoubtedly people freed from inconveniences quickly forget that such

inconveniences ever existed; even positive benefits they accept as their right, and do not trouble to offer thanks. An Indian in the Kurnool District, who was forty years of age in 1900, remembered quite well the dreadful famine of 1877; he remembered, too, the building of the railway which made it sure that never again would the people of Kurnool die of hunger because grain could not be brought to them from outside. An Indian aged forty in 1925 would at most remember of the great famine only what he was told by others twelve years or more after the famine had subsided: the railway would be for him a natural fact, as real and inevitable as the great forest or the rocky hills through which it runs.

Does the Government of to-day keep the peace as well as it once did? It appeals to "enlightened popular opinion"; it seeks to follow, rather than to guide, that opinion. I am not, I hope, a tyrant by instinct, but I hold that Authority implies obligations as well as privileges. Not the least of these obligations is that to do at times unpleasant things. A Colonel must impose discipline on his regiment; if mutiny smoulders, he must quench the fire by his orders and actions; he is not entitled to appeal to the "public opinion" of the rank and file to do what he leaves undone. A Government, presumably, is convinced of its own rectitude of purpose: so long as it remains a Government it should not hesitate to impose, by force if necessary, its will on those who openly and finally oppose that will.

"Non-Co-operation" was a familiar feature of my last days in India. Individuals, or groups of individuals, were wont to proclaim that they no longer recognized the Government of the country, and would disregard at their pleasure the laws laid down by that Government. Any man, I suppose, is entitled to die for the faith that is in him; but, if he desires the martyr's crown, he must be prepared to put up with the martyr's cross. If a man claims the right to set at naught the laws existing at a given moment in his country, he cannot, at need, claim

the protection of those laws: he makes himself of his own free will an "outlaw". In a modern civilized State there may be a law which a man, or many men, may consider objectionable. There is never any law so outrageous as to warrant defiance of all laws. "The Press Act", said an Indian politician, "is a sword of Damocles suspended over the head of an Indian editor: he never knows when it may fall." These words are the merest nonsense. Any man sufficiently sane to edit a newspaper knows quite well that he should not advocate or excuse murder or revolution: when he does so advocate or excuse, he knows quite well what he is doing.

It became the fashion in later-day India to organize *hartals*. A *hartal* is, in theory, a complete cessation of business as a sign of national mourning. In practice a *hartal* often meant that an old Indian woman, who had trudged to market with a basket of vegetables, must sell her wares at the price fixed by the leader of a gang of rowdies, or else be tumbled into the gutter and robbed; that an Indian shopman must see the stock, for which he had paid hard cash, made a bonfire of, if he would not redeem it by the payment of blackmail. In Indian disaffection there was possibly an element of resentment at the failure of the Government to protect the peaceful citizen in the peaceful exercise of his everyday avocations, quite as much as of resentment at any particular restriction imposed on the citizen.

So much for "the Government" and "the people" in general. As between English officials and educated Indians, relations were embittered by a widely read school of "imperialist" fiction writers, whose method was to depict the Indian as *necessarily* incapable, and as *necessarily* inferior to the Englishman in the qualities of energy, decision, and straightforwardness. Such writers were wont to join to a general depreciation of Indians a tactless exaltation of the "fighting" at the expense of the "educated" classes. Moreover, the "martyr" attitude of the European was overdone. I have little patience

with the pretence that the Englishman saves India every morning from plague, pestilence, battle, and anarchy; or that, immolated on the altar of humanitarianism, he spends body and soul in a thankless and ill-requited service. This pretence was intensely irritating to the Indian. I can recall an instance of this irritation. An Indian politician denounced me to my face as one who had come to India "to draw a princely salary from the Indian poor". "What the devil do you think that I *did* come for?" I rejoined irritably. "Was it for the pleasure of looking at *you*?" The wrath of my traducer vanished like morning mist before the rising sun: he laughed, and held out his hand. "I like a man who doesn't cant," he said.

Moreover, "times change, and we change with them". I sometimes think that the high officials of my young days were bigger men, more likeable men, than their successors of to-day. I do not say that they were men of greater ability, for the line of ability has run, I think, at a more or less constant level, and that a fairly high one. But man is very much the creature of his environment. Put him in a comfortable house, free his mind from pecuniary care, and he takes on a larger, more courteous attitude towards life and towards those about him than the man cabined in a top-floor flat, who spends the last days of each month in dismal anticipation of his incoming bills, and in the devising of economies whereby he may meet them. And money is not everything. The old-time official in High Place walked in India as a bureaucratic god, and as a god unworried. He made a decision, always honestly, in most instances intelligently; then he acted on his decision. True, there was even then a small Legislative Council to which he must render an account; but in this Council an overwhelming majority, made up of members purely official and of non-official members nominated by the Government, rendered unassailable the official position on any contested question. Did the Government need funds for any particular purpose, did the Government consider that legislation on any matter

was essential, the Finance Member, or the Member in charge of a particular Bill, met the Council in the calm assurance that the credit would be voted, the Bill passed into Law.

To the peace of mind of a high official at the time of which I write one other fact may have contributed. The Government of India then, in fact even more than in theory, was *in* India. The strings of power all led up to, and rested in, the hands of one autocratic personality, the late Lord Curzon. When Lord Curzon accepted and approved the act of an official, that official might lay his head on his pillow serenely indifferent as to what the morning might bring. Secretaries of State might frown at Whitehall, Honest Radicals foam at Westminster: Hippocleides need not greatly care. Ere you struck at Hippocleides you must strike down Hippocleides' master; and that adventure, if you were wise, you left unattempted.

On Lord Curzon I have heard uttered many divergent judgments, but, when the wheat is sifted from the chaff, the judgments of most thinking men agree. Lord Curzon was not, personally, a pleasant man to deal with; but he was a man of outstanding and amazing intellectual power, of single-minded devotion to what he conceived to be the public good, and of unflinching courage. India did not like him: I have always counted this as evidence of a weakness in the fibre of Indian character. One should not confound what a great man does with his way of doing it. Lord Curzon strove to hold the scales of justice equally balanced between Indian and European: he was reviled in that he would not depress the scale even by a hair's breadth in favour of the Indian. He strove to raise and to ennoble the parrot-cramming of the Indian schools into a real system of education: he was charged with deliberately rendering education more difficult of obtainment by the Indian. He warned the young men of Bengal in grave and earnest words against their besetting sins of exaggeration and overstatement: he was accused of describing the Bengali nation as a nation of liars. The

Indian Press howled with glee when he fell from power: he fell in defence of the principle that the Military must always be subordinate to the Civil Authority of the State.

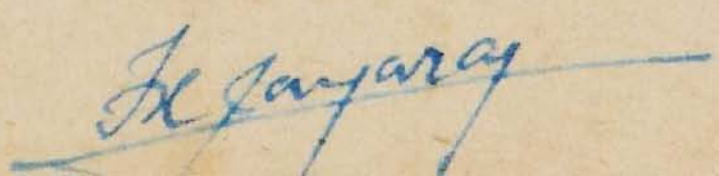
That there awoke in Indian consciousness a sudden desire for any sort of government by Indians in preference to good government by foreigners, I do not believe. The silly catch-phrase "good government is no substitute for self-government" was the invention of a politician who had no knowledge of what "bad" government is or can be. It is one thing to differ academically from a friendly political opponent: it is quite another thing to find the foot of that opponent on one's personal neck. Here is a description, written more than one hundred years ago, of a self-government which functioned in a certain part of South India:—

"The land for the greatest part of the District is remarkable for its abundant fertility. But all beyond precincts of a village is neglected, and exhibits lamentable marks of impoverished tenantry and scanty population. One jaghirdar ousted to make room for another in rapid succession: each endeavoured to make the greatest possible profit, and to fleece the people to the utmost during the short and precarious period of his tenure. When ripe for plunder, a party of horse surrounded the village, and levied a contribution under the name of *nazaranna*, or a needy jamadar and his followers were saddled on it for an indefinite period. In the meantime, perhaps, *tunkas* after *tunkas* succeeded, until the place is completely drained and can yield no more booty."

That any intelligent human being ever desired a return to such conditions I cannot believe. But, consciously or unconsciously, Indian minds were beginning to realize the truth of words uttered long ago by Sir Thomas Munro: "The blessings of peace can be bought too dearly by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, of whatever renders men respectable. It is from men who either hold or are eligible for public life that nations take their

character; where no such men exist, there can be no energy in any other class of the community." Indians had forgotten for a season their feelings of patriotism; but these feelings, said Malcolm in 1821, "the very knowledge that it is our duty to impart must gradually revive and bring into action". England did impart knowledge, and she boasted, fairly enough, of her educational work: she had no real reason to be surprised at, to mistake for ingratitude, this work's inevitable results. It is to this deep cause, rather than to any petty inter-racial antagonism, that I attribute the political upheaval of the last twenty-five years. The upheaval was bound to come: it had to be dealt with sooner or later.

It was fortunate for India and for England alike that at a critical moment the direction of Indian affairs passed into the hands of a man in whom political prescience was united to intellectual and moral strength. Lord Morley saw that the time had come for a definite step towards association of the Indian with the government of India; but he was never inspired by "breathless benevolence", nor was there ever about him aught of "an old man in a hurry". Wisely, if paradoxically, he built from the top. He left the bureaucracy, the executants of the day's toil, untouched; but he increased the strength of the Legislative Council, he abandoned the principle of an official majority, he gave legal recognition to the elective principle, and he opened to the Legislative Council fields hitherto denied of debate and division. He added to the Executive Council of the Governor an Indian Member, and in so doing he proved what a wealth of talent lay in South India, were only the source tapped wisely. V. Krishnaswami Aiyar, P. Sivaswami Aiyar, P. Rajagopalachariar, these were a wonderful succession; and, despite later constitutional changes, the line continued through K. Srinivasa Iyengar and C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. In view of the Brahmin *versus* non-Brahmin strife which later developments introduced into South India, it is interesting to note that all these men were Brahmins.



Lord Morley avowed himself opposed to the premature introduction into India of the English "Parliamentary" system of government. He divined, one may suppose, that the Indian is very slow to outgrow "the mentality of despotism". The will of the old-time ruler was supreme: his order was the Law. The old-time official, the representative of the incoming foreign rulers, exercised a vast and ill-defined authority, and it was natural that public opinion should seek to set bounds to that authority. But it must not be forgotten (in India it is too often forgotten) that diminution of authority must entail a corresponding diminution of responsibility.

This is the dead-centre over which it is so difficult to lever Indian political thought. Self-government does not mean merely liberty to criticize, to bait, to curtail the authority of, those who carry on the actual work of a country's affairs. In the House of Commons the Leader of the Opposition may criticize the actions of the Premier; he may propose, and perhaps he may carry, a measure limiting the scope of the Premier's authority. But it is always open to the Premier to throw down his task; the Leader of the Opposition must then take it up, and carry it out under conditions which he has himself created.

As yet the Indian is apt to picture the House of Commons as a *café*: the Members are seated in groups round marble-topped tables; the Prime Minister and his satellites, in long white aprons, are flitting about among the tables. "Any orders to-day, Gentlemen?" The orders are given: the Minister-waiters fly to execute them. Sir William Gilbert's picture is probably a truer one:—

> When Members in this House divide,
> Though they've got brains and cerebellum too,
> They've got to leave their brains outside,
> And vote whatever way their leaders tell 'em to.

It is too early to pass a final judgment on the changes which Mr. Montagu introduced into Lord Morley's work, but at least it may be said that Mr. Montagu essayed the

NAWAB AMIN JANG (SIR AHMED HUSSAIN, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.
CHIEF SECRETARY TO THE GOVERNMENT OF HYDERABAD
(*See page* 243)

hazardous experiment of joining heterogeneous elements to make a homogeneous whole. The Government of Madras is now in the hands of a Governor, aided by an Executive Council of seven members. This Council is divided into four Members and three Ministers. Of the four Members, two are chosen from the permanent Civil Service ; two are chosen from without it, and in practice, if not in theory, are Indians. The three Ministers in theory represent an enlarged Legislative Council, of which they must be members, and to which they are responsible. The perplexing situations to which this heterogeneity can give rise are best illustrated by citation of an actual case.

A house divided against itself cannot stand ; any Government, it may be assumed, must act as an undivided whole. The Government of Madras brought before the Legislative Council a certain Bill : this Bill was introduced by one of the " non-official " Members of the Executive Council. The Legislative Council promptly threw out the Bill ; the Ministers, or some of them, refrained from voting on the side of their colleague. Now, if the Ministers disapproved of the Bill, and found themselves unable to guarantee its acceptance by the elected majority which they were supposed to control, their obvious duty was to quit a Cabinet which insisted on proposing legislation unacceptable to them and to their followers. If they allowed the Bill to come from the Cabinet to the Legislative Council, it was surely their duty to vote for that Bill in a division. If the Government, theoretically acting as a whole, was defeated on a vital measure in the Parliamentary Chamber, one would expect a resignation of the Government and a dissolution of the Chamber.

But then, the two " official " Members of Council could scarcely be expected to throw away their livelihood at the whim of an assembly in the election of which they were not allowed to exercise any influence. One " non-official " Member, the sponsor of the Bill, did resign. The three Ministers remained in office, seemingly content to receive orders from, rather than to give orders to, their

followers. A Bill more in harmony with the wishes of the majority of the House was subsequently brought forward and passed into law; but the whole affair illustrates the impossibility of combining, otherwise than as a temporary makeshift, two diametrically opposed systems of government. A Government may be bureaucratic, irremovable, and irresponsible to any elected assembly; or it may represent the choice of the electorate through that electorate's chosen representatives, and be finally responsible before, and removable by, such representatives and such electorate. But it cannot be one thing and another at the same time, or partly one thing and partly another for any long period of time. Time in the end supplies a solution of all perplexities, and to Time it is best to leave perplexities seemingly insoluble at a given moment. But most men seem agreed that the system known as "dyarchy" cannot long continue nor endure.

As among Indians, it can scarcely be denied that the Montagu reforms have accentuated the Indian tendency to cleavage along the lines of race, religion, and caste. On these lines seats are officially reserved in the Legislative Council. A burning political question is the antagonism between Brahmin and non-Brahmin. Muhammadans assert vehemently, as against Hindus, a claim to a share in the political and official loaves and fishes.

The social change that I have noticed in South India is the attempt to secure a freer social intermingling of the two races. Twenty-five years ago Indians and Englishmen observed a silent social aloofness from one another. Such intercourse as there was consisted mainly of formal calls by Indian men on English officials: such calls were not ordinarily returned. In this rudeness was neither intended nor understood: the visit of an Englishman to an orthodox Indian house could scarcely be other than unwelcome because of the inconvenience to which it put the inmates of the house.

Exclusiveness is never entirely one-sided, and I am inclined to think that persons whose opinions differ on

almost every detail of social propriety are best out of one another's intimate society, until some genuine reconciliation of view-points can be effected. The late G. W. Steevens wrote a purple passage concerning the exclusion of a Maharajah, or of Maharajahs in general, from a Bombay club; many an Indian has protested to me against the "racial arrogance" which declares Indians ineligible for membership of certain Madras clubs. But a club, after all, is merely an association of private persons: it stands on the supposition that all members agree to abide by the same social conventions. In any typical English club in South India there is a convention of dress and manners: a member must always be shaven and shod; he does not wear his headdress in the living-rooms; he dines at a table, wearing a somewhat uncomfortable form of dress, but one rigidly prescribed by custom. An orthodox Indian sees nothing unbecoming in three days' growth of stubble on his chin; when wearing the dress of India he does not cover his feet, but, if he wishes to be polite, he covers his head; he prefers to dine, very lightly clad, seated on the floor and helping himself with his fingers. And ere these petty differences of taste can be reconciled, there looms up a difficulty wellnigh unsurmountable. An orthodox Indian ordinarily considers himself defiled by contact with, or by breaking bread in the company of, persons of a race, caste, and religion different from his own.

Undoubtedly a main point of difference between Occidental and Oriental is the position of woman. Indian men are wont to attribute to the influence of "the females" their persistence in many customs of which they profess themselves to disapprove; they should consider the powerful support which "the females" can give to the Englishman in customs which are actually congenial to Englishmen's taste. The coming to India of the modern Englishwoman has really accentuated the differences between the men of the two races.

The modern Englishwoman claims absolute equality

with her husband: equality of education, equality of freedom. The ordinary Englishman admits and approves the claim. Indian women are, for the most part, illiterate, and illiterate with the approval of their husbands. The unrestricted goings out and comings in of the Englishwoman, the Indian woman openly, the Indian man possibly in his heart, condemns. An Englishman may not ask to his house a man whom he is not prepared to present to his wife: the Indian woman does not expect, and probably will not permit, the introduction to herself of her husband's men friends. The English mother claims from her husband for her daughter the right to an untrammelled girlhood, and the right to choose a husband: the Indian mother would look on such claims with horror; her husband would look on them as, at least, unreasonable.

That social conditions are changing among Indians is an undeniable fact. Education is spreading, slowly perhaps, but steadily, among Indian women. Indian women are beginning to emerge from the seclusion prescribed by age-old tradition. As a European I must approve of this change. Whether European interference in the process of change, European pretences that the change is already complete, are harmful or beneficial, is a matter about which I entertain doubts.

A complication added to the complexity of this social problem is the position of the young Indian who has sought education in England, who has there been received on terms of social equality by the English, and who returns to find many of the English in India much more haughtily exclusive than the English in their motherland. It is a remarkable fact that from this class have sprung some of the bitterest opponents of the English in India.

Whether the transference of an Indian boy at his most impressionable age to a foreign environment is to his ultimate benefit may, perhaps, be questionable. The change certainly should widen his mental horizon, but it may also wrench his soul from its roots in its native soil. A man needs some firm ground on which to rest his

feet, some fixed habitation for his soul: it is ill for him if he become a spiritual *dhobi's* donkey, never in one place, but always in passage between two places. I find an analogy in some remarks by the late Frederic Harrison concerning early Oxford influences on his religious beliefs. Every variety of Christian dogma was presented from University pulpits to the consideration of the undergraduate of those days, every sense in which the Christian doctrine might be understood and accepted was explained. The result in Harrison's case was the complete religious unsettlement which led him to seek a resting-place in the definite, but surely arid, doctrine of Positivism. A too great variety of social codes often leads the young Indian to social anarchy.

For the Indian youth returned from the free companionship of England the seemingly unreasonable refusal of English men and women in India to accept him as an equal must be bitter as gall and wormwood. But is the unreasonableness all on one side? In England the young Indian is caught in the strong tide of English social custom, that flows but one way, and that bears him unresisting with it. In his homeland another great current must strike him, and bear him, at least, aslant. I illustrate my meaning by a definite remembrance. An honest, fair-minded, Englishman lately arrived in India asked how I could explain or defend the refusal of English society to accept on equal terms his friend X. "X was my fellow-student at the University", he said; "he was there accepted by all; he is here an educated, cultured, man, acquainted with and willing to accept the conventions of English society." These statements were true, as far as they went. But I handed to my questioner a card: it was an invitation to the wedding of X's daughter aged *five years*.

CHAPTER V

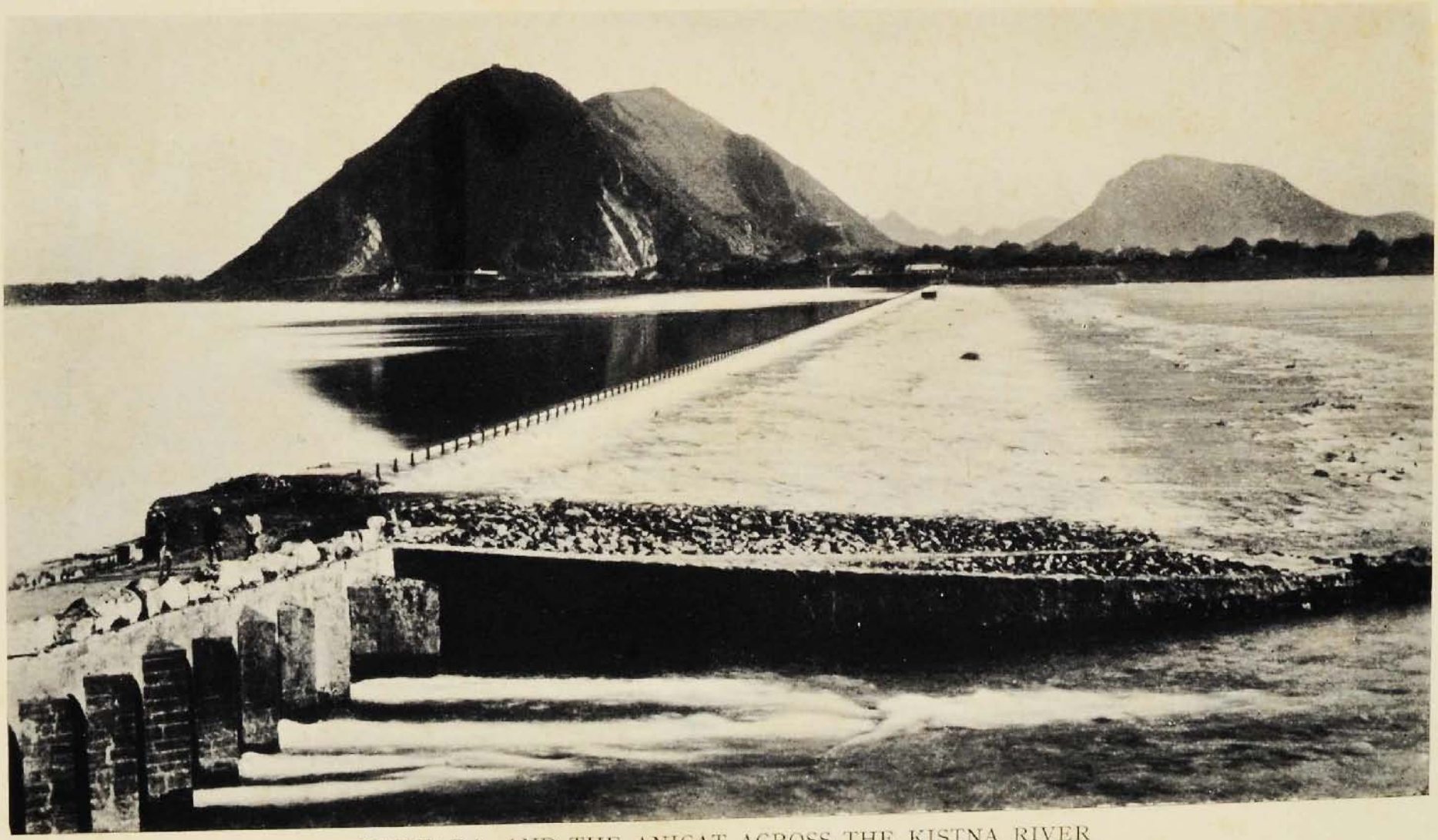
KISTNA AND THE KHONDS

Bezwada—the Anicat and the telegraph wires—the road to Masulipatam—wayside friends—Teufelsdrockh in Monmouth Street—Streynsham Master—how Forde took the Fort—the night of terror—Mr. J. W. Maiden—a boundary dispute—"Urgency"—the country of the Khonds—lost in the jungle—Khond pedestrianism—the Meriah sacrifice—England again

BEZWADA lies on the left bank of the Kistna (more properly, Krishna) River in the District to which the river gives its name. The Kistna District is situated on the Bay of Bengal, some hundreds of miles north of Madras.

In the dim dead past Bezwada, placed at a convenient ferry on the great river, enjoyed the doubtful privilege and honour of being a halting-place for marching armies. The town has thriven and grown in modern days, but, in truth, it is now an uninteresting and none too agreeable place in which to live. The stone hills, which overhang the river and throw back the heat of the sun, make Bezwada a furnace in the summer; and the immediately surrounding country is so intersected by canals, so given over to rice growing, that there is little scope for riding or pleasant wandering. But the town can offer two triumphs of engineering to interest the passer by.

The first is the Grand Anicat. In the year 1832 famine smote the East Coast: of its horrors here is the tale of an eye-witness. "The description in the *Siege of Corinth* of the dogs gnawing human skulls is mild compared to the scenes of horror we are daily forced to witness in our morning and evening rides. It is no unusual sight to see a group of vultures tearing at a human body not yet cold—the blood still flowing from the eyeless sockets—and



BEZWADA, AND THE ANICAT ACROSS THE KISTNA RIVER

the other morning I saw a gaunt wolf-like dog running off with the entire body of a little child in its mouth. Dead dogs and horses are greedily devoured by the starving wretches; and the other day an unfortunate donkey, having strayed from the Fort, they fell upon him like a pack of wolves, tore him limb from limb, and devoured him on the spot." And yet throughout the worst period of the famine the river flowed freely: it was but natural that the question of utilizing this vast volume of water flowing idly to the sea should be taken up in right earnest. The building of the Anicat was completed in 1855. Should the time between inception and completion seem over long, the history of an irrigation work in the neighbouring District of Kurnool is proof of the wisdom in the old Italian proverb, which says that he who goes quietly goes safely, and goes far.

The dam rises 20 feet above the bed of the river, and 15½ feet above its summer level. The length from wing to wing is 3,716 feet, the breadth at the top about 6 feet. From the dam take off the great canals, which have turned barren tracts into a granary for South India.

And yet wealth can strangely mock at times those who stretch out their hands to grasp it. The dwellers in the vast quagmires have riches to their hands; but many live a prey to malaria, rheumatism, spleen, and kindred evils. Once, far down in the Tamil country, I came upon the picturesquely situated village of Eruvadi. It was surrounded by well-watered betel gardens, the most paying form of cultivation for the small farmer: all looked green and pleasant to the eye. But in the betel-vines the deadly *anopheles* buzzed and hummed: he had buzzed his way into the village, and he possessed it. The roofs of the houses were falling in: a few old people crouching in deserted verandas, the half-wild pariah dogs nosing in the rubbish heaps, were all that I saw of life. I thought of Ruskin's sardonic question, "Had he the gold, or had the gold him?" Ruskin spoke of a returning miner who tried to swim from a wrecked ship, carrying much

gold in a belt about his waist. He sank between ship and shore.

Bezwada's second sight is the span of the telegraph wires. The line from Calcutta to Madras is carried across the Kistna in a single span, the longest span, in those days at any rate, of telegraph wire in the world. There are three wires, attached independently to separate supports, and the distance from support to support is 5,000 feet. The supports, of course, stand high over the river-bed, the average height being about 400 feet; but the wires sag in crossing, till the lowest wire at midstream is only 66 feet above the crest of the Anicat.

I left Bezwada for Masulipatam without much regret. There were then two ways of accomplishing the journey, the canal and the road. I tried the first way, and did not greatly care for it. It was pleasant to slide gently past the panorama of the country-side, but in the boat I felt cabined, cribbed, and confined; I wanted, as ever, to be master of my movements, to stop and chat with those about me. One picture remains in my mind: an ancient dame had led her buffalo to the canal to drink; the buffalo promptly lay down and took his ease in the clear fresh water, the tip of his snout just showing above the surface. Frantically the old woman tugged at the leading-string. The buffalo, like Gallio, cared for none of these things: he was happy, and his mistress might wait until it was his good pleasure to arise and go once more into the cattle-shed.

So for subsequent journeys I turned once more to my old friends, the bicycle and the broad road that stretches. I made some strange acquaintances on the road. I had halted for the night at the village of Vuyyur, and in the wee sma' hours I was awakened by loud speech from a man seated at the foot of my bed. He was, he told me, the Emperor of India, and he was on his way to assert, by force of arms if needs be, his rights against the usurping English. It struck me as fortunate that the opportunity for assertion on my skull had not revealed itself to his

intelligence. And in a village close to Masulipatam I made the acquaintance of a grave and reverend seigneur, with whom I discussed the affairs of the day. So much did his conversation please me that I visited him on several subsequent occasions, and on the last of these I invited the wife of my official chief to accompany me. My friend was not at home : I gathered from the surrounding villagers that he was not likely to return for some time. " In fact ", said a villager, with an engaging burst of candour, " he is in jail."

My chief was one who took life seriously : he was not given, like his idle apprentice, to jesting in business hours and in the course of official business. Yet once the Spirit of the Lord descended on him. The rain was falling in torrents; and rain and river between them were submerging, not irrigating, the crops. Wires came pouring in, among them one from a landholder, which read, " My crops drowned : what to do ? " The distracted Head of the District seized a telegraph form and scribbled madly, " Try artificial respiration."

" Oh, let him in whom the flame of devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace with austerest thought the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart and eyes still continue dry." So said Teufelsdröckh of the London street where men traffic in old clo' : so I would say of the decayed old city of Masulipatam, of the muddy sea and the dismal swamp which border it.

The settlement of foreign traders at Masulipatam is first mentioned in a letter of the year 1611 from Lucas Antheniss to Peter Williams, a " factor " in the town. Captain Hippon touched a few years later at the place in his good ship *The Globe* ; and to Mr. Floris, the Company's Agent on board, there arrived " four persons as ambassadors from the great King of Narasinga ". The letter which they bore was written on a plate of gold, and it bestowed on the lucky Mr. Floris " a town yielding an ncome of about four hundred pounds a year ", with a

promise " to do more for him on his next arrival. The Hollanders did all that they could to obstruct these favours ".

Despite the opposition of " the Hollanders ", the English established themselves and their trade at Masulipatam. In 1676 thither came Major William Puckle, who found much in the conduct of " the young men " which needed his attention. " Each hath his *peon* " (even then did *peons* sprout beneath the shade of the foreign tree) ; and many the Major noticed " drunck, swearing, fighting, playing unlawful games." The young men were often " out of their chambers after ten of the clock at night ", and they would even frequent " Punch or Rack houses without leave and warrantable occasion." Truly an ill state of things. Is it surprising that the Directors in London should note " a complaint against Mr. Wales and Mr. Cullen about throwing a brickbat into Mr. Mainwaring's window ; and Mr. Clavele and Mr. Vincent do laugh and dispise at our agency in the Fort " ? Nemesis trod hard on the heels of Mr. Cullen, for three years later the great Streynsham Master, as he neared Masulipatam, received " advice that William Cullen, a Writer in the Company's service, dyed yesterday of a Fever and a Flux ".

Streynsham Master entered Masulipatam with the pomp and circumstance that befitted the " Agent of the Coast and Bay ". He brought with him—

Two Members of Council,
A Minister,
A surgeon,
A schoolmaster,
Two writers,
One ensign,
Six mounted soldiers, and a trumpeter.

And Mr. Master knew how to exercise the authority to him confided. " Connappa, the Brahmine of this Factory, having since the Agent's arrival here cast out

slighting speeches of him, the said Connappa and his sons were called before the Councill, and committed under Guard until further orders." These were the orders: "Connappa the Brahmine and his sons, having offered 500 pagodas to be discharged of their confinement the said summe was accepted." All this above the signature of "John Nicks Esq., Secretary. At a Consultation".

The Dutch were in early days the principal opponents of the English. The Dutch Chief, Signor Outhorne, discoursing with Mr. Master, "amongst many notable bravadoes delivered this as remarkable that their Company had soe many Islands and Castles in the South Seas, that they were as Emperors, that they had heretofore made Kings". But the power of the Dutch waned, as that of the English and French waxed.

By the muddy sea lie the ruins of an old fort: it stood, says an old writer, "on a patch of dry ground surrounded by a swamp, which no living creature but a Dutchman, a frog, or an alligator, would choose for a habitation". Yet at this dreary spot Clive struck one of those great blows which decided that England should not

. . . pay on still
Rent and taxes for half India, tenant at the Frenchman's will.

In September 1758 Colonel Forde, despatched by Clive from the Hugli with 500 Europeans, 2,000 sepoys, 6 field-pieces, and 6 24-pounders, landed at Vizagapatam; and having taken Rajahmundry, he moved south on Masulipatam. There lay the Marquis de Conflans with a force stronger than that of Forde; on Forde's flanks hung an equal mixed force of French and sepoys; hard on his heels there followed from Hyderabad an Indian army of 35,000 men. On 6 March Forde came in sight of Masulipatam; with the courage of despair he attempted a siege, upon which the French looked partly with amazement, partly with derision. For a month Forde's ineffectual artillery pounded at the defences, doing little harm; rain fell in torrents, providing for the French the additional defence

of a quagmire in front of their walls; and from behind two jaws of a pincers were closing in on the English. On April 5 the English ammunition was wellnigh at an end: Forde resolved to stake all on one desperate throw of the dice. On the night of April 7 he and his men struggled somehow through the morass; they scaled the Fort walls, and ere the defenders well realized what had happened the English were their masters. De Conflans, with 500 French and 2,530 sepoys, surrendered unconditionally. In the Fort Forde found 120 guns with ample ammunition. The hostile Indian army, arriving after the event, made terms, as was the Indian custom of those days, with the victors; and the edifice of French power, so laboriously and so ably raised by Dupleix and de Bussy, had crumbled to the ground in a single night.

In later days military etiquette, rather than military necessity, decreed that European troops should still garrison the Fort. So European soldiers were sent "to die like rotten sheep, in wretched half-ruined buildings, overrun with rats, bandicoots, and other vermin. The Fort is surrounded by a broad ditch filled with a few feet of water and several feet of putrid mud, into which the tide ebbs and flows: the mud, at low water, exhaling pestilential vapours. So great has been the mortality that the Surgeon has requested the Colonel to let the dead be buried quietly without music or firing. When Government at last came to the conclusion that Masulipatam was no longer a suitable quarter for European troops, the miserable remains of our regiment were ordered to embark for Moulmein. When parading for embarkation fifteen men only appeared on parade, the remainder being in hospital."

The writer of this grisly narrative survived, possibly because he was the spiritual ancestor of Mark Tapley. "I received a visit the morning after our arrival which made me laugh. My visitor was a respectable half-caste gentleman dressed in a genteel suit of black and a white tie. Advancing with the melancholy smile and obsequious

air of a well-bred undertaker, he unrolled before my eyes a neatly drawn plan of a new cemetery, and begged to know whether I would like to select for my private use a remarkably picturesque spot to which he called my attention."

But Masulipatam throve apace, till on November 1, 1864, Fate smote it and its surroundings. On the morning of that day the barometer fell rapidly; at noon heavy rain was falling; by evening a violent gale was sweeping over the town. Tiles were stripped from the rooftops, windows were blown in, trees were crashing down along the roads and avenues. At midnight a terrified servant rushed to the Engineer, Captain Hasted, shouting "The sea is coming". Hasted struggled through the wreck of chairs, boxes, bricks, tiles, that littered his house to the veranda: he looked out on "a wild waste of luridly phosphorescent water, not in waves, but swirling, boiling, and lifted in sheets by the raging wind". A vast wave, 13 feet above high watermark, swept in from the sea upon the town: it submerged the country for miles within and around. A watchman at the tidal lock, clinging to a tree-trunk, reached safety at last *fourteen miles inland*. About 30,000 persons perished: cattle were drowned in droves, and the land drenched with salt water remained long infertile. One curious relic was swept away, the tree under which Eliza Draper, the correspondent of Laurence Sterne, was wont to sit when, having fled from her husband, she sojourned with her uncle at old Masulipatam. Mr. J. W. Maiden, who as a child lived through that dreadful night, has often told me its history. His parents sought refuge in the topmost room of their house. They put the child on the top of a wardrobe, and the water rose and rose. Suddenly, when all hope seemed lost, the tide ebbed. Even from this horror Mr. Maiden fished up an amusing reminiscence. A certain gentleman, who had dined well rather than wisely, sought his inland house, and snored serenely through the night, unconscious of what was taking place about him. In the morning he

opened his sleepy eyes, and gazed on his well-tended garden strewn with corpses, trees, boats. In what world, one wonders, did he think that he had awakened ?

My occupation at Masulipatam was an odd one—odd, at least, for a permanent official. Hitherto I had sat in the magistrate's chair, and had listened to the arguments of vakils ; now I was to become in some sort a vakil myself, and to argue a case on behalf of the Government.

At the north-east point of the Kistna District, and separating the District at that point from Godavari, lay a great swamp known as the Kolleru Lake. The land on the Kistna side belonged to the Government, that on the other to a zamindar ; and an old title-deed spoke of the Kolleru Lake as the boundary between the two parties. For long years the boundary lay there, clear and unmistakable ; then portions of the lake begun to silt up or dry up, and a question arose as to the ownership of the new land available for cultivation. This land was fertile and extremely valuable. Both parties promptly asserted that the word " boundary " included the lake itself within their possessions. At Masulipatam I studied such records as had any bearing on the case : the conclusion seemed to me fairly obvious that at the time of fixing the boundary such a contingency as the drying up of the lake bed had not occurred to anyone.

From Masulipatam I journeyed on horseback to the lake, where I met the arbitrator and a representative of the other side. The journey was interesting, for there was no definite road, and I made my way by the map and by inquiries from chance passers-by. Solemnly we ploughed through the mud and shallows of the lake, not getting, I suspect, much the wiser thereby ; but it was, at any rate, good fun to wade waist high through the warm water, putting up now and then great flocks of duck and teal, and chaffing the lake fishermen as they plied their calling in their little dug-out canoes. By chance I met on the margin a man on whom I look back as on an example of a common sense rare in South India. He was

ploughing a field, wearing, as is the custom of the South Indian ploughman, just a scanty cloth about his loins. To my casual salutation he replied in my own tongue. An Indian ploughman speaking perfect English is not an everyday phenomenon, so I stopped and sought enlightenment. The ploughman was a graduate of the Madras University. Most graduates, he remarked, were content to sell their degrees for a miserable clerkly pittance; to him it seemed a more sensible, and certainly a healthier, mode of life to take up a few acres of land, and to see what manual labour, backed by a fairly good education, would win from them.

Our wadings and splashings finished, we returned to civilization for argument. On the side of the zamindar appeared one of the leading lights of the Madras Bar, who throughout the proceedings referred courteously to me as "my young, but learned, friend". Neither of us had any real argument to adduce, and the arbitrator, if I remember rightly, split the disputed territory between the two claimants. Years afterwards I caught sight of the case in true Indian fashion wending its weary way up to some ultimate tribunal of Appeal. For aught I know, cobwebs of legal ingenuity may still be a-weaving about an infinitesimally small core of fact. But I scarce dare hope that this boundary dispute will attain the reverend age of one which swam into my ken at a later stage in my service.

In the year 1913 I received an official letter marked with a bright red slip on which was printed in bold black letters the word "urgent". It would add point to the tale could I state that the missive was handed to me by a booted and spurred cavalier, whose foam-flecked steed dropped dead as the rider drew bridle under the porch of my house; but, in sober truth, I took it from the unemotional hands of the village postman. The letter dealt with a boundary dispute between the British District of Tinnevelly and the adjacent Indian Government of Travancore. If war and disaster were not threatened, it

seemed, at least, clear that unnumbered and unspecified ills would rush into the State, were the matter not led to some swift and amicable conclusion.

Now the first act of a conscientious official in India on receiving a question, an order, an announcement, is to call for " previous papers " from his Office. I have given to the word " office " a capital letter to suggest its importance in the Indian scheme of things. In India the Office is, metaphorically, a multiplicity of tails, which separately, and sometimes conjointly, wag a feebly resisting head. If there is any purpose of which the Office cannot, in the long run, suggest somehow the accomplishment, any information that some unit of the Office does not somehow possess, I have not encountered that purpose, nor have I called in vain for that information.

