

Thoughts on the

Present Discontent.

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THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCONTENT.

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TO
ALL THOSE INDIANS
WHO LOVE ENGLAND FOR ALL THAT SHE HAS
GIVEN TO INDIA,
AND TO
ALL THOSE ENGLISHMEN
WHO LOVE INDIA FOR ALL THAT SHE HAS
GIVEN TO ENGLAND,
AND
A LITTLE ALSO FOR HER OWN SAKE.

" Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
" Like some of the simple great ones gone
" For ever and ever by,
" One still strong man in a blatant land,
" Whatever they call him, what care I,
" Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat,—one
" Who can rule, and dare not lie."

Tennyson's "Maud."

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

"There is no doubt that Government were but slightly acquainted with the unhappy state of the people. How could it well be otherwise? There was no real communication between the Governors and the governed, no living together or near one another as has always been the custom of the Mohammedans in countries which they subjected to their rule. Government and its officials have never adopted this course, without which no real knowledge of the people can be gained Government, it is true, received reports from its subordinate officials, but even these officials themselves were ignorant of the real thoughts and opinions of the people, because they had no means of getting at them. The behaviour of these subordinates, as a rule, their pride and their treatment of natives is well known. In their presence native gentlemen were afraid, and if they had told these officials of their want of knowledge of the people of their District, they would only have been summarily ejected for their pains. All the "Amlah" (readers and clerks) and the civil functionaries as well as wealthy native gentlemen were afraid, and consequently did nothing but flatter I feel it most necessary to say that which is in my heart, and which I believe to be true, even at the risk of its being distasteful to many of the ruling race. What I am now going to treat of is that which if only done in a right way will attract even wild animals, causing them to love instead of to dread, and which, therefore, will, in a much greater degree, attract men. I cannot here state at length what the benefits of friendship, intercourse, and sympathy are, but I maintain that the maintenance of friendly relations between the Governors and the governed is far more necessary than between individuals. Private friendships only affect a few. Friendship and good feeling between a Government and its subjects affects a nation. . . . As yet Government has not cultivated the friendship of its people as was its duty to do. The Creator has instilled it into the heart of man and the instinct of animals that the strong should be kind to and care for the weak. The father loves his child before the child loves him. If a man of low degree try to win the esteem of one in high position, he is liable to be styled a flatterer and not a friend. It was, therefore, for Government to try and win the friendship of its subjects, not for the subjects to try and win that of the Government. If it had done so, the results would have been great, and the people would have rejoiced. Alas! that it has not done so. If Government say that they have tried to cultivate friendship and have only been repaid with enmity, I can only say that if it had gone the right way to work, its subjects would have most undoubtedly been its friends and supporters. . . . Government has hitherto kept itself as isolated from the people of India as if it had been the fire and they the dry grass, as if it thought that were the two brought in contact the latter would be burnt up The English Government has been in existence upwards of a century and up to the present hour has not secured the affections of the people In the first years of the British Rule in India the people were heartily in favour of it. This good feeling the Government has now forfeited, and the natives very generally say that they are treated with contempt. . . . Natives of rank were (then) treated in a highly honourable manner. They (the officials) really followed the precepts of St. Peter, "And to godliness brotherly kindness, to brotherly kindness charity," the reverse of which is unfortunately the case as regards the greater number of the officials of the present day. Is it not well known to Government that even natives of the highest rank never come into the presence of officials but with an inward fear and trembling? Is it a secret that the "Amlah" are often addressed harshly and abused by their superiors? These men, many of them of good birth, often inwardly exclaim, "Oh, that I could gain my living otherwise, cutting grass by the wayside were better than this."—*Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, K.C.S.I., in "The Causes of the Indian Revolt," written in 1858.*

FOREWORD.

EARLY in June, when many peaceful citizens woke up in the morning to find, through that ubiquitous messenger, the morning paper, anarchy and sedition where they had left order and loyalty the night before, these articles were penned in response to an overpowering impulse. They were written almost in one night, when sleep was both difficult and dangerous, owing to a great storm that heralded the break of the monsoon, the roof overhead being only a canvas one so familiar to district officers. Thoughts set down in writing in such hot haste, and under meteorological conditions so abnormal, may plead for some indulgence if they reflect something of the storm and stress.

Through the courtesy of the papers in which they first appeared at intervals, I am rescuing them from the Lethe that awaits the journalistic efforts of so many writers for the Press of to-day, not because they could constitute a claim for the writer being remembered a moment longer than the twenty-four hours' Lilliputian span of life granted by the destinies to the journalist, but in order to rescue the appeal I have made from the same speedy extinction. I have thought for many years over the subject of debate of my solitary "all-night sitting" which produced the three articles that I am re-publishing as a *brochure*; and though the execution has been hasty, and may deserve an early oblivion, the conception has been deliberate, and may not merit the same end.

When this year's political monsoon set every gurgyle roaring, it was not to be expected that the rule of all monsoons would

be broken. As ever, much mud and some water has been the net result. But if I have poured little water, I trust I have also avoided deluging the world with mud. I have made a conscientious effort to set down what I, and, I think, many of my countrymen feel, without malice, but also without the cowardice that in theory, conscience, and in practice, the want of it, imposes upon us. I have aimed at political purity, not at political prudery. I have more faith in the justice and the shrewdness of the English than those *plus royalistes qui le roi* who would impose upon the powers that be by professing that their highest delight is to see the Union Jack waving in the breeze, and that they do not commence the day without singing *Rule Britannia* for luck. I would rather tread the high road to Mandalay than profess myself to be of the genus loyalist. Show me a hundred loyalists in India, and I will show you ninety-

nine that want a job or a title, easy "settlement" or no molestation. The hundredth is mostly a fool, sometimes a philosopher.

For all that, there is no disloyalty in India, if by disloyalty we understand something more than the absence of a strong active sentiment of loyalty. That extensive area of the land debateable that lies between the realms of sedition and sentimental loyalty, and covers the tracts of political coma, cold acquiescence, reasoned self-interest, and languid acceptance of the inevitable, has generally been lost sight of by Government, and disaffection has been taken to be identical with want of affection. This error, coupled with the ignorance that breeds panics, makes the English sometimes as ridiculous as that Spanish knight who tilted at innocent wind-mills. Kipling wrote some years ago that were the Day of Doom to dawn to-morrow, we may as likely as not find the Supreme

Government "taking steps to allay popular discontent," and putting guards upon the graveyards that the dead might troop forth orderly. The youngest civilian would arrest Gabriel on his own responsibility, if the Archangel could not produce the Collector's permission "to make music or other noises" as the form says.

Whether in this crisis that hoary civilian, Sir Denzil Ibbetson, and the grim mystic figure of the Hero of Khartoum that some people seem to see in the misty background, have arrested a political Gabriel who was only playing the pathetic air of "Bande Mataram" on a Swadeshi trumpet, to send the dry bones of Bharat to a longer rest, and are, therefore, entertaining at Mandalay an Archangel un-awares, or after all, they have really succeeded in clipping the wings of that other fallen angel that lured our first parents to destruction, I neither know nor wish to discuss. My aim is

to point out the broad fact that it is as great a mistake to think that we are on the eve of a great upheaval that would throw that slight incident of '57 into the shade, as to believe that India is at heart happy and contented, excepting a microscopic minority of Adullamites, in debt, distress, and discontented. No; India is as well off, and yet as dissatisfied, as any other normal country of average people ruled by ordinary men.

