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MEMOIRS OF
WILLIAM TAYLER

CHATURBHUJ

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM TAYLER

Edited & Abridged by

CHATURBHUJ



Chaturbuj (b. 1928) did his M.A. in Pall with Buddhist Philosophy and History. He studied Buddhist literature at the Nava Nalanda Mahavihara of International fame and then worked there in Pali-Tripitaka editing for some years along with eminent Indian and foreign monk-scholars. He wrote a number of articles on Buddhist theme.

He belongs to that singular category of scholars, who laboured hard to popularise important characters & events of the Puranas, the epics and the Indian History from ancient to modern periods through the medium of stage. He wrote full-length dramas and one-act plays, short stories, articles and other books, including *Great Historical Dramas* (Mittal Publications: 1987). He wrote and produced a number of historical and mythological dramas for All India Radio.

In 1952, he started movement for the revival of stage-craft by founding a cultural theatrical organisation 'MAGADH ARTISTS' and took his troupe to distant rural and urban areas to awaken the common mass of people about their glorious past. Government of U.P. awarded him for one of his books. He is himself a rare combination of a writer, director, organiser and actor. After serving Government of India on different responsible posts for a long time, he retired as Station Director of All India Radio, Darbhanga, in 1986.

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Abridged & Edited by
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PREFACE

In course of writing historical dramas, I had to go into deep study in regard to various characters and events. William Tayler, Commissioner of Patna in 1857, was one of such characters which attracted me most. Incidentally, I came across a book entitled, 'Thirtyeight Years in India'—a book written by William Tayler himself in two volumes published in 1881-82 from England. It is a book in which Tayler has given all details about himself during his stay in India. It contains his follies and wisdom, administrative weaknesses and abilities, joys and pains, hollowness of British justice, reforms brought out during the early period of the English rule, geographical and botanical study of places and plants, etc. etc. His descriptions are attractive. The book is very useful for those who want to study the early days of the East India Company. The present volume is the abridged and edited form of Tayler's book.

William Tayler was the youngest among his seventeen brothers and sisters. It was merely a chance that he got the Indian writership for which he neither tried nor was interested as India was considered 'an abominable country and its people devoured by mosquitoes and killed by cholera'. This was the impression in England. A friend of Tayler has obtained the Indian writership, but did not like to come to India due to some changed circumstances. He approached Tayler whether he was interested. Tayler had to convey his decision immediately so that the writership could be transferred to him who was least interested to leave England. But a certain fascination in this novelty prompted Tayler to accept the Indian writership which actually changed his entire career. Later on, he became

a giant of history for his so-called 'violent and unwise proceedings' during the Mutiny of 1857 at Patna.

After completion of necessary formalities, he left on voyage for India by the 'Victory' vessel. There were other English men and women numbering twentytwo on the board. Miss C. Palmer was one of them. It was this beautiful girl who later on married William Tayler in India and shared latter's joys and sorrows.

William Tayler arrived in Calcutta in 1829 when Lord William Bentinck was the Governor-General of India and who had the credit to abolish the age-old 'Sutee' system among the Hindus and who effected other important reforms. Tayler had great admiration for Lord Bentinck for his high character and noble aims. Lady William Bentinck loved Tayler as her son—particularly because of his love for drawing good sketches.

Lady Willam was instrumental in the marriage of Tayler with Miss Palmer and allowed the use of a part of her bungalow in the Government Park for their honeymoon. Lord William lent some money to Tayler as an additional assistance. Tayler was appointed Assistant to the Commissioner of Cuttack where he went by Sea. He detected a person who had killed a minor girl. It was an adventure but he was sorry to find that it met a failure of justice when the culprit was acquitted by the court.

Next he was appointed to officiate as Magistrate and Collector of Burdwan on a higher pay. He speaks of the commencement of Railway transit at Burdwan when the train first moved on amidst a great crowd. He also gives a history of the Thuggee in which some persons of the court were found involved. He carried out some reforms in the revenue system in Burdwan and adjoining Districts. This led to some controversy.

During his time T. B. Macaulay arrived as a legal member of Governor General's council in 1834. His arrival was an important event as he took lead in all important questions then under discussion. Macaulay took up the question of censorship of the Indian press in his own way.

Later on Tayler was appointed a Magistrate at Howrah on the other side of the river Hoogli. He received an information that a burglary was to be committed at a certain place. He himself went to the spot at night at the risk of his life and

caught hold of some of the criminals. His daring work struck terror among the criminal who rejoiced much when Tayler left.

Tayler exposed 'officialism' and 'favouritism' in official business more than once. He was himself a victim when the matter of appointment of Registrar arose. He was not appointed to that post of the Sudder Board because of his 'love of the fine arts'. He was sent as Magistrate to Kishnaghur in the District of Nadia. Here he explains the horrors of dacoity which was rampant in the District. The dacoits had gangs with the regular gradation of commanders. Tayler applied all measures to tone down the awful crime of dacoity. He says that the Daroga and his colleagues of the police station were creating more terror. Tayler took prompt action in suspending a police officer who was in league with the criminals.

In 1845, he joined as Post Master-General. He brought improvement in the despatch and delivery of letters in and about Calcutta. He submitted to the Government a long and elaborate report on the condition of the post office dept. and recommended a complete change of the system. He also recommended the introduction of compulsory pre-payment and the use of stamps instead of cash. He made tours between Calcutta and Benaras in the capacity of Post Master-General. The first tour was in 1847-48 through the Grand Trunk Road to Benaras by road and he returned by the river Ganges in boats.

