

INDIA

FORTY YEARS OF PROGRESS AND REFORM

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Rare section

INDIA

*FORTY YEARS OF PROGRESS
AND REFORM*

BEING

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
BEHRAMJI M. MALABARI

BY

R. P. KARKARIA

EDITOR OF
CARLYLE'S UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON EUROPEAN LITERATURE
AND CULTURE

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PREFACE

IN the following pages an attempt has been made to present to the reader a slight sketch of an Indian career which deserves to be known more widely. Mr. Malabari is already well known, both in this country and in Europe, by his own literary works as well as, recently, by the excellent life of him, written by his friend and colleague, Mr. Dayaram Gidumal, C. S.; but above all, by his efforts in the cause of Social Reform. These efforts give him a unique place in contemporary history. The single-minded, straightforward honesty of purpose, the boldness and perseverance shown in the good cause, and, more than all, the spirit of self-sacrifice which pervades his crusade against evils that stand in the way of national progress, stamp him as an exemplary character. His intellectual endowments are great, but they are shared by others among his more prominent countrymen. What raises him above most of his contemporaries is that he combines this intellectual eminence with moral greatness, and subordinates it to a high moral purpose. This is what renders him 'the best among the men whom India is producing in the course of her new development' under British rule. He is the type

of true culture, and he has striven hard to leave the world the better for his having entered it. He has had fixed ideals in life, which he has pursued steadily through good report and ill report, allowing

‘Neither evil tongues,
Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life’,¹

to prevail over him and make him swerve from the path of Duty, which, in his case, is the path of active benevolence. The life of such a man will be well worth recounting at length, when it has run its full course. Long may that day be in coming! Meanwhile, I have endeavoured to give this outline sketch, based on known facts, with such reflections as suggested themselves while writing about one whom I am proud to call my countryman and friend, whom I had learnt to admire long before I came to know him personally, and personal contact with whom has not only confirmed and increased my admiration for his character and genius, but has made me, I believe, a wiser and a better man. May these slight pages succeed in introducing readers to a great personality, make Indians appreciate better what a force for good they possess in him, and Englishmen rejoice how fruitful the efforts of their race for the mental and moral improvement of this God-given dependency must prove when they produce men like Mr. Malabari.

R. P. KARKARIA.

MATHERAN (near BOMBAY),

May 9, 1894.

¹ Wordsworth, *Lines on Tintern Abbey.*

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MR. MALABARI'S LITERARY WORKS

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Second Edition.

(*Extracts from some Press opinions.*)

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THE INDIAN MUSE IN ENGLISH GARB, AND OTHER ENGLISH VERSES.

'MY DEAR SIR,

I return my best thanks for your *Indian Muse in English Garb*. It is interesting, and more than interesting, to see how well you have managed in your English garb.

I wish I could read the poems which you have written in your own vernacular; for, I doubt not they deserve all the praise bestowed upon them by the papers.

Believe me, your far-away but sincere friend,

1878.

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1878.

Yours sincerely,
F. MAX MÜLLER.'

"To the Missionaries of Faith," with its appended note,—the note on Zoroaster, p. 94—I have read with the greatest interest. . . The "Sketch" or Memoir is very striking; so are the "Stages of a Hindu Female Life." . . May God bless your labours! May the Eternal Father bless India, bless England, and bring us together as one family, doing each other good. May the fire of His love, the sunshine of His countenance, inspire us all!

1878.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.'

'You have such a cloud of witnesses to the excellence of the work, the high character of its poetry and its sentiments, and to the proof of singular ability, in such a mastery by a Foreigner, of the English language, that any favourable opinion of mine would be but a drop in the ocean.

1879.

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1878.

J. ESTLIN CARPENTER.'

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1880.

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'Mr. Malabari appears to be a man of great individuality of character and talent, and endowed with keen poetical instincts.'—*Madras Athenaeum and Daily News*, 1879.

'The letter Mr. Malabari received from the Princess Alice in acknowledgment of his work had such an effect on him, that on the recent death of that amiable and accomplished lady, he embalmed her memory in a trinity of beautiful English sonnets. A copy of the sonnets forwarded to H.M. the Queen has elicited two warm messages of thanks and appreciation. . . This is a great compliment to the poet's genius and character.'—*Calcutta Statesman*, 1879.

'Possesses considerable original power. It would be hard to overestimate the difficulties which throng around the native writer who endeavours to adapt his thoughts to the rigid and circumscribed requirements of English prosody, with its poverty in rhymes, and all the refined niceties of its metrical forms, which, while they help real genius, are stumbling-stones in the path of the ungifted. In his poetical tribute to the memory of the Princess Alice, our poet has poured his thoughts into the daintiest, as it is the most artificial, of all our lyrical moulds.'—*Madras Mail*, 1879.