I called, therefore, for the " previous papers ". I did not receive them : I received, instead, a note which admitted their existence, and specified the first, or, at any rate, the first traceable, of their number. This was a letter written by an official predecessor to the Government of his day. This boundary affair, in the opinion of the writer, was a matter which he, in virtue of a peculiarly intimate knowledge of the terrain, might well settle satisfactorily and for all time ere he left India for ever in the coming month of March. He wrote in November, and the year was 1817.

I confess that I did not settle this dispute. It seemed to me that the business was in the hand of God, and that the divine finger pointed to the fitness of letting that which had lived for ninety-six years live for four years more.

Ere I retrace my steps from this by-road I recall an implied or indirect definition of the word " urgent " which struck me as happy. I required a certain piece of work to be done ; I remarked to the man who had to do it that I should like it done speedily; and I asked how long the doing would take. He replied by a counter-question : " Is it merely ' urgent ', or do you want it in

a hurry? If the former, I could let you have it in two or three days; if the latter, I can manage it in twelve hours."

This Kolleru business finished so far as I was concerned, I was off once more on my journeyings. This time I was to reach a certain finality, for as Assistant to the Agent for the Maliah tracts of Ganjam I reached the northern frontier of the Madras Presidency: within Madras I could go no farther. This new appointment brought home to me one of the peculiar difficulties of the European official in South India, namely, the multiplicity of languages with which he has to struggle. My first eighteen months had been devoted to Tamil; scarce had I attained a moderate proficiency in this tongue, when I was whisked off to a District where no language save Telugu was spoken. In the space of twelve months I learned to make myself intelligible in this second language; then Fate took me to Ganjam, where most plainsmen speak Oriya, while the hillmen, with whom I was especially to deal, knew little save their native Khond.

Berhampore, where the railway deposited me, I found empty of Europeans for the moment, but mildly interested in the doings of a senior resident European official who had just quitted the place. He had suddenly gone clean off his head, and into the few days which preceded his departure for medical examination he had crowded more thrills than the sleepy little town had known in fifty years. From Berhampore it was fifty miles or so of a road march to Russellkonda (Russell's Hill), my new nominal headquarters. Nominal, I say, because the country over which I was to exercise jurisdiction, in which I was to spend the greater part of my time, lay twenty miles farther on, and about 2,000 feet higher up.

Unable to exchange an intelligible word with those about me, I set out on horseback for my mountains. As I journeyed through the foothills there rode forth from a grove one mounted on a white pony, who thus addressed me: "I am *tuppa tuppa tuppa ta* the Tahsildar of *tuppa*

tuppa tuppa ta——", and so on. This was the Tahsildar of one of my three taluqs, a sturdy old man who had lived long years on the Maliah hills, seemingly impervious to fever, and dispensing patriarchal justice to the hills' rude inhabitants. He had an impediment in his speech, and when he stuck at a word he simply "declutched", and let his stammer run freely through meaningless sounds on to the next coherent word. He gave me my direction, and promised to rejoin me in the evening. I rode on, and in a few hours awoke to the consciousness that I was more or less lost. But Heaven, which watches over the improvident, sent across my path a Muhammadan traveller, the only one whom I ever met on these hills. By this time I had picked up a few words of Hindostani, and by their use I obtained guidance to the little resthouse where I fain would be. That afternoon I wandered forth again, and again I lost myself in a somewhat more serious sense. It was dark, I was in a forest, and the one thing clear to me was that I was not going the right way. I reached this conclusion when suddenly I fell head over heels into an icy mountain stream. Far off on the hill-side I saw a light. I struggled towards it, and found some Khonds guarding a flock of goats. They conferred in an unknown tongue; then one, arising, took me by the hand, and led me home through miles of jungle. They knew the usual halting-place of Europeans, and, Sherlock-Holmes-wise, they had concluded that I could come from nowhere else.

As the months went by I got to know fairly well the *Kuinga*, whom the outside world calls the Khonds. They are short, strongly built, very good-humoured, junglefolk. For clothes they have little use: neither man nor woman wears aught save a cloth about the loins. The men wear their hair long, and tie it in a coquettish knot on the top of the head: this knot is usually set off by a flower, a bit of red cloth, or a bright feather plucked from a peacock. And the topknot is the Khond's pocket, in which he keeps his greenleaf cheroot, perhaps his tinderbox,

his knife, or other little domestic requisite. An article indispensable to correct Khond turnout is the *tangi*, an axe with a brass-bound handle. The Khond is never without his *tangi*: it is his tool for all purposes, his weapon of offence and defence against wild beasts, his chief argument in a discussion with a brother Khond. The ears of the women are pierced with little holes all round the edges: bits of straw stuck through these holes denote, if not maiden meditation fancy free, at least a lack of permanency in attachment. The idea of ante-nuptial chastity in women is scarcely known among these people; but when a woman does marry, she is expected to be faithful to her lord for the time being; and small brass rings, replacing the straws in her ears, denote her change of civil condition.

Marriage among the Khonds is purely a matter of commerce, expressed in "goontis". A "goonti" may be anything: a goat, a sack of rice, a buffalo, a peacock. For the Khonds have little understanding of money, and small use for it. Hence an inconvenience for the European, who cannot barter in kind for such things as he needs. Notes, of course, are useless; and silver the Khond looks on with suspicion. Copper he will accept; but the Indian copper coinage is clumsy and heavy; and, if the payments of a month in the Khond hills are small, even in England one would find it difficult to travel carrying enough pence and ha'pence to discharge the bills of even the most modest board for a week.

If the Khond has some of the vices and evil customs of savagery, he has, on the other hand, some attractive qualities. He is always cheerful; he is amazingly hardy and enduring; he is truthful in an extraordinary degree. Inasmuch as there is no wheeled transport on these hills, and as the riding animal scarcely enters into the calculations of the South Indian peasant, the Khond has developed his power of walking to a pitch wellnigh beyond European understanding or belief. I have known a Khond policeman ask permission on Sunday night to

attend a festival forty miles away on Monday morning: on Tuesday morning he would report again for duty fresh and smiling. At Balliguda, my hill headquarters and the headquarters of the Khond Reserve, we were wont to play a primitive form of association football. The hillmen's idea of a pleasant game was to begin at 2.30, and to play on as long as the light lasted. Once I brought a bicycle to Kalingia, the first halting-place on the plateau, and rode it forth. My return—I had to wheel the bicycle for the greater part of the way—was blocked by a curious and awe-stricken crowd. Some held that this was my private god; others, fearing that the strange contrivance might be alive and malevolent, were with difficulty induced to touch it.

The truthfulness of the Khond was once exhibited to me in a novel light. I had to decide a dispute between two zamindars of the plains, and the dispute involved some portion of the Khond country. "Surely", I said to the lawyers arguing before me, "the obvious course is to call as witnesses some of the Khonds, who know every inch of the ground." "Ah no", replied one of the legal gentlemen, "they are just ignorant fellows who speak out the truth." Nevertheless I arranged a local inspection: just a pleasant stroll, the Khonds assured me. The stroll lasted from daybreak to sundown. My one memory of the close of that dreadful day is of two Khond guides smoking greenleaf cheroots as they ambled at an easy four miles an hour up a rocky hill-side, and looking back in bewilderment at me as I trailed my leaden feet behind them.

The Khond language is a primitive thing, almost as primitive as those who use it. There are not more than a few hundred words in common use, and some of these words are taken with quaint directness from nature. "*Miau*", for example, is "a cat"; "*kwaak*" is "a duck". But for one accustomed to a fairly large vocabulary it is difficult to pack thought within the compass of a small one; it is also difficult to realize that many words

of common use in civilization represent ideas which do not come definitely before the primitive mind. "What do you do for amusement?" a friend of mine, who knew Khond well, was once directed to ask. "What do you do when you aren't doing anything?" was the nearest intelligible translation that he could achieve. We have lost our capacity for wonderment. The Khond, if he quits his mountain home, walks into a world of marvels. Once I was down at Chatrapur on the seacoast, and some Khonds, wanting me urgently, braved the long journey to find me. What sights they saw! The sea, for example. What a stream! but how did one get across it? And why was it so unpleasant to drink? The arrival of a goods train provided half an hour's entertainment. What a glorious fire to warm oneself by! and how divine was the music of the whistle! But the triumph of the day was a water-tap: here was magic beyond all understanding, when I twiddled a bit of brass, and water gushed out of a stone wall!

No account of these people would be complete without some mention of the dreadful "Meriah". This was the annual sacrifice of a human being to the God of the earth; and it cost the British Government many a year of strenuous effort ere the ghastly rite was ended and abolished. It is said that at the new moon festival of January 1841 close on 300 victims were sacrificed; between 1837 and 1854 more than 1,500 human beings were saved from the horrible death which lay before them. For the Meriah was destined to sacrifice from his youth. He was delicately fed, the best that the village could afford was his, till the dread day came. There were varying modes of sacrifice. In the worst the victim was hacked in pieces, each Khond striving to secure some little piece of the sacrificial flesh to bury in his fields; in the most merciful the Meriah's head was pressed into the mud until he was suffocated. Ratno Magi, my Khond *peon*, was the son of a rescued Meriah.

Of actual "work" on these hills there was little or

nothing for the official. The hillmen paid no land revenue ; they seldom brought their quarrels into a regular Court of Justice. They made and repaired a certain number of roads through the hills : this work needed some supervision. There were some schools and a few dispensaries to watch : it was necessary to check the hillman's propensity for clearing fresh land each year for cultivation, and so stripping the hills bare of their protective tree covering. In the main it was just a question of " being there ", lest some petty dispute between two hill villages blaze into something more serious ; lest there be, perhaps, some attempt at a stealthy revival of the Meriah sacrifice. It was a never-ending march to get round the territory ; but save for the time spent in actual marching, the day was practically " my own ". Small game abounded : one could have snipe, junglefowl, hare, on one's table for the mere trouble of shooting them. The jungle spread too widely to make beating of much avail, though the Khonds loved beating ; but by tracking and sitting over kills I picked up a few bear and panther.

It was a life pleasant enough in its way and for a time. But if the 2,000 feet of altitude spared one the burning heat of the plains, they also brought one well within the fever zone. Every European official on these hills was racked with malaria, and I proved no exception to the general rule. When twelve months had passed over me I had come to look on bouts of malaria as normal incidents of my life ; I had swallowed quinine in increasing quantities, till the drug had almost ceased to affect me. I can recall the horror of a London chemist when he saw me gulp down at once what he thought sufficient for five doses. For when at the end of my service in the Maliahs I went on furlough to England, malaria bore me company. It was years before I shook it off for good and all.

CHAPTER VI

BANGANAPALLE AND THE CENSUS

Finding a kingdom—an Indian Salinguerra—Debts, public and other—the people of the State—the death of Minak—Unappa, the Swami—the Personalities of Banganapalle—Subbiah on self-government—Administration Reports—the Census—S. Dandapani Aiyar—counting the multitude—"Armenians"—census workers—an unjust accusation

IN the winter of 1904 I returned to India from leave, and the opening of 1905 found me more or less nominally employed for a short time, while I awaited an impending vacancy in a division of my District. Then a sudden wire appointed me "assistant political agent" for the Banganapalle State. I had never heard of Banganapalle, and most people seemed similarly unaware of its existence. I learned, however, that if I descended at a railway station called Paniyam, in the Kurnool District, I should find myself near enough to the State to have a reasonable hope of getting there some way or other.

So to Paniyam I journeyed in "a crooked train which went a crooked mile". It crawled in loops through the stony gorges of the Yerramalais; sometimes it seemed as though the front of the train would describe a complete circle, and hitch itself on to the guard's van at the back. The Kurnool District grows into one's affections; but the first sight of its black flat plains, its grey stone-built villages, its rocky treeless hills (I am speaking of that portion of Kurnool west and south of the Nallamalai forest) suggests the abomination of desolation. Some such thought must have been in the mind of my Tamil servant: he cooked a meal for me in the traveller's

bungalow, but he refused to eat himself. "What is the good of eating in such a place?" he asked dismally.

The morrow's morn I set forth on a bicycle. I thought of Saul, son of Kish, going forth to seek his father's asses, and wondered whether I more resembled Saul or that which he sought. For fifteen miles an execrable road led me due south, then it swerved abruptly to the west, and ran beneath the walls of the old fort whence succeeding Nawabs of Banganapalle have exercised sway over their tiny kingdom.

Until the second half of the seventeenth century Banganapalle was a Hindu Principality, the ruler of which lived in the village of Nandavaram. Ismail Adil Shah, King of Bijapur, then conquered it, and bestowed it on his general, Siddi Sambal. From that time Banganapalle has been under Muhammadan rule, wherein it is unique among the independent States of the South. It is a curious fact that the Nawabs of Banganapalle belong to the Shiah division of the Muhammadan faith, and are wellnigh the only representatives of that division within their own State.

With Saiyid Hussain Ali Khan in 1769 began the direct line of the rulers of to-day. This prince was a general in the armies of Haidar Ali and Tippu Sahib of Mysore. On his death the fortunes of his family suffered a rude upsetting. He left behind him a widow and four children, whom Tippu summoned to Mysore. The Begam, apprehensive of some evil, refused to obey the order; whereupon Tippu confiscated the State. The Begam, with her children and her brother-in-law, Saiyid Asad Ali Khan, fled to Hyderabad.

Asad Ali seems to have been a remarkable character. To me he recalls Ecelin's great fighting man, Taurello Salinguerra, who lives in the pages of Browning's *Sordello*. For a time he "made his couch far inland", waiting at Hyderabad "till his friend the tempest wake". The tempest in which Tippu's fortunes were to shipwreck was raging seven years later, when Asad Ali with a band of

THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE BANGANAPALLE

adventurers invaded Banganapalle, defeated Tippu's lieutenant, and won back the kingdom. The battle of Tammadapalle, fought in 1791, decided the issue, and remains a landmark in Banganapalle history. A palace attendant of my time carried on high days and holy days a flag bestowed after the fight on his grandfather as a reward of valour. In the gardens of Ramathirtam I met an incredibly old man, who sang the glories of the fray: like a wave of the sea his mendacity mounted, till it curled over and fell crashing at my feet in the assertion that he himself had played a man's part on the great day.

Asad Ali, like Salinguerra, fought for others rather than for himself. I have a suspicion that he loved the fighting much more than anything which it was likely to bring him. He installed his nephew on the throne, and soon was gone himself "once more on his adventure brave and new". He fought many battles, and ran up a respectable total of debts; then, having led certainly a happy life, and, in a way, a useful life, he was gathered to his fathers.

Henceforth the succession was undisturbed. But finance was never the strong point of the Banganapalle family; and during the reign of Saiyid Hussain Ali II the Madras Government was forced to assume temporarily the administration of the State. History has a way of repeating itself; and in 1905 poor Nawab Saiyid Fateh Ali Khan's head could scarçe be seen above a quaking financial morass. So I came to Banganapalle.

There was a comical side to this rather tragic business, which later I came to know of. The Madras Government had given Nawab Fateh Ali due notice of its intentions: the Nawab, who did not understand English, laid the letter aside and forgot all about it. Some days afterwards he remembered that a Government despatch awaited his attention, so he sent for his interpreter. "What is it all about?" he asked good-humouredly. "It means, Your Highness", said the somewhat embarrassed interpreter, "that Your Highness is deposed." Fateh Ali rose to

the occasion. He took such money as there was in the State Treasury (there wasn't much), and put it in a box. He put the box under his bed, and then waited on events.

Indeed, Banganapalle affairs were in a sad muddle. An Indian ruler of the Old Style has seldom a keen perception that the State and the personal property of the State's ruler are two separate and distinct things. As a provision for younger sons succeeding Nawabs had gifted away sundry villages of the State with the revenues accruing therefrom. Bit by bit the cow was given away, till but the tail remained to nourish the ruler.

There was never at any time much to divide or to give away. The total area of the State is only 275 square miles; it has 64 villages; and the population at this time was just over 32,000. The yearly revenues amounted to about £20,000 of English money. Little of this reached the State coffers. When I entered on my duties as virtual ruler, the sum at my disposal was less than £25. There were practically no public offices. Such roads as had once existed had sunk into hopeless decay. Some sixty or seventy ragamuffins called themselves policemen, and paid themselves as best they could. There were just two competent officials, the one a doctor, the other a magistrate. These were brothers; in after years the British Government conferred titles on both, and both titles were well earned.

Banganapalle law always seemed to me admirably practical. The State followed British law and procedure, "with such modifications as circumstances may render necessary". It follows that a Banganapalle decision could seldom be upset on a technical point of law. Once, indeed, I had to set aside an order of a predecessor. The Supreme Court of the State (under the ruler) had tried a suit concerning land, and had come to the perfectly correct conclusion that every one concerned in the business was lying abominably. The Court's decision was that plaintiff and defendant each do undergo seven years' hard labour, and the witnesses terms ranging from one

to three years. It was undeniably moral justice and a salutary warning; but with many a moral qualm I set the prisoners free.

A debt of about £8,000 to the Madras Government represented Ossa: bonds and promissory notes to all and sundry were Pelion piled atop of it. It is not often that an official can get even with the Accountant-General, it was therefore with a feeling of benevolent satisfaction that I replied to a peremptory question as to why the first instalment of the Banganapalle public debt was not paid on the due date by a polite rendering of the words "Search Me".

It was, on the whole, an easier matter to settle the old Nawab's private debts. They were made up, in the main, of unconscionable and unpayable interest. Old Fateh Ali, in his own queer way, was an honest man. Honest shopkeepers he paid honestly enough, but he had no objection to a game of "pull devil, pull baker" with a money-lender. One point the lenders had forgotten: an independent State, an independent ruler, if sueable at all, are sueable only in the State Courts. A creditor by some misrepresentation did get a decree from a British Court. I read it gravely, and returned it to the lawyer who brought it, with an expression of regret that I could not recognize the jurisdiction of "my brethren of Madras". The lawyer goggled at me: "To what Court can I apply?" he asked. "To the High Court of the Banganapalle State", I replied. "Where is it?" said he. "Here", said I; "I am the High Court of Banganapalle." The lawyer wrung his hands, and protested that this was injustice. Very possibly it was, but it was, at any rate, a hard fact. In the course of about four years Banganapalle discharged itself on payment of about four shillings in the pound to its private creditors. I am inclined to think that each man received back about as much as he had given.

The alienated villages and their revenues were resumed by the State; then the whole system of land revenue had to be changed. In British theory taxation is equal

for all; in Banganapalle fact a "Court party" held about 40,000 acres of the best land at about a rupee per acre; the ordinary farmers held the poor remainder at a rate two or three times as high. The total sum produced by resettlement was very little less than that paid before; but now every man paid under a uniform system, which favoured no one and penalized no one.

Bit by bit the State muddled its way into solvency and stability. In four years we were free of debt; our roads had been mended; we had commodious public offices, a graded and pensionable public service, a smartly drilled police force. I myself had got a house: for a long time I had to do without one. Gounda Hussain built my first house for about £120; when the financial position improved two more rooms were added to it. The old house stood for many a year, till a cyclone blew the thatched roof clean off it. Then the building was remodelled into the comfortable guest-house of to-day.

Banganapalle town, with its wide streets, its shady trees, its well-kept mosques, is a striking contrast to the unrelieved ugliness of the ordinary Kurnool village. Despotism, in the abstract, is a bad thing; but it is not a bad form of despotism which insists that streets shall be reasonably wide, that the householder shall neither build projections into the street, nor strew rubbish broadcast about it. Indeed, the whole State is not unworthy of the description once given of it, "a garden set in a wilderness". Very garden-like were the shrine and trees of Yaganti, set in a cleft of the Yerramalais, where a perennial spring gushes from the rock. From the shrine a goat-track led up the hills to the little village of Fatehnagar, an eyrie made up of a few small mean houses. I saw two Fatehnagar men once in Banganapalle about Moharram time: they had come down on some business, and I asked whether they would not stay to see the evening festivities. They shook their heads; they were hurrying back to Fatehnagar, for only there was the Moharram celebrated in its full magnificence.

The manners of the State are not quite those of British India. The people are consciously and quaintly independent. If the ruler be good, I think that the inhabitant of the little State is happier than his fellows outside. He is not troubled by a multiplicity of regulations; he is not administered to death by ever-changing officials; if he has business with his Government, he knocks at the Government's door, and says what he has to say about it. Sometimes I thought that it had been to the advantage of the people that too much had not been done for them. They were self-reliant; they realized that, if they did not do some things for themselves, these things would probably remain undone. Cholera once raged about us, and our neighbours were dying like flies. The Banganapalle people set up "sanitary cordons"; they put guards over the public wells; strangers who protested against these restrictions were informed that anyone who found the customs of the State inconvenient was under no compulsion to enter it. No pigs were allowed in Banganapalle. If you entered the State from the north, and brought your pig with you, you must leave him at Gonavaram, just outside the frontier, to await your return.

The people had ideas of protecting themselves. A gang of robbers was raiding north of the Yerramalai hills: in an evil hour for themselves the robbers crossed the ridge, and fell upon a Banganapalle village. Too late they realized that they had walked into a hornets' nest. The villagers rounded them into a cattle pen and hammered them almost out of all likeness to humanity. A similar error of judgment lost to the world the services of "Minak". "Minak" is not a proper name; it is the name of a small snake which coils itself up and strikes quickly; and a Koilkuntla *apache* was living worthily up to the nickname which he had earned. He attempted a burglary in Tangatur, and the people caught him. With punctilious regard for the comity of nations they sent word to the nearest British police station that Minak was held prisoner in the village *chavadi*. The police

arriving found Minak correct and present, but also extremely dead. The Tangaturians looked at one another in artless bewilderment: "However did that happen?" they asked.

Saiyid Hassan Ali Khan was "warden of the marches" on the eastern boundary. He lived in a castle at Navipet, and the turbulent men of Amadala and Bijanamalla walked wide of his towers, and performed the Indian equivalent for crossing themselves as they passed. Hassan Ali was a tall, strong, man, and his moustache would have startled the Kaiser. He had extraordinarily bright eyes:

> . . . the eyes of Pau-Guk
> Glare upon me in the darkness.

"Lord God! sure that wan 'ud *ate* yez", said an Irish rustic to whom I showed his photograph.

The garden in front of the hospital was the great meeting-place of Banganapalle society. There would come the young Nawab, Saiyid Ghulam Ali. Fateh Ali died a few months after my arrival, and his son and I exercised an undefined co-ordinate authority. We never had a disagreement, save when for mutual defence against the outside world we assumed the *rôles* of Spenlow and Jorkins. Ghulam Ali died suddenly in 1922. He was a gentle, courteous man; and I now realize that he was a singularly tactful one.

Unappa, "the Swami", resembled Don Q grown very old. He was nearly blind, and very mad. I conferred on him the title of "Swami," by which he was known till his death. Long years before he had been concerned in a transaction about a diamond with Giddi, the barber, and the diamond filled his waking thoughts and haunted his dreams. What it was all about I never understood, neither, I suspect, did anyone else. Had he sold a diamond to Giddi? had Giddi sold one to him? was there ever a diamond at all? Giddi was dead; and there was no one to throw light on the mystery. Bhanamurti, the lawyer,

was sleeping one dark, sultry, night on a cot outside his house: he awoke and screamed, for a frightful fiend sat cross-legged at the foot of his bed. It was Unappa, roving the deserted streets at an unearthly hour, and rejoiced to find some victim to whom he could unfold his unending tale. Unappa, though mad, was by no means silly. He had a sharp wit, and he once scored a palpable hit at my expense. I was chaffing him about his "Swami-ship", and I suggested that he might take me as his *chela*. "Seeing that you have already become more than half a Muhammadan", said Unappa, "you probably would not find it difficult to adopt yet a third religion". The constant company of educated Muhammadans had a liberalizing effect on my theological views: gradually I began to see that there may be many true religions. In essentials there is little difference between Muhammadanism and Christianity: both teach the doctrine of one true God revealed to man by God's messenger. In its "accidents" Muhammadanism is an Oriental creed, which can make little appeal to the average European. Many of the practical, workaday, injunctions of the Prophet are but counsels of common sense, admirably suited to the land in which they were uttered, but scarcely of universal application. Over the creed of Muhammad, as over that of Christ, men have drawn a veil of irrelevant superstition. Does the Oxford undergraduate, I wonder, realize that his eccentric trousers of a year or two ago were the outward mark of a true believer? The more orthodox Banganapalleans wore Oxford bags raised to the *n*th power.

Khaja Muhammad Hussain was the doctor, and a very good one. He had been in Arabia, and he knew the holy cities well. He told quaint stories of his medical experiences on the pilgrim route. A Bedouin will not take medicine from a stranger, till the stranger proves the medicine innocuous by tasting it himself. The quantity of mixed drugs that the doctor used to absorb under these conditions was remarkable. And the Bedouin carries politeness to extreme lengths. The doctor had prescribed

a black draught for a patient ; a friend passing by inquired what the novel beverage might be. " It is yours ", said the Bedouin with a stately grace ; and the friend drank of the cup in the spirit in which it was offered.

Akber Hussain, brother of the doctor, became Diwan of the State when I left. He was one of the " straightest " men whom I have ever known. He was almost painfully gentle and self-effacing in manner ; but his gentleness covered a steel-like inflexibility in all questions of right and wrong. I count him and his brother among the most valued of my Indian friends.

Nukala Subbiah threw a sudden and informing ray of light on the idea of Self-government. I had suggested that Banganapalle might set to the rest of India an example of Government by all for the good of all. " Are you not *paid* to govern ? " inquired Subbiah thoughtfully. I admitted the fact. " Then," said Subbiah, poking me in the waistcoat with a skinny finger, " why don't you do it ? "

His Excellency Sir Arthur Lawley, Governor of Madras, on December 19, 1908, formally installed Saiyid Ghulam Ali Khan on the throne of his ancestors ; and my long stay among the Muhammadans was at an end. I have visited Banganapalle a few times since then, but I do not think that I should care to return there now. Muhammad and Akber Hussain have retired from the service of the State, and have settled in Hyderabad : all my other friends have taken a longer journey. Fierce old Hassan Ali sent me a message of farewell almost with his last breath. I saw old Unappa when he was over eighty, bedridden, and totally blind. He made me kneel by his bedside, and he stroked my face and head, and crooned over me. For all I now " turn down an empty glass ".

A regulation of the Government of India provides that each independent Indian State shall publish an annual Administration Report. Nawab Fateh Ali complied with this regulation, but in a way peculiarly his own. His reports were drawn up in the prescribed form : columns

of figures showed income and expenditure, the progress of education and sanitation, the yearly outlay of the State on roads, public buildings, irrigation works, and the like. But no statement or figure had any particular reference to, any particular connection with, anything that really existed or happened. I should not describe the old Nawab's procedure as consciously dishonest : I fancy that he saw no reason, other than the unaccountable and unreasoning whim of the Paramount Power, why he, or anyone else, should render such a report. The Paramount Power apparently found a pleasure in reading certain figures, and showed a distaste for others. As a prudent writer the Nawab studied the taste of his reader.

An unrestricted play of fancy was not permitted to me, but at first the actual facts of the Banganapalle administration provided quainter reading than my imagination could have supplied. If a thing interested me it seemed to me not unlikely that it might interest others, and on this principle I wrote my official reports. The water of the public well at Nilagandla was brackish, but, when I suggested the sinking of a new well, the villagers thoughtfully replied that all the advantages were not on the side of my suggestion. They themselves had grown accustomed to the brackish water, and undoubtedly its quality ensured that impecunious relations from elsewhere would make no long stay in Nilagandla.

Perhaps to the amused interest which the annual Banganapalle reports seemed to awaken I owed in some degree my appointment as Provincial Superintendent of Census for the Madras Presidency. His Excellency the Governor, meeting me one morning shortly after my appointment, observed, "Now you can write to your heart's content." I admit that vast columns of figures had small attraction for me, and I was unconscious of any special aptitude for the mathematical feats of "smoothing" age periods, and of "correcting" mortality returns, in which the true statistician takes delight. But

the opportunity offered for describing at length the Presidency and its peoples fascinated me.

To the Census of 1911 I owe at least one pleasant recollection. It is of another friendship which then commenced, and which seems likely to endure. The friend of whom I speak is S. Dandapani Aiyar. He had been Personal Assistant to the Superintendent of 1901; he held the same post with me; and he held it again with my successor of 1921. Though comparatively young, he is the Nestor of Census officials in South India.

Elsewhere I have spoken of the debt which I owe to the "Babu" in general, and I have entered my humble protest against the sneer implicit in the English use of the word. Of the "Babu" Dandapani might stand forth as the type and exemplar; a Brahmin of the Brahmins, a short, round-faced man, beaming mildly on the world through gold-rimmed spectacles. "And yet, thou brave Teufelsdröckh, who could tell what lurked in thee?" Dandapani's power of sustained and accurate work was wellnigh incredible, and in the width of his reading, and in the ripeness of his reflection, I found the inspiration of a fellow-worker rather than the mechanical assistance of a subordinate.

To the shade of one who is no more I send through Dandapani a last message: to his mother. I never saw her, but we exchanged opinions through her son. She was the embodiment of the quaint, old-fashioned, rather narrow, wise, witty, outlook on the world of the orthodox old lady of South India. I had inquired her opinion of an ardent upholder of women's rights. She replied by the devastating counter-question, "The woman who makes speeches in the presence of men—*that one*?"

The appointment of Census Superintendent gave almost unlimited scope for the wanderings in which I delight; and I am especially grateful for the opportunity which it afforded for a visit to the one division of the Madras Presidency in which I have never served. This is the West Coast Division, which comprises the Districts of

Malabar and South Canara. South Indian scenery changes in bewildering fashion under the eyes of the traveller who rounds the corner of the Western Ghats, and finds himself in Malabar, the country of the Malayalis, "the people of hill and sea". Here the cramped villages of the East break up into solid farmhouses scattered over a smiling country-side; the tree-shaded roads wind, dip, ascend; broad, deep rivers flow beneath the bridges; there is something to delight the eye, to take thought away from the purely utilitarian growing of food-crops, and from the everlasting haggle of the market-place. To live amid beautiful surroundings must influence physique, character, habits; and one's first impression of the people is the impression of a natural aristocracy.

Yet in this lovely land one finds grim instances of man's inhumanity to man. Nowhere are caste prejudices so strong, and by these prejudices men are here degraded below the level of the beasts. I wished to see some examples of the very lowest caste, and two *Nayadis* were ordered to attend me. It took these wretched men an unconscionable time to reach my halting-place, for at the approach of any high-caste man they must fly from the public path. Their mere presence within a certain distance is considered a pollution. To this tyranny a letter from an enthusiastic Indian Christian of the West Coast made a quaint allusion: "By adopting Christianity", wrote my correspondent, "the convert becomes fully entitled to the eternal peace of Heaven, and he has not to leave the road at the approach of a Brahmin."

The mainstay of West Coast agriculture are the sturdy *Mappillas*, Muhammadans said to be the offspring of marriage of Arab traders with the women of the coast. My host in Malabar extolled their virtues: they were, he said, quiet, industrious, law-abiding farmers. If they had a fault, it was that of suffering too uncomplainingly Hindu arrogance. Yet ten years later these people blazed into a sudden frenzy of fanaticism, and drenched Malabar in blood.

I visited every District, every city, of South India. But I have always preferred the King's Highway to the train, and of trains I had a surfeit during my employment on the Census. Once for the space of two months I practically lived in trains. I travelled on out-of-the-way branch lines, at all hours, in all sorts of carriages, in all sorts of company. On one occasion I overheard an amusing conversation. It was dusk: I had entered one of the huge Indian third-class compartments: I sat by myself in a corner, smoking a long pipe. Gradually I became aware that fellow-travellers at the other end of the almost empty carriage were talking about me. It seemed that they disliked tobacco smoke; but who was to bell the cat? It was obvious that I was not a Hindu; it was unlikely that a *Doré* (the word is the southern equivalent of *Sahib*) would travel third-class; it followed, therefore, that I must be a Muhammadan. And a Muhammadan, it seems, is a hot and angry man if you get between him and his pipe.

To count the villages of the English country-side, and to number their inhabitants, would seem, at first sight, a task sufficiently difficult. But the English villages are, at least, accessible by roads, orderly when found, and peopled by persons accustomed to speak up for themselves. An Indian village may be anywhere, and, when found, it is but a maze of blind alleys and crooked lanes, wherein dwell men and women as shy of the unexpected stranger as the birds of the field are shy of human beings. But, thanks to the wonderful record system of the Madras Government, it is the merest child's play to find the tiniest hamlet that exists, or the site of one that has once existed; and the preparation of a house-list approximately accurate is but the task of a few moments for the village accountant who has lived all his life within his village limits. A villager's knowledge of his immediate surroundings is amazingly minute and accurate. There are no hedges in the Ceded Districts; yet, when the cholam stands head-high on the great flat plain, and when no

landmark is apparent to the stranger, the village accountant will walk straight to any specified half-acre.

We sought information as to religion, caste, infirmity, civil condition, occupation; and the information recorded was sometimes odd. Occupation was defined as the source from which a livelihood is drawn. With an excess of candour one gentleman returned "Honorary Magistrate" as his occupation. One would scarcely think that the occupations of "vagrant, prostitute, procurer, receiver of stolen goods, cattle-poisoner" would be openly avowed; yet the figures show that in 1911 there were in Madras nearly 162,000 "actual workers" in these arts. A lady entered in the "occupation" column the name of a gentleman to whom she certainly was not united in the bonds of holy matrimony; a village householder described himself as "married", and gave the name of his wife; a reflective enumerator added the marginal comment "not really" to the entry. Inasmuch as the vast majority of persons enumerated are illiterate, the census schedule cannot be left at a house for the householder to fill up; an enumerator must visit each dwelling, and drag information out of someone as to its inhabitants. And this business is sometimes difficult. A Hindu woman, for example, will never pronounce the name of her husband, to such a question she replies by a smile and a covering of her mouth with her hand. Some people resent the coming of the enumerator; others cannot always be in the houses at an appointed hour. An ingenious enumerator in Madras city lightened his labours by the previous announcement that the Government would give in the course of a day or two a rupee to every person correctly enumerated. It is hardly necessary to state that this enumerator lived himself in a far-distant part of the city, and that he did not for some considerable time revisit the scene of his labours. There are about seventy languages current in the Presidency; and, though a speaker of a current language can always be found somewhere, a stranger or two, whose language is absolutely

and finally incomprehensible, will assuredly crop up. On the census night a boatload of Chinese emigrants *en route* for Africa put into Madras Harbour. They had to be enumerated; and it was surprising how easily a little ingenuity in observation overcame the impossibility of direct communication. I found a gang of northern gipsies encamped in a grove near Madras City. Their language (Urdu) presented no difficulty; but they objected to the visit of the enumerator as to that of a disguised emissary of the criminal law. Probably they had enough on their private consciences to render such a visit unwelcome. Several savage dogs, and a large ill-tempered bear, added to the unattractiveness of an entry into the encampment. There were several people who could not speak; and I was personally acquainted with one Hindu recluse who had taken a vow of perpetual silence. I remember asking whether he could not impose his peculiar views on certain of his disciples.

Europeans filled up their own schedules; but here, too, a jar of the smoothly running machinery could sometimes be felt. A single form was sufficient for as many persons as any one house was likely to shelter; but I found that a lady on a visit in the house of friends generally demanded a separate form for herself. Apparently there was a certain reluctance to allow even a bosom friend to scan the entry in the age column.

When the entries were completed, the schedule papers were bundled up and despatched to offices appointed beforehand. There were three such offices. Oriya work was done in Ganjam, Malayalam and Kanarese work in Malabar, Tamil and Telugu work in Madras City. The great bulk of the work was in Tamil and Telugu, and the Madras offices employed nearly 2,000 hands. The entries in the schedule books were posted on to slips, and these slips were then sorted. The speed and accuracy of the Madras clerks at this work, the General Superintendent for all India told me, were unequalled elsewhere. Some clerks after practice achieved such figures as 1,700 slips

posted in a day, and nearly 9,000 sorted. The work of posting and sorting can be simplified by forethought. "Religion" was not posted; the slips of Hindus, Muhammadans, and Christians were distinguished by *colour*. For "civil condition" (single, married, widowed) slips were distinguished by symbols stamped at the top of each, and a distinction in each such symbol stood for the difference of sex. In sorting, the great principle is to make one operation lead into another. Men and women, for example, must always be shown separately in the final statistical tables: therefore slips once sorted for sex were never mixed again. Information has to be supplied as to the literacy of religions, and of particular castes, as well as to the literacy of the total population. Accordingly the slips were first sorted for religion and then for caste, and the separate bundles were then sorted into literates and illiterates. So the literacy of the whole was built up from the literacy of the parts.

Clever as the Madras clerks were, they could at times make quaint mistakes. I noted in the table of "religion" a large number of "Armenians" living together in the Kistna Delta. In Madras City there is an Armenian Cathedral, and here and there throughout the Presidency one may meet a rare Armenian; but a colony of Armenian farmers seemed to me incredible. I had the slips which gave the information traced out, and I found that "Armenian" was a clerk's rendering of the faith of the Salvation Army. Here the clerk was at fault; but the perplexity of an Indian clerk on being called upon to assign "Truthists" to their proper place in the scheme of Christian sects is understandable and excusable. Roman Catholic Missions have always interfered less with caste than have the Protestant, and many Indian Roman Catholics mixed up difference of Christian sect with difference of Hindu caste.

For my own information I carried out an "occupational census" of men actually employed in the Madras Census

Office. This office resembled a clerical *Légion Étrangère*: any man who could write quickly in one vernacular, and who had a nodding acquaintance with English, was accepted without question. It was a noticeable fact that men seemed to return again and again to this work at the ten-year intervals: what they did meantimes I wished to ascertain. I acquired some curious information. *A* had left school at an early age, and had opened a school himself. He gave up this enterprise to join a census office. Then he became tally clerk in a mercantile firm; and when he lost this job, owing to ill-health, he re-opened his school. When the cycle of ten years was accomplished he came back to the Census Office. *B* had been living on charity for some time when he found a post in the Census Office of 1891. He could not remember how he existed after this, but that he did exist somehow was proved by the fact that he rejoined the Census in 1901. He was afterwards a fitter in a railway workshop, and then bill-collector for a photographer. When the office of 1911 was opened, he joined it.

Needless to say we attracted a certain number of "hard cases" to our ranks. A Sergeant of the City Police spent a morning in a reflective stroll through the offices, apparently finding there many old friends and acquaintances. "You seem to have pretty well every criminal in the city employed here, Sir," he said to me. But if our general moral tone left something to be desired, we could sometimes, like the most upright of men, come under the cloud of unjust suspicion. The only building in Madras sufficiently large to house our multitude was the temporarily disused gun-carriage factory of the Army, and this factory still contained a large amount of valuable machinery, stores, and tools. A complaint of extensive pilfering was made to the military officer in charge of the place by a man whose duty it was to check the contents; and that hammers, buckets, anvils, and the like were disappearing unaccountably was an indubitable fact. The complaint worried me a good deal, for I could not understand how such

thefts could occur. The Army kept its own watchmen on the gate ; it would be impossible to smuggle bulky articles past an honest doorkeeper; and of the honesty of the doorkeepers no one entertained a doubt. I had dismissed the problem from my mind as insoluble, when I was rung up by an officer. " I've caught the thief ", he told me. " Who is it ? " I exclaimed interestedly. " The man who made the complaint ", was the unexpected reply. The good checker had seen an opportunity, and had taken advantage of it. No one questioned his goings out and comings in : he simply loaded what he wanted on a cart and took it away. It was a skilful device to throw the blame on the civilian, and not too reputable, strangers.