He also visited Nepal and gives a vivid description of the king, the people and the area. It was Tayler who managed Sunday as Holiday for Postal employees.

He succeeded H. Brownlow as judge at Arrah. In 1854, Mr. Halliday was made Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and he intimated his intention of paying an official visit to Arrah. Due preparation was made for the arrival of Halliday. Halliday saw and examined everything, attended a public meeting of great display and laid the first stone of a charitable dispensary which Tayler had organised and for which wealthy people had donated about Rupees twenty-five thousand. Halliday left Arrah fully satisfied, and on way he sent a letter to Tayler appreciating his Urdu speech. Tayler had a peaceful time for five years at Arrah, where he made many friends.

Halliday informed Tayler that the latter was to take charge

as Commissioner at Patna. Tayler left Arrah with sad heart. He kept on coming and going to Arrah. The first revolt in Arrah jail took place during his Commissionership. Some persons were injured and killed. Tayler was staying at Arrah at that time with his friends. When he heard about this revolt, he rushed alone to the jail with a single pistol, which was unloaded and without any ammunition. The boldness of Tayler and timely arrival of Babu Kunwer Singh, a respectable Zamindar of Jagdishpur, calmed down the revolt.

Tayler made out a plan for education of the masses to secure their confidence. It involved liberal assistance from rich people. On this point difference arose between Tayler and Halliday. The bitterness went on growing. The suspicion of Tayler that he was being removed from Patna was confirmed, but he was retained there which proved worst for him during the days following.

There was serious alarm at Patna. There was excitement at Danapur Cant. Every one looked to Tayler for orders, advice and instruction. The Lt. Governor of Bengal was always discouraging Tayler who took all precautions to save the English people at Patna. The result was that Tayler was removed from Commissionership of Patna after the mutiny was over. He was allowed a meagre subsistence allowance. Charges were framed against Tayler by Sir Halliday and submitted to the Supreme Government. Mr. Samuells, friend of Halliday, became the next Commissioner of Patna. Later on this Samuells also became enemy of Tayler. Tayler made an appeal to the Governor-General Lord Canning who rejected it. After seven months of torture, Tayler was informed that he had been appointed Civil and Sessions Judge of Mymensingh some six hundred miles away from Patna. It was notorious for its damp and unhealthy climate. Tayler joined the new post. But he was not happy as it was an enforced punishment. In the mean time, Tayler made a second appeal. The pecuniary difficulties were increasing. His prestige was at stake due to the removal from the Commissionership. So being utterly frustrated, William Tayler sent in the resignation which was received with general regret by all his friends.

He started a legal agency at Patna. This was received well by all who knew his ideas. He took up important cases and

was soon a well-known Barrister. His pecuniary condition improved. Finally after a stay of 38 years in India having the investment of forty grand children, William Tayler left for England by the vessel 'The Golconda.'

William Tayler was a successful administrator but his actions at Patna were not justified by his superior officer Sir Halliday. Tayler had good friends like Dr. Alexandar Duff, General Mackenzie, Sir Arthur Cottel, Sir James Elphinstone, Hon. Talbot, Sir Vincent Eyre, Sir J. Kaye, Col. Malleison, etc. etc. Tayler saw the reigns of eight Governors-General from Lord William Bentinck to Lord Lawrence. Tayler witnessed numerous incidents and adventures, official, personal, tragic and comic from grave to gay, from lively to severe throughout the period from 1829 to 1867.

He was a gifted a stage-actor, and always carried materials with him to draw sketches of persons and things. His accounts are lively. The present English knowing readers may not agree with some of his spellings and construction of sentences, but these have been preserved in the present book as were found in Tayler's memoirs.

I am grateful to Mr. K. M. Mittal of M/S. Mittal Publications, who not only agreed to publish this book but gave valuable suggestions to me. I am also grateful to my wife Manorama Devi, sons Ashok Priyadarshi, Kumar Shant Rakshit who rendered all facilities to complete the book. Lastly, I extend my gratitude to Jagdish Lal (AIR Darbhanga) who helped me a lot in the preparation of the press copy.

CHATURBHUI

Vol. I

ONE

INDIAN WRITERSHIP

In the spring of 1829 I was staying in the house of a friend in Devonshire who held a writership, and expected to go very shortly to India. His father was bed-ridden through protracted and hopeless disease. His mother and sisters were in the house. One morning, after breakfast, my friend came into the room where I was sitting, and told me his father had just died; that he had left him £ 800 a year, and he, therefore, intended to remain in England; adding, "I have no idea of going to that abominable country, to be devoured by mosquitos and killed by cholera". Then, suddenly, and evidently on the spur of the moment, turning to me, he said, "By-the-bye, would you like to have my appointment?" Seeing that I treated the offer as a joke, he added, "I really mean it, and am sure it could be managed. I will fetch my mother". He then left the room, and in a few minutes returned with his good mother, who confirmed what he said; but added, that if I wished to accept the appointment I must make up my mind at once, as she considered it a point of honour to inform the Director who had given it, without delay of her son's decision. Here was an anxious and bewildering moment! Never had I dreamed of leaving England. I had been educated at the Charterhouse; had kept my first term at Christchurch; looked forward to academical honours; and my dear mother had made up her mind that I was to become Lord High Chancellor, or Archbishop of Canterbury, at least! Far away from her, from all my relations and friends, with little real knowledge of what an Indian career offered or contained,

with a few minutes only for reflection or argument. I had to decide a question which affected my whole future life and prospects. It was a crisis; but there was a certain fascination in the novelty presented. Speaking as a Mahomedan, I should say my "kismut", or destiny, impelled me; speaking as a Christian, I say that God guided me. I gave my consent, the bargain was closed, and the kind old lady wrote her letter.

