

the administration of India must owe its force and competence primarily to its Indian personnel. And it was then decided, thanks to Macaulay, not only that the English language should be established in perpetuity as the *lingua franca* of India and the vehicle of commerce in ideas throughout the country, but that all Indians aspiring to employment in the administration must be trained also in Western literature and science. Thus, by official decree, was begun the systematic westernization of Indian thought and habit of mind which is directly responsible for the agitation of the present time. •

Unfortunately, the new system's adolescence was passed under the shadow of the Mutiny. In Bombay, the Parsi community, growing in riches and racially distinct from the rest of India, pursued the Western road of its own accord and with strictly practical business ends in view. In Calcutta, on the other side of India, more emotional and speculative temperaments were at work. A sincere admiration for the West and its

wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. • • •

"The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language, we shall teach languages in which, by universal confession, there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared to our own; whether, when we teach European science, we shall teach systems which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those of Europe, differ for the worse; and whether, when we can patronize sound philosophy and true history, we shall countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier—astronomy which would move laughter in the girls at an English boarding-school—history abounding with kings thirty feet high and reigns thirty thousand years long—and geography made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter."

Macaulay closes his case by reviewing the part played by the teaching of Greek and Latin in the European Renaissance and by the languages of Western Europe in the formation of modern Russia.

works was felt, and achieved expression in philosophic synthesis. Ram Mahan Roy, the Philo of India, founded Brahmo-Samaj, a theism of the most liberal complexion. From this movement sprang the Tagores, father and son, and the whole school of moderate Bengali intellectuals, who sought and seek to interpret Indian thought and religious practice in terms of Western reason and sanity—just as Philo and St. Paul sought to rehabilitate the monotheism of the Jews and the teaching of Christ in the garments of Hellenism. But the shadow of the Mutiny remained, darkened by the falsifications of English historians. The intellectual Bengali, and in a growing degree the intellectual elsewhere, sincere in his admiration for a culture forced on him by state ordinance, naturally hoped to achieve and profit by personal contact with the exponents of that culture, with those who, in return for vast commercial wealth, had given him an efficiency of justice and administration without parallel in Indian history. In this hope and expectation he was rebuffed, save by a few scattered teachers, missionaries, and their like. For the average Englishman, after the Mutiny, social contact with the inhabitants of India was taboo. Such contact, owing to the difference of manners and the well-watered memory of Cawnpore, could only have been achieved on the ground of a common intellectual sympathy. And to the average Englishman, the pursuit of such a ground was not so much taboo as preposterous, and in any case outside the scope of his appointed task. To escape from the necessity of contact, he took refuge in the theory of racial superiority, a theory which was a natural product of his age and which had been intensi-

fied by the racial hatred engendered during the suppression of the Mutiny ; but which he now consciously and logically expounded as a refuge from his moral responsibility. The Indian intellectual continued to hope until the beginning of the present century. Then he retired, and his offspring grew sullen and angry. From this refusal of the resident English to co-operate in the process of westernization begun by their government dates the growth of racial friction in its modern form. Equally important was its effect on the mentality and intelligence of the educated Indian, who in consequence remains exactly where he started, imbued with the ideals, and armed with the slogans, of nineteenth-century liberalism.

This latter statement, before undergoing closer analysis, demands one important reservation. Equality, as the European liberal interprets it, is an idea wholly foreign to the Indian temperament. For two thousand years and more, Indian society has rested on a profound conviction and religious systematization of the human man's inequality—a thesis which is likely to obtain willing acceptance from a people whose great majority enjoys belief in the eternal peregrination of the human soul and the relative unimportance of earthly fortune before the equality of souls in space and time. How potent is the influence of caste, even upon non-Hindus, is illustrated by the practices of the Syrian Christians in Cochin and Travancore, whose nine sects, some of quite recent origin, are strictly endogamous. The catcalls of equality come as ready weapons to the Hindu politician in his fight with the Moslems over methods of parliamentary representation, and to all

Indian politicians who wish to engage the Western devil on its own ground with a plethora of constitutional theories, intentions of social legislation, and revolt against a fiscal system that falls on the masses with the same, though now regular, incidence as in pre-English days. But the religion of equality, the desire for equal opportunity, the hatred of the rich and the inheritors of tradition, the resentment against propertied and cultural individualism, these are as foreign to India as the skyscraper. And though we may accept the remote postulation of a future golden age in which every scavenger in India will have become his own Plato, we must remember that his Republic will be the Republic, not of India, but of scavengers, and that the greater Republic will still obtain the support of the people only at secondhand. The Indian use for democracy is purely opportunist; thereby he perceives a means of setting up his own government, and perhaps of counteracting the disintegrating genius of Indian society, as Buddhism, Jainism, and Sikhism have tried, unsuccessfully, to do in the past. But the equalitarian ideal of democracy is repugnant to all his most deeply engained instincts. And it is not difficult to foresee the day when like so many peoples of modern Europe, he shall curse the chance that delivered him to the theory without the spirit.

Nevertheless, in his ostensible aims, the educated Indian remains firmly embedded in the nineteenth-century past. Politically, he looks to parliamentarianism, based on a limited but expanding franchise, to cure his ills, to soothe his dignity, to heal his religious dissensions, and to substitute for the drab matter-of-factness of an alien bureaucracy the grandiose blazon

of FREEDOM. In religious philosophy, though his heart remain true to the great tradition of his country, his outlook on everyday life tends to be obscured by a belief that knowledge and progress are still bound up with purely physical science and with its dogma that all phenomena are ultimately capable of physical explanation—despite the obvious remoteness of this dogma from his accustomed train of speculation. Artistically, his ideal is one of moral reminiscence and historical allusion, inflated by Western naturalism, and conjuring up as many pasts as he chooses to approve, while facilitated by the convenient inexpensiveness of mechanical pattern-multiplication. Thus enumerated, the goals of his thought and taste reveal precisely those which European politicians, thinkers and artists are now discarding as the first conditions of error. Yet it has still to be discovered, in Europe as well as India, whether these cardinal doctrines of nineteenth-century complacency can be replaced by anything but scepticism or anarchy. Until the infant substitutes have proved their worth elsewhere, the Indian, to all practical intents and purposes, may safely rest content with his borrowed ideals, and, so long as he can preserve his inner soul intact, may justifiably employ them as sword and buckler to the nationalist idea.

Thus the real effects of westernization are in the future, and the good or ill that awaits India cannot yet be forecast. But in one very important respect the present can pronounce a decision. Given that westernization will have come, must come, sooner or later, to every country on earth, the Indian, of all the non-Western peoples, has received the best start, and

has achieved the greatest measure of truly productive synthesis and assimilation. For this the Indian must thank the policy which reversed that of Warren Hastings. This policy may have destroyed much and have left in its wake a volume of regret that will not be easily appeased. But in compensation, the Indian intelligentsia has obtained the secrets of Western thought and technical invention, not by haphazard necessity and hard struggle like the Chinese and modern Russians, but systematically and quietly, with time for digestion and without anything like the mental disequilibrium endured by other Asiatic nations. As one who had already travelled in numerous other countries, I can illustrate this very solid factor in Indian advantage by the observation that nowhere, in my experience, is the influence of America less apparent than in India. Other travellers, even if their knowledge is confined to Europe alone, will know what I mean. Among the Indian intelligentsia, the devotees of "success" and the acolytes of sentimental hypocrisy exist in plenty; but the high priests are lacking. The hard Hebraic scum of racially indeterminate, machine-worshipping, truthless little men who have laid hands on half the world since the War, stencilling the American pattern where they touch, have found no place in India. And if India, should the English abdicate their power, is enabled, by the engrafting of the real European virtues on her own religious and social traditions, to keep this menace from her shores and beyond her mountains, then may the arrogant Macaulay, whose recommendations might have extinguished Indian culture altogether, be hailed after all as a saviour of the country.

My own interests in India were concerned more with the artistic monuments of the country than with its politics or people. Consequently, to my subsequent regret, I was privileged to consort with few of the Indian intellectuals. English society in the large towns is so organized that it needs effort and persistence to twist through its taboos and, having done so, to force oneself, unknown, possibly unwanted, and with no apparent purpose, upon busy men. Unfortunately I was at once too exhausted and impoverished by a journey to Tibet in early winter to summon the necessary persistence. And all but one opportunity passed by. This opportunity, which I took, was a wedding.

The bride was first cousin to some Indian friends of mine. On the evening of the ceremony my friends arrived with their servant, and I assumed, to my great delight, the dress of Bengal: on top a long silk shirt, tightly buttoned at the neck and wrists; beneath, a muslin *dhoti*, wound round my waist, caught up between the legs from back to front, and falling from the apex of the stomach in a cascade of frills, which must be lifted in walking. Over all was swathed a huge mantle, toga-like, of peach wool embroidered round the edges in a grey "Paisley" pattern. Thus attired, we all three drove up to the entrance-gates of a large mansion in the residential quarter of Calcutta, where my friends' sister engarlanded us with wreaths of jasmine.

Both bride and bridegroom came of families who have been prominent in Bengali politics, advocacy, and letters, for several generations, who have been largely educated in England, and who are spoken of

with respect and admiration by their numerous English acquaintances. The guests numbered five to six hundred. And it seemed tragically significant that in such a crowd, assembled at the bidding of such hosts in the town where the English dominion first assumed reality and which has been the mainspring, for a century and a half, of English enterprise in India, I alone, a stranger in the country, should have been there to represent my countrymen. At the time, of course, I was pleased; and the pleasure I forwent at seeing no empurpled countenances turned angrily upon my "going native" was more than recovered, afterwards, by recitations of my costume in English circles. It was tragic, none the less. The very surprise which greeted my apparition indicated the painful separation of the two communities. The remarks consequent on three different introductions have remained in my mind. Lord Sinha, taken aback by my clothes, apologized for his own dinner-jacket, excusing himself that the nights were growing cold and he was suffering from rheumatism. An old man, leaping from his chair, placed his hand on my shoulder, and said in tones of deep emotion: "I am very glad, very glad indeed, to see you dressed in this way." Lastly, a handsome young man, owner of a racing car at the gate and, though similarly dressed himself, unable to conceal a surprise that verged on contempt, wrung my hand off with the words: "I think you look damn fine—damn fine".

The garden was lit with Japanese lanterns. The guests seated themselves on the lawn beneath a temporary roof. On to a dais at one end stepped the bride in a *sari* of liquid fire, purple and gold, with a

diamond star glinting on her forehead, together with the bridegroom, dressed like myself and most of the other male guests. The ceremony was semi-English in character, according to the Brahmo-Samaj rite. A harmonium, assisted by a choir, uttered Indian hymns from a corner. The voice of the officiating Brahmin might have been learned in St. Margaret's. When the uniting was accomplished, a band struck up the Wedding March from Lohengrin, while the whole company moved to the back of the house, there to partake of a feast of curried prawns, served on coarse earthenware plates set in constellations of chutneys. Followed junket. Even this I ate with my fingers. After the meal, we inspected the presents, and congratulated the bride, eventually taking our leave to the sound of the once-used utensils being broken in their thousands.

In all that is or ever has been written or spoken about India, one fact emerges unassailed from the conflict : namely, the fundamentally religious attitude of the country's inhabitants. This generalization, in any discussion on India, is justly regarded as axiomatically applicable to almost the entire population. Almost : for though even the majority of the intelligentsia retains this attitude, the observer cannot blind himself to the fact that the materialism of a Western system of instruction still conducted largely on obsolete nineteenth-century lines constitutes a real danger. If he has chosen to blind himself to this fact, he will receive a rude awakening on sudden contact with one of those by no means rare members of the intelligentsia who has modelled himself all too successfully

on the English pattern. Particularly is this over-emphasis found, in those who have travelled or been educated in England. In business, this type retains his sanity. He indulges no Rotarian hypocrisies. And if he is a good business man, so is the Jew, who invented God. Sexually, he delights in aspersing the morals of white women: a tedious pastime, but natural enough in face of the British ascription to British womanhood of a virtue which it has not. As a sportsman he is generally exasperating. Here, he feels, is the one ground on which the Englishman is willing to welcome him as an equal. Consequently, when he encounters an Englishman who is not interested in sport and hopes instead to meet him on deeper matters, he often becomes sullen and resentful. It may be remarked in passing that football, played with bare feet and therefore with the side of the foot, is threatening to turn its Indian devotees into a race of bandy-legged dwarfs. The moral beauty of the game is exemplified by the tale of the orphan whose life had been passed at an institution in the Himalayas, and who, on descending to the foothills for the first time at the age of eighteen and beholding beneath him the illimitable plain of India, remarked, with a gasp of astonishment: "What a football field!"

When I went to tea with the professors of the Karachi University, one of their number, Mr. G. N. Gokhale, presented me with a pamphlet of his own writing entitled "Theistic Attitude in Education". Mr. Gokhale is an engineer. And I venture to think that in no other country in the world could an engineer have composed this wise and moving plea against the materialistic outlook inculcated by Western know-

ledge. A Tibetan friend told me that during his sojourn at St. Paul's School, Darjeeling, he was compelled to spend many hours in acquiring the rudiments of Latin grammar ; so that he could still, and for our amusement did, brighten the solitude of the Central Asian plateau with the accusative, genitive, dative, and ablative, of *mensa*. Mr. Gokhale recalls similar absurdities in his own education :

" This attitude (the theistic) . . . ought to colour the teaching of every subject. The sort of history of India that I was taught—a mere chronicle of the follies Indians have committed or are supposed to have committed during the last millennium—to me, lacks in ' theistic attitude ', which would consist in pointing out how India's fall was due to lack of certain moral qualities. . . . In Geography we should not learn by heart the names of all the lakes in Europe and counties in England, as I did, but in reviewing the peculiarities of the whole earth, we should try to see the hand of God, which created a universe so diverse and yet so calculated to supplement natural wants. . . . In Biology we should not be satisfied with giving Latin and Greek names to things. . . . And if we were convinced of the necessity of having a Theistic attitude in our system of education, we would never hear the Universe described as ' a fortuitous concourse of atoms ' and so on." •

Mr. Gokhale's theistic attitude is certainly not mine, and probably not the reader's. But the force of his argument is obvious and might even teach a useful lesson to educationalists in this country. While paying tribute to the strict religious neutrality of the English rule, his plea is for at least some daily instruction in alternate scriptures : for Hindus the Bhagwat Gita, for Moslems the Koran, for Christians the New Testament, and for Buddhism, Zoroastrianism, Jain-

ism, and Sikhism, each its respective scriptures. Thus the students, whatever their individual beliefs, might be assisted in preserving a religious attitude in face of the false and superficial materialism often engendered by a system of teaching and thought inherited from the era of the industrial revolution.

