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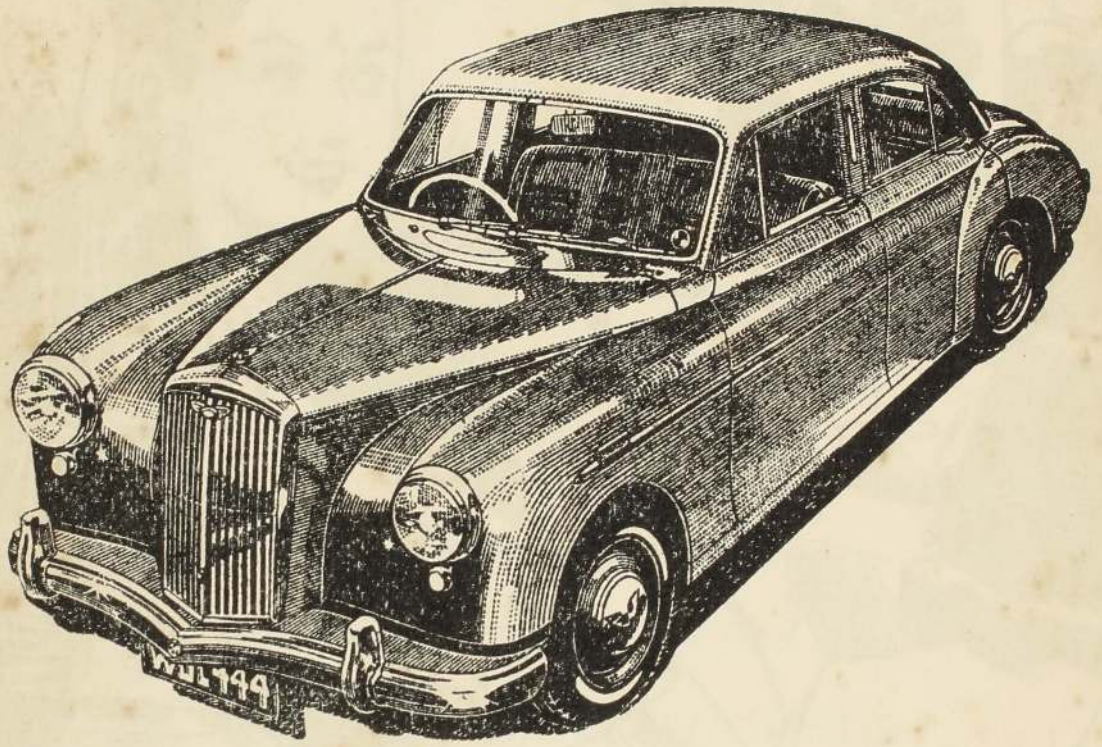

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SEQUENCE

AN ORATION BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

[BY now our Regular Readers are aware that a constant theme of this Journal is the unification of Civilization by means, among others, of that great unifying unit, the English Language. We have shown in past numbers, and shall continue to show in the numbers to come, that peoples of alien and various cultures can indeed be united in the wedlock of civilised harmony if only they would discard what is now becoming known as Linguism and remember that language is but a means to an end and never itself the end. The end and aim of all human living is happiness through peace. Where there is understanding there is peace. To converse together is to understand. Linguism, like the Tower of Babel, is the creation of Satan.

As between the great French people and the Tamils there are many bonds of similarity. Both peoples are tolerant of other cultures, both are lovers of the life of the Mind. Both rejoice in the glory of the spoken word and in the arts of polite living. Both treat with contempt that racial arrogance which has brought, and will bring, many a racialist to his doom.

Monsieur Rolland is a great Frenchman with a true understanding of the Asian Mind. In the Oration given below he speaks with all the fervour of his attic mind, demonstrating, once again, how fine a vehicle English can be, even with non-Englishmen, for the utterance of great thoughts.]

I SHALL try to do justice to those personalities of genius, who during the last century have sprung up in re-awakened India, reviving the ancient energies of their country and bringing about a springtime of thought within her borders. The work of each one was creative and each one collected round him a band of faithful souls who formed themselves into a church and unconsciously looked upon that church as the temple of the one or of the greatest God.

At this distance from their differences I refuse to see the dust of battle ; at this distance the hedges between the

fields melt into an immense expanse. I can only see the same river, a majestic "*chemin qui marche*" (road which marches) in the words of our Pascal. And it is because Ramakrishna more fully than any other man not only conceived, but realised in himself the total Unity of this river of God, open to all rivers and all streams, that I have given him my love ; and I have drawn a little of his sacred water to slake the great thirst of the world.

But I shall not remain leaning at the edge of the river. I shall continue my march with the stream right to the sea. Leaving behind at each winding of the river where death has cried "Halt!" to one of our leaders the kneeling company of the faithful, I shall go with the stream and pay homage to it from the source to the estuary. Holy is the source, holy is the course, holy is the estuary.

I have dedicated my whole life to the reconciliation of mankind. I have striven to bring it about among the peoples of Europe, especially between those two great Western peoples, who are brethren and yet enemies. For the last ten years I have been attempting the same task for the West and the East. I also desire to reconcile, if it is possible, the two antithetical forms of spirit for which the West and the East are wrongly supposed to stand—reason and faith—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, the diverse forms of reason and of faith ; for the West and the East share them both almost equally although few suspect it.

I belong to a land of rivers. I love them as if they were living creatures, and I understand why my ancestors offered them oblations of wine and milk. Now of all rivers the most sacred is that which gushes out eternally from the depths of the soul, from its rocks and sands and glaciers. Therein lies primeval Force and that is what I call religion. Everything belongs to this river of the Soul, flowing from the dark unplumbed reservoir of our being down the inevitable slope to the Ocean of the conscious, realised and mastered Being. And just as the water condenses and rises in vapour from the sea to the clouds of the sky to fill again the reservoir of the rivers, the cycles of creation proceed in uninterrupted succession. From the

source to the sea, from the sea to the source, everything consists of the same Energy, of the Being without beginning and without end.

To her, to the Great Goddess, the invisible, the immanent, who gathers in her golden arms the multiform, multicoloured sheaf of polyphony—to Unity—I dedicate myself.

For a century in new India Unity has been the target for the arrows of all archers. Fiery personalities throughout this century have sprung from her sacred earth, a veritable Ganges of peoples and thought. Whatever may be the differences between them, their goal is ever the same—human unity through God. And through all the changes of workmen Unity itself has expanded and gained in precision.

From first to last this great movement has been one of co-operation on a footing of complete equality between the West and the East, between the powers of reason and those—not of faith in the sense of blind acceptance, a sense it has gained in servile ages among exhausted races—but of vital and penetrating intuition: the eye in the forehead of the Cyclops which completes but does not cancel the other two.

I am no dilettante and I do not bring to jaded readers the opportunity to lose themselves, but rather to find themselves—to find their true selves, naked and without the mask of falsehood. My companions have ever been men with just that object in view, whether living or dead, and the limits of centuries or of races mean little to me. There is neither East nor West for the naked soul; such things are merely its trappings. The whole world is its home. And as its home is each one of us, it belongs to all of us.

Perhaps I may be excused if I put myself for a brief space upon the stage in order to explain the source of inner thought that has given birth to this work. I do this only by way of example, for I am not an exceptional man. I am one of the people of France. I know that I represent thousands of Westerners, who have neither the means nor the time to express themselves. Whenever one of us

speaks from the depths of his heart in order to free his own self, his voice liberates at the same time thousands of silent voices. Then listen, not to my voice, but to the echo of theirs.

I was born and spent the first fourteen years of my life in a part of central France, where my family had been established for centuries. Our line is purely French and Catholic without any foreign admixture. And the early environment wherein I was sealed until my arrival in Paris about 1880 was an old district of the Nivernais where nothing from the outside world was allowed to penetrate within its charmed circle.

So in this closed vase modelled from the clay of Gaul with its flaxen blue sky and its rivers I discovered all the colours of the universe during my childhood. When staff in hand in later years I scoured the roads of thought, I found nothing that was strange in any country. All the aspects of mind that I found or felt were in their origin the same as mine. Outside experience merely brought me the realisation of my own mind, the states of which I had noted but to which I had no key. Neither Shakespeare nor Beethoven nor Tolstoy nor Rome, the masters that nurtured me, ever revealed anything to me except the "Open Sesame" of my subterranean city, my Herculaneum, sleeping under its lava. And I am convinced that it sleeps in the depths of many of those around us. But they are ignorant of its existence just as I was. Few venture beyond the first stage of exacavation, which their own practical common sense has shown them to be necessary for their daily use, and they economise their needs like those masters who forged first the royal and then the Jacobin unity of France. I admire the structure. An historian by profession, I see in it one of the masterpieces of human effort enlightened by the spirit. "*Aere perrennius* . . ."[1] But according to the old legend which demanded that if a work was to endure a living body should be immured in the walls, our master architects have entombed in their mortar thousands of warm human souls. They can no longer be seen beneath the marble facing and the Roman cement. But I can hear them ! And whoever

1. Horace : "More eternal than the ages."

listens will hear them as I do under the noble liturgy of "classic" thought. The Mass celebrated on the High Altar takes no heed of them. But the faithful, the docile and inattentive crowd kneeling and standing at the given signal, ruminate in their dreams upon quite different herbs of St. John.[2] France is rich in souls. But she hides them as an old peasant woman hides her money.

I have just rediscovered the key of the lost staircase leading to some of these proscribed souls. The staircase in the wall, spiral like the coils of a serpent, winds from the subterranean depths of the Ego to the high terraces crowned by the stars. But nothing that I saw there was unknown country. I had seen it all before and I knew it well—but I did not know where I had seen it before. More than once I had recited from memory, though imperfectly, the lesson of thought learned at some former time (but from whom? One of my very ancient selves . . .). Now I reread it, every word clear and complete, in the book of life held out to me by the illiterate genius who knew all its pages by heart—Ramakrishna.

I am bringing to Europe, as yet unaware of it, the fruit of a new autumn, a new message, of the Soul, the symphony of India, bearing the name of Ramakrishna. It can be shown (and we shall not fail to point out) that this symphony, like those of our classical masters, is built up of a hundred different musical elements emanating from the past. But the sovereign personality concentrating in himself the diversity of these elements and fashioning them into a royal harmony, is always the one who gives his name to the work, though it contains within itself the labour of generations. And with his victorious sign he marks a new era.

The man whose image I here evoke was the consummation of two thousand years of the spiritual life of three hundred million people. Although he has been dead forty years,[3] his soul animates modern India. He was no hero

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2 On the Feast of St. John all kinds of herbs are sold in the fairs, having so-called magic properties.

3 In 1886. He was fifty years old. His great disciple, Vivekananda, died in 1902 at the age of thirty-nine. It should never be forgotten how recently they lived. We have seen the same suns, and the same raft of time has borne us.

of action like Gandhi, no genius in art or thought like Goethe or Tagore. He was a little village Brahmin of Bengal, whose outer life was set in a limited frame without striking incident, outside the political and social activities of his time. But his inner life embraced the whole multiplicity of men and Gods. It was a part of the very source of Energy, the Divine Shakti, of whom Vidyapati,[4] the old poet of Mithila, and Ramprasad of Bengal sing.

Very few go back to the source. The little peasant of Bengal by listening to the message of his heart found his way to the inner Sea. And there he was wedded to it, thus bearing out the words of the Upanishads.[5]

" I am more ancient than the radiant Gods. I am the first-born of the Being. I am the artery of Immortality."

It is my desire to bring the sound of the beating of that artery to the ears of fever-stricken Europe, which has murdered sleep. I wish to wet its lips with the blood of Immortality.

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4 " Show Thyself, O Goddess with the thick tresses ! . . . Thou art one and many, Thou containest the thousands and Thou fillest the field of battle with the enemy ! . . . (Hymn to the Goddess of Energy, Shakti).
Taittiriya Upanishad.

5 According to the Vedanta, when Brahman the Absolute became endowed with qualities and began to evolve the living universe. He became Himself the first evolute, the first-born of Being, which is the Essence of all things visible and invisible. He who speaks thus is supposed to have attained complete identity with Him.

" Man has no property in Man. "—THOMAS PAINE.