Often have I amused myself with the reflection that, but for this, which most would call, accident; had I not been in that house at that particular moment; had not my volatile friend been imbued with horror at the idea of mosquitos and cholera, and had not the appointment been held by the mother on conditions which enabled her to transfer it, I should never have seen India; never have met the wife with whom I have passed more than fifty years of uninterrupted happiness; the forty grand-children whom I now possess would never have seen the light, and Patna would not have been endangered by my "violent and unwise proceedings" in the Mutiny of 1857.

When the Director's assent was received, I started for London. It was one of those years in which extra writers were required, and twenty appointments were given to candidates who had not been to the preparatory college at Hayleybury, but who were prepared to pass the required examination.

Directly I reached London I called, as in duty bound, on Mr. Huddleston, the Director who had consented to transfer the appointment—a kind old gentleman, who gave me excellent counsel, and, above all other things, advised me to eat as much rice as possible when I reached India.

The next step was the examination, and, as this ordeal was accompanied by rather an amusing incident, I will briefly describe it.

The ceremony took place at the old "India House", in Leadenhall Street.

Two examiners, an Oxonian and a Cantab, were deputed for the occasion; there was a test paper distributed, but the examinees were allowed to send in a list of extra books in which they were willing, for distinction's sake, to be examined.

Having reached a somewhat advanced stage in Greek and Latin, my list of Classics was alarming, and it was hinted that,

to some extent, I was humbugging the examiners. The consequence was, that I was subjected to an extra ordeal, to prove the reality of my professed acquirements. This was, perhaps, fortunate, as the result, being favourable, helped to save me from a dilemma.

In the test list was a paper in algebra. Now I had been educated at the Charterhouse, and had never learned either mathematics or algebra, and some thought that on this account I might be spun. There was no help for it, however, algebra could not be learned in a day or so, when the paper came before me, I wrote, with many misgivings, on a separate piece, "I have never learned algebra"; then, underneath, I drew some absurd caricatures, and left the papers altogether.

Shortly afterwards we retired to a sideboard in the room to eat some sandwiches, and while there, I saw one of the examiners approach my table; it was a nervous moment; he raised my paper and read the fatal words; but immediately afterwards he took up my artistic performances, then quietly beckoned his fellow examiner, and, to my great delight, I saw them both in fits of laughter!

To this auspicious interlude of the comic, combined with my successful examination in the Classics, I attribute the happy issue. Not only was I not plucked, but passed second on the list, the first place being taken by Mr. Pycroft (now Sir Thomas), who, like a "good boy", did know algebra, and who was up in all the subjects.

It is a curious fact that, while caricature helped me out of a difficulty on this occasion, in subsequent years, as will be shown hereafter, it led, during another examination, to a serious disaster.

Next morning the passengers all set off to the "Victory", which was lying at anchor at the usual distance from the pier; one large party went together in a yacht; others in smaller vessels; my brother and I chose a boat and went together, rowed by a rough old sailor, who amused us, as far as we could be amused, by his quaint remarks.

We went together on board, and as we stepped up the ladder we caught sight of a party of ladies and gentlemen, among whom was Miss C. Palmer, now my wife and joint proprietor of the forty grandchildren.

After looking at her, my brother suddenly turned to me and said, "William, you're done for" little, perhaps, really imagining how soon and how surely his anticipations would be fulfilled.

The sentence was curiously prophetic, and received additional strength from the fact that many others, having heard that a remarkably pretty girl was to be a fellow-passenger, and knowing that I was not inaccessible to beauty, had, some in joke, some in earnest, uttered the same prediction.

TWO

THE VOYAGE

At length the moment of departure arrived. Friends and relations took their leave amidst smiles and tears; my own dear brother descended into his boat, the anchor was raised, and the buoyant "Victory" hoisted sail, and swept outwards on her course.

The wind was fair, and the sea at first tolerably smooth; but undulation soon commenced. Mental sufferings gave way to physical discomfort, sympathy was displaced by sickness, and we neophytes saw little of one another for the succeeding four-and-twenty hours, which were occupied, at least by some, in paying tribute to Neptune. When we did, however, meet, which was at the "witching hour" of dinner about the third day, we discovered, to our mutual satisfaction, that, although there were some absentees, we were a large and, as all, I fancy, considered, a pleasant-looking party.

There was Captain Farquharson, who commanded the ship, his wife, and brother, a young civilian; Mr. H. Palmer, with two unmarried sisters; Mr. C. Palmer, with his wife; Vernon Jillard, of the 16th Lancers, engaged to another sister in India. These formed in themselves a large party. Then there was Mrs. McNabb, mother of the present Mrs. John Walter, with a young friend under her charge; Miss Raikes, Miss Wrist, and Miss Diggle, unmarried damsels; an old gentleman, Captain Smith, with his young wife; Major O'Halloran, an Irish officer, with two young sisters; Colonel Anstruther, Lieutenants Eustace and Simpson; and, lastly, Pierce Taylor, companion of my cabin, a writer like myself, brother of the now well-known

General Reynell Taylor, of Punjab renown,—the whole assemblage numbering twenty-two souls.