But if this had been all, there could have been no necessity of spinning out three long articles,—and a longer preface,—in which the obvious is pursued by the obscure to an inconclusive conclusion. The difference between India and other countries is that India is an alien dependency in which an Eastern people is ruled autocratically by the pioneers of democracy in the West. This *olla podrida* commends itself neither to the *chef* nor to the *gourmet*. But the ludicrous part of it is that

the Western *chef* wishes to give it a more Oriental flavour, while the Eastern *gourmet* would have it in all its Occidental simplicity.

This is the political situation. To say how it will all end is the province of the political speculator, though the opinion may be hazarded that we may one day get a dish worthy of kings which both East and West may relish.

There is, however, a hidden source of danger in this situation which cannot safely be regarded as of mere academic interest or secondary importance. That is the alien character of the rulers who regard this difference not as a source of weakness, but as their best strength, and desire to accentuate and perpetuate it. From conquest to racial pride, from racial pride to aloofness, from aloofness to ignorance, and from ignorance to contempt, are natural and easily intelligible gradients. The pride of power has created a political myopia, and the India of the present is per-

petuated through all futurity. Once fallen, for ever fallen. What political participation is possible for the eternally unfit? The question is, are Indians really so? This can only be answered by those who have an intimate and extensive knowledge of Indian character. The ordinarily accepted judgment is more the creditor than the debtor of evidence. The scales of racial pride that vitiate the vision, and the barriers of social exclusiveness that prevent the bold intruder from obtaining access to reality, make Disraeli's dictum, that expert witnesses are expert liars, brutally applicable to India. The Indian says, "Know us before you despise us; for you who despise us, how can you know us?" So we have to revolve again round the circle that was familiar to logicians centuries ago: "Does the hen produce the egg, or the egg give birth to the hen?" Is the political exclusion of the Indians due to the social exclusiveness of the English, or *vice versa*?

My own answer to the conundrum is that, unless the social barriers are broken down, the political ones cannot be destroyed. Hence the assertion that the problem of India is primarily and mainly a social one. To my mind the remedy lies in more dinners and less debates. There are some who would not accept that the amenities of the dinner table are an excellent grace for the ascetic meal of the Council table, but S'adi, that Wise Man of the East, would have it that *tu'am* should precede *kalam*. The unrelenting politician would say that he does not wish to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. But the more astute and practical man of the world would like to have both the birthright and the broth. Our efforts should, I think, be directed against that citadel of an Englishman, which he has surrounded by the moat of chill reserve, and protected with adamantine conventions, the home, which he proudly, and not

inappropriately, calls his castle. All future progress depends upon the demolition of this gigantic social Trust. Once this freemasonry is destroyed, the rest is easy. But it will die hard. The scorching heat of a hundred and fifty summers has not thawed the ice perceptibly. But the coldest temperament *must* one day yield to the warm geniality of the Orient.

Some Englishmen would say that there is enough social intercourse already. They have gone far enough. So far, and no further. But who would not shudder at the benign frigidity of that sociability which is to be found at the Garden-parties of Commissioners on each recurring Coronation Day, where the English stand one side, and the Indians on the other, in order to promote social intercourse throughout the Empire? A word of condescending politeness from the Commissioner's wife to the latest purchaser of a title,—I should now

say, "the natural leader of the people"—and a whole family is pleased for a fortnight. No ; this is not what is wanted. There is a plethora of the nickel anna, a bare three-penny worth for a rupee. We want a less showy and more substantial currency in the market.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good. This periodical monsoon of politics has, it seems, blown some blessings also. The furious gales of the Ilbert Bill discussion, and the tornadoes of the plague riots and Poona murders, may have been barren of good results. But to judge by the general tone of the Anglo-Indian Press, which, as contrasted with the alarmist telegrams of Reuter, has been, if not ideal, at least sober and moderate, there is every hope of permanent results from the crisis through which we are passing. We have for a Secretary of State not, thank heavens, a "practical politician," which usually means one who can see just a few

paces further than his nose, but what Mr. Morley would himself call, "that abject being, a philosopher." As the Emperor's vicegerent, we have not a rising neophyte of brilliant parts, with a dash of the actor-manager in the inordinate desire to figure as the central attraction of a long-drawn pageant, but a level-headed statesman, and one of the first gentlemen in the Empire. All things conspire towards progress, and we seem to have before us the fullness of that tide which when taken at the flood leads on to fortune.

I have thought this a fitting opportunity to press the old plea of social intercourse. There is nothing new in it. But then few truths are really new. Most of them are too trite to be recognised when we elbow past them. We cut them as truisms. Yet they are truths, only truths decked in last year's fineries. All the novelty that I can venture to claim is that I have given this question

a different proportion in this *tout ensemble*. What was hitherto a portion of the background is now the main feature of the picture. The poor player that hitherto only walked the boards, and meekly uttered his two words of a part, "More sympathy," now struts upon the stage as the hero of the play.

I had many misgivings as to the reception which these outspoken utterances would meet. Others shared these misgivings, and would have me cut and clip my words in the interests of journalistic prudery, and thereby reduce my thoughts to that dead level of intellectual nullity which so often passes for impartiality. "Praise all, or praise one," was what they said. I fear I have been a perverse pupil, for my motto seems to have been "blame one, blame all." But my heresies have received canonical sanction from the Bishop of Lahore, who has himself stepped into the arena and showed the journalistic world that Muscular

Christianity is yet a power in the land. Within a week of the publication of my final article, I read in the *Civil & Military Gazette* of Lahore, with a thrill of joy not unmixed with surprise, a still more candid criticism of his own people, from the pen of a high official of Government, whose identity the paper was pledged not to disclose. This mystery adds not only to our curiosity, but also provides some clue at least to the very responsible position of the writer. What is of additional personal interest to myself, the letter bore exactly the same heading as that of my articles, and the "thoughts on the present discontent" bore not only an affinity to mine, but were practically identical. Even if my appeal may not have inspired this response, it is still a relief to know that others also think alike. With these two pronouncements favourable to his point of view, a writer may be pardoned some elation, and I plead guilty to the charge. I launch this little booklet with the fervent

hope and faith that some little good would come of this appeal to the thinking men of both communities. The recognition of error is not unoften the main part of the reformation. Like the first plunge in the sea on a chill December morning, it is the most formidable part of the business. The mysterious writer in the Lahore Daily says: "If only we were more popular, how much more readily our governance would be accepted."

That is the problem and its solution in a nutshell. The English have hitherto captivated our reason. I would have them ensnare our heart also. They command our respect. Let them also ask for a little of our love. They have ever had the surgeon's lancet ready, and their nerve has been marvellous. But they have minimised in their surgery the value of the nurse's soft touch and healing smile. They have long had the making of our laws. I would that they also provided a little inspiration for our homely ballads.

By all means, let Force be the first line of defence, and let it be as efficient as organization can make it, and as large as the finances of the country can bear. Let the second line be the solid one of the people's Self-interest, a lasting, if not always a lofty, motive of human conduct. But the last line of defence, the deepest trench, and the strongest fortification that should make the position for ever impregnable, *must* be that of Sentiment. In the long story of Man, nothing great has ever been achieved without it. For all time to come, nothing great that is divorced from it will abide. Hali, the Poet of Aligarh, who wrote *a propos* of the strike in the college of his departed friend and the inspirer of his song, has not said in vain :

گر چاہو کہ جیتے جی بہلے کہلاؤ
 اپنوں کو نیلوک نیک سے پرچارؤ
 پرچا ہتے جو اگر حیات ابدی
 بیگانوں کو آشنا بناؤ جاز

“If you desire a good name in life, charm your own kith and kin with kindly behaviour. But if you seek the life eternal, then turn aliens into friends and depart in assurance.”

MOHAMED ALI.

Sidhpur, Baroda.

THOUGHTS

ON THE

PRESENT DISCONTENT.



ITS EXTENT.