BANDOENG

By S. J. GUNASAGARAM, M.A. (London)

LIKE Gettysberg and Runnymede, Bandoeng has become a place-name of all time. Here, Asia and Africa—seedplots of Man's earliest civilisation—met. Here two-thirds of the peoples of the world reached out towards a new world order.

The following countries participated. India, Burma, Pakistan, Indonesia, Ceylon—these were the sponsors—and Afghanistan, Cambodia, China, Egypt, Ethiopia, Gold Coast, Iran, Iraq, Japan, Jordan, Laos, the Lebanon, Liberia, Nepal, the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, the Sudan, Syria, Thailand, Turkey, Viet Niem, North Viet Niem, the Yemen.

At the Opening Address, these were the concluding words of Doctor Ahmed Soekarno, President of the Republic of Indonesia and President of the Conference :—

> **" Let us not be bitter about the past. But let us keep our eyes firmly on the future. Let us remember that no Blessing of God is so sweet as Liberty. Let us remember that the Stature of All Mankind is diminished so long as nations or parts of nations are still unfree. Let us remember that the highest purpose of Man is the liberation of Man."**

At this Conference the nations assembled set forth the principles of human co-existence. The Bandoeng Declaration embodies the Five Principles of Peace formulated by Nehru of India.

May 18, 1955 to May 24, 1955, are dates which will be in every book of history a thousand years hence.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS

[DEAN Farrar of England was in his day an acknowledged master of English writing and a copious contributor to theological and lay learning. His Schoolboy stories were very popular in his time though the modern child, with his pursuit of the picaresque, can hardly have heard of them. "The Life of Christ," published in 1874, passed through a great number of editions. It was described by a Bishop of London as "the greatest service rendered by Dean Farrar to the people of England." We pass to the people of Ceylon a part of that service which the Dean rendered to his own people.

It is of interest that Dean Farrar was born in Bombay where his father was a Missionary.]

THE physical geography of Palestine is, perhaps, more distinctly marked than that of any other country in the world.

The hills which form the northern limit of the plain of Jezreel run almost due east and west from the Jordan valley to the Mediterranean, and their southern slopes were in the district assigned to the tribe of Zebulun.

Almost in the centre of this chain of hills there is a singular cleft in the limestone, forming the entrance to a little valley. As the traveller leaves the plain he will ride up a steep and narrow pathway, broidered with grass and flowers, through scenery which is neither colossal nor overwhelming, but infinitely beautiful and picturesque. Beneath him, on the right-hand side, the vale will gradually widen, until it becomes about a quarter of a mile in breadth. The basin of the valley is divided by hedges of cactus into little fields and gardens, which, about the fall of the spring rains, wear an aspect of indescribable calm, and glow with a tint of the richest green. Beside the narrow pathway, at no great distance apart from each other, are two wells, and the women who draw water there are more beautiful,

and the ruddy, bright-eyed shepherd boys who sit or play by the well-sides, in their gay-coloured Oriental costume, are a happier, bolder, brighter-looking race than the traveller will have seen elsewhere. Gradually the valley opens into a little natural amphitheatre of hills, supposed by some to be the crater of an extinct volcano ; and there, clinging to the hollows of a hill, which rises to the height of some five hundred feet above it, lie, "like a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald," the flat roofs and narrow streets of a little Eastern town. There is a small church ; the massive buildings of a convent ; the tall minaret of a mosque ; a clear, abundant fountain ; houses built of white stone, and gardens scattered among them, umbrageous with figs and olives, and rich with the white and scarlet blossoms of orange and pomegranate. In spring, at least, everything about the place looks indescribably bright and soft ; doves murmur in the trees ; the hoopoe flits about in ceaseless activity ; the bright blue roller-bird, the commonest and loveliest bird of Palestine, flashes like a living sapphire over fields which are enamelled with innumerable flowers. And that little town is *En Nāzirah*, Nazareth, where the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind, spent nearly thirty years of His mortal life. It was, in fact, His native village, His home for all but three or four years of His life on earth ; the village which lent its then ignominious name to the scornful title written upon His cross ; the village from which He did not disdain to draw His appellation when He spake in vision to the persecuting Saul. And along the narrow mountain-path which I have described, His feet must have often trod, for it is the only approach by which, in returning northwards from Jerusalem, He could have reached the home of His infancy, youth, and manhood.

What was His manner of life during those thirty years ?

His outward life was the life of all those of His age, and station, and place of birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans, and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-coloured sash, and

sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue—he who has watched their noisy and merry games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hill-side beside their sweet and abundant fountain, may perhaps form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when He too was a child. And the traveller who has followed any of those children—as I have done—to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs and the vines wreathing about them. The mats, or carpets, are laid loose along the walls ; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold ; from the centre hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament of the room ; in some recess in the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colours, which contains the books or other possessions of the family ; on a ledge that runs round the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-coloured quilts, which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use ; near the door stand the large common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice and meat, or *libbân*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful was the outward life of the family of Nazareth.

Yet this poverty was not pauperism ; there was nothing in it either miserable or abject ; it was sweet, simple, contented, happy, even joyous. Mary, like other of her rank, would spin, and cook food, and go to buy fruit, and evening by evening visit the fountain, still called, after her " the Virgin's Fountain," with her pitcher of earthenware carried on her shoulder or her head. Jesus would

play, and learn, and help His parents in their daily tasks, and visit the synagogues on the Sabbath days. "It is written," says Luther, "that there was once a pious godly bishop, who had often earnestly prayed that God would manifest to him what Jesus had done in His youth. Once the bishop had a dream to this effect. He seemed in his sleep to see a carpenter working at his trade, and beside him a little boy who was gathering up chips. Then came in a maiden clothed in green, who called them both to come to the meal, and set porridge before them. All this the bishop seemed to see in his dream, himself standing behind the door, that he might not be perceived. Then the little boy began, and said , 'Why does that man stand there? shall he not also eat with us?' And this so frightened the bishop that he awoke." "Let this be what it may," adds Luther, "a true history or a fable, I none the less believe that Christ in His childhood and youth looked and acted like other children, yet without sin, in fashion like a man."

"Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!"—JESUS.

ART AND CULTURE OF THE TAMILS

AT the fifth All-India Tamil Literary Conference recently held at Jamshedpur, Mr. Shyamnanan Sahay, M.P., Vice-Chancellor of Behar University, said that every part of India had its own contribution to make, and that he had no hesitation in admitting that South India had in the past contributed a great deal and had still quite a lot to contribute to the development of the Indian nation.

Mr. Sahay told the large gathering assembled together on the occasion that if they read the history of the past they would realise that Hinduism itself, in India, was saved by great leaders such as Sankara, Ramanaya and Mahdava who hailed from the South. From the point of view of Hindu Religion and Hindu Culture—it was to the South that they in India owed what they had at present. If they wished to know and to appreciate the great heights to which architecture had risen they would have to go to South India. He did not know how many crores had been spent on the great temples found in South India; but they were there, standing monuments of the glory of Indian art and culture.

Mr. Sahay referred to the relationship that existed between the different languages in India and between Tamil and Sanskrit. Any language that must thrive or prosper or be called a living language must be prepared both to give and to take. Isolation as a theory had been discarded even by America, and to introduce it in a literary circle was most absurd. Language was necessary for the purpose of keeping society together. If they made it self-contained, a kind of closed preserve, it would be difficult for individuals to express themselves and to communicate to others their views as correctly as it was necessary to do.

TAMIL INFLUENCE IN CEYLON AND THE PHILIPPINES

Mr. Phiroz Keltar, Tata's Technical Director, who was one of the speakers at the Conference, said that researches into the cultural and racial origins of peoples of Ceylon and countries lying eastward had shown that they were once colonised from South India, and in particular, the Filippino script had striking similarities with that of Tamil. These researches had also shown that Filippino Dialects belonged to the Dravidian family.

Mr. Phiroz paid a tribute to Subramania Bharathi who, he said, rescued Tamil literature from stagnation and brought it into the main current of national life. Tamil literature today was the voice of a large section of the people of India and Ceylon and of Tamils in Africa and the Far East. It had a vital present and certainly it would have a great future. That Conference, he added, enabled the different communities in India, to know and understand each other better, and to develop a respect and appreciation of the various patterns of culture as well as the basic unity of the literary and spiritual heritage of India.

" A loftier race shall rise,
With flame of Freedom
In their souls ;
Light of Knowledge,
In their eyes."—SYMONDS.

THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION OF JAFFNA

[WE continue in this number a further extract from Mudaliyar Rasanayagam's monumental work on Jaffna.]

THE Nága kingdoms were the seats of well-ordered and well-organised monarchical governments dating as far back as, or even earlier than, the period of the Rámáyana. The monarchy was heriditary and absolute, and the purity of the royal blood was maintained by means of intermarriages with other royal houses. These kingdoms contained cities, towns and villages. The Nága capitals were fortified towns. The cities had wide streets well laid out ;* there were houses and mansions built of stone and wood and surrounded by walls containing gateways. They were guarded by armed warders and even by foreign soldiers.† The palaces and mansions were several storeys high containing terraces and balconies : ‡the superstructure

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* a. "மாடமோங்கிய மல்லன்மூதூர்
ஆறுகிடந்தன்ன வகல்நெடுந்தெருவில்"

Ned : Vad : II : 29-30.

In the broad main-street which like a river lies in the prosperous old city of lofty mansions.

b. "நன்னகர்
வின்தோய் மாடத்து விளங்குசுவருடுத்த"

Perumpan : II : 368-369.

In the good cities where there are sky-scraping mansions be-girt with shining walls.

† "கடவுண் மால்வரைகண் விடுத்தன்ன
அடையாவாயில வனருங்கடைகுறுகி."

Cirupan : II : 205-206.

Having approached his towered city-gateway, which though unclosed (to minstrels, sages and brahmans), yet affords no entrance (to others) and which would resemble the great Meru, the seat of the gods, when it opens but one of its eyes.

‡ a. "சாத்திய எணிஎற்றருஞ் சென்னிமாடம்."

Perumpan : I : 347.

Mansions with such towering tops that even with the help of the ladders placed against them it is difficult to climb them up.

b. "நிரைநிலைமாடத்தரமியந்தோறும்."

Mad : Kan : I : 451.

In the upper terraces of well-set storayed mansions.

"வேயாமாடம்."

Cilap : Canto, v. I : 7.

Upper terraces (lit : uncovered mansions).

having been of wood no ruins have remained to testify to us of their ancient splendour. The royal palaces had banquetting halls large enough to entertain 500 to 1,000 guests, state rooms which were supported by pillars covered with gold, wide balconies and windows opening upon the public streets.* The existence of cities like Lankápura of '400,000 streets' and Manipuram of the Nágas, with parks and flower gardens, not to speak of other cities and towns mentioned in the ancient Epics,—the Rámáyana and the Mahábhárata,—is sufficient proof that at that remote period there must have been, as the centric source of this magnificent city-life, a government sufficiently wise to promulgate noble laws and sufficiently strong to enforce them.

The splendour of the Nága towns can well be imagined from the description given—in the Cilappadikáram,—of the city of Kavéripùmpattìnam, which is there stated to be the equal and the rival of the city of the Nágas,† the implication being that the latter was in those days the supreme example of wealth and magnificence.

The kings had large armies composed of elephants trained to war, chariots, cavalry and foot soldiers armed with bows and arrows, swords and shields, spears and javelins, axes and slings. Their cities were protected by garrisons of soldiers. The kings were upholders of *dharma* and were helped in the administration of the country by

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* a. "மான்கட்காலதர் மாளிகை."

Cilap : Canto, v, I : 8.

Palatial buildings with windows like the eyes of a deer.

b. "மழைதோயுமுயர் மாடத்து
.....
வளிநுழையும்வாய் பொருந்தி."

Pattina : II : 145 & 151.

Drawing close to the windows for the admission of the (south) wind, in lofty mansions touching the clouds.

† "நாகநீணகரொடு நாகநாடதெணடு
போக நீள்புகழ் மன்னும்புகார் நகர்."

Cilap. Canto, i, II : 21-22.

The city of Puhar where lasting fame—a characteristic of the celestial world, and enjoyment of pleasure—a characteristic of the Naga country, find permanent abode.

the five kinds of ministers and the eight assemblies.* The king was the last court of appeal, and justice was meted out to everybody alike, without distinction of class, caste or creed ; the names of some of these kings have been handed down to posterity as paragons of virtue and justice. When they engaged in wars against their neighbours, they took special precautions to protect not only their own priests, women and cattle, but also those of their enemies.† The fame of their heroes was perpetuated on inscribed stones raised as monuments.‡ Chivalry

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* "ஐம்பெருங்குழுவு மெண் பேராயமும்."