Lawyer S—was a burly, stout man, somewhat Falataffian about the body and waist. He was fond of bathing; and, with his usual contemplative ingenuity, had devised a new and sensational mode of lavation. He would appear with the upper section of his person in a state of semi-nudity, the nether portion enveloped in that special description of Turkish trouser which in India we call "pyejamehs". Thus attired, he would take up his position under the poop of the vessel, with his legs stretched out, while a sailor, standing above with several buckets, at a given signal, dashed the cold water violently over his head.

Anything more artistically delicious than this group it is difficult to conceive; and its frequent repetition was too much for a temperament painfully susceptible of the ridiculous, as I, unfortunately, am. My evil genius suggested an addition to the ceremony; and one morning, just as the performance was coming off, I went up to the poop, obtained a broom, and, standing by the side of the sailor who was to pour the water, just as the stream descended on Lawyer S—, scrubbed his head violently with the broom, and then rapidly moved aside to watch the effect of the manoeuvre.

The attitude and expression of the old gentleman, the astonishment with which he put his hands to his head, and looked up with the water streaming over his face, the pose, the uncertainty, and the costume—the innocent countenance of the sailor, who had been pledged to secrecy—this combination of mental and physical oddities formed a tableau of surpassing charm. Lawyer S—never knew what had happened; but frequently spoke with admiration of the force and rapidity with which the water had been dashed over him!

During the voyage I got up "The Rivals", in which Lawyer S—distinguished himself as Bob Acres country servant David. P. Taylor made an excellent Bob Acres, Colonel Anstruther was Mrs. Malaprop, and I myself took the part of Sir Anthony Absolute and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, changing my wig and coat as each character appeared, on the stage. "The School for Scandal" followed, when P. Taylor was an admirable Lady Teazle to my Sir Peter; and the Lancer, in the character of

Charles Surface, amused the audience by his impassioned toasting of Maria in the after-dinner scene, whom he called "Mawia".

There were many other eccentric characters on board, whose appearance, sayings, and doings would afford amusing subjects of portraiture; but I will only mention one or two more. There was Major—, an Irish officer, kind-hearted and impulsive, but rather peculiar-looking; very tall and thin, with nothing broad about him but his accent. Two sisters were with him, interesting and ladylike girls, though too young to have attained full grace of figure.

The Major had many amiable qualities and an overbearing appetite. What specially amused us all was that he managed always at dinner to have two plates going, one on each side of the table; so that he had double rations. And this peculiarity was specially exhibited when one day, not far from the land, and unhappy half-starved snipe came on board, and was caught. This he had roasted and brought up at dinner-time, when he carefully helped each of his sisters, who sat on either side of him, with a leg—something like a hairpin—and ate the rest of the bird himself.

Such were some of the amusing incidents of our life on board ship—happy, especially to me.

The whole voyage was one uninterrupted period of cheerfulness and geniality, untainted, save by one boyish dispute easily settled, by a single quarrel or contretemps. The only occasion on which countenances were gloomy and spirits depressed was near the close, when all the tobacco—even the quids of the sailors, which were greedily purchased—had been expended. "I alone, among them all", was still happy; for I never smoked. Once only in my boyhood I had made the attempt, in imitation of my seniors, but was so ill that I never ventured on the experiment again.

On this occasion I gloried in my isolation; but even the days of no tobacco will pass away, and our near approach to the end of the voyage, which everyone longed for, except myself, helped to restore equanimity to the smokeless world. And when we at last entered the "Bay of Bengal", faces were almost as smooth as the surface of the sea.

THREE

IN CALCUTTA

On the evening of the 29th October 1829, the gallant 'Victory' cast anchor in the Hooghly, some little distance still from the Ghat, or landing-place of Calcutta, but well within the confines of "Garden Reach".

The departure of so large number of our fellow passengers left a sad blank in our assembly, and, as it was too late for others to leave the ship, the rest of us remained on board, some retiring to their cabins, others sitting or reclining on deck, engaged in desultory conversation, recalling the incidents of the voyage, and speculating, more or less hopefully, on the unknown future before us. But we were not alone; as the night advanced, a subdued persistent hum assailed our ears, becoming gradually louder and more loud, and after a few minutes we were introduced to the musical society of the persevering and irrepressible mosquito, with whom some of us at least were destined to enjoy unpleasant intimacy hereafter.

Next morning we weighed anchor, and sailed slowly up the Hooghly. As we passed Mr. John Palmer's house, nearly at the end of the "Reach", the sailors manned the yards and raised a hearty cheer in honour of the owner, a man respected and revered by all in Calcutta.

We saw, as we passed Mr. Palmer's house, the valued companions of our pleasant voyage standing in the verandah waving their handkerchiefs, and one attractive form at least was recognised by me. As we sailed up the river a pinnae met us, carrying several passengers, who had come purposely to meet

the 'Victory'; among them were Mr. G. Battye and the Hon. John Elliott, one of the most popular of Anglo-Indians, nephew of Lord Minto, and at that time Postmaster-General of Bengal. With the spirit of generous hospitality for which India was then, and is still, to some extent, renowned (spite of reduction of salaries and rise of prices), Mr. Elliott invited me, though a stranger, to accompany my friend and cabin companion, Pierce Taylor, as a guest to his house, and as R. Farquharson, the brother of our captain, as well as Captain Farquharson himself and his wife, were also to be his guests, we formed a large party, and on reaching the Ghat and bidding farewell to our fellow-passengers, wended our way to his house in Chowringhee Road, some in Mr. Elliott's carriage, others, and myself among the number, in a 'palankeen', for the first time in our lives.

