

Mr. Gokhale's History

he was devoted heart and soul to the service of his country, and, happily, it is sometimes true, even though that devoted service has been crowned by honours, fame, and riches. But of Mr. Gokhale who is still alive, I would say that for every day of his manhood he has had no motive but his country's service, from the day of his appointment on a salary of £60 a year as teacher of history and economics at the Fergusson College in Poona up to his retirement in 1902 on a pension of £20 a year, and onward through the last six years of labour, vilification, and heated controversy. Not a great speaker, and making no attempt at emotional eloquence at a time when oratory counted for much more in India than it does now—a man who has never even contemplated any popular arts except his own inevitable politeness, he has won his influence upon his country's future simply by unreserved devotion and integrity of life. At a moment of intense excitement during the plague riots in Poona, when Mr. Rand and Lieut. Ayerst were shot by Damodar Chapekar and his brothers as they drove into the city from Government House (June 22, 1897), he, being then in England, published charges against the method of plague-observation by British soldiers, which on his return he discovered were not supported by the promised evidence, and he offered an open apology to Lord Sandhurst and the Army. Amidst an infuriated

A Servant of India

public opinion, which believed the charges to be not only true, but below the truth, few could have lived down such a retraction. But Mr. Gokhale lived it down.

When the National Congress met at Benares in December, 1905, just after the partition of Bengal, he was elected President as the safest guide in a crisis of extreme difficulty and increasing indignation. Mr. John Morley had just received his appointment to the India Office, and a few lines from Mr. Gokhale's presidential address may be quoted to show the hopes and fears of the time :—

“Large numbers of educated men in this country feel towards Mr. Morley as towards a Master, and the heart hopes and yet trembles. He, the reverent student of Burke, the disciple of Mill, the friend and biographer of Gladstone, will he courageously apply their principles and his own to the government of this country, or will he too succumb to the influences of the India Office, and thus cast a blight on hopes which his own writings have done so much to foster? In any case his appointment indicates how favourable to our cause the attitude of the new Ministry is.”

For two or three years past Mr. Gokhale had represented the Presidency of Bombay as one of the elected Indians upon the Viceroy's Legislative Council, and when I first met him at Poona, as I have described, he had just returned from the Council at Simla, in which the Seditious Meetings

On the Viceroy's Council

Bill was approved.* Before the Viceroy and the rest of the British majority, he had opposed the Bill with a restrained but overwhelming plea for the common rights of freedom, as English people understand them. In one significant passage, after referring to "the malignant activity of certain unscrupulous correspondents" who had recently been trying to lash the British public into a panic by false versions of events and private utterances, he added :—

"The saddest part of the whole thing is that the Secretary of State for India has fallen a victim to these grievous misrepresentations. Possessing no personal knowledge of the people of this country, and overwhelmed with a sense of the vast responsibilities of his office, he has allowed his vision to be obscured, and his sense of proportion to be warped. From time to time he has let fall ominous hints in the House of Commons, and more than once he has spoken as though some great trouble were brewing in India and the country were on the eve of a dark disaster. My Lord, in these circumstances the passing of a Bill like the present, and in such hot haste, is bound to have the effect of confirming the false impression which has been already created in England, and this cannot fail to intensify and deepen still further the sense of injustice and injury, and the silent resentment with which my countrymen have been watching the course of events during the last few months."

Here, on the edge of the rocky country west

See Introduction, p. 25.

A Servant of India

of Poona, close beside the Fergusson College for Indians, with which he had been so long connected, he had laid the foundation of his "Servants of India Society" two years before, and in the two-roomed cells about a dozen Knights of the Order were already living. They were men prepared, in the language of the Society's rules, "to devote their lives to the cause of the country in a religious spirit, and to promote, by all constitutional means, the national interests of the Indian people." The object of the Society is to train the Servants as national missionaries, ready to visit any part of India at the order of the First Member and Council, in the hope of creating a deep and passionate love of the country, organizing political teaching, promoting goodwill among the different races, assisting education, especially of women, and raising the people who live below even the lowest caste.

Each Servant of India remains under close training for five years, but out of the five years he spends two in visiting various parts of India, so as to know the people's needs at first hand. Even when his novitiate is complete, he is required to live two months every year in the Headquarters, and, like the Monastic Orders, all the members take vows—to give their best to the service of the country; to earn no money for themselves and seek no personal advantage; to regard all Indians as brothers, without distinction of caste or creed; to

Rules of the Order

engage in no personal quarrel ; and to lead a pure personal life. In this Order, as in other similar societies throughout India, there is a growing tendency to celibate consecration, like the Roman priesthood's. But the last vow does not exclude marriage. In fact, there is a provision that every member under training shall have his personal expenses borne by the Society, but be granted £2 a month for his family, if he has one, and that after his novitiate the full member shall bear the expenses of himself and family out of a grant of £3 6s. 8d. (Rs. 50) a month, with an extra allowance for the insurance of each child as it comes.

The merely learned side of the Order is represented by a large library, already containing rows on rows of the many great books that Indians and Englishmen have written on India, together with a selection from the history of liberty in all countries. That is the library's distinction. Beginning with England herself, and passing right down the glorious roll to the Russia of 1905, it has here collected the long record of man's gradual and hard-won conquest of freedom.

Social reform is certainly one side of the Society's work. To free the laborious peoples of India from the bondage they lay on themselves in harassing ritual, immature marriages, exclusion from life's detencies of some fifty millions, who eat dead animals and think they commit mortal sin if their

A Servant of India

shadow touches a Brahman—to free the common people gradually from these obsolete ways, and to spread among them the first inkling of knowledge, for which the Government does not yet afford the money—these are objects common to most Indian reformers, and natural under the tradition of Ranade. Such purposes are missionary in the ordinary sense, like the efforts of our missionary societies or university settlements. Only those who are dubious about all missionary efforts could criticize them. I am dubious myself, only because no one has ever deliberately missionized me without driving me further into sin, if only as a relief from his presence. For I keep in my mind that saying of Thoreau's :—

“If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life as from that dry and parching wind of the African deserts, called the simoom, which fills the mouth and nose and ears and eyes with dust till you are suffocated, for fear I should get some of his good done to me—some of its virus mingled with my blood.”

But I think the cause of all this peril and terror really lies, not in the good that might be done to myself, but in a certain disintegration in the missionary nature, an over-maturity or staleness of virtue that rots the good before I get it. If it were possible for the missionary spirit to move on the same insecure plane of pitfalls with me,

The Order and England

unconscious of any salutary purpose beyond its own difficult salvation, one might possibly escape its virus without running in the opposite direction.

That is why the frankly political side of the Society is so welcome. Politics, being less intimate to the soul, appear less dangerous for a teacher than social reform or philanthropy, in which some kind of moral or class superiority is nearly always assumed. Regarding the Society's attitude towards the British Government, I had better quote from its own little book of rules :—

“Its members frankly accept the British connection, as ordained, in the inscrutable dispensation of Providence, for India's good. Self-government on the lines of the English colonies is their goal. This goal, they recognize, cannot be attained without years of earnest and patient work and sacrifice worthy of the cause.”