CHAPTER VII

CASTE AND INDIAN RELIGIONS

Caste—society, religion, occupation—speculations—primitive self-government—advantages and disadvantages of caste—the non-Brahmin movement—Indian faiths—Animism and Hinduism—gods of the Khonds—philosophic Hinduism—re-incarnation and *karma*—the school of Sankarachariar—Islam.

CASTE

I DO not propose to enumerate castes, or to describe in detail the particular customs of various castes. This work has already been done by others. Elsewhere I have myself attempted something of the kind. As Superintendent of Census in 1911 I prepared a table showing the divisions of the people of the Madras Presidency according to caste, tribe, race, and nationality. The table, with its explanatory notes, still affords me amusement : it suggests a division of the inhabitants of England into families of Norman descent, clerks in Holy Orders, noblemen, positivists, ironmongers, vegetarians, communists, and Scotchmen.

What is caste ? What were the great, far-away, and distinguishable differences which find expression to-day in the mere assertion that persons seemingly the same are really different, the one from the other ? Why do millions in South India find existence without caste as inconceivable as man's existence in the air as a bird, or beneath the waters as a fish ?

It is a common European error to assume that Indian caste is the equivalent of European social customs and social differences. A famous English writer, learning that the different castes do not intermarry, made the

whole caste matter clear in one short letter to the Press. In England the duke's daughter does not marry the footman; in India high caste does not marry with low; that is all. But in England the marriage of a daughter of the House with a servant of the House is a *mésalliance* for the woman; in India a servant is often of far higher caste than his master, and the social discredit attaching to the union (it could scarcely be styled a marriage) would fall on him. Worldly position is no index to caste position: a Ruling Prince in India may be of very low caste indeed. In England any two persons without the prohibited degrees of affinity, neither having a legal spouse living, can contract a valid marriage. In India caste difference renders impossible the marriage of two persons unrelated, and absolutely equal in social position, wealth, refinement.

Yet in caste there undoubtedly is much of social custom. Caste attends to many of the incidents that accompany a man's entrance into the world; caste ordains the method of disposal of a man's body, when he and the world have said a long farewell to one another. Caste forbids a man to eat certain foods; caste prescribes the manner in which he must eat such food as is permitted to him; and caste specifies with whom he may, or may not, eat that food. Caste deals with dress, and with personal hygiene; caste circumscribes the field wherein a man may seek a wife for himself. But in Europe social custom, in the last resort, will always yield to common sense. This is not so with caste in India. I have seen an Indian father bow his head on his hands, and weep for the misery that the callous cruelty of caste custom was bringing on his child. In England the dustman does not ordinarily call on the duke; but the dustman's right to the use of the public street is as good as that of Royalty. In India I have known objection raised by high caste dwellers in a street to the repair of that street by low caste labourers.

The lines of vocation and of religion have crossed the line of caste. On the country-side, at least, I do not think

that any man save a member of the barber caste exercises the barber's profession, or that any man save a caste washerman washes soiled clothes. But caste is not an infallible guide to vocation. The traditional fivefold division into Brahmins (priests), Kshatriyas (soldiers), Vaisyas (merchants), Sudras (husbandmen and artisans), and Pariahs (persons without the pale of caste), has little practical meaning in South India to-day. I have, of course, known Brahmin priests; but I have also known Brahmin lawyers, doctors, engineers, journalists, cooks, clerks, farmers, merchants, motor-drivers. A certain number of persons in South India style themselves Kshatriyas, but I have not been able to trace a particular connection between them and the Army. Caste artisans are to be found in every calling: I have had under me clerks who were caste goldsmiths.

Caste, as I shall later have occasion to remark, has always been the great obstacle to acceptance by the Indian of the Christian religion, the religion that teaches that all men are equal in the sight of God. Yet the reinforcement of caste custom by religious sanction I have always suspected to be illegitimate. The phenomenon is not uncommon among the unthinking in other parts of the world. What a man habitually does, or refrains from doing, he comes to consider as "right" or as "wrong." When he has taken the first step from custom to ethics, he takes easily the second step, from ethics to Divinity.

A wheel has a way of swinging through a full circle. Modern political development has divided the Hindus of South India into three camps, Brahmins, non-Brahmins, and Pariahs. Now it is an interesting fact that the Pariahs in late years have abjured their age-old name, and have styled themselves Adi-Dravidas (original Dravidians); they have secured official approval and acceptance of the change. The name Pariah, it sometimes seemed to me, was used rather of these people than by them. They themselves often used names more opprobrious according to Western thought, such as *Agnani* (unenlightened), and

Tindathavan (untouchable). It is possible that the political groupings of to-day may have a historical basis. These self-styled Adi-Dravidas may really represent the early inhabitants of the Peninsula; these Dravidians may have been submerged beneath, enslaved by, invaders more civilized, more skilled in the arts of peace and war. Such would be the ancestors of the non-Brahmins of to-day. To the non-Brahmins came the Brahmins, a foreign aristocracy feeble in numbers but predestined by intellectual superiority to civil supremacy. There were in 1911 in the Tamil country about two and a half millions of Pariahs, a figure which suggests rather the remnant of a race than the formation of a class. There were less than half a million Brahmins, and there were about fifteen million non-Brahmins. I cannot accept the theory that Brahmin, non-Brahmin, and Pariah arose simultaneously and ready made by Heaven's decree; actual figures, and the differences observable between the classes, make it difficult to believe that one can be a development from the other.

If this hypothesis (it is nothing more) be accepted provisionally, it seems possible to deduce therefrom certain principles leading to to-day's caste distinctions between groups and within groups.

Almost invariably caste distinction finds expression in refusal of commensality or of intermarriage, or of both. The Pariah, at the bottom of the scale, has always been, in theory at least, an unclean feeder: the Brahmin, at the top, has carried refinement in the matter of diet to its utmost limits. Brahmin scrupulousness has been carried in modern days to senseless extremes, and the spirit is often lost sight of in a strict observance of the letter. An Indian friend told me that his mother and his mother-in-law would both eat food prepared by his wife, while neither would eat food prepared by the other. I once made a long railway journey in the company of a Brahmin, who, of course, refused to eat in my company. But he frankly admitted that my food at a railway station,

prepared by Pariahs, was prepared under much more cleanly conditions than the food prepared for him there by an unimpeachably "orthodox" Brahmin. The non-Brahmins occupy an intermediate position: their ideas, or the ideas of a great many of them, on the subject of diet are the ideas of the average European.

The idea underlying the refusal of intermarriage seems understandable. The higher race sought to preserve the purity of its blood. The thought that blue blood grown thin may be benefited by an intermixture of coarser, stronger, redder blood, is a modern thought of the Western World.

Internal caste distinctions seem to follow understandable lines. Brahmins have divided on the lines of philosophical thought: the main distinction among Brahmins is the distinction of the schools of Sankarachariar (monism), Ramanujachariar (qualified dualism), Madhavachariar (absolute dualism). Non-Brahmin differences may have been, originally and in the main, vocational: Pariah differences perhaps tribal.

It may be asked why a difference in matters of abstract thought should be a bar to intermarriage and commensality among Brahmins. Philosophical thought is for the Brahmin what we in Europe call "religion", and even in Europe religious differences still find outward expression in the avoidance of certain social relationships. Differences of vocation have also a dividing effect in Europe: there the family of the bookseller has ordinarily little social communion with that of the bootmaker. But the "custom" of Europe has hardened into the irrevocable decree of India, or else India's irrevocable decree has softened into mere "custom" in Europe.

And in the caste distinctions of to-day there may also be some remnant or effect of a primitive system of self-government. When there was no strong central authority, no uniform and universally respected system of Law, men had to band together somehow to arrange some settlement, other than that of brute force, of their daily

difficulties. I noticed a striking example of caste self-government among the people living on a somewhat inaccessible mountain-top in a District of which I was Collector. These people were, of course, subject to the ordinary Government of the country; but in reality the workings of that Government scarcely interested or affected them. They paid without question a nominal tax on the lands which they cultivated: they seldom or never invoked the machinery of the established law courts. Outside each village was a Council-hall, just an earthen platform under a matting roof supported on poles. Here disputes were decided. These people lived entirely apart even from their nominal fellow-castemen on the plains. They neither claimed superiority, nor did they admit inferiority: they were different, that was all. They did not like strangers to settle on their mountain; in fact, by a system of courteous boycott, they made uninvited settlement practically impossible. A group following one "law" tended to draw into itself, and apart from other groups following other "laws".

It may be interesting to describe a case of which this caste council took cognisance. It is in India a grave insult, and one severely punished by the established law, to strike a man with a slipper. The hillmen's caste tribunal punishes the man who is struck: this is injury added to insult! One luckless wight so insulted the caste council had sentenced to a fine of 200 rupees, a gigantic sum for a man in his position. I found that another caste council took cognizance of the social offence of *stinking*.

Much has been said against the caste system: foreigners have denounced it as a leaden weight crushing the life out of Hindu India. Caste is certainly alien from European ideas; but an institution so universal in its own country, one which has lasted so long, must be susceptible of defence. The exclusiveness of the Brahmin helped to preserve Brahmin standards of intelligence and refinement; the vocational castes kept alive arts and crafts which might otherwise have perished; the caste system,

as a whole, saved Hindu society from sinking into anarchy in the long dreary days of foreign invasions and civil war.

On the other hand, caste accentuated the fissiparous tendency which is a strongly marked element of the Indian nature. "What is the difference between a Smarta and a Vaishnavite?" I asked in my young days of an elderly subordinate. "The difference", replied the Sage thoughtfully, "is that if the Collector's *sarishtadar* (i.e. confidential secretary) is a Smarta, a Vaishnavite cannot get promotion in the office." The answer was illogical, but instructive: I fear that it expressed a practical truth. Caste is really the great obstacle to the growth in India of a healthy self-government of all by all. And caste has undoubtedly done physical harm to those whose pride of caste is highest. It is the underlying cause of "child-marriage" among the Brahmins. A girl in orthodox Brahmin society is formally "married" as an infant; she is "actually" married at the earliest moment that Nature permits; at all costs the possibility of blood-contamination must be avoided. Widowhood is eternal and unalterable. The inevitable result is a dreadful mortality of infants and of child-mothers, and a general lowering of physical standards. These facts were noted by one of the greatest of Indians, the late G. K. Gokhale, himself a Brahmin.

There are two sides to vocationalism in caste. "There can be no doubt that every art is improved by confining the professor of it to that single study. But, although the art itself is advanced by the concentration of the mind in its service, the individual who is confined goes back." (Copleston.) This is but half a truth. I do not see how an art can really advance, while he who practises it recedes. In support of my view I can narrate a circumstance which came under my observation. At Ranipet Messrs. Parry & Co. have a pottery works: the articles manufactured were mainly jars and pipkins for holding acids. The work of the Indian potters could scarcely be described as satisfactory; and Messrs. Parry

imported a first-class English workman to see whether any improvement could be effected. By chance the new-comer and I arrived at the factory on the same morning; he to join his appointment, I to pay a call on the manager. I walked round with him, and saw the men at work. I asked whether the work required much skill. "It is very skilled work indeed", he replied; "it would take you at least two years of constant practice ere you could even attempt to do what those men are doing. And even then you would do it very badly. But their work is slovenly, rule-of-thumb, unintelligent." The proof of the pudding is the eating: in three months the standard of excellence had risen so amazingly that it was difficult to believe that the articles turned out were the work of the same men. Intelligence had been superadded to *quasi* blind instinct.

A striking phenomenon of modern times in South India was the emergence of a "non-Brahmin" political party. The Brahmin took the lead in South Indian politics in virtue of his intellectual superiority: for the same reason he enjoyed a practical monopoly of lucrative employment under the foreign Government which he professed to detest. The result of a widening of the electorate was the submergence of the Brahmin. The Brahmin had exercised his monopoly unfairly: his aptitude for official routine, his past political services, now counted for naught. National politics were swallowed up by caste prejudices. In the early days of the new dispensation the Brahmin might fairly assert a lugubrious claim to membership of "the depressed classes".

It is well that the State Service should no longer be a Brahmin oligarchy: well too that the non-Brahmin should refuse to accept himself as *necessarily* inferior to the Brahmin. But it cannot be to the advantage of State or People that ability should be slighted, driven from the State's Service, because of an accident of birth uncontrollable by the individual. It is well that the non-Brahmin should strive to equal or to excel the intellectual

culture, the social refinement of the Brahmin : it is not well that the non-Brahmin should vie with the Brahmin in caste or racial intolerance, that he should flatter the Brahmin by imitation of the defects (child-marriage, for example) of the Brahmin social system.

RELIGION

The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Whosoever comes to Me, through whatsoever way I reach him, all men are struggling through paths which in the end lead to Me.

It is difficult to read these two quotations, the one from a popular Christian hymn, the other from a Hindu Scripture, without reflection on the shallow supercilious intolerance of the one, the large wise tolerance of the other.

I cannot view Indian religions as an orthodox Christian standing outside them and wholly apart from them. Such observer may describe Indian faiths and ceremonies as interesting, but will probably describe them as absurd, phenomena of thought in unenlightened minds. Without an Indian village one may see rows of terra-cotta horses : these are *Ayyanar's* steeds, on which he rides at night around the village to see that all is well. One smiles. There is, of course, no such God as *Ayyanar* : it is ridiculous to picture a deity jolting about in the dark on a horse made of mud by human hands. But if the Christian's God numbers each hair of the Christian's head, is it strange that a Hindu God should care for the welfare of a particular village ? God's name is not *Ayyanar* : but, then, what is God's name ?

Men have always sought "religion", have always lifted their desires beyond themselves. Even when they deny all belief unfounded on human experience, the wheel of thought turns through a full circle, and brings them

back to the point from which they started. Comte contemned all that is not positive and verifiable by human intelligence; but he set up Humanity as an object of worship. Certain passages in Meredith suggest that his disbelief in the commonly received religion of his country was tempered by the attribution of a conscious "soul" to the earth on which we stand.

I have never known a particular man whom I could worship: I cannot make man more worshipful by thinking of him in myriads. There may be a soul in the Earth: as well may there be a God without the Earth. The latter supposition is no more difficult than the former. Man cannot get away from God.

I do not find a difficulty in God's revelation of Himself to man. "Can it be that God, Almighty God, He, the Creator Himself, went down and took the form of one of the miserable insects crawling on its Earth's surface, and died Himself to save their souls? I had asked the question. Did ever man ask it honestly, and answer *yes*?" I cannot follow, cannot assent to, Froude's rhetoric. If God chose to come down to Earth, to die on Earth, I see no reason why He should not have done so. I do not assert that His revelation was limited to "this miserable ball, not a sand-grain in the huge universe of suns".

But when I am asked to believe that God revealed Himself to man on Earth once only, in the little Jewish town which the name of Jesus has rendered holy for nigh two thousand years, I cannot yield assent. I think that God has revealed Himself to man in many ways, and that each revelation is fitted to the mentality which has to receive it. A revelation incomprehensible by the mind of him to whom it was made would be useless. When the householder of a little Indian village pictures *Ayyanar* riding about on his terra-cotta horses, he conceives of the protecting power of God: he expresses his conception within the limits of his mental development.

There are four main faiths in South India: Animism, Hinduism, Muhammadanism, Christianity. Animism I

can neither define nor describe precisely. At the Census of 1911 the following rough-and-ready criterion was employed. If a person enumerated entered in column 8 of the schedule his faith as Hindu, Muhammadan, or Christian, that entry was accepted. If the entry was of tribe or race, the person making such entry was classed as an Animist.

Judged so, many of the Indian hill tribes are Animists. Here are some of the Khond Divinities (*Penu*), and beliefs.

Dondo is a god of punishment, and he lives in some sacred trees near each village. If you cut one of these trees, your days on earth are not likely to be long. *Loha*, if propitiated, will avert the arrows of the foeman, and guide your own : he is, as his name suggests, the god of iron. *Odu* may not enter the village, but he protects it in a general way from without. He has two lieutenants, *Dandere*, who watches from behind, and *Darni*, who attends to affairs within. *Goheli* keeps tigers from the cowshed ; *Oda* drives birds and beasts from the crops ; *Murdo* and *Rugo* are smallpox and cholera, and they require constant and careful propitiation.

The Khonds have a belief in the survival of the spirit after death, and after a natural death they perform a curious ceremony called *pideri tapka* (bringing in the devil). A spider is brought from the burning ground, kept for a day, and propitiated with offerings. The idea seems to be that the spider, an unpleasant creature, represents the malignance of the deceased now set free from the trammels of the physical body. The spirit of a man killed by a tiger may become itself a tiger. And the Khonds believe in the possibility of a temporary spirit transference during lifetime. A Khond man may divorce his wife on the charge that she goes forth at night in the guise of a tiger, and preys on the livestock of the village.

Such are the Khond gods and beliefs. If the names be altered, and if a few crudities of belief be softened, we reach the faith of a Hindu country village. *Ayyanar* I have mentioned ; *Sattan* lives in trees, and is appeased

by bits of rag; *Karuppan* likes swords and clubs, and a swing on which to disport himself. *Mariamman* is everywhere: she is the spirit of smallpox.

Now, Christians offer prayer to God against plague, pestilence, and famine: the uneducated Indian prays against misfortunes to the misfortunes themselves. The difference is mainly one of enlightenment in the worshipper; the Indian villager has little or no idea of beneficent power. His gods require constant propitiation, and this the Indian offers in strange ways. An ascetic will hold a limb in a particular position till the joint stiffens and becomes immovable. At Tiruvanamalai I have seen a man offer to some god the propitiation of rolling round the sacred mountain which gives the town its name.

But the idea of propitiation is not absent from Christianity, even from modern Christianity. Newman dedicated his lectures on University Education to those who by "their resolute prayers and penances" had helped to free him from the worry of the Achilli trial; crawling on all fours about shrines I remember myself as a quite common act of devotion in rural Ireland. Antiseptics, I have read, are not absolutely necessary at Lourdes: faith in, and petitions to, God and His Saints will supply the need. God, then, has established laws for His Earth, and has given to man intelligence for the understanding of these laws. But laws may be swept aside, intelligence is a gift of no intrinsic value, if God be but sufficiently flattered, directly or through intermediaries, by vague prayers and adorations. If I may smile openly at the sight of an Indian propitiating gods, I must smile inwardly at the thought of a God propitiated.

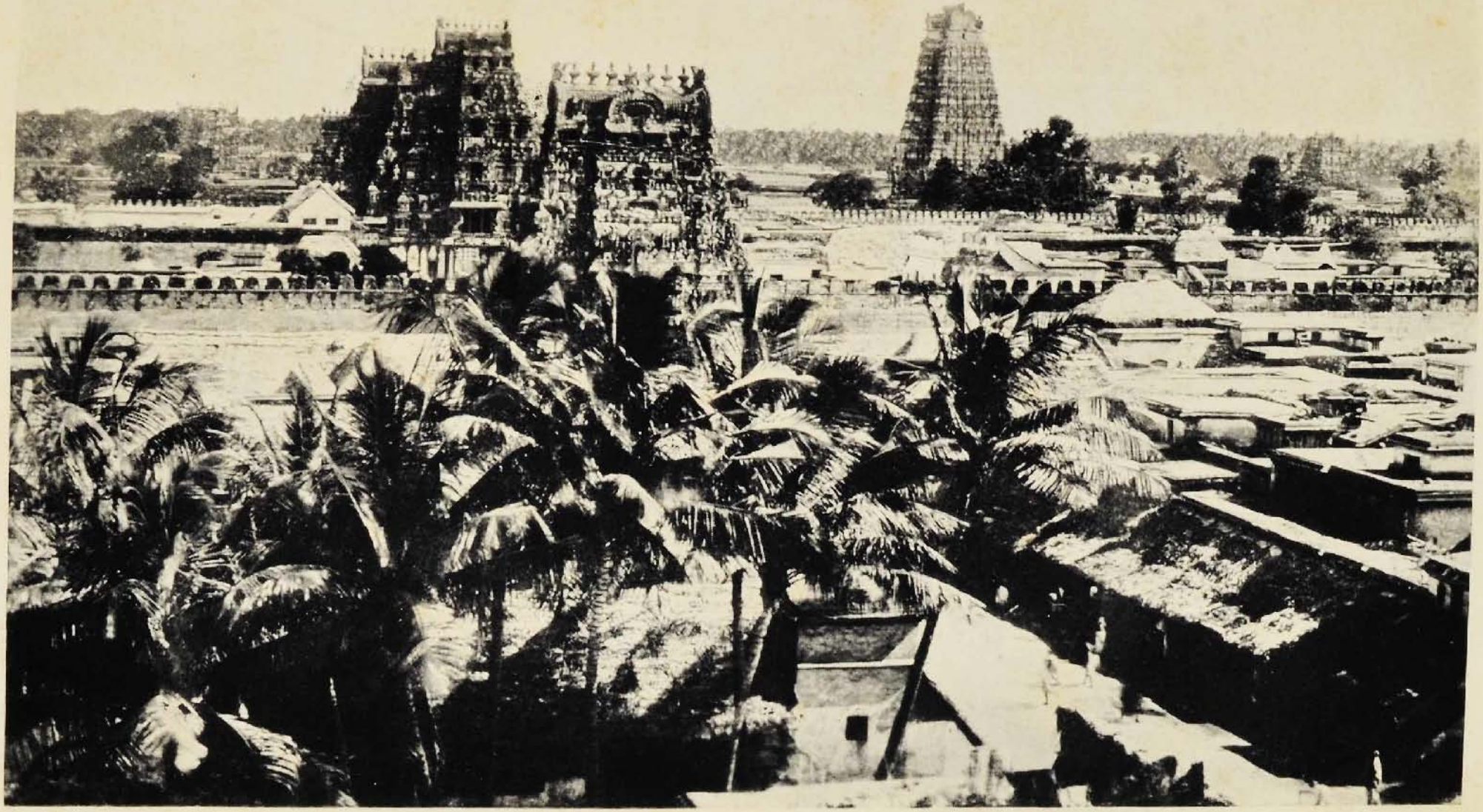
I have spoken of Hinduism: it should be borne in mind that there is really no one such religion. "Hinduism" is a term applied loosely to the very varying faiths of various peoples who inhabit a vast tract of country, and who do not profess any other definite form of belief. Etymologically, religion is that which binds men together: Hinduism has separated men into different categories

wherein they must for ever abide. So great is the difference between the faith of the highly educated Brahmin and that of the unlettered Sudra, that I can scarcely believe the one to be a development from the other. Hinduism, though non-proselytizing, is yet acquisitive. An individual cannot profess conversion, and be received as a Hindu; but a very slight profession of faith will secure acceptance for a whole tribe, gods included.

Before I speak of the faith or philosophy of advanced Hindu thinkers, I may say that I cannot accept the current catch-phrase that India is the home of spirituality. There may be more of "religion" in India than in Europe. A Hindu once boasted to me that he and his fellows "ate and drank religion". This may be true; but I think that in "eating and drinking religion", Hindus, as one of their learned doctors wittily observed, have dragged down religion to the level of the cooking-pot. The attempt to throw the cloak of religion over every material action ends in the replacement of spirituality by crass material formalism.

There may be yet another defect in advanced Hinduism. It is unsubstantial. There was long ago a phrase attributed, rightly or wrongly, to Mark Pattison, that "the idea of God must be defæcated to a pure transparency". The ultimate speculations of the great Hindu thinkers are interesting to the metaphysician, but they are scarcely a guide and support to the average man in the daily perplexities of his life in this world.

The thought of the Hindu philosophers about God, and about the relation between God and Man, can best be understood by consideration of the ordinarily accepted doctrines of Christianity. For the Christian there is God the creator, and Man whom God has created. God incarnated in His Son (the definite human word "Son" here seems to be loosely used), revealed Himself to Man, and taught Man how to live and how to die. Death is a trivial happening: Man thereby passes into another country, where his personal existence is continued, and



"THE CITY'S CONGREGATED PEACE OF HOMES AND POMP OF SPIRES"

where he receives personal reward or punishment for what he has done well or ill. But such reward or punishment, according to the teaching of the Christian Church, is out of all proportion to the merit or demerit of the human individual. Man reaps the benefit of a vicarious sacrifice, of the sacrifice offered by God the Son to God the Father. By the merit of this sacrifice Man may obtain everlasting happiness; by the same merit, joined to his own personal repentance of what he has done amiss, Man may escape everlasting torment.

For the thinker there certainly are difficulties in this faith. The fact that Man does exist suggests the possibility of immortality; for if man has emerged into one life, there seems little to preclude the apparently easier step of passing into another. But how comes it that man is prospectively, but not retrospectively, immortal? The doctrine of forgiveness secured by profession of repentance and by the merit of another's sacrifice is a strange one, and one carried with strange consequences to strange lengths in some Christian countries. Can Man thus easily disentangle himself in Heaven from his actions, or from the consequences of them, on Earth?

These questions the Hindu thinkers sought to answer by the doctrines of reincarnation and *karma*. Man has always lived. His circumstances in this birth are the reward or punishment (the inevitable consequences) of his actions in the birth that is past and done with: existence is an endless chain. But with reincarnation is not bound up the persistence of a conscious personality; and Man finds it impossible really and satisfactorily to disentangle his personality from the phenomena of life. He may believe in the *probability* of a life to come, but he cannot believe in the *fact* of a life past, unless he can find some "I" thread to lead him back thereto.

The school of Sankarachariar reached logical consistency by the denial of present personality. Man, and all about him, are but temporary manifestations in multiplicity of the Divine Unity which persists. But to this theory

there is, in human life, a practical objection : the notion of personality will not die. Driven thus farther back, the Advaitists brought forward the argument of *Maya* (illusion). It is only through the power of *Maya* that Man is conscious of his own personality : did he but see clearly, he would see that he is one with the Divine. Analogy is pressed into the service of this argument. In the twilight I see a rope, and judge it to be a snake ; in the clear daylight the rope is but a rope. But it is one thing to confound the qualities of two things external to oneself, quite another thing to be conscious of a difference between oneself and something else.

There are other difficulties attendant on these theories. It is difficult to reconcile the doctrines of reincarnation and *karma*. If the deeds of a present individual entail bliss or misery on some future manifestation of the Divine, then such individual is the master of the Divine. It is a high thought to identify oneself so completely with one's fellows as to realize that the least wrong done to a fellow is a wrong done to oneself. Man may assent to this thought as to a philosophical speculation : the probability that the assent will greatly influence his daily life is small. The practical ethical result of such teaching is likely to be poor.

The school of Ramanujachariar distinguished Man in God, though not from God : the school of Madhavachariar made the distinction complete.

Renan found everywhere something sterile and repellent in the outward manifestations of the faith of Islam ; Newman thought the creed arid and infertile, a creed leading nowhere. True there is in the everyday teachings of Muhammadanism in South India much which I consider crude, absurd, objectionable. I found a Muhammadan friend at spiritual variance from his father, an orthodox believer, over the matter of turning up the ends of his trousers. But Muhammad preached the doctrine of one true God and one alone to the idolaters of Arabia : his words have been " the life guidance of a hundred and

eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years". "There is no God but God: Muhammad is the messenger of God": this is the faith of Islam. If I accept the first article, I do not see how I can deny the second. Only I would say "a messenger", not "the messenger".

The teachings of Christ spread westward, the teachings of Muhammad eastward. Had the directions of these currents been reversed, would Islam stand where Christianity stands to-day? It is for those to whom a revelation has been made to make practical use of that which has been revealed to them. Times and circumstances change, and Man must change with them. The South Indian Moslem is too easily satisfied by a literal, not spiritual, compliance with certain precepts issued, subject to the limitations of human speech, many centuries ago. And the Christian, when he styles himself as such, by no means commits himself in advance to approval of all actions of all who make the same profession. I have always thought it strange and sad that many Indian Moslems should deem it a religious duty to profess sympathy with all fellow-believers, without scrutiny of the acts of those whom they offer their sympathy.

It is a reproach commonly levelled by the Christian at Muhammad that Muhammad taught his faith with the edge of the sword. This is true; but I think that we must pay due regard to attendant circumstances. Both Christ and Muhammad were, in a sense, "revolutionaries". Christ preached His doctrines in a land where the Roman peace prevailed, where a man, within certain limits, might say and do as he pleased. Muhammad taught in a savage land, where a man's hand must keep his head. A parallel can be found, I think, in modern India. Mr. Gandhi, under the British peace in India, preached "peaceful revolution", "non-co-operation", "overthrow of the Government by soul-force", without danger to his life, and with but little interference with his personal liberty. An unarmed preacher of such doctrines in Afghanistan would not outlive a week.

CHAPTER VIII

TINNEVELLY

Tuticorin—regrets of a hotel-keeper—political crimes—liberalism at a safe distance—Kalugamalai and Courtallam—the desert—Adrien Caussanel and the priests of the sand wastes—Manapad—Xavier's cave—Francis Xavier—Robert di Nobili and the Brahmins of Madura—Caste and Christianity—Protestants and Catholics—the work and status of the missionary

TINNEVELLY, the southernmost District of Madras, was at one time better known, by experience if not by name, than it is to-day to the incoming visitor. In the early years of the century the traveller who approached India from the South disembarked at Colombo, in Ceylon, and took ship again for a stormy twelve hours' crossing to the mainland. The crossing was always made by night, and in the morning the hideousness of Tuticorin was a dismal introduction to the glowing East. Tuticorin is cramped, huddled, dirty beyond expressing. Yet such unpromising elements as squalor and dirt will sometimes disclose an unconscious humour in those who dwell amongst them. A certain person of importance once reached Tuticorin, and sought the shelter of a so-called hotel. The proprietor emerged wringing his hands in genuine dismay: "It is most unfortunate", he said; "only this morning I put all my beds out in the sea to drown the bugs"! He pointed to the bedsteads among the lapping waves. "If only you had come *yesterday*", he murmured regretfully.

For the old-time traveller Tuticorin is an evil memory that has faded: for the traveller of to-day the stormy strait and the filthy port are experiences which he is not called upon to undergo. The Ceylon train service carries

either from Colombo to Taleimanar: a ferry crosses in an hour or so to Dhanushkodi, whence a quick train runs up to join the main line of the South Indian Railway at Madura. Yet Tuticorin, though its day as a port of entry for passengers may be over, is not likely to lose its importance as the commercial port of the South. Great works are now in progress which will transform the old roadstead into a deep-water harbour; and it is scarcely conceivable that the incoming work of improvement will stop short at the land's edge, and leave the wretched town untouched.

I served as Collector in Tinnevelly for about a year. The District had then an evil reputation as a hotbed of sedition, and against it was recorded the blackest political crime ever committed in South India. This was the murder of Mr. Ashe, the Collector and District Magistrate, who was shot dead as he sat in a railway carriage at Manyachi junction, a short distance from Tinnevelly town.

Of this crime I would make neither too much nor too little. Vanchi Aiyar, the murderer, was a half-crazy degenerate, whose muddled mind had been inflamed by tales of imaginary wrongs: he shot himself a few moments after the murder. That there was any sympathy with, any condonation of, the crime on the part of the people of the District I find it impossible to believe. Yet a heavy responsibility rests with those who listen without open objection to the poisonous teaching which leads to such crimes, and with those who permit such teaching to spread unchecked through India. This latter responsibility, this indifference to the possible and probable result of vile propaganda, was then, in my opinion, chargeable to England rather than to anyone in authority in India.

It is extremely easy to be forbearing, to be long-suffering, to be intrepid—at a safe distance. Many a "liberal" reputation in England has been built up in this way. The life and letters of an eminent humanitarian

in the Victorian days supply me with matter for sardonic reflection. The humanitarian foamed with rage over the doings of Eyre in Jamaica. Eyre had put one Gordon, a suspected revolutionary, to death without proper legal form of trial: Eyre had thus committed murder, and Eyre should hang. But when outrages attributed to Fenians occurred in the nearer neighbourhood of the humanitarian's dwelling, the view-point changed quickly and quaintly. It would then be just to hold Irish Members of Parliament as hostages, and to execute summary reprisals on them.

Yet ignorance as well as hypocrisy must accept its fair share of blame. In no country in the world does extravagant speech, covert or open incitement to violence and crime, fall on ears so deaf as in England. Sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion, as preached at Hyde Park Corner, are for the stay-at-home Englishman a time-honoured relief from the dullness of the British Sabbath afternoon. Judging the mentality of all others by his own, the Englishman cannot conceive this howling of revolutionary cheapjacks as likely to influence any human being to any action, good or evil. But the sputtering matches, which fizzle out harmlessly at the foot of the great oak of English common sense, may start a frightful blaze in the dry shavings of lighter, less solid, intelligences. Kerensky essayed the English pose of contemptuous indifference in face of the ravings of Lenin: in six months Lenin was tyrant of Russia, and Kerensky was a fugitive. The English professed to look with tolerant contempt on the activities of Irish revolutionaries: the terrorism that spread from the teachings of such drove the English out of Ireland.

There are odd people to be found in Tinnevelly as elsewhere, and of these the most odd are the *Vellalas*, who live within a fort at Srivaikuntam. No stranger is allowed within the gates of the fort; the inhabitants marry only among themselves; they carry seclusion of their women to a pitch of insanity undreamed of outside.

A woman, once she enters her husband's house, never crosses the threshold again: her lot is that of the lady in Browning's poem, *The Statue and the Bust.* This strange tribe or community must of necessity die. When I looked into their affairs, I found that their hopes of continued existence rested on twelve married women and seven unmarried girls. I explained to them, as best I could, the modern view of "race-suicide"; but they were perfectly content with the results of their own customs. In support they adduced the oddest argument that I have heard: "the fewer there are to divide the possessions of a community, the richer and happier will each member of that community be."

At Kalugamalai, in the north of the District, there is a curious little temple, a monolith, so far as I remember. From the stone hill, which gives the town its name, the people of old had cut clear a block: this block they then carved into the form of a temple. Kalugamalai lives also in my mind to illustrate the Indian's peculiar power of perverting the stranger's efforts for his good. There is a yearly cattle fair held in the town, and it was ordained that "sanitary provision" be made for the visiting multitudes. An officer of the Sanitation Department, visiting Kalugamalai the morning after the fair had concluded, expressed unbounded satisfaction with the perfect cleanliness in which the structure erected had been kept. A doubt lingered in my mind, and I made discreet inquiry of a missionary priest who lived hard by. "The village authorities put a guard over the place", he said, "and no man dared approach unless he was looking for a bang on the head."

The beauty spot of Tinnevelly, the only spot likely to attract the attention of the sight-seeing stranger, is Courtallam, with its great temple, its waterfall, and its bathing pool. Here are comfortable bungalows, which may be rented; pleasant walks lead up past the waterfall into the overlying hills; at the temple itself will always be found courteous Indians speaking fluent English, and

ready to display the temple's magnificence, and to recount its history. Here, in my day, there lived an ascetic under a vow of lifelong silence. No one who knew him would mock at the strange recluse as at a charlatan cloaking folly by eccentricity. He made no parade of aloofness. He was an educated man, and he had an active mind. If he would not speak, he gave counsel by signs, and in writing, to those who sought his help. Years afterwards, in a far distant part of the Presidency, an Indian friend spoke to me of this strange enthusiast cut off by his own volition from communion with his fellow-men. "He *does* do good", my friend assured me; "I know men whom his influence has turned from darkness to light, from the doing of evil to righteousness." "All men are struggling through paths which in the end lead up to Me", says a Hindu Scripture. The recluse of Courtallam had chosen a path strange to my way of thinking, but it seemed to lead him upwards.

I visited Courtallam, but I turned from it to the sand wastes of the South. I left a cool, airy bungalow for the heat and discomfort of a tent; the society of educated Indians for the rude *Shanar* tappers climbing the palmyra-trees; my own speech for the struggle to understand, and to make myself understood in, Tamil. The sand, the *Shanars*, the Tamil, these were for me the real living India. The great grey temple, the comfortable house, the smooth fluent English speech about me, all these were a cold dead past mingled with an unreal present.

I had, of course, some particular purpose in my journey. Somewhere in the desert there lived a dragon, whom I was determined to track to his lair. The dragon's name was Adrien Caussanel: he exercised the calling of a Jesuit priest, and his reputation in my office was that of one who mocked at Authority. Yet the instances adduced of his malign activities scarcely justified his fame. He had built an altar some ten feet square on the sea-beach, thereby putting our Lord the King to the loss of some portion of his sand. It seemed to me possible that there

might still be left sand sufficient for the King's use and enjoyment. He had been asked why the walls of a convent built a century before his birth encroached by some two feet on public land; and he had replied, somewhat curtly, that he neither knew nor particularly cared. His epistolary style, I must admit, was not always courteous: this I subsequently found to be due to his somewhat imperfect acquaintance with English.

From my tent near the village of Valliyur I first saw the sand and palmyras of the desert stretching before me. I looked out into the dusk; evening was drawing in, and the only landmark visible was a light that twinkled on the hill of Kallikulam. Next morning I rode forth to explore. A drizzling rain was falling; even Kallikulam was veiled in mist; every new stretch of sand, every new palmyra, resembled the last. In a short time I lost myself. Soon I stumbled on Ethiopia herself, transported hither from Walt Whitman's poem. Her hair was white and woolly; her bony, leather-skinned, feet were bare. I could have believed her had she told me that she had dwelt here "years a hundred". But, unlike Ethiopia, this dame of the desert was neither silent nor unoccupied. She was cooking under the lee of a matting shelter, and she screeched a friendly greeting to me. We conversed dizzily: "does he really understand what I am saying?" she inquired abruptly of a neighbouring tree-top, where a cadet of her family, perched like a bird, was tapping the palmyra juice. Ethiopia set my head toward Kallikulam, and I wandered on, till a Christian church rose suddenly out of the mist. At the presbytery hard by I made my first acquaintance among the Jesuit Fathers whose earthly lives go by in the sand wastes. They are never in a hurry: there is never any task which they must accomplish ere the time of furlough or retirement comes round. That time never comes for them. They build as slowly as the coral insects. Of scarce any one of them is it possible to say that he did any definite work; but the work goes on "unhasting, unresting".

At Vadakankulam I found my dragon, the object of my long struggle through the sands. I have never seen a man so thin as Father Caussanel. For some eighteen years, he told me, he had not eaten solid food: he lived on milk and gruel. In this there was no idea of pious asceticism: only so could he vanquish the devil of dyspepsia which plagued him. He had called up memories of a past life, and had prepared a meal for me. He watched me eat with the anxious pride of an artist who has invited a critic to gaze upon his masterpiece. Our immediate business was soon transacted, and I had leisure to study the old French priest and his ways. Father Caussanel lived among his people as there live in the Old Testament Men of God and Healers of the Sick. He had picked up a working knowledge of drugs and simples, and, point most important in India, he inspired faith in those to whom he ministered. Yet at the time of my visit a furious war was raging between him and a large section of his parishioners. The Father did not seem to mind greatly; he persisted in serving to the best of his ability those who flouted his authority; his affection for his wayward sheep seemed unaffected by their waywardness. The cause of the quarrel was interesting. I shall describe it later, and in its logical place.

From Vadakankulam I marched on to Idayangudi, the great Protestant missionary settlement founded by Caldwell. There the village choir *danced* the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den for my edification. The Tamilian is a comedian born: it comes natural to him to express himself through the form of drama. So Daniel danced and sang in the sand, while hungry lions prowled and howled about him. From Idayangudi I reached Tissianvalai, and thence I took tram for Kulasekharapatnam.