A curious incident happened to me on the way. A fat little man with a large turban and pleasant face ran along by the side of my palankeen, and in broken English offered himself as my "sirdar bearer" or head domestic servant. I read the letters he showed me, and liking his countenance, appearance, and manner, at once engaged him. I have got his portrait.

The character of this man afforded a striking specimen of the many good qualities which are frequently found, as I have since experienced, in the natives of India, Hindoo and Mahomedan.

My little factotum "Doorjun", was simply a pattern; honesty, patience, devotion to his master's interests, general amiability and unswerving faithfulness were in him conspicuous. He lived with us for more than twenty years, and when he died I might truly say "I could have better spared a better man". Peace be to his manes.

I had in my early days heard little, and imagined less, of India. My father, who while living on his own estates was ruined by a dishonest agent, and subsequently entered the army, had died when I was four years old, leaving my mother a widow with seventeen children. My eldest brother, Archdale Wilson Tayler, had been there as chaplain for some years when I was a child, and returned, while I was yet a boy, to England, where shortly afterwards he obtained a living.

Another brother had gone out to India as a cadet in 1823.

He was an extraordinary character, and the name of "Tom Tayler" was for many years afterwards notorious at Harrow. He formed, however, an intimate friendship with the young Duke of Dorset, who dying while yet at school, left him a handsome legacy, which, with Lord Clive's pension subsequently obtained, rendered him independent.

Of Calcutta, and its grand appellation of "City of Palaces", I had of course frequently heard, and although I was not like the being described in the Calcutta Review, who "dreams of turbaned horsemen, glittering scimitars, and snorting Arabs", I certainly did look forward with pleasurable expectation to the sight of something romantic, if not exceptionally grand.

And I confess I was to some extent disappointed—"turbaned horsemen", "glittering scimitars", and all such oriental objects, I looked for in vain; not an Arab horse was to be seen, not the shadow of an elephant, not the scent of a tiger could be discovered.

In our passage up the river we certainly had seen handsome houses with flourishing gardens, and I had welcomed the palm-trees as giving a foretaste of the oriental scenery which I anticipated.

But on reaching the Ghat, or landing-place, all such visions vanished. There was crowded shipping, a fort, some handsome-looking mansions, a striking structure, called the Bishop's palace, on the opposite side of the river, and a noble building pointed out as the Government House; but this was the only real "palace" to be seen. The objects that immediately met the senses were fat baboos, shabby palankeens, creaking bullock-carts, break-down keranchees, one or two melancholy adjutants, a sprinkling of pariah dogs, crows in abundance, odours multifarious.

These were the objects around and before us; imagination was starved, romance yielded to reality, dreams and visions vanished into thin air.

The whole scene, in short, was disappointing, at least to me, probably because I had looked for something altogether different. What was noticeable was not, as I expected, Eastern, and had in it no tinge of romance; the houses, though large and

handsome, were square and unadorned—no domes, or pillars, or arches to be seen.

The fact is, "orientalism" anglicised is prosaic; the brown semi-nude figures which might strike the sight, we had seen and become accustomed to the day before, the rest of the human world were common-place and unimposing. The disappointment was my own fault; I had allowed imagination to feed itself without restraint or correction by study or research; I suffered accordingly.

Some of my readers may be interested in knowing the derivation of the word "Calcutta". It is in fact taken from the name of the wonderful goddess "Kali", the wife of Shiva, otherwise called "Doorgah".

There is a celebrated temple a few miles from Calcutta, at a place called "Kali Ghat", dedicated to this deity, and it is from this that, by a slight metamorphosis of letters, the name of Calcutta is derived.

When fairly under my kind host's hospitable roof, I was shown into a room to cleanse and purify myself from all nautical disfigurements, and prepare for my Indian meal, which under the denomination of "tiffin" (luncheon) was announced as speedily to be served.

And while here sitting down for the first time since I left England, in solitude and quiet, after the many months of incessant excitement, and with the echo of the sound of many voices in my ear, my memory suddenly reverted to the dear home and its belongings, which I had left now some thousands of miles away.

The image of my beloved mother, beautiful though in age, my numerous brothers and sisters of whom I, the seventeenth in number, was the youngest; my relations and many friends, especially the large family of the Blencowes, with whom I had lived almost as much as in my own home.

I looked out of the window, and an unmistakably comic scene was exhibited, in which the principal actors were not men, women, children, or goblins, but strange to say, a biped generally regarded as uninteresting and offensive, but which in India is a character well worthy of notice if not admiration, viz. the crow.

THE CROW

Just opposite my window, where the kitchen and other offices were situated, I perceived a group of fifteen or twenty crows, some perched on the roof, some on the edge of the building, several on the ground, one or two slowly hopping, and others taking convulsive and short flights.

It was a busy and engrossing moment, and the object of eager attention was evidently the "tiffin" under preparation in the kitchen. The crows of course knew it, as they always do know what is likely to benefit them? They all seemed to have their allotted parts, and appropriate attitudes; those on the ground with their heads forward, evidently watching the operations inside, and ready at any moment to take short rapid flights in case of danger; those on the ledge of the kitchen roof leaned over with heads perked on one side, listening and endeavouring to peer in from above; those at a greater distance still seemed to be calculating the interval, and preparing for a distant dash. All were cram—full of intelligent preparation and purpose.