Cilap. canto., v, I : 157.

(The king's) Great Council of five and Great Assembly of eight.

"அமைச்சர், புரோகிதர், சேனபதியார்
தவாத்தொழிற்றூதுவர், சாரணரென்றிவர்
பார்த்திபர்க்கைம் பெருங்குழுவெனப்படுமே."

Tivakaram, 163.

Ministers, Priestly Astrologers, Generals, Ambassadors of unerring diplomacy and Spies ; these form the great council of five to the kings.

"கரணத்தியலவர் கருமவிதிகள்
கனகச்சுற்றங் கடைகாப்பாளர்
நகரமாந்தர் நனிபடைத்தலைவர்
யானைவீரரிவுளி மறவரினையரெண் பேராயமென்ப."

Tivakaram, 163.

Administrators, accountants, Royal dependants (confidential kinsmen, priests, confectioners, physicians and soothsayers), chiefs of the gate. Urban representatives, Captains of Infantry, Captains of the Elephant squadrons and Captains of the Cavalry regiments ; these form the great assembly of eight.

† "ஆவுமானியற்பார்ப்பன மாக்களும்
பெண்டிரும் பினியுடையீரும் பேணித்
தென்புலவாழ் நர்க்கருங்கடனிறுக்கும்
பொன்போற் புதல்வர்ப்பெறு அதீரு
மெம்மம்புகடிவிடுது நும்மரண்சேர்மின்."

Puram, v. 9.

Black cattle, Brahmans who are as sacred as the cow, women, the sick and such of you as have not begotten those precious children who have to perform important (religious) rites to the departed spirits (of ancestors), seek ye a safe refuge. I shall discharge my arrows forthwith.

‡ a "வில்லோர்வாழக்கைவிழுத்தொடைமறவர்
வல்லாண்பதுக்கைக் கடவுட்பேண்மார்
நடுகற்பீலி சூட்டித்துடிப்படுத்துத்
தொப்பிக்கள்ளொடு துரூஉப்பலிகொடுக்கும்."

Akam. v, 35, II : 6-9.

For the worship of the deified hero from among the Marava (soldiers) who live by the bow and wear garlands, a stone (with inscription) is planted (in his honour), and decorated with peacock feathers and with the sounding of the (tudi) drum, toddy brewed from rice is offered and lambs sacrificed.

b. "விழுத்தொடை மறவர் வில்லிட வீழ்ந்தோ
ரெழுத்துடை நடுகலின்னிழல்."

Akam, v, 53.

The shade of inscribed stones planted as memorials to wreath wearing heroic Marava soldiers fallen in battle.

towards their enemies was considered a virtue, and to receive wounds on the back a disgrace.* While raising the standard of victory after the defeat of an enemy, a ball and doll were invariably attached to it in contemptuous representation of the effeminate nature of the enemy†. Contempt was further expressed by razing the enemy's capital to the ground, by ploughing the site with donkeys yoked to the plough and by sowing castor and cotton or cereals,‡ in order to make the place over-

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* "நரம்பெழுந்துலறிய நிரம்பமென்றோள்
முளரிமருங்கின் முதியோள் சிறுவன்
படையழிந்து மாறினனென்று பலர்கூற
மண்டமர்க்குடைந்தனனியினுண்டவென்
முலையறுத்திடுவென் யானெனச் சினைஇக்
கொண்டவாளொடு படுபிணம் பெயராச்
செங்களந்துளவுவோள் சிதைந்துவேறுகிய
படுமகன் கிடக்கை காணூஉ
வீன்றஞான்றினும் பெரிதுவந்தனளே."

Puram, v, 278.

The old woman of lean and lanky shoulders and of slender waist, on hearing from the lips of several persons that her son had turned his back on the field of battle, became enraged and saying that, if her son had shown cowardice while fighting, she would cut off the very breasts which gave him suck, picked up a sword, went to the gory field, turned over the corpses and on finding the body of her son cut in twain was more delighted than on the occasion of his birth.

† "செருப்புகன்றெடுத்த சேணுயர் நெடுங்கொடி
வரிப்புனைபந்தொடு பாவைதூங்க."

Tirumu : II : 67-68.

By the side of the high standard of victory raised on the battle-field, a ball and a doll were hung up.

‡ a. "கடுந்தேர் குழித்தவுள்ளலாங்கண்
வெள்வாய்க் கழுதைப் புல்லினம் பூட்டிப்
பாள்செய்தனையவர் நனந்தலைநல்லிலில்,"

Puram, v 15, II : 1-3.

You destroyed their broad fortifications and turned the streets, over which chariots had run, with plough to which a number of white mouthed donkeys were yoked.

b. "அணங்குடை மரபினிருங்களந்தோறும்
வெள்வாய்க் கழுதைப் புல்லினம் பூட்டி
வெள்ளை வரகுங்கொள்ளும் வித்தும்
வைகலுழவ."

Puram, v 392, II : 8-11.

You, at the dawn of day, ploughed even the places presided over by the gods with ploughs to which white mouthed donkeys were yoked and sowed white millet (varagu) and gram (kollu).

grown with jungle as speedily as possible. Kings leading their armies to battle had their camps in the battlefield as luxuriously furnished as their palaces. Mutes guarded their bed rooms ;* women attended at their meals ; dancing girls and musicians amused them through the night hours.†

There is ample evidence in the works of Tamil as well as of Greek authors that trade, both by sea and land, was extensively practised by the Tamils and the Nágas. Masted ships set with sails ploughed the seas.‡ They were loaded with articles of merchandise ; pearls and muslins, sandal-wood and aghil, cinnamon, pepper and other spices, salt and salted fish.§ North Ceylon, and especially Jaffna,

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* "உடம்பினுரைக்கு முரையாநாவிற்
மடம்புகு மிலேச்சர் உழையராக."

Mullai, II : 65 & 66.

Coated Mlechchas (foreign mutes) who use the language of signs and not the language of the tongue, serving as guards.

† a. "மண்ணைமுழவின் பண்ணைமை சீறியா
ழொண்ணுதல் விறலியர் பாணிதூங்க."

Porunar : II : 109-110.

The Pana women with shining foreheads bearing small well-tuned lyres in their hands, dancing and singing to the measure of drums smeared with resin.

b. "விளங்கிழைமகளிர் பொலங்கலத்தேந்திய
மணங்கமழ்தேறல்."

Mad : Kan : II : 779-780

Fragrant wine in golden cups held by bright bangled women.

‡ (*a*) See supra, chap. iii, p. 100, note* (*c*).

b. "பொலந்தரு நாவாயோட்டி."

Puram, v 126, 1 : 15.

Sailing (overseas) in ships for (commercial) prosperity.

§ "முழங்கு கடறந்த விளங்குகதிர்முத்த
மரம்போழ்ந்தறுத்த கண்ணேரிலங்குவளைப்
பரதர்தந்த பல்வேறுகூல
மிருங்கழிச் செறுவிற்றீம்புளிவெள்ளுப்புப்
பரந்தோங்குவரைப்பின்வன்கைத்திமிலர்
கொழுமீன் குறைஇயதுடிக்கட்டுணியல்
விழுமியநாவாய்."

Mad. Kan : II : 315-123.

Well-built ships loaded with bright and lustrous pearls taken from the roaring seas, broad and shining chank bangles neatly cut with saws, different kinds of grain consigned to merchants, white salt manufactured on clayey beds, sweetened tamarind and fish cut into round pieces by strong-armed Timila fishers and salted and dried on sand dunes.

contained the most important marts and emporia for the distribution of trade to the different ports of India and Ceylon and to countries further West and further East. Merchants from Arabia, Egypt and Rome, India, China and Java frequented these marts. According to the Periplus everything made in Tamilakam and the greatest part of what was brought from Egypt came to the ports of North Ceylon, and were distributed from there.* A similar reference to the imports at Kavréip-pùm-pattinam, the Chóla capital of the first and second century A.D., can be seen in the Tamil work Pattina pálai.† Large ships intended for this ocean trade were built in some of the northern ports ; and the industry, though in a dying state, is still being continued at Kayts and Valvettiturai. On account of this extensive sea faring trade, the necessity to indicate the ports and harbours at night would naturally have arisen, and light-houses constructed out of stone and mortar or of high tree stumps, with lights placed on them, acted as guides to mariners.‡ The merchandise was stored in large warehouses in packages, on which the seal of the king was stamped to indicate the payment of customs duty.§ Trade was carried into the inner

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* See supra, chap. iii, p. 97.

† See supra, chap. iv. p. 133, note*

‡ a. "வானமூன்றிய மதலைபோல
வேணிசாத்தியவேற்ற ருஞ்சென்னி
விண்பொரநிவந்த வேயாமாடத்
திரவின் மாட்டியவிலங்குசுடர்."

Perumpan : II : 346-349.

Bright light lit at night in the dome of a tower touching the sky and presenting the appearance of a column supporting it, the top of which it is difficult to climb even with the aid of the ladder placed against it.

b. "கங்குன் மாட்டிய கனைகதிரொண்சுடர்."

Narrinai, v 219.

Bright light put up at nights (as a signal for sailing vessels).

c. "இலங்குநீர்வரைப்பிற் கலங்கரை விளக்கமும்."

Cilap. Canto. vi, I : 141.

Lights (on light houses, put up) to direct the course of vessels from foreign countries.

§ "நீரினின்று நிலத்தேறவும்
நிலத்தினின்று நீர்ப்பரப்பவும்
* * * * * *
புலிபொறித்துப்புறம்போக்கி
மதிநிறைந்த மலிபண்டம்

Pattina : II : 129-130, 135-13.6

Well-estimated goods in abundance being imported and exported with the tiger mark impressed thereon, for the purpose of recovering customs duty. (Tiger mark was affixed in Chola ports)

country with merchandise loaded in carts and távalams.* For fear of robbers the tradesmen, dressed in coats and sandals, went about with swords hanging from their shoulders ;† they were also otherwise armed. Important junctions of trade were guarded by soldiers.‡ In the towns and cities, separate streets were allotted to the different articles of commerce.§ Commodities generally

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* a. "நோன்பகட்டுமணர் ஒழுகை."

Cirupan : I : 55.

The salt sellers' row of carts drawn by strong bullocks.

b. சிறுதூளைக் கொடுநுக நெறிபட நிரைத்த
பெருங்கயிற்றெழுகை மருங்கிற் காப்பச்
சில்பத உணவின் கொள்ளைசாற்றிப்
பல்லெருத்துமணர் பதிபோகு நெடுநெறி."

Perumpan : II : 62-65.

The long highway by which the salt-sellers with many (relief) bulls enter villages crying out the price of salt, their row of carts which are drawn by several bulls tied side by side to a yoke with small holes, by means of strong rope, being guarded on both sides by able-bodied men.

† "நோன்று
ளடிபுதையரண மெய்திப்படம் புக்குப்
பொருகணை தொலைச்சிய புண்ணுர்மார்பின்
விரவுவரிக்கச்சின் வெண்கையொள்வாள்
வரையூர் பாம்பிற் பூண்டு. . . . . .வம்பலர்."

Perumpan : II : 68-72.

The merchants on whose chests appear scars of wounds caused by warriors' arrows, wearing coats (on their bodies) and sandals on their (well-exercised) strong feet, while from a striped band resembling a rock-snake thrown over the shoulder and across the breast, there hung on one side glittering swords with white (carved ivory) handles.

‡ a. "உல்குடைப் பெருவழிக்கவலைகாக்கும்
வில்லுடைவைப்பின்."

Perumpan : II : 81-82.

In towns where there are garrisons of bowmen who guard the (toll-recovering) junctions of roads branching from the main highway.

b. "கல்லாமழவர் வில்லிடைவிலங்கிய
துன்னருங்கவலை."

Narrinai, v, 387.

Unapproachable junctions where illiterate soldiers rain arrows from their bows.

§ a. "வளந்தலை மயங்கிய நனந்தலைமறுகு."

Pattina, I : 193

Broad streets teeming everywhere with the wealth of precious goods, which baffle any attempt at estimation.