The practicability or possible value of Mr. Gokhale's suggestion I am not here concerned to discuss. But the evils that he wishes to combat cannot be too strongly emphasized. He continues :

" Most of our students leave the portals of the University without being ever told that the world has deeper problems in store for them. Students who specialize in literature or philosophy do get some grounding in this direction, but others, the science students specially, hear of a ' fortuitous concourse of atoms ' and ' the struggle for existence ' to such an extent, that when they leave the colleges they are thinking to make as much money as they can. That is the mental attitude in which we send out our young men."

And elsewhere :

" If . . . nothing exists that will not go into a test-tube or affect a chemical balance, then it is quite logical to suppose that we can be happy only by acquiring a ' pleasant set of atoms ' or gold with which to buy those atoms. With our unlimited desires, and a limited quantity of gold, struggle is inevitable ; and prosperity has become the curse of Bombay as many feel. If our whole Motherland is not to share the same fate, a change of outlook appears to me imperative, and this is what I call the ' Theistic Attitude '. . . . A belief in God as some cosmic power, a law which works with unerring precision in the whole Universe, leading to morality as its logical consequence, is common to all religions, and to impress this upon all children of different faiths . . . is to me

the highest 'Religious Neutrality' of a positive and beneficial kind. . . . The old negative interpretation of 'Religious Neutrality' was perhaps expedient and perfectly pardonable for a foreign Government; but are we also to continue under our own elected Ministers what even the Hunter Committee of 1884 admitted as the 'recognized evil of banishing religion', is all I ask?"

Mr. Gokhale, though perhaps he does not realize it, has posed a question whose answer holds the fate of the world. Can the East keep Western materialism at bay, and, having done so, then help the West on to a new path of spiritual ascension as it did in the past? It seems probable that the answer will be determined chiefly in India. If the English dominion, having saved India from the brutal contact with Western materialism sustained by China and Japan, and having implanted Western reason and science in such fashion as to yield a true harvest from the Indian soil instead of a plague-crop of armaments and machines, endures long enough to enable Mr. Gokhale's school of thought to triumph, that dominion will not have been in vain.

Below the small minority in the Indian intelligentsia whose training has been sufficiently extensive to enable them to compete with, and often outstrip, the English in the commercial and administrative life of the country, exists a more numerous stratum of semi-educated clerks, employed as minor officials in Government or railway offices, or as typists and stenographers in the banks and big business houses. The position of these people is uniformly unfortunate. And from this class is drawn the inflammable personnel of Congress politics and of the subterranean revolutionary

societies. The supply of these minor Anglo-literates is greater than the demand. Brought up from earliest youth in the hope of obtaining a safe position in Government employment, a hope which, for the majority, is not fulfilled, their lives are passed in a cloud of bitterness. They are miserably paid, obtaining, in many cases, scarcely as much as a prosperous mill-hand; while experienced clerks of long standing seldom receive more than thirty to thirty-five shillings a week. Despite a remarkable standard of ability, to which anyone who has worked in an Indian office will testify, they see little hope of advance. And they feel inevitably that the large sums expended on their education have been wasted and that, by some mysterious process, they have been defrauded. So great is the mythical prestige of a Western education that it is not uncommon to see among the advertisements of an Indian paper an application for work under the recommendation of "Failed B.A.". Small wonder therefore that, confronted by increasing competition for jobs whose number is not increasing, these semi-educated youths turn to the adventure of politics and willingly allow themselves to be led against a system that has, they feel, betrayed them. It is they, chiefly, who borrow and distort the political and humanitarian ideology of the West for their own ends. Thus recently I received a letter from my erstwhile typist in Calcutta complaining of the brutal atrocities committed by the police in beating a mob of students who were obstructing them. Such sentimental concern for a few bruises comes absurdly from India, where the teeming population holds life itself of little account. Those same students should remember the fate of Sacco and

Vanzetti in the transatlantic paradise of their dreams. But these cries of false humanitarianism touch Western opinion and follow up Amritsar with the material to hand. Yet my typist, bitter old man as he was, cringing for money, and resentful of the Englishman's enormous expenditure on organized amusement, could meet me with his sense of humour and could respond in the most sincere and touching manner to any interest I showed in the Indian scene and Indian achievement, and to any questions I might ask him on these subjects. It was the week prior to Gandhi's famous march to break the salt laws. I had lost my temper at his reiterated mistakes and feeling I must make amends, remarked in a facetious voice: "I see the Revolution is to begin on March 11th". He switched round in alarm, not realizing that an Englishman could joke on such a subject; then a smile began to hover, and I continued: "Shall I meet you hurrying down to the sea with your frying-pan? If you let me know when, I'll come and watch. I don't want to miss the Bengal branch of the new Mutiny." (Gandhi was operating in Guzerat, on the opposite side of India.)

"Do you mean, have I love for my country?" he asked defensively.

"We all have that. But we aren't all heroes. Still, mind you tell me when you are starting out."

"Mr. Gandhi", he replied, "has the time. I have not. The risk is too great for me and my dependants. I have ten persons to support out of my five rupees a day. But Mr. Gandhi is a great man. You should go and see him. He likes English people and is always glad to talk with them.

"Mr. Byron, since you have been my boss, you have

taught me one thing: punctuality. We have a lot to learn from you English, specially in matters of honesty. Only last night my children told me horrible lies. But we want to feel our country is really our own. We don't like the word 'native', for example. It's insulting."

A few minutes later I repeated the gist of this conversation to one of the senior English assistants, who answered sharply:

"Oh, he's one of these independence-wallahs, is he?"

"They all are, don't you think?"

Very sharply: "No, I don't."

Amidst these random side-lights on the Indian intelligentsia, I have necessarily avoided reference to those able prophets and politicians who form the vanguard of the Indian movement towards national self-expression. An immense literature, in English, American, French, and German, has risen round these figures and their predecessors. Much that they themselves have written is widely read in the English-speaking countries. Here, therefore, it would be both superfluous and impertinent to attempt further analysis of these outstanding personalities. But it may perhaps be suggested that their chief function, if they are to fulfil their position as national educators, is to direct the Indian mind away from those channels of argumentative and litigious pettiness into which it is so apt to take refuge upon the least loss of patience. No one who sympathizes with Indians can help seconding Dr. Edward Thompson's desire to put the nationalist case in terms likely to command the respect of sane

people.¹ The recent instance of the Indian journalist who denounced the Round Table Conference as a sham, because in fact it was sitting at an oval table, is of course an extreme one. None the less, despite its overwhelming silliness, it somehow fails to surprise anyone acquainted with India. Historically, its ancestry may be sought in those hair-splitting theological dissensions which so revolted the Chinese humanist Hiuan-Tsang of the seventh century. The Indian is naturally verbose. In moments of exasperation, he takes refuge in a futile pedantry of argument which destroys the faith of his listeners and renders him contemptible to all but those of like temperament. During one of my journeys, an Indian, acting under some misapprehension, usurped my sleeping-berth. On returning to the carriage, I pointed to my name on the reservation slip. He contended, however, that I had relinquished it. And though it was midnight, and others were trying to sleep, he broke into a profitless legalistic discussion, saying at length that if I *asked* him to give it up, he would ; but that he would not do so, if I claimed it as a matter of right. Dropping with sleep, I *asked* him. Such incidents tend to make one more sceptical of the Indian capacity for democratic government than the most vicious assassinations. This miserable reliance on the efficacy of words alone, chiefly a characteristic of orthodox Hindus, provokes the rage and contempt of Moslems and Sikhs, and makes it perfectly evident that whatever the nature and personnel of Government in India, the executive,

¹ "India has a strong case against Great Britain—and I have sometimes wished that my Indian opponent would only let me handle his brief for half an hour, instead of making such a mess of it himself."—*The Times*, November 6th, 1930.

both at the centre and in the provinces, must always be empowered to govern, even at the sacrifice of individual freedom and constitutional letter. Mr. Gandhi has cultivated the art of public obstruction. He may find it, in the immediate future, more difficult to cultivate the art of public co-operation. Of that co-operation, until the last decade, his life has been an outstanding example. And it is until the last decade that we can honour the saint in him for his life alone. Since then he has of necessity become a politician and has therefore submitted himself to judgment by success or failure. If success comes to him, or to the movement he has initiated, then history will fairly place him in category with those portentous opposites and superb exponents of aristocratic realism, the English Viceroys of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The courage of a Curzon in publicly censuring a proud English regiment for the rape of a Burmese beggar surely equals that of a popular hero at variance with the salt laws; and would possess, if the aristocratic outlook were not now at such a discount, as much or even more of the dramatic for the delectation of vulgar sentimentalism. Without the realism of the aristocratic outlook, India will never be governed or succeed in governing itself. It is towards this realism that the intellectual leaders, and Mr. Gandhi among them, must at length begin to move or fail.

Finally, mention must be made of that very remarkable feature of Indian life, the native Press. The variety of Indian newspapers, and the difficulties overcome by them, are illustrated by the fact that in one place, for a subscription of less than three shillings a year, it is possible to receive a daily sheet; and that

this sheet, being in Urdu, has to be wholly written out by hand, its advertisements drawn, and the whole lithographed, every night. But while admiring the persistence of Indian journalistic enterprise, it is hard, save in the case of such publications as the *Madras Hindu*, the *Delhi Hindustan Times*, or the *Allahabad Leader*, to admire the manner in which the Indian Press is conducted. Whether its propagandist effort attains its end, and what precisely that end may be, I do not know. To the outside observer, the average newspaper of the country seems only to discredit its writers, and to advertise with indisputable cogency their disastrous lack of political realism and elementary sense of truth. In the eyes of anyone concerned for journalism as an art and public influence, the spectacle of so much talent and perseverance diverted to the service of an utterly worthless tradition is one of the most unpleasant features of modern India. Nor are the newspapers staunch even to their villainy. They will initiate a campaign of abuse against an English firm for the sole purpose of extorting advertisements, and will equally cease such a campaign in return for advertisements. The resulting impression is one of feather-brained and unscrupulous irresponsibility. Lord Rothermere's papers, it may be argued, give a similar impression. But the *Daily Mail* does not falsify the football results. In an Indian nationalist daily, with the exception of those mentioned above, no statement can be accepted as true, no argument as based on valid reasoning. The Press ordinances of 1930 were justified as much on moral as political grounds. As an educator of the people towards electoral responsibility, the Indian Press, taken as a

whole, will have proved, in the long run, a factor of the greatest national disservice. On the other hand, the exceptions to this generalization, if sometimes carried away by political bitterness, do undoubtedly maintain a very high standard both of writing and correct news, particularly when it is remembered that their contributors are all the time working in a foreign tongue. It is to be hoped that, with the substitution of political reality for political bitterness, their example will eventually be followed by the rest.

I have tried, in so far as my brief personal observations have allowed, to picture the chief mental components of the Indian nation: the masses, attached to land and religion; the Princes, typical royalties, firmly entrenched in an advantageous position and having little real sympathy for the social and political ideas which pass in our time for progress; and the westernized intelligentsia, who provide the political motive power of the country. Given peace, given that the warrior races of the north are not at any time loosed on the rest, this balance of forces, transcending religion, caste, race, and language, must hold good for centuries. In face of these verities, it remains to examine what part the English will continue to play in an autonomous India, how well fitted they are to play it, and what the outcome of their playing is likely to be.

III

THE ENGLISH

"India has suffered enough already from the distinction of castes, and from the deeply rooted prejudices which that distinction has engendered. God forbid that we should inflict on her the curse of a new caste, that we should send her a new breed of Brahmins, authorized to treat all the native population as Pariahs!"—MACAULAY in the House of Commons, July 10th, 1833

FROM an eminence above the Delhi plain rises a line of sunlit domes and towers, pink and cream against the azure sky—the new capital of India. Few capitals can surpass the magnificence of this architectural monument to the English dominion. Yet on the west coast of India, surrounded by palm trees and lagoons, lingers a ghostly parody of this magnificence, the epitaph of another and earlier European dominion. There, athwart a road leading from a broken wharf that was once a street, stands another arch, planned for the reception of other Viceroys and upholding, in a creepered niche, the effigy of Vasco da Gama. In the Council House at Panjim may be seen the cracked portraits of these other Viceroys, imperious in ruff, corselet, and peruke of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Up at Old Goa, the secular buildings have sunk to mounds beneath the palm trees. But in the series of gigantic churches that still stand; in the twisted Manoeline of St. Francis'; in Bom Jesus, where the body of St. Francis Xavier lies embalmed in a tomb supplied by the Grand Duke of

Tuscany ; in the crypt of St. Monica's, floored and wainscoted with Persian tiles of the seventeenth century that moulder untended and moss-grown in the damp ; in the vast aisles of the Cathedral, where a few brown-skinned canons in purple and lace still perform their rites to the accompaniment of a mechanical organ ; in the bat-stunk dome of St. Cajetan's, a church modelled on St. Peter's and retaining in its cloisters the original windows of sliced oyster shells ; may be read the tale of the Portuguese Empire in India, sprung up by decree of Albuquerque, and after a century of wealth and might, doomed to fall into a perpetual decline. We English have builded firmer, and can justly ascribe to our work the power of greater endurance. But with New Delhi risen arrogant and gorgeous, these ghostly precincts may well serve as a text on the instability of governments. Misfortune comes to the complacent, brought not by some moral law, but because complacency is the parent of incompetence. The last half of the nineteenth century saw this disease fasten on Englishmen like a cholera. In every province of national activity we are now trying to reform, before the atrophy sets in. The situation demands not merely a reformation of methods, but one of outlook and processes of thought. Nowhere is this fact more apparent in India. On the issue of the reformation there, more than on schemes of government, now depends the outcome of the Indian experiment. And let it be remembered that on this outcome may depend the regulation of contact between East and West for all future generations, and perhaps the victory or defeat of transatlantic materialism and untruth.