Many have smiled over that “inscrutable dispensation of Providence.” Naturally, I took it for irony myself, though I felt that irony was out of tune with the Society's regulations. But it is not irony. Mr. Gokhale's nature is too direct, his purpose too simple in its intensity, for the ironic bypaths.

I was dining that night with such of the Servants of India as had not gone home for the family festival. Mr. Paranjbye was there too—Senior Wrangler of his year, Fellow of St. John's, present Head of the

A Servant of India

Fergusson College close by, famous among European mathematicians, and almost tolerated in the Anglo-Indian society of Poona for his skill at lawn tennis. Mr. Kelkar had come as well—editor of the *Mahratta*, a leader in the Extremist camp, Mr. Tilak's vigilant captain. And a few more Brahmans and others sat with us, not too sacrificial in purity to eat beside a carnivorous European. That "inscrutable dispensation" was discussed amid laughter, but Mr. Gokhale retained his accustomed serenity. He had written the words with entire seriousness. The dispensations of Providence were inscrutable, but still he believed the British connection was ordained for India's good. It had secured various things which any one could count, but above all it had instilled into the Indian nature a love of freedom and a self-assertion against authority that Indians used to lack, but English people often possess in enviable abundance.

I remember quoting the common opinion that Anglo-Indians have lost sympathy with Indians because they no longer make India their home, but keep one eye on England and are always on the flit. But Mr. Gokhale disagreed. He thought it an advantage that fewer English people now settled in the country. The fairly permanent residents, like shopkeepers and planters, were as a rule the worst mannered and most domineering, and they took hardly any part in public life. The standard of manners in

Present Discontents

general, he thought, had gone down. It might be that, in old days, the Englishman found it easier to be sympathetic with natives whom he could treat as dear good things. But educated Indians had come to detest such sympathy as only fit for pet animals, and both races were beginning to notice the change. For his part, he thought that since Lord Ripon left India in 1884, the type of Englishman that came out had slowly been declining.

"It is unfortunate," he said, "that our Congress movement should have coincided with the past twenty-two years of violent reaction and Imperialism in England. You can hardly imagine how intolerable our life became at the time of the Boer war. The insolence of Anglo-Indian papers, like the *Englishman* or the *Civil and Military Gazette* towards our people goes beyond all bounds. Yet the *Civil and Military Gazette*, which is the worst offender, has only received a mild remonstrance from the Lieut.-Governor of the Punjab, while the editors of Indian papers are in gaol.* Such treatment, however, is the inevitable penalty of a conquered race, and, I think, within the last year manners have mended a little. Lord Minto, at all events, is very much the gentleman himself.

"During the last three years of Lord Curzon's time," he continued, "we were kept in a state of perpetual irritation. Then came our high hopes from the Liberal Party, and our violent disappointment. The worst of all is that many people are beginning to lose faith in English integrity and sense of justice—the two main qualities that could be used for the maintenance of your power. It is a

See Introduction, p. 17.

A Servant of India

new thing, but our young men are beginning to ask what is the good of constitutional agitation if it only results in insult and the Partition of Bengal? That is how Extremists are created. There are two schools of them now, one here in Poona, the other in Bengal itself, and Anglo-Indians are always calling upon us to denounce them. But we are not likely to denounce a section of our own people in face of the bureaucracy. For, after all, they have in view the same great object as ourselves."

For himself, I discovered many months afterwards that Mr. Gokhale hated the name of Moderate, as, I suppose, all beings of flesh and blood needs must. But, for brief, one has to call by some such name the party which continues in patience and hope to believe that appeals to justice and reason may still induce the English people to grant reform.

For the Simla scheme, recently put out by Mr. Morley for criticism,* no Indian whom I met had anything to say, except Mr. Gokhale alone, who thought he detected one or two minor points that might possibly be of advantage. He condemned the Imperial Advisory Council entirely, as sure to produce a body of half-educated ruling chiefs and territorial magnates, powerless to stand against any Government proposal, and unlikely to be summoned except to discuss a royal visit, a statue, a famine, or the plague. But from the Provincial Advisory Councils he thought something might possibly be

* Introduction, p. 22.

Reform Scheme criticized

gained, if at least half the members were elected on a high franchise and were bound to meet for the discussion of definite local subjects so many times a year.

The attempt to clutch at any possible chance of good was characteristic of the man. With all his power he repels the temptation to sulky aloofness, always a strong temptation to enthusiasts in opposition. It is true he could find nothing to say for the Simla proposal of enlarging the Viceroy's Legislative Council from twenty-four to fifty-three, by packing it with representatives of Chambers of Commerce, Mohammedans, and landowners. Such a scheme was too obviously only an attempt to crush down the influence of the education which has been one of England's greatest gifts to India. It was a reversal of all British policy, which had hitherto set itself to depress the landlord gentry and men of wealth who "have a stake in the country," and to stand as protector of the poor. The whole thing was too evidently framed in the spirit of fear and not of progress. But nevertheless, in Mr. Gokhale's own scheme of reforms, an enlargement of the Legislative Councils is a prominent clause. That and some genuine control over the Budget by representative Indians on the Viceroy's Council would start the reform of political machinery. In other departments the old cry for complete separation of judicial and executive functions must be listened to, so that

A Servant of India

even the lower officials in districts should never act both as prosecutor and judge. In the same public services, Indians should be granted an improved position in accordance with Queen Victoria's Proclamation,* and, above all, the teaching of children should be gradually extended till it became free and compulsory, even in villages. There were a few other points in Mr. Gokhale's programme of immediate reform. But in none could I discover a trace of that vagueness and impracticable demand, that "crying for the moon," of which Mr. Morley and other critics of Indian demands were then complaining.†

I met Mr. Gokhale many times again—in Poona itself, Surat, Bombay, and London—and his reasonable and open-hearted personality will often re-appear in this record. But to myself I still picture him on that Diwali evening in the refectory where the Servants of India were gathered round him, together with friends from both the main Parties of the time. In concession to my outlandish habits, I was allowed a table, chair, and spoon at dinner. But the sons of the country sat on boards level with the floor, their backs against the walls, and in front of each of us was laid half a plantain or banana leaf, neatly studded round the edge with little piles of rice, beans and other seeds, flavours, sauces and other condiments, together with thin wheaten cakes.

* Introduction, p. 6.

† Introduction, p. 28.

The Order at Home

Which when we had eaten, and drunk clean water from round brazen vessels such as all Indians carry when they walk, we washed up by burning the plantain leaves, rinsed our hands, and continued the discussion over pomegranate seeds, orange cloves, and pan - leaves concealing beetel - nut and various spice. Serene, modest, definite in aim and in knowledge, he continued to discourse with us, until the full moon rolled westward, and under her obscure silence I returned to the city of the plague, where the oil lamps were now extinguished, and the children asleep.