'The writer has succeeded in drawing, in eloquent English verse, a very fine picture of England's popular Princess. Mr. Malabari seems to be a born poet. . . He also takes keen interest in the moral and social progress of his countrymen; and his earnest and manly endeavours in that direction, as also in faithfully interpreting the relations of India to England, ought to be appreciated by both countries. Such men are all too few in this country.'—*Englishman*, 1879.

'His poems prove that he is animated by noble aspirations, and that he has a desire to discriminate truly between what is worthy and unworthy in life, and a power of enthusiastic admiration and friendship. . . What he writes has a genuine character. His command of the language is wonderful, and there are probably few poems written by an Indian equal to those before us.'—*Journal of the National Indian Association*, 1878.

'His command over the English language is simply incredible, and we can personally testify to his high intelligence, disinterested patriotism and unselfish devotion.'—*Amrita Bazar Patrika*, 1878.

WILSON-VIRAH—GUJARÁTI.

'The language of *Wilson-Virah* is simpler and more racy than of *Niti-Vinod*; and its original thoughts, descriptive power and genuine poetic expression reflect credit on the author's genius.'—*Jam-e-Jamshed*, 1878.

'His readers are not only loving Parsis, but admiring Hindus. And no wonder. For Mr. Malabari's language is not only pure, it is the purest of the pure. . . But when we read his noble sentiments and his keen appreciation of Nature, it certainly makes us think very highly of him. Even his prose partakes of the nature of poetry.'—*Gujarat Mitra*, 1878.

'As a divine, *savant*, and philanthropist, the poet describes his hero in eulogistic terms, but in artistic style. The lines evince great mastery of language. . . The language is melodious, and the narrative is enriched with similes, metaphors, and other poetic characteristics.'—*Indian Daily News*, 1878.

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'Some of the poems are as finished as a beautiful picture. . . Many of them, being songs, will be a cherished treasure to the lover of music. . . . The description beginning with page 11 is so life-like, that it excites terror; but the writer seems to have used consummate art in managing his language. . . The portrait of beauty is very pure and vivid. Almost all the pieces evince deep love of Nature and her Maker; whilst some of the verses hide such a depth of meaning as could be fathomed only by a reader gifted with poetic instincts. . . Manly dignity, grace and melody, these are the peculiar merits of our young poet. He writes with reckless freedom; but like a true poet, keeps within bounds. In the treatment of religious subjects he evinces an intensely devout and meditative spirit. There are faults too in the work—immaturity, haste and abrupt terminations.'—*Bombay Chronicle*, 1882.

'Though composed some fifteen years ago, and though "the dim pictures of my childhood's experiences," these verses display a poet's powers. . . We observe evidences of the writer's high powers at every step. . . Pleasing, appropriate and affecting. . . The delicacy of feeling essential to a poet is not hard to find in Mr. Malabari.'—*Dnyan Vardhak*.

GUJARÁT AND THE GUJARÁTIS.

Third Edition.

'Many bright descriptions of native home life and customs. The author writes English with remarkable ease. . . Mr. Malabari sketches boldly, and has a satirical pen. . . Apart from the entertainment which it furnishes, there is much to be learnt from his book regarding both the merits and demerits of our rule in Hindustan as seen from the native point of view.'—*Daily News*, London, 1883.

'Sparkling series of sketches of Indian men and manners. . . The different castes and races are described with a skill and a humour that never fail. The author unlifts the veil from several ugly spots in our Indian Empire, but without even a dash of ill-humour or race antagonism. . . . Out of his own moral consciousness he evolves a fund of humour and of fun; he points out abuses by no means attributable to the English, and now and then shows up things which the rulers would do well to consider and take to heart. But the most striking thing about the book is the completeness with which Mr. Malabari sees through the English. The Marwari, the Bora, the Hajam, the Vaqil, he describes from the outside; but the Englishman, whom he does *not* set to work to describe, he seems to enter into as if he had been born within the sound of Bow Bells.'—*Vanity Fair*, London, 1883.

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'After the production of this book no one need say that Indians are reticent as to their social and domestic affairs, or in the least shy in expressing their opinion on their European governors. There is a charming frankness throughout the whole book which cannot fail to win the approbation of every reader; and this is happily accompanied by a pleasing witticism which precludes all suspicion of ill-natured carping.'—*Overland Mail*, London, 1883.

'Mr. Malabari's English style is remarkably good, and seldom exhibits any want of ease. His book is of special interest as throwing some light on the real feeling of the natives with regard to their British rulers.'—*Daily Telegraph*, London, 1883.