Now that Indian journalism has become a seething cauldron of political controversy, it is doubtful if a patient hearing will be given to one who belongs to neither side in this trenchant partisanship, but sympathises with both. The point of view from which one should discuss the present discontent ought to be an independent one, and, perhaps, it will be conceded that one

who is not a British servant, and, hardly even a British subject, one who has no chance of participating in the most extended representation that could be granted to British India, is in as independent a position as could be conceived. Add to this the membership of a community which has, after fifty years of quiescence, earned a name for loyalty, and even the staunchest loyalist will not say, with any show of justification, that the popular side is unduly favoured.

To presuppose, however, that discontent is the monopoly of certain communities or classes, or that the loyalty of any class, however more confirmed than that of another, frees it from the taint—if so it can be called,—of discontent, would be a mistake. I may as well state in the beginning that discontent in one form or another is universal in India to-day. Though some communities

are free from the infection of political discontent, the Government cannot on that account apply the soothing unction, and fondly regard itself as popular. One of the most amazing features of the Indian situation is that the race which has conferred more benefits on India than any previous ruling race, whether Aryan, Afghan, or Moghal, is yet the most unpopular of all. There may not be—and I agree with Lord Ampthill that there is not,—any more active disloyalty in India than in the United Kingdom, but there is hardly any active loyalty either. The undoubted benefits of peace and security and civilisation are accepted quietly, but the situation is tolerated passively rather than appreciated in any positive manner. And yet the people of India are perhaps the most responsive to kindness, and the most grateful. This is the great paradox of the Indian

situation, and the sooner it is understood the better.

But to take political discontent first. This is chiefly, but not exclusively, confined to the Hindus of Bengal, the Brahmans of Western India and the South, a very small minority of the Parsis, the Arya Samajists of the Punjab, and a small class of the educated Hindus of Upper India. Looked at from another point of view, it may be said that, barring the Parsis, (who have found their peculiar genius in trade and industry rather than in politics) and the Mussulmans of Upper India and Behar, political unrest is common to all those classes which have received a modern English education. The Mussulmans of other provinces are backward in this respect, and the Sikhs, Mah-rathas, and Rajputs, who had ruled India with the Mussulmans until the final supremacy of the British, have received much less education than even the Mussulmans, and have

hitherto not been much in evidence in public affairs. In a way, therefore, the present political unrest may be charged to the account of the British Government which has hitherto taken the fullest responsibility for the education of young India.

MOSLEM ATTITUDE.

As regards the Mussulmans of Upper India and Behar, who have received a fair amount of English education, their peculiar attitude in politics is wholly due to the guiding influence of one great man, Syed Ahmed Khan, the late founder of the Aligarh College. He found just fifty years ago that his co-religionists, who were always a virile community, were led into a blunder that cost thousands of respectable families not only the lives of many of their members but their all, and in spite of the unshaken loyalty of some, like Syed Ahmed Khan himself, they gave to the whole community an evil reputation for disloyalty.

It was the foresight of Sir Syed Ahmed which led away his community from the path

of political discontent after the Mutiny. For full forty years he worked to divert the energies of the Mussulmans to the more peaceful pursuit of letters and science, so that they could fit themselves for the struggle of life. We are told by the Congressmen, including some leaders, that Syed Ahmed Khan was a traitor to his country. In that they betray not only their ignorance of the man and his work, but also of the characteristics of a real patriot. He only advised his co-religionists, brooding over the loss of power and prestige, and suspected of secret disaffection, to lie low and live down their unmerited reputation. And the result is that after half a century the Mussulmans of his Province produce a number of Graduates every year in excess of the proportion of their population, and the community as a whole is regarded as one of the forces of loyalty in India. The fancy that Mussulmans were disloyal needed

no assertion in 1857. The fact that they are a loyal body of men needs many arguments to controvert it in 1907. A writer in *East and West* for May says: "Of all the Indian population, the Mahomedans are not—as they are often represented to be,—the only friends of Government"; and similar complaints of "favoured nation treatment" are not wanting from even very high quarters. But it is forgotten that reputations are a game of see-saw, and that half a century ago when some Mahomedans had joined in a Mutiny started by others, and as a result of it were down on their luck, there was none so poor to do them justice, much less reverence. No Hindu friend came forward to say that of all the Indian population the Mahomedans were not—as they were always represented to be,—the only enemies of Government. To-day there is no political discontent among them. But they are now on the threshold of a

political career, and their actions and tendencies need careful observation. The community has its own grievances, its own aspirations. It too wants room for expansion. But the bias given to the bowl fifty years ago will still help it along, if the hand that throws it be a steady one. It is neither gratitude nor statesmanship to count too much on the past, and let the future take care of itself. The action of the Government in time to come, no less than the sympathetic control of its own leaders, will settle the future path of the community and decide its destiny. If the character of Aligarh education is distinctly superior in loyalty, which is only another name for good sense, it is no less distinct in *amour propre*. Recent events have ruffled the tempers of those who may lightly be passed over now, but who will in no distant future be the elders of the community when the present elders are in their

graves. When practically every educated community shows signs of political discontent, it is the task of statesmanship to save the one segregated community from the present infection.

MODERATES AND EXTREMISTS.

It is clear that amongst the Hindus all the educated castes are one and all discontented politically. For Englishmen to believe, as they make out in the British Press at Home, that it is only a microscopic minority that is responsible for the present situation, is a great mistake. I do not necessarily mean that the discontent is wholly unjustifiable, or that all classes share it in equal intensity. There are the Moderates whose aspirations are summed up in the ideal of Colonial Self-Government which Mr. Gokhale formulated; and though they do not formulate the stages by which they are to reach their political destination,

it may be accepted that they, or some of them at least, are no less sensible than Mr. Morley or the Anglo-Indian hierarchy of the need of gradation. But I am not far wrong, I believe, in asserting that till that sober and patient politician, Mr. Gokhale, formulated his idea of expansion within the Empire, there were in evidence in the Congress camp only crude, undefined, and often conflicting aspirations. The fluent but unsubstantial pathos of Mr. Banerji's long-drawn eloquence, the vehement and senile insistence of Mr. Dahabhai Naoroji's denunciations, and Sir Pherozeshah's spicy oratory, coupled even with the thousand and one Resolutions of twenty Sessions of the Congress, failed to give one a clear idea of what was needed as a general remedy, though they created a vague sense of universal suffering, and made audible the resonance of more or less unmusical sounds where all spoke and few cared to hear. I would go

further and say that it is not Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal who has created the Extremists, but—paradoxical as it may seem,—it is that First Moderate, Mr. Gopal Krishna Gokhale. For, Extremism and Moderation are only the results of comparison. Before the standard of comparison was discovered there could be no Moderates and no Extremists. It is only the self-evident contrast that Mr. Gokhale's precision has made possible which makes us regard Messrs. Pal and Tilak as the apostles of Extremism. In reality, however, the other Moderates of to-day are the Extremists of yesterday, and it is an amusing irony of fate that the crown of martyrdom in the country's cause is robbed from Messrs. Banerji and Naoroji and placed on the brows of Lala Lajpat Rai and Mr. Bepin Pal. The ill-defined discontent and exaggerated complaints of the pioneers of patriotism during the last quarter of a century bred in the minds of their disciples, not the hope that the sluggish

conscience of Britain would be awakened some day, but the hasty desperation that nothing could be hoped for from a foreign race, every individual of which had but one sinister motive,—the maintenance of India in a soul-crushing servility, and the exploitation of her resources for selfish ends. Those who quarrel with Mr. Bepin Pal's extreme views, and Lala Lajpat Rai's passionate outbursts, or the political attitude of Mr. Tilak, must also admire their stern but precise logic. The premisses have continuously been supplied by the Moderates for a quarter of a century. They are for the first time taken to be literally true, and pushed by the Extremists to their logical conclusion.