CHAPTER II

RATS AND MEN

THE bubonic plague, as I said, had been known in India for only eleven years, but from the first the common people had noticed its connection with rats. The sight of a dead rat in a house spread terror, and when rats crept out upon the floors, regardless of man, and lay panting to death, it was early recognized that the plague was at hand. The unlearned observed these warnings, but no one detected their full significance, and for many years the pestilence was attributed to bad water or overcrowded and insanitary houses.

In Poona it was thought there was too much water about, and the officer of health undertook the remedial measure of draining a rather nice pond that used to be behind the Deccan Club, and converting it into as malarial a marsh as I have ever seen outside West Africa. The authorities, in their perplexity, also set about cleansing the quarters and homes of the Indian population, who, I suppose, are, on the whole, the most scrupulous

The Bubonic Plague

about washing and cleaning of any working people in the world. They tried disinfectants, and poured thousands of pounds in the form of chemicals down drains, ditches, and streets. Sometimes, by mistake, they poured things that do not disinfect, and still the plague went on. They tried "segregation." They divided the city into compartments under military guard, and sent British soldiers into the homes to examine men, women, and children, and take them off to isolated hospitals if there was a sign of plague. The symptom from which the plague takes its name of "bubonic" is the swelling of the great glands in the groin into hard lumps. No greater profanation of the Indian reverence for home and women could be imagined than this forcible entrance and examination by men—by soldiers of another race. No matter how kindly and decent and respectful our men were, no virtue on their part could prevent their presence and action from infuriating any population, especially in an Asiatic town. Riots broke out, and when I was in Poona, a small stone was put up to mark the spot on the country road to Government House, where the Chairman of the Plague Committee had been murdered, together with a young officer who happened to be with him. When the youth who conceived the deed was sentenced, he said to the judge, "You may hang me to-morrow, but my soul will at once pass into another body, and in

Rats and Men

sixteen years it will be fighting against the English again."

The kindly zeal, the strenuous measures, the fatherly concern, the haste to do something, the utter inability to understand another point of view, are alike characteristic of our Government and of the elephant that sat on the orphaned eggs to hatch them.

From that time, I believe, arose a peculiar bitterness and feeling of distrust towards our rule that slowly permeated the country, and are still particularly strong in Poona itself. But their origin is distant now, and when I was there all our old methods had long been abandoned. There was now no examination for suspected cases, and no military searching of houses. The people were not "segregated," and general disinfection was given up. Inoculation and "health camps" had become the Government methods now. The object of inoculation was the same as similar processes in other diseases, like smallpox or typhoid; the object of the "health camps" was simply to separate human beings from rats.

That old connection between rats and plague had lately been examined afresh, chiefly by Dr. Turner, the Public Health Officer in Bombay, and the theory of the rat-flea had sprung into science. Contemplate a dead rat lying on your floor in the day-time, and you will find numerous fleas leaping



A HEALTH CAMP.



IN A VILLAGE.

[Face p. 50.]

The Rat-flea

up and down upon his body. If you are wise and prudent, you will rapidly pour kerosene over him from a distance, and then set him alight. For if, having seen him brewing in the air, you do not thus nip him in the bud, you are likely to fall a victim to the plague after sunset. A rat's fleas are not the harmless, homely insects that we know. This species of flea has a special predilection for rats, and they will not leave their favourite home if they can help it, at all events by day. At night, when the rat is dead, they have to go, and then, as a last resort, they will take refuge on a human body for want of better sustenance. But with them they bring the germ that has killed the rat.

Whether they themselves infect the rat in the first instance, or whether they only transmit from him a bacillus which the rat has developed from other origins, I have not discovered ; but I suppose the latter. Nor am I quite sure whether the fleas die of plague themselves or remain immune. Anyhow, the theory is that when once they have passed the germ into a human being's blood, the plague is assured. In a climate like India's the most careful and cleanly people can never be secure against fleas, for, wash as they will, some insect or other is pretty certain to be biting them every minute of the day and night, and it is difficult to distinguish one bite from another. A further terror is that the little grey squirrel with paler stripes, which draws no

Rats and Men

distinction of race or riches, and swarms throughout India, even on the roofs of the wealthiest bungalows, is quite as much a favourite with the fleas as any rat could be. While I was in Poona they were climbing over my verandah and scampering across my floor by dozens, and I took a peculiarly personal interest in their health, which happily appeared excellent.

The British Government was, at the time, buying rats alive at some fraction of a farthing a head. They had already purchased 25,000 in the town when I was there, and everywhere one met industrious Hindus carrying rats in cages to the official rat-collector. Whether the price was high enough to induce industrious Hindus to breed rats for the British market, I do not know. But I believe it was found that the reduction of the rat population gave the survivors such increased vitality that never had such active and powerful specimens of rat been seen before.

There is no very strict rule about the season for plague. Sometimes it comes in the rains, sometimes in the drought. Usually it is worst at the end of winter, but in 1907, when nearly 70,000 people died in a week in the Punjab, it was approaching the height of summer. As a rule the season lasts three months, and in bad seasons at Poona the cases go up to 100 a day. While I was there, the rate, as I said above, was comparatively low—only 12, 15, or 20 cases a day. But in the Presidency of Bombay, as a

Incidence of Plague

whole, people were dying by 7000 a week, and that seems a good deal, even though the population of the provinces is 18,000,000, including Scinde. The British Isles count for more than twice that number, but if we began dying of plague by 7000 a week, I dare say there would arise such a commotion for escape as when you stir up an ants' nest with a stick.

In Poona the Government had erected rows of tin huts as a hospital on some vacant ground just beyond the railway station, and there I was able to observe cases of the pestilence in every stage. There were from 80 to 100 men, women, and children admitted as patients, and the men and women were laid in separate rows. But otherwise not much difference could be made between the patients as to caste and habits, though some of the Brahmans had their food sent in from outside when they were recovering, like first-class mis-demeanants in our prisons. It is rather peculiar that the Brahmans offer least resistance to the disease, and this the Sister-in-charge attributed to the strictness of their vegetarianism for ages past. To Europeans it is less fatal than to any Indians, but, next to Europeans, the lowest or "sweeper" caste, who will eat anything anyhow, almost like Europeans themselves, are the best patients, and show the most recoveries. There may, however, be other reasons for this difference besides the

Rats and Men

food—I mean the natural hardiness of the labouring class, and the natural tendency of all highly organized and sensitive beings to collapse under fever.

Each patient in hospital lay in a separate cubicle, and mothers or other relations were allowed to visit and sit there. A plague-stricken mother might, I believe, even bring a young child with her, so great was the confidence in the new theory of infection and in the absence of rats. The stories of instant and unavoidable contagion in other plagues, such as the plague of London, seem to separate those diseases in kind from this bubonic plague; but very likely the stories were not true, or what was considered to be contagion was in reality an underlying common origin.