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'It is from the light thrown on modern native life, by such writers as Mr. Behramji Malabari, that the vast gulf, which separates the sordid and degraded Hinduism of the present day from the antique type, can be justly appreciated. The author has no wish to exaggerate the gloomy shadows that fall over this part of his subject; but he is too honest and sound a literary artist to entirely omit them, and he deserves great credit for a moderate and yet unflinching tone of veracity.'—*Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, 1883.

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'With singular tact, and a ready flow of wit, he passes in review the chief people in the country, and analyses their actions and characters with considerable freedom. . . A vein of irony runs through the book, which is especially apparent when discussing modern improvements.'—*Army and Navy Magazine*, London, 1883.

'Mr. Malabari's pictures of men and manners in Gujarát have that greatest of all merits—the merit of being drawn from the point of view of a candid native. . . Altogether, the volume has somewhat the effect of an album of photographs, not always very pleasing, but, without exception, extremely real.'—*British Quarterly Review*, London, 1883.

'A carter speaks sweetly to his bullock, and we have no idea that the persuasive tones say, "Go on, bullock of my heart, go on, thy mother-in-law's darling;" he takes to objurgations, and we cannot guess that he is shouting out, "Will you go on or not, you lazy widower, you son of a widow." . . The writer has powers of graphic description and a strong vein of humour. . . The life depicted is no high ideal, but one composed of many sordid materials, exposed in the book before us with an unsparing "photographic fidelity" which often reminds us of "Pandurang Hari".'—*Bombay Gazette*, 1883.

'"From grave to gay, from lively to severe:" there is scarcely any faculty of the mind which the writer of this work does not possess in a more or less eminent degree. . . The sketches of men and things Gujaráti, which form the bulk of the volume, are vivid life-pictures, full of humour and animation, as fresh as could be. . . Displays an extent of political insight and social and literary aptitude which no other single writer in India has yet displayed. . . His love of truth burns strong

in almost every page, the feeling becomes almost a passion when the writer is "intense," to use his own word. Few English readers will be able to understand how the heart is being torn asunder by its intense suffering while the hand is busy mercilessly tearing up the veil from the face of vice, hypocrisy, and superstition, as exemplified by caste and its concomitant evils.—*Indian Mirror*, Calcutta, 1883.

'The sufferings incident to child-marriage, the girl being older than the husband, are indicated in what is at once the most skilfully-drawn and curious episode in the work, entitled "An Aryan Idyll." . . . The concluding passages of the "Aryan Idyll" are instinct with the truest pathos.'—*Allen's Indian Mail*, London, 1883.

'The same facility of word-painting, sly humour, and genuine liberality of view that characterised the book in its original form.'—*The Scotsman*, 1884.

'On the subject of these relations, Mr. Malabari discourses with notable penetration, candour, and impartiality. He acknowledges the great superiority of the British method of government over the preceding native régimes in respect of security and educational opportunities.'—*New York Sun*, 1884.

'While thus bantering in the tone he adopts when speaking of the tendency of some natives to earn cheap honours by toadying to their European superiors, Mr. Malabari is pitilessly stern in describing the shortcomings of native princes, especially if they happen to be of the type of Mulharao Guickowar. The spirit of the Indian reformer runs through the whole work.'—*Catholic Examiner*, 1884.

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'The sketches given are vivid and picturesque, and are suffused with a vein of delicate humour which, set off in a clear, forcible style, clothes them with a peculiar interest. . . Another trait which characterizes the book is a spirit of benevolence and patriotism which runs through its pages.'—*Lahore Tribune*, 1884.

'It is written in a sprightly vein, and one is sometimes not certain if the author wishes to be taken seriously or not. . . This book is quite a gallery of pictures of the men in Western India who have any marked individuality.'—*Bombay Guardian*, 1884.

'A thousand times more valuable than those dry dissertations on the habits, character, and manners of the natives, with which the English reading public has been so long satisfied. The style of the book is lively, rollicking, and flexible, and reminds us in many places of Sir Ali Baba's happiest veins. The writer is truly a humorist in the best sense of the word. . . All these are graphic portraits with the unmistakable lineaments of truth, and tell us much more of native life than your bulky gazetteers and heavy books of travel. As for "week-day preaching," the volume before us contains many original observations, many incisive sayings, and many stirring exhortations.'—*Sindh Times*, 1884.

'Mr. Malabari's book is unique of his kind. It presents a picture of the different peoples of Gujarát, and of their different customs and habits; and the tact and the literary skill used in describing them are such that they not only embellish the original subjects, but also serve, to a great extent, the purpose of a novel. His pictures are effective and humorous. . . . It is a century now, since the British have been ruling over this country; but they have not as yet acquired an adequate knowledge of the social customs and usages of the natives. Books like the one under review are, therefore, a help and a guide to Europeans in order to familiarize them with those customs and usages, and also to encourage social intercourse between them and the natives.'—*Bombay Samachar*, 1884.

