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written. Innis has a vivid historic style and made real the holy places of Arabia, the dramatic personality of the Prophet and the History of Islam to the year of the Hejira in a way that they had never been done before. The book was studied by Burton and guided him in his secret pilgrimage to El Medina and Mecca. In spite of its Christian bias, it was the first great study of the life of Mahomet since those of Gagnier and Sale. It explains Islam in the terms of Christianity and states the case against Mahomet as it proceeds. It is still a standard work. It was not completed until 1861. In later years Innis further developed his study of Islam.

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Horace Hayman Wilson, the successor of Halhed, Jones, Wilkins and Colebrooke as an orientalist, began his career at Calcutta in 1808 under John Leyden. His inspiration came from "the example and inspiration of Sir William Jones" and he dedicated his first leisure in India to the study of Sanskrit. After his return from India, he became in 1832 Boden Professor of Sanskrit in Oxford, and afterwards succeeded Wilkins as Librarian to the Company. His great work, published in 1826 and 1827, was the *Theatre of the Hindus.* This work, which gave specimens of the Indian drama, was made very near to Wilson by his own keenness as an actor, and it is more than a coincidence that his wife was a granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons. In later life he published lectures on the *Religious and Philosophical Systems of the Hindus,* and edited and continued Mill's *British India,* and his collection still forms a very important part of the Sanskrit MSS in the Bodleian.

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Sir Henry Miers Elliot, who had been a scholar of Winchester and who was taken into the East India Company's service as the first of the competition-wallahs to pass an open examination for an immediate post, collected material for two magnificent works which were published by competent scholars after his early death. His *History of India as told by its own Historians,* a magnificent work, carries out the idea suggested by Raymond's *Seir-ul-Mutaqherin* and Brigg's *Ferishta,* and establishes a sure foundation for the history of the Mohammedan period. His other great research work was *Memoirs of the History, Folklore,* and *Distribution of the Races of the North West Provinces* published in two volumes in 1869.

IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVANCORE.

By Mr. N. K. Venkateswaran, B.A.

1. The Garden City.

Trivandrum, the picturesque capital of pretty Travancore, is a nice city straggling on a gnarled stretch of earth on the west coast not far from the apex of the peninsula. On the sea-shore the wild waves ululate their vain energies in angry impotence. Close by lies the quiet city lolling in dreamy repose.

In one respect Trivandrum has an attraction all its own. It is literally buried in a luxuriance of vegetation. Its piazzas and public offices, its palaces and pagodas are swathed in quilts of cushiony green. Ascend one of its little hills that rise everywhere about the town, crowned with calm villas and sentinelled by casuarina trees, and the straggling city that rises up and down the undulations is seen embedded amidst a bizzare wealth of plant life fascinatingly foreign to urban districts. Man here lives in friendly neighbourliness with nature and does not seem impelled to rattle his sabre of science to fight and conquer her. This is a happy spot bathed with the sweet suggestion of rest, and nature has laid on it her silken scarf to induce in its inhabitants the unctuous hypnosis of happiness. This is a city of gardens quickened with a touch of

romance and to view it from the hill-top and to see the bounding silver of the sea right away across the green affords a pleasure as rare as it is great. But with jealous obscurity the city guards its attractions against the hungry tourist in search of holiday.

Trivandrum is, moreover, a sacred city and its principal pagoda, the holy abode of Sri Padmanabhaswamy (Maha-Vishnu) attracts the pious pilgrim from far and near. The temple has an interesting legendary origin. It dates back to that blessed time when man and god lived in close commune.

One fine morning in that far away age, the famous Vilvamangalam Swamyar, the favoured of Vishnu and the father of several shrines in Kerala, unwittingly gave umbrage to his deity in a huff and the latter leaving his devotee in the lurch betook himself to the forest of *Ananthankadu,* the present site of the city, in high dudgeon. The distressed saint after months of wearisome wanderings came up with the Lord in the heart of the forest and made amends for his misconduct by fervid propitiations. The spot where the meeting took place in course of time became the Trivandrum shrine within which lies Vishnu with his four arms in all the splendour of his high position. Gradually a city crept into the forest and to-day all the appurtenances of civilization also have wormed themselves in. That is the story of Trivandrum shorn of details.