A tramway in a desert is a phenomenon which needs some explanation. At Kulasekharapatnam on the seashore a Company had set up a factory for making sugar from the juice of the palmyras. The raw material was abundant: the problem was the method of getting sufficient

and sufficiently regular supplies through the heavy sand up to the factory. Various expedients had been tried with but moderate success, among them, I believe, a pipe-line. To the manager of the time there occurred the idea of laying a network of very light rails through the palmyra forest, whence the juice, brought in to collecting-points and there loaded on tiny wagons, could be pushed or dragged to its destination. A line that will carry produce can be made to carry passengers: such was the genesis of the Kulasekharapatnam tramways. In 1912 the undertaking was in its infancy. The car in which I travelled had been cobbled together from the engine of an old motor-car, tiny iron grooved wheels, and the boards of a packing-case. To-day comfortable carriages carry the traveller through the wastes, which formerly he crossed on foot, stumbling wearily through the sand a mile or two per day, his belongings stumbling before him on an equally weary pack-ox. The sanguine anticipations of the founder, that, were means of communication through the desert once provided, travellers would be forthcoming to utilize them, have, I believe, been realized.

A mile or two south of Kulasekharapatnam a headland juts into the sea, and beneath this headland lies the village of Manapad. Cut off hitherto from much intercourse, save by sea, with the outside world, entirely Christian, and moulded slowly by the taste of succeeding generations of Continental priests, Manapad has taken a form quite unlike that of the ordinary Indian village. The sandy streets are wide, regular, and trimly planted with palms; the houses, mainly the proceeds, it is said, of profitable trade with Ceylon, suggest Southern Europe rather than South India. The big church stands proudly in a well-kept square.

On the seaward face of the headland is a cave, where lived, so legend tells, Francis Xavier, the apostle to the Paravas. His body now rests at Goa, in a great silver shrine in the Church of the Bom Jesus: thither at stated

seasons hundreds of thousands of pilgrims flock to receive a benefit. "What went ye forth for to see?" If Francis Xavier is anywhere now, he is surely far from the husk which his spirit shook off hundreds of years ago.

From Xavier's cave my thoughts travelled back to the old Jesuit Father and his parishioners at Vadakankulam, and thus I was led to reflection on the presentation of the Christian idea of religion to the people of South India. That all the varying faiths of old India were definitely wrong and tending towards damnation, that the new faith which came from the West was definitely and exclusively right, I could not believe. I thought of Lessing, of *Nathan the Wise,* and of his parable of the three rings. The task appointed was to choose from the three rings the one which was "genuine": it was found that "genuineness" was in almost equal measure a property of all three.

The earliest Christians of India are the "Syrian" Christians of Malabar. They claim the Apostle Thomas as their founder, and to the foundation of their community no definite date can be assigned. These Christians are in this the most interesting of their faith in India, that they are purely Eastern, and untrammelled by European or American leading-strings. But of the details of their faith, of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction to which they submit, I am ignorant. I have never served in the West Coast Division, and consequently I have had no opportunity for study of the subject at first hand.

Francis Xavier, who was one of the earliest disciples of Ignatius Loyola, came to India in the middle of the sixteenth century. He landed at Goa, and from Goa he passed southwards into Travancore and Tinnevelly. His spiritual endeavours were aided by a secular fact: he came as a representative of the Portuguese, and there was abroad amongst the Hindus of South India a spirit of gratitude towards the Portuguese, as towards deliverers from Moslem tyranny.

Personality is undefinable, and the influence of personality cannot be explained. Xavier to-day is regarded by the fisher-folk of the southern coast as one who wrought a mighty work among their fathers. Yet it is difficult in the present use of words to style that work "conversion": this we ordinarily ascribe to teaching, argument, persuasion. Xavier can scarcely have argued or persuaded, seeing that he was ignorant of the language of those to whom he came as a missionary of religion. He had committed to memory certain prayers in the Tamil language. When he entered a village he rang a bell to call the villagers together; those who assembled he invited to recite with him these prayers; those who prayed with him he baptized. Then he passed on his way.

It is a strange story, but not an incredible one. The Indian is undoubtedly susceptible to the influence of a strong personality, especially if that influence be exercised along the lines of religion. It is possible that the teacher left behind him thousands who would afterwards avow themselves as his disciples without comprehending fully that to which discipleship committed them. So may many have followed John the Baptist, Christ, Muhammad; so in modern Oxford did many follow Newman. *Credo in Newmannum* in the thirties of the nineteenth century became an article of faith with the serious-minded undergraduate. "How little those who committed themselves to the creed knew to what they were committed", says Dr. Abbott. "Here was a leader who seemed to see clearly whatever he spoke about, yet in reality saw but one step before him, and not always that."

Of course another explanation is possible. My statement that Xavier was ignorant of Tamil rests on his own statement. Xavier may have been unable to argue, as afterwards di Nobili and Dubois argued, with the doctors of Hinduism in their own tongue; but he may have known quite sufficient Tamil to preach to, to exhort without argument, the simple people of the seaside villages.

Xavier hated the Brahmins. Indeed, a man sincerely convinced that all men are born brothers in Christ, that all men are equally without worth in the sight of God, could scarcely be expected to view sympathetically those who hold that all men are *not* brothers, that all men are *not* unworthy, and that they themselves bask by right of birth and worth in the sunshine of divine favour. Xavier's successor was to come to grips with Hinduism, to win for himself, perhaps by stratagem, a foothold within its citadel.

Robert di Nobili was an Italian of high birth, who entered the Society of Jesus at Naples. In 1606 he came to Madura, then the seat of South Indian learning and the centre of Brahmin influence. Earlier missionaries had, in di Nobili's words, "roared against the pagodas", they had attacked from the front, and had made little or no progress. Di Nobili turned the flank of the Hindu position. He accepted, or professed to accept, the idea of caste, the keystone of the Hindu social-religious system, and he claimed for himself place with the highest in the caste scale. He met the Brahmin doctors on their own ground: he said no word against their sacred books, but mastered those books, and put on them his own interpretation. To high birth and learning he added a spotless purity of life.

Di Nobili conquered in a sense, and at a price. He died blind, old, and forsaken in a little cabin near Mylapore; but he had driven from Hindu minds the idea that in Christianity there necessarily inhere qualities which a high caste Hindu must necessarily condemn. In other words, he made it possible for his successors to obtain a hearing. The price that he paid is suggested by the French writer Esquer, who asks whether did di Nobili convert the Brahmins of Madura, or the Brahmins of Madura convert di Nobili. Di Nobili's surrender to the principle of caste, his admission that caste may cut across the line of religious belief, were practically complete. By cutting himself off from the priests of his

order who ministered to the outcastes he denied, at least ostensibly, the principle of the brotherhood of men in God, even the brotherhood of priests in the service of one Church. The consequences of di Nobili's surrender were far reaching, and have been long enduring. The Church professed to tolerate caste so long as caste did not interfere with the Catholic faith. It would be as correct to say that the Indian Christian tolerated the Catholic faith, so long as that faith did not interfere with caste. What I saw at Vadakankulam suggested to me that caste and Catholic obedience have not even yet defined accurately their positions towards one another.

The parish of Vadakankulam comprised a majority of *Shanars* and a minority of *Vellalas*. For the worship of both a pious and wealthy pastor of bygone days had built a stately church. But *Vellalas* are of higher caste than *Shanars*, and the *Vellalas* of Vadakankulam refused to be contaminated in their devotions by the visible presence of their *Shanar* brethren in the Lord. So from the church door to the altar had been built a wall. This wall was hollow; and the priest disappearing into the wall at the door emerged again to view only at the altar. From their respective sides of the wall *Vellalas* and *Shanars* alike could see the altar and its ministrant, but neither could see the other. Father Caussanel knocked down the wall.

There followed strife, lawsuits, threats of apostasy. The issue was fairly joined whether caste prejudice should intrude within, and dominate, the Church. In this particular case there could be little doubt as to the issue: the contest was one of wills, and it was abundantly clear which will was the stronger.

I deal with this question at some length because I am convinced of its importance in the spheres of religion and politics. I am not so bigoted as to assert that India cannot find spiritual salvation save through Christianity, so short-sighted in the affairs of the world as to clamour for the immediate and total abolition of the caste system

which has served India so long. But I cannot conceive of a salvation worth having by any man, if that salvation is to be denied arbitrarily and by the accident of birth to any other man; and I cannot see how caste can exist within Christianity, if caste be accepted as denoting any difference between men other than the temporary and "accidental" difference induced by education, ability, inherited worldly position.

I can follow the argument of the following letter, and to a certain extent I am in sympathy with it: "The humblest and most pious Christian parents in England would not allow their sons, much less their daughters, to be educated with their footmen, their cooks, and their scullery maids. My father would not have allowed us to mix with the cook's or stable-boy's children; nor can I see it right to require of Brahmins that, before we will teach them the Gospel, they must sit down on the same form with the pariah and the sweeper."

It is a curious coincidence that the writer of this letter, which practically restates the views of Robert di Nobili, was the Rev. Robert Noble, a clergyman of the Church Missionary Society, who came to Masulipatam in 1842, and there founded the college which still bears his name.

It is certainly unfair to require the educated and refined to associate intimately and habitually with the illiterate and unrefined. But it is quite another thing to assert, or to acquiesce in the suggestion, that a man by the accident of birth can be, is, and for ever must be, an object of contempt and abhorrence. Indian political meetings toy with "the removal of untouchability". I can see little hope for a nation which can even toy with the supposition that some of its members are of necessity "untouchable".

Protestant missions advance over the ground won by the early Catholic Fathers, and they advance unhampered by concessions made to win that ground. There is no insistence among Protestants, so far as I am aware, that Indian Christians of different castes should eat together

or intermarry, if they do not desire to do so; but considerations of caste are not admitted within the sphere of religion as distinct from that of society. I cite a concrete case, a protest by Indian "caste-Christians" against the baptism of a pariah catechumen in the church wherein they worshipped. The protest was accompanied by a threat of secession. Both protest and threat were disregarded; and before a flat refusal of consideration both fell flatly and ineffectively to the ground.

The reader may find more interest in some estimate of the visible results and conditions of Christian missions in South India than in abstract speculation as to the probable results of their work on the national, social, political, life of the country. Sneers at the missionary and at his followers have never been lacking. Schopenhauer, with characteristic German arrogance and ignorance, spoke of "three hundred bribed souls, notable for immorality", as the result of Christian missionary enterprise in India. In the year 1911 the Christians of the Madras Presidency alone numbered more than twelve hundred thousand. One need not assert argumentatively the moral superiority of Indian Christians to their non-Christian fellows: it is certainly fair to say that there is no foundation for the charge of general moral inferiority.

The charge of "bribery" is a bogy easily set up, and as easily knocked down. For the high caste Hindu conversion to Christianity often entails mental suffering: it usually means the severance of family ties. Not infrequently in such cases conversion is followed by material loss. To the outcastes of Hinduism conversion does ordinarily bring material benefit: it is well that it should be so. It is the merest nonsense to apologize for offering under any circumstances to anyone such benefits as education, self-respect, escape from social thraldom. If mental improvement, awakened self-respect, bring in their train increase of worldly prosperity, is that a reason for condemnation of education and self-respect? And if the religious or social system of any nation irrevocably

condemns certain units of that nation to an existence more degraded than that of the beasts of the field (for example, the *Nayadis* of Malabar), the man, whoever or whatever he be, who challenges, on whatever grounds, the validity of that system, has deserved well, in its own despite, of that nation.

Quite apart from theology, there are works to be done of instructing the ignorant, of healing the sick, in South India. The Christian missionaries have done these works. Among the great educational institutions of the South are numbered the Jesuit College of St. Joseph and the College of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Trichinopoly, the Christian College and the newly opened Loyola College in Madras City, the Voorhees College at Vellore, the Jesuit College at Mangalore, and many another. There is the Christina Rainey Hospital in Madras City, the Mary Tabor Schell Hospital at Vellore ; and there are many other Mission Hospitals scattered here and there over the country-side of South India.

The missionary himself is often reproached with the amenities of his life, with his comfortable dwelling, his liberal vacations, his general freedom from worldly anxieties. The Catholic missionary in South India usually lives in a poverty and loneliness inconceivable by the poorest-paid priest of his faith in Europe. The Protestant missionary is probably about as well provided with this world's goods as the rector of a small country parish in England. I cannot admit that extreme poverty should be a necessary, or is of itself a laudable, concomitant of missionary life. The main business of the missionary is not care for the welfare of his own soul : it is care for the bodily and spiritual welfare of those committed to his charge. It is to the credit of the missionary should he accomplish work despite the handicap of poverty ; but poverty may be a very real handicap and hindrance to the accomplishment of work for the benefit of others.

CHAPTER IX

ADMINISTRATION OF A CITY

The Madras Corporation—some of its officers—Councillors and Executive—housing in the city—water—"Molony's Mixture"—drains—sweeping the streets—W. T. Schoury, Provost of the Sweepers—tramways—Corporation finance—Corporation and Government.

THE visitor to a great city stands in wonderment before a noble building, or gazes admiringly on a fine street. He has no wonderment or admiration left for the facts as wonderful and as admirable that the inhabitants of the building just turn a tap when they need to drink or bathe, that the sewage of street and building is not lapping about his ankles, that the daily output of rubbish by building and street is in some mysterious fashion whisked away from troubling his eyes and nose. Someone, he assumes, attends as a matter of course to these petty details. Someone certainly has to attend to the daily public needs of a city; and I propose to give some description of the work, and of the method of doing it, in an Oriental city.

In the summer of 1914 I was offered, and I accepted, the post of President of the Madras Municipal Corporation. I sailed from England in July, and I arrived in India a few days before the outbreak of the Great War. My constant companion on the boat was a German, a typical fair-haired, square-headed representative of his race. He cannot have had any premonition of the coming trouble, for he was sailing straight into captivity. In an academic way we discussed at times the possibility of war between England and Germany. I do not think that we ever particularly referred to the murder of the

unfortunate Archduke Ferdinand. "War", said the German, "can only come if madness suddenly smites one of our nations, or both simultaneously. It would certainly ruin one, and probably both, of the combatants." Yet war came.

The Madras Municipal Corporation was composed of thirty-six members, besides the President. Of these, twenty were elected by the twenty wards into which the city was then divided; eight were returned by representative bodies, such as the Chamber of Commerce and the Railways; eight were nominated by Government. The Constitution of the Corporation has since been changed: there are now thirty city wards and thirty elected Councillors, eleven Councillors chosen by the representative bodies, and nine nominated by Government.

The Corporation of my time was a capable Public Body: certainly its standard of debate was higher than that of the Legislative Council of the Presidency. Of the twenty ward Councillors of my day two have held the office of Member of the Executive Council: this is the most important public office in South India. Two have gone as representatives to the Legislative Assembly of the Government of India. One of the two was generally admitted to be the most cogent speaker and debater in that Assembly. We had on our Council a doctor whose reputation has travelled far outside India; and at one time or other the Council included leaders of the South Indian Bar, and representatives of practically every large business in the city.

Of our permanent staff, T. Vijayaraghavachariar, afterwards known to the British Public as Indian Commissioner at Wembley, was Revenue Officer, or, as we should say in England, City Treasurer. Vijayaraghavachariar was very efficient, very witty, and an incorrigible optimist. He stammered at times: I sometimes suspected that this was a ruse to lend point to his witticisms. He was arguing with me one day in one of my pessimistic moods: "G-g-god has put g-g-good in everyone", he

RIPON BUILDINGS, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MADRAS MUNICIPAL CORPORATION

said, "even in——" Prolonged stammer, terminated by ejaculation of the name of a local philanthropist. He extracted taxes from the people after the fashion of Isaak Walton's angler, who put a worm on the hook as though he loved it.

J. R. Coats was our city engineer, and J. W. Madeley special engineer for waterworks and drainage. Mr. Coats was almost uncannily versatile: he possessed high academical qualifications, and was, in addition, a first-class workman in several engineering trades. Mr. Madeley I always looked on as a great engineer, but as a man too shy, or too indifferent to worldly renown, to force himself into prominence. He never promised what he did not perform, and he made the interests of his employers his own.

K. Raghavendra Rao, the City Health Officer, rose quickly from a very subordinate position to the head of his department. He was described by a well-known European medical man as the most brilliant pupil turned out by the Madras Medical School. Dr. Raghavendra Rao is one of the five Indians with whom I was especially associated during my life in India. Of the five, two were Muhammadans, three were Hindus; of the Hindus, two were Brahmins of different sects, and one was a Sudra. I do not claim for myself any merit of eclecticism or impartiality: I mention a fact to illustrate a peculiar advantage hitherto open to the European official in his dealings with Indians. I do not believe that the European has cynically "divided and ruled". He has ruled because of his complete and perfectly genuine detachment from the strife of creeds and castes which distracts India.

Recent Constitutional changes have tended to bring the European permanent official into the arena of party politics. The experience of the world shows that the introduction of political interests within a bureaucracy is to be deprecated; it is doubly a misfortune, I think, that the European official should be forced or tempted to range himself on one side or the other of a strife in

which he can have no sincere personal interest. It can scarcely be asserted that a Christian can conscientiously ally himself with Hindu against Moslem; that a man who denies the essential validity of caste distinctions can with sincere conviction espouse the cause of Brahmin against non-Brahmin. The European may respect the religious faiths and caste prejudices of all contending parties; he cannot pretend that he shares in them.

My own position was somewhat of an anomaly. I presided over the debates of the Council, and I was at the same time the Council's chief paid servant. And I was in the permanent service of yet another Authority, the Government of Madras. It was difficult at times to reconcile these rôles.

The President was head of the executive staff, and exercised almost uncontrolled authority over it. Imperceptibly, perhaps inevitably, the Council had divided itself into two camps, Councillors and Executive. It was a grievous charge against an elected Councillor seeking popular favour that he "aided the Executive"—in seeing that the orders of the Corporation were carried out! Conventionally the Councillors nominated by Government supported the President, and the "institutional" Councillors generally did so. From the elected Councillors the President gathered to his side as many as he could, and so formed a "President's Party".

I did not like this system. After a short experience I refrained entirely from voting in divisions. I let it be known that I did not expect any Councillor to support my views unless he agreed with them. I strove to impress on the Councillors that they were, as a whole, responsible for every act done in pursuance of a resolution of the Corporation; that the Corporation's servants were entitled to look for the support of the Council in carrying out the orders of the Corporation; and that the Councillors must neither call on the Corporation's servants to perform, nor blame them for failure to perform, things manifestly impossible.

The Corporation dealt with τὰ πολιτικά, the things of the city, all things that had to do with the health, safety, comfort, convenience of the citizens. That there was much to do may be judged from the fact that the death-rate of the city during my years of office ranged from 34·5 to 60·3 (a year of epidemic) *per mille*. These figures seem appalling when compared with those of Calcutta and Bombay: in reality they are little, if at all, worse. The populations of Bombay and Calcutta are largely made up of imported workers, of men in the prime of life. The men are out of all proportion to the women, the adults to the infants and the very old; the birth-rates are very low. The population of Madras is really the ordinary population of an Indian village multiplied many times. Men and women are about equal in number, the birth-rate is very high, and the age periods are smoothly graduated.

The housing conditions of the Madras poor were shocking. People squatted on vacant ground under wicker-work shelters, or huddled together in city tenements like rabbits in a burrow. On a May morning (in India!) I have had to take a lantern to track out the denizens of lairs in a Georgetown lodging-house. I have always thought that no Government should tolerate the use made of property in Madras and in other Indian towns. If an owner will not, or cannot, set his property in sanitary order, the State, I hold, or some Body empowered by the State, should intervene. And it is ridiculous that the State or a Public Body should be mulcted in heavy compensation for permission to abate a nuisance. The attitude of the Courts in the matter of compensation payable I have never understood. Compensation is awarded, in the first instance, by an officer specially appointed by the Government to look into the matter. I have known the Courts raise such officer's award fourfold on the basis of sale-deeds executed between members of the same family. The Corporation of Madras, a poor Body, could do little under such conditions.

The water supply of Madras came from a large rain-fed lake, known as the Red Hills Tank, situated some ten or twelve miles from the city. In olden days the water ran from the lake along an open, earth-built channel up to the city boundary; thence it made its way, as best it could, into the city through underground pipes. The theoretical maximum daily supply was eight million gallons: in practice the supply seldom, if ever, exceeded six and a half millions. To give head or pressure to the flow the offtake of the earthen channel had to be at a relatively high level: consequently, when the level of the lake fell in the long dry summers, it became necessary to lift the water from the lake into the channel by pumping. The unavoidable disturbance of the lake sediment was followed, almost invariably, by an outbreak of cholera in Madras. And large areas of the city were, at the best of times, unprovided with public water. The householders were forced to rely on private, and usually insanitary, wells sunk in their backyards or even within their houses.

In the early years of the century the Corporation took this matter resolutely in hand. An offtake point was selected at the lowest practicable level of the lake; thence water was led through a masonry conduit to a point on the north-west boundary of the city. It passed through filter beds, and was delivered by powerful pumps to the pipes of the underground distribution system. These pumps permitted a theoretical maximum supply of fifty million gallons daily.

But theory and practice are different things. The Red Hills Lake was not inexhaustible: a draw-off of anything like fifty million gallons daily would soon have drained it dry. The population of Madras was little more than half a million: it was calculated that the city must rest content with a daily supply of twenty-five gallons per head for all purposes. "All purposes", be it noted, included street-watering and the industrial use of water. Then a further difficulty arose.

To supply each day this amount of filtered water the engineer in charge of the scheme considered twenty-one filter-beds necessary. The Corporation constructed fourteen, and then, owing to financial stringency, was forced to stay its hand. There were three courses open and possible: the first, a voluntary restriction by the citizens of their consumption to the amount of filtered water that could be supplied; the second, an intermittent daily supply; the third, an admixture of unfiltered with filtered water. The first course demanded a degree of foresight and of civic patriotism which, possibly, does not exist in any city, and certainly did not exist in Madras. The second course, which is open to serious theoretical objection, was tried, but it proved a failure. Those at the head of the system helped themselves to all the water that was flowing, those at the tail were left waterless.

The Corporation finally elected for the third course. With this mixing of filtered and unfiltered water my name is likely to remain long and unhappily associated owing to a *bon mot* of Sir P. Rajagopalachariar, then Member of Government in charge of Local and Municipal Administration. He christened the brew "Molony's Mixture", and the name stuck.

Efficient drainage is a prime necessity of a city, and the drainage of Madras was a heartbreaking affair. A drainage system had once been attempted "on the cheap", with the natural and inevitable result that the work done had to be undone and done afresh. The practical doubling of the amount of water daily supplied to the city led to a huge increase in the volume of sewage to be disposed of, and as the city grew slowly in population, and as residence shifted rather more rapidly from the city streets to the suburbs, fresh extensions of the drainage system were needed and demanded. The Madras citizen came to regard the drainage department and its everlasting uprooting of the streets as a nightmare.

Streynsham Master in the seventeenth century laid on

" the Scrivan of the Choultry " the duty of seeing that " the towne was swept cleane and wholesome ". The duty once appertained to a Member of Council, who in the Council minutes appended the honorific title " Scavenger " to his signature. Cleaning up was long my daily pre-occupation. We employed some thousands of sweepers, and we kept up a large establishment of rubbish-carts and draught bullocks. We removed daily more than three hundred tons of rubbish from the streets. The output of rubbish from an Indian house is astonishing. The Indian does not ordinarily use earthen or metal plates: his plate is made of plaintain leaves stitched together, and when he has once used a plate, he throws it away. In Europe we accept it as an indisputable regulation that the householder should collect his rubbish into a bucket, and empty that bucket either into a public receptacle, or into the rubbish-cart as it halts before his door. The Indian householder thinks otherwise. Sweepers, who handle dust-bins and rubbish-carts, are low caste people, and high caste people must keep aloof from that which the sweeper has defiled by his touch. Accordingly the Madras householder, having collected his rubbish, was wont to sling it broadcast into the street. The winds of Heaven blew the fragments hither and thither, and the sweeper chased them. I raged against the theory of this custom: I raged still more against the practice when I saw the householder emerge five minutes after the rubbish-cart had passed his door and redecorate with ashes and plantain leaves the street which the sweeper had just swept clean.

The sweepers were a rather truculent pack. According to Hindu ideas they, by the accident of birth, were at the bottom of the social ladder, and must for ever remain there. They accepted their fate, and made the best of it. They kept very much to themselves (this is understandable), and they resented the interference of outsiders in their arrangements. With the best intentions in the world I started a system of weekly, instead of monthly,

payment of wages: the result was a strike. The sweepers had their own banker, they settled their accounts monthly, and they had no idea of allowing my new-fangled notions to interfere with long-established usage. They swept well enough so long as I, or someone else in authority, looked after them; but I do not think that it occurred to them that there was any reason, other than the whim of an insane master, for sweeping at all.

With their public duties as rubbish-gatherers the sweepers combined the trade of private scavenger. The goodwill of a row of houses was a sweeper's capital, and a sweeper often earned more money than a University graduate. One sweeper told me that he owned a fair extent of land in his native district, and a considerable number of cattle. Much of his prosperity he attributed to the sagacity of his wives. In turns one dame kept him company in the city, while the other looked after his agricultural interests.

Provost of the Sweepers, or "Scrivan of the Choultry", was W. T. Schoury. Schoury was a character. Save that he was physically a small man, he might have stood as a model for Kipling's Terence Mulvaney. He had been in the Army for the best part of his life. Like Mulvaney, he had held non-commissioned rank, and he had been "rejuiced"—I fear for much the same reason. His long years of barrack life had bitten into him an enthusiasm for neatness: a bit of rubbish in one of "his" streets he regarded as a personal affront. I have a vivid memory of him trying to entice a Brahmin into personal exploration of an "interesting" sewer. On the outbreak of the War I became a volunteer officer. After my first parade I hurried in my unaccustomed uniform to inspect some municipal work in hand. As luck would have it, the first person whom I met was Schoury emerging from a drain. He drew himself up straight as a ramrod, clicked his heels, and saluted: "as monumental bronze unchanged his look", but obviously an internal convulsion threatened him with suffocation. Poor old Schoury! if you drank,

if you swore, if you were, in a way, an irredeemable old vagabond, no man ever earned his pay more honestly than you did. And that is not a bad epitaph.

The Madras Corporation was poor, and Madras is a terribly costly city to administer. Its size is out of all proportion to its population. Many areas included within the city boundary have little connection with the city proper. To serve little more than a few bungalows on the north bank of the Adyar River the Corporation had to maintain miles of roads, lay down miles of water-pipes, employ a practically separate establishment of carts and sweepers. We repaired between three and four hundred miles of roads and streets. The coming of the motor-car, a boon and a blessing to mankind in general, was by no means an unmixed blessing to us in particular. The old roads of Madras were made for the traffic of horse-carriages and bullock-carts: this traffic, by reason of its slowness, was never very intense at any given moment. The laterite roads, so pleasant to look on, crumbled into dust under the swirl of private cars and commercial lorries. We had to refound, rebuild, our roads with granite and tar, and at a great effusion of money from the City Treasury.

There was but little system of public conveyance in the Madras of my time. Tramways had been tolerated rather than encouraged: only single lines, for the most part, had been allowed, and these single lines were placed (a piece of insane folly) not in the middle but at the sides of the streets. From the main streets trams were excluded. This was pleasant for the few thousands who had their own conveyances, but not so pleasant for the half million for whom the trams represented the only cheap and speedy method of getting over the vast distances of Madras. Controversy raged round permission or prohibition of trams in Mount Road, the principal thoroughfare of the city, and the shopping quarter of the fashionable European population. A clerk might take tram from the southern suburb of Mylapore to his

office in the northern half of the city. The tram ran easily enough till it reached Mount Road, down which it should have continued its course. Instead it swerved into a labyrinth of narrow side-streets, and crawled on a circuitous course, till it emerged at, and could move freely in, the broad spaces of Poonamallee High Road. Two material obstacles reinforced sentimental, or selfish, objections: two bridges on the desired route were impossible for the passage of tram-cars. My declamations on this subject yielded little result at the time; but I may claim, I think, that I planted a seed which took root and grew. To-day broad bridges have replaced the bottle-necks at Government House and at the Penitentiary, and a double line of tramway crosses them. The road for the development of all traffic lies open.

Our revenues were derived mainly from a house-tax of 18 per cent. on rental values: in this tax were included the taxes for water and drainage services. We levied also a "profession tax", an annoying reduplication of the Imperial income tax. A profession tax might be justified as an expedient for raising money, were a fixed fee collected alike from everyone carrying on a particular profession or trade within the city. But a fee which could have been paid by all would have yielded little revenue. There were lawyers in Madras earning from £5,000 to £10,000 a year; and there were many, I fear, who earned no more than, and who had small prospect of earning more than, £100. "Grocers" ranged from the gigantic general store of Spencer and Co., Ltd., to the petty stallkeeper dragging out existence on a profit of £20 a year. We therefore divided earners into more or less arbitrary categories according to income, and taxed them accordingly.

The "licence department" was another source of income. Theoretically, this income was open to criticism as money raised by the sale of permission to break the law. On all festive occasions the Indian loves to erect a *pandal* in front of his house. A *pandal* is made by planting

four or more posts in the form of a square or rectangle, and by putting over these a covering of mats. The English reader can scarcely imagine a *pandal* thus set up before a house in Park Lane on the occasion of a wedding. To prohibit *pandals* absolutely would have been an interference with Indian custom which popular opinion would not have tolerated; at the same time some form of control was needed to prevent a temporary concession to sentiment from becoming a permanent interference with the traffic. Therefore, on payment of a certain fee, a citizen could erect a *pandal*, and keep it standing for a certain number of days. A much more serious matter was the love of the Indian for encroachment on the public street. I have never been able to understand this curious mentality. It seems to me that a householder in diminishing the amenities of the street for his neighbour also diminishes those amenities for himself. Yet the average Indian, when he builds a house in line with the houses on his right and left hands, if left to himself, will invariably thrust his doorsteps into the street. I disliked "licensing" such encroachments, but sometimes no other course was possible.

If a lakh of rupees be taken as the equivalent of £7,000 in sterling, the income of the Corporation in my day was about £280,000 *per annum*. This income was insufficient to meet charges, especially the heavy charges of interest and sinking fund entailed by borrowings for waterworks and drainage. Accordingly we "sat dharna" at the gates of Government, suppliants for "grants-in-aid". The Government assisted us, on the whole, generously; but I often thought that a more businesslike attitude on the part of donors and recipients would have been to the benefit of both, and to the benefit of the city.

The original estimated cost of the water and drainage works was far beyond the financial strength of the Corporation; and long before I became connected with the Corporation I often wondered who, in the end, would or could foot the inevitable bill. On my appointment as

President I found that there existed a "general understanding" that, if the Corporation did as much as it could, the Government would be responsible for what remained to be done. "General understandings" in business I have always detested. When it became clear that a reconsideration of financial possibilities was necessary, an agreement was reached as to the sum which the Government would provide. Now this agreement, once made, should have functioned automatically. If the Government undertook to provide at a certain time a certain sum of money, that sum should have been placed on the appointed date, and without further question, at the disposal of the Corporation. Instead there followed a dreary haggle over each credit; and, while the parties haggled, work dawdled or stood still.

If the Government haggled over money, the Corporation hesitated over work. It perpetually debated whether it would carry its schemes to fulfilment; it eternally plagued its Water and Drainage Engineer with demands for explanations, justifications, modifications, of his plans. I often reflected on the different policy which led the building of the Port to triumphant success.

Docks, wharves, goods-sheds, and the like, stand up in the air to be seen and admired of all men. The vision of the Port-to-be captivated the imagination of a very energetic member of the Government; and the actual builder proceeded with his work, secure in the knowledge that the money promised to him would be forthcoming. The Members of the Port Trust, when they had approved the general policy of their builder, were content to leave the execution of that policy in his unfettered hands. They may have chafed at times under his autocracy, but they recognized that it was futile to question his decisions in technical matters. Sir Francis Spring went on his way untroubled; Mr. Madeley was an Aunt Sally for laymen and self-styled "experts" to pelt with criticisms which an impartial observer could only describe as nonsensical.

I remained with the Corporation for four years. With the Councillors I certainly had at times most noble bickerings and verbal spear-runnings. When I look back on myself in those days of strife, I recall Marjorie Fleming's description of herself as "more like a *divil* than a young Christian child". But we certainly *lived* then: we were not a staid party of elderly gentlemen living as a Mutual Admiration Society. We settled our differences, such as they were, among ourselves, and we neither invited nor welcomed outside intervention. I bore no malice. Judging from the many kindnesses and attentions that the Councillors, individually and collectively, showed me in after days, I am pretty sure that they bore none.

I have mentioned that the Constitution of the Corporation has been changed. One change in particular must be to the general good. The President is now elected by the Councillors: the Head of the Executive is a separate person, and is not a member of the Corporation. It is well that a paid permanent servant should be outside the realm of political debate.

CHAPTER X

CERTAIN PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE

Father Sewell, S.J.—Lord Pentland—Sir Pitti Theagaraya Chetty —"C. P." and others—newspapers of Madras—George Romilly—J. Wilson—masonry and music—Mrs. Annie Besant—service under Indian masters—Sir Sivaswami and Sir Rajagopalachariar

ERE I had well entered upon my Municipal duties I was overtaken by misfortune. Typhoid fever struck me down, and I spent some weary months in the Madras General Hospital. Yet I now look back to those months with a certain feeling of gratitude, for they brought me the closer acquaintance of a good man and a deeply venerated friend. This was the Rev. John Dalrymple Sewell, S.J. I had known him slightly for a few preceding years.

Father Sewell, at the time of which I write, had been in Holy Orders for about thirty-five years. He had also been a Protestant, a married man, and a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army. Truly his life had seen strange changes. He visited me frequently, but he never made the slightest attempt to influence my religious opinions (I am a Protestant). Indeed, I have never observed the Jesuit Fathers over-anxious to cram theological argument down the throats of their hearers; they are content to let their lives and work testify to their faith. One day we did drift into controversy, and the Father cited chapter and verse in support of his Church. I was sleeping the light sleep of convalescence that night, when I awoke with the sudden feeling that there was someone in my room. I switched on the electric light, and found a grey-bearded figure gazing down on me. "You may remember",

said the figure, "that in the course of our argument I urged strongly the view of ——" (I grieve to say that I had totally forgotten what argument he had pressed, and from whom it had originated). "On looking up my authorities, I find that I overstated the strength of the Church's position on this point. I have been most uneasy lest I should have influenced you unfairly, or led you improperly to any conclusion." Yet some say that all Jesuits are deceitful men!

Father Sewell was then about eighty years old; but his back was as straight as on the day that he left his military academy. He had uncommon width of shoulder and depth of chest; spectacles he used as an occasional convenience rather than as an everyday necessity; his hearing was perfect; his voice retained the sonorous ring of vigorous manhood. He told me that in his Army days he had tried two or three times to insure his life: on each occasion the doctors rejected him as consumptive, and unlikely to live long! There was little about him to suggest the seminarist: he always turned out spick and span as for a parade. I have a suspicion that Father Sewell in the Confessional was strongly reminiscent of Lieutenant-Colonel Sewell in the orderly-room. Yet humbleness was a marked feature of the old man's character. After his death the local Superior of his Order testified to his willingness to undertake cheerfully the dullest drudgery allotted to him. "That which put glory of grace into all that he did, was that he did it of love for God."

Father Sewell made little outward parade of religion, he accepted it as a natural and everyday fact. I once told him that I had no particular leaning towards "religion". "You are talking thoughtlessly", he replied. "To some men, for example to my unworthy self, God has given the desire for a definitely religious life; to others He has not given it. You suffer illness patiently, you support your family, you do your duty honourably. God made us all: and He knew what He was doing when

He made us different." Father Sewell knew that his time on earth could not now be long: he looked towards death with a composure which shut out fear or resignation. I think that he awaited a "transfer to another station" with a certain pleasant curiosity. I saw him the day before his death. He was in bed: there was little definitely wrong with him, save that the old machine was running down rapidly. He broke a period of silence with a chuckle: "You remember my trying to insure my life," he said; "I am thinking that, if that consumption does not wake up and get down to business, old age will get there first."

When I think of Father Sewell as dead, I recall Rabbi Ben Ezra's words:

> And I shall thereupon
> Take rest ere I be gone
> Once more on my adventure brave and new.

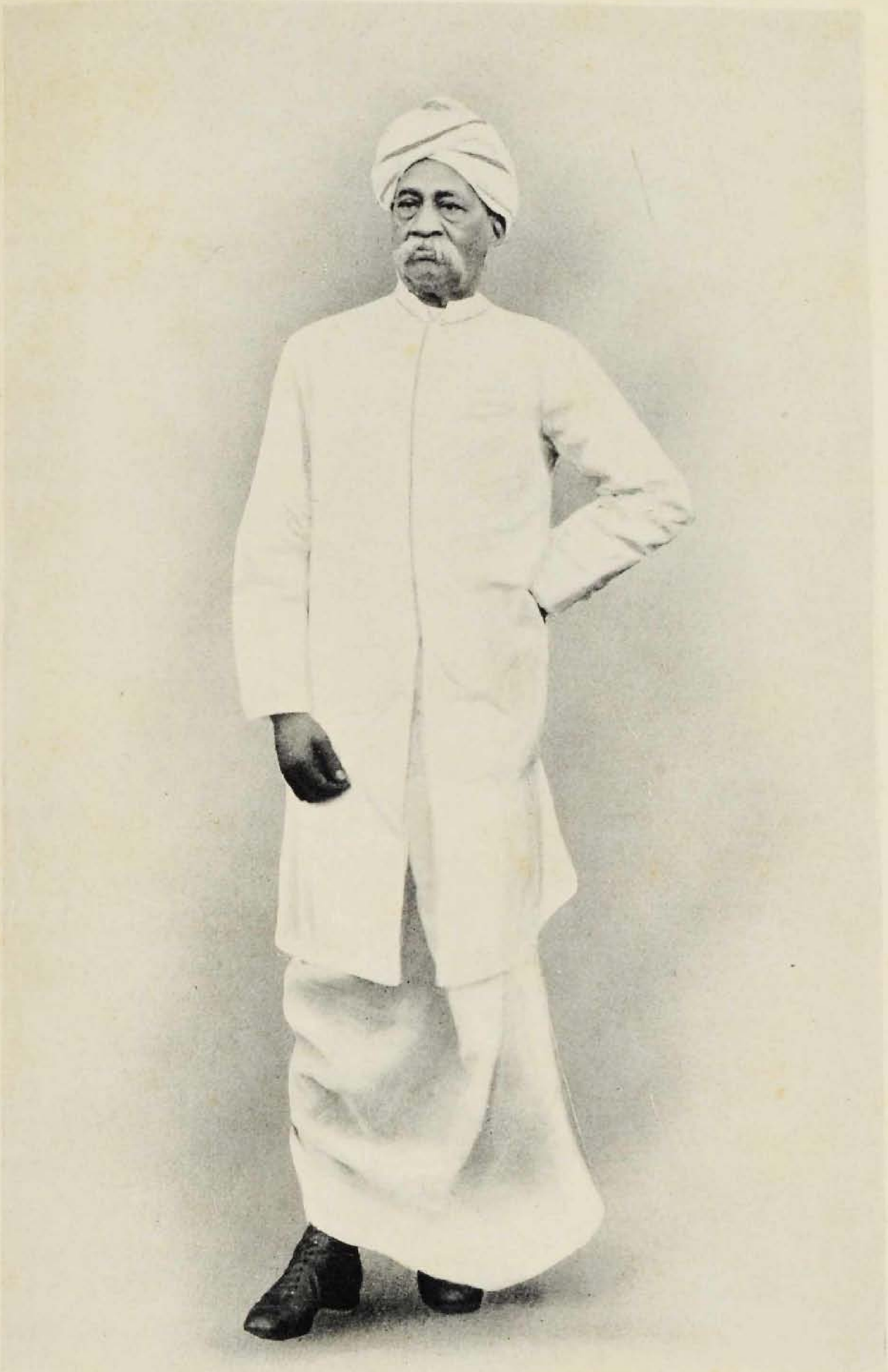
I can picture to myself Father Sewell sitting down for a smoke (he was an inveterate smoker) on the far side of the Styx ere he strode into the Elysian fields in quest of an "adventure brave and new". Or, if more strictly Christian imagery be desired, I can fancy that he strode smartly up the Golden Stairs, clicked his heels, saluted St. Peter, and rapped out, "Come to join, Sir." Once inside the Gates, he would have cast an approving, but critical, eye on the alignment and general turn-out of the Heavenly Host.