Barring Mr. Gokhale and a few of his intimate friends and followers, the Moderates are even now not so far removed from the Extremists as to be considered distinct in kind. They occasionally deprecate, in as

moderate a manner as possible, the desperation of Messrs. Pal and Tilak ; but never have they firmly and clearly disowned the premisses of their own suggestion, if not creation, nor even the only conclusion which those premisses clearly indicated. They are the prototype of " Atticus " in the polished satire of Pope, for they too

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

In fact, the disguise of their attitude is not half so subtle. If, then, to-day, the Government should regard them, as Pope regarded " Atticus," " a timorous foe and a suspicious friend," it will not be more convincing to take up the attitude of injured innocence, and to place their hands upon their hearts swearing unswerving loyalty, or take affidavits that " of all the Indian population the Mussulmans are not—as they are often represented to be,—

the only friends of Government." Poses and protestations are alike unconvincing.

A typical instance of the disinclination of Congress Moderates to disown the Extremists was furnished last year in Calcutta, when on the Boycott Resolution a meaningless but significant compromise was effected. A plebiscite could not be risked in the very den of the Bengal tiger; and at the sacrifice of all legality,—which, had it been due to the Bombay Caucus, would have been challenged in Courts and Councils,—the wrinkles and gray hair of Mr. Naoroji were brought into requisition to avoid the impending battle and all but certain defeat. And what was the compromise? It was argued that because the unanimous voice of Bengal* was not heard,

* Evidently the fanatics of Eastern Bengal were left in the political lumber-room to be trotted out six months later. Up to the end of last year, it was proclaimed through all the devices known to Calcutta politicians, that from Leakat Hosain down to the Aga Khan every Mahomedan was against the Partition, and it was only the noisy and selfish clique of the Nawab of Dacca that was opposed to the Anti-Partition and Boycott propaganda.

and a Partition beneficial to nobody was carried through, therefore, Bengal alone,—and not all India—was justified in boycotting British goods. If this is logic, it certainly is not patriotism. For, if Bengal was really oppressed, surely all India, from Kashmir to Comorin, and Chittagong to Karachi, was bound to follow her in the boycott, no matter at what price, in the name of a non-existent unity. To leave Bengal, that worshipped Sivaji in preference to her own greater warriors, and idolized Akbar instead of her Banerjis and Boses, to leave her in her hour of trial with a bare ratification of her resolve, and a pious benediction, was shabby treatment of Sir Henry Cotton's "leader of public opinion from Calcutta to Peshawar." Or was it to punish her for her arrogation for Bengal of the sacred name of "Nation?"

But less than six months later, it was announced that the fanatical Mahomedan and the patriotic Hindu in Eastern Bengal were not exactly friendly on the subject, that in fact the former was, as ever in history, the deadly enemy of the latter.

The truth of the matter is that, since the second Session of the Congress in 1886 in Calcutta, Bengal had captured that body in her thousands, and the Congress Moderates outside Bengal have never dared to court her antagonism. In an interview, after the last Congress, with one of its foremost leaders, for whom I have a respect bordering on reverence, I was pained to find that though he regarded Bengal as served rightly for her pin-prick policy in the vindictive Partition of Lord Curzon, he, who always spoke the bold truth, regardless of the legions of British India, with their perfected means of destruction, had never mustered enough courage to oppose the babbling phalanx of Bengal.

But when we examine the rank and file of the Congress, it is apparent that they regard both the Moderates and the Extremists alike deserving of their support, with just a sneaking preference for the latter. As

Mr. Gokhale said of Lala Lajpat Rai's opinions, they regard the two sets of views as a mere matter of temperament. They shout "jai" to all alike, and in their heart of hearts believe that every man who opposes the Government—even the rank sedition-monger,—serves a purpose in the polity of the coming Nation. To them it is a "toss up" between Mr. Gokhale and Mr. Pal.

Well, the past cannot be lived over again. But the future is still before us. Would the Congressmen, or would they not, announce clearly and firmly their real views, and, what is more important, not compromise themselves by suspicious behaviour? I would put it to the Moderates, that if instead of this being the year of grace 1907, it were the year 1857, with Martial Law's sure and sudden and often mistaken justice, would they remain as passive in their loyalty as they are to-day? An Indian who figured largely before the

public eye recently is deported without any trial or chance of explanation. If the right of public trial before a court of law is worth preserving, if the sense of security we enjoy to-day is worth retaining, it is surely worth it at the price of a little more precision in our political views. To eat our cake and wish to have it too is not possible, and the secret of a double existence is bound to leak out.

But when I have said so far I have not ended. It would be grossly unfair to India, and the educated Indians, to ignore the reality of their grievances. If the Indian Moderates and the Indian Extremists have sinned, they have sinned in excellent European company. For, if the Europeans have their Gokhales, they are not without their Pals.

ANGLO-INDIAN PARTIES.

Among the Anglo-Indians too there are two parties answering to the Moderates and the Extremists of the Congress. The latter are, however, mostly composed of those who have now either a distant connection or none at all with the "Home" of speaking of which they never seem to tire; and in some cases, of men whose intellectual qualifications have enabled them to compete successfully for the I. C. S., but who lack social and other gifts that no text-books can offer, and no examinations can test, but which are all the same needed in the governance of an alien population in many matters more sensitive than other races. They are the proud exponents of the "D—n Nigger School." In their estimation every concession made to the people is a sign of

weakness incompatible with the glory of the imperial race of rulers to which they belong. Though often bound by official discipline to bow before the decision of the higher authorities, they have been the loudest in condemning, only a little while ago, the sober policies of Mr. Morely and Lord Minto. It is not without some amusement, coupled with instruction, to speculate what would have been the views of this school about the Secretary of State and the Viceroy, in the place of the lavish praise now offered, had not the Regulation of 1818 been brought into requisition. At any rate, the change of attitude is as sudden as any quick change artist could accomplish. If the sensationalism of their apprehensions could be believed, it would appear that these good people slept with a revolver under their pillow. Liable to scares, whether cholera be the cause or mango-tree daubing, they

would like to issue ball cartridges to the troops twice a year to suppress another Mutiny. To them the re-organization scheme of Lord Kitchener would therefore appear to be a serious mistake. Trusting none, they are trusted by nobody. Yet we who live in this country, and know it as no European has known it since the Mutiny, have never come across the *chapatis* which we are asked to believe are being distributed again, nor seen the fanatic whetting the assassin's knife on the tombstone of the national martyr. Like Macbeth's, these are but daggers of the mind,—the false creations of a heat-oppressed brain.

One would think that these repressionists and suppressionists would be disowned by the large school of Moderates, and ridiculed as idle talkers. Yet nowhere do we come across a clear denunciation of these men by the soberer section of Anglo-Indian society. To

a hundred that would suggest the prosecution of Indian agitators under Section 124 A., not one suggests the prosecution of a European mischief-monger under Section 153 A. When a Viceroy deals firmly with prejudiced juries, or a Commander-in-Chief makes a righteous announcement against the reckless kicking of somnolent coolies, even the Moderates get a little disconcerted. At Delhi, when the 12th Lancers passed the Viceroy's guests, these upholders of British *izzat* cheered lustily, forgetful even of the good manners required of them as guests of the central figure of the Durbar. Indeed, it is a hard choice between English bigotry and Indian prejudice.

“NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET.”

