

when asked by the English as to why they joined the rebellion merely said : "It is the common end of our religion that Feringhis should be killed." "The end will be the extermination of all the English and then, God knows!" Here, therefore, was a blind instinctive urge and this was true not only of the Sepoys but even of the leaders. The patriotic urge expressed itself only in one cry which sums up all that they thought about the revolution. "*Maro Feringhiko!*" ("Kill the Feringhis!") There was no definite goal: no national programme of reconstruction: no analysis of the actual evil and good of the old order as well as of the new: no vision. It may be hard for a patriot to say that there is a finger of Providence in the march of events which has linked India to Great Britain: but the Moderates openly said that and shut their eyes definitely to the Mutiny and the India of the days before the Mutiny. That India is the country of their birth: that she deserves and demands ceaseless attention and untold sacrifices from every Indian, that in the interests of that cause all differences between all communities must sink, that India really does not belong to the Indians unless they actually by their devotion and efforts make it their own, that there should be perfect drill, discipline, and organisation under inspired and far-sighted leaders before even a measure of success can be theirs: these are some of the lessons which the Mutiny might teach the Indians of to-day. But mere hatred and destruction without a clear consciousness of what national good at a particular time demands, will not only lead nowhere but will involve the country in orgies of unnecessary bloodshed and terrible reactions.

2. *THE OUTBURST IN NATIONAL SONGS.*

The Mutiny came and went: and the Indian political mind apparently went into a long sleep. The Press continued to agitate: and in the days of Lord Lytton, the country

was roused to some extent by his imperial attitude. The matters came to a head in the time of Lord Ripon and the Ilbert Bill agitation was one of the early reminders to the Indian politician of his duties. There were stirrings of new life, particularly in Bengal: we find the expression of these stirrings in the literature of the day. The Bengalee stage proclaimed the gospel of the cult of the motherland in an opera called " Bharat-Mata " or " Mother-land." " Neela-Darpan "—a political drama—gives us the story of the indigo riots in Nadia and the tyrannies on the peasants by the English indigo factories. It created a great excitement among the Bengalee audiences. The people were so much excited that they even sometimes threw their shoes at the poor actors on the stage who represented the white planters. Certain pathetic national songs began to circulate, reminding people of their political backwardness. Here are some specimens of this poetry of our national literature. (Translated from Bengalee.)

" How long will it take thee, Oh Bharata, to swim across this ocean of misery ?

Or sinking and sinking in depression, wilt thou enter the nether regions for ever ?

Having gladly offered thy jewels to the stranger, thou carriest now only an iron chain on the breast.

There are rows of lights in thy cities (owned by the stranger)

But thou art in darkness all the same."

In another song we read :

" O India, gloomy is thy face beautiful that was as the moon,

Day and night tears flow from thy eyes."

In another song we have a pathetic reference to the economic revolution which was daily rendering India poorer and poorer.

“The weaver and the blacksmith are crying day and night. They cannot find their food by plying their trade. Even threads and needles come from distant shores. Even match-sticks are not produced in the country. Whether in dressing themselves or in producing their domestic utensils or even in lighting their oil-lamps,—in nothing are the people independent of their foreign masters...Swarms of locusts from a distant island, coming to these shores have eaten up all its solid grains, leaving only the chaff for the starving children of the soil.”

Another poet in his “Song of India” writes :
“Sing, O my clarionet ! sing to these words:
Everyone is free in this wide world,
Everyone is awake in the glory of science,
India alone lieth asleep!”

“China and Burma and barbarous Japan.
Even they are independent, they are superior,
India alone knoweth no waking!”

Another song continues the same strain:—
“O India, weep, weep, thou,
As long as thy polluted atoms have not
 been washed away into the waters’ of the ocean,
So long weep thou, so long weep!”

Such were the outpourings of the new spirit of freedom that was coming over the country. The soil was thus being prepared for the politician.

3. *THE DAWN OF NEW NATIONALISM IN THE MAHARASHTRA.*

In another part of the country, political consciousness was always active, brooding over the departed glories of the past Indian rule. The Maharashtra has played a promi-