Hail and Farewell, old Friend and Father.

Lord Pentland was Governor of Madras during my service with the Corporation. I knew him well, so far as a comparatively junior official can be said to know well the Governor of the Province. On many occasions I had to meet him on official business, and I stayed twice as his guest at Government House. Lord Pentland was a brilliantly able man, though, possibly, a political philosopher rather than a practical administrator. He had

received the gospel of Liberalism from the hands of Gladstone himself; he had sat in a British Cabinet ere he came to India. The testimony of one of his most eminent colleagues in India assured me that few questions came before the Government on which Lord Pentland could not throw a new and informing beam of intellectual light. I believe that, almost alone, he foresaw the confusion to which the scheme known as "dyarchy" was bound to lead. He had lived in the world of great affairs, and he had known everyone worth knowing in the England of his day. But far more remarkable than his intellectual ability was the personal charm which he exercised over all who came in contact with him. This was not the mere courtesy of a well-bred man of the world: the source from which the courtesy sprang was patent for all to see. It sprang from a fastidious sense of honour; from a generous readiness to attribute to others the high motives which actuated his own life; from a chivalrous eagerness to see only that which was good in those about him. The best description of Lord Pentland was written long before he was born. Newman's famous "definition of a gentleman" is a pen-portrait for which Lord Pentland might have served as the model.

Pitti Theagaraya Chetty was the Father of the Madras Corporation, the Nestor among his fellow Councillors. At the time that I became President he led a *bloc* known as "the northern Councillors": his and their chief function in life was criticism of the Corporation executive, and opposition to all innovation. Theagaraya opposed everything that was new; for at the bottom of his soul there was, I think, a suspicion that nothing less than two hundred years old could possibly be safe or praiseworthy. He cherished a chronic grievance against the municipal sewage farm on the northern outskirts of the city. A sewage farm run purely for profit by a contractor was, I think, a nuisance; one managed by municipal servants seeking to abate smell rather than to make money was, at most, an inconvenience. And there was no other



SIR PITTI THEAGARAYA CHETTY,
FIRST ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE MADRAS MUNICIPAL CORPORATION

method of disposal of the city sewage. But Theagaraya would have none of it. I once turned the tables on him, rather neatly I think. I pointed out that his vigorous old age was a living advertisement of the advisability of living in the vicinity of the said farm. The old man roared with laughter, and shouted the vernacular equivalent for *touché.*

Theagaraya annoyed me very much at times: I am sure that I often annoyed him more. And this was the less defensible, inasmuch as he was old enough to be my father. But I had always a sincere respect, I might almost say affection, for him. He was an absolutely honest man; in a country where morality does not always attain to a very high level he led a blameless life; the best of his days he had given to the Municipality and to the service of his fellow-citizens. If he could not look forward, he was a mine of municipal lore in all that had to do with rule, precedent, procedure, of the past. He loved the honour and dignity of the Corporation. He would attack me fiercely in the Council Chamber, but should the Powers Above essay aught against me in my dual capacity of Civil Servant, Theagaraya would spring to my defence like an angry old tiger. There was something oddly tigerish in his appearance when he was angry: he had fierce bright eyes, bushy white eyebrows, and a bristling white moustache. He was a good-humoured old tiger too, one that bore no malice. Did I call at his house on the morning after one of our many verbal scraps, I was sure of a jovial welcome.

Theagaraya's election as first President under the new Constitution of the Corporation was a compliment well deserved; and no one was more pleased that I was when the honour of knighthood was conferred on him. But he erred sadly, I think, in seeking re-election, or in allowing himself to be re-elected, in several succeeding years. He was an old man; he had no knowledge of the every-day detail of a large public office. From constant criticism of municipal servants he had to pass to a rather pathetic

dependence on them. He had started, in company with Dr. Nair, the "non-Brahmin" agitation, a quasi-political, quasi-sectarian, movement, and he was not strong enough to keep politics and sectarianism out of a sphere from which they should have been rigorously excluded. In the world of wider politics his position and influence could scarcely tend to a beneficial result. He led, nominally, a political party, and had, in fact, a preponderating influence in the selection of ministers from the ranks of that party. But he declined to take office himself; and his personal power was therefore unaccompanied by any corresponding personal responsibility.

Theagaraya is gone from us for ever. I have tried to set down fairly his virtues and his shortcomings: I salute his shade.

T. Madhavan Nair, generally known as Dr. Nair, was a Malayali. He was a medical graduate of Edinburgh, and in his youth gave promise of eminence as a specialist in the treatment of the throat and nose. Somehow he drifted away from surgery to politics; and popular politics at the time meant unremitting opposition to all and any official authority. Dr. Nair was a fearful thorn in the sides of some of my predecessors. Then the wheel of Fortune turned oddly. The trustees of a temple had demanded the filling from the municipal waterworks of a huge and leaky cistern or tank belonging to their temple. Dr. Nair stoutly opposed this waste of the city water and the city money. A popular outcry was raised against him, and he lost his elective seat on the Council. The Government stepped deftly in, and provided him with a place as a nominated Councillor. Thenceforward he, for a time at least, supported all that he had previously condemned; but the mood did not last. His interest in city affairs seemed to dwindle. He would still argue on any subject, cleverly no doubt, but in his later days he seldom troubled to inform himself accurately about matters on which he expressed a confident opinion. One is entitled to expect that a middle-aged man, experienced

in public life, will have some settled views on large issues; but one could never foresee what Dr. Nair's attitude would be on any question. Finally Dr. Nair resigned his seat on the Council.

Dr. Nair died tragically in England: he collapsed while watching some holiday procession in the streets. I fear that his undoubted abilities were marred by a certain distaste for needful drudgery, by a preference of occasional brilliance to steady thoroughness.

T. Rangachariar was a great lawyer, and a much respected Councillor. He was fairly owed the honour of election to the Presidential chair, but sectarian prejudice refused him his just due. Perhaps this loss turned, in the end, to gain: Mr. Rangachariar won credit for himself, and for his Presidency, in the more important sphere of the Delhi Legislative Assembly.

Yakub Hassan was to become in later days famous, or notorious, as Khilafat agitator, denouncer of the British Government, general grievance-monger. He was milder when I knew him; we got on quite amicably together. He was a very handsome man, with a pleasant manner; but I never thought him a man of much real talent.

C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, universally known as "C. P.", was a lawyer who at a very early age had secured one of the largest practices at the Madras Bar. Some said that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. A moderate inheritance may have spared him a good deal of dreary drudging at the commencement, but assuredly his own talents built up his fortunes. In his younger days "C. P." dallied with the impracticable enthusiasms of Mrs. Annie Besant; when that lady was placed under restraint by the Government of Madras, he offered to renounce his worldly career and to carry on her work. Happily, the offer was refused. "C. P.", in any case, was bound to outgrow the vague ideals and sterile criticisms of the average Indian political "leader". The vagueness and sterility of such leaders, their incapacity to appreciate things as they are, I attribute to the facts that most of

them are lawyers, and that many of them, save in the lore of their profession, are comparatively uneducated men. "C. P." was a man of the widest culture; he had read, in many languages, on most subjects under the sun; and he had digested his reading.

In our Council Chamber "C. P." carried less weight than one would have expected. He was a very sensitive man: I think that he took overmuch to heart the occasional jars and buffets of debate. I always thought him more likely to impress the discriminating few than to win the favour of the multitude; and the stages of his subsequent career have confirmed me in this opinion. English politicians with whom he came in contact, whether in India or in England, recognized in him a man of uncommon ability. The Government of Madras made him Advocate-General, and then a Member of the Executive Council. I do not think that he would have gone far as a popular leader, especially in modern Madras. The absurd sectarian narrow-mindedness of the non-Brahmin *versus* Brahmin agitation he must have despised: he was too broad-minded not to see that there are two sides to every question, and that wisdom is reached by many paths. "C. P." is now Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, K.C.I.E.

A. C. Parthasaradhi Naidu was as one born out of due season. He ought to have lived when men were building the Tower of Babel: he would have addressed every man in his own tongue, and so have prevented the dispersion of the multitude. He was a really wonderful linguist: I have heard him speak in public in four different languages. In the substance of his speeches he was apt to ramble. Into discussion on the appropriate site for a new shed for a steam-roller he introduced interesting memories of an old-time President of the Corporation, and an informing discourse on Hindu marriage customs. I called one morning at his house long after I had quitted the Corporation: he rushed to meet me with a beaming face. "It is a most auspicious day", he said; "last night my daughter gave birth to a *grandson*."

Muhammad Usman was physically a huge man. He was by profession a Unani physician, that is to say, a practitioner of the indigenous system of medicine. I have never been able to ascertain what exactly that system may be: in Usman's case I fancy that it meant mainly adaptation of Western ideas to Oriental psychology. Usman was a graduate of the Madras University, and he had studied in the school of European medicine almost up to the point of taking a degree. He often paid me a friendly visit when I was recovering from typhoid fever. He told me that the Unani method of treating that disease was just the same as the European, but that a certain amount of coloured water and a few incantations had a very encouraging effect on patients. In the Council he was diligent and fair-minded, but not a very effective speaker. He is now a Member of the Executive Council of the Madras Government.

G. A. Natesan was a publisher, and editor of the *Indian Review*. He and I were great personal friends: we used to spend hours in argument on politics, and on everything else in or out of the world. He wrote better than he spoke in public: he was apt in debate to forget some essential cog in the machinery of argument, and to reach conclusions which, on reflection, he would admit to be erroneous. He retained the confidence of his electors for many years. He was progressive in his ideas, but he realized (I fear that I did not always realize) that Western ideas cannot be forced abruptly into Eastern minds. Afterwards he became a Member of the Legislative Assembly at Delhi.

There was, of course, a European element in the Council. Of the European members the most prominent was J. O. Robinson, the head of many great business enterprises in the city. He was a shrewd adviser in Committee, and a most effective speaker in the Council Chamber. Such weight did he carry with his fellow-Councillors that he probably would have run Theagaraya Chetty close for the Presidentship, had he cared to stand, and had

his services not been lost to the Corporation by legislation which I have always considered unfortunate.

It is, no doubt, a sound principle that a Councillor should not have business relations with his Council; but the strictness with which this principle was laid down in the new Municipal Act passed in my last days was unsuited to the peculiar conditions of Madras. The European leaders of business in Madras were comparatively few; but their interests were very widely extended. I fought hard, but unavailingly, for the principle that a business man should be debarred only from debating, and from voting on, any question in which he had a personal interest. The Legislature preferred to debar all business men having any business with the Corporation from a seat in the Council. Robinson and others like him might never do business with the Corporation; but they could never be sure that at any moment an unthinking purchase by a Corporation official, an unthinking sale by one of their subordinates, might not expose them to an unpleasant accusation, and to an accusation sure to be exaggerated and exploited by an irresponsible Press. Thus the service of many trained business intellects ceased to be at the disposal of the Corporation.

Most men, if they are wise, cultivate a hobby, an interest that is a relief at once from the monotony of daily toil and from the monotony of daily amusement. My particular hobby has always been the pen, and in Madras I was to come in contact with the Press and with those who controlled the journals of South India. I take this opportunity of offering my thanks to many who gave kindly guidance and encouragement to a literary novice. With the editor of whom I speak first I never had any literary dealings, although I knew him fairly well for some years. This was Mr. George Romilly, editor of the *Madras Times*.

Mr. Romilly was by profession a tea-planter. How or why he became a newspaper editor I do not know. I do not think he ever served any apprenticeship to the

profession: he entered journalism as an editor, and he left it as an editor. He was surprisingly successful. I suppose that this was his true vocation, and that he only discovered it when past middle age.

The *Madras Times* was one of the two European dailies of the city; the other was the *Madras Mail*. The *Times* had lived long, but "its life had crept on a broken wing". Mr. Romilly infused into it the strength of a vigorous personality. He would be called, in these days, an extreme reactionary. He denounced Lord Morley, the reformer of his time; and he openly avowed himself opposed to the admission of Indians to the Provincial Executive Councils, or to the Executive Council of the Viceroy. The fact that Mr. Romilly's pronounced opinions never in the slightest degree impaired his popularity with Indian readers is a proof that the average Indian cherishes no ill-will against an avowed, but straightforward, opponent. If Mr. Romilly would have no change in the basis of the Administration, he would have that Administration unswervingly fair to Indian and to European alike. No man could denounce more trenchantly a plea for indulgence to a wrongdoer founded on the colour of the wrongdoer's skin. As the *Times* said, when he laid down the editorship, one and all had a warm corner in their hearts for "old George".

After Mr. Romilly's departure the *Times* languished for a while. Then Mr. Brock made the paper more liberal in tone, and secured for it a very wide circulation. It was subsequently amalgamated with the *Mail*, and it ceased to exist as an independent unit.

To the *Times* under Mr. Brock, and to the *Mail* under Mr. Lawson and Mr. Shannon, I contributed from time to time a good deal of miscellaneous writing. I may claim, I think, that to the *Mail* I contributed a somewhat notable contributor: this was the cartoonist J. Wilson. I discovered him in the ranks of "India's conscript army", to wit, the Territorial Defence Force, when I served with one of its units at Malapuram in the Malabar

District. Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Romilly, was a planter by profession. His diabolically amusing caricatures of myself led me to suggest to him and to Mr. Lawson, editor-in-chief of the *Mail,* that his talents were wasted in a tea-garden. Both parties accepted my suggestion, with a consequent increase in the gaiety of Madras.

Wilson was extremely amusing, and at the same time essentially a gentleman. There was never a suspicion of cruelty or vulgarity in his most freakish work. He drew with the speed of lightning. One of his best cartoons, a sketch of a well-known Madras personality, the late Dr. McCaullay Hayes, he did casually at a Masonic dinner. At the same dinner I sang Holbrook's "Come not when I am dead." As I sang the final *A flat,* Wilson, sitting near me, drew me and the note with three strokes on the back of a menu card, and held the drawing up to me. Luckily I had reached the end, and friendly applause covered my shriek of laughter.

Mention of masonry and music recalls to me an amusing story. We Europeans usually find Indian music unintelligible: our music is equally unattractive to the Indian. My Lodge rather prided itself on the musical attainments of its members; and for a particular dinner the Secretary arranged and carried out an admirable programme of concerted pieces, vocal and instrumental. A grave Indian Freemason, whose house was within a stone's throw of the temple, meeting me next morning, shook his head. "Pardon me, brother", he said, "but I think that your dinner last night was unbecomingly *noisy*!"

The *Hindu* is the great Indian paper of the South. It has an immense circulation, and it must have been a goldmine for its founder, proprietor, and editor, the late C. Kasturiranga Iyengar. It gave an excellent news service, but the variation in the literary value of its editorial columns was puzzling. To-day's leading article might be admirably temperate and instructive: the tone and quality of to-morrow's might leave a good deal to be desired.

Mrs. Annie Besant, a well-known figure in South Indian politics and journalism, I met several times. Personally I liked her: no one could help liking an old lady so vivacious, so witty, so good-humoured, so obviously sincere. She had a golden voice and a wonderful command of language. But I am sure that she often, unwittingly, did a great deal of harm. She never looked before she leaped; and not only did she leap into trouble herself, but she occasionally dragged others after her. When the Empire was at war, when every energy of everyone should have been turned to the accomplishment of one great end, she started a "raging, tearing, propaganda" on behalf of a nebulous and unspecified scheme of "Home Rule for India." She seemed to me to be for ever starting with frantic enthusiasm new social, religious, or political movements, and to be for ever dropping them like a child weary of its toys.

A literary friend once suggested to me that there would be a field in South India for a European newspaper which would "attack the Government." This was an epigrammatic expression of a desire to hasten a beneficent change which is coming slowly but surely over the Press in India. Twenty-five years ago European newspapers ranged themselves stolidly in defence of the Government; Indian newspapers ranged themselves as stolidly in opposition to it. For the one, criticism of aught done by "the Government" was little more excusable than the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost; for the other, approval of aught that "the Government" could possibly do was a base and cowardly truckling to the oppressor. The natural result was an indifferent and impartial neglect by the Government of the Press as an index of public opinion. Lack of reasoned and reasonable criticism cannot be good for any Public Man or any Public Body.

My service in the city of Madras placed me in a position much canvassed in England to-day. Twenty-five years ago the European was undoubtedly and unquestionably the master. As President of the Corporation I was

officially subordinate to two Indians, who in succession held the portfolio of Local and Municipal Self-Government. These were Sir P. Sivaswami Aiyar and Sir P. Rajagopalachariar. Perhaps I was exceptionally fortunate in my experience.

I recall Sir Sivaswami [1] as a kindly, courteous, honourable, gentleman. He was broad-minded and tolerant; but he would not swerve by a hair's breadth from what he held to be the path of right and justice.

Sir Rajagopalachariar differed from all other Indian Members of Council and Ministers in that he was an official, a member of the permanent Civil Service. I think that he was one of the ablest Civil Servants that I have known. He was strong, but not overbearing; admirably efficient in detail, but not the slave of an office desk. He was physically a very small man, but there was something Gargantuan in his zest for life. When he was amused, he did not smile with the decorous gravity of the Statesman: he threw back his head, opened wide his mouth, displaying a magnificent set of strong white teeth, and *roared*. He stood little on ceremony; but the force of his character safeguarded his dignity. He was intolerant of dawdling; but he could always find ample time to see and to talk with anyone who had real occasion to see and to talk with him.

Sir Rajagopalachariar's term of office ended with the introduction of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, and with the enlargement of the Legislative Council. This was unfortunate, for he shone especially in public debate.

[1] The system of Indian nomenclature is different from ours. The full names of these gentlemen are, respectively, Pazhamaneri Sivaswami Aiyar, and Perungavur Rajagopala Acharya. The first names are "house-names", and are not used in direct address. The last names are the respective caste affixes of a Smarta and of a Vishnavite Brahmin. The middle names are the distinctive personal names. It is incorrect to speak of "Sir Smith", but correct to speak of "Sir Sivaswami". The expression often seen in the English Press, "the Rt. Hon. Mr. Sastri," is absurd. The gentleman's proper title is "the Rt. Hon. Mr. Srinivasa Sastri". "Sastri" is not a proper name. Rajagopala Acharya is ordinarily written as "Rajagopalachariar".

I was a Member of the Legislative Council which passed the new City Municipal Act. Before Sir Rajagopalachariar rose to speak on the final motion that the Bill be passed into law it was safe to say that a majority of the House was hostile to the measure. One could see the House swing round under the pressure of his arguments. At the division only two or three Members voted against him. One Member, no mean opponent, tried to heckle him that day, but "the Chariar" played with his antagonist as a kitten with a ball. And it was fair, honest play; there was no word that left a sting, no scoring for the mere sake of scoring.

On retirement from the permanent Civil Service Sir Rajagopalachariar accepted the position of Speaker of the new and enlarged Legislative Council. By common consent the Madras Council was admitted to be the most efficient, the most dignified, of the new Councils in India; and to this result the personality of the Speaker contributed in no small degree. He was courteous, impartial, but absolutely firm: he had rule and precedent at his finger-tips. He never hesitated, never turned for guidance to others: he stood on his own strength; and I do not think that his decisions were ever questioned in or out of the Council.

CHAPTER XI

THE CEDED DISTRICTS

A soldier's description of Bellary—Sandur—the Rani—the ruins of Vijayanagar—a Moslem impostor—Kurnool—a visitor from across the river—a malingerer and a mistake—the Chenchus of the forest—Mr. Saunders—death of Nagalutigadu—cultivation—the canal and its making—" business efficiency "—Muhammadans and Hindus—the strife among the Lingayats—religion of trombones

WHEN Seringapatam, the stronghold of Hyder Ali and Tippu, fell, certain Mysore territories were divided between the English and the Nizam of Hyderabad. In 1800 the Nizam ceded of his gains to the English Kurnool, Cuddapah, and Bellary, in lieu of payment for subsidiary troops maintained at Hyderabad. These three Districts have ever since been known as " the Ceded Districts "; and a cynical Governor of Madras once observed that the Nizam knew very well what he was doing when he freed himself from the worry of these wind-swept, famine-stricken deserts. This judgment, I think, was too summary. The three Districts, when the God of rain is in good humour, can be very good indeed; but when He frowns they can be horrid.

I have never served in Cuddapah, but I have visited its capital, which bears the same name as the District. It is an unattractive spot. The town lies in a hollow surrounded by hills, and the summer temperature recalls the burning fiery furnace through which Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walked unscathed. Most of the District is malarious. It once possessed a charming divisional head-quarters station in Madanapalle; but Madanapalle has been reft from Cuddapah, and joined to the neighbouring District of Chittoor. The inhabitants of the Cuddapah

District, if the newspapers are to be believed, have a deplorable and diabolical habit of using bombs as arguments in their private disputes.

In Bellary I was stationed for a time, and at a time of scarcity. There was then little attractive in the sight of the grim, bare, black plains. Roads are, or then were, very bad indeed, and unbridged rivers were common and unwelcome incidents of a journey, Bellary city, which has suffered terribly from visitations of plague, lies beneath a great rock crowned with the walls of an old fort, and it is divided into two portions, the city proper and the cantonment. The road which joins the two runs uphill, with the rock fortress on one hand, and a barren rocky mountain on the other. A disconsolate English Tommy, gazing on the dreary prospect, described the whole place succinctly as "two b——y 'eaps o' road-metal". The heat of Bellary in April and May is best realized from another barrack-room story. A very wicked soldier had died in the cantonment, and had been buried with due military honours. That night the neighbour of the now empty cot of the deceased was awakened by a hoarse appeal which came up from the depths: "Send me down me blankets, will yer," said the voice; "I'm fair perished down 'ere!" Mr. Atkins's pungent wit is apt to draw inspiration from the lower regions. It was a soldier who described Mesopotamia by saying that "'Ell is the 'ill-station for it."

Thousands of Mappilla prisoners captured after the abortive Mappilla rebellion of 1921 were sent to Bellary. At first they were lodged in hutments on the Alipuram plain. I pitied them. They had done deeds of bestial savagery, but the transference from their own shaded, well-watered, country to the treeless, stony, scorching, plains of the Deccan must have been for them a veritable plunge into Hell.

Bellary District includes within its boundaries a tiny living Indian State, and the ruined capital of a dead Indian kingdom. The State, Sandur, is a microcosm.

Yet it is neat and trim; the roads approaching it are well kept; the houses and streets of the little capital are bright and clean. I stayed there for a few days as the guest of the Rajah and Rani. The Rani came from northern India. She and her husband have made one great step forward towards social reform by abandonment of the seclusion that is ordinarily the fate of an Indian princess. The Rani mixes freely with the outside world, she speaks perfect English, and is an enthusiastic sportswoman. She introduced me to "her" people, gipsies who had followed her fortunes southwards. Quaint, wizened, old crones they were, in brightly coloured garments much bedizened with silver coins and trinkets. In the palace courtyard they sang and danced strangely. The song was in a language unknown to me: the dance seemed to be just a measured tramping and swaying in a circle about the oldest woman of the tribe. Somehow the scene brought back to my mind the gipsies of Browning's *Flight of the Duchess*. At the village school I witnessed the inevitable dramatic entertainment: the South Indian child takes to acting as naturally as a duck takes to water. The piece was *The Prodigal Son*; and the histrionic triumph of the evening was scored by "the swine". They grunted and gobbled about the prodigal with joyous gusto. To avoid caste complications the husks which the swine did eat were doled out by a high-caste "swineherd".

Within Sandur State lies the one cool spot of the whole District. This is the little hill station of Ramandrug. The Rajah drove me up there in his car; and on the way I had opportunity for reflection on my past sins. The road wound along the face of the hill: it was just wide enough for a motor, and it was unguarded. A skid would have meant a flight into the valley hundreds of feet below. The Rajah drove quite unconcernedly: I hope that I affected successfully a composure which I scarcely felt.

The memorial of fallen greatness is the city of Hampi or Vijayanagar. The power of the Hindu ruler of

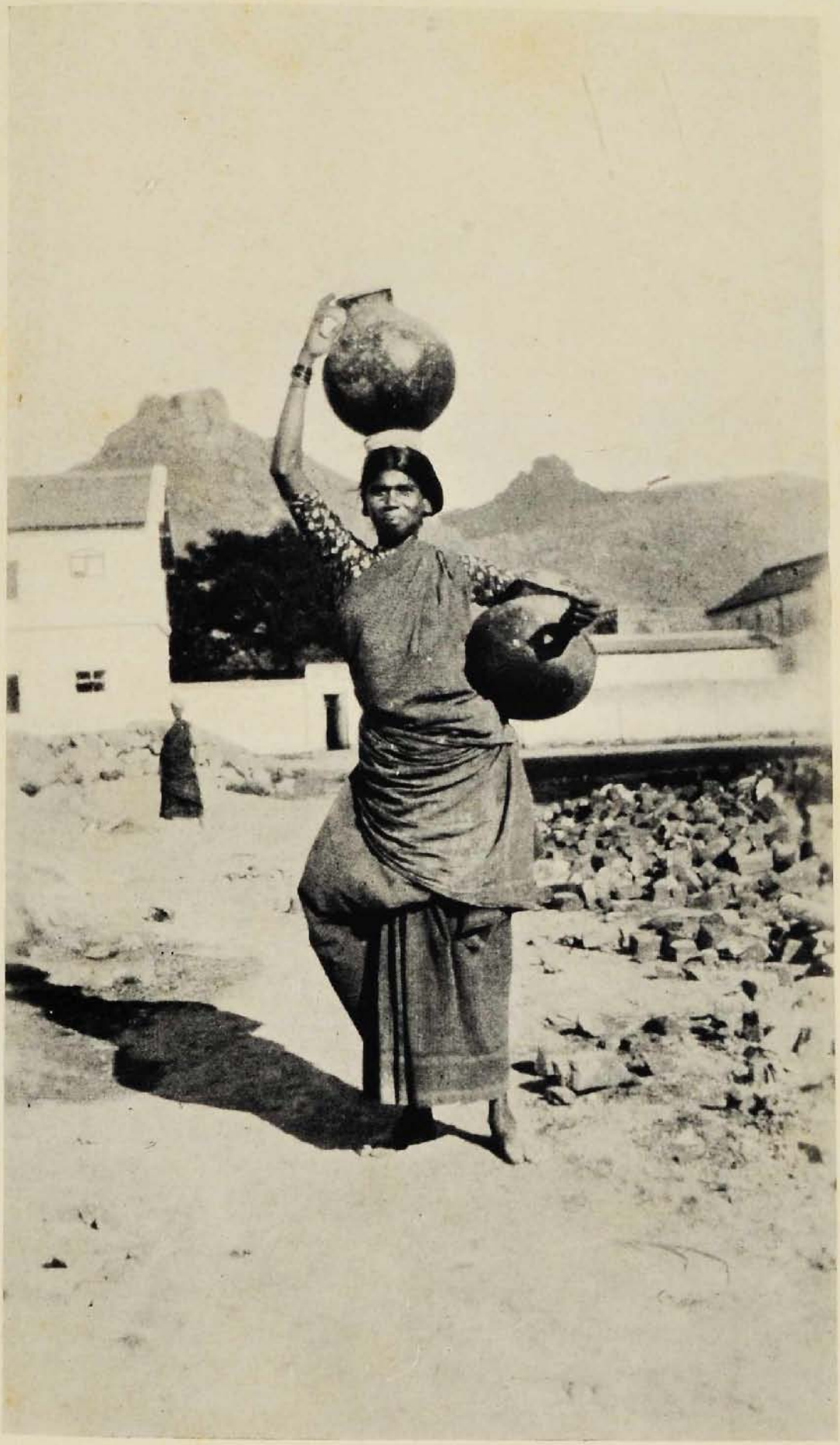
Vijayanagar had waxed exceeding great, and appetite grew with what it fed on. Finally four Muhammadan kings united against the aggressions of their neighbour, and in January 1565 they defeated him utterly at the battle of Talikota. Rama Raju, the Hindu monarch, was taken prisoner and beheaded: it is said that at his request the execution was by the hand of one of the victorious kings. The Muhammadan troops marched on Vijayanagar, and sacked it with a completeness for which history can scarce afford a parallel. They devoted ten months to the task of destruction, and little now remains of Hampi save the trace of the walls, a few stone floors which palaces once covered, and the great elephant stables. A curiosity lying on the ground is a gigantic drinking-trough hollowed from a single block of stone.

In Bellary I was numbered among the victims of an amusing impostor. Among my visitors on New Year's morning was a seemingly worthy Muhammadan, dressed in a handsome flowered silk coat and a most orthodox green turban. He talked in polished Urdu, and we discussed amicably the affairs of the world. As he left, my visitor mentioned casually that he was collecting funds for the repair of a Muhammadan shrine somewhere in the Bombay Presidency. To mark the season of goodwill to all I subscribed two rupees. That evening I met the District Judge: he, too, had subscribed; but, feeling unable to emulate my munificence, he had given no more than Rs. 5! A third subscriber strolled up: he, with apologies, had given but Rs. 10! The good Muhammadan had added a cipher to my subscription, and had prefixed a *one* to the Judge's *five*: thus skilfully he laid bait for the generosity of succeeding sympathizers. As a private individual I paid my humble tribute of admiration to ingenuity: as an official I could scarcely condone fraud. So the police wrote the last chapter of the story.

To Kurnool I came as Collector and District Magistrate in 1921. From my long stay in Banganapalle, which is practically one with Kurnool, I knew already the District

and its people, and I liked both. Nature is here a grim stepmother; but the struggle against her harshness brings up a fine race of men. The tall, grave, Reddi in his truncated breeches fights manfully and skilfully against the drought that withers his cholam, and the clouds that may cause the flower of the cotton-plant to shrivel and drop away. The struggle has taught him a sage economy of effort. On his own land he observes his *pani pudhu* (working hours) with the rigour of an English trades unionist. "It is better", he says, "to die of starvation than of useless overwork." A lower stratum of Kurnool society afforded me an illustration of the strength of Indian custom. It is not usual in the District to eat before midday; and prisoners in the local jails complained that their morning ration of gruel made them sick. Representation was made to Authority, which replied that the feeding was in the best interests of the prisoners, and must continue. I believe that a compromise was effected: the prisoners accepted the gruel without remonstrance, and poured it down the drains. Thus everyone was satisfied!

Kurnool District is separated from the Dominions of H.E.H. The Nizam of Hyderabad by the Tangabhadra River; and Kurnool town stands at the apex of a triangle formed by the junction of the Hendri with the Tangabhadra. Tucked away at the end of a branch railway line, and on the extreme northern border of the District, the town is ill-placed as a capital, and is likely to be outstripped, as the years go by, in wealth and commercial activity by the more centrally situated Nandyal. Indeed, the eyes of Kurnool town seem to look back to the past rather than forward to the future. The monuments which dominate the town are the three-hundred-years-old tomb of Abdul Wahab, first Governor of Bijapur, and, on a bluff overlooking the Tangabhadra, the ruined palace of the old Nawabs of Kurnool. There were in my day a few survivors of the old ruling family: fallen from their high estate, they lived in torpid poverty. It is sad



"REBECCA AT THE WELL"

INDIAN WOMAN CARRYING WATER

to contemplate the ruin of old greatness; yet one scarcely sees how that ruin could have been averted. A rule so carelessly tyrannical, so heedless of the people's good, as that of most of the old-time petty chiefs in India, was bound to crumble into nothingness. Is it right that the personal splendour of the fallen ruler should be maintained at the cost of those emancipated from his tyranny? In such cases one sees clearly the still existing incapacity of the Indian to conceive the ruler as one with his people. Indian politicians are wont to reproach the British Government with callous neglect of those whom Britain has supplanted, but at whose expense can an outward show of generosity be made? Scarcely at the expense of the permanent official, who draws a fixed salary from the State Treasury. At the expense of the State, perhaps? But what does the word State here signify save the tax-payer, the humble cultivator labouring in the cholam fields?

Occasionally of an evening I crossed the bed of the Tangabhadra into the Nizam's territory. To be sure, the country on one side of the river was exactly the same as on the other; but it was an amusement at once to feel oneself going into a new land, and to search for points in the channels running through the river bed at which wading was possible. The smaller Hendri was bridged, but a year or two before a sudden flood had swept away the bridge. The new bridge was a-building during the greater portion of my stay, and its opening gave opportunity for a time-honoured Indian jest. It is the custom that those responsible for construction should make the first public trial of safety; and so the engineer in charge, the contractor, and myself drove the first bullock-cart across the bridge amid the applause and jokes of a laughing crowd.

Once there came to me a remarkable visitor from the northern side of the Tangabhadra. Returning to my house from some business in the town, I was informed that an Officer of the Nizam's police wished to see me. I

entered my office room, and there started up before me a veritable son of Anak. I stand six feet two inches myself, and am built in fairly good proportion to my height; but by the side of my visitor I found myself a pigmy. Never have I seen such a giant; and neither corpulence nor clumsiness added anything to his size. He was smartly uniformed: a long black beard and piercing black eyes lent the final touch of impressiveness to the great figure. His errand, when he disclosed it, made me smile. An Indian State is apt to pay regard rather to results than to formalities in obtaining them. There was in the town jail at the moment a man undergoing punishment for some trivial offence: this man, the giant told me, was suspected of murder atop of burglary committed in the kingdom of Hyderabad. "Might he put a few questions to the prisoner?" "Why, of course", I said; "I shall give you an order to the jail guard." My visitor thanked me, and thrummed with his fingers on the table as one who turns over in his mind some point. "Not exactly that", he said at length; "my meaning is, may I take him across to our side of the river for the night? I think that he would speak more readily there, and I guarantee to return him in the morning." It was a magnificent suggestion, and one in which I could see promise of successful inquiry; but regretfully I shook my head. "I lead a cramped official life", I explained; "at every step red-tape regulations twist about my feet." The giant courteously recognized my disabilities, saluted, and strode down the avenue. He had reached the gate, when round the corner bustled a lawyer, his arms filled with books of legal reference. The lawyer uttered a stifled shriek, shied across the road, and his books cascaded about him. Next day I found the town agog. "What, in Heaven's name, is it?" asked one man of another: "a mortal man, or some mighty visitor from another planet?"

Kurnool provided me with the most remarkable instance of imposture that I have known. This was a man who

posed as totally blind, and who passed as an object of charity. He had sustained an injury to his head; and this, it was supposed, had affected the optic nerve. The sufferer enjoyed no very enviable reputation: his neighbours spoke of him as drunken and quarrelsome. Still, a strong man smitten with blindness is a sad sight, and I pitied him. The thought crossed my mind that the medical attention which he had received might not have been the most efficient of its kind. The leading eye surgeon of South India was an old friend; I wrote to him, and I received, as I expected, an assurance that his skill and time were unreservedly at the disposal of the unfortunate man. So I despatched the patient to Madras in charge of an attendant. A day or two later I received a laconic postcard: "Your friend has arrived: I strongly suspect that he is a malingerer." About a week afterwards a formal statement of the case reached me: "Vision absolutely normal", so far as I remember, was the gist of it. I met the surgeon later, and inquired of him concerning this amazing performance. "There are many ways of testing blindness", he told me; "for example, there is at my hospital a dark room, one to which the faintest ray of outside light cannot penetrate. By pressing a switch I can flood the place with blinding light. There I brought the man, and without warning I turned on the light. He leaped into the air with a howl of terror. An ordinary person might find the experience startling; but why should it startle a man totally blind?" The surgeon laughed: "The rascal was a bit of a sportsman", he said; "when he took his leave, he salaamed to me, and thanked me for curing him!"

A malingerer is bad enough, but occasionally a mistake can lead to a situation stranger, or, at any rate, more amusing. Certain Colonial Governments repatriate Indians found to be insane but harmless, if relatives or friends agree to receive them into their charge. So, with an imposing medical history sheet, there came to me lunatic Kandaswami on his way to spend the evening of his days

in the kindly care of his sister and brother-in-law. The sister started. "That is not my brother!" she exclaimed. I turned to the lunatic, who indeed seemed to be eminently sane. "I have never seen the lady before", he remarked; "I am of different caste. My name? Oh! Manavedan, not Kandaswami at all. I was put aboard a ship. I had no particular objection to coming back to India. Here I am." Here was a coil. "Are you mad?" I inquired helplessly. The lunatic (if he was one) smiled with deprecatory politeness. He was a most accommodating person: his relations, he assured me, would receive him gladly. The obvious course was to make inquiries of these relatives; but in the meantime what was I to do with this somewhat disconcerting phenomenon? There was no asylum nearer than a hundred miles; I could scarcely be expected to keep the man as a pet in my own house; and one cannot lock up a man who is innocent of any crime. "Er——" I asked at length, "would you mind just living in the jail for a short time? Quite as a guest, of course." The lunatic bowed. I could fancy that he murmured in his own tongue the equivalent of our "Delighted, I'm sure." He lived happily and uncomplainingly in the jail for about a week: then his family joyously welcomed the returning wanderer to its bosom.

The chief preoccupation of my Kurnool days was with the Chenchus of the Nallamalai forest. This great forest covers some thousands of square miles. A railway and a few roads cross it; but a good deal of it is almost impenetrable and unexplored. I once bicycled through it along the road that runs from Nandyal to Giddalore, and found the ride delightful. There was little or no traffic on the road. I was in the very heart of the cool green shade: at one point on my silent wheels I rode almost into a herd of deer browsing by the wayside. But if every natural prospect pleased, man assuredly was very vile.

It is a delusion of philosophers that man in, or returning

to, a primitive state (whatever these words may mean) sloughs the vices of civilization, and indues a robe of natural righteousness. Man's real history, I suspect, is the history of an ascent from something very low; it is the story of a progress upwards, not of a fall from grace. The Chenchus were as near to the state of primitive man as human beings in the twentieth century can possibly be; but if they had virtues, primitive or of any other kind, they were extraordinarily successful in concealing them. Physically, the Chenchu, be he undeveloped or degenerate, is a miserable creature. He is "bone-idle." The tribe, as is usual in savage tribes, is riddled with venereal disease. The tribesmen are drunkards, swilling the liquor which they distill from trees and roots. The intelligence of the Chenchu, in kind and in degree, is as the intelligence of the beasts. I doubt whether the average Chenchu has any "moral ideas", whether he is conscious of right and wrong, or of any difference between them. I once tried to find out whether a Chenchu whom I met in the forest could count: it seemed to me that of numbers beyond three or four he had very little comprehension. Here, I admit, caution in pronouncing judgment is needful: a man may not express his idea of numbers in conventional terms, but he may have some way of reckoning peculiarly his own.