There certainly is a Moderate party among the Anglo-Indians, but it deliberately believes much that the other party only babbles thoughtlessly. It regards the Indian and the Asiatic incapable of developing the White man's independence, or moral texture. The Indian clay is a hopelessly unsuitable material wherewith to mould a perfect man. One of these wrote from Simla to a London daily paper, not many weeks ago, *a propos* of the expectations of the Indians from Mr. Morley : “To admit the Asiatic otherwise than in the comparatively subordinate, though also extremely numerous, and often well-paid positions he already occupies, is to dilute efficiency with a stream that will force ever wider a once open penstock, until an overwhelming

flood sweeps in." The *Spectator* tells us frankly that "the Whites claim—and have for a century exacted,—the position of an aristocracy among races of other colours. The White man, in an Asiatic state, never accepts any other position than that of first, and that by right, not of his creed, not even of his knowledge, but of some inherent and—as it were—divinely granted superiority. He never consents to any lower position, and is in fact unable even to think of himself in any other." The writer admits that Japan has freed herself from the shackles of Asiatic conservatism, and is creating in Asiatic thought a marvellous revolution. But he uses the favourite and flattering fallacy of many European writers about Japan, that she is an imitator, or at best, a borrower of Europe, without initiative or originality. Even if this be granted, may it not be said that that excellent model is still extant for others to copy, and that the resources of the rich lender have

not yet been exhausted even after the enormous loan of Japan? "Japan is not at heart an Asiatic Power," says the *Spectator*. Yet this was a heresy unthinkable twenty-five years ago. May it not be that other inconceivable heterodoxies are fast developing into faith? Another writer, in the *Daily Mail*, writes an article full of brilliant paradoxes and scintillating with specious epigrams. He mocks the Frenchman who would apply the principles of 1789 to the Congo, and the American who has dumped upon the Filipinos the paraphernalia of democracy. He revels in the judicious indifference of the British citizen towards India and Egypt, and condemns the unpolitic curiosity which would convert the supermacy of the House of Commons over the alien dependencies from a necessary fiction into an inquisitorial fact.

The text of his lay sermon is the waxing fat of Jeshurun, who kicked—and lightly esteemed—the rock of his salvation.

All this that is said in so many words was tersely put by Kipling into a single line—

“East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,”

which, from being the wit of one, has now come to be the wisdom of many. But, it is just this preconceived notion of the everlasting difference between East and West that is responsible for three-fourths of the discontent not only in India, but also in Egypt and China; and, if ever the Yellow Peril, or the Black Peril becomes a reality, in the sense of a combined effort in Asia and Africa to throw back the tide of European aggression, Europe would have none to thank but the narrowness of its own pseudo-scientific dogmas, just as France had to thank Napoleon as the maker of modern Germany, and the ultimate cause of the catastrophe of Sedan.

THE EDUCATION BACILLUS.

If England really desired to create a gigantic and all-pervading monopoly in administrative, and still more so, in social distinctions, it made the initial mistake—as some Anglo-Indians now openly declare,—of educating the Indians. The Brahmin, a born monopolist, was wiser in keeping the sacred Vedas safe from the sacrilegious touch of the Sudra. That generous impulse which first created colleges and established schools was the real germ of the evil. Yet no bacteriologist discovered the dangerous bacillus early enough, and now no effort, however disguised under the cloak of educational theories, would repair the damage already done, or destroy the spawnlike progeny of that one praiseworthy mistake. It is true there is a

pressing need of improving the character of modern education in India very much on the lines of Lord Curzon's reforms. Through lack of social intercourse between the teachers and the taught, due to the aloofness of the Europeans, coupled with the caste restrictions of the Hindus which have made residential colleges and schools impossible, the development of education has been one-sided, leaving the formation of character not to the force of living example, but to the printed precept, and encouraging the cramming of books at the expense of the growth of thought. In consequence of the early mistakes of the educationalists, the students have remained ignorant of the motives of their foreign teachers, and generally credit them with the worst. Their minds are immature, and, having been kept carefully wrapped up in a sort of political cotton-wool to prevent their catching a seditious cold, they fall the readiest victims to the first

demagogue who addresses them on political topics. "This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice to our own lips." Thus, education, carried on on wrong lines, "returns to plague the inventor." But in spite of all these defects, it is this education itself through which Jeshurun hath waxen fat and grown thick. This is the irony of political destiny to which Lord Cromer alluded in his last report. There is no question of gratitude. Are young nations that learn their political lessons from older nations ever grateful? Japan stands to-day as a living example of ingratitude. In reality, it is the old problem which civilization and enlightenment, liberally diffused, are inevitably bound to raise up against themselves. England must now cheerfully pay the penalty of her generous impulses.

If the Indians do not acquiesce in a definition of the East which presupposes the loss

of the decalogue this side of Suez, it is the *amour propre* which their education has taught them that is to blame. By accepting as correct and unchangeable this line of demarcation between East and West, we lose at one stroke the thousand and one hopes and ambitions that vitalize our youth and manhood. Are we to surrender without protesting all that makes life worth living, simply because fanciful theories of the future destinies of races, propounded by those whose interest it is to convince us of them, assign to us no other position in life but that of hewers of wood and drawers of water? Is not this the old world fatalism, the acceptance of blind *kismet*,—that *cul de sac* of Destiny—which Europe has hitherto regarded as our bane? We, who do not accept this latest version of an old story, but believe that man is man and master of his fate, prove thereby how well we have learnt at least

one lesson from Europe. The Brahmin of old regarded his superiority over other castes as a divinely decreed postulate, and Europe laughed at him. Regardless of status, Islam proclaimed in a set of ideals of life the one straight road to heaven, and tolerant Christendom still mocks at it. And yet to-day we are calmly assured by these disbelievers in destiny and religious cosmopolites, that God has eternally placed a ban on the Torrid Zone, and excommunicated Asia for all time from participating in the truth of principles that govern mankind in Europe. The Brahmin at least made it possible for a man of lower birth to be born again as a Brahmin. The Mussulman was at his worst exclusive only so long as no change in ideals of life, signified by conversion, was assured, and thereafter absorbed the convert in his own community in the most thoroughgoing fashion. But does any modern theory

denial of this, the holiest of the holy trinity, that has produced a bitterness foreign to India in her relations with her rulers. It may not be confessed,—and many men, and many communities dare not confess it in this free land,—but the bitterness is universal in India to-day. It is not talked of, but felt all the same, by high and low, educated and illiterate, by Mussulman as well as Hindu, by the sturdy little Mahratta, no less than the stalwart Sikh, or the stately Rajput. We have all read the Maharaja of Bikaner's spirited, and—in the main—correct reply to the article in *Blackwood's Magazine*. But could his Highness confess all that is in his heart with the courage of the old time Rajput, he could unfold a pretty tale of petty despotisms in which the positions of scions of great houses of Rajputana and small political officers appear in an order the reverse of natural. Were it not for the social grievance, one would find

of life contemplate our re-birth as Whites, and can the converted Ethiopian thereby change his skin? It is curious, then, to hear Lord Hugh Cecil wondering that so many years of missionary effort have not yet produced an Indian Bishop. The pseudo-scientists of Europe forget that their claims are only a little more irrational than those of the Brahmin, and far less tenable than those of the One and Only Faith. It was not so long ago that in an inspired moment the London *Times* wrote a leading article on Whites and non-Whites in which the colour theory was upset in a very forcible and convincing manner. Had Printing House Square not forgotten its own revelations, it would not have been necessary for the *Times* to assign the discontent wholly to factious agitation "which is sanctioned by no self-denial, which seeks its energising forces in the development of race-hatred, and which relies for its success on the

demoralization of the young, the coercion of the timid, and the boundless credulity of the ignorant." Lord Curzon never said a truer thing than this, that the unrest in India was only "skin deep," though His Lordship would not accept, perhaps, the interpretation which it can bear.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Once the European accepts the flattering assumption of his own political superiority, it is not difficult to trace the steps by which he arrives at conclusions repugnant to the Asiatic, and hotly challenged by him. He naturally regards the instruments which have raised him to this eminence as eternally unsuitable for the East, which is, *ex hypothesi*, incapable of political independence. Representative institutions which are the meat of Europe are the poison of Asia. Even if a concession is to be made to popular demands, it must be made to stifle clamour, as toys are given to crying children. Europeans have no belief in their efficacy this side of Suez. It is surprising to note how little they have now come to believe in the power of education,

and how much in the inherited failings of humanity. With the pages of history unrolled before them, they yet fail to see that centuries are but ripples in the ocean of eternity. Did not earlier civilizations sneer equally arrogantly at those who were then regarded as barbarians, who yet humbled them, and like the fabled Phoenix, rose out of their ashes ?