At last there was a grand stir. A khidmutgar emerged from the kitchen with a covered dish. All were in the air in a moment; all hovered round as the man crossed the yard, some almost touching his head, and quite equal to helping themselves out of the dish, if it had been unprotected. In another minute a second man followed, with a dish uncovered; the excitement then became intense, and had not a watchful companion been close behind, the leg of mutton in it would have lost no little of its substance.

When they found themselves foiled they retired in apparently undisturbed humour, and satisfied themselves with some scraps which were thrown out of the kitchen door.

This curious scene—the intelligence united with self restraint, the cunning looks and quiet motion of the birds—greatly interested me, and I am free to confess that I thought more of these than all the sights I had yet seen, and the all-pervading *Corvus Bengalensis* was henceforth booked as one of the facts to be observed.

The Indian crow is, in fact, an institution; he pervades every department of society, from the palace to the hut; his love for man's companionship, the restless inquisitiveness of his mind, and the sympathetic interest which he appears to take in the arrangements, pursuits, and purposes of the human being with whom he may be said to associate, give him a distinctive, if not an entirely exceptional character.

If a little brown baby of six months old is squatted down in the mud, left by its mother to shift for itself, one or two busy crows, with curious and patronising looks, are sure to remain near it, hopping round and peering into its face, but never doing harm to the infant.

Sometimes, indeed, a stronger feeling than curiosity tempts him to disregard the difference of *meum* and *tuum*, and leads to unauthorised interference with the infant's property, but his speculations even then are conducted with a certain considerate abstemiousness which is quite foreign to the mind of the human thief.

Has a boy of more advanced years come to grief—perhaps dropped his basket—while his mother, unheeding the accident, has walked before him, there is the irrepressible "corvus" clearly cognizant of the event, and while looking out for any possible contents which may be useful to himself, is ready to respond to the sufferer's call of *Ma! Ma!* by the sympathising *Ca! Ca!* And the presence of an older child is no efficient protection, as the persistent crow will still exhibit his interest in the infant, though in its nurse's arms.

The peculiar attributes of the Indian crow did not escape the notice of Mr. Macaulay when in India. Mr. O. Trevelyan, in his interesting life of that statesman, writes of him:

"Regularly every morning his studies were broken in upon

by the arrival of his baby niece, who came to feed the crows with the toast which accompanied his early cup of tea, a ceremony during which he had much ado to protect the child from the advance of a multitude of birds, each almost as big as herself, which fluttered around her as she stood on the steps of the verandah."

But I never witnessed a more striking instance of this bird's calculating intrusiveness than I did many years afterwards, in Cuttack, on an occasion when my wife, after severe illness, was lying on her couch, convalescent, but weak. One of the doors of her room was opened to admit the air, when a choice party of crows quietly entered from the verandah with cautious and hesitating hops, and commenced helping themselves to some of the delicacies there placed, utterly regardless of the threatening gestures of the invalid and one of our little girls, who was in the room, the unreality of which they perfectly understood; directly, however, our little boy came in, and made a genuine attempt with a real stick, they at once vanished.

In short, whenever man, woman, or child are sufficiently at rest, or engaged in occupations of sufficient interest to the ornithological mind, the crow is present, abrupt sometimes, and always inquisitive, but seldom rampant or antagonistic.

It is a curious fact—but one which has confirmed me in the justice of my selection of the crow as one, at least, of the celebrities of Calcutta—that since the circumstance has been known, there is scarcely a friend who has not had some amusing anecdote to relate regarding him.

A choice instance of this interesting biped's achievements is to be read in a clever little work recently published by a young Bengal civilian, which I am here tempted to repeat:

"One day, a Cashmerian woman was found by a magistrate, lying on the ground, and weltering in her blood. "On coming close to her, he perceived that her nose had just been cut off by her husband (the usual process when green-eyed jealousy incites). A doctor was called. He examined the woman and the nose which was lying on the ground, and expressed his confidence that it could be reunited to her face. The nose was then given by the magistrate to native Mehtur (low-caste man) to wash. He put it down for a moment and turned his back!

"Alas for this mutilated wife! A crow, which had been an

The Crow

unregarded spectator of the scene, seized the opportunity, and in that moment pounced down and carried off the bleeding nose in triumph—a tit bit, an unexpected feast for the watchful bird and his family!"

Many and various are the records of this bird's eccentric proceedings, and I always feel that he himself regards me as a friend, and sympathises with me in the love for the ridiculous. Dr. Smith, our excellent clergyman at Boulogne, where I commenced this work, and who had passed many years in India, tells me that a crow once actually built its nest on the top of the weather-cock of a church in Calcutta, in which he was then performing service! An interesting little book, *Natural History, Sport, and Travel*, lately published by my son-in-law, Mr. E. Lockwood, also gives the following characteristic instance of corvine intelligence. He writes: "The crows were great protectors of an aviary which I had made in my house, for a pair of shikra hawks—would often come and sit on a casuarina, a tree close by, watching the birds in the cage with longing eyes, and occasionally, when the coast was clear, swoop down at them; but they never could remain there long, for the crows, which regarded my garden as their own property, persecuted them so vigorously that they were always forced to retreat".

On one occasion, I witnessed a deliberate struggle between human and corvine intellect, in which my interesting friends were the sufferers.