The Chenchus had always thieved more or less, but for a few years their depredations had passed all bounds of toleration. They terrorized the country-side, and they robbed to the accompaniment of bestial cruelty. The Government had essayed to reform them, but the appeal had been to a moral sense and to a reasoning power which probably did not exist. If I judge the attempt a failure, I would nevertheless pay my humble tribute of unstinted admiration to the officer through whom the attempt was made. This was Mr. L. E. Saunders of the Indian Police. He lived with the Chenchus in the squalor of their settlements in the malaria-sodden forest; he took part in their councils; he headed them back from predatory excursions;

he pleaded for them, and forgave again and again their ingratitude towards himself. Withal he had a lively sense of humour. I never met Mr. Saunders, but I roared over some of his bulletins from the forest depths. The affair of a particular Chenchu, who had somehow offended his fellows, was under discussion. Mr. Saunders sat facing the Council, which squatted in a semicircle before him, when suddenly the Council "was not." A Chenchu's power of taking and of utilizing cover is extraordinary. On this occasion the "bad man" had crept up unobserved, and with his formidable bow and arrow he was "drawing a bead" on the Council. And the Council seemingly vanished into thin air.

Rightly or wrongly, I urged that the only hope lay in the practical association of crime with punishment in the Chenchu's elementary intelligence. The burned child does not reason about the fire; but it recognizes, and acts on the recognition, that pain follows the thrusting of paws into the fire. My views were accepted, and an expedition against the tribe was undertaken by a large force of the Reserve Police. This Reserve, as I have remarked elsewhere, is really a military rather than a police force; and the Chenchus, who cared little for the "white" police (the white-uniformed rural police), found in the "khakis" of the Reserve an adversary more determined and one much less apt to stand on ceremony and regulation. Much of the complete success attained was due to the consummate ability of Mr. W. H. Pitt, the officer in charge of the operations. A list of the leading ruffians wanted was prepared and published abroad. The Chenchus were blockaded in their forest, and harried in their twistings and turnings through it, till the men demanded were either captured or given up. The Chenchu ringleader, Nagalutigadu, met with a somewhat mysterious death. That he died was an undoubted fact. The tribesmen declared that he had fallen from a mango-tree in which he was gathering fruit, and had broken his neck. But there certainly was a rumour afloat that his fellows, sick

of the trouble which he had brought upon them, turned against him and killed him.

Peace and order were restored: I hope that they continue, flourish, and abound. It was a significant fact that the Chenchus seemed to bear no ill will against Mr. Pitt. He was splendidly just and even-tempered, but he made it clear that he would be obeyed. The Chenchus accepted the situation. I do not think that they were capable of reasoning about it.

The year 1921 was to afford an illustration of the difficulties against which the Kurnool farmer struggles. Cultivation in this District is simply a question of sufficient and timely rain: the season of the rains ordinarily begins in June and ends in November. A total rainfall of about twenty-five inches is sufficient. Five inches of this total spread over June and July would suffice for the light "red" soils on which *korra* and castor-seeds are grown; for the "black lands", where the cholam and the cotton grow, about sixteen inches are needed between the beginning of August and the end of September, about three inches in October, and the final inch in November. It is on the last rain that the success of the year's cultivation very largely depends. An ample and timely distribution of rain up to the end of October will, of course, produce a crop; but rain seldom falls with machine-like precision, and the last showers of November will make good many deficiencies. The rainfall of 1921 was capricious, and, on the whole, rather untimely; still, difficulties had been, in the main, surmounted, and one and all watched the November skies anxiously for signs of the one last rain which the land so greatly needed. That rain never came, and over large areas the crops withered just as the grain was coming into ear. It was heart-breaking to see a season's toil rendered futile and unavailing at the last moment.

A certain acreage is commanded by the Kurnool-Cuddapah Canal; but this acreage is not really very great, and the "black cotton" soil does not receive

artificial irrigation altogether kindly. It is apt to become water-logged, and with excessive watering it throws up a saline efflorescence called in Telugu *tsoudu*. I have sometimes wondered whether more use could not be made of the early rains for the black lands. On these little work is done till August: the farmers consider earlier work as work wasted, and the Kurnool farmer knows his business. Still, no one ever knows any business perfectly: there is always room for experiment. This truth is exemplified in Carlyle's story of Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay. The cultivation season of Paraguay, it seems, had been fixed and defined by long usage. In the midst of a season the crops had quite obviously and finally failed. The Dictator ordered that a fresh start be made, and that the possibilities of times hitherto untried be put to the test. To those unwilling to test a new hypothesis he offered the death penalty as an alternative to experiment. The experiment was magnificently successful. In the twentieth century, and in a civilized land, one can scarcely take such drastic measures to enforce test of a theory which may be entirely mistaken; but I have sighed at times for some persuasive art whereby I might induce the Kurnool husbandmen at least to consider that which had not been definitely proved impossible.

The Kurnool-Cuddapah canal affords the Government official opportunity for sardonic amusement at the expense of the "business-man" whose efficiency and promptitude are so often held up for official admiration and emulation. Systematic irrigation, the investigation and execution of irrigation projects, had long been considered matters appertaining to the officials of the local Governments. The Government of India and the Secretary of State, some time about the middle of the last century, judged that the time had come to invite private capital and private enterprise to participation in the work. The Ceded Districts were chosen as the vile body on which the experiment should be tried. The Government of

Madras protested strongly, but in vain. An attractive programme was sketched for the expenditure of a million sterling in the sure and certain hope of a return of 31 per cent. In due course a company was formed; and its directors were authorized to raise a million pounds on a Government guarantee of 5 per cent. for twenty-five years.

Work was started in the year 1860. Business efficiency fixed on a site near Alampur as the proper site for the river dam. It was soon discovered that the levels taken were quite inaccurate. A new point was selected near the confluence of the Tangabhadra and the Hendri. Work was started promptly, and a considerable sum of money was spent. Then it became apparent that the construction of this dam would entail sundry inconveniences, among them the submersion of a considerable part of Kurnool town. At this point the Government of Madras intervened, and insisted on taking the opinion and advice of Major Orr, an officer experienced in canal construction.

Major Orr fixed on Sunkesula as the proper site for the dam, and the dam now stands there. But once again the company muddled the business. The dam breached almost as soon as it was built, and water broke through the banks of the canal. The Government of Madras was moved to somewhat acid comment on the reckless extravagance and carelessness of the company's management; and indeed there seemed to be abundant matter to justify unfavourable criticism. By about 1876 the canal was complete, and in some sort of working order; but the finance of the undertaking by this time was in a state of hopeless and irremediable confusion, and the actual work, executed at an appalling cost, was far from being a clean, efficient job. Finally, in 1882, the company handed over the canal to the Government for a large nominal consideration; this being in substance, I presume, the assumption by Government of the company's obligations.

Would Government conduct of the affair have been more successful? I think that it would. The Government

considers in a very dry light, and without the added glow of sanguine imagination, the possibility of profit on any undertaking: if it is slow to start a work, it seldom makes a false start; and a Government Officer entrusted with public money walks ever in the frugal eye of his great taskmaster, the Accountant-General.

For the livestock of the Kurnool District cholam straw is the great supplement to natural grazing. Failure of man's food crop entails failure or scanty supply of animal's fodder; and through the dry months of winter, and the scorching days of spring, the grass is burned off the open, unshaded, village grazing-grounds. During the Great War the army extracted vast quantities of hay from the depths of the Nallamalai forest; this was pressed, baled, and dispatched all over India, and to Mesopotamia. It was not, I fancy, very good hay: still, it was edible. I urged the people to take advantage of the possibility demonstrated before their eyes, to save and store up this fodder against emergencies; but they shook their heads. It was not "the custom": this is the dead-weight answer that crushes the life out of every new proposal in India. If cholam straw was insufficient, the animals must be driven into the forest to the fodder: the fodder could not be brought to the animals; and over forest grazing in India the strife is never-ending. Herds of cattle, especially if goats be intermingled with the cattle, undoubtedly do harm to a forest; and the casual fires lighted by the attendants on the cattle sometimes cause widespread damage. On the other hand, it is idle to pretend that oppression and extortion are not forthcoming at times from the forest subordinates. An artless revelation on this matter was once vouchsafed to me. I received from one of my own subordinates an application, to be forwarded to the proper quarter, for employment in the Forest Department. "My salary of 20 rupees", wrote the applicant, "is insufficient for my maintenance: I therefore pray that your Honour will appoint me as Forest Guard on 15 rupees, and so protect me!" This story

recalls to me an engine-driver of the Madras Corporation who approached me with a request to *reduce* his pay. The request was an unusual one, and I sought an explanation. The driver, it appeared, was heavily indebted, and much worried by his creditors. Dragged to Court over some small bill, he heard from a Magistrate a declaration that no payment order could justifiably be made against a man drawing less than a certain monthly sum. Reduction to this minimum, or even to a little below it, offered to the driver's simple mind the hope of a speedy and final deliverance from all his financial worries.

Conversation with a leading citizen of the Kurnool District on a subject of purely local or provincial interest led me to reflect on one of the great administrative problems of India as a whole, the antagonism between Hindus and Muhammadans.

For several years a section of South Indian political opinion has advocated the creation of an Andhra Province. This, in substance, means the formation of the Telegu-speaking Districts of the Presidency into a separate administrative unit. At the time of my conversation a Congress was being held in Kurnool in support of the proposal. My friend expressed a very languid interest in the whole affair. " The real Telegu Districts ", he said. " are Nellore, Guntur, Godavari, Kistna. We of the Ceded Districts certainly speak Telegu, but I cannot see that we have much affinity with the people of the coast and the deltas. Our language, though the same in substance, differs much in detail from theirs. Bellary I should consider more Kanarese than Telegu, and more akin to Mysore than to any part of the British Presidency. Here in Kurnool the long years of Muhammadan rule and customs have left an abiding mark on us."

I think that this is true. The number of professing Muhammadans in Kurnool is not especially large, and the number of persons returning Hindostani, the characteristic speech of the Muhammadans, as their mother tongue is even smaller than the number of Muhammadans,

But the everyday speech of the Kurnool Telegu is full of Muhammadan words, expressions, thoughts; and were it possible to ascertain the number of persons in the District who *can* speak Hindostani as opposed to those who claim it officially as their speech, the number probably would be very large. This supposition is strengthened in my mind by my memories of Banganapalle. The vast majority of the subjects of Banganapalle are Hindus, and return themselves as speakers of Telegu; but throughout the State Hindostani is a possible and easy medium of communication with wellnigh everyone; and in the capital town the Hindu shopkeepers habitually use Hindostani in the transaction of their everyday business affairs.

Conversely, Hindu influence on Muhammadanism is quite perceptible in Kurnool. The *Dudekula* is, in his way, an orthodox Moslem; but into his orthodoxy he has imported much from the religion which, in all probability, his ancestors at no very distant date professed. In the essentially Hindu District of Tanjore an even more striking instance of this influence is observable.

Close to Negapatam in Tanjore is Nagore: it is a well-known centre of Muhammadanism; but the central place of worship is much more reminiscent of the luxury and adornment of a great Hindu temple than of the Puritanic simplicity of an orthodox mosque. And from the neighbourhood of Nagore I once received a letter testifying in quaint words to the harmony which there prevails between Muhammadans and Hindus. "The Hindus", wrote my correspondent, "even co-operate with the Muhammadans in taking their God Allah in procession through the streets." Perhaps to the ears of those who have not lived in the East this mention of Allah as *a* God, a God whose image can be fashioned by human hands and carried in procession by men, sounds less strange, I might almost say less shocking, than it does to mine. Yet such mention is made, in good faith and without intention to offend, by Hindus of the South. "Allah is a Muhammadan God", wrote a subordinate, who seemingly pitied and

would enlighten my ignorance, on the margin of a complaint by a Hindu against a Muhammadan, whose proselytizing zeal showed itself in strange guise. "I noticed this person loitering on the track", wrote a Hindu station-master, "and I asked him what he wanted. 'Fear Allah, O man', he replied, and he pelted a rock at me."

The members of the two faiths in the Madras Presidency really live in very fair harmony. Certainly theological difference does not often blaze forth into bloody secular strife as it does in Northern India. The Mappilla rising, with its attendant horrors, was an isolated and curious episode. The sagacity of Hindu seditionists saw in the sturdy Mappilla farm labourers a useful tool for employment against the British. The rising at the outset, inasmuch as it was a rising against the established Government of the country, was an anti-British movement. But it took a turn oddly reminiscent of the old fable of the Horse and the Man. The Horse, at variance with some other animal, called in the aid of the Man. The Man mounted, and did swift execution on the adversary; but then he declined to dismount, or to release the Horse from subjugation to human purposes. The Mappillas, having risen and having for the moment gained sway over the country-side, perceived that all that was worth taking lay in the hands, not of the English, but of the Hindus; and the Mappillas forthwith proceeded to help themselves to all that seemed good in their eyes. The number of the Europeans murdered by the Mappillas was, I believe, *one*. Some more fell in the fighting that ensued ere the rebellion was put down; but only one was slain in cold blood, and to his memory the Mappilla people, in token of repentance, erected a monument. The number of Hindu victims was enormous.

Banganapalle afforded a striking instance of the harmony and mutual respect there obtaining between Hindus and Muhammadans. Khaja Akber Hussain, the Muhammadan Diwan of the State, was chosen by the popular voice as manager of the affairs of the great Yaganti shrine. He

could not, probably would not even if allowed, enter within the temple; but all acknowledged him as a just and honourable guardian of any interests committed to his care.

Such quarrels as do break out generally have their origin in the matter of playing Hindu music in the neighbourhood of Muhammadan mosques. When the leaders on either side are reasonable men, a compromise can be effected. It is obviously unreasonable and provocative that Hindus should disturb the conventional times of prayer in a mosque with their music; it is equally unreasonable that Muhammadans should taboo all music, however faintly audible, from their place of worship throughout the whole day. Unfortunately, reasonable leaders are not always to be found where they are wanted; and on Indian mobs reason has about as much effect as on a stone wall.

The bitterest religious animosity that I have noticed in South India was between two sub-sects of one sect of Hinduism. This is the sect of the Lingayats; and in Bellary the bickerings of the rival parties provide sufficient worry to turn grey the hair of officialdom. The start of the trouble is nearly always the same: a *Swami* or spiritual leader of one sub-sect desires to go in procession with palanquin and elephants through the streets of a village strongly held by members of the other sub-sect. Particularly the *Swami* desires to be carried crossways in his palanquin: the idea presumably being that the maximum of dignity is secured by the maximum of interference with the traffic. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." I have known a *Swami* to encamp for nearly a year outside a village, obstinately claiming his right to a ceremonial passage through it; as obstinately his opponents proclaimed their intention of resisting his passage by force of arms, and in total disregard of all possible legal consequences. The embers of strife recently blazed into fire at a place named Uttangi. A compromise seemingly had been arranged, the *Swami* was to have

his procession, a force of police was in attendance to see that all passed off smoothly. Suddenly, without warning, a murderous and obviously preconcerted attack was made on the police. In the *mêlée* which followed several policemen were seriously injured, and a few of the attackers were killed.

The spectacle of men nominally holding one broad faith, and yet

> Fighting like divils for reconciliation,
> An' hatin' wan another for the love o' God,

is not confined to the creeds of India. And there is not always found an arbiter so humorously impartial as the official in India who demonstrated to a stickler for orthodoxy that extreme orthodoxy can be a double-edged weapon. The Police Band, mainly composed of Roman Catholic Eurasians, at a certain station had played at some entertainment more or less connected with the purposes of the Protestant Church. The proceeding elicited a violent protest from the local Roman Catholic priest. The officer in whose hands the control of the band lay received the protest without argument, and promised to abide by the spirit of the priest's wishes. All went well, until one day the priest sought the services of the band for some festival of his Church. The officer assented so far as the bandsmen were concerned. "But", he added thoughtfully, "I fear that the instruments, bought mainly with money supplied by Protestants, are decidedly Protestant in tone. You can, of course, have the men; but I fear that I can scarcely sanction the use of the instruments!"

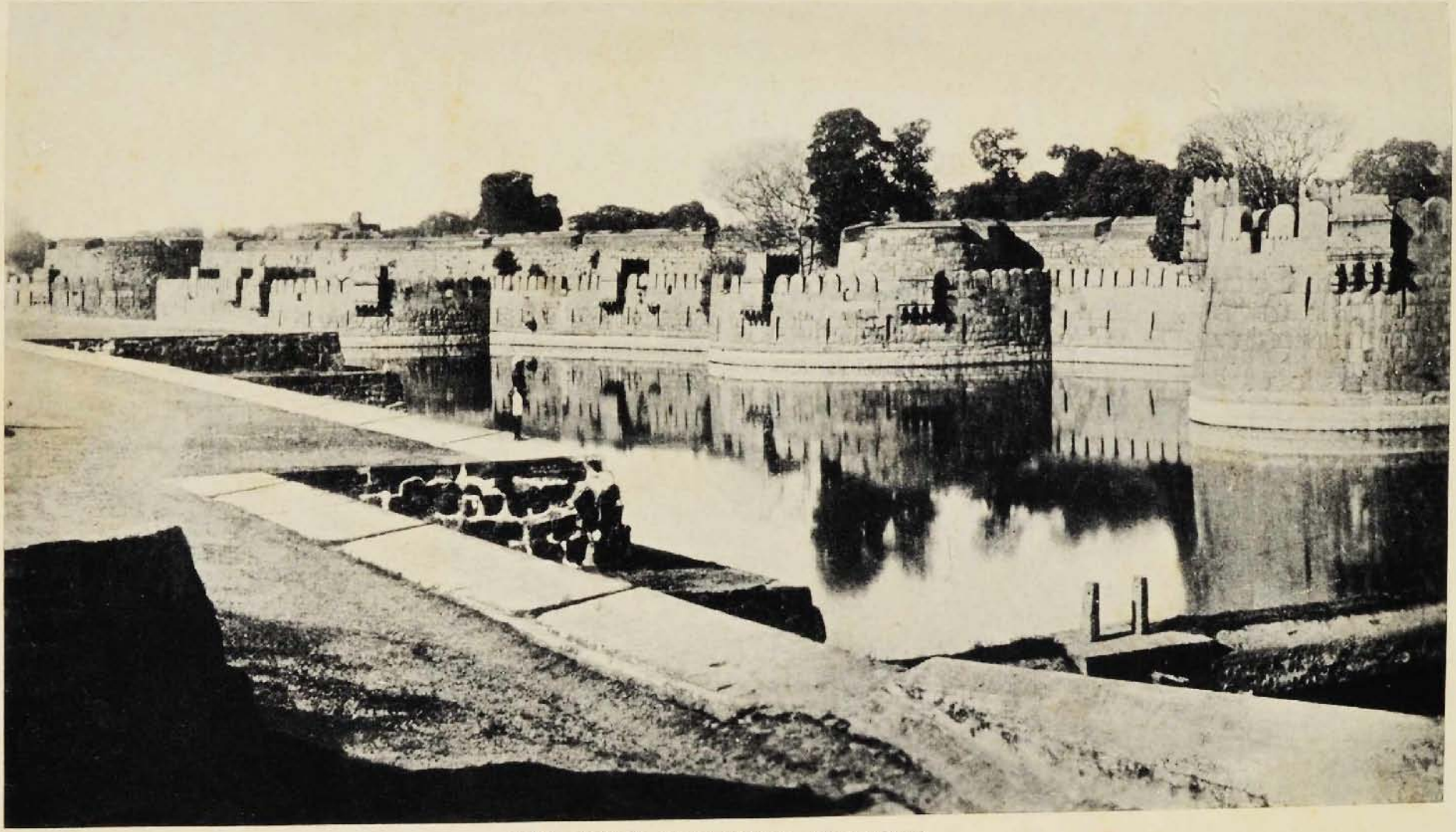
CHAPTER XII

NORTH ARCOT

The Fort—the mutiny—the old-time wars—Clive, Eyre Coote, Lally—Lieutenant Flint and the principle of seniority—Nedungunam—the vaccinator—reply to good advice—Tiruvanamalai—the recluse on the hill-side—Vaniambadi and the Moslems—the Scudders at Vellore—rainmaking

VELLORE, the Capital of the North Arcot District, lies about ninety miles to the south-west of Madras. It has been described by negatives, "A Fort without a garrison, a River without water, a Temple without an image." The river, against which the gibe has been levelled, is the Palar, and its vagaries afford some excuse to him who speaks disrespectfully of it. In a moment of exasperation I once suggested that the Government *made* it as a famine relief work! The river-bed, as is usual with rivers in South India, is an immensely wide expanse of sand, through which small and separate streams meander. It is seldom that the Gods send sufficient rain to afford the welcome sight of a flood stretching from bank to bank. Such rain fell in 1924; and the citizens of Vellore thronged forth to the bridge which leads to Katpadi to gaze on, and to admire, the rare spectacle.

Vellore Fort is one of the most perfect specimens of military architecture surviving in South India. Some say that its design suggests the plan and handiwork of Italian engineers; but local tradition attributes its building to Bommi Reddi, who came in the thirteenth century from the far away District of Kistna. The Fort is thus technically described in an old report by a Station Staff Officer:—



THE FORT AND MOAT, VELLORE

"The Fort is traced on an irregular four-sided figure. The fortifications consist of a main rampart, broken at irregular intervals by round towers and rectangular projections. Below this there is a fausse braie, ornamented at intervals with machicolated turrets; there is a broad wet ditch, varying a good deal in width in different parts, but not laid out in conformity with the trace of the works. There is a solid masonry counterscarp and covered way round three sides. The main walls are built of massive granite stone, admirably cut to point and fitted together without mortar. The old entrance was by a winding roadway with massive gates, and protected by a drawbridge, On the south side there is also a footway which crosses the ditch on a stone causeway. There is no other means of entrance across the ditch."

Within the Fort is a parade-ground, round which stand buildings ancient and modern. Of the ancient buildings the most noticeable are the great *mahals*, double-storied lines of rooms built round great courtyards. The bungalows once occupied by the officers of the garrison now house somewhat inadequately the offices of the several Government Departments of the District. It is long since Vellore Fort was occupied by troops; but a bloody page was written in its history in the year 1806. This is the story of the Vellore mutiny.

Vellore was garrisoned at the time by four companies of Her Majesty's 69th Regiment, and by two battalions of Indian infantry. There were also a few artillery-men; but the Indian troops outnumbered the European in the proportion of about four to one.

For some time traces of disaffection had been observable among the Indian troops. One cause of this unrest is curious and interesting: it was the issue of a new turn-screw, formed in the shape of a cross, and to be carried in the soldier's equipment near the heart. Times have changed, and the mental horizon of the Indian soldier has widened; but the question was mooted by at least one English newspaper in India whether the grant of the

noblest military award, the Victoria Cross, would be acceptable to Indian soldiers because of the form of the decoration.

On July 7 a sepoy of the 1st Regiment gave a secret warning to his commanding officer that a plot was afoot for the destruction of the European troops. The warning was disregarded, and on July 10 the storm broke.

At four o'clock in the morning the 23rd Regiment were on parade in readiness for a field day. A party of the 1st Regiment marched stealthily on the Main Guard, which was composed chiefly of Europeans, and slew them ; then returning, this party announced to the 23rd Regiment that the Europeans had begun a general massacre of all Indians within the Fort. The men of the 23rd Regiment were led by their Indian officers to the European barracks, where they poured in volleys on the half-awakened and almost defenceless soldiers. Colonel Fancourt, who commanded the garrison, rushed out at the sound of the firing from his house, which is now the office of the Treasury Deputy Collector : he fell dead at the foot of the stairs which lead outside the house from the upper veranda to the ground. Colonel McKerras of the 23rd Regiment was shot on the parade-ground ; Major Armstrong, who was passing along the glacis, was killed as he ran to the crest to inquire the reason of the sudden outburst of rifle-fire.

But the Europeans quickly rallied. Escaping from their barracks, the soldiers made for the ramparts, where, under the leadership of two young surgeons named Jones and Dean, they held on desperately till succour should arrive from without. This came quickly, and yet none too soon for the hard-pressed white remnant.

Major Cootes, who lived outside the Fort, had ridden post-haste to Ranipet, fourteen miles away : there were quartered Her Majesty's 19th Dragoons under Colonel Gillespie, and the 7th Native Cavalry. Colonel Gillespie started at once with a squadron of his own regiment and a troop of the Indian Cavalry ; galloper guns followed on behind. Arriving at the Fort, Colonel Gillespie swarmed

up by a rope on to the ramparts, where he took command of the defenders. An hour later the guns came up, and the massive gates of the Fort were blown open. The cavalry dashed in, the Indians as savagely determined as their English comrades to deal faithfully with treachery, and a pitiless slaughter followed. Save the little sally port on the southern side, there was no way of egress from the Fort, and nearly a thousand of the mutineers were slain within it. There is a curious, and probably untrue, tale current about the sally port. On its outer wall is a rudely carved figure of a God: it is said that for long townsmen in secret sympathy with the mutineers spat, as they entered, on the God who had failed to protect their friends from the avenging swords of the Ranipet soldiery.

The temple without an image is within the Fort. When worship ceased therein I do not know. I was told vaguely that the temple was desecrated at the time of a Muhammadan invasion of the District, and that no one had since been found willing or able to bear the expenses of purification and re-consecration. The temple is now open to the visit of Europeans. It is entered by a massive gateway topped by a splendid *gopuram*; among the figures carved on this *gopuram* is that of Bommi Reddi, founder of the Fort. Within is the *kaliana-mantapam* (the marriage hall of the God), where are found some of the finest monolithic sculptures in India. The East India Company, it is said, once proposed to dismantle this *mantapam*, and to send it in pieces to England for re-erection to gratify the artistic taste of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV of England. Fortunately the proposal came to nothing. There is a legend that the vessel destined to carry the sculptures to England foundered in a gale, and that the omen was accepted as forbidding sacrilege.

Vellore Fort is now a Training School for the Madras Police: to this fact may fairly be attributed its beautiful order and cleanliness to-day. I recall a visit with the Principal of the School to one of the *mahals*. In the sacredly-swept quadrangle a passing cart had left a clod

of cow-dung. The Principal drew a circle about it with his cane; and grizzled Indian N.C.O.'s emerged from guard-rooms and dormitories to gaze in horror on the dreadful sight.

There are smaller forts on the hills which overhang the town. Within one of these forts are the ruins of a bungalow known as "Sayers's folly". Mr. Sayers, so the story goes, was a missionary who built himself this hill-top abode, hoping so to escape the sweltering summer heat of the crowded town. A spur of the ridge on which "Sayers's folly" is built overhangs the street of the metal-workers. The noise which ascends suggests a huge modern factory working below. Kylasa hill stands some miles south of Vellore. Within the ruined walls of the fort which crowns it a small European bungalow has been built. An easy bridle-path leads up the northern side of the hill. On the southern side one looks from the edge of a sheer rock precipice over the plains below. Out over this precipice, some hillmen told me, an ancient Rajah leaped on horseback in the days of famine, thus offering himself as a sacrifice that his people might live.

At Vellore I spent two happy years. Nowhere have I found the relations between Indians and English so friendly and so pleasant. Sport is a great reconciler; and sport flourishes and abounds at Vellore. Every evening on the open ground which lies under the Fort, hockey, football, and tennis are in full swing; and the monotony of practice games is diversified by tournaments and competitions of all sorts. One of these I may recall, both for the pleasure that the memory gives me, and as an example of how easily the two races intermingled at games. This was the final of the Open Doubles in the North Arcot District Tournament of 1923. I won it with T. Sanjivi as my partner, against G. V. Stanbury and V. T. Rangaswami. I was Collector of the District, Sanjivi was an Indian Police officer, Stanbury an English Police officer, and Rangaswami an Indian lawyer. Just before I left India I spoke at a rally of the Boy Scouts of the District. I

could in all sincerity assure the lads that they were showing themselves to be "political" men in the true sense of the word, men or boys helpful in all that touched the convenience and well-being of their fellow-citizens.

The District is a great recruiting ground for the Indian Army, and Vellore is a favourite place of retirement for old Indian officers. In 1924 a regiment of British cavalry passed through the town on its way to a Naval and Military Tournament at Madras. The old Indian warriors, wearing all their decorations, turned out to greet their young comrades of to-day. They presented an address to the Officer in Command, and they stood rigidly at the salute as the soldiers rode by.

North Arcot is rich in memories of the confused fighting of the eighteenth century. Much of this fighting was what Lyall, speaking of Mahratta raids, calls "a rending and tearing of the prostrate carcase". Indian chiefs fought, each for his own aggrandisement, each transferring his fickle allegiance now to the French, now to the English, who fought one another steadily, with dominion over all as the object in view. To Arcot, which stands on the Palar over against Ranipet, Clive came in 1751 with a little force of 200 Europeans and 300 sepoys. The French were beleaguering Muhammad Ali, the ally of the English, in Trichinopoly. Clive attacked Chanda Sahib, the ally of the French, in North Arcot. This attack took the form of a defence, for, though Clive took Arcot almost without opposition, Chanda Sahib quickly rallied his forces and beset the invaders. Clive, then a young captain, "maintained the defence with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe." (Macaulay.) The grand assault was made on November 14. "The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity

of ammunition." (Macaulay.) "Clive's Gate" still stands at Arcot. It is of this siege of Arcot that Macaulay told the story, more romantic than probable, that the sepoys handed over their rice ration to the English soldiers, and lived themselves on the water in which the rice had been boiled.

Wandiwash in the South is a mean-looking little village. Along its dusty, rutted, streets merchants crouch in packing-cases miscalled shops, and chaffer over penn'orths of oil and ha'porths of salt. In the rice fields that stretch to the horizon the farmer, clad in a pocket-handkerchief, grubs eternally. Just two objects break the monotony of the plain: the crumbling walls of an old fort, and a rocky hill two miles to the north. Between fort and hill, 165 years ago, Coote and Lally debated and settled the question whether the French or the English should rule in South India. "Stately they trod the earth: it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding."

After the unsuccessful siege of Madras, effective operations on the side of either French or English were at a standstill. Near Wandiwash, which was then held by the French, the English leader, Major Brereton, showed little activity. The French, if they had for the moment little to fear from the English, had to face and get the better of a formidable disarrangement in the shape of mutiny within their own ranks. Their European soldiers were twelve months in arrears of pay; they were ill provisioned and worse clad. Finally the French contingent in the garrison marched forth with their arms and artillery, and encamped by themselves by a rocky hill to the north of the fort. They observed strict military discipline, but they declined to co-operate in the defence of Wandiwash until their grievances were redressed. Threats and expostulations proved vain; and the French Council at Pondicherry were forced at length to win the soldiers back to their allegiance by the disbursement of six months' pay, and by the promise that this mutiny, almost in the very face of the enemy, should be a thing forgotten.

So matters stood, when fresh life was infused into the English operations by a change in leadership. In Eyre Coote, who succeeded to the command, energy and prudence combined to make the great leader. In Lally, his French opponent, courage ran riot into rashness, and rashness was reinforced by an arrogant unwillingness to listen to the counsels of experience. After the mutiny at Wandiwash Lally transferred the greater part of his European troops to Trichinopoly, with the result that Wandiwash fell almost without a struggle before Coote's attack. Against the advice of de Bussy, Lally determined on an attempt to retake the lost position. The battle fought on January 21, 1760, ended in a crushing defeat of the French. All Lally's artillery, ammunition, and camp stores, passed into the hands of the English; hundreds of his European soldiers were slain, and hundreds captured. Luck was with Coote that day: a chance shot from one of his big guns exploded an ammunition tumbril in the midst of the French artillery; the explosion killed eighty of the French gun-servers, and threw the line into confusion. Coote pressed steadily on from success to success: Pondicherry fell in 1761, Ginji in 1762, and the French were left without a single stronghold in the Carnatic.

It is difficult to follow on the ground this battle of Wandiwash. The ground itself has changed owing to the extension of rice cultivation; and it is wellnigh impossible now to think in terms of the weapons of nearly two hundred years ago. Modern armies in opposition could not reach the respective positions then occupied by the French and English; and the actual manœuvres of the battle are quaint reading to-day. A critical moment of the struggle was the attack by the French Regiment of Lorraine. The Frenchmen advanced in column, twelve abreast. Coote held his fire till this mass of men was within fifty yards of his muskets; but even then a volley, though it staggered the attackers, did not effectively stop their advance!

Twenty-one years later Wandiwash looms up again

through the fog of war: this time there is a wrinkle of red-tape humour grinning through its story.

Hyder Ali of Mysore was now the opponent of the British, and Lieutenant Flint was directed to take over command of Wandiwash from a native killadar. Arriving with but a hundred sepoys, Flint was refused entrance by the killadar, whose ears had already been tickled by the seductive chink of Hyder's money. But the killadar was so unwary as to give his refusal in person, and to exult over the apparent discomfiture of the young British officer. Flint sprang upon him, pinioned him, and dictated an order of admission at the point of the bayonet.

"Indians", it is said, "build houses, but do not repair them." Flint found the saying true of fortifications and artillery. The walls of Wandiwash were in a ruinous condition, gun-carriages were broken, the supply of gunpowder was woefully short. Flint set about the repair of the ruins; he manufactured gunpowder in the town; most remarkable feat of all, he pressed into military service the ironsmiths of Wandiwash, and by hard drilling turned them into fairly efficient artillery-men. So prepared, he awaited Hyder's onset, looking eagerly the while for a promised relief force under the leadership of Coote. Old Sir Eyre Coote had again taken the field at the urgent solicitation of Warren Hastings. "There is no hope unless Sir Eyre Coote will at this time stand forth and vindicate in his own person the rights and honour of the British arms."

Throughout December and the first half of January Flint held grimly on; then Hyder tried a stratagem which showed his real instinct for the game. He camouflaged part of his army with British uniforms and with British colours as the force arriving to succour the garrison, and endeavoured to lure Flint forth by a feigned retreat. But Flint, though young, was long-headed: he observed that the relievers put singularly little heart into their operations. Making a cautious *sortie*, he destroyed just as much as he could of Hyder's siege-works without

exposing his own men, and he withdrew again to the shelter of his walls without the loss of a single soldier. Four days later Coote did arrive. Strange that the date of his arrival was January 21, the anniversary of his great triumph over Lally twenty-one years earlier.

Sir Eyre Coote was loud in his praise of the defenders, and he recommended the immediate promotion of Lieutenant Flint to the rank of captain. The Government of Madras concurred, but the Court of Directors in London refused assent on the ground that this would be "an inconvenient deviation from the established routine of the service, the rise by seniority". "Babudom", it seems, was not then the peculiar and exclusive attribute of the Indian.

Let us turn from the wars of the past to the peace of to-day. Yet even here memories of old frays obtrude themselves. It is not often in modern India that one finds occasion to quote the classics; but at Nedungunam, hard by Wandiwash, some lines of the Georgics recurred to my mind:—

> Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
> Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
> Exesa inveniet scabra robigine pila,
> Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes.

The rest-house at Nedungunam stands on a little mound overlooking the village; in front of it are set up two long, rusty, wicked-looking cannons. A farmer, so the story goes, found them when he broke ground in a new field with his plough. The quiet little village may put its golden age in the past; but was the villager really happier in the days when those guns spoke?

Nedungunam awakens quaint memories in my mind: among them is the oddest example that I know of what the French call *coq à l'âne*. On my way to the village I had occasion to inquire into some petty dispute about a watercourse. This business dispatched, I prepared to depart. "But would you not like to see the tiger?"

politely inquired the parties. I had noticed a thing like a packing-case lying on the ground. When a board was removed, a frightful roar proclaimed the presence within of an infuriated panther. A shikari had trapped the beast. The villagers had brought it along in a cart, thinking that I might find it a pleasant relief from the dry details of business! And from Nedungunam I sallied forth one Sunday morning to visit the adjoining town of Chetpat. I plunged into the sea of mud that separated the two places. A passing villager set my feet on firm ground, and handed me over for further guidance to his friend Visvanathan. "It speaks Tamil", he observed. The use of the neuter seemed to me to suggest very happily a strange wild animal loose in India. As Visvanathan and I turned a corner there was borne on the breeze to our ears the voice of Rachel for her children crying. "The vaccinator", said Visvanathan casually in reply to my horror-stricken inquiry as to what tragedy might be afoot. We came upon the vaccinator. He plied his trade in the middle of the street: his cotton swabs, bottles of disinfectant, the whole apparatus of his art, were spread on the pial of the nearest house. He suggested to me a man taking a blood bath and enjoying it. A yard to one side of him the village smith was fitting an iron tyre to a cart-wheel, sublimely unmindful of the shrieks that pierced the air about him.

The women and children of Chetpat howled; the men took no part in the game. In another District I had occasion to inquire of a vaccinator why he persistently avoided a particular village on his rounds. "Sir", he wrote in reply, "I visited this village, and explained the advantages of vaccination to the inhabitants. But they replied ignorantly by beating me with a pickaxe."

In the far south of the District lies Tiruvanamalai, built on the lower slope of the sacred mountain which gives the town its name. Here is a great temple, to which every year thousands of pilgrims flock for the festival, which culminates in the lighting of a beacon on the mountain-

top. The temple, like most other southern temples, is imposing when its high enclosing walls and towering *gopurams* are viewed from without; within there is no great showing of architectural beauty. Once of an evening courteous guides led me farther within the enclosure than I had deemed it permissible for a European to penetrate: I saw, almost from the doorway, the worship at the innermost shrine. The braying music of great conches and cymbals accompanied the service of the God; the strange harsh sounds were weirdly impressive in their proper setting. I climbed the face of the mountain one summer morning, and sat on the beacon rock. As I clambered down over sliding shale, the full force of the sun smote me, and when I reached the shelter of my camp I walked as one who walks in a nightmare. Of another visit to the lower slopes of the hill I cherish happier recollections. I was strolling with my dogs, when I stumbled upon an *ashram*, a hermitage set in a cleft of the rocks and overhung by trees. Water bubbled from a spring, and gathered in a stone basin. I spied the hermit within; my dogs spied him too, and in a second three of them were all over him, while the fourth plunged with a splash into the coolness of his well. I looked for a tempest of anger; hurriedly I prepared the best apology that I could think of on the spur of the moment. There emerged a tall, lean ascetic, smiling, I might almost say grinning, on me and my yelping companions. "Don't you like dogs?" he asked me. "I love them myself, but I have had to send my own dogs away from the summer heat. Why should not a dog like clean, cool water? What harm is the little swimmer doing? Ten minutes after she is gone the well will have emptied itself and filled itself afresh." So we sat together on the parapet of the *ashram*, and looked down on the hot, dusty, town far below. When I reached my camp one of my dogs was missing. In the evening arrived the holy man leading the truant on a string. "He came back to me, and I should have liked to keep him", he said; "but why should

I steal him from you?" Kindly recluse, as I write, the fields before my eyes are white with frost; but my thoughts travel back to you on your sun-baked hill. You have learned that man adds naught to his own sanctity by affected disdain of God's dumb creatures.

Within easy reach of Tiruvanamalai is the great rock fortress of Ginji, once deemed impregnable. I have visited it, and have reflected there on the progress that man has made in the science of destroying his fellow-men. A handful of men could have held Ginji against the short-ranged muskets and clumsy artillery of the eighteenth century; modern gun-fire would make the place a death-trap for soldiers so foolish as to seek shelter in the cribbed spaces beneath the natural rocks and behind the flimsy stone walls.