2 The Country.

Within this beautiful city resides the ruling dynasty of Travancore. No royal house of modern times has pretensions to a heritage as ancient as that of the sovereigns of Travancore. But not only do they come of a line as illustrious as it is old but rules a country the "finest" in India which successfully guarded its independence through the long procession of troublous centuries.

When the rich plains of North India teeming with a prolific people were from time to time submerged under the flood of invasion and conquest by successive swarms of foreign adventurers, the great Parasurama to whose wondrous powers Kerala owes its existence commanded the hoary hills of the Western Ghats to mount guard on the eastern frontier of Travancore, a long array of gaunt sentinels—and the sea on the west keeps howling its unceasing intimidations to intending invaders from that side. Thus protected by Nature's sleepless guardians, the beautiful backwaters of Travancore that weave into the land with exquisite charm lie quietly smiling, rippling, with never a frown on their faces. The cocoanut trees that line the shores of these tame lagoons in multitudinous groves give a contented people the just needs of life with generous amplitude. Everywhere in this secluded nook so richly inlaid with the ornaments of nature there is a deep suggestion of peace and plenty, of calm and contentment, just enough and no more.

To-day the old sentinels, the hills and the sea, stand as of yore but their glory is gone. To-day they seem to weep bitter tears like superannuated flunkeys whose services are not needed in a science-ridden age. Railways pierce the hills and super-planes annihilate the sea and the old order having out-lived their utility stand saying reluctant farewell to the services that they had been rendering since the dawn of creation. Ye, immortal care-takers, your time is up. Science has no use for Ye!

Still Travancore bears the marks of its ancient charms and although rude voices break out occasionally here and there with the epidemic infection of modern restiveness, it even now enjoys the intimations of a happier life than is to be found in many places elsewhere. The charm is fast wearing off but it is still there, thanks to the slow pace of change.

3. The Royal House.

The maker of modern Travancore, which in area is about a fourth of the size of Mysore or an eighth of that of England and Wales, is Maharaja Martanda Varma who takes rank with the foremost of South Indian warrior-statesmen. He was a king of whom any people might be proud, and he packed the 29 years of his reign from 1729—1758 with great achievements and far-seeing policy. His admiring descendant, the talented Visakham Thirunal who ruled the country from 1880—1885 words his tribute to his illustrious ancestor thus. "Raja Martanda Varma succeeded to a heritage as thorny as it was poor. The feeble rule of a series of his predecessors had fostered the greed of the surrounding chieftains and the turbulence of internal malcontents to such an extent that their kingdom was almost a misnomer and their authority little more than a mockery. But Martanda Varma was one of

those whom the world produces but at rare intervals. He was born to command and to conquer. He had the best of schooling—that of hardship. He had the best of teachers—foes. He was served by one of the ablest ministers."

Truer words have seldom been written. Born in 1706, Martanda Varma grew to boyhood amidst the dark insecurity of a vanishing royal power. The Ettuvittil Pillamars, a sort of feudal baronage were the *de facto* lords of the land and their truculent tyranny had plunged the kingdom into unspeakable anarchy. They were the same cruel "over-kings" who committed the abominable atrocity of drowning five out of the six children of the unfortunate Umayamma Rani about 30 years earlier. These lawless chieftains were riddling the land with their depredations under the faint authority of a weak sovereign when Martanda Varma their "heaven-born" slayer was fast growing into courageous youth. When a boy of but fourteen, he remonstrated with his uncle against the policy of allowing the proud Pillamars to let loose their lawlessness over the country. "Let me have a finger in the pie" he said "and see if I can't stay their hands." The high spirited boy proceeded with precocious policy to check the defiant misdeeds of the dread tyrants and thus made himself the target for their inveterate enmity. Small wonder that the Prince on several occasions had to effect his escape from them by the skin of his teeth and that having been thus constantly exposed to the highest danger, he in later life proved more than a match to his unscrupulous enemies and extirpated them with the cool courage and confident foresight so necessary for such a momentous task.