'Mr. Malabari writes English not only well, but with humour, and picturesquely. . . The book is pleasant, spirited, and readable, with successful comic effects, introduced naturally and judiciously.'—*Cincinnati Gazette*, 1884.

'Its language is remarkable for its brilliant strokes, its vigour and pungency of style, and is very idiomatic—a little too much sometimes. . . Mr. Malabari is, above all, a poet.'—*Revue Critique*, 1884.

'In spite of Oriental solecisms, Mr. Malabari's English is, on the whole, powerful and easy, and has a quaintness which in many cases gives it a peculiar charm. . . It is obvious that Mr. Malabari has a real sense of humour, and some of his descriptions and incidents are laughable in the extreme. . . The refreshing candour of this account indicates one of the charms of the book. The same candour is displayed in all Mr. Malabari's sketches of Indian social and religious life.'—*Calcutta Review*, 1884.

'A writer of originality and power on the vital Indian questions of our day.'—SIR WILLIAM HUNTER, 1889.

'Through all the fearlessness of his denunciation of vices, his intense sympathy with the Hindu and Mahomedan population, no less than with his co-religionists, is never out of sight. His perception of the defects of the rulers of the country does not blind him to their good qualities. . . The book teems with lessons for the European and the native, the ruler and the ruled, for the orthodox and conservative native, and the native reformer, sham or true, for the missionary, the statesman, the judge, the merchant, the British elector, and the Indian tax-payer. It is a book that none but a native could have written, and no native but one with the special qualifications and great command of English possessed by the author. His solecisms are few and far between, and tend only to add a picturesque ruggedness to his otherwise smoothly-rounded periods.'—*Madras Mail*, 1889.

'Mr. Malabari has much keen graphic power, and a strong sense of humour, sometimes amounting to sarcasm; but the kindliness of his nature helps to qualify the occasional bitterness of his descriptions. Few books on India throw such light, in a few words, on the ways and customs of the people.'—*Indian Magazine*, 1889.

THE INDIAN EYE ON ENGLISH LIFE.

Third Edition.

'Has a keenly observant eye and the gift of humour, and he gives his readers many vivid sketches of what he saw in the streets and houses of England. . . The author not only cleverly sketches the characters of others, but also reveals his own with the open-hearted candour of a Rousseau or a Cicero.'—*Bombay Gazette*, 1893.

'Intense originality and human interest. . . Every one remembers M. Taine's striking inference as to the respect felt for the English father from the fact that the young Englishman invariably speaks of him as "the Governor." Mr. Malabari, who might have been forgiven half a dozen flights of genius of this sort, has in that respect been happier than the illustrious author of *Letters from England*, so secure is he in a thoroughly idiomatic English, and is no stranger even to the English that is heard within sound of Bow Bells. The book is, as we have said, decidedly original, and is strongly impressed with the personality of its author. He manages—though it must have been a great effort to him—to keep his work as a social reformer in the background; but, as in India he has been accustomed to see the State mainly in the home, so in England the home life of the people claims much more of his attention than our politics, our literature, or our intellectual life. His observations are as a rule singularly correct. . .

'Like the *Athenaeum*, the *Saturday Review* has a long and highly appreciative notice of Mr. Malabari's new book. The former thinks Mr. Malabari's account of English home life to be beautiful, and that Rudyard

Kipling himself has never done anything better than the narrative of the cheap-jack fleecing his customers outside the Crystal Palace. According to the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Malabari studies every branch of English life with the calm, modest, discriminating attention of one anxious to get at the truth on every occasion, and appreciate its bearings on the problems of Indian society. As regards the relations of Englishmen and Indians, Mr. Malabari, according to the *Review*, speaks with excellent good sense, good taste and dignity, and that such work could not fail to be of inestimable value, showing that on the gravest and most important topics the author is in close sympathy with all that is best among Englishmen. . . .

'It is a hopeful sign of the times that the principal native papers of India appreciate the scope and object of Mr. Malabari's book on English life and manners. The *Hindu* of Madras, for example, has read the book with the greatest delight, and considers the author to be not only a philosopher, but also a true poet, albeit he writes in prose. The *Indian Mirror* of Calcutta, on the other hand, observes the same bright intelligence, penetration, sincerity of purpose, and independence, observable in this volume, which were so much admired in *Guzerat*, and which secured a European reputation for its author. Mr. Malabari's loyalty to truth is truly refreshing. . . . But so kindly is his spirit of criticism that his victims, however much they may wince at first, will end by joining in the laugh against themselves. Looking at its varied contents, says the *Mirror*, this is a book for the reformer, the statesman, and the philanthropist.—*Times of India*, 1893.