"The good old days when a sahib was a sahib" have gone the way of snow before the spring of Indian nationalism. Sahibs who recall them are bitter men, acclaim New Delhi as a tombstone, and rejoice in the silly cry of "Govern or Go". A defeatist fury has seized these once fervent supporters of "the Raj", who lose no opportunity of airing their craven sentiments in the hope of embarrassing those who have replaced, and advanced beyond, them. This defeatism is communicated in the strangest form to foreign countries. The American Press, with its love of cheap drama and characteristic incomprehension of political verities, delights to picture "the battle between 'potent tremendously tall Baron Irwin' and 'scrawny little Mr. Gandhi'" as the prime reality of the problem. And I found on my journey back from India while Mr. Gandhi's salt march was in progress, that even a personage so far removed from Indian affairs as the Orthodox Patriarch of Alexandria was seriously contemplating the likelihood of the English departure from India in the immediate future. Mr. Gandhi's saline gestures, and the whole apparatus of similar agitation, will probably be admitted in ten years' time to have been, from the Indian point of view, extremely efficacious. But why this probability should give rise to the fantastic vision of the English Viceroy, the provincial Governors, the English element in the administration, and the heads of English business firms bearing uprooted bonds to the value of £1,200,000,000, solemnly defiling through that machicolated gateway on the Bombay Quay, followed by 160,000 white civilians and 60,000 soldiers, and then embarking in a fleet of P. & O's, is difficult to understand. Nor is

it a vision whose reality Mr. Gandhi or any nationalist of the remotest common sense would contemplate with pleasure. That Indians should try and drive a good political bargain by asking for twice as much as they want is only natural, and, in view of Ireland, eminently sensible. To confuse responsible government in India, as visualized by the delegates to the Round Table Conference, with the elimination of the English presence and influence is an absurdity which should be left to women's uplift classes in Oklahoma rather than propagated by important newspapers and former servants of the Crown.

It is no part of my present intention to discuss what form responsible government in India is likely to take, what reservations will be attached to it, or what discontent those reservations will cause. Let us suppose, for purposes of argument, that a hundred years hence will see an Indian Viceroy and Indian provincial Governors, together with an army, judiciary, and administration wholly under Indian control. Even under such seemingly fantastic conditions, there is no valid reason why the English part in the commerce and education of India should necessarily be reduced beyond its present proportions.

For it is a fact that Indians, despite the scarifying propositions of Congress leaders and the general tendency towards political irreality, are conscious of their own limitations as a nation among nations. In moments of stress they may refuse to admit them. But given a machinery of government calculated to satisfy their national *amour propre*, their fundamental sanity will make its way to the front—as it does in conversation after half an hour's politeness. They will

own themselves to be what they see themselves to be, a people half-educated. This is said in no derogatory spirit, but rather with regret that the exigencies of the modern world should make the teaching of Western thought and science, with their attendant threat of destructive materialism, necessary. If this teaching had to come to Asia, it may at least be said of India that it came systematically and gradually; so that the Indian has had the chance not merely of assuming a surface armour of go-getting, opportunism like the Japanese, but of synthesizing the two civilizations, his own and ours, into something like a real growth. This growth has sprouted; but is still only a shoot. To become a tree of hard wood, it must seek nourishment in further synthesis. And though many Indians are anxious to see their country invested with full independence and the right to secession from the Empire, there are very few indeed who would willingly risk the decay of public services, of justice and instruction, and of commerce, that must inevitably result from any sudden and complete departure of the English. The West that they know and are trying so conscientiously to assimilate in face of great difficulty, is the English West. Its institutions which they have borrowed are English institutions. Its business example has been implanted mainly by British capital and upheld mainly by British personnel. Above all, though it is scarcely needful to repeat the fact, it is the Englishman who has invented and who keeps the balance between the creeds, races, and castes, and maintains connexion between the provinces and the states. Furthermore, it is evident that, in the event of a federal scheme's being arrived at such as may deliver India for good and

all from the whims of the British housemaid, the immediate need of English help, in establishing that scheme in the country's life and thought, will be greater than before ; and that this fact will be recognized, first and foremost, by those Indians responsible for the working of the scheme. But even supposing a perfection of political harmony is reached between the opponent communities ; supposing too that the North-West frontier problem ceases to exist ; that a wholly Indian army drawn from the northern provinces cheerfully accepts the bidding of Bengali statesmen ; that religious tension is utterly eliminated ; supposing the falsification of all the die-hard prognostications of the last ten years ; even so, India will need English help in preserving the identity she has set up, and when the time comes will admit that need. For she is not, judged by world standards, sufficiently advanced to dispense with it. Once she feels this need in her heart instead of, as at present, only in so far as her logic can make headway against a surge of racial prejudice and bargain-cries, the English presence and influence will become, for another century and more, as welcome to the intelligentsia as the patriarchal justice of the isolated administrator to the masses in the fields. The English will remain. But the future harmony of India, and the worth-while of their remaining, must depend mainly on whether their presence is regarded as an evil necessity or a boon—in other words, on their capacity to reform their attitude of mind and to cease repining for " the good old days ".

The English position is complicated, and the reformation of the English resident made the more difficult, by a plain fact which educated Indians seek to conceal

from themselves, but the truth of which I discovered by personal experience already partly described. The Englishman in India is actually, in the course of everyday life, a ruler. As a new arrival he can of course take elaborate and self-conscious precautions to avoid this unwitting assumption of dignity, assume Indian dress, practise violent humilities, and devote himself to philosophical speculation. Such conduct is foreign to our nature. Nor can it assist the furtherance of the practical objects which bring us to India and for which the Indians value our presence. To the enormous mass of the population a white man is the living embodiment of the power which rules them and secures their living. In country districts even faintly remote, his presence attracts immense curiosity and the people bow their heads to the ground before him. If he is with an Indian, it is made plain that the respect displayed is primarily to him; a condition that sometimes made me feel uncomfortable; though this is not the case in the states. Nor are the white man's relations with minor officials very different. On railways, in small towns, and in government institutions such as post offices, he is made to feel that India exists primarily for his comfort and convenience. To such a point is this carried that the traveller's movements are often hampered by an excessive consideration lest any undue effort should befall him. His customs are regarded as an inviolable rite to be performed with religious care by those responsible for their maintenance. One evening a friend and I, travelling in a small coupé along a narrow-gauge railway in Dravidia and learning that there would be no stop for dinner, had telegraphed ahead for some sandwiches. As we

drew into a small wayside station, two liveried *kitmagars*, each bearing an Everest of plates and a Popocatepetl of bottles, cruets and utensils, were upon us, submitting, as the train rattled off into the night again, a menu newly composed in that most remarkable of the world's dialects, Anglo-Indo-French.¹ Perforce we sank to our knees upon the floor, and eating off the lower berth, were served to a full five-course dinner, while our own servant, who had been making the beds, received the dirty plates into the lavatory. That the food was adamant to the teeth and revolting to the palate, counted for nothing. We were performing, indeed were being forced to perform, the English rite of dinner. And as we knelt, battered by the antique rolling-stock and vainly expectorating each attempted mouthful, the reverent decorum of the servitors on either side of us, suddenly embarked on a journey of fifty miles with God knew what chance of finding a train back that night, induced a quite real gravity, as though we were, in fact, high priests of that fearful cult, prestige. Had we thrown the food from the window, as common sense suggested, and resumed a normal posture, nobody's feelings would have been hurt. But we should have failed in our duty as Englishmen who have built their Empire on five courses for dinner. Perhaps I exaggerate. Yet anyone who has travelled in India will have felt this feeling. Unfortunately it makes most Englishmen believe that so long as they continue to eat five courses for dinner, theirs will be the power and the glory for ever and ever.

Even in communion with highly educated Indians, whose status in business or administration makes them

¹ *Knocky for gnocchis* is one of its happiest simplifications.

his equal, the Englishman more often than not finds himself automatically invested with a regent capacity. Not that Indians of such a status are anxious to agree with him; far from it; their caution in avoiding any such thing will be excessive, and they may even succumb to tactics of deliberate obstruction. But in cases where the question is not so much whether action shall be taken as which of several actions to take, the Englishman develops an executive galvanism, cuts through argument and the perpetual irrelevance of Indian discussion, and assumes a leadership which is not disputed, though it may irritate. Some Indians make frantic efforts to counteract the self-assumed inferiority engendered by this state of things. An Englishman told me that he was walking down a narrow mountain path at Simla, when, coming up, he encountered the venerable figure of Pandit Motilal Nehru, most intransigent of the nationalist leaders, accompanied by another Indian. The latter, determined to assert his country's dignity, planted himself across the path, so that the descending Englishman might be obliged to leave it. The Pandit, on the other hand, drew himself to one side, and as the Englishman passed by, favoured him with a look that was almost a wink at his countryman's stupidity. The unpleasant tribute to English prestige implied by the bad manners of the one was made innocuous by the courteous assumption of equality on the part of the other.

An Englishman of the old tradition feels theoretically a martyr to what he calls the "weakness" of the Morley-Minto or the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms, on being called upon to serve under an Indian minister.

But in practice the ministers chosen are such as to command natural respect. And the Englishman's executive freedom, which is his chief concern, remains unimpaired; of which the minister as a rule is only too glad. Here we have the key to the Englishman's future position in India. In England the complaint is gathering force that the control of national affairs has passed from the mother of Parliaments to her offsprung bureaucracy. Lord Hewart has proved it. And in any case the fact is sufficiently obvious whenever a Labour Government accedes to power. India is not only governed by a bureaucracy. As a political entity India is a bureaucracy, and will remain one, beneath the furbelows of responsible government, till three hundred million persons have been made literate. And the executive ability of that bureaucracy will continue, by Indian choice or recognition of necessity, to rest largely in English hands. Consider the police, and particularly the C.I.D., that incredible Ogpu without which Calcutta and Bombay would be the scene of unceasing atrocity. Given that constitutional responsibility has meaning, what Indian minister responsible for the maintenance of order would ever conceivably dare to rob this force of its English element or attempt in any way to hamper that element's efficiency? Exactly the opposite may, in fact, be expected—so long at least as Hindus and Moslems continue to quarrel about the twigs of pipal-trees and crimes of violence continue to mature in the purlieus of the big towns.

But though the English remain in India, and their persons reflect, in the eyes of the masses, the actuality of power, and in the eyes of the intelligentsia the

actuality of competence ; though as long as they remain, they remain primarily to educate, and ultimately therefore, in fact if not in name, to rule, if only because the function of ruling is thrust on them ; the successful outcome of their presence and India's future development as a nation must hinge chiefly on whether or no her educated population can be brought to regard that presence, instead of as that of an unpalatable if salutary schoolmaster, more as that of a university tutor to his undergraduate pupils. And it is clear that this change of outlook on the part of Indians can only result from a corresponding change of outlook on the part of the English resident. Until the latter discovers and can guard against the confusion that exists in his mind between the regent function and the exposition of racial superiority, he will find himself relegated, slowly but surely, to the position of an impotent disciplinarian, a schoolmaster without authority, than which there is nothing more ridiculous or ineffective.

Before turning from prophecy of English relations with India in the future to an analysis of the English resident's relations in the present, one more factor of the most urgent importance must be considered. This is the part which the British electorate must play in the framing and sanction of any scheme of constitutional advance and of the act which will at length release the Viceroy and his advisers, embodying the dignity of India, from their subordination to a Secretary of State in Westminster.

It has at length been resolved that the nature of future government in India shall be settled by deliberations, conducted on an equal footing, between

Indians and English. A first stage has been completed. It now remains for Indians to settle their own dissensions before proceeding to the second. Future deliberators on the details of the scheme must guard against being hurried into impracticable decisions by the threat of renewed agitation in India or of a Conservative victory at the polls in England. Let them follow the example of the Church councils of Constance, Basle, and Trent, that sat for years together before effecting their objects, rather than frame another dyarchy, born without the seed of life.

A decision having been reached, that decision must be submitted to the approval both of the Indians who have stayed at home and of the English housemaid. From both sources repudiation is possible. Which bodies of Indian opinion, beyond the Congress, might favour repudiation, and which and how many of such bodies it may be intended to override, has not been defined. The English housemaid moves in no such atmosphere of uncertainty. Such is the existing machinery that her sanction is necessary before a fifth of the world's population, whose very name denotes for her little more than the worse kind of tea, may embark on a further process of political development. That she will repudiate the agreements of the English deliberators, drawn as they are from all three political Parties, is improbable. But it is not impossible.

On May 16th, 1930, Lord Rothermere wrote in the *Daily Mail*: "The promise of Dominion status should not be confirmed but cancelled. It takes two to make a bargain. We are released from ours by the proclamation of the intention of the Indian nationalists to secede at the first opportunity"—by the proclama-

tion of the intention of those very people who, according to Lord Rothermere, are nothing more than "a few foolish native babblers". Then, having broken our pledge, "we owe it to ourselves and to the people of India to get back to the well-tried system which existed before the War". On June 3rd, Lord Rothermere continued: "It is the urgent national duty of the Conservatives to fulfil their duty as the Opposition Party by bringing the force of public criticism to bear upon the Government's dangerous policy in India." These sentiments were reinforced on December 11th, while the Round Table Conference was actually sitting, from a more authoritative source. Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking to the Indian Empire Society, is reported by *The Times* to have said that

"the Round Table Conference now sitting had no power to frame a constitution for India. No agreement reached at the Conference would be binding in any degree, morally or legally, upon Parliament. . . . Even in the present House of Commons, with its Socialist minority Government, there was a substantial majority against the extension, in any period which it was profitable to consider, of anything like Dominion Status. It seemed certain that a new House of Commons would have come into existence before a Government of India Act could be introduced, and it was highly probable that the new House of Commons would be far more representative of the strong patriotic elements of our country than the present."

Mr. Churchill also made other comments on the situation which the Press thought it better to suppress. In addition Lord Sumner gave his opinion that "the destiny of India does not rest with the Round Table Conference. but with the people of this country, for

India is an hūnoured part of the British Empire". Finally it was resolved

" that this meeting fully approves the aims and objects of the Indian Empire society and pledges itself to support the society in its efforts to awaken public opinion in this country to a sense of the grave danger which menaces the welfare and security of our fellow-subjects and is paralysing the commerce and industry of both Great Britain and India".

Whether such opinions, expressed by such men, are likely to influence the English housemaid or her chosen representative in Parliament, I do not know. But though this essay succeed in reaching neither her eyes nor his, it may be well, as far as space allows, to anticipate such a contingency.

The dissemination of these opinions, of which Lord Rothermere and Mr. Churchill have constituted the chief mouthpiece, is conducted by those retired administrators who claim to " know and love the *real* India ", by which they mean the India that gave scope to their particular genius two or three decades ago. The vocal proportion of these amorous old men contributed a symposium of articles to the *Daily Mail* at the end of 1929, which appeared under the title of " The Peril in India ". A few extracts will reveal their assembled wisdom :—

Sir Michael O'Dwyer on November 4th, 1929 :

" The congress leaders have repeatedly threatened that unless Dominion status . . . is granted by December 31 they will start a campaign of civil disobedience, including refusal to pay taxes, boycott of British goods, and so on. Such a campaign to-day would be a ludicrous failure."

Has it been a ludicrous failure? I think not. But the trade returns for 1930 will show.