(*b*) See Cilap. canto, v, II : 9-56.

changed hands under the systems of barter,* but money, both of foreign and Indian coinage, was also a recognised medium of exchange in important centres of trade. Roman as well as Indian coins, as also other unidentified coins—which were possibly coins of local currency—have been picked up in several of the spots where the ancient marts once were.

The food of the people consisted chiefly of rice, dry grains, vegetables, milk and curds, meat of goats, fowls, etc., and fish and crabs according to the surroundings and conditions in which they lived. Different kinds of sweet meats and even string hoppers were not unknown.† The Andanar, some of whom were family and temple priests, lived in houses the roofs of which were neatly thatched and the floors of which were daintly glossed over with the dung of the cow. They had their household gods, and used as food rice cooked in a variety of ways, vegetables

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* a. "உப்பைமாறிவெண்ணெற்றரீஇய
உப்புவிளை கழனிசென்றனள்."

Kurun, v, 269

To exchange salt for white rice, she did seek the salt-pans.

b. அளவிலையுணவிற் கிளையுடனருத்தி
நெய்விலைக் கட்டிப் பசும்பொன் கொள்ளாள்
எருமை நல்லான்கருநாகு பெறூஉம்."

Perumpan, II : 163-165.

(Herdsman's wife) feeds all her relations with the rice received in exchange of butter milk ; for ghee supplied she accepts not a piece of fine gold, but obtains a she-buffalo, a cow or a black heifer worth its value.

† a. "சுவைய வேறுபல்லுருவின் விரகு"

Porunar, I : 108.

Savoury sweetmeats of shapes many and different.

b. "இழைசூழ் வட்டம்

Perumpan, I : 377,

Thread like hoppers.

fried in ghee, curds, pickles and preserves.* These Andanar eschewed meat of all kinds ; so clean were they that they permitted neither dogs nor fowls to enter their houses. The Áryan brahmans who emigrated into the Tamil country from North India imitated their habits and raised themselves in the estimation of the people as men of the highest caste. The caste system introduced by them would not have obtained a stronghold, had the brahmans not lived the life of those who were considered, on account of their habits and customs, the best in the country. The Vellala priests (Kurukkals), who are the remnants of the ancient Andanar, are still strict vegetarians ; in their habits they are similar to the brahmans to whom only the terms Andanar and Párpár are now applied. The fact that the vegetarians of a caste are, on account of their conservatism, considered higher than their meat-eating brethren is sufficient confirmation of the above statement. In palaces and royal households, although the general diet consisted of rice and vegetables, yet meat and drink

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* ''செழுங்கன்றியாத்த சிறுதாட் பந்தர்ப்
பைஞ்சேறுமெழுகிய படிவ நன்னகர்
மனையுறுகோழியொடு ஞமலிதுன்னாது
வளைவாய்க்கிள்ளை மறைவிளிபயிற்று
மறைகாப்பாளர் உறைபதிச்சேப்பிற்
பெருநல்வானத்து வடவயின் விளங்குஞ்
சிறுமீன்புரையுங் கற்பினறுந்தல்
வளைக்கைமகடூவயினறிந்தட்ட
சுடர்க்கடைப்பறவைப் பெயர்ப்படுவத்தஞ்
சேதாநறுமோர் வெண்ணெயின் மாதுளத்
துறுப்புருபசுங்காய்ப் போழொடுகறிகலந்து
கஞ்சகநறு முறியளைஇப் பைந்துணர்
நெடுமரக்கொக்கினறு வடிவிதிர்த்த
தகைமாண் காடியின் வகைபடப்பெறுகுவிர்.''

Perumpan, II : 297-310.

If you stop in the village of the guardians of the Vedas—who teach the bow-billed parrots the vedic tune—their dwellings which have porticoes with short posts to which sleek calves are tied, their good houses with floor besmeared with cow-dung and with images of goods installed therein, and which the domestic fowl and dog do not defile by their presence, you will at sunset be served with what the bracelet wearing (Brahman) housewife who has a shining forehead and whose chastity is like that of (arundadi) the small constellation in the beautiful great northern sky, has methodically prepared out of the rice which bears a bird's name (viz., Rajannam), with chips of the green fruit of the *Kommatti-matula* shrub peppered and spices with curry leaf and fried in the fresh butter obtained from the curdled milk of the red cow, and with the excellent pickle of the sliced tender fruit which the mango produces in beautiful bunches.

were not despised. The guests were entertained according to their inclinations ; food and drink were served in golden vessels.* The ever-hungry poets and ministrels of the Pána tribe, who frequented the Courts of kings, were first entertained beyond satiation with large quantities of toddy and fried meat ; then they were fed with white rice, vegetable curries, milk and curds.† Toddy was brewed from paddy or drawn from the palmyra tree.‡ and meat

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* "நுண்பொருட்
பனுவலின்வழாஅப் பல்வேறடிசில்
வாணிறவிசும்பிற் கோண்மீன் சூழ்ந்த
விளங்கதிர் ஞாயிறெள்ளுந் தோற்றத்து
விளங்கு பொற்கலத்தில் விரும்புவனபேணி."

Cirupan, II : 240-244.

Serving different preparations of rice made strictly in accordance with the fine science of cookery, in plates of gold which in splendour excel the rising sun surrounded by bright stars in the firmament.

† "மகிழ்ப்பதம் பன்னுட் கழிப்பியொருநாள்
அவிழ்ப்பதங்கொள் கென்றிரப்ப முகிழ்த்தகை
முரவை போகிய முரியாவரிசி
விரலென நிமிர்ந்த நிரலமை புழுக்கல்
பால்வறைக்கருனை காடியின் மிதப்ப
அயின்றகாலை."

Porunar, II : 111-116.

Many days having been spent in imbibing the exhilarating toddy, one day, while at the earnest request (of the king) to partake of rice, we were having well-cleaned and unbroken rice which looked like Jasmine buds, and the grains of which had become elongated like fingers and did not adhere to one another—along with a dish of vegetables fried in milk, so heartily as to fill up to our very throats.

‡a. "பூம்புறநெல்லடையளைஇத்தேம்பட
வெல்லையுமிரவு மிருமுறைகழிப்பி
வல்வாய்ச்சாடியின் வழைச்சறவிளைந்த
வெந்நீரரியல் விரலில நறுபிழி."

Perumpan, II : 278-281.

High flavoured wine which the fingers stir and help to strain and in the brewing of which (pounded) germinating paddy is mixed (with a porridge of rice) and allowed to remain two days and two nights in a strong-mouthed jar, in order to help fermentation.

b. "பிணர்ப்பெண்ணைப்பிழி."

Partina, I : 89.

Toddy drawn from the palmyra palm of rough exterior.

c. "இல்லடுகள்ளின் தொப்பிபருகி."

Perumpan, I : 142.

Drinking the toddy brewed at home from paddy.

d. "துளங்குதசும்புவாக்கிய பசும் பொதித்தேறல்."

Malai, K. I : 463

Toddy brewed from germinated paddy in pots.

was either fried in oil or roasted on spits.* The cultivators—who were much later called the Vellalas—lived in houses thatched with cadjans or in high mansions which had cultivated gardens and spacious flower gardens all round. Their diet consisted of well-cooked rice, vegetables and fruits.† The herdsmen's houses were straw-thatched and raised on short pillars. Their doors were low and made of tats. In their yards slept cattle, goats and sheep.‡‡

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* a. "காழிற்சுட்ட கோழூன்கொழுங்குறை."

Porunar, I : 105.

Fine large pieces of fat meat roasted on iron spikes.

b. "கோழூன் குறைக்கொழுவல்சி."

Mad. Kan, I : 141.

Beautiful rice cooked with fatted meat.

† "வண்டோட்டுத்தெங்கின் வரடுமடல்வேய்ந்த
மஞ்சண்முன்றின் மணநாறுபடப்பைத்
தண்டலையுழவர் தனி மனைச்சேப்பிற்
றுழ்கோட்பலவின் சூழ்சுளைப்பெரும்பழம்
.....
.....
குலைமுதிர்வாழைக கூனிவெண்பழந்
திரளரைப்பெண்ணை நுங்கொடுபுறவுந்
தீம்பழ முனையிற் சேம்பின்
முளைப்புறமுதிர் கிளங்கார்குவிர்."

Perumpan, II : 353-356, 359-362.

If you stop in the grove-dwelling cultivators' houses thatched with the strong withered leaves of the coco nut palm (woven into cadjans), the front yard of which is planted with turmeric and provided with a fragrant garden, and if you have no relish for the big pulpy jak fruit hanging in cluster, the ripe whitish banana the bunches of which hang down through their weight, the tender fruit of the round stemmed palmyra palm and many other sweet things, you will eat ripe yams with the leaves of the chembu (Caladium nymphoei-folium).

‡ "குரம்பைச்
செற்றைவாயிற் செறிகழிக் கதவிற்
கற்றைவேய்ந்த கழித்தலைச்சாம்பி
னதளோன் றுஞ்சுங்காப்பினுதள
நெடுந்தாம்பு தொடுத்த குறுந்தறிமுன்றிற்
கொடுமுகத்துருவையொடு வெள்ளைசேக்கு
யிடுமுள்வேலி யெருப்படுவரைப்பு."

Perumpan, II : 148-154.

The hamlet where there are huts with thicket-fringed entrances, rope-made doors and cord-worked bedsteads, covered with varagu straw, and with watch and ward kept by him who sleeps on the hide of the he-goat,—where in the front yard are driven short stakes to which are attached long tethering ropes—where under the fences fastened with thorny twigs lie drooping headed sheep and white goats—and where there is an abundance of dung.

Their women, who wore their hair in graceful waves, churned butter and carried the butter-milk in pots for sale.* The men bartered ghee for paddy and cattle, and amused themselves by playing on the flute.† Their food consisted chiefly of *tinai* rice and milk. ‡ The Kuravas or hillmen lived in houses thatched with straw which had porticoes supported by large pillars. Cart wheels and ploughs were placed against the walls. § Around their houses would be seen flour grinding and aval-making mill stones, sugar cane presses, paddy granaries and children's

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* "புலிக்குரன் மத்த மொலிப்பவாங்கி
யாம்பிவான் முகிழன்ன கூம்புமுகை
யுறையமை திந்தயிர் கலக்கி நுரைதெரிந்து
புகர்வாய்க்குழிசி பூஞ்சுமட்டிரீஇ
நாண்மோர் மாறு நன்மாமேனிச்
சிறுகுழைதுயல்வருங் காதிற்பிணைத்தோட்
குறுநைறிக்கொண்ட கூந்தலாய் மகள்."

Perumpan, II : 156-162.

The cow-herdess, with beautiful dark body, earlobes dangling through the weight of the ear rings, shoulders smooth like the bamboo stem and short wavy hair, who, pulling the strings of the churner which creates a sound resembling the growl of a leopard, stirring the sweet curds the creamy surface of which is marked with air globules like the white crests of the mushroom, skimming the foamy cream and setting the (butter milk) pot which has a speckled mouth on a pad of flowers on the head, sells fresh butter milk.

† See supra, chap. iv, p. 149, note †b.

‡ "மடிவாய்க்கோவலர் குடிவயிற்சேப்பி
னிருங்கிளைஞெண்டின் சிறுபார்ப்பன்ன
பசுந்தினைமூரல் பாலொடும் பெறுகுவிர்."

Perumpan : II : 166-168.

If you stop in the village of herdsmen whose lips are contorted (by habitual whistling) you will receive with milk, cooked tinai grain, like unto a swarm of the tiny young of the crabs.

§ "பிடிக்கணத்தன்ன குதிருடைமுன்றிற்
களிற்றுத்தாள் புரையுந்திரிமரப்பந்தர்க்
குறுஞ்சாட்டுருளே யொடு கலப்பைசார்த்தி
நெடுஞ்சுவர் பறைந்த புகைகூள் கொட்டிற்
பருவ வானத்துப் பாமழை கடுப்பக்
கருவை வேய்ந்த கவின்குடிச் சீறூர்."

Ibid, II : 186-191.