It is a process which very few have witnessed, and though the man in the end was victorious, it was only by the exercise of incessant perseverance and profound deceit.

My readers will probably be surprised to hear that at some painfully remote period, long before the present world was created, the crow was able to boast of his antiquity prior even to the Almighty "Brahma", as the following quotation will show:

"Brahma commanded that witnesses should be heard, and first he called upon the crow. But the crow was busy with her devotion, and cried 'Who art thou that callest me?' 'It is I, Brahma, the master of the Vedas, and dost thou, poor carrion bird, dare to despise my summons?' Then said the ancient crow, 'Which Brahma art thou? I have seen a thousand Brahmas live and die. There was he with a thousand faces, whose existence

was as a period of five days to me. Thou wast born but yesterday from the body of Vishnu, and commandest thou me. Then Brahma entreated the crow, and she declared it was Indradyumna that had built the temple".

Again, we read that a crow was rocking itself on a tree—on some solemn occasion—when "suddenly taking a glorious form, it soared into the heaven of Vishnu".

The above quotations are taken from Dr. Hunter's admirable work on Indian statistics, and, if we believe them, would give us rather an ennobled idea of our black friend.

FIVE

NOTABILITIES OF CALCUTTA

Although I have, without any hesitation or qualms of conscience, given the palm to "Monsieur Corbeau" (*Corvus Bengalensis*) as facile princeps among the interesting notabilities of India, there are other objects well worthy of passing remark. Among these may safely be mentioned the "adjutant". The native name of this remarkable bird is, properly pronounced, "hur-gila", or bone-swallower; but in the scientific glossary it has been converted into "argala", the name by which it is commonly known in India. How he obtained the more familiar appellation of "adjutant" I have not yet ascertained.

Bone-Swallower

The practice at times of standing in rows, with the exactitude of military discipline, especially when anything is going on that attracts their attention and excites their gastric aspirations, at times gives them the appearance of a detachment of well-drilled soldiers.

The manner and bearing of the "adjutant", and the whole tenor of its daily life, is remarkable. The calm majestic dignity of its aspect and attitude, when disturbed by any exciting incident, is worthy of imitation by archbishop, judge, or emperor. For hours together, if not for the entire day, he remains perched on arch or wall, sometimes alone in solitary grandeur, at others, when there is special attraction, as on the wall of the Calcutta burial-ground, attended by a host of companions; sometimes standing on two legs, sometimes only on

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one, and sometimes squatting like a native, his small eye occasionally blinking, and his head at intervals slightly turned aside; otherwise motionless, undisturbed by passing events, indifferent alike to rain and sunshine; the model of philosophic calm and impassive self-content.

The habit of seizing at one swoop and immediately swallowing any large bone or lump of flesh, which has given the name, suggested to some ingenious trickster the ludicrous though cruel idea of throwing down two bones covered with attractive remains of flesh, at a small distance from each other, but united with a strong cord a few feet in length; the effect was obvious, and to all but the unhappy bone-swallower himself, enchanting.

The Keranchee

One more peculiar object, though inanimate, deserves mention, viz. the old Indian hackney coach, now obsolete. The "keranchee", as it is called, is an indescribable vehicle, a cross between a dilapidated jarvey of olden time and a Bengal hackery, having the body of the one and the heavy yoke of the other—a vehicle which Bishop Heber pithily described as the "ghost of a hackney coach".

There is another name by which the carriage was once known, viz., the "champagnee", and this owes its origin to an incident worthy of record. It is said that a General Champigny, in ancient times, had the temerity once to commit his person to the tender mercies of this rickety conveyance when going out to dinner with the Governor-General, and that, to the consternation of the Viceregal autocracy, and to the perplexity of the sentinel on duty, it was actually driven up to the very door of Government House!

The Boxwala

The Bengal boxwala is an animal per se; hawker, pedlar, itinerant, no known word of civilised or uncivilised vocabulary will truly and befittingly describe the phenomenon. He is like the female traveller after whom the coach-guard makes such tender inquiries, "What lady belongs to this arc band-box?" In

such a way, and by like gradation of affinity, does the boxwala belong to his box.

Isolate him from the angular appendage of tin and padlock, he sinks into a cypher, mingling with the mass of brown humanity in which he lives.

After gaining entrance to a house, he peeps into the room, or knocks at the door with confidence; sufficient for him is the listless and equivocal assent of the unoccupied matron or idle damsel, and in another minute he is in the middle of the room, while at his heel, two, three, or four brown and semi-nude followers, with the capacious boxes on their heads enter, and with silent and stealthy action deposit in turns their freighted burthen and their own bodies. Their presence for a time is hardly noticed; but the head man commences his exhibition by gradually removing the choicest specimens of his various goods, and arranging them in the most captivating order on the ground, occasionally glancing at the insouciant lady, whom he is about to victimise, and muttering all the while half-whispered encomiums on the several articles. Meanwhile the lady, engrossed in her own occupations, casts her eye occasionally, and at short intervals on the operations at her side, regarding the whole scene with indifference, and not always relishing the interruption.

But the quiet perseverance of the boxwala triumphs in the end. Some attractive objects are produced and forced upon her attentions. The love of bargaining, or the desire of possession, forces itself on her mind, and she condescends to examine one or more of the articles with some little show of attention.

The Tattoo

But there is yet another notable in the animal world, well worthy of illustration, and that is the "tattoo".

The word, as far as I can discover, has no logical signification, but will, I am sure, appeal strongly and significantly to everyone who has been six months in Bengal, and especially in Calcutta.