The name of Martanda Varma is still green in the memory of a grateful people. They love to recall some of the thrilling anecdotes of his adventurous youth and tell it to each other in admiring enthusiasm. Not infrequently had the little Prince to seek refuge on the tops of trees or under the roofs of humble farmers or in the sombre depths of dark forests infested with wild beasts. Not infrequently did the Prince owe his very existence to the rare devotion and heroic self-sacrifice of his faithful subjects. For, be it remembered that the people at large had not failed to realise that the fierce feudal free-lances were no less a menace to themselves than to the Royal House. The late Mr. C. V. Raman Pillai often and not inaptly called the Scott of Travancore has woven round him an exquisite novel which in point of popularity yields to none of modern contributions to Malayalam literature.

On the death of his uncle in 1728 Prince Martanda Varma assumed the reins of Government at the early age of 22. As heir-apparent he had acquired abundant experience in the dangerous task of stemming the tide of anarchy. He now came to the throne with a steadfast determination to restore order, to push the borders of his kingdom to the utmost limits of possible expansion and to give it the blessings of a firm but benevolent rule. The story of his struggle with the lawless barons and their wretched machinations against their liege lord need not detain us long. Suffice it to say that he extinguished the whole tribe and emancipated his country from the rapacious clutches of reckless bandits. This was Martanda Varma's first great achievement. He then turned his attention to the conquest of the petty principalities that hedged in and harassed his small kingdom on all sides and especially on the North. Among the back waters of Travancore any petty princeling with a little temerity can stand at bay against the disciplined forces of even the most mighty. And Martanda Varma had to contend not only against several such princes, jealous guardians of their independence, who disputed with him every inch of ground with strategy, steadfastness and courage but also against the formidable Dutch who invaded his country with a numerous force at a critical juncture in his career. Nonetheless the great warrior got the better of his adversaries and carried his victorious arms to almost the very borders of Cochin, now a sister State lying contiguous to Travancore on the North. The extent of modern Travancore remains much the same as he left it at the end of his conquests.

But great and rare as were the abilities of Martanda Varma, they were considerably reinforced by the trusty assistance of the famous Brahmin warrior and statesman Rama Iyer Dalawa unequalled for courage and capacity by any who have left their imprint on the annals of Travancore. Rising from the lowest rung of the ladder to the highest, Rama Iyer served his master with a single-minded devotion and fortitude which are rare in the pages of history. He was literally the right-hand man of the King in the battle field as

well as in the Council Chamber. His capacity as an administrator was equalled only by his courage as a warrior and the revenue system that he adumbrated is the backbone about which the revenue administration of to-day has been reared. Truly might Rama Iyer be called the Todar Mall of Travancore.

True greatness is quick to recognize its kind wherever it may be. The discovery of Rama Ayer by Martanda Varma is a case in point. Further true greatness while keeping the powder dry always trusts in God. Indeed the Maharaja's trust in God exceeded all ordinary standards and it was more than justified by his uniform good fortune. Almighty God seemed to help him over the stile in all his adversities. No doubt the Maharaja was himself the architect of his achievements but he always discerned the *hidden hand* offering him help whenever he stood in need of it. It need therefore cause little surprise that he developed an extreme of piety that found ample expression in temple architecture and various institutions of charity, in a life divorced from pomp and a sense of duty rarely approached either before or since by any member of his illustrious house which has given birth to a long and glorious roll of dutiful daughters and sons. Urged by his equally pious minister who by the way remained unmarried lest his services to his sovereign and country be diminished, the Maharaja rebuilt the Travandrum pagoda, one of the oldest and most sacred shrines of India. Within the temple is an imposing stone corridor roofed with large granite slabs (each 25 feet long). It totals a length of about 650 ft.—a truly gigantic work at which were employed 4,000 masons, 6,000 coolies and one hundred elephants for 6 months. To atone for the sins of war the pious King instituted in consultation with the learned Brahmins of the neighbouring kingdoms the famous *Murajapam,* a sexennial purificatory ceremony prescribed by the Vedas. It lasts for 56 days and entails a huge expenditure. On the closing day is an illumination which turns the temple and its precincts into an enormous amphitheatre of lights twinkling with their myriad tongues. This unique and interesting ceremony is not nowadays performed anywhere else in India. The latest Murajapam took place a few months ago.