Lord Sydenham of Combe on November 14th :

" Could there be anything more unfortunate than the flaunting of Dominion status before the little body of hostile Indian intelligentsia at such a time? . . . I assert fearlessly that only British public servants who have borne heavy responsibilities can really know and love India and can regard with a single eye the welfare of her teeming millions of humble workers."

It is interesting to learn from one of Lord Sydenham's experience that Indians cannot love their own country.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer again, on November 15th :

" Withdraw our army and navy . . . and India will again become a prey to the anarchy, civil war, and invasions from which we rescued her by 150 years of unselfish effort."

Unselfish? Even Lord Rothermere has discovered that " our Indian Empire is still very much the greatest overseas customer of British goods " (May 16th, 1930).

Mr. Churchill writes in a similar lofty tone on November 16th that

" the rescue of India from ages of barbarism, intestine war, and tyranny and its slow but ceaseless forward march to civilization constitute upon the whole the finest achievement of our history. This work has been done in four or five generations by the willing sacrifices of the best of our race ".

The irrepressible moral righteousness of the Western schoolmaster bubbles up :

" A warm sympathy for the peoples of India spreads throughout the United Kingdom. We hail with gladness every sign of their progress to civilization, com-

petence and self-discipline. But an immense journey lies in front of us. . . . We need not attempt to measure this journey in years or generations. The speed with which it is accomplished depends upon the self-discipline and self-regeneration of the Indian peoples themselves."

Finally Mr. Churchill indulges a rhapsodic emotion over the fate of the "untouchables". As the *Calcutta Statesman* remarked in commenting on this effusion, "does anyone believe they cost Mr. Churchill a night's sleep, or doubt that they are nearer to Lord Irwin's heart than to his?"

Sir Reginald Craddock, after referring again to those who know and love the *real* India, reaches a peak of absurdity in terming the nationalist movement "the malice aforethought of a few politicians" (November 18th). Sir Mark Hunter observes that that same movement "does not even come from the small fraction of the population educated on western lines" (November 19th). Only Sir Walter Willson strikes a note of sense in dealing honestly, without any maudlin references to "unselfish effort", with the discrimination against English commerce threatened by the Congress party, (November 20th). Finally the series ends with a particularly lurid passage, from *Mother India* on the condition of the "untouchables". Mr. Gandhi's efforts towards reform in this direction are ignored.

It may be argued that it were better, in the interests of amity, to let these ephemeral utterances be engulfed in the oblivion naturally enjoyed by contributions to the *Daily Mail*; and that to confer on Lord Rothermere and Mr. Churchill the laurels of obliquity is but to gratify their sense of importance at the cost of

tedious repetition. Mr. Churchill, it seems, is now discredited in political circles: even his younger adherents, who have hitherto hung on his words, reproduced his inflexions, and borrowed his energy, have begun to shake their heads. Yet how many times before has not Mr. Churchill been discredited? And how many times has not the phoenix risen purged from the ashes to hatch another clutch of misfortunes on the English nest? To shake the head is not enough. If Mr. Churchill, backed by those who know and love the real India (in contradistinction to those now resident in what must, we suppose, be an unreal India), is determined, as he implies, to do his utmost to nullify the principles laid down by the Conference, he and his phoenix-reputation constitute a danger to those principles; and such of his party as may be tempted to follow his new flight would do well to remind themselves that the ranting imperialist of 1931 is actually none other than the benevolent visionary who piloted the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms through Parliament twelve years ago. Mr. Churchill has sincerity. But it is only the transitional sincerity of a monkey at a nut and is based neither on moral principle or for intellectual conviction—virtues which Providence and a disputatious temperament have denied him. On the same day as Mr. Churchill's article was published in the *Daily Mail*, a leader on the Indian question appeared by the side of it, which says:

"The appointment of Lord Irwin was an unhappy one in the first instance, owing to Lord Irwin's peculiar views. . . . The best step that could now be taken to remedy the mischief done and avert further grave

misfortune on India would be to send Mr. Winston Churchill there and withdraw the present Viceroy, who may mean well but is obviously quite invertebrate."

It is not suggested that this leader was inspired by Mr. Churchill. But there is good reason to suggest that it caused him no displeasure, and that it adequately represents his views. Thus we see one of England's most prominent statesmen deliberately attempting, in his capacity as the highest-paid journalist in the world, to prejudice one of the outstanding issues of modern history at the instance of a journal which simultaneously advocates the conferment on him of the Indian viceroyalty while attacking, in the language of an aggrieved bully, the then holder of that office, his erstwhile friend and colleague. Few more disreputable spectacles have brightened our public life. If Mr. Churchill wishes to talk about India, let him go there and discover what India is, instead of relying on the memories of a boastfully ignorant subaltern. His personal courage would doubtless carry him in triumph through the numerous assaults, physical and oratorical, which might be expected to enliven an otherwise pleasant tour.

There remains what is perhaps, in relation to the British electorate, the more important question of Lord Rothermere and the *Daily Mail*. There are those who hold, with the *Calcutta Statesman* (December 7th, 1929), that "under Lord Rothermere's personal direction the *Daily Mail* has become such an international mad dog that its large army of news readers take little heed of its opinions". Let it be hoped that this is so. The blatant inconsistency of that newspaper and the rancorous Harmsworth megalomania which colours its

kaleidoscope of policies can scarcely fail to be evident even to those whose interest is mainly in Tom Webster. Yet such is the credulity of the English public that the sudden utilization of a proposed new Government of India Act to produce a national stampede is a danger which, however remote, should be foreseen and forestalled. If space forbids a detailed recitation of the *Daily Mail's* political orientations since the time when it was old enough to make them, it may at least be permitted to substitute a comment from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on Lord Rothermere's recent advocacy of Hitlerism as illustrating how unsavoury a figure he cuts outside his own country :

" Lord Rothermere, who is notoriously one of the greatest newspaper proprietors and one of the pettiest journalists in the world, seems to have the ambition to transfer to Germany the scene of the mischievous nuisance which he has practised in Hungary. He will, as we know him, go so far as to conquer his hopelessly reactionary heart and advocate the revision of the Peace Treaties. Lord Rothermere's propaganda has not benefited Hungary : it has done this sorely tried country endless harm. . . . Every word that Lord Rothermere says against the status laid on us by the Peace Treaty can but harm us—not because it is spoken in favour of the Nazis, but because it is spoken by Lord Rothermere."¹

Now, instead of Hungary or Germany, India is to become the scene of this " mischievous nuisance ". Lord Rothermere takes his pen (May 16th, 1930), and in course of an article entitled " What India means to us ", which is largely a rehash of the 1929 lovers' symposium, writes of

¹Quoted from *The Times*, September 27th, 1930.

"how the admission of natives to a predominant share of local government has degraded the former high standard of administration. Political graft, the bamboozling of ignorant voters, departmental confusion, and the oppression of the poor have followed on this first instalment of the transfer of governmental authority to a small minority of sharp-witted and self-seeking Hindus".

Has Lord Rothermere ever visited India? Has he ever, even, been privileged to meet anyone who has visited India? I ask, impelled not only by hope of explanation for the fatuous mendacity of the above passage, but by the extraordinary inaccuracy of a further statement. In the same article I find a reference to "the Maharajah of Burdwan, who rules 8,000,000 Bengalis". If anyone has hitherto thought it worth his pains to distinguish Lord Rothermere's facts from the construction he puts on them, he may be interested to learn that the Maharajah of Burdwan rules neither eight million Bengalis nor one Bengali, since he is not a ruling prince at all, but simply a titled zemindar. This inaccuracy does not vitiate the train of Lord Rothermere's argument. But it indicates the reliance in which his statements, or those of his Press, should be held—when, for example, he advises his readers against subscribing to the next Government of India loan.

The question of Press dictatorship has been much to the fore in 1929 and 1930. How far such a danger is real, or whether it might not prove, in disinterested hands and competently conducted (as was the Empire Free Trade movement in its early stages), a national benefit, is difficult to determine. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that a vigorous Press campaign,

inspired by individuals of notorious mental instability, to undo such a settlement as future Indo-British deliberations may devise, might have serious consequences. Such a campaign, if threatened, could be restrained in one way only: by pressure from the big advertisers. Many of the large businesses whose advertisements cover the pages of the daily Press, and who incur this expenditure as much in a spirit of competition with one another as to bring their goods before the world, have enormous interests in, and derive enormous profits from, India. They know well enough the opinions of their representatives in India on the political situation. And if they see those opinions flouted, and their interests and profits menaced, by an irresponsible Press whose very existence depends on their goodwill, it is not impossible that they may see fit to take concerted action for the purpose of withdrawing their goodwill. To live with a Press, or part of a Press, whose policy was dictated by its advertisers, would be scarcely less unpleasant than to live with the Press of Fascist Italy. Yet imagination can picture the time when such a condition of things, applied temporarily to certain newspapers, might prove the lesser of two evils. It is to be hoped that those newspapers will not be tempted to provoke its trial.

It has been attempted to show that the problem between East and West, as represented between India and England, is not merely a political one. Politics are its clothes; the Indian wishes to assume the uniform of national identity. This wish arises from two causes: the Indian's discovery of his national

identity ; and his feeling that the continued presence of the English in India in its existing form is an affront to that identity. That the English will remain in India, and that so long as they do remain there they will occupy the position of rulers and leaders at least for several generations to come, may be taken for granted. The "problem" therefore resolves itself into how the English presence may continue the work of westernization already begun to the best advantage of the country. Under existing conditions, this process is threatened with atrophy. And thus threatened it will remain until the mental environment of the English resident in India has been radically changed. It must first be discovered why this change is necessary ; and then, finally, how perhaps it may be brought about.

A first examination of the English civilian element in India reveals at once an important difference in antecedents and outlook between the Viceroy and the three Presidency Governors, and the body of their compatriots, whose majority has been many years resident in the country. These four men, who wield between them more direct power over their fellow-beings than any other four officials in the world, do not owe their careers to India and have not already staked their life interests there. They arrive, as a rule, uninfluenced by extensive pre-knowledge of Indian affairs. And it is no discourtesy to the lesser Governors or to the Indian Civil Service in general to expect of those who have passed their lives in the centres of Western civilization a wider sense of proportion and more sympathetic understanding of contemporary thought and political aspiration than those who, despite their unquestioned abilities, must necessarily have

been to some extent moulded by a rigid social tradition, and by the more detailed and autocratic work of administration in which their early years were spent.

In a generation that prostrates itself before the golden calves of democracy, of average inefficiency, and of the reduction of all thought and activity to the lowest common capacity, the Viceroys and Governors-General of India, drawn with few exceptions from the gentle families of England, provide history with an imperishable vindication of the inherited virtues of aristocracy. The aristocratic mind, if the adjective is employed in its true meaning, is one which cultivates and is content with nothing but the best. Best, in the sphere of statesmanship, means deliberative truth and executive efficiency. And in England the cultivation of this best is most frequently derived from a hereditary tradition of financial independence and public obligation. Hence the indiscriminate application of the term aristocratic to those of ancient descent. In Western countries, truth and efficiency are unsuited to the control of rapacious electorates, whose bread is from the state and circuses are in the daily papers. Let it be admitted that in the modern West the aristocrat, even as distinct from the caste-conscious nobility of the Continent, must be regarded, if only temporarily, as an obsolete memorial to past excellence. In India, where the Government, whoever it may be composed of, must govern or collapse, this is not the case. There, it is only the qualities of the aristocratic mind that can bring coherence to the immense powers with which the Viceroy is invested and with which, by certification and ordinance, he rules and will probably in the last event, continue to rule.

From Lord Wellesley, who built Government House, Calcutta, on a model of Kedleston, expended huge sums in corrugating the flat park of his residence at Barrackpore into a prospect of eminences and vales such as might please the eyes of future English gentlemen, and at length requested for his own magnification the grandiloquent title of Duke of Hindostan; from Lord Canning, the clement, who strove to heal the bitterness of the Mutiny; to Lord Curzon, whose moneyed wife, elaborate pomps, care for old buildings, and avowed imperialism, concealed a knowledge of fact and pertinacious competence which stamped the Indian bureaucracy with its present extraordinary efficiency; and to Lord Irwin, the first inhabitant of that new Viceroy's House, whose incomparable splendour differs from the ordinary palace as the aristocrat from the ordinary royalty—a man whose understanding of the verities of human character the world over has won the affection, if not the agreement, of all India; the English Viceroys exhibit a succession of men unparalleled in human affairs for their outward magnificence and intrinsic ability. Each seems to reproduce in a particular degree the qualities of his epoch: the good with the bad; but while the good is the best, the bad is never the worst—there are fouler crimes than landscape-gardening. To foreign observers especially, these Viceroys, defiant of the democratic Moloch, offer a spectacle beyond comprehension. Throughout the world, the scum of politics, the levelers and the average-men, the Cominterns and Kuomintang and lecturers in Oklahoma, all the scum for which Indian society has no room or care, resent the Viceroys not simply as imperialist bogeys

but because of their triumphant vindication of European sanity. This is their tribute: fearful misdeeds may be laid at their door; but never, by their most persistent and slanderous enemies, has their efficiency been questioned. They represent the flower of English talent. And it can be said that in them always India receives from England the best that England has to give.

It must be regretted that a similar discrimination is not invariably exercised in the choice of the Presidency Governors. The duties of these gentlemen call for an exercise of statesmanship and firmness of executive decision scarcely less exigent than those of the Viceroy. A similar pomp attends their every movement; the Prince of Wales, after staying with one of them, is reported to have remarked: "Now I know how royalty ought to behave." Their personal comfort and convenience are attended by all that the climate demands; their governments move to the hills, as the Central Government to Simla; their salaries are adequate to the most sumptuous entertaining; a stream of distinguished visitors grace their winters. In fact, for those many and able men of England whose ambition is a field for really constructive statesmanship and exercise of direct power hedged with outward state, the Presidency Governorates of India offer posts without rival in the Empire. Yet it is actually true that the Home Governments responsible for these appointments find great difficulty in persuading suitable men to accept them. That of Bengal is said to have been offered to thirteen persons in succession before Sir Stanley Jackson was approached. A general belief seems to prevail in England that to accept the offer of

an Indian Presidency is to step into the shoes of a puppet and to climb simultaneously upon a limbo-shelf of proved incompetents. Than the first belief nothing could be further from reality. If the second is true, it ought to be dispelled; and it should be understood in theory and in practice that the successful tenure of a Presidency Governorate will be followed by certain political advance. Thus younger politicians might be induced into these posts, particularly if it were found practicable to shorten the term of office from five years to three, accompanied by a possibility of extension. How excellent might be the results of such a policy may be judged by the good effects of Lord Zetland's recent sojourn at Calcutta. And though I hold no brief for Lord Lloyd, whose exaggeration of personal dignity was little suited to his position in Cairo, it is obviously ridiculous that such a man should be condemned to linger for ever between Threadneedle Street and the back-doors of St. Stephen's. If, instead of the remote and single office of the Viceroyalty, the Presidency Governorates were also held out as a bait to the rising generation of politicians, whose abilities are now run to waste by the futile bribery competition of the Westminster party machines, those politicians might be persuaded to follow the example of Lord Zetland, and of Lord Curzon before him, in travelling to prepare themselves, by more than the usual tour spent in the company of English officials and the pursuit of wild beasts, for the proper exercise of the Presidency Governors' powers.