It was some comfort to a mother to be allowed to watch her thin, bright-eyed child panting its life away, but the absorbed intensity of her watching, as a rule, had not to continue long. The disease begins with violent headache and a rapidly increasing temperature; the breath becomes terrible, and the tongue chalky white or bluish. There is a strong objection to taking food or drink, and milk is often spat out by a spasm in the throat, as in hydrophobia. Delirium supervenes about the third day and usually lasts to the sixth, when most patients die. During the delirium there is an extreme desire to get up and walk about, so that many patients have to be strapped down to their

Course of Plague

beds. Far the most important thing is to keep the patient absolutely still, as death most frequently comes from collapse of the heart, and recovery depends almost entirely upon the patient's constitutional power of heart action. An English lady, who had come through the disease, told me that even during the delirium she seemed to be dimly conscious of the strain on the heart; but this memory may have been only suggestion. I think the delirious patients that I saw would be incapable of remembering anything of those three days, even if they recovered.

Meantime, in their benign efforts to work off the poison in the blood, the glands have from a very early stage developed into hard lumps that usually suppurate and have to be incised, but sometimes absorb without operation. When I touched the glands in the groin, they felt like walnuts under the skin, and it is, as I said, the presence of this obvious symptom which gives the plague its characteristic name of "bubonic," from the Greek word for groin. After incision, the patient's temperature often goes down rapidly, but, in any case, the pain from the glands is usually very great; indeed, I think it is the chief cause of such pain as the plague gives.

Next to heart failure, the commonest cause of death is lung complication after the crisis of fever is passed. The prostration when the temperature

Rats and Men

begins to decline is usually extreme, and some patients whom I saw were so emaciated that they appeared to be parodies of famine—legs and arms like sticks, back and ribs like frameworks of bone. It is true that probably they were not very fat when they went into hospital. The delirium often leaves the patients silly, and if I had been in Central Africa again, I should have said at once that several of them had sleeping sickness in the third or fourth month—the time when, in sleeping sickness, the control over the emotions begins to fail. The nurses in the hospital were Indian women, under the direction of a European Sister.*

For the sake of comparison it may be of interest to quote a few of the symptoms given in descriptions of other plagues. The account by Thucydides (ii. 49) of the plague in Athens, 430 B.C., is the most detailed: "All of a sudden," he says, "people who were quite well before were seized with violent pains in the head, together with redness and inflammation of the eyes; the throat and tongue became blood-red, and the breath strangely disagreeable. Sneezing and sore throat ensued, and after a short time the lungs were affected and there was violent coughing. When the disease settled in the stomach it caused great disorder, with every known kind of purging of bile, accompanied by severe pain. Most patients suffered from an empty retching, with violent spasms, that sometimes gave relief at once, sometimes only after a long time. The surface of the body was not very hot to touch, nor was it pale, but suffused red or livid, covered with small spots and ulcers. But the internal heat was so great that the patients could not endure even the lightest clothes or muslins, but insisted on being naked, and longed to throw themselves into cold water. Many who were not looked after actually jumped into wells, overcome with unquenchable thirst; but it was just the same whether a patient drank much or little. All through the illness they were unable to keep still or get any sleep. Whilst the fever was at its height the body did not waste away, but

Similar Plagues

While I was still in Poona, Sir George Clarke, the new Governor of Bombay, who was already winning the confidence and respect of Indians in all parties by his straightforward ways and his freedom

resisted the disease beyond all expectation, so that most patients died from the internal fever on the seventh or ninth day with a good deal of strength still left ; or, if they survived the crisis, the disease descended to the bowels, where it set up ulceration and such violent diarrhoea that in most cases death ensued from weakness."

The chief symptoms given by Boccaccio in the Introduction to the "Decameron," where he describes the plague in Florence (1348), are : "At the beginning of the disease both men and women developed swellings in the groin or under the armpit. These swellings grew to the size of a crab-apple or an egg, sometimes larger, sometimes less, and the common people called them 'gavoccioli.' In a short time this deadly sore began to spread to all parts of the body, and the nature of the disease gradually changed into black or livid spots, which appeared on the arms and thighs and other parts, sometimes large and scattered, sometimes minute and thick together." He goes on to speak of the entire inability of doctors to deal with the plague, and of the readiness with which the smallest association or contagion spread it from one to another.

Defoe wrote only at secondhand about the plague of London (1665), but such symptoms as he gives of that "spotted fever" were probably taken from eye-witnesses with whom he had conversed. He mentions violent pains in the head, vomitings, and spots on the thighs ; also "swellings, generally in the neck and groin, which, when they grew hard and would not break, grew so painful that it was equal to the most exquisite torture. . . . In some these swellings were made hard, partly by the force of the distemper, and partly by their being too violently drawn, and were so hard that no instrument could cut them, and then they burnt them with caustics, so that many died raving mad in the torment, and some in the very operation. In these distresses, some for want of help to hold them down in their beds, or to look to them, laid hands upon themselves. Some broke out into the streets, perhaps naked, and would run directly down to the river, if they were not stopped by the watchman or other officer, and plunge themselves into the water, wherever they found it."

Rats and Men

from official routine, issued a proclamation giving the actual statistics of the plague; and calling on the people to submit themselves voluntarily to inoculation as the only means of defence yet discovered. The proclamation was read about the streets in Mahrati, the people listening patiently, and then reflecting. Many Indians have a feeling against inoculation, just as thousands of English people have. They regard it as some sort of contamination, even when it is voluntary, and the memory of an old error in the serum that poisoned a village dies hard.* There is also a certain amount of national and even religious prejudice on the subject. The thing is European; it does not fit in with Hindu tradition, and Mr. Tilak, the most powerful political and religious force in Poona, was known at that time to oppose it. Still, it had been proved that, as a rule, no great harm was done, and, on the off-chance that it might save their lives, many took it. For inoculation there was the further inducement of sixpence bestowed on each patient by a considerate Government, so as to tide over the two or three days' gentle illness that usually follows the operation.

It naturally occurs to one that many a poor but dishonest man would gladly be inoculated every day of his life for sixpence, or would, at all events,

* In 1902, nineteen died from this cause at Mulkowal, a village in the Punjab, and the Punjab Government abandoned the hope of inoculation for the time.



A VILLAGE STREET.



A STREET IN PLAGUEL.