In the hillmen's hamlets, there are beautiful habitations thatched with (varagu) straw, which in effect look like clouds outspread in the winter sky, each habitation being provided with a front yard where stand clay made granaries like unto a herd of she-elephants, with porticoes where there are grinding stones which resemble the feet of the elephant and with a smoke coloured shed of which the surrounding wall is wasted by stout cart wheels and ploughs leaning against it.

push-carts.* Their chief diet consisted of rice, boiled pulses and cooked fowl.† The fishers lived in low huts made of jungle sticks and thatched with grass, over which pumpkin and gourd creepers were made to grow.‡ Their

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* a. "புதுவைவேய்ந்த கவிகுடின்முன்றி
லவலெறி யுலக்கைப்பாடு"

Perumpan : II : 225-226.

The sound of the pestle pounding aval rice in the front yard of the round roofed shed thatched with new straw.

b. "எணியெய்தா நீணெடுமார்பின்
முகடு துமித் தடுக்கிய பழம்பல் லுணவிற்
குமரிமூத்த கூடோங்கு நல்லிற்
றச்சச்சிறு அர் நச்சப்புனைந்த
வூரா நற்றேர்."

Ibid, II : 245-249.

In (those) rich dwellings where large grain chests which are too high to be reached by long ladders, which contain several kinds of old paddy put in there through lidded openings on the top and which, being made of undecaying wood, have lasted long, do tower, and where children's push carts made by young carpenters (are found).

c. "எந்திரஞ் சிலைக்குந்துஞ்சாக்கம்பலை
விசய மடூஉம்புகை சூழாலை."

Ibid, II : 260-261.

Smoke roofed sugar-houses where the juice of the sugar cane (is pressed) by ever noisy cane-mills and evaporated and crystallised into sugar.

d. Kurun., v, 61.

† a. "குறுந்தாழ்வரகின் குறளவிள்ச்சொன்றி
.....
அவரைவான் புழுக்கட்டிப் பயில்வுற்
றின்சுவை மூரற்பெறுகுவிர்."

Ibid, II : 193-196.

You will have sweet savoury food being an admixture of the small boiled grains of the short-stalked varagu and of good boiled pulses.

b. "மடியா
வினைஞர்தந்த வெண்ணெல்வல்சி
மனைவாழளகின் வாட்டொடும் பெறுகுவிர்."

Ibid, II : 254-256.

You will have white rice earned by industrious labourers together with fried meat of the domestic hen.

‡ "வேழ நிரைத்து வெண்கோடுவிரைஇத்
தாழைமுடித்துத் தருப்பைவேய்ந்த
குறியிறைக்குரம்பைப் பறியுடைமுன்றில்."

Perumpan, II : 263-265.

The nest-like hut with low eaves, built with jungle posts planted promiscuously (under the rafters), with bamboo laths spread over in rows and fastened with the fibre of the screw pine and thatched with kusa (mana) grass.

yards were strewn with nets and fish baskets. Their diet was generally rice gruel, which they drank out of cups made of palmyra leaves (pilá).* They freely indulged in toddy which they drank with burnt fish.† The Védar or huntsmen lived in grass thatched houses in which were stored bows, arrows in quivers and other weapons. Their houses were fenced round with sharp and thorny sticks and were guarded by fierce dogs attached to iron chains.‡

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* "……வலைஞர் குடிவயிற் சேப்பி
னவையாவரிசி யங்களித்துழவை
மலர்வாய்ப்பிழாவிற் புலரவாற்றிப்
……
……
பெறுகுவிர்."

Ibid, II : 274-283.

If you stop in the hamlet of the men who work with the fishing net, you will have toddy (brewed) from the beautiful gruelly porridge of uncleaned rice, cooled in an open vessel of palmyra leaf.

b. "இருங்காழுலக்கை யிருப்பு முகந்தேய்த்த
வவைப்பு மாணரிசியமலைவெண்சோறு
கவைத்தாளலவன் கலவையோடு."

Cirupan, II : 193-195.

White rice well cleaned with pounders set with iron rings, cooked and served with curried crabs and vegetables.

† a. "……நறும்பிழி
தண்மீன் சூட்டொடுதளர்தலும் பெறுகுவிர்."

Perumpan, II : 281-282.

When tired, you will have flavoured toddy with half dried fish roasted.

b. "பழம்படுதேறல்……
வறற்குழற் சூட் (டொடு)."

Cirupan, II : 159-163.

Well fermented toddy with roasted tank fish.

‡ "சாபஞ்சாத்திய கதுணைஞ்சுவியனகர்
ஊகம்வேய்ந்த உயர் நிலைவரைப்பின்
வரைத்தேன் புரையுங் கவைக்கடைப்புதையொடு
கடுந்துடிதூங்குங் கனைக்காற் பந்தர்த்
தொடர் நாயாத்ததுன்னருங் கடிநகர்
வாழ்முள் வேலிச் சூல்மிளைப்படப்பை."

Perumpan, II : 121-126.

(The huntsmen's stronghold has) spacious houses where bows and arrows lie about, high ramparts covered with *uka* grass, porticoes on round pillars on which hang quivers with arrows—the notched ends of which resemble the honeycombs found on the hills—and the *tudi* drum, houses unapproachably guarded by chained dogs and having a courtyard or garden surrounded by a live thorny fence and a defensive jungle.

Their diet consisted of red-coloured rice, beef and other kinds of meat. The flesh of the iguana was considered a delicacy.* They had a strong inclination for toddy which they often obtained in exchange for stolen cattle.† The women of the Védar class also used as diet a grain called grass rice which they dug up from the ground, and salted meat.‡ Even in the present day during times of scarcity, the poor people of Delft dig up grass roots called *musirai arisi* and eat them boiled or roasted.

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* "சுவல் விளைநெல்லின் செவ்வவிழ்ச்சொன்றி
ஞமலிதந்த மனவுச் சூலுடும்பின்
வறைகால் யாத்ததை யின் றெறும்பெறுகுவிர்."

Perumpan, II : 130-133.

You will have in every house the red coloured boiled grains of rice grown in high lands, together with a dish of the red meat of the iguana big with ova like unto chank beads—which was the game of dogs.

† "கேளாமன்னர் கடிபுலம்புக்கு
நாளாதந்து நறவுகொடை தொலைச்சி
பில்லடுகள்ளின் றெப்பிபருகி
மல்லன் மன்றத்து மதவிடைகெண்டி."

Perumpan, II : 140-143.

Entering the guarded realms of unfriendly kings, driving their cattle in the morning, exchanging them for toddy, drinking what of home-brewed liquor (is prepared from paddy) and goes by the name of *toppi* and slaughtering in the open a fat bull.

‡ "இரும்பு தலையாத்ததிருந்துகணை விழுக்கோ
லுளிவாய்ச் சுரையின் மிளிரமிண்டி
யிருநிலக்கரம்பைப் படுநீருடி
நுண்புல்லடக்கிய வெண்பல்லெயிற்றியர்
வாருதட்டவாடுன் புழுக்கல்."

Perumpan, II : 91-94 & 100.

Grass seeds without separating the sand and stones in them are cooked (and eaten) with salted meat by the white teethed Eyina women, who, with crow-bars having chisel-like lips and faultlessly round and strong handles begirt with iron bands on their heads, dig up ant-hills and in turning up clods of earth are be-smeared with the dust of the black-soiled *Karampai* (hard and sterile land) and gather grass seeds from the ant-chambers.

"But ye are a chosen generation."—PETER.

A PAGE OF SCIENCE

ON our flight to the Moon strange experiences have befallen us. One of us has become thirsty. He picks up his jug of water and tries to pour the water into his tumbler. But lo ! the water will not pour out ! We are far away from the pull of gravity, and the water cannot come down ! If we have had hindsight enough to take with us a straw, we can suck the water : else we must go thirsty.

Someone says look ! and we jump up to see. If we jump too hard, we shall strike the roof of our vessel. Gravity is no longer there to keep us down.

At last we have set foot upon the Moon.

Heavens ! is *this* the orb we saw on moonlit nights of Earth seated upon a garden seat beneath leafy boughs ? Is *this* the mellow thing whose rays embellished all the land and made gloriously golden the bright hair of the child seated beside us ?

Now that very Moon, beneath whose benison so many human beings have kissed lips and caressed hands, is all colourless, a vast expanse of volcanic ash, black and grey. We look up to see towering mountains higher even than Everest. We look down with fear and trembling into immense crater-pits going deep down into the bowels of the Moon. The sky overhead is jet black. All the air of the Moon has leaked away into space long ago. We shall be dead but for our supply of oxygen. Around us there is a deathly silence. Both light and sound are carried by air. There is no air here—hence silence and darkness.

Oh, it is so bitterly cold ! Were it ever so cold upon earth the air of the earth would become liquid. We have landed upon that part of the Moon which is away from the Sun. Upon the Moon, day and night are each fourteen earth-days in length, for the Moon takes a month to turn upon its axis. So we must wait fourteen earth-days before the Sun will shed his beam upon the Moon. And when he does—help ! the mighty heat of that ! From being unendurably cold the Moon has become unendurably hot.

The Moon is a smaller globe than the Earth. Therefore its surface has a bigger curve than ours ; and, if we are fortunate, we can look over into one of the edges of the Moon. If we do, we shall see that part of the Moon which human eye has never seen. The Moon goes round the Earth once in twenty-seven days. The Earth takes exactly the same time to spin on its own axis. Thus the Moon keeps the same face to the Earth all the time.

However long we may stay upon the Moon, we shall never see a bird, or tree, or green fields. Never shall we hear the sound of murmuring water upon those barren wastes : no soft and sweet wind will sigh past the hair of the girl beside you.

Do you recall that night in Belmont ?

" How sweet the moonlight
Sleeps upon this bank !

Sit, Jessica !
In such a night as this,
The sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise !

Here will we sit,
And let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears."

Loveliest Orb ! Quiring like an angel upon heaven ! Remain where you are ! Inlay the floor of Earth with patines of bright gold. Soft stillness and the moonlit night become the touches of sweet harmony.

ONE AND ONE MAKE ONE

[CHIEF among the Poet's manifold functions is that he should be Interpreter between man and his Maker. This function the modern English Poet, C. Day Lewis, has performed to perfection in the Poem we give below. The Poet says : nothing is trivial, nothing is separate, nothing is sordid—in the common round of the daily task—if only we will remember that one and one make One. The Poet depicts a simple scene. A young servant girl is laying a fire in a room. In a nearby room a musician is playing on a harpischord. The notes of the music pass from that room to this room. The musician "heavy and numb" has not seen the girl. The girl "deft and submissive" has not seen him. But the notes he strikes, "firm as hammers, smooth as satin," thrum through the air and, in a twinkling, one and one have become One.]

"I remember,
As if it were yesterday,
Watching that girl from the village
Lay the fire
In a room where sunlight poured ;

And seeing,
In the annexe beyond,
M. play a prelude of Bach
On his harpischord.
I can see his face now,
Heavy and numb . . . .

At his touch meticulous,
Smooth as satin,
Firm as hammers,
I can hear the air
Thrum with notes.

Her task there
Fetched from the girl
The innate tingling response
Of glass to a note.

She fitted the moment, too,
Like a glove,
Who deft and submissive
Knelt by the grate
Bowed as if in the Labour of love.

* * * *

Their orbits touched not,
But the pure submission of each
Gave value and definition
To a snapshot printed in that morning's sun.

* * * *

From any odd corner
We may start a Vision
Proving
That one and one make One."

THE PROSE OF WALTER PATER

[THE following description of an evening meal in a Roman home is taken from "Marius the Epicurean," Walter Pater's masterpiece. Pater's exquisite literary style, "burnished like the surface of hard metal," is quite beyond the capacity of the average person. But, just as we may admire the glory of the Taj Mahal on a full moon night, unattainable and yet everlastingly a thing of joy, so we may sit back and savour the delightful workmanship of a gem-maker in words.]

A NATURE like that of Marius, composed, in about equal parts, of instincts almost physical, and of slowly accumulated intellectual judgments, was perhaps even less susceptible than other men's characters of essential change.

The great Apuleius, the literary ideal of his boyhood, had arrived in Rome, was now visiting Tusculum, at the house of their common friend, a certain aristocratic poet who loved every sort of superiorities; and Marius was favoured with an invitation to a supper given in his honour.