For the Presidency Governments of to-day find themselves saddled only too often with an amiable English gentleman of small mental attainments and

imbued with that terror of responsibility which is the dominant note of successful middle-age. Either he errs between the clamour of nationalist agitation on the one side and die-hard conviction on the other ; or, if times are troubled, succumbs to the strain and throws the responsibility for executive decision on the chief of police or on his Indian ministers who, despite their advanced theories, are far from glad of it in practice, as one of them told me ; or remains simply an impervious figurehead, pleasant in manner, but from the Indian standpoint wholly lacking in sympathy or understanding. Sometimes even urbanity and good manners are lacking : at one Durbar I attended the Governor was unable to pronounce correctly or without stuttering the name of a single Indian recipient of the honours to be awarded. Furthermore, in the case of those whom Providence has denied a sense of proportion or humour, the ceremonial existence of the Indian Government House is apt to induce a peacock vanity, and to transform the King's representative into an ape-royalty whose pretensions, ostensibly of some value in visibly expressing the dignity of the sovereign power, are actually the outcome of an offensive self-esteem—a quality which, unless accompanied by the talent of a Curzon, is productive only of misjudgment and misunderstanding of human character. The social subservience of the English communities conspires to encourage these Governors to overestimate the value of their personal dignity : an aggressive nationalist demonstration is reviewed not so much as deleterious to the English power as in the light of a personal affront—as though some private enemy had tweaked the Governor's nose. Indians, whose perception of persons

amounts to second sight, are quick to observe the resulting combination of petty dignity, and practical incapacity; and confidence in the Government becomes correspondingly less. If the Governors are to retain their overriding powers until provincial autonomy can be transformed from a written scheme into a natural growth, it is to be hoped that greater discrimination will be exercised in the choice of those appointed to rule the big Presidencies and the big towns where the intelligentsia congregates.

Unlike the three Presidency Governors, the Governors and High Commissioners of the other provinces and special districts of British India are recruited from the Indian Civil Service. If they too sometimes find it hard to withstand the temptation of becoming more royal than the king, their sense of political reality is seldom correspondingly impaired. To have worked their way through the arduous and keenly competed stages of the Indian administration, they must necessarily be men of the highest ability. And if their qualities are perhaps too exclusively executive, and if they lack, outwardly, a certain degree of urbanity and knowledge of the world in general, they are at least afraid of no responsibility and they realize that their prime function is to govern strictly in accordance with precedent or innovation as the case may be. On the advent of fuller provincial autonomy, it is arguable that this clear-cut type may prove too inflexible for the difficult purpose of implanting a novel constitution and of winning the co-operation of Indian leaders in the process. And there are signs that Indian opinion would prefer that all the provincial Governors should be drawn directly from England, and that the

Indian Civil Service should therefore be deprived of its chief prizes. Such a measure could hardly promote the efficiency of the Service. Though it may be objected that the older generation of administrators still lusts after the good old days, and that this colours its political action, it is probable that the new will have been trained in more harmonious accord with the present Indian desire for political self-expression and will be fully able to translate the standards of its predecessors into the language of modern Indian thought.

English public opinion in India is formed mainly in the three Presidency capitals of Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay. Here the air hangs thick with the inherited prejudices and proprieties of a century and a half. The absence of this atmospheric tradition is the virtue of Delhi and makes the change of capital from Calcutta worth a hundred times the fifteen million pounds that will have been spent on it. These prejudices and proprieties, flourishing like demons in the older towns, and to a scarcely lesser extent in the other provincial capitals and the hill-stations, constitute the greatest obstacle to the future beneficence of the English presence in India.

It is often imagined by those ignorant of the country that the military element, military manners, and military modes of thought, dominate Indo-British circles. This is true, naturally, of specifically military stations. Of the larger towns it is not. The soldiers there are birds of passage, and in any case are generally too poor to mix freely in the elaborately organized and expensive life of the English communities. Roughly

speaking, the English residents fall into two classes : government officials and business men. And it is the business men and their women who, having most money and having been* the original excuse for the whole British dominion in India—a position of which they are still conscious—set the tone of thought and manners.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate here the virtues of that part of the administrative personnel which is supplied from England. These men, it is often said, are the pick of the English universities, whose abilities would bring them far greater fortune in other walks of life. This is probably true. But in saying so, it is not necessary to imply, as so many sentimentalists do, that the English candidates for the Indian Civil Service are deliberately actuated by motives of poignant self-sacrifice. They come to India, on the contrary, to make themselves as good careers as seem to lie within their reach. Those careers, once begun, are devoted from start to finish to work of the most arduous responsibility, often carried out under detestable climatic conditions, and for a financial reward which is sufficient but by no means lavish. And it is this devotior, necessitating and breeding grasp of detail, linguistic ability, sympathy in personal contact, and bodily courage, in an extraordinary degree, which commands the admiration of all who know it and of the English traveller in particular who sees in it, for the first time, the complete expression of his national genius. A similar tribute must be paid to all the Government services in India, political, medical, police, judicial, educational, and the rest.

The character of the English business community in India is not so well known. Business and politics are

too closely interwoven for even the youngest English assistant to ignore the fact that he is always potentially an important political unit in the country ; or for the older men to indulge those reactionary fulminations with which they are usually credited in England. Commercial exploitation is one of the battle-cries of the nationalists ; to break the English monopoly of trade, in so far as it continues to exist outside their imaginations, is their avowed purpose. Thus, the large businesses find themselves the focus of perpetual agitation. In addition, they are automatically called on to send representatives to the provincial and central legislatures. Hence their opinions are first and foremost those of political realists. They want peace in the country and are prepared to make sacrifices to obtain it. Privately, the personal opinions of their leading men may be those of a Mutiny veteran. But it is a precept of business conduct in India to-day that such opinions are not exhibited. At the time of Lord Irwin's reiteration of the Dominion Status pledge, the pronouncement that led directly to the calling of the Round Table Conference, I was in Calcutta. And while the English Press, with the honourable exception of *The Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, was delivering a bedlam of fury and apprehension ; while prominent statesmen of all shades of opinion called heaven to witness the assured disaster ; the business community of Calcutta welcomed the pronouncement with almost unbroken unanimity. From personal acquaintance, no one could call the average head of a Calcutta firm liberal in his outlook or sympathies. But he has marked convictions on the subject of his firm's continued existence and prosperity. And he

cannot, therefore, even if he wishes, afford to indulge that sentimentality so dear to the heart, and handy to the pen, of Lord Rothermere and Mr. Churchill. He is a realist. To me, who at that time had formed no opinion on the desirability or possibility of Indian self-government, the comments of the English Press and politicians, some of which have been quoted, seemed to radiate not so much ill-advised intransigence as a lunatic incomprehension of real conditions. This impression was confirmed by, and perhaps in part derived from, the attitude of that most excellent mentor, the *Calcutta Statesman*, a newspaper which, under its present editorship, exerts one of the greatest influences for sanity in India.

Side by side with this admirable sense of responsibility to India which pervades both the government and business sections of the English community, and which, in the latter sphere at least, is largely a growth of the last ten years, there exists an almost complete lack of sympathy with the Indian temperament and a blind refusal to recognize or attempt to eliminate the real cause of the Indian grievance: namely, the jealous racial exclusiveness of the white-skinned rulers. The latter's argument runs:

"We have changed our opinions. We now observe and respect the Indian's desire for self-government, and a practical sense of our own interests leads us to second this desire, rather than endure a further decade of unrest and insecurity. We will do all in our power to support such constitutional schemes as may result from the Round Table Conference and to co-operate with Indians, even at the cost of personal dignity, in the working of them. But out of office hours we will live as we wish. We will not associate with Indians either in

private houses or in clubs. On the other hand, we may play cricket and polo with them occasionally, and if we know one we don't mind going to stay with a prince now and then, and even letting our wives dance with him. As a rule we have little opportunity of travelling about the country as a whole—though of course we have seen the Taj. We take no interest in Indian culture or philosophy. Why should we? We are not made that way, and are not here for that purpose. Some Indians are jolly good fellows. (Here follows a disquisition on the sterling qualities of this or that Punjabi Moslem.) But if you ask us to be candid, we say downright that taken as a whole they are an inferior race. Their company gives us no pleasure, nor ours them. We have nothing in common with them. We don't want them near our women. And the only way to avoid trouble and friction is to do our job as laid down, and when not doing it to keep ourselves to ourselves."

This attitude is not unreasonable. But that is not the point. Unreasonable or not, under present conditions it is *inadequate*. The responsibility is felt and admitted, while the tradition and outlook prevent its fulfilment. Nor, it seems to me, is it altogether a normal attitude, even in the most self-determined Philistine. For of all the characteristics of India as a country compared with other countries, none is more remarkable than the constant novelty of experience attendant on every hour of the day. If I speak as a traveller, I also speak as one who worked in an office, where the novelty, despite the inevitable tedium, seemed no less and in a sense more real than before. No doubt, after two or three years' residence, and two or three years' work in the same office, the novelty must wear off, giving place, if felt at all, to a more settled interest. But it so happens that in the case of

the average Englishman arriving in the country for the first time, every feature of the life and society into which he is thrown conspires to stultify that novelty from the beginning, and to blunt his natural interest in the country and sympathy with its people. How far this process is complete depends on the nature of his work. But the conspiracy is made, and in the majority of cases is perfectly successful. .

The circumstances are peculiar. The Englishman arrives in India young. He has probably travelled little, if at all. He has never therefore learned that most difficult of all lessons for the Englishman, the tolerance and understanding of the customs and mentality of foreigners. Even in the Europe from which we have sprung, the lesson must be learned with conscious effort. I take no credit on myself for having at least recognized the necessity, even if the practice is still wanting. But I well remember, before I went abroad for the first time, being told that it was really unnecessary for me to take plus fours to Rome and mentally deciding that no one should presume to dictate my apparel in any continental capital. And if the lesson is difficult to learn in Europe, how much more must it be in Asia where the white man comes to rule and the indigenous habits of living and thought are radically opposed to ours in every particular?

The young Englishman, after being precipitated across France in the Boat Express and spending a fortnight in the atmosphere of a cheery seaside boarding-house, receives his first impression of India, and perhaps of any foreign land, from the Gothic spires and lavatory brick of Bombay. Thence he proceeds to his appointed post, where, from the moment of

arrival, he is encircled by a racially exclusive society hedged about by conventions of its own making, into which no Indian can penetrate. His work may bring him contact with all classes of Indians. But when his work is done, he either plays games with his fellows or retires to the club to gossip or drink. Is he to blame? He is tired; and nothing in the world is so exhausting as the assumption of pretended ease amongst unfamiliar people of unfamiliar manners, interests, and foods. To retire to his fellows is to take the line of least resistance. Also he is lonely.¹ If he is to make friends, the society in which he moves demands a stern adherence to convention. And it is not conventional to seek the company of Indians for pleasure or during leisure. Lastly, he finds himself in the enjoyable position of a ruler with authority—a position which immediately begins to atrophy his understanding of persons and whose consciousness makes it difficult to meet them, when they are Indian, on a level of social equality. So, unless he is endowed beyond the common lot with curiosity and human sympathy, and also with sufficient strength of character to sustain his compatriots' disapproval unmoved, he slides without resistance into a travesty of English provincial life, whose doors close behind him and shut out India for ever.

The idiosyncrasies of the retired "Anglo-Indian" have long supplied a humorous theme to those writers of fiction that concern themselves with the society of country neighbourhoods and small watering-places in England. Lately, even, this theme has crept into the Press; the word "tiffin" (which is not an Indian word at all, but was imported by the English from

Persia) can now raise a laugh in almost all walks of life ; while if one man is heard explaining to another in a railway carriage that a third is a sahib, he will inevitably invite suppressed titters. This evocation of public ridicule is the outcome not so much of the "Anglo-Indians' " attitude towards India, which concerns the British public not at all, but of their attitude towards their fellow-Englishmen. At the risk of descending to trivialities, it may be worth while to observe this attitude in some detail. The illustrations of it may be petty ; but the reader must try to imagine their cumulative mental effect over a course of years and to imagine how this effect must necessarily prejudice the greater problem of relations with Indians, who lie outside the outermost of a maze of social pales. The narrow conventionality of Indo-British society reaches its zenith in the larger towns, and is, no doubt, susceptible to some modifications in the smaller stations where the number of English people scarcely suffices to form a homogeneous social life. But it is precisely in the larger towns that the Indian intelligentsia, plutocracy, and nobility congregate—precisely, in fact, where the chasm between the races is widest and most flagrantly advertised. Here, too, comes the impressionable student who knows little of India save his native province, and whose first and most enduring witness of the English presence in bulk derives from the environment in which that presence shows to the least advantage. Could the same student be conducted to the North-west frontier, the Sukkur barrage, or a famine relief station, his opinions might be altered. Ordinarily, his life is one of frustrated ambition in a small sphere ; and his original surprise

and resentment become hardened into unreasoning bitterness.

The hub of the concentric pales which divide Indo-British society is Government House, scene of a miniature court, whence emanates an essential formality. The English resident of sufficient social distinction writes his name in the appointed book. Visitors from England or other parts of India, again if sufficiently distinguished, are invited, or invite themselves to stay; hotels in India are to be avoided. Consequently, each Government House is the scene of perpetual arrivals and departures. The expense of this entertainment, which never ceases for a day, is large; and still more serious must be the strain placed on the Viceroy or Governor, who, it might be thought, has enough on his shoulders without the burden of grasping a fresh set of names and personalities at every meal. Yet such is the tradition assumed by the King's representatives throughout the Empire. A friend of mine, wandering about Australia for his own pleasure, met an A.D.C. at lunch in Melbourne, who expressed surprise that he should not have written his name at Government House. My friend replied that he saw no reason to thrust himself on the Governor and had no intention of doing so. To which the A.D.C. replied: "I consider that grave disrespect to His Majesty". The train of reasoning that could have produced such a remark is beyond ordinary comprehension. But there is no doubt that much the same feeling prevails in India, and that every one, traveller or resident, unless he is branded with the beast-mark of "trade", is expected to flutter into the orbit of the local court. Indians, on the other hand, though fed with commend-

able frequency, are seldom invited to stay. From an external view they receive the impression that the chief purpose of the Government Houses of India is to act not as the mainsprings of government, but as the central beacons of that exclusive social life from which they are debarred, but for whose entertainment in this form they and the rest of India pay. On the practical value of this hospitality I have no opinion, beyond a bias in its favour derived from pleasant personal experience. But of its ill effect on a discontented intelligentsia I was left in no doubt whatever.