'The London *Times* welcomes Mr. Malabari's *Indian Eye on English Life* as a remarkable volume of travels and experiences in England. It adds that Mr. Malabari understands our language perfectly, and writes it with a force and skill which many a native (English) writer might envy. He observes with a friendly, but not uncritical eye. . . . In conclusion, the *Times* says that the book is in reality what Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes* and other literary apologues only pretended to be. Mr. Malabari does not spare us, and sometimes his criticisms are, perhaps, a little captious. But he writes, on the whole, with a kindly pen, and gives us a rare opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us.'—*Bombay Gazette*, 1893.

'Judged from his book, he seems to be a kindly philosopher; a man whose views have been mellowed, a man who thinks for himself, and is a keen observer of human nature. He combines the gentleness of "*le philosophe sous les toits*" of Emile Souvestre with the acute observation of Max O'Rell.'—*Indian Daily News*, 1894.

'The book is both shrewd and sympathetic—in fact, it does equal credit to the author's head and heart—and the tone of its comments and criticisms is happily neither ecstatic nor fulsome, but on the contrary, manly and frank.'—*The Speaker*, 1893.

CARLYLE'S UNPUBLISHED LECTURES
ON
EUROPEAN LITERATURE AND CULTURE.

Edited by Mr. R. P. KARKARIA, B.A.

'Mr. Karkaria's extremely able Introduction brings before us with admirable lucidity the two opinions which are the guiding lines of these lectures, the necessity of belief for true progress and culture, and the "well-known view that all great things are unconscious".—*Guardian*, London, 1892.

'In the last lecture there is much true Carlyle. When he writes of Goethe, one feels at once that the main subject is his own, and that he instructs out of the fulness of knowledge. Two theories distinctly run and connect the course of lectures, and we cannot do better than quote these lines from the Introduction of Mr. Karkaria.'—*Spectator*, London, 1892.

'But for Mr. Karkaria's industry these lectures would still be lying submerged among the dingy records of the Bombay Asiatic Society. . . . It is a notable mark of Mr. Karkaria's triumph over the characteristic touches, not of mere idiom but of literary instinct which they reveal, and of the intrinsic soul of sympathy with which he edits his work, that it would puzzle the wariest critic to discern wherein his style and the direction of his thought are distinguishable from British standards.'—*Catholic Examiner*, Bombay, 1892.

'Of the two simultaneous first publications of what Mr. R. P. Karkaria calls Carlyle's posthumous work, we prefer that which this gentleman has himself edited. . . . It is also to Mr. Karkaria's credit as an editor that he leaves his reader in no doubt as to the real character and authenticity of those lectures.'—*St. James's Gazette*.

'We now come to Mr. Karkaria's Introduction, which is admirably written in a modest, sympathetic and scholarly fashion. . . . As a rule the editorial work is most carefully done.'—*Times of India*, 1892.

'Mr. Karkaria has done his work as editor with an ability and good taste which prove that he thoroughly deserved his good fortune in making

Carlyle's Unpublished Lectures.

the find. The lectures in themselves are well worth reading, not only for their clearness and the wonderful way in which the perspective is preserved, but also for their interest in giving, in a more or less colloquial form, the first rough hewings of some opinions which afterwards shaped into inimitable Carlylese, roused controversies not yet stilled.'—*Bombay Educational Record.*

'When Carlyle gets upon ground with which he is more familiar—that of the literary history of the modern world—his native genius reappears here and there. In what he says about Dante and his age, about Luther and the Reformation, about Cervantes and chivalry, about the literature of the *Aufklärung*, about Swift, Johnson, Hume, and Gibbon, and finally about Goethe and his influence, we seem once more to catch vivid glimpses of Carlyle whom we know and admire. . . . The notes of Mr. Karkaria are less pretentious and often more to the point than those of Professor Greene.'—*Times*, London.

'The Bombay book has the advantage of much more elaborate editing than has been vouchsafed to the London one. Mr. Karkaria has taken the trouble to add a number of notes, interesting in themselves, and calculated to elucidate the text. So much is there of racy insight and imaginative language in these lectures, and so magical is the general charm of Carlyle's genius, that we read them to the last word, and then regretted that they were at an end.'—*Literary World.*

'They serve to give us as much insight into Carlyle's own culture, and his wide acquaintance with literature at the middle period of his life. His observations are fresher, and these are particularly interesting. Mr. Karkaria's text is taken from Anstey's original MS. The editor has been so painstaking in identifying Carlyle's references and in quoting parallel or similar passages from his own or others writings, that it would be ungracious to find fault with the naïve criticisms on which he occasionally ventures.'—*Athenaeum*, London.