It may not be remiss to remind the politicians, who regard representative institutions incompatible with the "genius of the East," that an eminent Indian, whom they have hitherto delighted in honouring as a thinker and a leader of men, one who was not the immature product of our modern education, with crude half-formed ideas, but was familiar with both orders of things, the New and the Old, who had knowingly wrenched himself from the latter, and cut himself adrift from Old World

moorings, in order to move with the new life-giving current,—Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, loyalist of loyalists,—had laid the blame of the Mutiny on those who had denied India direct representation in the Viceroy's Legislative Council, and asked for the extension of this principle in the politics of the Empire. When he was himself a member of this body, and the Central Provinces Self-Government Bill was being discussed, he said that he rejoiced to have lived long enough to see India learning at the hands of her rulers the lesson of self-government which had made Great Britain so great among the nations of the world. It would then be strange if this vital principle in politics is not now applied to India,—a quarter of a century after Sir Syed Ahmed's memorable speech in 1883,—simply because among the claimants of the boon are also some clamant Babus. Mr. Morley has dealt with the most critical situa-

tion that the Empire of Great Britain has had to face since the days of Burke and the American Taxation, and he has dealt with it in the genuinely liberal yet sober spirit of his great predecessor. An extension of the Legislative Councils in India, the creation of a Council of Notables, and the selection of one or two Indians for his own Council are steps evidently in the right direction, though little is yet known of even the most necessary details. It is not the pace that matters, so long as the ship's head is in the right direction. Is that direction to point towards Efficiency, or Self-Government?—that is the main question. Once that question is decided in an English spirit, the pace can be left to take care of itself; and in reality, a slow pace is the only one consistent with safety where the best of pilots must be diffident.

NOT COUNCILS BUT CLUBS.

But it is not the political torpor, which the divine right to rule the non-Whites induces, that is the chief subject of complaint. It is not the political monopoly that is the most oppressive, or most widely felt. Only an infinitesimal proportion of the vast population of this peninsula can gain for ages to come from the political or administrative expansion, and it is the generosity of England that has created the enchanting dreams, the high hopes, and the vitalizing ambitions of self-government. Political privileges alone will not allay the discontent. Even if there was a majority of Indians in the Legislative Councils, and a far larger admixture of the Indian element in the administration of the country, the unrest in its one dangerous form

would still be there. Like the "smile *without* the cat" which Alice saw in Wonderland, the problem would still stare us in the face. For, India's problem is neither solely nor mainly political. Political expansion can wait; participation in administration may be ushered in by degrees; the drain to Europe may continue,—for the East is familiar with tributes to Suzerains, and India may even thank Great Britain for disguising the humiliating tax in the one form peculiar to a "nation of shopkeepers." India has always been giving—and giving lavishly too,—to her conquerors. She is not good at accounts, nor picy in her dealings. But the reform that cannot wait but must come, now and to-day, the account in which India is exacting, and the drain which she cannot tolerate any longer, is the Social one. Unprepared for unrestricted liberty, unqualified for absolute equality, India has always been ready and ripe for genuine fraternity. It is the

denial of this, the holiest of the holy trinity, that has produced a bitterness foreign to India in her relations with her rulers. It may not be confessed,—and many men, and many communities dare not confess it in this free land,—but the bitterness is universal in India to-day. It is not talked of, but felt all the same, by high and low, educated and illiterate, by Mussulman as well as Hindu, by the sturdy little Mahratta, no less than the stalwart Sikh, or the stately Rajput. We have all read the Maharaja of Bikaner's spirited, and—in the main—correct reply to the article in *Blackwood's Magazine*. But could his Highness confess all that is in his heart with the courage of the old time Rajput, he could unfold a pretty tale of petty despotisms in which the positions of scions of great houses of Rajputana and small political officers appear in an order the reverse of natural. Were it not for the social grievance, one would find

more discontent in the Native States than in British India. With much less freedom, justice, impartiality in the matter of official patronage, and honesty and efficiency in the discharge of administrative duties, the Native States still possess that great desideratum of good government,—a strong sentiment of attachment to the rulers and their agents in administration. Let the British Government depose the worst ruler of such a State, there would still be genuine regret for the deposed tyrant, which could hardly be said concerning the departure of a most impartial District Officer who had ruled efficiently. We have often heard it said that nothing appeals to the Oriental like force. But force appeals to all those alike who are dependent upon stronger powers. In this the Oriental is not peculiar. What, however, do appeal to him in a pre-eminent degree are a kind word, and the satisfaction that those who rule over him are

as accessible to him, and can be appealed to in his afflictions, whether domestic or public, as frankly and freely as the patriarch in the household. This it is which accounts for the subtle spell which the worst tyrant in an Eastern despotism can weave round the affections and sentiments of his subjects. If India is to be governed successfully in an autocratic manner, it is this magic web that must sedulously be woven. And for this no legislation is needed, nor agitation possible. "For Rome's expansion the Roman soldier was more needed than the Roman General," says the historian of imperial Rome. For India's peaceful progress it is not Cabinet Ministers that are needed, but Club men. The motto that most suits the present situation is, "*Not Councils, but Clubs.*"

NOLI ME TANGERE.

The Aga Khan has said that the discontent in India is not due to the social aloofness of the English. He would, in fact, deny the *noli me tangere* of the English in India altogether. Well, there is a world of difference between the points of view from Olympus where the gods dwell, and the plains below where mere mortals drag on their dull existence. And though it is a distinct advantage, for a proper discussion of the subject, to have all doors open to you, it is also indispensable to have some slammed in your face. The following is what a European, writing to an Anglo-Indian daily paper, has to say: "To cure disaffection, what you have to do is to cultivate affection, and can it be honestly

claimed that nine out of ten Europeans in India lift even a little finger in this direction? It is a standing problem where the courtesy of some otherwise well-bred Europeans goes as soon as they begin to have any dealings with Indians. I am convinced that one fruitful cause of Indian disaffection is European discourtesy." Of such discourtesy, every Indian could give instances numerous enough from his own experience, from the well-known story of the impotent potentate who shampooed a tired sportsman's legs in his own reserved railway carriage, down to less humiliating episodes. And it is not India alone that has to complain. All the bitterness rankling in the Egyptian's breast is due to the thoughtless and overbearing conduct of some Europeans, though they would assign to the same malady a different cause there, *viz.*, the fanaticism of the Pan-Islamite. Even the servile fellahin have shown that the worm can turn, for though

their lot has undoubtedly improved during the British occupation, it was the Fellah that was the villain of the piece in the melodrama at Denshawi.