It was with a feeling of half-humorous concession to his own early boyish hero-worship, yet with some sense of superiority in himself, seeing his old curiosity grown now almost to indifference when on the point of satisfaction at last, and upon a juster estimate of its object, that he mounted to the little town on the hillside, the foot-ways of which were so many flights of easy-going steps gathered round a single great house under shadow of the "haunted" ruins of Cicero's villa on the wooded heights. He found a touch of weirdness in the circumstance that in so romantic a place he had been bidden to meet the writer who was come to seem almost like one of the personages in his own fiction. As he turned now and then to gaze at the evening scene through the tall narrow openings of the street, up which the cattle were going home slowly from the pastures below, the Alban mountains, stretched between the great

walls of the ancient houses, seemed close at hand—a screen of vaporous dun purple against the setting sun—with those waves of surpassing softness in the boundary lines which indicate volcanic formation. The coolness of the little brown market-place, for profit of which even the working people, in long file through the olive-gardens, were leaving the plain for the night, was grateful, after the heats of Rome. Those wild country figures, clad in every kind of fantastic patchwork, stained by wind and weather fortunately enough for the eye, under that significant light inclined him to poetry. And it was a very delicate poetry of its kind that seemed to enfold him, as passing into the poet's house he paused for a moment to glance back towards the heights above; whereupon, the numerous cascades of the precipitous garden of the villa, framed in the doorway of the hall, fell into a harmless picture, in its place among the pictures within, and scarcely more real than they—a landscape-piece, in which the power of water—plunging into what unseen depths!—done to the life, was pleasant, and without its natural terrors.

At the further end of this bland apartment, fragrant with the rare woods of the old inlaid panelling, the falling of aromatic oil from the ready-lighted lamps, the iris-root clinging to the dresses of the guests, as with odours from the altars of the gods, the supper-table was spread, in all the daintiness characteristic of the agreeable 'petit-maître,' who entertained. He was already most carefully dressed, but, like Martial's Stella, perhaps consciously, meant to change his attire once and again during the banquet; in the last instance, for an ancient vesture—object of much rivalry among the young men of fashion, at that great sale of the imperial wardrobes—a toga, of altogether lost hue and texture. He wore it with a grace which became the leader of a thrilling movement then on foot for the restoration of that disused garment, in which, laying aside the customary evening dress, all the visitors were requested to appear, setting off the delicate sinuosities and well-disposed 'golden ways' of its folds, with harmoniously tinted flowers. The opulent sunset, blending pleasantly with artificial light, fell across the quiet ancestral effigies of old consular dignitaries, along the wide floor strewn with sawdust of sandal-wood, and lost itself in the

heap of cool coronals, lying ready for the foreheads of the guests on a sideboard of old citron. The crystal vessels darkened with old wine, the hues of the early autumn fruit—mulberries, pomegranates, and grapes that had long been hanging under careful protection upon the vines, were almost as much a feast for the eye, as the dusky fires of the rare twelve-petalled roses. A favourite animal, white as snow, brought by one of the visitors, purred its way gracefully among the wine-cups, coaxed onward from place to place by those at table, as they reclined easily on their cushions of German eider-down, spread over the long-legged, carved couches.

A highly refined modification of the 'acroama'—a musical performance during supper for the diversion of the guests—was presently heard hovering round the place, soothingly, and so unobtrusively that the company could not guess, and did not like to ask, whether or not it had been designed by their entertainer. They inclined on the whole to think it some wonderful peasant-music peculiar to that wild neighbourhood, turning, as it did now and then, to a solitary reed-note, like a bird's, while it wandered into the distance. It wandered quite away at last, as darkness with a bolder lamplight came on, and made way for another sort of entertainment. An odd, rapid, phantasmal glitter, advancing from the garden by torchlight, defined itself, as it came nearer, into a dance of young men in armour. Arrived at length in a portico, open to the supper-chamber, they contrived that their mechanical march-movement should fall out into a kind of highly expressive dramatic action; and with the utmost possible emphasis of dumb motion, their long swords weaving a silvery network in the air, they danced the 'Death of Paris.' The young Commodus, already an adept in these matters, who had condescended to welcome the eminent Apuleius at the banquet, had mysteriously dropped from his place to take his share in the performance; and at its conclusion re-appeared, still wearing the dainty accoutrements of Paris, including a breastplate, composed entirely of overlapping tigers' claws, skilfully gilt. The youthful prince had lately assumed the dress of manhood, on the return of the emperor for a brief visit from the North; putting up his hair, in imitation of Nero, in a golden box dedicated to

Capitoline Jupiter. His likeness to Aurelius, his father, was become, in consequence, more striking than ever; and he had one source of genuine interest in the great literary guest of the occasion, in that the latter was the fortunate possessor of a monopoly for the exhibition of wild beasts and gladiatorial shows in the province of Carthage, where he resided.

Still, after all complaisance to the perhaps somewhat crude tastes of the emperor's son, it was felt that with a guest like Apuleius whom they had come prepared to entertain as veritable connoisseurs, the conversation should be learned and superior, and the host at last deftly led his company round to literature, by the way of bindings. Elegant rolls of manuscript from his fine library of ancient Greek books passed from hand to hand about the table. It was a sign for the visitors themselves to draw their own choicest literary curiosities from their bags, as their contribution to the banquet; and one of them, a famous reader, choosing his lucky moment, delivered in tenor voice the piece which follows, with a preliminary query as to whether it could indeed be the composition of Lucian of Samosata, understood to be the great mocker of that day :—[Omitted.]

The reader's well-turned periods seemed to stimulate, almost uncontrollably, the eloquent stirrings of the eminent man of letters then present. The impulse to speak masterfully was visible, before the recital was well over, in the moving lines about his mouth, by no means designed, as detractors were wont to say, simply to display the beauty of his teeth. One of the company, expert in his humours, made ready to transcribe what he would say, the sort of things of which a collection was then forming, the 'Florida' or Flowers, so to call them, he was apt to let fall by the way—no 'impromptu' ventures at random; but rather elaborate, carved ivories of speech, drawn, at length, out of the rich treasure-house of a memory stored with such, and as with a fine savour of old musk about them. Certainly in this case, as Marius thought, it was worth while to hear a charming writer speak. Discussing, quite in our modern way, the peculiarities of those suburban views, especially the sea-views, of which he was a professed

lover, he was also every inch a priest of Aesculapius, patronal god of Carthage. There was a piquancy in his 'rococo,' very African, and as it were perfumed personality, though he was now well-nigh sixty years old, a mixture there of that sort of Platonic spiritualism which can speak of the soul of man as but a sojourner in the prison of the body—a blending of that with such a relish for merely bodily graces as availed to set the fashion in matters of dress, deportment, accent, and the like, nay ! with something also which reminded Marius of the vein of coarseness he had found in the 'Golden Book.' All this made the total impression he conveyed a very uncommon one. Marius did not wonder, as he watched him speaking, that people freely attributed to him many of the marvellous adventures he had recounted in that famous romance, over and above the wildest version of his own actual story —his extraordinary marriage, his religious initiations, his acts of mad generosity, his trial as a sorcerer.

But a sign came from the imperial prince that it was time for the company to separate. He was entertaining his immediate neighbours at the table with a trick from the streets ; tossing his olives in rapid succession into the air, and catching them, as they fell, between his lips. His dexterity in this performance made the mirth around him noisy, disturbing the sleep of the furry visitor : the learned party broke up ; and Marius withdrew, glad to escape into the open air.

THE CALL OF LANKA

By W. S. SENIOR

[*THROUGH the kind courtesy of Mr. James T. Rutnam, "The Tamil," is able to print a facsimile of this famous poem in the handwriting of the Poet himself.*]

The Call of Lanka.

I climbed the crag of Lanka
And gazed on her golden Sea;
And out from her ancient places
Her soul came out to me;
'Give me a Bard' said Lanka,
'My bard of the Things to be.'

2.

'My cities are laid in ruins;
'Their courts through the jungle spread;
'My sceptre is lay departed
'And the stranger lord instead;
'Yet give me a Bard' said Lanka;
'I am living; I am not dead.'

3.

'For high in my highland valleys,
'And low in my lowland plains,
'The pride of the past is pulsing.
'Hot, in a people's veins.
'Give me a Bard' said Lanka,
'A Bard for my joys and pains.'

4.

I offer a voice, O Lanka,
I, child of a alien isle;
For my heart has heard thee, and kindled,
Mine eyes have seen thee, and smile,
Take, foster-Mother, and use it,
'Tis but for a little while.

5

For surely of thine are children,
Born of thy womb, shall rise
The Bard of the moonlit jungle,
The Bard of the tropic skies,
Warm from his Mother's bosom,
Bright from his Mother's eyes.

6.

He shall hymn thee of hoar Sri-pada,
The peak that is lone and tall;
He shall hymn with her trees Dumbara,
The smoking waterfall,
Whatsoever is fair in Lanka,
He shall know it and love it all.

7.

He shall sing thee Vaaee Sigiriya,
Of mirror-rayed wandering kine;
He shall sing of the lake, and the lotus;
He shall sing of the rock-hewn shrine;
Whatever is old in Lanka,
Shall live in his kindly line.

8.

But most shall he sing of Lanka
In the brave new days that come,
When the races all have blended.
And the voice of strife is dumb;
When we march to a single bugle,
March to a single drum;

9.

March to a mighty purpose,
As men from shore to shore;
The Stranger become a brother,
The task of the tutor o'er;
When the ruined city rises,
And the Palace gleams once more!

10.

Hark, Bard of the fateful Future &!
Hark, Bard of the Bright To-Be!
A Voice as the verdant mountains,
A Voice by the golden sea!
Rise, Child of Lanka, and answer!
Thy Mother hath called to thee

W. S. Senaratna

The Tamil

REVERENCE

[The Tamil truly believes that Reverence—reverence for God, for Parents, for Elders, for all that is noble, lovely and true is the only sure basis of all Knowledge. The fine flower of Tolerance grows on the stem of Reverence. And the Fruit thereof is true Culture.]

Poets strive to entrap thee in the meshes of their songs. Painters burn to catch Thine hue on their canvas. Sculptors labour to enshrine Thee in their marble rare. Philosophers long to cajole Thee in the noose of their words. Vain are their strivings; they but touch the hem of Thine garment; for they Protean form eludeth all.

Nammalvar (Translation from Tamil).

* * * *

Comrade, do not turn or grope,
For some lesser light that dies.

A. E.

* * * *

I do not ask the wounded person how he feels,
I myself become the wounded person.

Walt Whitman.

There is a beyond in you, in me, farther than love. Love is not the root. It is only the branches. The root is beyond love.

D. H. Lawrence.

* * * *

The soul of friendship is perfect freedom. To be of cheer in friendly interference is the duty of the wise.

Thiruvalluvar (Kural)—
Translation by V. R. R. Dikshitar.

* * * *

Nothing is more exalted and manly than one's ceaseless toil to uplift one's own family.

The world becomes kin to one who leads an unblemished householder's life.

Thiruvalluvar (Kural)—
Translation by V. R. R. Dikshitar.

* * * *

My children, remember this, oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger.

Confucius to his Students.

* * * *

Tsze-Loo once asked Confucius, " What constitutes the Higher Man ? "

Confucius replied, " The cultivation of himself with reverential care."

* * * *

The essence of intolerance is the exalting of prejudices into principles, and the imposing of them on other people.

Clive Bell.

* * * *

Liberal education teaches us to enjoy life ; practical education to acquire things that may enable us or some one else to enjoy it.

Clive Bell.

PORTRAIT OF A JAPANESE ARTIST

IN Bengal they still speak of Kakuzo Okakura. The Japanese (like the Tamils) place the father's name first and the personal name after. Kakuzo signifies a combination of suavity, fortitude, harmony.

Okakura came of a distinguished Japanese family. He was of the elite of Japan. He was the founder of a neo-Japanese school of Art : this he called Nippon Bijitsu-in. He was also the author of a masterpiece which was a best-seller throughout Japan. He wrote of **" The Ideals of the East."**

In India, Okakura displayed those qualities for which the Japanese are so justly famous : simplicity, courtesy and extreme personal cleanliness. Throughout his travels in the vast sub-Continent he carried with him only two bags. In one of these were his *kimonos* which he washed daily. Inside the other bag were a number of smaller bags, each of a different colour, which held his toilet articles, writing implements, painting brushes and pigments and—all the time—little artistic knick-knacks suitable as gifts to the friends he made in his journeys. At night he would spread a strip of grass matting over the railway bunk and go to sleep profoundly.