The tradition of formal ceremony in which the Viceroy or Governor moves can be variously interpreted according to the good sense of the central figure. Royal proclivities are stronger in the provinces than at Delhi. Thus recently an A.D.C. to the Governor of Bengal, on arriving to stay at the Viceroy's magnificent new palace, was greeted with the words: "I am afraid you will find this house very simple after what you are used to in Calcutta." In the Presidency capitals, Government House, behind its screen of rigid yet clownish formality,—clownish in that it is maintained for the benefit of the English rather than the Indians—becomes only too often a relay-station for gossip and intrigue. Pseudo-royalties, like royalties, are apt to collect or be supplied with a retinue of lickspittles, whose lesser effulgence attracts the adulation of a close society; for it is through them alone that the greater effulgence can be approached. A vulgarian habit of mind develops, that rejoices to play on the snobberies of the snobbish and contrives to render the court of the King's representative tawdry and absurd by such utterances as that of a certain

Military Secretary who told an admiring dinner-party that what he loved was "*the pomp of it all*". In such an atmosphere, the outward life of the Governor descends to a mummerly played before a small English audience, at the expense of the Indian budget. That he should live magnificently and dispense a superb hospitality is both proper and beneficial. But unless these activities are directed primarily towards the entertainment of Indians, they become vulgarized and cannot justify themselves financially. In this respect again the Viceroy's court sets a better example, which those of the Governors do not follow.

The arriving Englishman, probably timid and conventional after the manner of his race, finds the threshold of Indo-British society not unlike that of his public school. His private life and actions are closely observed by his firm or official superiors. This superintendence is to some extent necessary and is often of the greatest value to the new-comer; for India is a country where the ropes are difficult to learn without assistance. But the absence of freedom is frightening. Everyone knows that evening dress is a fetish of the British. But only those who have worn a stiff collar in a Bengal September can realize the full improbability of this national eccentricity. As I sat those dinners out, with the sweat dripping from my wrists, my shirt adhering ghostly tentacles to my belly, and cold streams of water coursing down my spine, I used to laugh softly to myself as one laughs in a nightmare that one knows to be untrue despite the reality of its horrors, and to wonder whether a Papuan aboriginal indulging a public orgy of self-mutilation were not a more sensible, and certainly a more comfortable, being. To visit even the

cinema without a dinner-jacket is to invite a disapproving cynosure. And I actually heard of one authenticated instance where a departmental head of a large business was sent for by his manager and reprimanded for having been noticed in the streets after dark in day-clothes. Nor is this all. Fashions in evening dress vary with the locality. In Karachi, an all-white suit may be worn with a black cummerbund; in Calcutta, a black coat with white trousers; in Bombay, a white coat with black trousers. For the traveller who is anxious to avoid offence, these variations involve an unusually large wardrobe.

A similar rigidity rules office dress. Even in the hottest weather, nothing but the usual coat, collar, tie, and trousers, is permitted. What percentage of business efficiency may be lost by this regulation has not yet been calculated. But worse, and equally typical of our national incapability of self-adaption, are the hours kept—identical with those in England. In Europe, all the Southern populations are at work in the cool of the dawn, sleep at midday, and work again till dusk. The Englishman in India, true to the eighteenth-century tradition of beefsteak and mugs of claret in a temperature of 120 degrees, arrives at his office in a sweat and continues there to sweat till it begins to be cool enough to work properly, when he promptly leaves. This condition is further enhanced by the proprieties of locomotion. Distances in Indian cities between the residential and business quarters are unusually large. Taxis are expensive. There are trams and buses. But though these are often divided into first and second class, convention forbids the Englishman to make use of them. Consequently, until his salary admits the

maintenance of a car or the perpetual hiring of taxis, he is obliged to walk several miles a day under climatic conditions which cover the body with sweat at the first footstep. Though there are few things in this world I dislike so extremely as travelling in a crowded tram, in India it became almost a pleasure to defy this futile taboo and to outrage the taboo within it: namely, that if the Englishman is so unfortunate, beyond so many pales, as to permit himself to mount a tram or bus, he must at least stand isolated on the platform with the conductor. I could never forbear resting my legs in company with the Indians.

It is hard to describe to those unfamiliar with them the tremendous force of these apparently trivial punctilios. Their strength derives partly from the isolation and lack of knowledge of the world which renders the new arrival a helpless victim; and partly from the antiquity of English convention in India, dating from the time when the English settlements depended for their very existence on a continuous exercise of military power and when social intercourse with Indians was difficult in fact as well as theory, since westernized Indians did not exist. It is only necessary to read the memoirs of Thomas Hickey, which cover the years 1749-1809, to recognize the germ of modern Indo-British society already deeply engaged with matters of etiquette and propriety; though still unconscious of racial superiority, by reason possibly of its very differentiation from all that was Asiatic. This antiquity of tradition survives in such odd customs as 'savoury before pudding and liqueurs with pudding, or in such terms, heard in the mouth of Eurasians, as "to wish" such and such a person, which is the equivalent of

greeting or falling on them. The actual severity of tradition which has preserved these idiosyncrasies from disappearance is of more recent origin. But for Madeira, the habit of wine has been displaced by that of whisky, to excuse which a fiction has been invented that wine is marred by the climate. Even this harmless though unpleasant substitution has been turned into a fetish. So that a youth fresh from England was once heard to say, on being offered some hock that, as I know, was singularly delicious: "Wine?! That's a woman's drink!"

Other peculiarities of the social system are the unfathomably intricate code of card-leaving—whose hardships are mitigated in some places by calling-clubs, which enable people to pay their respects to one another through the medium of a conveniently situated green baize board—and, in the winter season, the astonishing period by which it is necessary to anticipate every invitation. To ask self-respecting persons, at this time of year, to attend a meal at less than three weeks' notice is tantamount to a slight. Nor, even in the improbable event of their being disengaged, would dignity permit them to accept. But the most extraordinary of all the conventions, in the eyes of anyone accustomed to the usage of London, is that which distinguishes "trade" from "commerce". No one, whether young assistant or wealthy owner, whose firm condescends to demonstrate its importance with a shop-window, can hope to be received within the inner pale or will ever, under any circumstances, be vouchsafed an invitation from Government House. Thus, though I can scarcely expect the reader to believe it, the word "shop" has a ring about it of shameful

indelicacy, and must be avoided in conversation with those concerned as carefully as insanity to one whose father is at Hanwell. One morning in the post office I encountered the photographic assistant to a large chemist's, who had already developed more than a thousand of my pictures. "Good morning," I said, "I was just coming along to your shop with another batch of films." He drew himself up stiffly and in a voice of icy coldness replied: "I shall be absent from *the office* to-day." Sometimes an odious rancour accompanies this grotesque distinction. Another photographic assistant, Mr. A., went on leave to England where he married the sister of Mr. B., who was also employed in the same town in India, not in "trade", but in "commerce". Mr. B., on hearing the news, rang up to tell Mr. C., a friend of his, who offered his congratulations, since, as he said, Mr. A., the photographic assistant, was a very nice chap and sure to do well. "But", said Mr. B., "don't you see it's a terrible thing for me. He's in trade. I don't know what I shall do about it." He knew later: the newly married couple, on arrival in India, succumbed to dengue fever; the wife recovered first, and was then induced by her brother to leave her husband-in-trade and become the mistress of a wealthy commercial. At least so the story runs. But I can vouch for the truth of the telephone conversation.

These insignificant habits and incidents, which seem at first sight to have little bearing on the greater issue of relations between English and Indians, exercise a continuous and wearing influence on the young newcomer, whittling away such personality as he has till the type of his predecessors is properly formed. So

the vicious circle pursues its own circumference, and the English resident persists unchanged in social outlook despite the slow but reasonable modification of his political creed. 'It can be imagined that ~~the~~ such is the pressure which the community brings to bear on minor questions of behaviour, where larger principles are at stake that pressure, which is in some degree a feature of English life all the world over except in London, becomes a brutal insistence, vitiating the potential beneficence of the English presence to a degree almost inconceivable.

Before proceeding to the final and crucial question of personal relations between the two races, mention must be made of an intermediate problem, whose history constitutes the most utterly discreditable and disgusting episode in the whole story of English rule in India. This is the treatment accorded the Eurasian, or, as it is now known, the Anglo-Indian, community by its white progenitors. On the unwisdom of mixed marriages under modern conditions I do not comment. In former times such marriages were regarded as normal and honourable. Albuquerque, on landing at Goa in 1510, encouraged them as part of his colonizing policy and as a means of saving Indian women from slavery and concubinage; with the result that the Goanese of to-day are a half-caste race, purposely bred as such. Prominent Englishmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries followed the Portuguese example. Job Charnock, founder of Calcutta, wedded a Hindu widow whom he had rescued from suttee; Colonel Gardner, ancestor of the late Lord Burghclere, took as his wife the adopted daughter of the then Mogul Emperor. The offspring of the two

races were regarded without prejudice. The famous general, Sir Eyre Coote, married one of Job Charnock's daughters; and the late Lord Roberts's father took as his first wife the daughter of a union between Colonel Kennedy and a Rajput princess. In England, at the same time, the wealthy planters of the West Indies were infusing many of our distinguished families with strains of negro blood.¹ And more recently, the reception accorded the Maharajah Duleep Singh, deposed ruler of the Punjab, on his entrance into English society, reads to modern ears like a legend as remote as the Queen of Sheba's passion for Solomon ("I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem"). Lady Login, wife of the Maharajah's guardian, records that "as she knew that he had received every encouragement from some of the first nobility in England to seek a wife among their daughters, she foresaw little difficulty in his forming a suitable alliance". In 1859, the Maharajah wrote to Sir John Login: "I am going to a ball this evening, and expect (tell Lady Login) to meet the lovely Lady F——!" Three years later Sir John himself addressed the Maharajah in the following terms:

"As it seems to be in every way expedient that you and your immediate descendants (if you have a family) should avoid . . . the risk of placing yourselves in the way of any temptation to encourage . . . political aspirations in the Punjab, it is strongly to be recommended that you should make up your mind to remain in England, and, if possible, to marry into a family of high character and befitting rank. The arrangements made by Government ensure a sufficient provision for them. . . ."

¹ Among men of noted ability thus endowed may be instanced Dumas and Pushkin.

Actually the Prince ended by espousing the daughter of a European merchant and an Abyssinian, the ceremony taking place at Alexandria in 1863. But his son, Prince Victor, allowed his choice of wife to be guided by official precept and as late as 1898 married Lady Anne Coventry. Similarly, the Princess Gou-ramma of Coorg, another Indian royalty whom the Crown had taken under its especial protection, had in 1860 become the wife of Lady Login's brother, Colonel John Campbell, with the full approval of that embodiment of British womanhood, Queen Victoria.

Even to-day in India, if the communities of rulers and ruled have learned to pass their days in a state of mutual exclusiveness, the same cannot always be said of their nights: Indian mistresses, in a country where white prostitutes are few and white bachelors many and vigorous, are of necessity tolerated by that lynx-eyed society, though scarcely approved. Thus the Anglo-Indian community, comprising both those who have descended from the last century by intermarriage with one another, and those who are the offspring of subterganean modern conditions, shows little signs of decrease. Meanwhile its disadvantages in the social and economic life of the country are daily augmented. Crushed between the mill-stones of racial hatred, despised of both progenitors, debarred by rules as rigid as the mediæval sumptuary laws from success in business or the services, robbed of its original preserves such as the railways which it built, and prevented by the intransigent prejudice of the white continents from emigrating, this unfortunate body of people, already sufficiently wretched in its restrictions, sees itself con-

demned to a future of poverty and degradation unrelieved by hope. Such is its position between the two races, that the creation of a separate Anglo-Indian state has been seriously adumbrated as the only means of ensuring to the community a normal possibility of livelihood and independence. The following letter, which I found in a Ceylon newspaper, tells its own tale :

WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN ?

SIR.—I meet scores of fellows daily whom I innocently mistake for gentlemen. Will you, Sir, help me with a clear definition ? Do you think a double-breast coat and a pair of goggles would make a gent ?

Yours, etc.,

$\frac{1}{2}$ CAST.

That Indians should regard this fortuitous product of their soil as something of a nuisance is natural if ungenerous. The responsibility for its protection rests with the English. And how the English have lived up to this responsibility—what services the Anglo-Indians gave to the original foundation of the English dominion in India and to its support in the Mutiny, and how those services were rewarded—may be read in *Hostages to India*, by H. A. Stark (Calcutta, 1926), a book whose only fault is its moderation. The story unfolded might shake even a Churchill out of his national complacency. The letter of reform has been introduced. But the prospects of the half-caste community continue to sink beneath the rancorous contempt in which it is held by the resident English, by Englishmen who pass their leisure in the arms of Indian women and by English ladies whose inhuman prejudices and pre-

posterous social standards have made of the English rulers of India a laughing-stock for the English world. Mr. Stark, himself an Anglo-Indian, finally summarizes the position :

" In the days when our forefathers insecurely owned but a few acres of Indian soil, we stood by them in the hour of storm and stress. . . . We contributed to their victories. We shared in their disasters. . . . We explored the markets which swelled their trade. . . . Through our agency, revenue and settlement operations, land-surveys and road-making became possible. But for us the telegraph and postal systems, river navigation and railway construction would not have been feasible. . . .¹

" And yet we are those who have come out of great tribulation. . . . We have struggled through wrongs sufficient to crush out of existence most races. . . . If England is the land of our fathers, India is the land of our mothers. . . . If we lean so heavily to our fathers' side, it is because the creeds and customs of our mothers' people so ordained it. Themselves the victims of a tyrannical caste system and religious orthodoxy, as they have in the present, so they had in the past, no option but to repudiate our consanguinity. On the other hand, the British have always claimed us as kinsfolk. . . . If the 320 million Indians acknowledged us, a microscopic minority of 121,000 souls, as a trust held by them as well as by the British, we would not dread, as we now do, the gift of a large instalment of Responsible Government to India. But so long as Indians identify us with the British, the question for every Briton to ask himself is— ' WHEN FULL MEASURE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IS GIVEN TO INDIA, WHAT WILL BE THE FATE OF OUR DESCENDANTS AND KINGMEN IN THAT LAND ? ' In the circumstances,

¹ These statements are not mere propaganda. On the contrary, they are never disputed. Chapter and verse are given in the earlier part of Mr. Stark's book.

we must look to the British Parliament to safeguard our interests—our religion, our education, our admission into the public services. If India is to have Dominion Status, England must demand, and India must guarantee, that we are effectively protected as Citizens of India. . . . We cannot give up our Christian faith, our British ideals, our Western culture. Ask the devout Hindu to exchange his ancestral caste for secular advantage. Ask the pious Musulman to abandon his holy creed for temporal gain. Ask us to sell our British heritage for a mess of political pottage. In every case, the answer is instant and clear. Ours speaks in the heart of each of us:—‘O ENGLAND! WHO ARE THESE IN NOT THY SONS?’”