But let us now turn from acts of positive discourtesy to forms of passive intolerance. From the European quarter and European Club, down to European compartments in trains and European benches on station platforms, this unfortunate spirit is manifest everywhere. It is the boast of the English that they rule India as no ruling race has ever done before. But were it not for the Indian Press which is so often denounced, and the representative institutions which are declared to be incompatible with the "genius of the East," it would be impossible for the English to rule India in a sane manner. Sir Syed Ahmed attributed the "Great Misunderstanding" of 1857 to the lack of direct representation of the Indian

point of view. But the European in the Fifties had some knowledge of Indian feeling through the intercourse he carried on with his sable fellow-beings. And it was this which accounted for the hundreds of lives saved at tremendous personal risk by subordinates, acquaintances, neighbours, and domestic servants during that dark period. If there were to be a recrudescence of the same midsummer madness,—a thing which is happily now out of the question,—who can with any certainty say that similar risks would now be run to save a single life? Now that the Suez Canal has increased the distance between East and West, and every officer spends his three months' leave in Europe, when the jealous Mem Saheb, with the natural instinct of self-preservation, has monopolised all the tender sentiments of the sterner sex of her own race, and forbids the bans in the case of all relationships with dusky beauties, when an Indian marrying a European girl would bring

down on his own and his poor wife's devoted head all the accumulated indignation and fury of a gigantic racial Trust, it is to be doubted if a single European knows his India as it is necessary for a ruler to know the country over which he exercises a despotic sway.

A unique system of competition for the premier service of India demands encyclopædic cramming, if not encyclopædic knowledge. But of its compatibility with the peculiar "genius of the East" any one can judge easily who knows that the District Officer for India is selected according to the same tests as the Cadet of Singapore, or the Clerk of the Land Office in Ireland. The I. C. S. candidate has as much sympathy for India as for the Straits Settlements or Ireland, and, often with praiseworthy impartiality, he is at the same time a candidate for service in India, in the Colonies, and at Home. The East has no distinct call for him.

There is, of course, a year's probation in England during which a little Indian History and an Indian vernacular is tried. But I doubt if any I. C. S. man knows half as much about the most important period of Indian History as about the most obscure modern European or ancient Greek war ; and I have grave doubts about the existence of the man who could correctly ask for a glass of water in any Indian vernacular on the day of his landing in Bombay. It is this which accounts for the extreme poverty of literature on Indian History and Indian vernaculars from members of perhaps the most literary service in the world. All honour to the men, but the method of their selection deserves no commendation.

With such praiseworthy preparation for the career of a strenuous lifetime, is it any wonder that the Englishman in India remains out of touch with the land he rules in ? He takes his bearer and his wife's ayah to be

authorities on polite speech in a land where some of the vernaculars like Urdu are the perfection of refinement, and a slight turn of expression would grievously offend a person whom we intend to charm with our urbanity. Would not the same fate befall an Indian who tried to grasp the beauties of Shelley or the subtleties of Browning, or mixed in Society in Belgravia, with the stock of knowledge the chief sources of the supply of which had been the maid of-all-work from the somewhat democratic precincts of Whitechapel? I am as much an admirer of Mr. Anstey's Jabberji English as any reader of *Punch*, but a much lesser humourist could split the sides of half the world with the solecisms of Anglo-India. Take Indian music. What is the accomplished Anglo-Indian's conception of that music? A succession of quaint sounds, more or less inharmonious, producing a bizarre effect! What does he know of Indian customs, even the prettiest of which are now,

alas! doomed by the advance of a sombre civilization? Hardly any is intelligible to him, and what is not easily comprehensible is readily catalogued as grotesquely superstitious, or barbarously quaint. Know his India? Would an Indian know his England who could not distinguish Edna May's music from Melba's, nor tell Keats from Kipling, and who even in a short sojourn of three or four years remained ignorant of the esoteric significance of a kiss under the mistletoe?

THE GULF UNBRIDGABLE.

We are told of differences of customs and manners, of ideas and ideals, which have created the gulf unbridgable. In reality, the differences are often artificial and superficial. If it is true, as Froude says, that democracies cannot rule dependencies, it is truer still that a great empire and insular conventions go ill together. England goes out to measure the world by her own foot-measure, and finds fault with the world for being so wide. Do Englishmen coming out to India expect to find it a suburb of London or Glasgow? Having dumped their laws, language, and literature, their ideas and ideals, often even their inartistic dress of sad and sombre hue transplanted from a sunless country to a sunny soil, where the only artistic blending

of colours is to be found in the rainbow, they would now dump on poor Europe-ridden India the cockney conventions of London and the suburbia. One man complains that Hindus cannot dine with him ; but how often has he invited the Mussulman to his festive board ? Another regrets that Islam has forbidden the use of the grape juice ; but has he ever tried the drinking capacity, say, of the Zoroastrian ? A third regrets the seclusion of the Indian lady, and even resents it ; but has his wife, with whom there is no purdah, ever called on the Bai or the Begam, not to satisfy a curiosity, or a craving to patronise the cagebirds, but in the genuine spirit of sisterly sympathy, with which all who know the Englishwoman in her own island home can easily credit her ? No impartial observer can deny the difficulties that exist in the way of that free intercourse to which the English are accustomed at Home. But if the will was there, could any

difficulties deter a race which has amply proved its tenacity of purpose in many spheres and in many lands? Is it not unreasonable,—nay, is it not humiliating,—to conceive or confess that a people whom thousands of miles of land and sea, great differences of climate, unfamiliar administrative problems, and bewildering varieties of race and religion could not daunt, are yet impotent before the inelasticity of their own insular conventions? And it must be remembered that the same difficulties exist to-day in the way of social intercourse between Hindu and Mussulman, Parsee and Sikh. Yet they are friends all the same, and what is more, were still greater friends two centuries ago when the stringency of racial and religious restrictions was much greater.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

What is the result of all this intolerance and aloofness? The educated Indian has begun to hate the English; the half-educated zemindar flatters him; the ignorant peasant fears him. Of love, there is no sign or trace. Many Englishmen would declare that they do not need it. Yes, they may not need it to-day, nor to-morrow; but may the time be far off when reverses like those of the Transvaal war are met with in a trans-frontier campaign at the hands of a stronger opponent than the Boers? The existence of this vast and splendid Empire would then hang in the balance between the active support and passive resistance of the people whose love is despised to-day. Prestige, born of fear and pampered with flattery,

would soon fade away, and the British forces would be but a drop in the bucket, between an advancing foe in front, and a disaffected subject population behind. The intoxication born of the heady wine of power and pride would go, leaving as a poor successor the nausea and the torpor of tardy regrets.

Let me not conjure up such a gloomy future. Look at the present itself. Every European who dies of plague is practically a victim to this racial pride. When the plague first broke out, the people attributed it to a benign and benevolent Government. An old woman asked the Municipal Secretary of an Upper India town, in sadly earnest accents, not to sprinkle any more red powder, as he had killed enough men in that quarter. Yet no Ajit Singh had persuaded her to believe this. A soda-water bottle, hung from a string into a well in a village where the Collector could not get ice on his tour, created

an amusing uproar. Yet these are not proofs of Indian stupidity merely. They simply show that ninety-nine Indians out of every hundred do not understand an Englishman, and all, without any exception, fear him. The result is that he cannot induce those over whom he rules to do anything without force being evident in the background. Hence, also, the mortal horror of the separation of the Executive and the Judiciary. Repression with fear,—yes; but persuasion without understanding,—never. Is it any wonder, then, that plague prevention failed in Bombay when the epidemic first commenced its ravages and could have been crushed; that Indian subordinates and non-officials had to be requisitioned after all; and that after the Malkowal blunder, aggravated by a secret inquiry, inoculation was doomed for a long time, and is far from popular even to-day? Can it be said that any sanitary measures,

no matter how stringent, adopted by an Indian Prince in a Native State would awaken the same suspicions and provoke the same resentment that caused the plague riots in Bombay and Northern India; and can those absurd stories about the poisoning of wells which we are told are the chief topics of conversation in the villages of the Punjab and the Frontier Province ever find credence among the subjects of the most backward Native State? If not,—and there is nothing to make us believe to the contrary,—what constitutes the difference? Is it not that pride and suspicion on the one side have created prejudice and suspicion on the other?