In physique Okakura was a short but sturdy man. Whenever he was a guest in a home, and there were visitors, he would wear a black silk *kimono* on which was embroidered his family crest—a white flower of five petals. In his hand he would keep a bamboo-and-paper fan decorated with a sprig of foliage. On his feet were Japanese cloth socks and grass sandals. He sat always at ease, fully relaxed, yet tense as a trigger.

At that time Sister Nivedita (Miss Margaret Noble) was living in India. She was at once fascinated by the personality of this grand Japanese gentleman. While he was her guest she invited many Indian youths to her home, so that Okakura may speak to them. But Okakura was a man of few words. He impressed by his silences rather than by his speech. Nivedita would load him

with complimentary references—either to himself or to his country or to his book, the manuscript of which he had allowed her to see. All these praises served but to elicit from him a bow of acknowledgment : no more.

Okakura spoke English slowly but accurately. He would wait for a word, but, when it came, it was the right word.

Once he wished to visit the site of Nalanda University. He and his companion had to ride cross-country for about 30 miles on the back of a small elephant. They contrived to stay on its bare sloping back by clinging on to a rope stretched from neck to tail. Thus they travelled in a zig-zag of heights and depths, over hill and dale, wetted by the rain, broiled by the sun. At the end of the journey Okakura had a touch of fever. His companion took him to the home of a friend for a short rest. The friend plied his guest with invalid diet and stimulants—milk, broth, wine. Okakura had no use for any of these. He asked for hot rice gruel and, when he had swallowed a tumbler of the gruel, he felt himself again, ready to resume the journey.

In these journeys he would rely more on gestures than in speech. If a view of the landscape pleased him he would make a frame by bringing together the tips of his fingers and indicate to his companion to look through it, with a bow and a smile. Once a Bengali artist took an unfinished painting to Okakura for his advice. Okakura said nothing. After gazing at the picture, he laid two matchsticks at an angle in a corner of the sketch. The Bengali artist exclaimed in wonder that the nature of the defect which had been puzzling him so long, as well as the remedy, had been revealed.

One day Okakura saw a Japanese steamer moored alongside one of the docks of Bombay. A longing for the atmosphere of his own home came upon him. He and his companion boarded the vessel. The Captain and his officers came forward with inquiry written over their faces. Okakura stepped forward and uttered the one word ' Okakura.' At once they all bent double, hands on knees, murmuring compliments. They had recognised a famed artist-son of Japan.

Okakura loved to visit the temples of India. Whenever he did so, he would remove his *kimono* and wear a *dhoti* in Indian fashion. For him all shrines were to be approached with reverence.

While he was in India, Swami Vivekananda passed away. At once Okakura hurried to Nivedita. He found her beside herself utterly broken with weeping. He went and sat by her. He offered no consolations in words. But his silence worked upon her with greater potency than the many words of her other friends. She was at peace.

"Art alone endures.
The Bust—outlasts the throne,
The Coin—Tiberius."—H. A. DOBSON.

ON STATES AND CONSTITUTIONS

[PERHAPS the most amazing aspect of the Independence of Ceylon is that Ceylon has not yet a Constitution of its own making. No Sovereign Constituent Assembly, the duly chosen of a Free People, has yet met in Ceylon. What passes for the Constitution of Ceylon is a measly piece of mediocre drafting fabricated by a couple of beer-drinking bureaucrats inside dim official recesses. It will never bring pride or joy to a lover of Lanka. India has her own Constitution, made by her own self,—a noble document : high words, high thoughts, high ideals. The Constitutions of France and America are trumpet calls to patriot-love and glory. The so-called Constitution of Ceylon is but a belch of broken wind.

It is not generally known that John Henry, Cardinal Newman, so justly famous for his lovely English prose, wrote not only his "Apologia," but, besides, other writings which the young Reader should read for their nobility of language and thought. Of these, we would recommend "Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects," a series of essays of the greatest value to the student of the arts of true thinking and good writing. We publish a part of Cardinal Newman's Essay on States and Constitutions. Apart from the felicity of phrase, there is here the core of Statesmanship and Citizenship.]

NOW I hope you will have patience with me, if I begin by setting down what I mean by a State, and by a Constitution.

First of all, it is plain that every one has a power of his own to act this way or that, as he pleases. And, as not one or two, but every one has it, it is equally plain, that, if all exercised it to the full, at least the stronger part of mankind would always be in conflict with each other, and no one would enjoy the benefit of it ; so that it is the interest of every one to give up some portion of his birth-freedom in this or that direction, in order to secure more freedom on the whole ; exchanging a freedom which

is now large and now narrow, according as the accidents of his conflicts with others are more or less favourable to himself, for a certain definite range of freedom prescribed and guaranteed by settled engagements or laws. In other words, Society is necessary for the well-being of human nature. The result, aimed at and affected by these mutual arrangements, is called a State or Standing; that is, in contrast with the appearance presented by a people before and apart from such arrangements, which is not a standing, but a chronic condition of commotion and disorder.

And next, as this State or settlement of a people, is brought about by mutual arrangements, that is, by laws or rules, there is need, from the nature of the case, of some power over and above the People itself to maintain and enforce them. This living guardian of the laws is called the Government, and a governing power is thus involved in the very notion of Society. Let the Government be suspended, and at once the State is threatened with dissolution, which at best is only a matter of time.

A lively illustration in point is furnished us by a classical historian. When the great Assyrian Empire broke up, a time of anarchy succeeded; and, little as its late subjects liked its sway, they liked its absence less. The historian thus proceeds: "There was a wise man among the Medes, called Deioces. This Deioces, aspiring to be tyrant, did thus. He was already a man of reputation in his own country, and he now, more than ever, practised justice. The Medes, accordingly, in his neighbourhood, seeing his ways, made him their umpire in disputes. He, on the other hand, having empire in his eye, was upright and just. As he proceeded thus, the dwellers in other towns, who had suffered from unjust decisions, were glad to go to him and to plead their causes, till at length they went to no one else. Deioces now had the matter in his own hands. Accordingly he would no longer proceed to the judgment-seat; for it was not worth his while, he said, to neglect his private affairs for the sake of the affairs of others. When rapine and lawlessness returned, his friends said, 'We must appoint a king over us;' and then they debated who it should be, and Deioces was praised by every one. So they made him their king; and he, upon this,

bade them to build him a house worthy of his kingly power, and protect him with guards ; and the Medes did so."

Now I have quoted this passage from history, because it carries us a step further in our investigation. It is for the good of the many that the one man, Deioces, is set up ; but who is to keep him in his proper work ? He puts down all little tyrants, but what is to hinder his becoming a greater tyrant than them all ? This was actually the case ; first the Assyrian tyranny, then anarchy, then the tyranny of Deioces. Thus the unfortunate masses oscillate between two opposite evils,—that of having no governor, and that of having too much of one ; and which is the lesser of the two ? This was the dilemma which beset the Horse in the fable. He was in feud with the Stag, by whose horns he was driven from his pasture. The Man promised him an easy victory, if he would let him mount him. On his assenting, the Man bridled him, and vaulted on him, and pursued and killed his enemy ; but, this done, he would not get off him. Now, then, the Horse was even worse off than before, because he had a master to serve, instead of a foe to combat.

Here then is the problem : the social state is necessary for man, but it seems to contain in itself the elements of its own undoing. It requires a power to enforce the laws, and to rule the unruly ; but what law is to control that power, and to rule the ruler ? According to the common adage, " Quis custodiet ipsos custodes ?" Who is to hinder the governor dispensing with the law in his own favour ? History shows us that this problem is as ordinary as it is perplexing.

The expedient, by which the State is kept *in statu* and its ruler is ruled, is called its Constitution ; and this has next to be explained. Now a Constitution really is not a mere code of laws, as is plain at once ; for the very problem is how to confine power within the law, and in order to the maintenance of law. The ruling power can, and may, overturn law and law-makers, as Cromwell did, by the same sword with which he protects them. Acts of Parliament, Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Reform Bill, none of these are the British Constitution.

What then is conveyed in that word ? I would answer as follows :—

As individuals have characters of their own, so have races. Most men have their strong and their weak points, and points neither good nor bad, but idiosyncratic. And so of races : one is brave and sensitive of its honour ; another romantic ; another industrious, or long-headed, or religious. One is barbarous, another civilized. Moreoever, growing out of these varieties or idiosyncrasies, and corresponding to them, will be found in these several races, and proper to each, a certain assemblage of beliefs, convictions, rules, usages, traditions, proverbs, and principles ; some political, some social, some moral ; and these tending to some definite form of government and *modus vivendi*, or polity, as their natural scope. And this being the case, when a given race has that polity which is intended for it by nature, it is in the same state of repose and contentment which an individual enjoys who has the food, or the comforts, the stimulants, sedatives, or restoratives, which are suited to his *diathesis* and his need. This then is the Constitution of a State : securing, as it does, the national unity by at once strengthening and controlling its governing power. It is something more than law ; it is the embodiment of special ideas, ideas perhaps which have been held by a race for ages, which are of immemorial usage, which have fixed themselves in its innermost heart, which are in its eyes sacred to it, and have practically the force of eternal truths, whether they be such or not. These ideas are sometimes trivial, and, at first sight, even absurd : sometimes they are superstitious, sometimes they are great or beautiful ; but to those to whom they belong they are first principles, watch-words, common property, natural ties, a cause to fight for, an occasion of self-sacrifice. They are the expressions of some or other sentiment,—of loyalty, of order, of duty, of honour, of faith, of justice, of glory. They are the creative and conservative influences of Society ; they erect nations into States, and invest States with Constitutions. They inspire and sway, as well as restrain, the ruler of a people, for he himself is but one of that people to which they belong.

PAGES FOR THE YOUNG

[WE continue the story of David Copperfield. Little Reader, ask Mother to read this to you at bed time.]

§ 18.

THUS the fortnight of David's holiday in Yarmouth slipped away. It was varied by nothing but the variation of the tide. When Ham was unemployed, he sometimes walked with David and Emily, to show them the boats and ships, and, once or twice, he took them for a row. Throughout his life these impressions remained with David. He never heard the name, or read the name, of Yarmouth but he was reminded of a certain Sunday morning on the beach, the bells ringing for Church, little Emily leaning on his shoulder, Ham lazily dropping stones into the water, and the Sun, away at sea, just breaking through the heavy mist and showing them the ships, like their own shadows.

§ 19.

At last the day came for going home. So happy had David been with his friends of Yarmouth that he had thought little or nothing of home. But no sooner was he turned towards it than he felt that his home was his nest, his mother his comforter and friend. This feeling gained upon him as David and Peggotty went along. The nearer David drew to his home, and the more familiar became the objects that he passed, the more excited David was to get to his home and to run into his mother's arms. But Peggotty, instead of sharing in David's excitement, looked confused and out of sorts. She tried to check David, though very kindly.

§ 20.

Home would come, however, in spite of Peggotty—and did. It was a cold and grey afternoon, with a dull sky, and threatening rain. How well David remembered it through all the days of his life.

The door opened. David looked, half laughing and half crying, for his mother. She was not there. Instead, David saw a strange servant.

"Why, Peggotty," David said ruefully, "isn't mother come home?"

"Yes, yes, Master David," said Peggotty. "She's come home. Wait a bit, Master Davy, and I'll—I'll tell you something."

Between her agitation and her natural awkwardness in getting out of the cart (for she was so fat) Peggotty was making an extraordinary festoon of herself. When she had got down, she took David by the hand and led him, wondering, into the kitchen, and shut the door.

"Peggotty!" said David, quite frightened, what's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter, Master Davy, dear!" Peggotty answered, assuming an air of sprightliness.

"Something *is* the matter, I am sure," said David. "Where is Mama?"

"Where is Mama?" repeated Peggotty.

"Yes. Where is Mama? Why hasn't she come out to the gate? Oh, she's not dead, Peggotty?"

Peggotty cried out, No!

Then she sat down, and began to pant. David gave her a hug, and then stood before her, looking at her in anxious inquiry.

"You see, dear, I should have told you before now—"

"Go on, Peggotty," said David, more frightened than before.

"Master David," said Peggotty, untying her bonnet with a shaking hand and speaking in a breathless sort of way.

"What do you think? You have got a Pa!"

David trembled, and turned white. Something connected with the grave in the churchyard, and the raising of the dead, seemed to strike him like an unwholesome wind.