And sullen echo, in the clubs of Bombay and the drawing-rooms of Calcutta, answers “Who?”

In leading up to the question of racial friction, I have dealt mainly with the mental environment of the English in the big towns, because it is chiefly there that the educated Indian comes in contact with the English. In these towns, the attitude of the white resident, impeccable in relation to the Indian as material to govern and assist, lacks proper sympathy and develops, by an unconscious but traditional process, into one of racial superiority. It is not, however, quite fair to ascribe this blind prejudice to the whole generality of Englishmen in India. Here and there a more reasonable frame of mind prevails. If the eventual outlook is usually the same, the means whereby it is arrived at are not so discreditable. There are some Englishmen who prefer to mature their conclusions by thinking on the evidence rather than to accept, like bats and sheep, the occult sovereignty of a detestable convention. These are found, as often as

not, among soldiers, who, despite their political narrowness, often display a far greater will to understanding of the Indian character (whatever the conclusions arrived at) than those residents in the big towns whose orientation towards political liberalism is powerless to modify their inherited and blindly accepted racial intransigence. This fact has been made sufficiently plain in the recent works of Major Yeats-Brown and Sir Francis Younghusband. Those who would gauge the spirit that binds the English officer in the Indian army to his men must read Sir Arnold Wilson's lately published account of the operations in Mesopotamia between 1914 and 1917. Sir Arnold is scarcely the man to accuse of superfluous emotionalism. I can therefore quote the account of his personal feelings on learning that his old regiment had suddenly arrived in Basra on its way up to the front :

"It was one of the great moments of my life : the regimental dialect, which I had not spoken or even heard for ten years, came back to me and with it the name of practically every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man there present who had served in the regiment with me. For a few moments I spoke to them in their own tongue as one possessed ; a shout arose from their ranks—' . . . Come back to us !—Come with us—lead us to victory ! ' The tears flowed down my cheeks ; I fled from them for a time, and later in the day begged my chief to let me return to military duty, for which I was now fit. He decided otherwise, but it was long before there faded from my mind the memory of those moments of exaltation and passionate longing to return to the pit from which I was digged and the rock from which I was hewn."

But the soldiers are the exceptions. Ordinarily, the question of racial superiority, if allowed to be a question at all, is solved as soon as spoken, in the tone of the Athanasian creed. That superiority is assumed to be the primary condition of our presence in India, as fundamental a necessity to that presence as the sun to life on the earth. The resulting attitude to Indians is one of complete remoteness, which only occasionally breaks into downright rudeness, and then as a rule with some provocation, but which bewilders the Indian into a permanent state of grievance and effectively conceals the real talent and conscientious assumption of responsibility that lie behind it.

In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, when the English lived, in many places, behind fortified walls, and the English dominion consisted of a series of fortified settlements in a potentially hostile country, racial exclusiveness was natural and necessary. It was expressed largely in terms of area: to this day some cities preserve a memory of the system in such regional names as "Black Town". But while contact was less common, when it was achieved true friendship could develop. Two monuments erected, by the dynasty of Tanjore, whose collaterals still linger, sustained by a small pension, about the ruined palace of their line—a strange building full of Adam mouldings and preserving a series of superb late Indian paintings—tell of what might have been but for the Mutiny, and what in the future must either come to pass or condemn the British dominion by its absence for ever. The first is in St. Mary's Church at Madras, where "the Altar Rails were given by the Princess of Tanjore, who desired them to commemorate her love

and friendship for Lady Hobart, wife of Lord Hobart, who was Governor from 1794 to 1798". The second is a bas-relief in white marble, executed by Flaxman and placed in the Old Mission Church at Tanjore. It depicts a recumbent figure, round whom are grouped three Indian nobles, whose elaborate costumes are delicately interpreted in the sculptor's Greek manner; together with three little Indian boys in Kate Greenaway costumes, whose arms are about each other's necks. The scene represents a visit paid by the Rajah Sarabhoji to the subject of the memorial, whose eulogy may be read below:

To the memory of the
 REVEREND CHRISTIAN FREDERIC SCHWARTZ
 Born at Sonnenburg of Neumark in the Kingdom of
 Prussia

The 26th of October 1726
 and died at Tanjore the 13th of February 1798
 In the 72nd year of his age.
 Devoted from his early manhood to the office
 of Missionary in the East

His natural vivacity won the affection
 as his unspotted probity and purity of life

Alike commanded the
 Reverence of the

Christian, Mahomedan and Hindu.
 For sovereign princes, alike Hindu and Mahomedan,
 selected this humble pastor

As the medium of political negotiation with
 the British Government

And the very marble that here records
 his virtues was raised by

The liberal affection and esteem of the
 Raja of Tanjore
 Maharaja Sirfojee.

Throughout the memoirs of this period, there exists no trace of the modern attitude that racial exclusiveness is justified by a divine pre-eminence in light pigmentation. Then as now the English were rulers in their sphere: Hickey remarks that he will stand impertinence from no one, least of all from an inhabitant of Asia. But in his numerous descriptions of Indian individuals, such as that of his devoted mistress, he writes with quite as much or as little understanding and respect as of his own compatriots. Even in the essays of Macaulay himself on Clive and Warren Hastings, though the writer does not spare his condemnations, there is found none of that ascription of evil to Indians *because they are Indians*, which has been so prominent a characteristic of English historians since the Mutiny. This contrast defines the distinction between the regent and the racially superior attitudes. Though both may irk the Indian, the latter irks him the more since it is at once the more offensive and wholly futile.

In my experience of conversation with Indian nationalists, it was nearly always revealed after half an hour's talk that their opinions had originally been germinated, perhaps thirty or forty years ago, by some personal slight or rudeness from an Englishman, of which, once I had gained their confidence, they proceeded rather unwillingly to give details. This generalization does not hold good of the younger generation. It is too numerous. But it views, from a distance, the exclusiveness and greater advantages of the white man with a passive resentment, grudging the latter on account of the former. The majority of Indians literate in English and therefore potentially western-

ized, have never been spoken to by an Englishman save in words of command. They conceive him incapable of uttering any other. If addressed with a smile and in the tone of intercourse normal between human beings, they exhibit first astonishment and then, overcoming a natural suspicion, a painful gratitude. Even those of wider experience, whose wealth or rank has brought them contact with the English on a more equal footing, or who have even been educated in England, generally display the most distorted idea of the sympathies possible to the English character, imagining that these can be unlocked either by proficiency with ball or gun or not at all. That there can be, and are, exceptions to this rule, seems never to occur to them, save in the case of Lord Irwin, who is honoured as such. I purposed, at one period of my Indian sojourn, to write a novel of the Indian scene, whose theme, like Mr. E. M. Forster's, must inevitably have been the tragi-comedy of an Englishman lacking in colour prejudice and impervious, by circumstances or previous upbringing, to the conventions of the English community in which he found himself. This theme I discussed with certain Indian friends, who were themselves well acquainted with English fiction. To them it seemed unreal and impracticable. They had read Mr. Forster's book; but nothing could convince them that such an Englishman existed and no stretch of imagination could enable them to place him against the Indian background.

Turning to the other side, it is clear enough that the European's attitude of racial exclusiveness, within the limits imposed by his generally sensible view of the political situation, is not merely a passive one,

but is offensively upheld in speech and action. The term "wog", usually "bloody wog", applied impartially towards some gentle cloud-minded professor or a *sportif* Maharajah who has imported a couple of white tarts,¹ is largely confined to military circles. Civilians, endowed with a riper wit, have adopted a less direct but more sarcastic phrase, which denotes in a breath their hatred of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms and their willingness to co-operate in them: this is "Aryan brother", and is used mainly of distinguished men, ministers and their like, whom it is necessary to dine, and dine with, once a year. This phrase conceals a kind of subconscious repulsion at close physical contact over a dining-table with coloured skin. This repulsion is said to be inherent in the Northern races of Europe—a contention which is scarcely borne out by the experience of the Indian wounded during the War, who, installed with playful kindness in George IV's Pavilion at Brighton, had to be defended with barbed wire from the importunities of the local amazons; nor by the difficulty encountered by a certain Maharajah in maintaining the privacy of his grounds at Wimbledon owing to the lure exercised by his Indian grooms on our sacrosanct womanhood. The French, of course, are not as we; but I cannot forbear repeating the true story of their colony in Rome, who turned out one day to receive with cheers a body of French troops on their way to Gallipoli. A couple of French regiments debouched from the station. But

¹ If French: "What d'you expect? The froggies are like that." If English: "Makes my blood boil. One of them's got an old mother at home. I'd like to meet that oily brute alone on a dark night. Catch me calling him Highness—I don't think."

in place of the intended acclamations rose a disappointed howl of *Il n'y a que des blancs*—the colony having been led to expect a detachment of Senegalese instead.

With the rights and wrongs of the sexual aspect of the question I am not here concerned. Freudians and chivalrists, obsessed by the lure of woman, are apt to confuse the part with the whole. For a dislike of the physical proximity of Indians is no less an attribute, real or pretended, of white males as well. If pretended, its exponent is beneath the value of my words. If real, common decency demands that it should either be eliminated or at least efficiently concealed, instead of, as it often is, ostentatiously paraded as the symbol of regency. On my way to lunch one morning during my office work in Calcutta, I found, as I generally did, an Indian clerk already in the lift. Before we could descend, a colleague arrived who, although there was plenty of room, turned the man out, asking if he was unable to walk down three flights of steps. Mine being only a temporary job, and he a senior assistant, it was not for me to protest. But if an eyebrow rose he caught sight of it and made his action the text of a homily for my education :

“ Who might that babu think he is, I'd like to know ? Things aren't what they were in 1916. In those days, though you mayn't believe it, an Englishman walking along the street used automatically to push all the Indians he met off the pavement—if they hadn't removed themselves first. When I got back at the end of the War, I was in X and Y, you know, the shipping people, and had to go out one day with the head babu. When we got outside, I stepped into the back of the car, and so did he. I was new to the new conditions—it was just

after the reforms ; so I said, ' You get in front with the driver, go on.' He answered that he generally sat at the back. I said, ' But you can't this time.' I told the burra sahib¹ about it afterwards, who admitted that as a matter of fact the head babu did usually sit at the back. ' Still,' he said, ' Quite right, quite right all the same.' I don't know whether you've noticed—but I think as a matter of fact there is still a little more English privilege left in Calcutta than anywhere else in India."

I had noticed that Calcutta was the most disagreeable town in India.

Another instance of this kind of attitude was the objection taken by several members of another large firm to the presence of its first Indian covenanted assistant. This young man had lived from earliest childhood in an English home, and had lately completed a successful career at the university by attaining his hockey blue and touring Europe *en fête* as one of his university team. The objections were concealed, until the question arose of his sharing a telephone with the other assistants. I felt that on this score I myself might have complained in my office, since my telephone was at the disposal of 100 Indian clerks, many of whom were verminous. The unfortunate hockey blue, accustomed to the more liberal atmosphere of England, was wretchedly discontented in Calcutta, where he was naturally debarred from intercourse with the type of his previous associates, and despite the unprecedented favour shown in allowing any Indian to become a covenanted assistant, was anxious to be out of his native country again as soon as possible.

Even more surprising, to the outsider, than these manifestations of active or passive resentment at any

¹ Chief or one of the chiefs of a business firm.

assumption of equality on the Indian's part, is the extraordinary success which attends the urban resident's determination to maintain the fiction of some obscure law of species whereby, apart from taste or convention, it is, he believes, physically impossible for him to cultivate any kind of understanding with Indians other than those with whom his work brings him in contact. During my brief adventure into business, I had been engaged to make publicity and propaganda on behalf of my firm; and on relinquishing the scheme initiated by me, I happened to remark that my efforts seemed to have been crowned with some success, since my Indian friends had told me that they had been read and appreciated by certain prominent nationalists. The man I spoke with had been in India fourteen years, and differed somewhat, I thought, from the ordinary type in his greater breadth of outlook and independence of opinion. But on hearing my observation, his eyes opened and he said: "Oh, do you know Indians?" The shock of this answer remains with me still. There was nothing aggressive or disapproving about it; its tenor was simply one of casual surprise. And its author had lived in India fourteen years.

It must be said, though it is not much to say in their favour, that the English residents, in action if not in speech, exempt the Princes of India from these racial strictures. The terms of this practice are strictly advantageous to themselves, since the Princes dispense a lavish hospitality and shooting such as cannot be otherwise obtained save at great expense. In their own palaces and at Government House balls the Indian royalties are permitted to dance with white women, to clasp their waists and, presumably, to touch their hands.

Whether the women find the royal duskiness less revolting than the vulgar I could never discover ; though I did on one occasion overhear a guest in a palace vent a mutter of alarm at the prospect of dancing with her host's son. There must be something artificial about this alarm. For it is possible to notice Indians of both sexes dancing in a London ball-room without observing any expression of strained nausea on the faces of their white partners. And I know one American lady from the southern states, fortress of colour prejudice against the negroes, who hid under a bed for half an hour with the most distinguished Moslem in India during a game of sardines, and is still alive. Even such a model of urbanity and charm as the gentleman in question could hardly conceive himself enjoying a similar position in his native country.