'The most important point is that Mr. Karkaria has verified the countless references made by Carlyle, and gives in footnotes valuable parallel passages and quotations, sometimes cited by Carlyle and sometimes supplied by himself. The Introduction is careful and scholarly.'—*Bookseller*, London.

'It will be seen that the author possesses no ordinary degree of susceptibility. He caught, as it were, the key of Venice, and unlocked the poetry of her canals in the course of a single evening! It is only, however, when he reaches London that we get the full benefit of all that Mr. Malabari's eye recorded and his imagination painted. On the whole he enjoyed himself, and thinks not unkindly of the land which has adopted him; but that does not prevent him from giving forth a great deal of interesting criticism.'—*The Englishman*, 1893.

'So much genuine perception of the strong points of European character, combined with such clear-sightedness in dealing with what we ourselves must admit to be very dark blots on English life. For European energy and organization the writer has unmixed praise, and he speaks with refreshing honesty. . . This abundance of life and energy, and yet withal of orderliness also, is, of course, the leading impression left on an Asiatic by a first sight of the streets of London. Another, which will also be familiar to many an Anglo-Indian on hard-earned furlough, is the number of women in those streets; indeed the sex seems to have arrested the Indian eye from the first and (small wonder) to have claimed an almost unduly large share of attention. Observations on English women abound throughout the book, and those of us who are apt to resent any alien criticism on the fairer half of the people of England should be disarmed by the admiring sincerity with which it is expressed. . . Mr. Malabari is, as we all know, the most prominent leader in the cause of prevention of infant marriage, which he rightly regards as one of the most deleterious that can be named. But, he says, if he were asked to choose between drunkenness and that, he would keep to his own national custom. . . The parts of the book which deal with English home life and marriage are perhaps the best, and nowhere is the author's moderation and insight alike more apparent.'—*The Pioneer*, 1894.

'Mr. Malabari's book is drawing to itself much attention on the Continent. In a review in the *Journal des Débats* M. Augustin Filon attempts a very ingenious, and, upon the whole, accurate appreciation of the book, while at the same time he throws an interesting side-light on the personality of the author, whom he introduces as "A Grandson of Zoroaster." M. Filon may be himself recognised as guide, philosopher and friend to the late Prince Imperial, since whose death in Zululand he has preferred, like the Empress Eugenie, to live beyond the Channel, mixing with the best elements in English life. He may, therefore, be presumed to combine the critical appreciation of the English with the mother-wit of the French reviewer in estimating a book that has made no little stir in literary circles. . . "Gently but invincibly stubborn, at the same time pacific and combative, as behoves an apostle, Mr. Malabari has two languages, two countries, one of which conflicts with the other. Quite naturally, he loves that which suffers. He reasons and talks like an Englishman, but he feels like an Indian. He is one of those exceptional

beings, in whom the conquered races become conscious of their defeat, by whom their decadence is arrested, by whom they are reinstated and put again on the path of progress. Very beautiful is the life of these men, but very bitter, very painful to live. Theirs are voices crying in the wilderness. They expiate every moment of their existence the fault of being born a century too soon; and yet without them, this century to come, this century so much desired and so necessary, would not be born. Athens asked herself why she should obey Rome, and Rome, too, wondered at it herself, as she yielded to the conquered city the palm for superiority in art, beauty, and intellect. Verily, the relative situations of England and India are quite different. But it will be admitted that Mr. Malabari cherishes and venerates the Indian race, noble, refined and shrewd above all, the veritable aristocracy of nations, the mother and nurse of all civilizations. What are her weaknesses? 'Whereby has she merited her servitude? He knows it but too well. But this heavy and strong conqueror, who holds her in his claws; how could he be known, how could the secret of his strength be found out except by going to and surprising him in his own country, in the midst of his own people, in that *home* of which he talks so much, and wherein he lives so little?' Here we have the origin of the volume, which strikes its French reviewer as being "really the book of a writer." To the English, its sentences may appear at times to be irregular and somewhat ill-balanced, "oscillating from the familiar, brutal, popular word to the most refined symbolism, at one time descending below prose, at another time rising to the height of true poetry." As for M. Filon, he admires the energy of thought, always at work, which creates for itself expression in a foreign and hostile tongue. "I admire it when it scoops, chisels, gives shape, and softens this rugged language, and expresses, in their shades and half-shades, its warmth and sorrows, its thousand and one delicate disquietudes, to which the English soul is an utter stranger. He forces the words to say that which they would not say, what they have never said, and besides, he invests them with that splendid imagery and colour which characterize the gorgeous East".—*Times of India*, 1894.