Inoculation

induce his wife and children thus to contribute to the family budget. Very likely that happens from time to time in the case of far-seeing people who are resolved to avail themselves fully of the Government's prophylactic measures. But some real check upon this form of prudence is imposed by the appearance of the arm, and an official check is also kept by an elaborate system of finger-print records—one of the most official farces I have ever seen. Even more embarrassing, however, than the thrifty man is he who, feeling rather unwell, hastens up to be inoculated, and is found to be developing the plague already. Of course, nothing will persuade him that his visit to the inoculator was not the cause of the disease, and much suspicion is spread in this way among the people. It is, in any case, extremely difficult to induce women to take the inoculation. Everything possible is done to shelter their feelings; a most discreet curtain is hung to protect them from sight and make them feel at home; one of their own people is the operator, and only an inch or two of arm is exposed, whereas they never have the slightest objection to walking in the crowd with legs and waist quite bare at any hour of the day. Yet the whole traditional instinct of Indian womanhood, from the day of Sita, Rama's wife, rises up in protest against such a profanation.

At four separate points of the native city the Government had set up stations where all comers

Rats and Men

might be inoculated free—not only free, but with that sixpenny reward. In the midst of the central market-place, where elderly bangle-merchants, with the help of soapy powder, were squeezing gorgeous glass bangles from China over women's hands, and men and women were squatted on the stones, chaffering over little heaps of queer vegetables and fruit, I found a native apostle of science and fatherly Government preaching the terrors of plague and the glory of redemption by serum. Before him was fixed a little spirit stove, on which boiling vaseline simmered. At his side was a glass saucer containing scraps of cotton wool dipped in strong carbolic. One hand gesticulated the truths of nature, the other held a little glass syringe, with a long, sharp beak, and any one could see that the syringe was half full of yellow salvation. Under the mingled influences of rhetoric and fear of death, a man stepped forward from the listening half-circle. With the carbolic wool the expositor washed the dust from the thin brown arm, told the patient to admire an imaginary bird in the opposite direction, just like a Margate photographer with a child, and plunged the sharp-nosed syringe first into the boiling vaseline and then under the brown skin. Instantly it was withdrawn, but a drop or two of the yellow salvation had gone, and for three or four months—say, for the length of one plague season, but only for that—the man was fairly safe. The crowd sighed its satisfaction, as

An Apostle of Science

when a rocket bursts. The place on the arm was wiped with carbolic wool. "Take his thumb mark, give him the paper of instructions, pay him his six annas," said the apostle of bacillary science in Mahrati to a subordinate, and the labour of a fatherly Government struggling with adversity went doggedly on.

CHAPTER III

THE EXTREMIST

I KNEW it would come. Till I had been some time in Bombay, I did not realize the custom, but the moment I realized it, I felt there was no escape. As often happens with forebodings, it came unexpectedly in the end. I was visiting the simple house, workshop, and garden, in a main street of Poona, where the two Extremist papers are published. Both appear weekly—the *Mahratta* in English, the *Kesari* or *Lion* in the Mahrati language. Both are owned and directed by Mr. Tilak, the acknowledged leader of the Extremists in India, but the *Mahratta* was edited by Mr. Kelkar, an intellectual, keen-tempered Brahman, who accompanied me over the printing office and showed me a courteous friendliness all through my stay in Poona. Both papers have obtained what is thought a large circulation in India—the *Mahratta* selling 11,000 a week, the *Kesari* close upon twice that number. In outward appearance, the *Mahratta* is very much like the *Spectator*. The *Kesari*, with

Garlanding

lions in emblem defiant on each side of the title, is on cheaper paper of eight folded pages. Its language is said to be more violent than the *Mahratta's*, which as a rule is carefully moderate in expression.

In the cool and quiet of the editor's room, among bookshelves mildewing like most Indian libraries, I was listening to the history of the papers when I observed a crowd of brown printers, deferential but eager, at the door. In their hands they bore strange objects, such as I had never before seen, but at a glance I knew the moment had arrived. Advancing to my chair they hung around my neck a thick festoon of orange marigolds, picked out with the silvery tinsel which decorators of our Christmas trees identify with fairy rain. They encircled both my wrists with orange bracelets to match, and in my right hand they placed an arrangement of variegated flowers and spangles, stiff and formal as the sceptre of the Tsar. So I sat enthroned, and if only a correspondent from Calcutta had been present, the broadsheets of London that evening might have screamed with scare-heads of "Sedition!" Even in the midst of my friendly embarrassment, I could not but regret a journalistic opportunity lost.

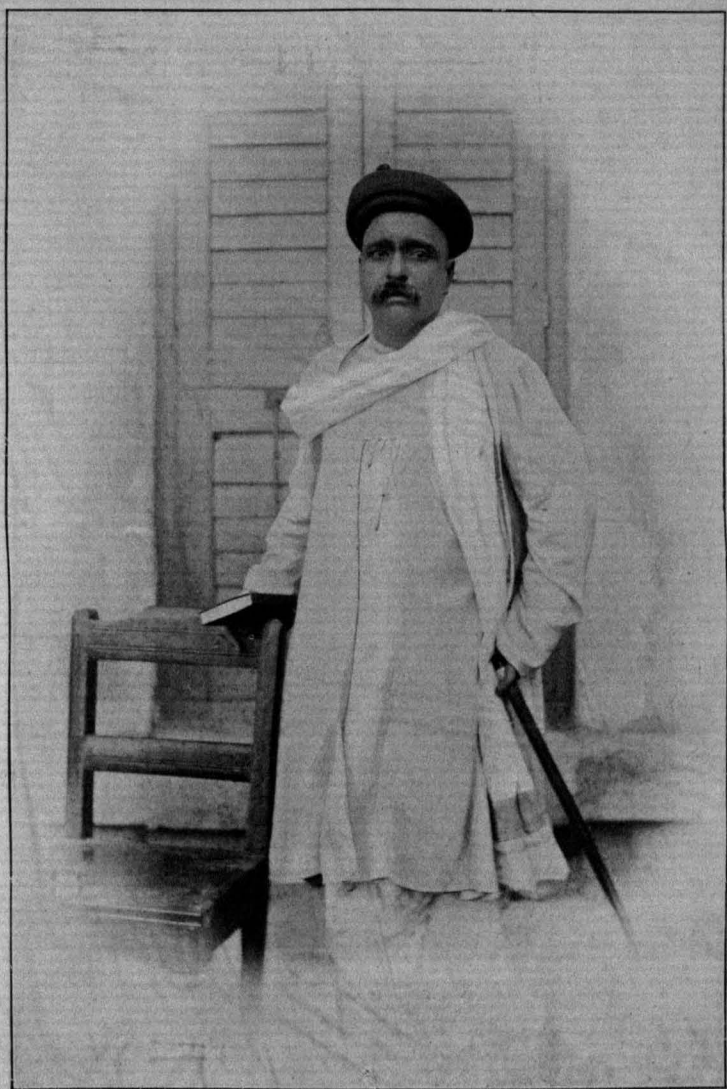
Embarrassing, certainly it was, but only to my British ignorance and shyness. To complete the Imperial ceremony, my dusky subjects sprinkled