But if the English are enabled to distinguish the Prince from the mass, knowing that acquaintance with a Maharajah or Nawab means tigers, there their perceptions stop. The brother or son of the Maharajah or Nawab, probably bearing some complicated and hardly pronounced title, they will complacently address by his "Christian" name at first meeting ; though their astonished fury, should he retaliate in kind, knows no bounds. To enter a restaurant with any Indian, Prince or not, is to invite sidelong glances of disapproval ; while any announcement that one is dining with him beforehand receives conventional commiseration, as prior to a visit to the dentist. An assistant of some standing in a large commercial firm was observed one evening at table with an Indian who was actually first cousin and controller to one of the great Rajput Maharajahs. Next morning he was summoned

before the general manager to be reprimanded for having been "seen dining in public with an Indian". On another occasion, this same assistant, as one of a party, accompanied the Maharani-Regent of X to the theatre. This time his *butra sahib* was silent; but a Eurasian clerk was heard to remark that he had "been letting down the firm". Still more incredible, another Englishman, expecting the same Maharani to dinner in the privacy of his own house, invited to meet her the wife of a prominent official, who had expressed an ardent wish to make the acquaintance of one so distinguished for her beauty and her wit. But when the invitation actually materialized, the host was met with a refusal, on the score that the lady's husband would be too angry if he got to know of it. This Maharani, accustomed to the enthusiastic friendships of London and Parisian society, finds herself debarred in her own country from entering any club where ladies are received, or dance, or any bath where ladies swim. Only on the racecourse, or at Government House, can she share in the social life of the European community. She can laugh, and does. But not so the young Indian graduate, who returns to his country from an English university to find himself a pariah among those with whom he has passed the most impressionable years of his life, and whom he has inevitably learned to imitate and perhaps to admire.

It will have been deduced from these random incidents that the English attitude towards any attempt at social *rapprochement* between the two races is one of general disapproval or surprise; and that though these qualities of mind are often concealed under an assumed or good-natured tolerance, they are easily fanned into

word or action. At the same time, it has to be admitted that cases of rudeness and violence which are wholly unprovoked and unjustifiable, though rare, do even to-day continue to occur. Trains are frequently the scene of these events. And I must confess that I know nothing more irrationally annoying than to be woken from a sound sleep in the middle of the night, called upon to unbolt my door, and then to admit a stranger to the bed opposite, whose servant accompanies him to make it and must then stand about till the next station is reached before he can get out. I must confess also that at first my apprehension and annoyance used to be considerably increased, were the interloper an Indian, with his strange foods and curious capacity for untidiness. But this state of mind was entirely changed by the experience of a forty-hour journey from Lahore to Calcutta, for which, having been obliged to start at an hour's notice, I had been unable to reserve a sleeping-berth. On the train's arrival, I was shown to a carriage already occupied by an English officer and his wife. The luggage was being inserted, when suddenly my left ear was disabled by a voice which said: "I say, damn you, you can't come in here—my wife's not well." She looked rather tired, and ignoring her husband I apologized to her, explaining that it was scarcely reasonable to expect me to sit up for two nights in a second-class carriage; then took my seat on a chair in the farthest corner. The carriage was already adorned with twenty-four pieces of baggage, a lighted oil stove, since it was cold, and a vase of roses. My chair was by the lavatory door, and for three-quarters of an hour the husband walked in and out of the lavatory at intervals of five minutes to tend a rose, at each ingress

and egress, banging the door with all his force, this time in my right ear. Meanwhile his wife was growing perturbed at this furious display of spleen. At length they went to dinner, during which she must have admonished him; for when they returned, he broke into stuttering apologies, and worse, proceeded to tell me the history of his married life, his prospects, his wife's preferences in social amusements, his fear of being axed . . . until seeing that it was midnight and that sheer prudery was keeping the poor woman from going to bed, I jumped from the train, hauled my servant from his sleep, removed my luggage, and fortunately found another train also bound for Calcutta by a different route. The next night I found myself with another couple, this time Indian, the husband very orthodox, clad in Mr. Gandhi's homespun and wearing a Gandhi cap. The beauty of their manners, both to one another and to me, was such that I was continually obliged to interrupt my reading to watch them furtively: each squatting on the broad leather seat eating their dinner off leaves and finishing the meal with extracts from a gold pahn-box; or lying curled up together softly reading to one another in voices which invested an early work of Bertrand Russell, that I had bought in Lahore and now held, with the charm of distant music. When the moment came to undress, the woman, quite unembarrassed, retired into the lavatory, to emerge, five minutes later, in a white night-sari edged with leaf-green, and to climb, still with dignity, on all fours along the upper berth. Our conversation had been intermittent, as I was tired and they were preoccupied. But I discovered, before saying good-bye, that they were intending to fly to England.

If such was the contrast in behaviour evinced by an English couple and an Indian couple towards myself, I could only wonder how an Indian traveller would have fared with the first and could guess, without difficulty, what feelings would have been evoked in him by the contrast.

Finally, as an example of that detestable behaviour which the hero of the lift incident above, recounted would doubtless have upheld as the proper method of rendering the English presence effective, may be instanced the case of an officer in the Army Service Corps, who, on January 30th, 1930, was brought before the Presidency Magistrate, Third Court, Bombay, "on a charge of assaulting a public servant in the discharge of his duties". I quote from the report of the *Associated News*, first explaining that since the prescience of the Indian Post Office refuses to supply airmail labels already gummed, the affixing of them by means of paste is a tiresome and dirty business, which it is incumbent on the public to perform for themselves :—

Mr. Spencer, appearing for the prosecution, stated Yeshwant L. Akolkar, complainant, a registration clerk, Apollo Bunder Post Office, Taj Mahal Buildings, was in office about 11.50 a.m. on January 16 when Mrs. X. wife of the accused, came in, bought airmail stamps and asked complainant to affix them to three letters.

Complainant complied, though it was not part of his duty.

Not satisfied with the way a label was affixed, Mrs. X. removed it, and ordered him to affix it again.

Complainant replied he had complied with her request in the first instance as a matter of courtesy, but could not do so again as he had to attend other members of the public.

Mrs. X. was annoyed and told the complainant* she would report the matter to the Postmaster-General through her husband, who was a colonel. She went away but returned shortly after, accompanied by the accused, who in a fit of temper asked the complainant why he was rude to his wife and without stopping for a reply thrust his stick on the complainant's chest causing an injury, and then slapped complainant's cheek.

Accused then went to the postmaster and demanded that the complainant be handed over to him to be taken straight to the proper authorities at the General Post Office. Accused, again went to the complainant and shook him by the shoulder. The postmaster was telephoning to the General Post Office, but accused snatched the earpiece from his hands and telephoned to the G.P.O. himself.

A Postal Inspector shortly after arrived and made inquiries as a result whereof a complaint was lodged with the police leading to the present prosecution.

Colonel X. was subsequently fined. But the only punishment whose effect could have been worth while was the censure of public opinion and of his fellow-officers. All things considered, it is unlikely that such a censure was forthcoming; I suspect, rather, heartfelt commiseration. It is men and women of this stamp who are the real traitors to the English dominion in India, and who, if judged, not on the grounds of moral guilt—for their actions are the result of environment—but in proportion to the harm they do, should be penalized over a long period or deported from India with ignominy and execration. A colonel who hit a post-office clerk in England, where his offence could do no harm to anyone save the individual clerk, would be regarded as an unsavoury brute. In India, where a similar act, if made the subject of public agitation, can

jeopardize the work of generations of Englishmen, he will be tacitly condoned, if not actively supported. Potential Generals Dyer exist in all ranks of the English community. Until they are eliminated by force of that community's opinion, and until that community comes to recognize their intemperance, not as a manifestation of "prestige", but as a naked betrayal of itself, of its Empire, and of the whole cause of the peaceful westernization of Asia, the rift between English and Indians will persist, and in time grow wider.

To criticize, on minor points of behaviour, a community which, during several months and in all parts of India, extended to the critic the best of its hospitality, and which furnished him with so many men and so much activity to admire, may seem an act of carping ingratitude. I am not ungrateful. But I hold that my debt is best repaid by telling what I saw and heard and by expressing the pious and presumptuous hope that, just as the last decade has witnessed a reform beyond expectation in the political attitude of the English community, so may the next witness a reform in its racial attitude. It is not the individuals and individual acts of the community which I asperse, but rather the tradition which the individual unwittingly inherits and to which he almost inevitably succumbs. It was easy enough for me, a passer-by, to reject this legacy and reject it with contempt. But I should have found the same process very difficult had I been arriving in India fresh from school or university, to make my life's career in the country and among the English community.

Enough has been said, and will be said, of Indian

politics. The problem is more than political. Its duality is found in the racial question. Without continuous expansion of the political organism during the next half-century, no issue will be found. But no political scheme can forward the westernization of India in a manner beneficial to the country, unless and until the racial question is also solved. Any such solution must entail a radical change of outlook on the part of the English community. The English have created the Indian intelligentsia, have communicated to it their Western ideals, and for nearly a century have been training it with the avowed object of enabling it ultimately to take charge of, and to maintain in peace and good government, a united India. At the same time, proportionately as the Indian intelligentsia has responded to this training, grasped its ideals, and cultivated administrative and political capacity, so have English sympathies receded behind a crustacean policy of self-differentiation. Thus has arisen, in the big towns, a condition under which the Englishman who consorts with Indians and would understand them is regarded by his countrymen at best as abnormal, at worst as an outcast and a traitor. I suggest that such a condition is not only discreditable to the English name, but renders profound disservice to the empire of English institutions. To the reply that it has worked well hitherto, present facts are a sufficient reputation. It is not working well. No feasible constitution will satisfy the Congress leaders. But the greater need is to prevent the upraising of future generations of the intelligentsia in the prevailing anti-English fury. This eventuality cannot be forestalled by a skilly of constitutional theory. The Indian wants meat. This can only

take the form of an abrogation of the white man's assumption of racial superiority.

To put forward concrete remedies is not easy. The chief ground for hope lies in the fact that the tradition of racial superiority appears, on the evidence, to be an artificial growth of the last half-century. Prior to the Mutiny it was not found at all. And even in the 'sixties and 'seventies it was slow to arrive. The conclusion is unavoidable that the assumption of colour-divinity only arose as increasing numbers of Indians, at our own instance, began to approximate in character, ideals, dress, tastes, and diffusion of wealth, to ourselves. The actual fact of the Englishman's regency then ceased to be sufficient. It was deemed necessary to erect a more symbolic and imperious barrier. Hence the present inhuman state of affairs under which the great majority of English people in India maintain no intercourse whatever with the inhabitants of the country save the formal relations necessitated by their everyday work.

If the more far-sighted members of the resident community, consulting their pockets more closely than their hearts, honestly set themselves to destroy the barrier that has arisen between the races, the barrier would totter in this generation and fall in the next. The sheepish bent of the English temperament could be turned to good account. Once the example was set by the heads of businesses and by prominent members of the services, that example would be followed.

Under present conditions, it is immediately made plain to the young new arrival that, though his job is only commercial, his every action is invested with a

political colour, and that he must begin to think of India not as an English dependency to be judged by English standards, but as a separate and highly individual country with whose interests he is bound henceforth to identify himself. This is admirable. But were it made known to him that, in order to identify himself with India's interests, he would do well to seek the company of educated Indians, and that any failure to do so would be as ill viewed by his superiors as is any attempt to do so under existing conditions, the result would be still more admirable. How he might conveniently be enabled to cultivate such relations is more difficult to discover. For the majority of Englishmen life centres in the clubs. It is reasonable that the English, if they so desire, should confine the membership of their clubs to themselves. But to apply the colour distinction to guests, as is universally done, seems to me nothing more than an affront to each individual member, implying that his Indian friends, should there be any, are drawn from the gutter. Mixed clubs exist, but are generally regarded with contempt. Example from above could popularize them if it would. Finally, and most important, some means ought to be devised of encouraging the young Englishman to realize the existence of the Indian universities, to cultivate the society of the students, and to make friends among them.

One last suggestion, which may be termed an urgent necessity, deserves to be added to these meagre and tentative remedies. Not only must every Englishman in India feel himself an unseen part in a great political organism; eventually circumstances may call him to exercise this capacity in the open. Both in the pro-

vincial and central Legislative Assemblies, the English communities are, and will continue to be, represented. The large business firms are asked to nominate members. And those members, though men of ability in their own sphere, find themselves, without previous training in logic or rhetoric, called upon to defend their countrymen's interests before bodies which number some of the ablest speakers and acutest politicians in the world. Being men of standing, they are necessarily approaching retirement. And though sincere and conscientious, they must therefore lack quite that same incentive to consult the advance of India as a whole which might be felt by younger men who see a long period of Indian life before them. Parliamentary institutions in India are now verging on reality. And if the interests of the English communities are to be adequately expounded, a more intensive and systematic representation of them is essential. Men should be trained for the purpose, and they should be young men. Such training would imply not merely the attainment of debating power and oratorical tricks, but a whole-time cultivation of Indian understanding, and of relations with Indian politicians and with Indian merchants.

The scales of probability are evenly balanced. A reform in the racial attitude of the English community, a conscious realization on its part of the distinction between the regent function and the divinized attribute of white pigmentation, is not impossible. The much-quoted danger to white womanhood is a fiction easily exploded by a study of the past and by the modern woman's vaunted ability to take care of herself. To surrender this cherished superiority must be hard for

the English community. But harder still must be the alternative: the gradual nullification of English effort in India and the gradual elimination of English trade. The Englishman is empirical in all things. He hovers on the brink till unpleasant experience grows into urgent necessity; and then he acts. It seems to me that the brink is growing nearer—too near for safety. Perhaps he will act in time. Or have those empirical intuitions that have made us been sterilized by the prejudices and traditions of the Indian scene? It is those prejudices, not the Congress party, that are traitor to the English unification and westernization of India. Prune them, or the plant will die.

I have already spoken of the larger interests at stake, of the broad problem between East and West and of its solution's bearing on the future course of European civilization. Thither sense and reason carry me. But in the last event I must speak of the English rule in India apart from whence it comes and whither it goes. It stands by itself in history, proud and incomparable, a work of art, a treasure to be put against a velvet cloth in the world's gallery of politics. I am pleased that it is English; I can as easily apply the molluscos objectivity of a Huxley or a Toynbee to India as to Shakespeare's sonnets or a well-mown lawn. But it needs no patriotism to appreciate such a monument. To see any man, be he a savage at a totem-pole or a ploughman in his furrow, given scope for his best work and producing better work than his fellows have ever produced before, is a rare pleasure in this age of second-hand ideals and second-rate motives. To see a great race given scope for the exercise of its greatest strength, to see it conduct the art of government on a scale and

with a perfection accomplished by no previous race, is to achieve that sublime pleasure in the works of man which, ordinarily, is conferred only by the great artists. This I saw in India. And if this essay, by exposing a danger that threatens, can help preserve and enable to flourish, in the least degree, the source of that pleasure, I shall have made some recompense and shall regard myself as a patriot after all.