Nor is this all. Martanda Varma's intense piety and profound sense of indebtedness to God found expression in what has often been called an *act of policy*. This was the famous making over of the kingdom of Travancore to Sri Padmanabhaswamy of the Trivandrum Temple in the presence of a solemn assembly one fine morning in January, 1750. Henceforward the rulers of Travancore have been styled Padmanabha Dasa (servant of Padmanabha) and have been supposed to rule their kingdom in the name of the Lord of the Temple. It seems to be little short of sacrilege to read into this pious dedication the politic purpose of making the kingdom sacrosanct and thus to secure its immunity from internal outrage. Such may, however, have been its result but the Maharaja who so firmly believed that his successes were entirely due to the unfailing benevolence of his family deity did not seem to have an eye on that result when he made a public and solemn avowal of his great gratitude to his God.

This extremely pious Hindu ruler however followed a policy of enlightened tolerance and embraced within his paternal administration all castes and creeds, Christians, Muhammadans and Jews with equal solicitude. He toiled for the good of his people with unremitting energy personally supervising and even taking part in the construction of temples, roads and canals and if in modern times any sovereign set an example of plain living and truceless toiling it is first and foremost this common father of his people whose memory is still treasured alike by the high and low in this "God's Kingdom", the 'Celestial' state of Travancore.

4. A Model Hindu Ruler.

The late occupant of the ancient throne of Travancore, Col. Sir Rama Varma *Sri Mulam Thirunal,* had plainly modelled his rule on the high ideals of his great ancestor. His Highness assumed the reins of Government in 1885 at the comparatively early age of twenty-eight. He had, therefore, to his credit near upon forty years of rule—years of a rich harvest of progress and prosperity, when the sudden and unexpected news of his death a few weeks ago plunged the whole country into the depths of gloom and sorrow. Long experience at the helm had yielded him the secret of successful rule and he used that rare knowledge with wisdom and moderation. His Highness had no attraction for the glamour of spectacular policies or the transcient popularity of political booms. With a lively suspicion of leaps in the dark, His

Highness anxiously reconnoitred the outposts of advancement before marching forward and then he hastened but slowly. If his steady and noiseless rule had not boosted his kingdom into the limelight it had rained benefits on it thick and fast and his grateful and loving subjects nurse no deeper regret to-day than that His Highness was not spared to them longer. He had a keen sense of the value of time and the evil of ease and took an active interest in the administration, the details of which he thoroughly knew from A to Z. Constitutional to a fault, he never thrust himself forward into the forefront of politics and he always based his conduct on the high ideal that "The King can do no wrong." Says Dr. K. Pandalai, "He allowed himself from the state revenues which amount to a crore and eighty lakhs of rupees only about five or six lakhs of rupees a year. It is exceedingly doubtful if there was another ruler of an Indian State in this country who took for himself such a small proportion of the revenues of his State." Indeed His Highness was even more the servant of his people than *Padmanabha Dasa*, the servant of Padmanabha.

In some respects His Highness was a remarkable personality fragrant with the presence of a hidden greatness. He led a life of saintly simplicity and ascetic abstemiouness. The reward had been the inestimable boons of health and experience and the conscious happiness that one's fruitful efforts always bring.

His Highness knew absolutely no extravagances and, strange as it may seem, lived somewhat in a small way. His Court was unillumined by the splendour of "Oriental pomp." He was extremely god-fearing and unassuming. Kind and generous by nature, he was not known to have been harsh to any one. He carried the weight of his authority with infinite grace and his deeds of love took a charm from the bashful serenity with which he did them.

His Highness was something of a perpetual pilgrim with an intensely devotional soul. Piety beyond question was an outstanding feature in the fabric of his mind. He rose early, bathed in cold water and worshipped in the temple at all seasons with a punctuality and persistence that put to shame many a healthier and younger person. He had no stomach for the easy luxuries of royalty and ate but two meals a day. He ordered his life so well that his example always reminded one of the old adage "Punctuality is the courtesy of princes." Every hour of the day had its appointment and he seldom abused any. It is, indeed, but rarely that one born in the purple voluntarily adopts such a rigorous regimen.