'A French critic has undertaken to wrestle with some of Mr. Malabari's "Reflections on English Civilization." This is M. G. Valbert, who devotes no fewer than thirteen pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to a critical examination of the volume. . . Mr. Malabari, says his reviewer, loves his country passionately, but his love is clear-sighted. He is not blind to the weaknesses and miseries of a once noble race which has merited its present misfortunes; and he has sworn to devote himself to its regeneration. He has too religious a soul to protest against the decree of fate that has handed India over to England. He is not prejudiced against the English, nor does he contest their superiority. He only criticises their methods of government, and blames them for being clumsy masters. He has no liking for the indulgent patrons who will neither force nor

constrain, and whose smiles expresses good-will mixed with pity. Mr. Malabari believes he sees in this pity a little of contempt. . . . M. Valbert sees "The Asiatic philosopher" surprised into a state of panic at sight of the mad rush of life in England—at the way in which the people eat, drink, talk, work, and amuse themselves. He pities their restlessness from the bottom of his heart, even as he admires their freedom and their independence. "Your life is a mad saraband," cries this wisest and most ironical of Parsis. But has the East found the real secret of human existence? asks the West. Unrest is a mark of noble and progressive races—it is that which has made room for all inventions and discoveries, all beneficent reforms and innovations. We think it rather hard on Mr. Malabari to have to go to a French school to learn the philosophy of effort. Keen idealist as he is, he has shown a very European activity in some matters, at which even the more progressive of his countrymen stand aghast. But the reviewer has decidedly the better of his author when he sets him right in the course of his religious speculations. For instance, Mr. Malabari doubts if it is possible for the Englishman to be a Christian in the sense of "Christ's Christianity." M. Valbert retorts that it is scarcely necessary for him to be so, surrounded as he is. In the affairs of this life, religion, after all, is a matter of adaptation and accommodation. If the Christian ideal does not always fit in with the rule of conduct in the West, it does not necessarily imply the state of contradiction too readily assumed by the Eastern observer. Mr. Malabari has evidently missed this phase of the question. . . . "The Englishman has for his country the proud attachment which one has for a lawful wife that makes a great figure in the world. Mr. Malabari has for his country the tenderness that an adored mistress inspires, to whom light or morose critics deny justice, and whose weaknesses appear to the smitten heart more attractive and more lovable than the virtues of other women".—*Bombay Gazette*, 1894.

'A book which has the good fortune to include amongst its admirers exponents of such diverse contemporary thought as Mr. Herbert Spencer, Lord Rosebery, and Sir Alfred Lyall. We notice a new chapter on Sex. . . . The marked originality, which raises incidents and details of everyday life into subjects of permanent human interest, is seldom to be mistaken, whilst the keen observation and wise counsel which abound in its pages testify to the earnestness of the social reformer. This insight into spiritual problems and the intuitive perception of religious phenomena are perhaps the chief attractions of the book for thoughtful Englishmen. . . . It is only when the writer comes down to the details of domestic and social life in England that we find his grasp of the peculiarities of our robuster civilization relax, and his conclusions become sweeping. This is a serious defect in a guide usually so safe and trustworthy. But Mr. Malabari is far from dogmatic in his generalizations. Open, ingenuous, and, as a rule, careful in handling subjects with which he is not familiar, he makes allowances for what does not suit his Asiatic

predilections. Even in the worst of hypercritical moods he amuses the reader rather than offends him, the amusement sometimes being at his own expense. The gift of humour, which singles him out for special recognition as a literary artist, never fails him in situations of difficulty that would wreck some reputations.'—*The Times of India*, 1896.

ANUBHAVIKĀ.—GUJARĀTĪ.

'Recognized as one of the greatest Gujarāti poets of modern times. His latest collection of verses reveals a soul under the spell of the deep religious sense which gave birth to what was best in the Indian life and philosophy of the past, yet constrained by some power stronger than himself to break away from the past and to fix wistful eyes on the future. Under the title of *Anubhavikā*, which may not unaptly be rendered "Perceptions" or "Experiences," his poems disclose a phase of feeling through which the noblest minds in India are now passing. . .