The Extremist

me with delicate odours from silvern vessels ; they soused my handkerchief in scent ; they rubbed spikenard and aloes on the back of my hands. Then, standing at a distance, they contemplated their handiwork with kindly satisfaction, while I laboured to express my august gratification in an Imperial tongue they could not understand. Every one present knew, and I knew myself, that they would have honoured in the same way any visitor who had come to their works in a benignant spirit. Even when, hung with fillets like a sacrificial victim and bearing the floral sceptre upright in my hand, I issued from the front door into the full blaze of the public street, the passers-by looked at me with admiring interest, but without a trace of laughter. These things are merely habit, and before I left India I lived to dread garlands as little as my bed. But that first time—with what shamefaced horror the consciousness of my British trousers and khaki helmet filled me ! Suddenly, with an inexplicable pang, I remembered that I had once rowed two in the Christ Church torpid, and if any of my own countrymen had gone down the street at that moment, I think I should have got under my cart instead of into it.*

Thus ornamented by a graceful hospitality, I drove away, some sixteen miles south-west of the

* Compare the *Attis* of Catullus, LXIII. 50. "*Patria o mei creatrix, patria o mea genetrix . . . Ego gymnasei fui flos,*" etc.



MR. TILAK.

[Face p. 64.]

Mountain of Singarh

city, through an irrigated and fertile land of terraced rice-fields, draining the abundant water that rice flourishes in from one level into another. Slowly we drew near a great blue mountain, conspicuous from Poona among the other hills for its height and flat-topped outline. It is the mountain fortress of Singarh, famed in Deccan history. Unknown peoples had made it their rock of defence, Mohammedans had reigned there, Mahrattas took it by storm. Finally the British, some ninety years ago, bombarded the place till it could stand no more, and now all that afternoon I had watched a British helio on its summit blinking messages to the Poona cantonment. There is a long, steep climb before the old fortifications that run round the edge of the cliffs are reached, for the top is as high as Ben Nevis. But passing through a western arch in the walls we entered on the broad grassy plateau while still the low horizon was brilliant with sunset, and against the sunset a red-turbaned, white-clad figure, upright but using a long staff, came to meet me.

Bal Gangadhar Tilak appeared to be about ten years older than Mr. Gokhale, but it is difficult to tell his age, for if ever he takes off his Mahratta turban, one sees his head shaven to the back, where the hair grows in a long, black tuft, as is the fashion of his race or caste. His full, brown eyes are singularly brilliant, steady with daring, rather aggressive

The Extremist

But his general manner is very quiet and controlled, and both in conversation and public speaking he talks in brief, assured sentences, quite free from rhetoric, outwardly passionless even in moments of the highest passion, and seldom going beyond the statement of facts, or, rather, of his aspect of facts at the time. His apparent calmness and self-command may arise partly from courageous indifference to his own future, partly from prolonged legal practice at his own trials. At first one would say, his was the legal mind, subtle, given to fine distinctions, rather capable of expressing thought than of thinking, and quick to adapt both the expression and the thought to the audience of the moment. But there is much in his life and energies that seems to show that his natural bias was towards religious speculation and scholarly traditions.

Among the leading reformers of India, he is probably the most orthodox Hindu. He professes a devout belief in progressive Hinduism and in successive reincarnations of Krishna at epochs of India's greatest need. But in practice his Hinduism often reacts against the forces of progress, and serves him as an ally in resisting the materializing notions imported from the West. In scholarship, he is known among all Sanscrit scholars as one of the closest and most original. His book on "The Arctic Home of the Vedas" maintains from internal evidence that the Sacred Books of India

Mr. Tilak

originated among a glacial people inhabiting the region of the Arctic Circle, or some land equally chilly. I cannot say what the value of the theory may be. Possibly the book is as fantastic as it is learned. But to me it is significant because it appeared in the midst of the author's direst persecution, when money, reputation, influence, and everything were at stake, and few men would have had the courage to spare a thought either for Sacred Books or Arctic Circles.

It is said that he is embittered. One of the highest and best of English officials in India told me he admired Mr. Tilak, and would gladly know him personally, but was afraid of inviting him for fear of a rebuff, so irreconcilable was the man reputed. Yet when the meeting did take place, by a kind of accident some weeks later, there was no rebuff, but only courtesy and openly expressed esteem. Certainly, if a fine nature can ever be embittered, Mr. Tilak has had enough to embitter him. Early in the 'eighties he was imprisoned for speaking against the Diwan or Prime Minister of a Native State, whom he accused of cruelty to the Raja. In September, 1897, he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for attacks in the *Kesari* upon the Bombay Government when the population of Poona was frenzied at the plague regulations. After a year in gaol he was released, but soon afterwards he became involved in a private

The Extremist

suit concerned with his trusteeship for a widow named *Tai Maharaj* and her adoption of an heir. The Bombay Government took up the case, and the trial, with appeals, dragged on for nearly two years, Mr. Tilak being condemned by one magistrate to a long imprisonment and heavy fine. "The paths of scholarship," was the *Pioneer's* comment, "lead but to the gaol," and in Court Mr. Tilak was publicly handcuffed. Finally, in March, 1904, his appeal came before the High Court of Bombay, represented by Chief Justice Sir Lawrence Jenkins and Mr. Justice Batty; the conviction and sentence were quashed and the fine was ordered to be refunded.

This judgment confirmed the common Indian opinion that British justice can best be looked for in the High Courts of Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, because the judges appointed directly by the Crown can maintain the law without being unconsciously prejudiced by long service under the Anglo-Indian routine. But, unfortunately, owing to Mr. Tilak's past record, and his connection with the Extremist papers, the ruinous action taken against him had the air of persecution, and laid the Bombay Government open to a charge of vindictiveness. It was during these proceedings that Mr. Tilak displayed his fine unconcern by issuing his treatise on the origin of the Vedas, and in the end, when his innocence was finally established, he found that

His Conservatism

a leader's greatest advantage of having suffered for his cause was indefinitely increased.

When I met him that evening on the mountain top, another crisis of his fate was just being decided, but nothing could surpass his outward calm. He was living in one of the dilapidated bungalows thinly scattered over the plateau. I was put to lodge in another empty one, because, belonging, as he does, to the same high caste as Mr. Gokhale, and to the same subsection of it, he refuses, as a strict Hindu, to emancipate himself from the caste obligations and live or eat with mere Europeans. All that night the wind roared over the mountains, but with the first sun he came to lead me round the elaborate ruins of the fortifications, and, as though he had no interest in the world except as tourist's guide, he showed me where the British guns had battered, and where, in the time of the Mahratta hero, Shivaji, two hundred and forty years ago, his own ancestors crept up the precipice at night and scaled this very wall, aided by a great lizard that was trained to carry a string up the surface and hold tight with its claws till a man could climb. So at this dizzy spot the party had climbed ; then killed.