MOGHAL AND BRITISH.

Let us change the scene, and hear what an American has to say of the results of exclusiveness *a propos* of multi-millionaires in his own country. He compares the life of a Florentine banker of the Renaissance with that of a New York grandee. He contrasts the millionaire's mansion or hotel with the palace of the Medici filled with servants who were not treated as menials, and retainers who were in a sense members of the family, which the clerks and secretaries are not. This was a centre of social existence of which the prominent and always visible figure was the Cræsus himself. His conclusion is that it is difficult to hate a man who tips his bennet to you several times a week, while it is easy to loathe abstractly a magnate whom you

have never seen, except through the blur of his possessions, and who can never by any chance see you. The drawback of class isolation is, from the point of view of the class itself, that the average man interprets the unknown, not in terms of magnificence or benignity, but of baseness. The mysterious millionaire would lose much of his odiousness,—and justly,—if he ceased to be a myth, and came to be known as the human biped he actually is. If by any chance Mr. Rockefeller could be known on Grand Street as a Medici was on the Via della Vigna Nuova, the odds are that his ogreish glamour would promptly disappear.

Just substitute for the Medici the Moghal, and for Mr. Rockefeller an English official in India, and the conclusion would not have to be much modified. The Moghal Governor was equally the superior of the subject population of those days in culture and

learning. He was even more autocratic than his English prototype, and, it is to be feared, even more regardless of the law of the land. No Habeas Corpus was then known, and the Regulation of 1818 was neither obsolete, nor needed any long-drawn justification. In fact, the Subadar ruled with an iron rod. But it was an iron rod which the local blacksmith had forged. His whole existence, with all its grandeur and glamour, its benevolence and oppressions, its indiscretions and follies, was passed almost in public gaze. If the Subadar was not of the people, he was at least among them. Domestic events, bringing in their train joy or sorrow, met with a human response from the subjects.

Turn now to the English Governor, half of whose existence is passed on Olympian heights, where the uplifted gaze of mortality below cannot even penetrate the enveloping mists, and where only such may come from the

plains as minister to his comforts and convenience. For all that they know of his loves at Jakko or his jealousies at Jutogh, the bracing joys of the god or his corroding cares, he may really be the serene and unmovable deity whom the fear-ridden worshipper in the plains below sometimes curses, sometimes implores, but at all times has to placate. When the dusty plains are visited, he comes to an expectant district like a comet, none knows whence, and goes away again like a comet, none knows whither. His whole life is an enigma. To many millions, his very existence is an unbelievable myth. The joys and sorrows of his existence do not touch them. The one may mean a *bal masque* or an extra champagne dinner to a small exclusive world already satiated with gaiety. The other may mean to it a ball or a dinner put off—for another week. But the gladdest tidings and the most poignant grief do not draw from the millions

a single smile or sigh. For, his joys are not the sable men's joys, nor his sorrows their sorrows. If some masterly hand, whether Royal or Viceregal, could lift the curtain, the gods would perhaps sink into commonplace mortals, in some cases possibly quite as vulgar and petty at heart, in spite of differences of surroundings, as the devotees themselves. But the loss of divinity would be more than compensated by the gain of humanity. With the disappearance of this splendid isolation, prejudice would vanish like the misty hosts at the break of the morning sun. Fears and suspicions would no more hamper the benevolence of the gods. They, perhaps, stand to gain the most from the change, for to-day many an honest man may be hating an entire class unreasonably, simply because he has never been in friendly relation with any of its individuals.

LAST WORDS.

We have seen that the present discontent is due partly, and inevitably, to the advance of Western education and enlightenment, aggravated by the blunders of the educationists, and extended and amplified by the active support of the Congress Extremists, and the contributory negligence of the Moderates. But it is also partly due to the actual discourtesy of some Europeans, and the social exclusiveness of all. An additional impetus is also given by the lavish promises of the English and their tardy performance. These pledges were not given by Machiavelian politicians as the Extremists would have us believe, but were the outcome of those generous impulses which a free people are bound to feel from time to time. When our

politicians complain of the casuistical interpretations put upon the Queen's Proclamation by pro-Consuls and Parliaments, they are apt to forget that the most gracious sentences were not the composition of some pettifogging lawyer, but of our Sovereign Lady, Victoria, who was every inch a woman and a queen. In fact, hardly any Indian patriot has rendered India such valuable services as Englishmen of the type of Burke and Bright, Macaulay and Bentinck. But all cannot take the wings of angels. Because the average Englishman lacks the fluffy growth on his shoulder blades, is it any reason to credit him with the cloven foot? He is really and truly much more commonplace, being merely man.

It is true, however, that nobody in the wide world is half so sanctimonious as an Englishman. His insularity, added to his puritanic bent of mind, makes him an admir-

able hypocrite. What the French would cynically acknowledge and laugh over, and the Germans boastfully proclaim from house-tops, the English would disguise with the most praiseworthy pertinacity. It is this trait of their character which makes alien nations suspect them of conscious hypocrisy. They feel annoyed if other people take them at their word. "We rule India for India's benefit only," says the Anglo-Indian. Yet no philanthropist was ever so persevering in doing good to others against their will. Every Civilian talks of exile, and yet I fancy there is not a little regret when the would-be Governor is denied by the examiners the privileges of martyrdom and life-long exile. Such pugnacious altruism and persistent philanthropy are liable to be misunderstood. A little more self-introspection and cynical frankness could sweep away much of the prevailing discontent. A writer in the *Empire Review* from Johannesburg has put

the case with true Colonial directness. "It is not to-day nor to-morrow," says he, "but the day will come when the Indians can justly claim they can rule themselves, and then we must cast aside hypocrisy, and either acknowledge we do not govern India merely for Indian's benefit, or we must retire. Self-interest in trade is why we rule India, and not pure philanthropy. It remains to be seen which we stand by."

If this were wholly true, and—what is more,—if the interests of India and England were to become contradictory and mutually exclusive, there would, then, be ample justification for seditionists to do their work. For, sedition would then lose its stigma, and become a war of independence. The English would then have to say frankly, "Snatch, if you can, the club from the hand of Hercules," and deport all their disaffected subjects to another continent, or crush three hundred million

malcontents. To hope to succeed by persuasion and reasoning would then be as futile as it would be treacherous.

But if that time has not yet come,—and I refuse to believe that it has come,—then, let the elect on the European side curb the petty passions of European Extremists, and let the Indian Moderates silence the rabid Radicals in their own camp, or disown them as courageously as they pronounce anathemas on Fullers and Curzons. The slow but sure method, however, of crushing disaffection is by courting affection. And for that there is no other royal road than that trod by the Afghan and the Moghal. Believe me, there is no greater Little Englander than your Imperialist. His seclusion behind a *purdah* that neither morality demands nor religion sanctions, and living in the midst of the people, yet avoiding the touch of a sixth of the whole human race, is a folly that

would be amusing, did it not lead to a tragic end. Cannot Imperial Rome—with all her failings, truly imperial—teach the simple text of the Poet, “*Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*”? Could but a few men at the top ponder deeply over the rejoicings of an Empire Day in which but a small slice of this gigantic Empire participated, there would be food enough for thought, and hope enough for the Empire’s permanence and prosperity.