'Mr. Malabari knows that his own faith is older than Hinduism, Christianity, or Mahommadanism, and he believes that it embodies a profounder view of the ways of God to man. But he also realizes that whatever is to reach the Indian heart must come in an Indian guise. "After doing all that they can, the gods sit helpless in their places," runs one of his verses, which might have been written by a Hindu philosopher; "Like a horrible shadow, thy action will follow thee always," says another, condensing the whole Buddhist doctrine of Karma into a line. The only solutions which Mr. Malabari has to offer for the problems of existence are Duty and Work. Throughout his poetry rings the knell of a departing world. In it also are heard the birth-cries of a new order of things.'—*The Times*, 'Indian Affairs,' London, 1894.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

'Mr. Malabari has closed his present visit to England by a declaration of what he regards as the true principles of Indian progress. . . A remarkable document intended for English statesmen and public writers. . . In addition to a certain tone of unworldliness which runs through it, it is full of a gentle and conciliatory good sense which reminds one of the best examples of the Annual Epistles of the Society of Friends. It shows that the actual facts of the India of our day are too strong alike for the political projects of the small body of Indians nurtured on Western ideals of public life, and for the disdainful attitude which some of our countrymen in India adopt towards that small educated class. . . If Mr. Malabari can help to bridge over the gulf of animosity and misunderstanding which separates these classes, he will have done an important service.'—*The Times*, 'Indian Affairs,' London, 1894.

'It is refreshing to come across a document which grasps the main situation and proceeds to point out the remedy in a statesmanlike spirit. . . . If native publicists had a tittle of the statesmanship, sobriety, and foresight shown here, the task of governing the country would be much easier than it is now.'—*The Times of India*, 1894.

'The Indian eye that saw such fascinating and good-humoured things about English life turned itself to look within India, and the result is a concise and yet graphic summary of the forces that are at work in India of to-day. A sympathetic observer, mild but keen-sighted, with firm opinions expressed in inoffensive language.'—*Indu Prakash*, 1894.

'A valuable Note on the British Administration of India; a presentation, such as would become a true statesman, of the larger questions affecting our country. . . . Mr. Malabari holds the first rank among our select native writers of English. . . . In short, this Minute of Mr. Malabari's is such as to do credit to any distinguished statesman.'—*The Rast Goftar*, Bombay, 1894.

'A comprehensive survey of the various forces at work in India. Mr. Malabari writes with a candour and vigour of judgement about which there can be no mistake. His description of the situation is as felicitous as it is generally accurate.'—*The Panjab Patriot*, Lahore, 1894.

'If all our Indian reformers were actuated by the principles to which expression is given in Mr. Malabari's Memorandum, it would be a pleasure to the Anglo-Indian to encourage the movement of which he now usually entertains suspicions.'—*The Madras Times*, Madras, 1894.

'It is animated throughout with all the spirit and earnestness of a patriot and the moderation, skill, and sagacity of a statesman.'—*The Gujarát Mitra and Gujarát Darpan*, Surat, 1894.

'We are by no means sorry that Mr. Malabari's Memorandum has been hailed with pleasure by Anglo-Indians. The Memorandum can be read with greater profit by Anglo-Indians than Indians; and we hope the respect and regard the former have for Mr. Malabari will induce them to treat the political reformers of this country, the educated natives, in a far kinder spirit. . . . These are noble truths clothed in unmistakable language. Are they to bear no fruit?'—*The Madras Standard*, Madras, 1894.

'It is but natural that this wide comprehension of facts, his keen insight into character and events, his close study of the community about which he writes, and above all, the critical and impartial spirit of his remarks, should make his Memorandum acceptable, not only in the highest circles in England, but also to the Anglo-Indian community and Press in India, which do not seem to have been much respected in it. In this memorable document, Mr. Malabari approaches some of the most momentous questions

in a masterly fashion; and, though the conclusions he arrives at are not new, they are certainly well argued and clearly demonstrated.'—*The Mahratta*, Poona, 1894.

'It is most gratifying to see that, true to his convictions and to the vow he has taken to serve India most faithfully, Mr. Malabari has given us the benefit of his keen insight, shrewd observation, faithful sympathy, and his very elegant and sober style, by writing a Memorandum giving a succinct account of the political and economical situation of our country to-day; and has also stated what, in his opinion, the duty of English statesmen at present is. The Memorandum is evidently written to enlighten the upper ten of the English politicians of the day on the various vexing Indian questions. . . . We heartily wish this most statesmanlike document of Mr. Malabari will be translated into every vernacular language and read by all the Indians.'—*Dnyan Prakash*, 1894.

'Owing to these reasons, also to abstaining from party squabbles, and his forbearance, and impartiality, Mr. Malabari commands an amount of attention, which it is the good fortune of no other Indian publicist to obtain.'—*Bombay Gazette*, 1894.

'He has the ear of the philanthropic section of the British public. He would earn the heart-felt gratitude of the teeming and voiceless millions of this country if he could obtain financial justice for India from England.'—*Advocate*, 1894.

'All that he writes commands attention. . . . There are Englishmen who know India only through Mr. Malabari and his *Spectator*. Let none complain, however. It is something to have one of us who can interpret the national will to persons in authority and can manage to be listened to. Mr. Malabari exercises a charm by his very name.'—*The Indian Nation*, 1895.