It is easy to perceive the marvels of the past, and belief in them is unimportant. But to realize the strange significance of the man at my side, and to understand the things he believed in at the

The Extremist

moment was a different matter. He continued to discourse about the villages half hidden in the deep valleys below, and narrate their sufferings, hopes, and varying prosperity as if he had no further thought on earth beyond their cattle and their rice. But I knew that at Nagpur in the Central Provinces, things had just been happening which deeply involved himself and his party. The annual meeting of the National Congress was to have been held there at Christmas. The Reception Committee had met to appoint a President, and the Moderates of the majority chose Dr. Rash Behari Ghose. Thereupon, the Extremists, insisting upon their majority in the Central Provinces and in the Executive Committee, chose Mr. Tilak. He in turn proposed Mr. Lajpat Rai, as a compromise; but, with his usual chivalry, Mr. Lajpat Rai refused to stand rather than risk a division among the reform party, or an open breach between the Congress and the Government. To be sure, deeper questions of principle or of method lay behind these personal disputes, but on the personal question of the President the Nagpur meeting had just broken up in disorder. The Moderates had determined not to hold the Congress at Nagpur at all, but to accept the invitation of Surat, only a few hours' journey north of Bombay, which was the headquarters of the strongest section among them.

Relation to Moderates

Compared to the wild adventures of his Mahratta ancestry, or to the economic conditions of the peasants far below us, one might have supposed from his manner that Mr. Tilak regarded these party differences as beneath all notice. Perhaps he did so regard them, and, if he did, he was partially right. But still, at the moment, the party difference was the thing attracting most attention in India, and it was sure to grow in importance. Mr. Tilak's own thoughts might have been occupied with the situation all day, but it was only in the afternoon that he came quietly into my empty bungalow alone, and began to discuss it in his concise and definite way. When I published a careful abstract of this conversation shortly afterwards, many Moderates and Extremists alike supposed that he had dissembled his true intentions, and told me only what he wished to be known. As he did not ask for secrecy, certainly I never supposed he was telling me things he did not wish to be known, and I think it very likely that he enjoyed giving himself the pleasure of appearing as Moderate as possible. But in the evening I read over to him the notes I had taken of the conversation just as it was afterwards published, and he approved of what I wrote. In studying his speeches and writings of recent years, I have also found the lines of his policy laid down in almost the same words as he

The Extremist

used to me, and I am inclined to think that his statements resembled his beliefs rather closely.

His first object was to show that, as to their immediate purpose, Extremists and Moderates did not differ in aim :—

“It is not by our purpose, but by our methods only,” he said, “that our party has earned the name of Extremist. Certainly, there is a very small party which talks about abolishing the British rule at once and completely. That does not concern us; it is much too far in the future. Unorganized, disarmed, and still disunited, we should not have a chance of shaking the British suzerainty. We may leave all that sort of thing to a distant time. Our object is to obtain eventually a large share in the administration of our own country. Our remote ideal is a confederacy of the Indian provinces, possessing colonial self-government, with all Imperial questions set apart for the central government in England. Perhaps our Home Rule would take the form of Provincial Councils of fifty or sixty members, nominated or indirectly elected at first, but elected by popular vote as education became more general.

“But that ideal also,” he went on, “is far ahead of us—perhaps generations ahead. What we aim at doing now is to bring pressure on the bureaucracy; to make it feel that all is not well. Of late the attitude of our British officials has greatly changed for the worse. They no longer speak of educating us up to freedom, as the great Englishmen like Elphinstone did in the past. They appear to agree with the *Times* that our education in subjects like English history must be checked, because it is dangerous for ‘natives’ to learn anything about freedom. Your present statesmen seem to take the old Roman Empire as their ideal, and

Economic Grievances

even in that they follow the modern school of Oxford historians, who trace the fall of the Empire to the concession of citizenship to the provinces.

"I know the worst that you can say about the Russian bureaucracy ; but even that bureaucracy does, according to its lights, seek to maintain the honour and prosperity of Russia, because Russia is its own country. Our bureaucracy administers a country not its own for the sake of a country far away, entirely different in character and interests. Our bureaucracy is despotic, alien, and absentee."

Mr. Tilak then referred to the well-known complaints brought against our Administration by nearly all students of Indian economics—the "drain" of some £30,000,000 to £35,000,000 a year to England in the shape of various payments from an impoverished country ; the ruin of Indian trades and manufactures, first by duties against her exports, and now by customs dues within her own borders, deliberately imposed for the advantage of British, Austrian, and American firms ; the reduction of very nearly the whole population to a subsistence on a starving agriculture ; and the unexplained increase of malaria, famine, and plague.

"The immediate question for us," he continued, "is how we are to bring pressure on this bureaucracy, in which we have no effective representation, but are debarred from all except subordinate positions. It is only in our answer to that question that we differ from the so-called Moderates. They still hope to influence public opinion in England by

The Extremist

sending deputations, supporting a newspaper, and pleading the justice of our cause. Both parties, of course, have long ago given up all hope of influencing Anglo-Indian opinion out here. But even in England we find most people ignorant and indifferent about India, and the influence of retired Anglo-Indians at home is perpetually against us. When Lord Cromer said the other day that India must be no party question, he meant that Liberals should support the bureaucracy as blindly as Tories. The history of the last year has proved to us how unexceptionably they fulfil that duty.

"Under these disappointments we Extremists have determined on other methods. It is a matter of temperament, and the younger men are with us. Our motto is 'Self-reliance, not Mendicancy.'

"Besides the ordinary Swadeshi movement, we work by boycott and passive resistance. Our boycott is voluntary. We do not advocate picketing or compulsory prevention from the purchase of foreign goods. And in passive resistance we shall simply refuse to notice such measures as the Seditious Meetings Act. But we do not care what happens to ourselves. We are devoted absolutely and without reservation to the cause of the Indian peoples. To imprison even 3000 or 4000 of us at the same time would embarrass the bureaucracy. That is our object—to attract the attention of England to our wrongs by diverting trade and obstructing the Government. Without in the least intending it, England has promoted the idea of Indian unity—by railways, by education, and the use of a common official language. The mere pressure of the British domination upon us makes for unity. Our unity will not be complete, perhaps, for generations yet, but it is the goal to which our faces are now set, and we shall not turn back."

Ideal of Self-government

As I said, many have suspected that, in this statement of his party's aims and methods, Mr. Tilak was playing down to an Englishman's love of moderation. To some extent that may have been true, but only, I think, with regard to the distance in time at which he placed India's realization of self-government. On January 4, 1907, Mr. Tilak had addressed the students in College Square, Calcutta, upon the "Tenets of the New Party," and I extract a few sentences dealing with this subject :—

"There were certain points," he said, "on which both parties were agreed. The object both parties had at heart was the same ; it was self-government. The present system of administration was ruinous to the country both materially and morally. . . . There were some, indeed, who still believed that the continuance of the British rule was necessary for some centuries in order to raise them to the level of civilized nations. Those who held such views obviously could not follow his arguments, and they must agree to differ and part as friends. But most of them were agreed that the present system must be mended or ended as soon as possible. Their object being the same, it was with regard to their methods that the difference arose.