In North Arcot, as in every other District of the Madras Presidency save Malabar, the followers of Hinduism are in an overwhelming majority. Yet the District is, in a way, a stronghold of both Muhammadanism and Christiantiy. Vaniambadi is the town of Islam; its inhabitants are accounted as among the most orthodox of their faith. The Muhammadans of Vaniambadi are a thriving business community; in the affairs of commerce they approve themselves men of sturdy common sense. They have established in their town a great school where the secular instruction of to-day is given. Yet here, as elsewhere, Muhammadanism seems in some strange way to have lost touch with life. Men, good men too, on the religious side of their lives are content with a mechanical observance of rules promulgated long ago in another land to suit the conditions of a life far different from that of the twentieth century in India. It may be accounted for tolerance to the Vaniambadi Muhammadans that their school is open to all without distinction of class or creed; but it is, in a way, disappointing that there should be no tincture of a specific Muhammadan culture in the instruction given. Muhammadanism in the days of the Moors in Spain was in the forefront of learning: to-day

it seems unable to keep pace with the onward march of thought; intellectual life and religion have become things apart. Perhaps the same might have been said of Christianity in England not so long ago, may still be said to-day of Christianity in certain parts of America. Yet why should men seek to fetter their intelligence by a revelation which God has given them for their enlightenment? Surely a religious faith is a thing which must grow and change with the growth and change of man's intelligence. It is not a box of spiritual truths packed once and for ever, to be unpacked mechanically again and again for the gaze of successive generations. All the substance of Muhammadanism, or of any other faith that is true, will endure for ever; the merely temporal accidents of any faith must drop away from it and die as time rolls on. The Turks hesitated long ere they added a peak to protect the eyes to the soldier's *képi*: had not the Prophet ordained that his soldiers should fight facing the light? But why accept modern artillery, and then boggle over a modern eye-shade?

These thoughts I once presented in a somewhat different form, or from a different standpoint, to the Muhammadans of Vaniambadi. They had asked me to be judge at an elocution competition in their school. The recitations were given well, marvellously well, considering that all were given in a foreign language. But why, I asked, should not this particular path of graceful culture be pursued in Urdu, which is the Muhammadan language of South India? Practically every Muhammadan speaks the language fluently enough. Why should all not learn to speak it correctly and elegantly? Why should not the recitations at a Muhammadan school be of pieces chosen from Urdu rather than from English literature? If Muhammadan boys in South India can find time to memorize long passages from the Koran in Arabic, a language which they do not really understand, why should they not study in Urdu the spirit of the Prophet's life and teachings?

There are many Christian missions at work in North Arcot (the simple Indian must at times be bewildered by the multitude of competitors claiming exclusive knowledge of the truth), but the peculiar property of the District is the American Arcot Mission; and the history of this Mission is the history of a family.

John Scudder, who reached India in 1819, was the first physician to be sent forth from his country as a missionary of religion. He left seven sons and two daughters to carry on his work, and for over a hundred years the missionary line of the Scudders has been unbroken. On August 30, 1925, there died at Vellore the widow of another Dr. John Scudder in the eighty-seventh year of her age and the sixty-fourth of her missionary service. She sailed from Boston in the March of 1861 with her husband. They reached India at the end of June, and for seventeen years they worked at Chittoor ere they thought of a holiday. Mrs. Scudder lived to see a marvellous development of the Mission's medical work effected by her daughter, Miss Ida Scudder, M.D. "Dr. Ida" came to Vellore in 1900, and she commenced her work in one small room. From this little room there grew the Mary Schell Hospital for women and children, which stands in the south of the town; from the Schell Hospital grew the splendidly staffed and equipped medical school at Totapaleiyam, where hundreds of Indian girls have been trained for the work most urgently needed in India, the work of the modern doctor among women. There seems no likelihood that the line will ever break: each generation of Scudders sends fresh runners to take the torch from those who are finishing their course.

Close by Tirupattur in the western corner of the District is the *Ashram* hospital of Drs. Patten and Jesudasen. It was built mainly, I believe, by Dr. Patten's private fortune. For its upkeep the founders rely on what it may please God to send. Voluntary help, so far, does not seem lacking. "Is that your compounder?" I asked Dr. Jesudasen, pointing to one who was braying drugs in a mortar. "A

"DR. IDA"
(MISS IDA S. SCUDDER, M.D.)

any rate he works as such", replied the doctor. "He is really a fully qualified medical man who is giving us his unpaid services for a time." It was to me a strangely interesting venture, rendered all the more interesting by the personality of the one of its two authors whom I met. There was nothing of the sentimental enthusiast about Dr. Jesudasen: a graduate of a European medical school, he seemed to take religion with the matter-of-fact composure with which he accepted the scientific facts of his profession. If it were God's will that the hospital should continue and endure, the hospital would continue: that was all that there was to be said about it.

There is not, so far as I know, any mission of the Scotch Kirk in North Arcot; but on the Yellagiri mountain I met a man who might have walked straight out of the pages of Ian Maclaren's *By the Bonny Briar Bush*. He was Scotch by descent, the son of a bandsman in a Scottish regiment. Though he had come to India as an infant and had never again left the country, his unmistakable nationality clung to him. In his youth he had worked in various departments of the Government service, but always with an eye to the possession of a farm which he could work for himself, and whereon he could end his days as his own master. He had selected his ground. Bit by bit he had acquired it with his hardly put by savings. He started with a little cabin in his fields; as his farming throve he built himself a better house. Now he lived as an Elder among the hillmen. He spoke their language perfectly; he presided at their caste councils; he seemed to have found the contentment of him who, far from the turmoil of the world's affairs, cultivates his fields as did the first race of men.

Mention of the farmer's life recalls to me that once in North Arcot I exercised successfully the mystery of a rain-maker. The rains were holding off, and a deputation of villagers beset my camp with inquiry as to what I proposed to do about it. "Why certainly", I said with short-sighted irony, "I'll order the rain to fall: what

could be simpler ? " And that night rain fell heavily ! A week later, many miles away, a farmer accosted me as I strolled through his fields. " What about *our* side of the country ? " he asked. The news of my rain-making had gone abroad, and the new village was desirous that I should at least essay a cast of my art for its benefit. " I'll see about it ", I replied cautiously, and the rain came again !

Almost my last Indian memory is of the sports of the Collectorate Club at Vellore. This was an annual festival, and great was the excitement when Accounts lined up against Revenue for the final of the tug-of-war. The Vice-President, a burly Indian giant, who, despite his fifty-three years and his seventeen stone, had struggled manfully in the Officers' Race, bade farewell to me and to my family as he gave away the prizes. He spoke of my tennis-playing, bicycling, general disinclination from sitting still. " Had we been associated longer ", said the Vice-President pensively, " I might now be a better man ; certainly I should now be a thinner one."

CHAPTER XIII

THE DAY'S WORK

Kautiliya on the ruler's duty—the ordeal of temptation—the District Officer—his occupation—the fixing of the land-tax—*jamabandi*—tale of a fishbone—executive and judicial—the same case in an English and in an Indian Court—diary of a sub-magistrate—the tale of Bloggins—what comes of not reading the newspaper

"WHATE'ER is best administered is best", says the poet. It is a common-sense deduction, if not a strictly logical one, that, if India long ago was better and happier than India is to-day, the administration of a bygone day was better than is to-day's. Yet I am not quite sure that the golden age of India, or of any other country, lies in the past. The early merchant adventurers, it is true, told glowing tales of the magnificence of the Indian Courts; but the *lettres édifiantes et curieuses* of the early French Jesuits tell a different tale of the condition of the people. "Merrie England", the land of nut-brown ale, of fare plentiful but plain, of morris-dancing, is a pleasant dream; the reading of Langland, Crabbe, Kingsley, Holyoake brings a rude awakening.

The labours of Messrs. Shama Sastri and Monahan have rendered available for English readers an ancient Indian work dealing with the administration of the country. This is the *Arthasastra* of Kautiliya. He who reads can scarcely fail to reflect that the multifariousness of the duties assigned to the Ruler presuppose that his rule was exercised over a very small area; also that there was in early days little conception of an identity of interest between Ruler and ruled.

The Ruler must protect his subjects from fines, and from exaction of forced labour; their cattle from thieves and

tigers; the roads from damage by herds of cattle. In time of famine he should help his people with seeds and food. All this is well; but the Ruler must also attend to the exorcising of snakes and demons; he is entitled to a toll from every lady exercising an ancient profession; and he must look strictly into any lack of courtesy to a customer in this business.

But it is when he considers the Ruler's care for his own interests that the Indian philosopher becomes really interesting. Caution is needed in the selection of Ministers (this is as true to-day all over the world as it was then in India); and the method of selection is by temptations. There are the temptations of power, of money; finally, a secret agent informs the would-be Minister that the Queen eagerly awaits his coming to her bed-chamber. Few emerged quite unscathed from these ordeals. There were thirty-six known varieties of embezzlement; "and", says Kautiliya sadly, "just as it is impossible not to taste the honey that finds itself on the tip of the tongue, so it is impossible for the Government servant not to eat up at least a bit of the King's revenue." The Ruler should take an intelligent interest in the commerce of his realm. "A secret agent in the guise of a merchant may borrow gold and silver for investment in his business, and allow himself to be robbed at night." Indian lawyers protest against increase in Court Fees (the value of the stamps affixed to plaints and the like), on the seemingly reasonable grounds that Justice should not be dispensed at a profit to the State. Kautiliya had his own peculiar ideas on this point. "A man of straw, in a guise which inspires confidence, may make a claim on a disloyal person for recovery of a deposit or debt. Then an assassin may be employed to murder the claimant at night, and the enemies of the King may be accused of the crime, and deprived of their property." The selection of the "man of straw" must have been a delicate matter. Excessive military expenditure is an ever-present grievance with the Indian politician. Kautiliya would turn necessity to glorious

gain; for the Ruler may undertake the victualling of his own army at much profit to himself.

That such precepts were ever carried into literal practice in any human society that ever existed, I find it impossible to believe. But the mere fact that they could ever be uttered suggests that in ancient India the welfare of the Ruler and the welfare of his people were by no means identical concepts.

I may claim not unfairly that the pivot of modern British administration in India is the District Officer. As Collector and District Magistrate he exercises authority over perhaps 6,000 square miles of country, and for the unlettered population of this area he *is* the Government. Under him as Collector he probably has five sub-Collectors; each sub-Collector has two Tahsildars; each Tahsildar has two or more Revenue Inspectors. The ostensible duty of the Collector, as his name would imply, is to collect revenue. In fact, he himself collects little, unless it be complaints and questions from everyone. These, if he be wise, he leaves it to Time to answer. Once he collected income-tax, "that tiger which is devouring us", thus moaned to me a disconsolate assessee. Now that duty has been taken from him. Once the Collector, as President of the District Board, had the roads of the District in his charge. Now the District Boards have been "de-officialized", and the Collector, unless the years have taught him wisdom, in the quality of private citizen addresses lamentations to a President elected by the voice of the people.

Indeed, questions incidental to the cultivation of the land, care that the Government dues from the land are fairly demanded and fairly paid, will afford a fair day's employment for a man. Ninety-five per cent. of the Indian rural population are interested in naught else. "What matter to me whether Rama or Ravanna rules?" says the Indian ryot. The State claims ownership of practically all land; but once the occupier has got his land, that land is his so long as he pays the tax due thereon. If

the State wishes to oust him, the State for so doing must pay the compensation awarded by a special tribunal.

All this sounds simple enough, but in practical working difficulties arise. Of such I shall give a few illustrations. Land in India is largely dependent on artificial irrigation, supplied by tanks (reservoirs), canals, and the like, made at Government expense. For water so supplied a charge is made. Now suppose that A, B, and C are in occupation and enjoyment of fields watered by a channel issuing from a tank. D may unauthorizedly throw a dam across this channel, and so divert the water to his own fields. D may be perfectly willing to pay for this water a sum equivalent to, or greater than, that paid by A, B, and C; but the law gives these parties a right of action against the Government, should the Collector acquiesce in the damage caused to their fields by the cutting off of the water. This is a plain case; but D may claim a legal right to the water, and threaten a suit should the Collector interfere.

Should the rains fail, the crops do not grow. Should the crops not grow, the farmer is entitled to remission of the tax on his land. But rains and crops do not often fail in a plain, satisfactory (?) fashion. The failure may be relative; and for relative failure a varying scale of remission is prescribed. To adjust remission fairly to failure is a toilsome business; and it is seldom that the most conscientious effort will satisfy everyone. Of course, much of the necessary inspection is done by subordinates; but the Collector, if wise, will personally oversee much of his subordinates' work. It is, I think, a fair charge that the Indian subordinate is generally over-solicitous of the Government interest; at the same time one must remember that the dreadful readiness with which accusations of corruption are made in India renders an Indian officer apprehensive lest any marked leniency on his part be ascribed to dishonesty. It is customary in India to reckon by the proportion of annas to the rupee: a sixteen-annas crop is bumper; and a yield below two annas entitles the cultivator of irrigated land to complete

"THE DAY'S WORK"
OXEN GRINDING MORTAR

remission. The difference between one-and-a-half and two-annas yield is really imperceptible: I have struck off hundreds of acres against which my subordinates had marked a charge.

The fixing of the varying rates of land-tax is the work of the Settlement Department. An individual Collector is not concerned with this, save in so far as a Settlement officer will always make use of a Collector's local knowledge. To the outcry against the heaviness of the land-tax a somewhat careless use of language has, I think, contributed.

The Government professes to charge on the "half-net" principle. Now the fair and obvious interpretation of these words is that the Government ascertains the outturn of the land, deducts the expenses of cultivation, and takes for itself half of what remains. This would mean an income-tax of 50 per cent., a truly monstrous imposition. That this is not the correct meaning of the words "half-net" is proved by the fact that it is easy to sublet land for at least two or three times the amount of the Government charge thereon. In fact, the Government estimates the normal outturn of the land, making very wide allowances for vicissitudes of season. Normal prices are ascertained by examination of market prices over a long series of years, years of exceptionally high prices being excluded from the calculation. Working expenses are estimated, a wide margin of safety being allowed in favour of the cultivator. A net money figure is thus obtained, and half this represents the Government charge on the land. It is impossible to state definitely what proportion this figure bears to the actual net profit of the cultivator; methods of cultivation, and, consequently, cultivation expenses, vary very widely. In a survey of the land revenue policy of the Government of Madras Sir Frederick Nicholson deduced that the Government demand represented a charge of from 10 to 16 per cent. on gross outturn.

Indian theorists admit the justifiability of a State

charge on land, and estimate that charge with reference to gross outturn. For land irrigated by State channels Kautiliya considers a charge of 33 per cent. fair ; for water raised by "bullock-lifts", 25 per cent. ; for water raised by manual labour, 20 per cent. These rates are certainly much higher than those charged by the Government of Madras ; but there are certain qualifying factors to be borne in mind.

A charge on land must have reference to the extent of the land. Purely Indian measurements of land were, and still are, hopelessly inaccurate. A theoretical holding of five acres in the old days may very easily have meant an actual holding of twelve acres. The survey of the Madras Government is astonishingly accurate: it is practically certain that a man who pays for an acre does not enjoy an acre and a quarter.

Indian charges were usually collected in kind ; those of the Madras Government are collected in cash. The impossibility of any accurate yearly measurement of outturn over a huge area is obvious ; it is equally obvious that many subordinate measurers must have succumbed to the temptations which inevitably were presented to them.

The outcry against the land taxation does not ordinarily arise, so far as I know, from the actual cultivators of the soil. Subletting is one of the curses of agriculture in South India. In one of the last villages which I visited, I found that scarcely one holder from the State had any direct concern with cultivation. The State-holders sublet to "working-farmers" ; in many instances there was a further subletting on a species of contract to farm labourers.

The Indian is still shy of industrial investment, and shy of banks as a depository for his money. "The land will not run away", he says ; and so the wealthy Indian lawyer or merchant will often purchase land at a price which precludes all hope of a commercial return on the money invested. If the money invested is the investor's own, such money lies dormant, unproductive ; if the money

has been borrowed for the investment, payment of interest on the loan may easily turn the investment into a source of annual loss.

Much has been said about the desirability of a "permanent settlement", or rate of taxation fixed once and for ever. The advantage or justice of this proposal I am unable to perceive. With the passing of the years money grows more plentiful, and the value of any one piece of money decreases. A tax of 100 rupees on a holding may have been a perfectly adequate, possibly a somewhat heavy, State demand when made a hundred years ago. To-day such a demand may mean that the proprietor does not pay his fair quota towards the expenses of the State. It is not to be supposed that such proprietor, if he sublets to others, will forgo the advantages offered by the increasing supply of money; indeed, in tracts where a permanent settlement does obtain, legislation has been found necessary to check the rapacity of private landlords.

A "settlement", the word being used in its proper sense, lasts for a long time: thirty years is the usual period. In Madras there is another "settlement", an annual one, named *jamabandi* (closing of collection). This signifies the making up of the actual yearly account of each cultivator on the basis of the rates fixed by the Settlement Department; there are always fluctuating conditions, such as drought, floods, extension or relinquishment of holdings, to be taken into account.

This annual settlement is a feature of the District Officer's year; but as to its direct utility in these days I am somewhat sceptical. It helps in some degree to bring the official into touch with the people; but I have remarked that, when *jamabandi* coincides with a period of active field-work, few ryots trouble to attend the *jamabandi* officer's camp. In fact, each man has already made up his account with the village headman or village accountant. But should the officer arrive ere harvesting starts in earnest, or after the harvest is safely gathered in, his arrival is as welcome as that of a travelling circus. Fate

may then unexpectedly compel him to present an unintentional "turn". Fate once played this trick on me. Eating fish for breakfast, I managed to get a fishbone stuck in my throat, and I had to send for the local medical man. He planted me on a chair beneath a tree, and he extracted that bone before a thousand admiring spectators. It is difficult to maintain the dignity of a prancing proconsul when one's mouth is wide open, and when a steel instrument is stuck far down one's throat.

The Collector and the District Magistrate of a Madras District are the same person; the sub-Collector is also the Divisional Magistrate. There is no more popular demand in Indian politics than that for "separation of executive from judicial functions". To this separation I can see no theoretical objection, save a possible multiplication of officials and of expenditure; but at the same time I do not see any very practical reason for a change in the existing system. The functions are separated at the bottom of the ladder: the Tahsildar attends to the general administrative work of a taluq; the sub-magistrate tries the petty cases arising within that taluq. The reason for separation here is purely utilitarian. A Tahsildar has so much petty detail to attend to, a sub-magistrate has so many petty cases to try, that one person could not possibly discharge both duties.

But the Collector and the sub-Collector are freed from so much administrative detail that each has time for a certain amount of magisterial work. The sub-Collector, as Divisional Magistrate, can try the "first class" cases (they are not many) that arise within his Division, and can hear appeals against the decisions of his sub-magistrates. The District Magistrate does not ordinarily try cases or hear appeals, but he supervises the work of all magistrates in the District. This supervision seldom extends to judicial interference. The District Magistrate merely assures himself that cases are disposed of with reasonable promptitude (Indian magistrates are often terribly dilatory), that parties are not put to inconvenience

by unnecessary adjournments, that the rules for the recording of evidence are properly followed.

I sometimes think that Indians in demanding this separation fail to realize the implication of their demand. If the Collector is deprived of his magisterial powers, he, of course, can no longer admit any responsibility for the peace of his District. In fact, this hypothetical question was once put to me by an Indian: "Supposing that your magisterial powers have been taken away, how would you deal with the threat of a riot in your District?" My questioner seemed somewhat surprised at my reply, that I should not trouble myself about the matter at all. I should be merely the collector of His Majesty's revenue; I should have nothing to say to the keeping of His Majesty's peace.

I have spoken of "first class" cases. Really, it is the magistrates who are classified by law, and offences are classified by convention in accordance with the grade of the magistrate by whom they are triable. There are three grades in the criminal magistracy. A first class magistrate can fine up to 1,000 rupees, and award two years' imprisonment; a second class magistrate is limited to 200 rupees fine and to six months' imprisonment; a third class magistrate to 50 rupees and to one month. A sub-magistrate is ordinarily of the second class, and appeals against his decisions lie to the first class magistrate of the division. The District Magistrate differs from the first class divisional magistrates mainly in that he can, if he likes, exercise jurisdiction over a wider area. Appeals against the decisions of first class magistrates lie to the District Court of Session. Over this Court the District Judge presides. He is wholly independent of the District Magistrate, and subordinate only to the High Court of the Presidency. Grave offences, without the competence of the magistracy, are committed for trial to the Court of Session.

Petty criminal justice ought to be efficient, speedy, cheap. In India it is hampered, rendered dilatory and costly, by the Indian's love of rushing to Court over the

most trivial incident, and by the grant of almost unlimited facilities for appeal. A magistrate in England makes up his mind in a few minutes as to the rights and wrongs of a petty assault case, and he gives his decision. The decision may be right, or it may be wrong; but, at any rate, it makes an end of the matter. A magistrate in India, especially a magistrate of the lower grades, tries a case with an ever-present feeling that each decision, and each step leading to that decision, will be questioned and criticized at some later stage. Let us by illustration draw a comparison.

The scene is a London Police Court. Mr. Brown is on the Bench. William Huggins is charged with assault and battery, to wit, with smiting Henry Hobbs on the nose and causing said nose to bleed.

Hobbs (in witness-box). "'S I was standin' outside the door o' the Load o' 'Ay I seen ole Bill comin' round the corner. 'Ullo, fice,' sez I, cheerful-like. ''Ere, not so much of it,' sez 'ee. 'Wot th' yell 'ave you been syin' abaht me an' my missus?' 'S'welp me, Bill,' sez I, 'I 'aint said nuffink.' 'Aw, give it a rest,' sez 'ee, an 'ee sloshes me one on the——"

Magistrate. "Constable Bone."

P.C. Bone (at a gallop). "'Ole truth an' nothin' bur' truth. 'Obbs was on the ground, an' was gettin' up. 'I'll show 'im,' sez 'ee. ''Ere me lad,' sez I, 'none o' that 'ere; you tike an' go 'ome, an' you, 'Uggins, come along to the stition an' '——".

Magistrate. "Were they——"?

P.C. Bone. "Nossir, leastways not eggzackly; 'Uggins, 'ee might 'ave 'ad some though."

Magistrate. "Huggins."

William Huggins. "It was along o' Joe Collins, 'im as 'ad words wiv 'is foreman, an' 'ee sez to 'is lodger as 'ow——"

Magistrate. "Did you hit Hobbs?"

William (truculently). "Ho, yuss; an' wot's more——"

Magistrate. "Five—shillings—or—seven—days—next."

Clerk (as Bill pays). "An' don't keep it up nasty. Shike 'ands."

Bill (cautiously). "Dunno as 'ow I weren't a bit hasty, an'——"

Hobbs. "Oh, aw' rite, ole man. It's a' not dye. Wot abaht a pint?"

The scene changes to the Courthouse at Ramaswami-paleiyam. Mr. Smith, I.C.S., is the magistrate, and the matter in dispute is the smiting of Kandaswami by Chinnaswami. Messrs. Aiyar and Iyengar of the local Bar appear on behalf of the complainant and accused respectively.

Chinnaswami and Kandaswami have long been at loggerheads over the right to draw water from an irrigation well. Whether in the course of an altercation Chinnaswami did hit Kandaswami is known probably to God, possibly to the two principals to the dispute, certainly to no one else. But Kandaswami has instructed Mr. Aiyar to lay a complaint to this effect before Mr. Mudaliar, the local sub-magistrate, and he has bespoken his witnesses. Chinnaswami might come to terms about the well, but this would be rather tame and unsportsmanlike. He might bespeak other and more respectable (*i.e.* more costly) witnesses, and leave the matter to be decided by superiority of perjury on one side or the other. Actually, he gets in touch with Mr. Iyengar's clerk, and in due course lodges a complaint of burglary against Kandaswami.

Mr. Mudaliar, following the directions of Higher Authority, has kept "case and counter-case" going concurrently with the dexterity of a juggler playing with two glass balls. In each he has recorded in Tamil script about one hundred pages of evidence: this evidence deals mainly with land disputes between distant collaterals of the parties' great-grandparents. Mr. Mudaliar, after a fortnight's "adjournment for consideration" (which includes a consultation with the village astrologer), has decided to drop the case of assault against Kandaswami, and to charge Chinnaswami with simple theft. The lawyers

are too polite to point out that the case has, in manner of speaking, " stood up straight in the air, and then swapped ends "; moreover, the complication may prove useful at a later stage of Appeal or Review. They concur in urging that the interests of justice demand a total obliteration of all that has been done so far, and a fresh start in the adjoining Court of Mr. Naidu.

Eighteen months later the High Court, in exercise of its authority as the final Court of Review, directs that Chinnaswami do pay a fine of 5 rupees, or suffer seven days' imprisonment. Chinnaswami and Kandaswami by this time are beggars; their lands are mortgaged; their wives' jewels are with the sowcar. But they are content. Justice has been done, and their fellow-villagers accord them the honour due to men who have fought the good fight and kept the faith.

I sometimes think that " the Government ", in its zeal for the purity of justice, pays insufficient regard to the dignity of the magistracy. The Indian is naturally suspicious, and especially suspicious of his own fellow-countrymen. It is scarcely conceivable by him that an Indian magistrate may decide a case solely on the evidence placed before him, and without personal prejudice. The liberty allowed of questioning every magisterial act does not dissipate this suspicious habit of mind in parties, nor does it promote confidence and self-reliance in magistrates.

Is the Indian magistrate, then, unworthy of trust? I do not think so. Undoubtedly there are some dishonest Indian magistrates; but then there are such magistrates in every country. I have known muddle-headed Indian magistrates, and magistrates comically ingenuous. I recall the judgment of a sub-magistrate sentencing a party to some small punishment. Evidently the magistrate had written his judgment, and had read it over ere he signed it; he added this remarkable note: " I think that this is illegal, and I won't do it again." Every magistrate must keep a " diary ", a brief abstract of his daily proceedings. In the " diary " of a sub-magistrate I once

read: "At this point the Court, having a high pitch of stomach-ache, adjourned for the day." An Indian magistrate loves to speak of himself, to be spoken of, as "the Court". One had occasion to punish a person for unseemly behaviour in his presence. He called as witness his clerk, who testified to "the blush which overspread the face of the Court". But, after twenty-five years' experience, my general judgment is that the Indian subordinate magistracy is composed of honourable and reasonably competent men.

All magistrates in India work under difficulties: not the least of these difficulties is the undoubted prevalence of perjury in Indian Courts. Yet I do not rashly brand all Indians as liars. Truth is relative; much depends on the circumstances under which truth or falsehood is uttered. We assume that a law court is the home of the literal and prosaic. For Ramaswami the witness-box is the aerodrome whence his spirit soars into the boundless realms of fancy. Our form of judicial oath is absolutely meaningless to an Indian peasant: this, perhaps, is fortunate. I once had subordinate to me an Indian magistrate, who unauthorizedly prescribed a really binding form of oath. "In this way", wrote the signatories to a mass petition, "we are compelled always to speak the truth, and are put to much inconvenience." I have judged Ramaswami harshly, when he stood in the witness-box and blandly assured me that he recognized the face of a thief at a distance of four hundred yards on a dark night. I have wondered why the heavens did not open, and with a shaft of forked lightning destroy Kandaswami, who, when two stolen cows and a sheep have been found concealed in his house, has protested that a dishonest policeman introduced them tied up in a corner of his turban. Then I have reflected, with Vauvenargues, that an utterance would strike us differently, did we but consider it with the mind of him who spoke it. In my own country it is almost an insult to attribute honesty to a horse-dealer.

A delicate and much debated question is that of justice

'twixt Indian and European. I am certain that the European often escapes the consequence of his misdeeds; so, too, does the Indian when he is the misdoer. People exclaim at the former miscarriage of justice, not at the latter. To those who exclaim I suggest an experiment which may cause suspension of too hasty judgment. Visit an Indian Court presided over by an Indian magistrate; listen to a dozen charges brought by Indian against Indian; note how many of these end in conviction; reflect on the impossibility of conviction on the evidence offered. It is not sufficient that I accuse A of doing me a wrong; it is not sufficient that my accusation be true; I must prove my charge by evidence which a rational man can accept. I offer two stories in illustration of my meaning.

The first is the tale of Private Bloggins. Bloggins was accused of murdering two Indians. I think that there can be no doubt that he actually killed two persons. Whether in so doing he committed a "crime" is a rather difficult legal question. The magistrate before whom he was produced refused to commit him for trial. An uproar arose. By a perfectly legal procedure the order of the magistrate was quashed. Bloggins was sent for trial before a Judge and jury. He was again acquitted, and the uproar grew louder. I knew personally the magistrate who had refused to commit: no more upright, fair-minded, man ever stood in shoe-leather. I asked him for his account of the affair: he gave me the following information.

Bloggins had been sent from a military hospital to rejoin his regiment at a distant station. By a strange mistake he was put into a train which went no farther than a large wayside station some sixty miles from the point of departure. Bloggins proceeded to make himself comfortable for the night in the waiting-room. He found that the station-master let out this room as a "doss-house" to every vagrant willing to pay for a night's shelter. Bloggins objected, and insisted that these persons be turned out. He was perfectly within his rights. On the platform he then met an Indian soldier, who was travelling with two

discreetly veiled wives. The two soldiers fraternized; it seems probable that they had several drinks together. Bloggins, growing festive, demanded an introduction to the wives of his fellow-soldier. A fight arose, and the vagrants turned out of the waiting-room, now seeing an opportunity for revenge, joined in. They pursued Bloggins to the waiting-room; very possibly they might have murdered him. Bloggins endeavoured to barricade himself. He fired a shot from his rifle through the roof; this proving ineffective, he climbed on to a table, and fired several shots over the heads of his attackers. Almost immediately after this a train steamed in with a European on board: he took command of the situation and restored peace. Then arrived a procession carrying two corpses. The station-master had also been letting out as "doss-houses" empty carriages standing on side-tracks. Bloggins's shots, fired with a downwards slanting trajectory, had killed two of these lodgers for the night.

Such, my friend informed me, were the facts: they were known to all. But no one would testify to them. The station-master would not admit the letting out of the waiting-room: the admission might have entailed reduction or dismissal. The Indian soldier would not admit drinking with Bloggins, nor would be allow his wives to testify in a public Court. Finally, the station-master swore that he had examined and locked all carriages standing in the station; that no one could possibly have got into these carriages; that the corpses were produced from elsewhere by his enemies who wished to get him into trouble with his employers. Lie begets lie; and the evidence finally recorded against Bloggins suggested only the ravings of lunacy.

The second case was within my immediate personal knowledge. I was sitting in the Court room of an old and experienced magistrate, when there entered a complainant accompanied by his lawyer. The complainant undoubtedly had been most savagely beaten by someone. He brought a written charge against Mr. X, the local European Police

Officer. The Indian law provides that a complainant must be questioned orally as to the truth of a written complaint. The magistrate proceeded to put some very clear questions, which could not possibly have been misunderstood. The complainant was absolutely sure as to the identity of his assailant. The present day was Thursday, and the date of the assault was Tuesday. Day and hour were established with the utmost precision. At the close of the examination the magistrate addressed an abrupt question to the lawyer: "Have you read to-day's paper?" "No, Sir", replied the lawyer. The magistrate silently handed across the paper, pointing with his finger to a particular column. The lawyer read; whispered to his client; both left the Court. The magistrate handed the paper to me. During the whole of Tuesday Mr. X had been in the witness-box of a Court situated a hundred miles distant! The true facts of the case were ultimately revealed: the complainant had threatened to assault a European woman, and had been thrashed mercilessly by an unexpected European man. The charge had been brought against Mr. X in pursuance of a private, and totally different, grudge.

The charge has been made that Indian lawyers aid and abet the perjury of their clients. I should hesitate long before lending ear to such an accusation. I have known many Indian lawyers who were the soul of honour and probity. But I sometimes think that the rank and file of the legal profession in India do not always realize that they are "Officers of the Court", and that their duty is to see that justice is done, rather than to act blindly on instructions, the truth of which they, as intelligent men, must gravely suspect.

CHAPTER XIV

SOUTH INDIAN CULTURE

Language—study in a foreign tongue—mixed languages—artificiality of culture—South Indian literary works—Ruskin on Indian art—the carvings at Vellore—the temple of Madura—Rous Peter—the South Indian stage—the drama of sanitation—South Indian acting—South Indian music and singing

IN speaking of South Indian culture I lay no claim to a technical knowledge which would enable me to pronounce authoritative judgments on Literature, Art, and Music. I have perceived, by eye or ear, certain phenomena, and on these I have reflected. I have been conscious at times of a feeling of satisfaction, at others of a feeling of dissatisfaction; and I have sought to find the underlying cause or reason of these feelings. In considering that which was before me I have always striven to exclude from my mind at once that strong national intolerance which finds everything wrong that is not European, and that weak international sympathy which finds everything right that is Indian.

If I find Freeman dry, and Froude entrancing, it is surely unnecessary that I should devote years to the study of History ere I understand why the one writer repels, the other attracts; ere I come to the judgment that Froude understood, as Freeman did not, the business of the writer. At the same time he who would draw any conclusion regarding Freeman or Froude must know, at least, that the Normans did conquer England, that Henry VIII did dispute the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope. I may claim that I had a fair colloquial acquaintance with some of the languages spoken in South India; I have seen, though with eyes technically untrained, a good deal of

South Indian sculpture; I have seen and heard, perhaps with more understanding eyes and ears, the performance of plays and music in South India. And throughout my working life I have not entirely sacrificed general to "professional" study and thought.

Now an Englishman can obtain without overmuch trouble sufficient acquaintance with the French language to read in that language all he desires on science, art, and literature. He certainly will find a splendid mass of writing to his hand; but should he limit his reading to French, his culture, I think, will be artificial. A man's mother tongue is part of himself: he cannot get away from it, and yet develop his intelligence normally and naturally. The Frenchman's outlook on life is different from that of the Englishman.

In Europe it is an educational maxim that a man, to know his own language perfectly, must know another language fairly well. This is a suitable precept for a part of the world where people are, as a rule, very poor linguists. For the inhabitants of South India, whose linguistic ability is extraordinary, I should reverse the maxim, and urge that a man cannot know a foreign language really well unless he first knows his own language perfectly. My Indian friends have vaunted to me their political orators who speak in English. The speeches of many of these gentlemen, uttered in a foreign tongue, represent a marvellous achievement, are proof of a linguistic ability which I whole-heartedly envy; but I can scarcely recall a speech in which I did not find some phrase or expression that made me smile, did I consider it simply as English. Even the best of them suggested a man playing the piano with an instrument, not with his fingers. Much of the educational futility, of the crudity of culture observable by the scoffing foreigner in South India, is attributable, in my opinion, to the fact that the Indian here has neglected his own language. Consequently he has no fixed and perfectly comprehended standard of taste for his guidance in the expression of his thoughts.

To illustrate my meaning I quote certain translations from the Tamil-English lexicon which is now being published under the auspices of the University of Madras. Not having Tamil type at command, I denote the Tamil words by dashes:—

(1) " ———." " White long flowered nail dye."
(2) " ———." " Amatorial strifes between husband and wife."
(3) " ———." " Younger brother, so called because he is junior than oneself."
(4) " ———." " Malignant goddess presiding over springs or streams from which fountain or ghat people take their drinking water: naiad of Indian myth."
(5) " ———." " Knowledge acquired as a result of the inevitable consequence of past karma."

Some of the lexicographers, I understand, are European, some Indian. I do not express any opinion as to the accuracy of the translations offered, although I am inclined to think that the Tamil of the fifth example means simply " knowledge of the truth ". But the general style of the translations to me seems deplorable.

With attempts to revive artificially a language admittedly dead I have very little sympathy. Irish, the language of my own country, is dead. I see no sense in the endeavour to force it anew on a people who have neither the time nor the inclination to master a language now entirely foreign to them, and that a very difficult language. But Tamil and Telegu, to quote but two examples, are in daily use by some thirty millions of human beings; yet culture *in* these languages is rarely acquired and possessed by the average man of good education, as distinct from the specialist in philology and grammar.

There are, of course, certain external circumstances contributing to this unfortunate cultural result. There are many languages current in South India: Malayalam, Kanarese, Oriya, to name but three in addition to the two which I have already specified. Each of these languages

has its own peculiar script. The temptation to acquire, and the convenience of using, one common language are wellnigh irresistible; and English, the language of the Paramount Power, is the obvious choice. So for the small talk of everyday life the educated South Indian uses his own language; for the conduct of important affairs, for profitable study, he turns to English. I once asked an eminent lawyer of the South whether he could present his cases in his mother tongue. "I suppose that I could make myself intelligible," he replied, "but I could not argue with any force or point." Yet he had not in any sense forgotten or ceased to use his own language.

From these causes or conditions there emerges one phenomenon to which I have not noticed a parallel in any other land. In his everyday, casual, speech the educated South Indian is apt to make use of a barbarous jargon unlike to anything heard elsewhere from the lips of mortal man. "*Yettané* days leave availed *irukkiradhu*?" is a question which I have often heard. *Yettané* is the Tamil for "how many", and *irukkiradhu* is the third person, singular, neuter gender, of the present tense of the verb "to be". The sentence is a medley of two languages, in which each language is used incorrectly. "Days" cannot be "availed" in English. The most amazing effort in this line within my knowledge is ascribed to a Telegu teacher of mathematics: "*Roughuga* calculation *chestamu*", he observed, turning to his blackboard. Now *ga* is the Telegu adverbial termination: therefore *roughuga* is the English adjective turned into a Telegu adverb. *Chestamu* means "we shall make". The teacher had a knowledge perfect for all colloquial uses of both English and Telegu. It would not have cost him a moment's thought to say "we shall make a rough calculation", or, "we shall calculate roughly"; while he could, of course, have expressed himself with absolute correctness in Telegu. But this dreadful slipshodness in expression had become habitual with him.

The South Indian schoolboy, outside the primary schools,

now learns his history and geography from English text-books. His purely "literary" studies are ordinarily of pieces written in the English language. Master and pupil may speak the same Indian language, but in the class-room they communicate with one another in English. This artificiality of culture is bound to produce an artificial, unreal, mentality. The cultural equipment of the South Indian University student has been aptly described as "the laws of Manu in one hand, and John Stuart Mill 'On Liberty' in the other".

The State, I fear, has contributed to this unfortunate position of affairs by its anxiety to secure an adequate supply of Indian subordinates able to write the English language fluently, and with sufficient correctness to be intelligible. "Education", or better, the passing of University examinations, is the passport to, or condition of, advancement in Government service; and English is the main subject (also the main stumbling-block) of the University. Consequently "education" by a large percentage of those who receive it is not regarded as a thing intrinsically valuable, but rather as the performance of a task, the successful endurance of a trial, for which the State is morally bound to offer a pecuniary recompense. The strangest development of this idea which I have noticed was a proposal made in the Legislative Assembly of an Indian State that on the directorate of all companies registered in the State a certain number of places should be reserved for University graduates!