BOOK REVIEW

A HISTORY OF SOUTH INDIA (THE TAMIL PLAIN)

By NILAKANTA SASTRI

Oxford University Press, Mount Road, Madras, 1955.

THE author has supplied a much-felt and longed-for need. It is a general survey of the ancient history of South India to the middle of XVIIC. It is an earnest and scholarly attempt to trace the cultural and political development of South Indian peoples in whose languages, literature and institutions, ' there has survived much more of pre-Aryanised India than anywhere else.' The Deccan or the ' Tamil Plain,' as it is sometimes called, Mr. Nilakanta Sastri maintains, is one of the oldest inhabited regions of the world and its prehistoric archaeology and contacts with neighbouring lands ' constitute an important part in the history of the world civilisations.'

In the First Chapter, the author points out how Indian history had long been studied from the continental point of view, to the neglect of the maritime side of the story—the overseas colonisation and trade which had been carried out by the South Indians, the real builders of the Greater India. The Pallawas and Pandyans for a time had overshadowed the name of the Cholas, who were so prominent in the Sangam Age and were again to raise in the succeeding epoch ' one of the most splendid Empires known to history.' In page 77, he gives further references to show that as far back as the first millenium B.C., South India had trade contacts with the Philippines, the Malay Peninsula, Java and North Borneo. The extensive trade, colonisation and later conquests of South Indian kingdoms in Sumatra and Java as well as in Indo-China ' already well known ' were the ' last stages in an association reaching as far as the Northern Philippines, which had begun many centuries before.'

Referring to early South Indian inscriptions he says : ' the earliest extant inscriptions from Burma, Malaya, Java, Borneo and Indo-China furnish unmistakable

evidence of the important part played by the Deccan and South India in the colonisation and Aryanisation of these lands (p.4). On page 14, he refers to the short cave inscriptions found in natural caves in the Tamil Districts and in the Island of Ceylon. He points out that ' though their script is Asokan Brahmi with modifications : the language employed in them seems to be the most ancient form of Tamil so far known to Epigraphy.'

Chapter II deals with ' the Land in Relation to History.' In Chapter III he describes ' the Earliest Peoples and Cultures ' of South India. The excavations at Adichanaller reveal that rice was cultivated in South India in the second millenium B.C. Iron implements such as hoes and the ' three-pronged trident,' associated with the Tamil deity Murugan, were found here. Similar tridents and implements were discovered ' in the tombs of the early iron age of the time of Solomon.' Urn burials similar to those found in Adichanaller have been found in Mediterranean lands such as Syria (p. 61). ' Trade by sea between South India and Egypt in the second millenium B.C. is attested to by many Egyptian records of the time.' The author ascribes to the finds such as ' iron hoes and gold deadem and mouth pieces ' at Adichanaller, the date 12th Century B.C.

Mr. Nilakanta Sastri, however, suggests that ' the absence of parallels in the rest of India ' might point to ' a foreign origin of this culture.' Iron tridents used in the worship of Muruga cannot certainly have originated in Palestine. It is more probable that these were carried by Dravidian Merchants and Colonists from South India to the Mediterranean lands visited by them.

In a Bulletin of the British Iron and Steel Federation (1949), Sir William Larke, a former Director of the British Iron and Steel Federation, points out that ' the centre of origin of iron is placed in India—" in Hyderabad and Trichinopoly "—both in Southern India. It was from this centre that the iron and glass objects " similar to and in some cases identical with the pre-historic, glass and iron finds in the South of India," referred to by the author (p. 77) had been taken to the Philippines, thus pointing to the South Indian origin of this industry.

In Chapter IV, 'The Dawn of History,' the author describes the 'Aryanisation' of South India. It would be more appropriate to speak of the 'Indo-Aryan infiltration into South India.' The boundaries of India had already been Dravidianised by the overwhelming Dravidian population spread throughout the North. Though the Sanskrit Language and Religion were studied and absorbed by the peoples of the South from about the 3rd century B.C., they were no more 'Aryanised' by the study of Sanskrit and Brahmanism than they have been 'Anglicised' today by their study of and contact with English and Christianity. A study of the earliest Sangam Literature extant has, on the contrary, shown that Sanskrit influence had introduced elements which affected the purity and simplicity which characterise the early Sangam Literature and religious thought of the Tamils.

Chapter V-XII, are devoted to a study of the Political History of South India. Chapters XIII-XVI, deal with the Social and Economic conditions, the Literature and Religion, Philosophy, Art and Architecture of South India.

In Chapter XIV (Literature), the author ascribes the dates of the late Sangam works now available to the first three centuries of the Christian era. But he admits (Chapter VII, p. 102) that 'in the poems of the Sangam Anthologies, the Tamil Languages had reached maturity and had begun to serve as a powerful and elegant medium of literary expression.' Nevertheless he tries to make out that Tamil Literature began to develop mainly after contact with Sanskrit. While admitting that these works were 'the result of a long course of development' he limits the period of development to 'some generations,' to fit in with his theory that Tamil could not have fully developed before the spread of Sanskrit in South India.

From the reference found in Silapadikaram, a Tamil Epic, to Gajabahu of Ceylon (173-95) who lived during the period of Senguttuvan, he assigns the beginning of the Sangam Age to 100 A.D. It is now accepted that the Sangam Anthrologie were composed very much earlier than Silapadikaram. For the Tamil Language to have reached a stage of development shown by these works,

its grammar and literature must had many centuries not ' generations ' of development.

The work as a whole is a mine of information about the past history of South India and is the result of vast scholarship. The author's references and bibliographies are in general limited to researches and historical works published three decades ago. He has not given the sources of many of his quotations. The works of those who have dealt with the Indus Civilisation, and of Scholars such as Fr. Heras, Chatterji and numerous others whose opinions incline to emphasise the Dravidianisation of the Indo-Aryans, rather than the ' Ariyanisation ' of the Dravidians are given scant notice. At page 11, he ascribes his omission ' to elaborate discussions of rival authorities and citations from them,' ' to the apparently summary and even dogmatic treatment of controversial subjects.' The index is somewhat inadequate and footnotes have been avoided.

S. J. G.

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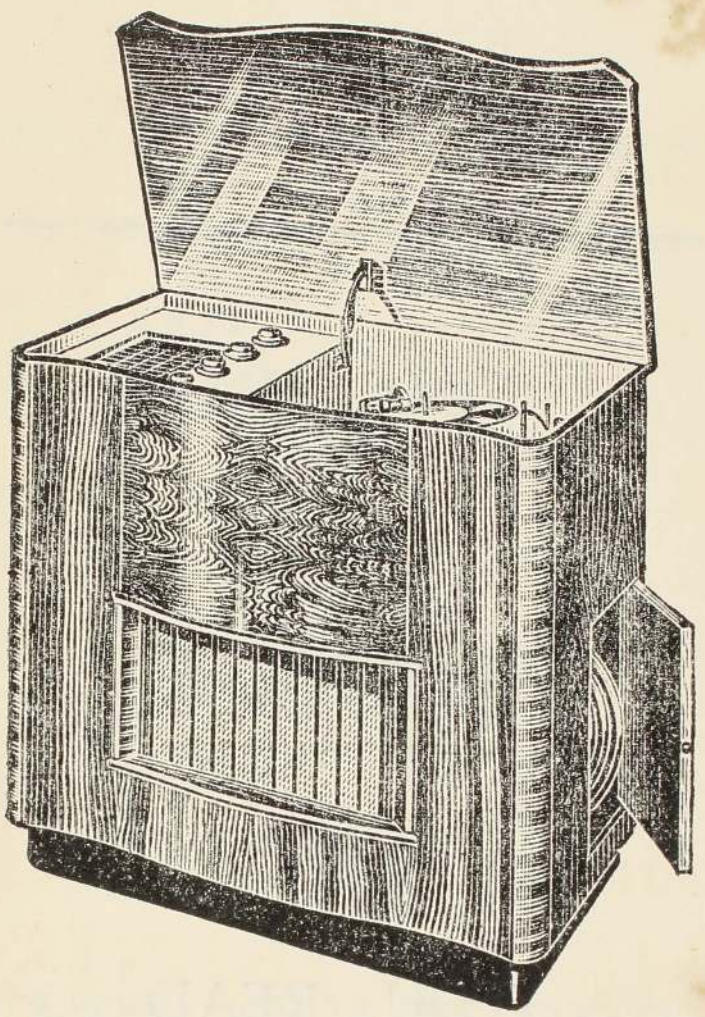

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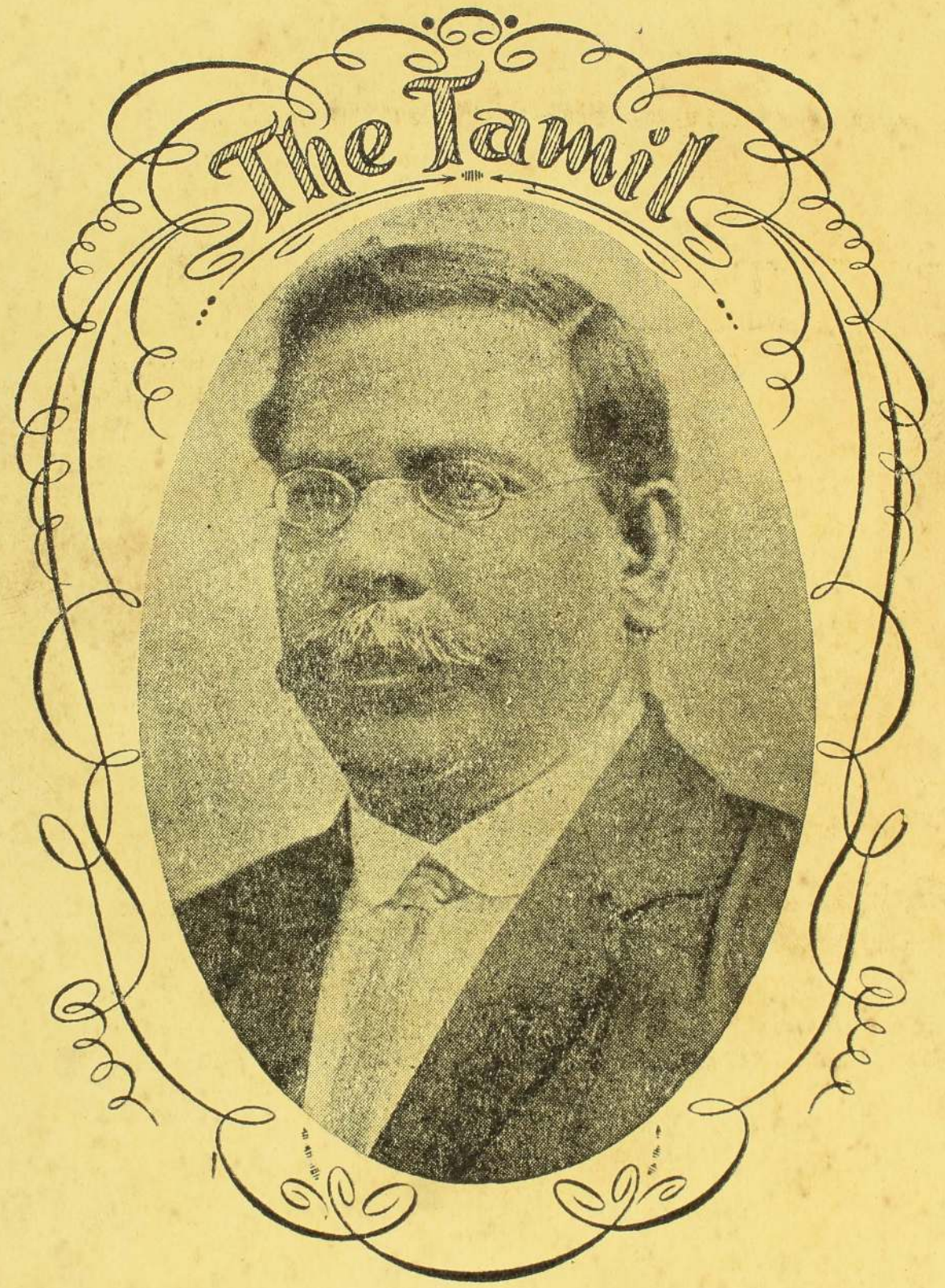
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