" . . . The New Party's conclusion was that it was impossible to gain any concessions by petitions and prayers. This was the first difference between the Moderate and Progressive parties. He did not believe in the philanthropy of British politics. There was no instance in history of one foreign nation ruling another for the benefit of the other and not for its own profit. The rule of one nation by another

The Extremist

was in itself unnatural. He granted the efficiency of the British Government and the excellence of its methods for its own purpose, but these methods and that efficiency did not work for the interests of the people of the country. A good foreign government was less desirable than an inferior native government." *

On the question of revolution and revolutionary violence, the following passage occurred in Mr. Tilak's address during the Shivaji Festival in Poona, June, 1907 :—

"It is true that what we seek may seem like a revolution ; it is a revolution in the sense that it means a complete change in the theory of the government of India as now put forward by the bureaucracy. It is true that this revolution must be a bloodless revolution, but it would be a folly to suppose that if there is to be no shedding of blood, there are also to be no sufferings to be undergone by the people. These sufferings must be great. You can win nothing unless you are prepared to suffer. An appeal to the good-feeling of the rulers is everywhere discovered to have but narrow limits. Your revolution must be bloodless, but that does not mean that you may not have to suffer or to go to gaol." †

When I left the mountain's summit, Mr. Tilak accompanied me back to the limit of the dark and ancient walls. I recognized in him the personal attraction that Extremists always have—the freedom from hesitation and half-measures, the delight in conflict, the reckless disregard of self. When to this

* Report in Mr. Tilak's paper, the *Mahratta*, January 13, 1907.

† Report in the *Mahratta*, June 30, 1907.

Reasons of Influence

attraction his own people could add his personal and intimate acquaintance with all classes among them down to the poorest villagers, and his steady maintenance of all that they held most dear in religious belief and customary observances, I could not wonder at his influence among them. So he stood surrounded by the ruins of empires built by his own and other races, while, with the merriment and ironic humour I knew so well, our soldiers of the helio party folded up their instruments among the rocks close by and prepared for night.

On June 24, 1908, Mr. Tilak was again arrested for alleged sedition contained in an article of the *Kesari*, commenting on the suppressive measures introduced after the discovery of bombs in Calcutta. He was tried in Bombay before Mr. Justice Davar and a special jury of seven Europeans and two Parsis. The jury was unable to agree, but the judge accepted the verdict of guilty from seven against two, and Mr. Tilak was sentenced to six years' transportation and a fine of 1000 rupees (July 22, 1908).

CHAPTER IV

THE RYOT'S BURDEN

SEVERAL times in Poona I met a Mr. Junshi (as I will call him), who lived in one of the beautiful houses the Mahrattas used to build while their Peshwas still reigned. He was an oldish man, for an Indian, but thin, bright-eyed and alert, and from his mouth statistics flowed like water from a fountain statue. One day I called on him, and was shown into the open courtyard of old marble and teak, round which the main building rose in three stories ; but beyond I could see another courtyard, more beautiful and cooler still, where lived his wife, his sons' wives, his nieces, and other ladies of the blood, and beyond that again there was a glimpse of leaves and brilliant flowers.

"We require flowers," he said, "for the worship of our idols. We worship our idols here in the house every morning and evening, hanging garlands round their necks and placing bunches of flowers before them. You, I believe, worship only once a week."

A Statistician

I told him I had been brought up on family prayers that never failed in regularity, even when we were at the seaside, and this pleased him very much.

"However," he went on, "I think we have an advantage in acknowledging so many gods in our pantheon that each of us can choose which he likes best. For each of our idols is a symbol of some divine attribute, and helps the worshipper to fix his thoughts upon the attribute he most desires to worship."

"But some of us also," I said, "find it helpful to contemplate images representing the attributes of motherly love, chastity, compassion, or courage in the face of evil; and we offer flowers to them."

This pleased him too, but when we reached his long room upstairs we turned from idols to the main interest of his life. On bookshelves round the walls, and heaped upon the floor and tables, were hundreds of volumes and pamphlets crammed with figures. It seemed as if the owner had collected every book and essay ever written upon the economics of India, and year by year had filtered them into his mind. He had the instinct for averages which I take to be the economist's instinct. He thought of women and children in terms of addition; he saw men as columns walking. He watched the rising and falling curves of revenue, expenditure, and population as others watch the

The Ryot's Burden

curves of beauty. Any line of figures was welcome to his spirit, and though he had made his living by teaching little Indians to read "Robinson Crusoe," his chief study seemed to lie in the scripture called the "Statistical Abstract relating to British India." Upon this careful piece of literature he meditated day and night; or, if his mind required a change, he relaxed it on theology.

I have called the "Statistical Abstract" literature, and to him it was so. To him it was as pleasing as a poem to know that under the heading of "Priests and others engaged in religion," the number of "total supported" was 2,728,812, among whom 178,656 females were classified as "actual workers"; or that the total supported by "indefinite and disreputable occupations" was 737,033, and in this class alone the male and female "actual workers" were approximately equal. He liked to meditate on the daily average of prisoners in the various provinces, and on the infirmities of population according to residence and according to age. It was good to know that there were about 6,000,000 more males than females in the country, but 18,000,000 more widows than widowers, and 391,000 widows under fifteen. These were the lyrics or realistic ballads of his reading, but he took higher interest in the figures that move with something of epic grandeur. To him there was a splendour and æsthetic satisfaction in knowing that the total

Revenue and Expenditure

of India's population, including the Native States, was 294,361,056 in 1901, and that of this number 207,050,557 were Hindus like himself; while agriculture supported 191,691,731—close upon two-thirds, or 65·16 per cent., as he put it—and 15,686,421 (including nearly 1,000,000 females) could write and read, a total of 1,125,231 being "literate in English."

But I think, after all, it was the great passage headed "Finance" that he enjoyed with the most delicate appreciation for style. Perhaps it depended on his mood whether he more admired the lines of the "Gross Revenue and Expenditure" or of the "Net Revenue and Expenditure." It was sonorous as a hexameter to read aloud that the total gross revenue in India and England for 1905-6 was £84,997,685, and the total gross expenditure charged to revenue was £82,905,831. But the net statements of revenue at £48,539,680, and expenditure at £46,447,826, were trim as a sonnet. It was a dubious point, but for details he certainly preferred the gross, thinking them more realistic, and his favourite passage was that beginning, "Principal heads of Revenue, Land Revenue, £18,862,169, for 1905-6." Against this he would set, as a kind of antiphone, the gross expenditure on army services (excluding Marine and Military Works) of £19,267,130.*

* The total military expenditure for India, including Marine,