But it would be unfair to cast all blame on the policy of the State. If the South Indian student devotes undue attention to English, one reason for this may be that there is not now a great deal written in his own language which is likely to make a very immediate appeal to his interest. Education would assuredly languish in England were to-day's literature written in the diction of the English literary classes of a few centuries ago. I do not deny the glory of Chaucer, but I cannot be content to restrict my reading to the literary period which ended

with Chaucer's death; and I should turn irritably from a modern poet who essayed to express himself in the diction of Chaucer. A Tamil friend brought to me one day a newly published volume of Tamil poems: these, he assured me, represented literature of the highest worth. But to my request that he would translate some portions of the work for my edification he replied, unsmiling, that there was scarcely a word in the book which he understood. Now my friend spoke English fluently, and he was well read in that language. His command of his own language may be gauged by the fact that he once interpreted for me, off-hand, in a discussion of Kant's philosophy with an Indian metaphysician. Yet a literary work of the twentieth century he found wellnigh as unintelligible as I did. And I think that the obscurity was not altogether one of words. An attempt to use the involved constructions of ancient usage by a writer who did not actually and naturally *think* in such constructions led into hopeless perplexity and practical meaninglessness.

"As dull as ditchwater" is a judgment which I once heard pronounced on the classical literature of a South Indian language. Now this I consider to be mere stupidity, what Matthew Arnold was wont to term *un jugement saugrenu*. But it is true that much ancient and modern South Indian literature is in its subject-matter repellent to, or, at least, not attractive to, the ordinary man. T. H. Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics* is a magnificent work, but I can scarcely believe that any great number of active-minded, fairly well educated, Englishmen turn to the book as to a pleasant fireside companion. Inspecting Indian schools I have frequently asked the boys to recite to me some passage in their own language; but the recitations, whether in prose or verse, generally proved to be disquisitions on abstract ethics far above the head of the average school-boy. The boys repeated words, but the words conveyed no real meaning to their intelligence.

I am inclined to think that the main cultural need of the South Indian student is development through a language

which is his own. I certainly have no desire to shut out such student from the treasures of English; but I think that the student would understand and appreciate better the beauties of English, did he but come to the study with a thorough knowledge and appreciation of his own language. I have often been struck by the excellent English, and by the sanity of thought, of some educated Moslem friends. These men spoke their own Urdu with scrupulous exactitude; they had therefore an instinctive dislike of slipshod incorrectness in a foreign tongue. They thought clearly, because they had in their own language an adequate vehicle for clear thought. It is no great matter to transfer thoughts clearly conceived from one language to another. I have listened spell-bound to the eloquence of Rabindranath Tagore in English; but Tagore does most of his work in his own tongue. In *Thillai Govindan*, the best work of the Tamil novelist P. A. Madhaviah, there is, I think, something of the undefinable quality which men call genius. *Thillai Govindan* was written in English; but the power and grace which, despite certain crudities, characterize the book, are due, in my opinion, to the fact that the author brought to his writing in a foreign tongue a propriety of literary taste gained by sedulous practice of correct expression in a language which was his own.

Ruskin drew a strange, but, I think, mistaken, conclusion from contemplation of Indian Art in relation to the horrors of the Indian Mutiny. "The Art of India", he said, "is delicate and refined; but it has one curious character distinguishing it from all other Art of equal merit or design—*it never represents a natural fact.* To all the facts and forms of nature it wilfully and resolutely opposes itself; it will not draw a man, but an eight-armed monster; it will not draw a flower, but only a spiral or zigzag." Thus, he continued, the Indians "have wilfully sealed and put aside the entire contents of the world, and have nothing to dwell upon but that imagination of the thoughts of their hearts, of which it was told that 'it is only evil continually.'"

This argument I consider far-fetched, and unjust in its conclusion. The horrors of the Mutiny were an episode. That horrors as great can be perpetrated by a people admittedly artistic according to European ideas the last few years have taught us. That Indian Art, which treats in the main of sacred subjects, is non-natural, I admit; but I do not think that this is attributable to the fact that the artists who produced it "lie bound in the dungeon of their own corruption, encompassed only by doleful phantoms or by spectral vacancy". Rather, in creating his "monsters" the Indian artist was striving to escape from anthropomorphism. He saw, dimly perhaps, but still he saw, the absurdity of making Gods in the image of man. The temple in Vellore Fort is now unconsecrated, and foreigners have free entrance to it. It is possible there to study carvings in which are combined strength of conception and delicacy of execution; and I do not think that these carvings suggest any moral obliquity or degeneracy in the artists of bygone days. But I fear that this phase of Art has passed from life: Indian sculpture of sacred subjects is now a mechanical reproduction of what has been done before. This Art needs to be baptized afresh in the springs of Nature. The springs of man's imagination have run dry.

Ruskin perpetually confounded architecture with sculpture, buildings with the ornamentation of buildings. The temple of Srirangam I have mentioned: I have seen, too, the great Siva temple of Madura; and about both I have remarked this fact. There is no point from which a view of either temple as a whole can be obtained. The Madura temple is a vast structure occupying a rectangular space of which the sides measure nearly three hundred and two hundred and fifty yards. Within the enclosing walls is a labyrinth of cloisters, shrines, and storehouses; under colonnades are set the merchants' tables. An Indian companion turned to me with a wry smile: "My house shall be a house of prayer", he murmured, "but ye have made it a den of thieves."

I admit that I am not much in sympathy with, not really moved to admiration by, monuments reared in bygone days by men whose outlook on life then differed from mine to-day as greatly as the outlook of the ancient Oriental must differ from that of the modern European. When the old builders threw their souls into these works they drew their souls away into a spiritual kingdom peculiarly their own, whither my soul cannot follow. I feel cramped in low-roofed shrines held up by pillars quaintly and beautifully carved: the carvings represent nothing with which I have kinship. At Srirangam courteous guides led me through the cloisters, showed me the cunning workmanship of the images and the richness and beauty of the temple jewels; but of my memories of Srirangam the most companionable is that of the old *pandit* Rajaratnam Kuppuswami Iyengar seated on the floor with a red blanket thrown about his shoulders, and contending for the supremacy of Ramanujachariar over Immanuel Kant. In stone or metal the Oriental spirit is fixed and set apart. The voice of the old doctor of Vaishnavism was then just the one thing which made me feel that I was not altogether a stranger in a strange land.

Among the treasures of the Madura temple is one sufficiently curious to deserve mention. This is a pair of golden stirrups, the gift of Mr. Rous Peter, who was Collector of Madura from 1812 to 1828. Rous Peter was the very mould and pattern of an Anglo-Indian satrap: he lived in regal magnificence, and he seems to have won the unbounded affection of his Indian "subjects". Of his end strange tales are told. A legend has grown up that, on the discovery of vast defalcations in his treasury, he shot himself. The basis of fact on which this legend rests seems to be that Rous Peter treated Government money and his own money as one and the same. Some years before his death he took an account; and the details of his responsibilities to Government he set down in a paper, which he marked as to be opened only after his death. Then he devoted himself to making good the sums which he,

improvidently rather than dishonestly, had spent. His intentions were excellent, but his method of carrying them into effect was open to some criticism. He embarked on trade, drawing his capital from the Treasury. The profits of his ventures he applied to the redemption of his debt.

The South Indian stage is at a period of change. The old heroic drama and the old "morality play" are passing away, to be succeeded by the modern comedy of everyday life. I have seen some strange plays, one, for example, on the somewhat unpromising theme of "Sanitation". The villains, smallpox, cholera, typhoid, took human form; their wiles and machinations were foiled in the end by the manly virtue of the hero, a certificated Sanitary Inspector. In this drama there was an interesting episode: the scene represented a Hindu temple, the actor, a priest offering prayer and sacrifice for the welfare of the people. The naturalness and truth of this episode were impressive: I was surprised to learn that the actor was a priest, and that his performance was in no sense "acting". The stage was set as his temple, and there he performed his accustomed worship. To us it might seem irreverent that a priest should celebrate a service of his church on the stage of a theatre: the Indian, more simple and possibly more logical, seeing that prayer is absolutely good, sees no reason why prayer should be less good, less edifying, in one place than in another.

Of greater interest to me was a heroic play dealing with the good man tempted by the powers of evil, and prevailing over them. There was a curious and not inappropriate stiffness and stiltedness about the acting. The voice of the Deity uttering judgment at the close came from a platform set high above the stage, and concealed by a cloth. Between the acts "jack-puddings" capered before the curtain: I was told that they represented comic relief from the stress of the main play.

Yet it is in modern comedy, in the style latest evolved and not yet definitely evolved, that the South Indian actor

excels. To me he seems unable to compose a character of which he does not find a prototype in the life around him, to create a living personality out of the written word, as Irving created Shylock and Hamlet. But his modern comedy is free from exaggeration, and full of subtle observation. I recall a comedy which moved about the dishonesty of a magistrate. Here was no blatant villain of melodrama. I do not think there was a definite action, a definite statement, which proclaimed the corruption of the character; but the actor who trod the stage conveyed to his audience a weirdly real impression of wickedness.

South Indian music is usually ungrateful to European ears, as is European music to the Indian ear. The scales, the foundations of the two musics, are different (so, at least, I understand); and the Indian scale embraces finer distinctions than the European. Quarter tones, possibly eighths of tones, are not perceptible by the ordinary European ear. The difference between our tone and tone for the Indian is as a gulf which he cannot cross at one step. I do not speak from a scientific knowledge of music; but I have tried the experiment of asking an Indian boy to sing the scale of C major to a piano. He apparently found it impossible to sing the notes as we should sing them. If he sang *G* to the piano, and then attempted to sing *A* unaccompanied, he always seemed to sing flat. The reason, I think, was that for him *A* was separated from *G* by a number of definite intervals. I could sing *A* if given *G*; but from *G* I could not undertake to reach certainly *B* flat. A musician could, of course, do this; but the Indian boy with whom I tried my experiment was not a trained musician.

Granting that I do not understand South Indian music, I yet think that I may fairly criticize to-day's mode of presentation of that music. Here, as in some other matters, nationalism is apt to run riot. There is a tendency to extol Indian music simply because it is Indian, or, at least, performed by Indians, and to disregard certain conditions which must affect all musical sounds. The

Madras Corporation subsidized the performance of European music by European bands on the Marina. A proposal was made that a portion of the subsidy be devoted to the performance of Indian music. With the proposal I was in sympathy; but I suggested, reasonably I think, that Indian music performed under the conditions of European would be a nullity. Indian instruments are delicate, and our system of orchestration, the co-operation of several instruments in producing a single definite sound, is scarcely known in Indian music. Hence, real Indian music, performed on the Marina within the sound of the sea waves, would be inaudible. The performance, I thought, should be indoors, and the performers should be chosen as musicians, not as Indians. I left the service of the Corporation shortly after this, and so do not know the later developments of the idea. But in a newspaper account of a recent debate of the Corporation I read a complaint by an Indian Councillor that the Corporation was wasting large sums of money on "barber-band" music in a public park. I find it difficult to believe that the speaker stated actual facts. The ordinary meaning of "barber-band" is a number of Indians playing European music, generally out of tune, on un-coordinated European instruments. The result is a horror, which certainly is not in any sense of the word "Indian music".

Such singing as I heard in South India seemed to me very faulty. I was taken by some friends to hear a singer: they found his performance acceptable. The music which he sang I could believe to be noble; but the singer simply yelled with a tight throat till the sweat streamed down his face. A European writer, noted for his sympathy with all Indian culture, has stated that the training of an Indian singer is merely a squatting of the pupil before a master who yells a tune: the pupil yells to the best of his ability until he has got the tune into his head. The result cannot properly be described as "singing". In all countries there are two necessary conditions precedent to the singing of any music. The first, is possession of a

naturally beautiful voice ; the second, a training which produces that voice smoothly, easily, and without effort. The natural voice so trained is a tool which may then be applied to its proper matter, the national music of the singer.

South Indian culture seems to me to be in some respects denationalized ; in other respects I think that nationalism has been carried to extremes. There are certain general conditions governing culture in every land and all lands alike : these are the foundation, which is " international ". On this " international " foundation, well and truly laid, a " national " structure can be built. But I think a people ill-advised if they neglect this foundation, and then start to build a " national " superstructure on a foundation badly laid.

CHAPTER XV

FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS

A mission to Pondicherry—the hotels of Pondicherry—the logic of the Frenchman—planning a city—Parliamentary suffrage—tropical languor—the Gaudarts and their ironworks—the road to Goa—Panjim and pictures—old Goa and its churches—the "Doms" of Panjim—the policy of Portugal—Hyderabad—Nawab Amin Jang—the streets of Hyderabad—the administration of the kingdom—the Minute of H.E.H. the Nizam

EACH and every person of European birth is a foreigner in India; but long residence and rule have taught the Englishman to regard himself as possessing a peculiar right in and to his adopted country. There are few Englishmen outside India, and perhaps not so very many in India, who realize that tracts of the Peninsula, not inconsiderable if measured by European standards, are under the direct control of European Powers other than English.

France holds Pondicherry (Tamil, *Pudu-cheri*, "the new quarter"), Chandernagore, Karikal, Mahé, settlements so widely scattered that one might almost imagine a handful of counters thrown from a balloon, and the tricolour hoisted where each counter fell. In Masulipatam there is a little French *enclave* about which controversy faintly lingers. Is the little scrap of land but the private possession of a private person calling himself "the Government of France"; or can Ramaswami, stealing a bunch of plantains in the street, cross an imaginary line, and munch in security while extradition proceedings drag out their lingering length?

Portuguese India is a mere speck amid the mighty possessions of the English. At no time did it seem likely

that Portugal would seriously dispute the sway of England or of France. Yet the territory is in itself not small; and, though the tourist is unlikely to be advised of the fact, there are fewer places in Southern India better worth a visit. I count it to myself as gain that I did at last undertake the long journey to Goa. Pondicherry is actually within the Madras Presidency, and in the course of his service a Madras official is pretty sure at some time or other to find himself within calling distance. Between the Madras and Portuguese frontiers stretch twelve slow hours of railway travel across Bombay territories.

I have visited Pondicherry some three or four times in all. My first visit was made in the official, albeit mechanical, capacity of interpreter for the accredited British Political Agent. A little territory, where a different Constitution and different laws prevail, has always a tendency to become an Alsatia, a refuge for evil-doers; and fourteen years ago, or thereabouts, Pondicherry had developed the characteristics of Alsatia to an extent which distracted alike its own Government and that of its great British neighbour. Neither Government would admit itself absolutely to blame; but both had reached the point of admission that discussion with a view to common action against a common nuisance was highly desirable.

For the mere civil debtor Pondicherry offered a safe, if somewhat restricted, asylum from the importunities of his creditors. Such debtor faded quietly across the border; neither extradition nor execution proceedings could touch him. To give him his just due, he seemingly sought but quiet, and wished but to be forgotten of all men. The offender against the criminal law was a different proposition. He could indeed be extradited, were a definite offence proved or provable against him; but the especial malefactor, whom Pondicherry attracted from British India at the time of which I speak, was, as a rule, too wary to bring himself definitely within the grip of the French or English criminal law.

The reforms of Lord Morley were accompanied, as

seems to be the fate of most political reforms in India, by an outburst of anarchical violence. The wretched creatures who actually did the foul work of murder in India were, for the most part, apprehended without overmuch difficulty, and they duly suffered the penalty of their crimes. But their more wary inspirers lurked in Pondicherry; and, so long as they refrained from any overt crimina act on French territory, there was nothing much that the French Government could do to them, and but little that the British Government could ask France to do.

But lawlessness, however neatly kept within the bounds of formal law, is apt to breed trouble even for those against whom it is not definitely directed. When an atmosphere of conspiracy against a Government distant but a few miles pervaded Pondicherry, it would be strange if those who sought to fish profitably in troubled waters within Pondicherry should not see some possibility of utilizing for their end a general spirit of unsettlement. The Pondicherry elections, always an occasion of trouble, were imminent, and enforcement of political doctrine by the bludgeons of imported rowdies revealed itself as an attractive possibility to the politically minded. Thus the general position was that Pondicherry was exporting and importing disturbers of the peace in about equal quantities.

Whether the discussion at which I interpreted really accomplished anything at the time, I cannot say. A few years later the Great War engulfed, and settled, this petty problem. When vital national interests were at stake, there was little room for a too nice consideration of the rights and conveniences of those who wished ill either to England or to France.

My subsequent visits to Pondicherry were merely in quest of distraction. A strange quest, it may seem, for few places in the world are so entirely devoid of distractions, in the French sense of the term, as the capital of French India. And to the comfort-loving tourist I here offer a special word of warning. Pondicherry boasts hotels, and those hotels boast high-sounding names. But

blessed is he who expects little of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, the *Hôtel de Londres et Paris*, the *Hôtel Cecil*, for assuredly he will not find much. But it is an interest to trace the ideas which underlay the treatment by a foreign nation of problems incidental to the settlement of Europeans in India, and to observe the concrete product and results of those ideas.

The French are a logical people: the English are not. The Englishman starts on an enterprise, seeing dimly, or not at all, the end of it; he retains his "liberty of manœuvre"; and generally, with many a halt for reflection and many a scrapping of work done, he muddles through to some satisfactory conclusion. The Frenchman loves to plan in advance, and logically to follow out his plan. It sometimes happens that his plan, ere he is half through with it, holds him in an iron grip from which there is no escaping.

Madras has grown largely, loosely, and seemingly without prevision. Pondicherry was built neatly, compactly, as an ordered whole, and in pursuance of a definite plan. But it is a fair question whether a town-plan more unsuitable for a European settlement in India could have been devised. The dominant features of the Pondicherry design are the *Place Dupleix*, and the sea; the main streets run north and south from the *Place* and parallel to the sea. Close-built streets for European residents in India under certain conditions may be a regrettable necessity, but they can never be desirable; and to turn the front of a house to the glare of the eastern sea, and to let the setting sun in at the back windows, was like to create a crematorium rather than a dwelling-place. So the Pondicherry houses in these streets were swung round north and south, each on its own axis; and each now stands sideways to the street, looking into a little flagged courtyard and at the back wall of its neighbour. Thus the outside view of a Pondicherry street is the view of a long, dreary sidewall, pierced at intervals with doors which give access to dwellings partly hidden within. The little enclosed courtyards,

which might serve well enough for air spaces in Southern Europe, here catch and store up against the evening the heat of the sun rays, which have beaten all day on the stone flags and the surrounding stone walls.

Whatever be their sentiments of mutual respect, European and Indian can seldom dwell harmoniously in close proximity the one to the other. Their customs of life are essentially different. The European of Madras avoided the Indian town by a silent withdrawal inland; the Frenchman built his town as a unit, and dug a broad dyke to mark the limits of *la ville blanche* and *la ville noire*. For the European quarter the seaside, with its promise of cooling breezes, was reserved; now, while the Indian quarter is free to spread inland, the European quarter is confined, as in a strait waistcoat, between the sea on the one hand and the boundary dyke on the other.

The grass is growing in the streets of *la ville blanche*. When a door or shutter breaks, the ordinary method of repair is to nail a piece of board, torn from a packing-case, across the crack. Scarcely within the memory of man can an unofficial French resident have given to his house the much-needed refreshment of a coat of whitewash. Pondicherry is still the centre of a considerable trade and industry, but the control of large affairs is passing, or has passed, from French hands. The trade in ground-nuts is with the Greeks. The Rodier spinning and weaving mills, founded on French and English capital, trade largely with French colonies in the Far East, but the local direction is entirely English. The Gaudart family sold the St. Catherine rolling mills to an English company; this was to their good fortune, for the setting up by the Delhi Legislature of a tariff wall against imported iron closed the ironworks of Pondicherry. Old François Gaudart gave to Pondicherry a public garden, with a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, to commemorate the victory of his country. His will directed that his heart should be sent for burial to the little Indian town where he had lived and worked so long.

PONDICHERRY

THE CAPITAL OF FRENCH INDIA, SEEN FROM THE SEA

Pondicherry, as a French settlement, is moribund, if not actually dead. It is interesting to speculate as to the causes of this decadence. The Pondicherry resident is prepared with an answer: "Politics", he says sombrely, "always politics." Indeed, Pondicherry politics are strange things: no outsider can understand them, however much he may marvel at their outward effects. Pondicherry enjoys the blessing of Parliamentary suffrage, and the privilege of returning a deputy to the French Parliament. "What", says Mr. Charles Regismanset, "could be more natural than that French law, in a country whose inhabitants are divided beyond possibility of reunion, should proclaim that Brahmin and Pariah are equal and brothers at the ballot-box?" To the would-be deputy Mr. Regismanset offers the sardonic counsel to keep at all costs clear of his constituency. He instances the fate of Mr. Pierre Alype, whose supporters decreased in number from 68,000 to 9, apparently in consequence of the deputy's rash desire for closer acquaintance with his electors.

That the Pondicherry elector is absolutely and entirely ignorant and heedless of the politics and parties of France may be safely asserted. The statements that there is such a country as France, that Paris is its Capital, that a Parliament sits there, he probably accepts with a certain reserve. He therefore registers his opinions inferentially, like a certain type of water-meter. The Mayor of Pondicherry is for the electors a concrete fact: therefore, the would-be deputy, if he can hitch his fortunes to the chariot of a probable Mayor, is, on the whole, fairly likely to be elected. So the deputy, at Pondicherry the client of the Mayor, becomes at Paris the Mayor's patron; and the Mayor's attitude towards the location of a Pondicherry toddy shop is reflected in the attitude of the deputy towards the German reparations or the stabilization of the franc.

Yet, strange to say, in the frenzied politics of Pondicherry no racial question is involved. Pondicherry has never shown the slightest desire to send to Paris a deputy of

Indian birth. The two historic candidates for the Mayoralty, whose names symbolize the Pondicherry elector's confession of his political faith, were Frenchmen. Both I knew slightly; both were eminently reasonable; both equally competent to administer with success the affairs of the town; both were equally unable to curb the demented enthusiasm of their supporters. I found myself unable at Pondicherry to have fish for breakfast, because the cook and the fishermen held different views on politics. A house-owner will allow his buildings to lie empty and decaying rather than let them at a profitable rent to a member of the opposite party.

But neither politics, nor the possible indifference of France, preoccupied with her splendid African colonies, to a little Indian relic of a great contest lost, will fully explain the desolation that broods over Pondicherry. There was, I think, a mistaken idea at the very inception of the settlement. The French sought to found a colony, where Frenchmen might make their homes and rear up their families. If experience has proved anything, it has proved that the stock of cold Europe, unrefreshed by retransplantation to its native climate, will not thrive in the East. Slowly indolence and languor creep up, as the tropical jungle, if unchecked, creeps up to the habitations of men. The decrepit *Hôtel de l'Europe* is situated in what once was the mansion of the great *avocat* Camille Guerre. Of Guerre's family scarce a trace remains. Over petty *comptoirs* one reads names that loom large in Launay's *Histoire des Missions de l'Inde*, which is the history of the colony as much as of the attempt to bring India within the Catholic fold. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule; witness the energy of the Gaudarts who have gone, of the Gaebelés who remain. But the exceptions only prove the rule. The French, settling in India, have never essayed the Portuguese method of fusion with the native population. Despite his outward urbanity and charm, the Frenchman is possibly the least assimilative of Europeans, and the least patient of assimilation.

Towards Portuguese India I jolted wearily across the Deccan plains, until I fell asleep through sheer boredom as my train quitted Hubli. I woke in the dawn at Collem to find myself in Eden. For the four succeeding hours the train crept on to the headland of Mormugao, stopping every five or six miles at a wayside station; but there was not a dull moment in this part of the journey. We skirted enchanting bays, where white wavelets broke on dark, seaweed-covered rocks and yellow sands; we plunged into deep cuttings under the shade of great trees on the slopes; every village had its church, towards which on this Sabbath morn dusky *senhoras*, with black mantillas on their heads, were tripping to hear Mass. There was a *festa* at the Capital; and parties of singing, guitar-twanging, holiday-makers boarded the train from here, there, and everywhere. Three miles short of Mormugao is the old port of Vasco da Gama; quaintly carved, high pooped, little vessels lay at anchor in the roadstead. Had the old sea captain himself walked the quarter-deck before my eyes, I should scarcely have felt surprise. At modern Mormugao a six-thousand-ton steamer was lying by the quay wall; from the railway station a flight of stone steps led to the *Antico Palaccio* hotel, whence the life-sized figure of a saint carved in stone welcomed the incoming guest. Here the traveller could find no cause for grumbling; cool vaulted rooms kept out the Indian sun; chattering Indian servants were replaced by silent images in the customary habit of the waiter. Goanese cookery and wines are famous throughout India. On the right was Albuquerque Hill, with the white barracks of the European troops; from the balcony one looked out over the broad bay to the northern headland under which lies Panjim, now the Capital of the Portuguese Indies.

Panjim stands on the south side of the Mandovi, the broad waterway to ancient Goa, navigable by heavy vessels as far up as Sanvordhem. The town resembles a trim Continental watering-place; the streets are broad and immaculately clean. There are neatly laid out squares,

in which stand statues of bygone worthies; overlooking the landing-stage is the old Government House, well worth the obtaining of a permit to enter. It is now but a workshop for secretaries; the click of typewriters sounds incongruously from deep-window embrasures; but on the walls of the silent Council Chamber hangs a painted history of Portugal as well as of her colony. Albuquerque's portrait is over the President's chair; three places to the left is old Vasco da Gama. Weather-beaten sea-rovers, nobles in chain-mail, modern soldiers ablaze with decorations, the series is complete down to the last few portraits in evening dress, which signifies the Governors of the new Republic. The hold of Spain on Portugal is represented by men of formal pointed beard, in black apparel; here and there is the portrait of an ecclesiastic. The old-time Governor brought with him a sealed letter, which, in the event of his death, designated his temporary successor from among the nobles of the colony. If, as happened once and again, the opening of the letter disclosed the name of one already dead, the Archbishop of Goa filled the vacant place until the King's pleasure was known. Eleven or twelve miles from Panjim by the river stand the relics of the great city of old Goa: the Viceroy's Chapel, the church of the *Bom Jesus*, where the body of Francis Xavier rests in a silver shrine, the Cathedral with its thirty-three stalls of carved wood, and the throne of the Patriarch of Goa beneath a purple canopy. The heat and dust of India seem strangely far from the silent gardens and shady cloisters of the old Fathers.

Far more than the English or the French, the Portuguese have stamped their own characteristics on their Eastern subjects. Portuguese is the language of Panjim, Roman Catholicism the religion. Ninety per cent. of the Braganzas, Alcantaras, Rodrigues, whose names are trimly lettered over prosperous-looking shops and *cafés*, have now scarcely a drop of European blood in their veins. "Goanese" they are usually called; "Portuguese" one could scarcely style them; the name "Indian" they possibly would

resent. The old Portuguese invaders did not look on marriage with the women of the country as a *mésalliance*; but, if they contemplated quite calmly, and sought to bring about a fusion of the races, they entertained no doubt that their own way of life was the better. Toleration was no article of their creed. The Indian, they held, must rise; the Portuguese must not sink. On the Viceroy's Arch, which still stands by the river, is sculptured a saint, whose stone figure symbolizes the spirit in which his dark, stern sons ruled. His foot is on the neck of the heathen; in his right hand is a sword pointing towards India.

And yet an element that would not in any way fuse remains; strangest survival of all that is strange in this strange corner of the world. With Vasco da Gama came some of the oldest nobility of Portugal, men for whom the titles of their day were but gew-gaws in the gift of a king. To wait on them and on their households African slaves were imported. Descendants of the "Doms", as the English-speaking Goanese style them, and of their slaves are living in Goa to-day. The slaves are still, in law, slaves; the "Doms" have intermarried among themselves and among themselves alone, till their blood has grown thin and their brains have grown weak. Their possessions are in the hands of others, but their pride is unabated. Portugal could depose her King; but a high official of Goa, calling on business at the ramshackle residence of a "Dom", cannot obtain the courtesy of a chair.

It should not be assumed that Portugal by a better policy has succeeded in unifying elements which France and England have failed to unite. Panjim and old Goa, admirably suited as harbourage for the disembarkment of a foreign naval Power, of their very nature at once circumscribed and intensified the efforts of the Power that occupied them. Almost from the water's edge rose the Western Ghats, a wellnigh impassable barrier against expansion or escape inland. A body of resolute invaders, fanatically confident in the truth and justice of their own opinions, resolute to enforce their will by the sword,

working within an area defined by strongly marked natural boundaries, could effect changes impossible for those before whom stretched the flat, unending hinterland of the East Coast. Portuguese methods essayed at Masulipatam, at Madras, at Pondicherry, would have been as the punching of a balloon: dent it in at one side, and it bulges out on the other. On the larger *terrain* of Ceylon Portugal's efforts came to naught: force will never change the religious faith and social habits of a people who retain freedom of movement.

Democracy has its own excellence, but it owes a debt to the past. The iron hand of the old conquerors forced certain ideas of conduct on the conquered. The lesson has been learned, and the republican of to-day at Goa finds co-operation, not obstruction, as he strives to maintain definite standards of public seemliness, health, sanitation. And democracy has two sides: when races are equal, "racial incidents" cannot arise. A trivial wrongdoing by an Englishman in India, no matter what the provocation, is magnified to the proportions of an international crime. A "Goanese", who seeks trouble and finds it at the hands of a Portuguese from Europe, is reminded that, when all men are free and equal, each man's hand must keep each man's head. Two well-known professional agitators from British India thought better of a projected visit to Goa, on learning that "advocacy of the rights of subject races" would be a very feeble shield against unpleasant consequences arising from wanton disturbance of the general peace.

From a survey of varying administrative methods and their results in India it would be strange to omit all mention of methods and results purely Indian. With three of the "Madras States" I was, at one time or other, officially connected. In one, Banganapalle, I lived for four years, and I may claim that, in substance, I governed it. But these States are very small; their problems are of petty, domestic interest; even were there any difference from British India in general administrative principles, no

A POTTERY MARKET IN PORTUGUESE INDIA

conclusion could be drawn from results accruing within a very restricted field. My stay in Banganapalle, however, brought me the opportunity of a visit to the Capital of Hyderabad, the greatest of the independent States in India. His Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad, rules over more than 80,000 square miles of territory, and his subjects number about thirteen millions.

Through Dr. Khaja Muhammad Hussain of Banganapalle, and through his brother, the Diwan, I formed a curious acquaintance with their lifelong friend, Nawab Amin Jang (Sir Ahmed Hussain, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.), then Private Secretary to the Nizam, and now Chief Secretary to the Government of Hyderabad. Our friendship was curious, in that it was for long purely epistolary: I think that we had been exchanging letters for some fifteen years ere we set eyes on one another. And our correspondence continues across the sea, although we shall never see one another again. I now realize how much I was indebted throughout my Indian life to the wise counsels and sage tolerance of Nawab Amin Jang.

Thus, when I visited Hyderabad I did not come just as a stranger comes to a great city. And in the unbounded kindness with which I was received I can trace a marked and charming element in the Muhammadan character, that of gratitude. I was associated with a tiny Muhammadan State; I was deemed to have done something in my humble way for its good; and the "Big Brother" of all the Indian Moslem States was not unmindful.

The Tangabhadra is the boundary-line between the Madras Presidency and the Nizam's kingdom. The country on the north of the river differs no whit from that on the immediate south; but the Capital of the Indian State is very different from the Capital of the British Province. One enters Hyderabad city by a bridge across the Moosi, and through a guardhouse, and straightway a blaze of Oriental colour and a pageant of Eastern life burst on one's eyes. The principal streets of the city converge on the *Char Minar* (Four Minarets), a vast open hall,

whose minarets stand 180 feet above the level of the streets. Fifteen years ago the traffic was less strictly ordered than it is to-day. One's passage might be checked by an elephant shouldering his solemn way through the press, perhaps by a string of camels; round a corner might dash the state-coach of some great Noble, with its escort of irregular cavalry clattering behind it. I saw in due course the great tombs and the Fort of Golconda, the Hussain Sagar Lake, the Mir Alam Tank, and the tomb of Raymond, the French soldier of Fortune who succeeded de Bussy in command of the Nizam's irregulars. But the people of the city fascinated me more than the city's monuments. Here was a strange and picturesque medley of Indians, Arabs, Africans; some of those who passed me in the streets carried on themselves a miniature armoury of weapons. I should have liked to wander afoot and alone through the great bazaars; but at the suggestion my host shook his head. The streets were safe enough for the European as such, he told me; but casual wanderings might lead a stranger into quarters none too safe for anyone. I do not think that in any other city I have seen so many policemen on duty.

It was my good fortune to meet many of the great personalities of the Hyderabad world. I was for a time the guest of the courtly Sir Faridun Jang, Political Secretary to the Hyderabad Government; I met Nawab Afsar-ul-Mulk (Colonel Sir Muhammad Ali Beg, K.C.I.E., M.V.O.), who rose from the ranks of the Hyderabad Cavalry Contingent to command the Nizam's Army. The great Golconda polo team was then at the zenith of its fame. I made the acquaintance of Captain Shah Mirza Beg, almost as well known as a polo-player in England as in India, of Major Osman Yar-ud-Doulah, and of others. At Nawab Afsar-ul-Mulk's house I met a fellow Irishman who was destined to write his name large on the page of modern Indian history. This was Sir Michael O'Dwyer, then Resident at Hyderabad, and subsequently Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

"Study on the spot" is a delusive phrase. One does not really learn much of a great kingdom by a flying visit to its Capital. Yet one memory or impression I carried away: relations between Indians and Europeans in Hyderabad seemed freer, less constrained than in British India. In Hyderabad the races met as equals. "It is from men who either hold or are eligible for public life that nations take their character."

The Hyderabad State may be described as a despotism evolving slowly into a constitutional monarchy. Its early days are thus described in a Minute written by the present Ruler: "Since the dawn of history there has been in Persia only one form of government, pure despotism. The Muhammadan rulers in India adopted this form even to such an extent that they set aside the Book and the Tradition, and followed neither the law of God nor of man. The State was considered as the private property of its ruler. There was really no law except the will of the Prince."

A Ruler, however strong and able, can scarcely exist without military and civil aids; and chief of these aids in the old days of Hyderabad were the Minister on the Civil side, and the holder of the Paigah Jagir, who maintained and commanded the Ruler's Household Troops. In the course of time, writes the present Nizam with grim humour, the chief duty of the Paigah Jagirdar became the protection of the Prince and of the State against the power of the Minister!

The history of modern Hyderabad begins with the Ministership of Sir Salar Jang I. Of his greatness the numeral affixed to his name is a proof. The succeeding Heads of his House are numbered as the successors in a dynasty. To Sir Salar Jang England owes in great measure the loyalty of Hyderabad during the dark days of the Mutiny. What Hyderabad owes to him may be judged from a contrast of the Treasury figures at his assumption of office and at his death. In the first six months of his administration the receipts were but 800,000 rupees, and the

balance on the last day of this period was 13,000 rupees. Twenty-nine years later the Treasury receipts for twelve months exceeded 31,000,000 rupees; and the balance in hand on the day of Sir Salar Jang's death was 8,000,000 rupees.

"The original form of Government in the State was a pure autocracy. This was changed by Sir Salar Jang to an almost constitutional monarchy, which through the retrogression of his successor became an oligarchy." Perhaps another reading of the situation or development is possible. Sir Salar Jang was Minister or Premier. With him, or beneath him, there served certain departmental Ministers with their establishments. But the whole machine ran by the strength of Sir Salar Jang: the designation of, the definition of the powers of, his colleagues or subordinates mattered little if at all. It is not everyone who can bend the bow of Ulysses, or wear the mantle of Elijah. A Prime Minister of but ordinary ability and strength must needs seek support from his colleagues rather than lend support to them. Possibly the great Sir Salar Jang had not been sufficiently careful to hold the balance even between the general ability of Ministers and the specialized knowledge of the permanent Civil Service. In course of time the Civil Service ate up its masters. "The subordinate Ministers sank into official nonentity; the Secretaries were so powerful that even Ministers looked to them for support and favour. It naturally followed that, after the subordinate Ministers had been disposed of, the Prime Minister himself became a nonentity. The Secretaries and subordinate officials became independent masters of their several departments."

An administration openly and avowedly bureaucratic, one in which the bureaucrat acts and shoulders the responsibility for his action, may function well: witness the Madras Administration of twenty-five years ago. But there is little which can be said in favour of an administration which rests in the hands of nominal political chiefs, who dance to the pulling of wires by unseen bureaucratic hands.

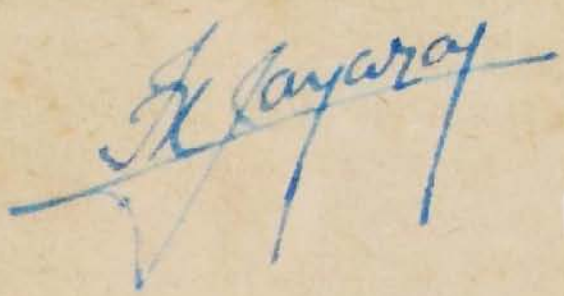
Here is a difficulty attendant on Parliamentary Government which the reformer in British India has, perhaps, not fully recognized. In England men without special training or experience assume, seemingly with complete success, the headship of great departments of State, and in a very large measure impose their individual wills on the unchanging body of experts which is placed at the disposal of each incoming Minister. But the level of ability in the class from which Ministers are chosen in England is extraordinarily high; and, in the long run, little but ability counts in the obtainment of Parliamentary or Ministerial office. The House of Cecil has loomed large in English political history; a petty Welsh attorney has become Prime Minister of England; an engine-driver has risen to be one of England's Secretaries of State. Does the Indian realize that in this there is involved no principle of aristocracy or democracy? England does not choose at random a marquess, an attorney, an engine-driver: she chooses men of ability, irrespective of their birth, position, or occupation. I view with some apprehension the Indian demand that Office shall be entrusted to a man because he *is* an Indian, because he is *not* a Brahmin, because he is a follower of a particular faith. It is idle to suppose that an expert Civil Service can or will be content, for ever or for long, to prop up mere figureheads. The great Queen's Hall Orchestra would probably play *once* as well under a village choirmaster as it plays under Sir Henry Wood; but the second performance would be indifferent, and the sixth would be chaotic cacophony.

The efforts of H.E.H. the Nizam to reintroduce order and balance into the administration of his kingdom are described in his Minute. For a period of twelve months he acted as his own Prime Minister. His capacity for detailed work is suggested by a graceful acknowledgment which he offers to his Secretary, an Englishman. The Secretary's help in general matters the Nizam found "invaluable"; but as the business of Hyderabad is conducted in Urdu, a language with which the Secretary

was but imperfectly, if at all, acquainted, it follows that the Nizam had himself to read at length through each and every paper which needed a share, however slight, of his attention.

The administration of Hyderabad is now carried on by a Council composed of a President, seven ordinary Members, and a Member without portfolio. A written Constitution defines the matters which require the personal orders of His Exalted Highness, the matters of which the President may dispose, the matters which must be placed before the Council.

It is a common Indian cry that the administration of Hyderabad is less " advanced " than that of British India, or of many Indian States. If by " advancement " is meant advertisement, superficial imitation of British institutions which may be as yet wholly unsuitable to an Indian environment, Hyderabad is not advanced. The unrestricted freedom of speech and writing which obtains in British India certainly does not obtain in Hyderabad; nor is there much tolerance for those who seek to discover how close they can go to breaking the law without actually bringing themselves within the grip of the law. But within the limits of the law, which are easily perceptible by any sensible man, it can hardly be denied that the Hyderabad subject is free to speak, write, act as he wills. The Hyderabad ideal seems to be a steady progress towards the mesne of liberty, unpreceded by a mad plunge into the extreme of licence.



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