This simplicity of life and piety of character gained His Highness the reputation of being a conservative. During his visit to the State in 1900, Lord Curzon said in the course of his Banquet Speech, "I know him to combine the most conservative instincts with the most enlightened views." In 1902 Lord Ampthill echoed the same sentiment when he said, "I think no one will disagree with me when I say that His Highness's character presents a rare and valuable combination of conservative instinct with enlightened and progressive views".

In this age of increasing agnosticism people cannot easily understand the beauty of a soul not floundering in spiritual blindness. That was the reason why some considered His Highness a 'conservative' in not a very complimentary sense. But His Highness had conclusively shown that piety and god-fearingness were not inconsitent with progressive ideas and that conservatism in politics might on occasion be a wholesome restraint on the impulsiveness of impatient spirits. In proof of this there is the eloquent record of his administration.

To give an example or two. Under His Highness's wise and paternal regime the foundations of representative government have been well and truly laid. The Sri Mulam Popular Assembly affords the people an opportunity of expressing direct to Government their wants, and their views on all matters regarding the administration of the country. A large proportion of its members are elected representatives of the people. The Sri Mulam Popular Assembly is a sort of levee of public opinion which by its mere pressure can and does influence the policy of Government to a considerable extent.

There is further the Legislative Council which as its name implies does the work of legislation. First brought into existence in 1888, it was thoroughly reconstituted in 1921. The Council enjoys a non-official majority most of whom are elected. It has been invested with powers of voting on the budget, moving resolutions, asking questions including supplementary questions. The low qualification for

the franchise assures beyond doubt the representative character of the Council. And what is even more noteworthy is the fact that "*Women are placed on a footing of complete equality with men in the matter of both electorship and membership.*" As an example of the large ideals that inspire this Travancore *House of Commons* it may be mentioned that very recently it carried a resolution, almost in the teeth of official hostility, to introduce spinning in Elementary Schools. That resolution is now being implemented.

It is clear from the above that in the matter of Indian's advance towards *Responsible Government,* Col. Sir Rama Varma was in the very vanguard of progressive ideas. So in other matters as well. Progress has left its imprint in every nook and corner of the State. Education has wrought wonderful changes in the age-old outlook of an old-fashioned people. The depressed classes are emerging to the surface helped on by the willing hand of a benign ruler. The so-called *untouchable* are casting off their 'objectionable slough'. Although some of them have become restive with marking time and want to take the time-worn fence of inequalities by a high jump, there is no doubt that the silent march of events is carrying them, more surely, if less ostentatiously, to the desired goal. His Highness had been sparing no pains to lift the tyranny of ages and to restore the depressed and the down-trodden to their birth-rights.

Like his great ancestor Martanda Varma, His Highness was a protagonist of progress no less than a pious and trusty guardian of the priceless heritage of gone ages. Indeed his personality presented a combination as rare as it was happy.

STUDIES IN INDIAN ARCHITECTURE—ORIGINAL SOURCES.

By DR. K. N. SITARAM, M.A., PH.D.

I

The study of architecture in India is a very wide field, in which there is scope for the lifetime work of more than a dozen scholars of first rate eminence, as well as for the collaboration of an equal number of professional architects, who know their business rather well. The scholarship which aims to tackle this difficult problem of India's contribution to the beautiful structures of the world, should combine within itself, the perfections of both the Western and the Eastern methods of Research, but avoid the imperfections and the pet hobbies of both. It should possess the extensive vision, the breadth and clarity of outlook, the genius for analysis, the freedom from preconceived notions and traditional prejudices, as well as a mind which will pass judgment only on the impeachable evidence of accumulated facts, without the slightest tip from the imagination, which are the chief characteristics of the European method of Research, whose best exponents now on the Continent are Professors Geldner and Jacobi in Germany, Emilie Senart and Sylvain Levi in France and Doctors Thomas and Barnett in England. With this it should combine the depth, the intensive synthesis, the extremely loving reverence for the work, the religious outlook, the wealth of inherited Culture, and an acquired perfection of a studied and trained intellect, rendered so by sitting and learning at the feet of a Great GURU, which are the chief characteristics of the exponents of the Eastern or the Orthodox School of Indian Research, though this latter variety of scholarship possesses, unfortunately owing to a combination of adverse circumstances, neither the originality, the 'Elan' nor the fecundity of production which are the chief characteristics of the Western or the Occidental type. Thus combining the excellences