Though an unequivocal "Equus", yet "horse", "cob", or "pony", does not represent him—he is "tattoo", and nothing else.

One of his vocations, when harnessed to the inexpressible keranchee, has already been noticed; but he has since been transferred from that romantic vehicle, now a thing of other days, to the prosaic palankeen carriage—which has taken its place.

To give a perfect definition, or even an accurate description of the "tattoo" par excellence would be difficult. As usually seen, in his ordinary doings, he is thin, scraggy, sometimes self-willed, and occasionally vicious, but always bearing the signs of breed, fast in pace, well-shaped, and wondrously enduring. Many are the modes of his labour. In Calcutta he meets you at every turn; in the mofussil he is mostly to be found in promiscuous labours, not unduly heavy; in Morshedabad, Patna, and other parts of Behar, his specialite is the "ekha", or one-horse chaise of the country. At military stations, hundreds are sometimes attached to a cavalry regiment. Led by grasscutters, a group returning from the interior with their mountains of grass is a sight. He is frequently ridden also by religious mendicants, who have disabled themselves from working by mutilation.

But irrespective of his labours, the tattoo is the constant companion of the Indian gamin, and is frequently to be seen at evening hours, after the labours of the day are past, entering, sometimes reluctantly, at other times to all appearance with simplicity, into the gambols of the little nudities of the village.

He is a favourite, also, with the young ensigns who cannot afford a horse, and, when well fed and moderately tended, frequently becomes the favourite of the regiment.

But time will fly, and old age will overtake even the Indian "tattoo", and in his latter days his situation is usually pathetic, if not pitiable.

Too weak for work, and too dull for play, he is at times in a miserable plight, for good grass is not always attainable, and food is not often given when there is no return.

Occasionally the aged tattoo is to be seen, quiescent and depressed, but still in partial enjoyment of existence, and with sufficient food within his reach, but he is a melancholy object, and even the frogs will seem to regard him with compassion.

Palaces require artistic observation before they can be appreciated. Governors and statesmen can be seen and studied only at a distance. Friends have to be made, and enemies detected, before they can be understood. Tigers are in the distant jungle, and elephants in the far-off hills; but the crow, the adjutant, and the tattoo, are seen, heard and recognised every day and hour, at all times, and in all places.

FIRST YEAR IN CALCUTTA

The year of our arrival in Calcutta (A.D. 1829) will ever be remembered as one of the most celebrated in the annals of Indian administration. Lord William Bentinck, who, after years of unjust obloquy, had triumphed over malignity and injustice, had the year before reached India in the position of Governor-General and had already given striking proof of his high abilities and noble character.

One of his most important measures was the abolition of "Sutee", that diabolical rite which doomed the new-made widow to the flames, and which no governor had hitherto ventured to denounce. The unjust law of inheritance also, which deprived the convert to Christianity of the rights of property, was in the same year cancelled, and many other wise and judicious reforms were accomplished. But Lord William Bentinck was personally unpopular. The peremptory orders of the Court of Directors compelled him to carry out certain measures connected with the pay and allowances of the officers of the Indian army, well known by the name of "Batta", and the odium excited by these reforms for a long time had overshadowed the credit of his great services.

My own recollection of Lord William Bentinck, even at this distant period, is one of the warmest admiration and gratitude, admiration of his high character and noble aims, ardent gratitude for personal kindness, seldom surpassed, and entirely undeserved.

The Hon. John Elliot, nephew of Lord Minto, with whom

I lived for the first few months in Calcutta, was on the most intimate terms with Lord and Lady William, and frequently took me to Government House, kindly showing me off in my character of amateur portrait-painter! Lady William herself became specially interested in my capacity of taking likenesses. I did several sketches at her particular request, not only of Lord William separately, but of various members of the Viceregal staff including him and herself, and in one, containing, at her special request, my own full-length likeness.

This auspicious intimacy led to results of no little importance to myself, and to an exhibition of kind and considerate sympathy on the part of Lady William which I shall never forget.

I had formed an attachment to the youngest Miss Palmer. Mr. Palmer, when referred to, gave his consent, but entertained some scruple as to our immediate union, on the score of my health, which was supposed to be delicate. Could he have foreseen that fifty years afterwards we should celebrate, as we have, our "golden wedding", the happy progenitors of forty-five grandchildren, his apprehension would have been relieved. But, in fact, I had been very delicate as a boy, and when about sixteen years old suffered from a mysterious pain in the hip, which compelled my mother to take me away from school for nearly two years, during which time I scarcely left my couch.

This long confinement had rendered me pale and thin, and my appearance was quite sufficient to excite the apprehensions of an anxious father. These misgivings were, however, on some occasions alleviated by an amusing counterplot. Just before I joined the party at dinner, a slight soupçon of rouge was judiciously applied to my cheeks by my fiancée's sister on the stairs, before Mr. Palmer appeared, a pardonable deception, of which the kindly motive forms the best vindication.

But that which most effectually served to expedite our marriage, was the kind and active sympathy evinced by Lady William Bentinck in the matter.

The failure of the great house of Palmer and Co. had rendered it impossible for Mr. John Palmer to afford any pecuniary help, and my own incipient salary left no available surplus for the extra expenses which would be necessarily entailed, while against borrowing money from a native (which

was too frequently done) I was specially warned by Lady William herself. These items of difficulty produced a dilemma, the particulars of which Lady William by her kind and almost motherly encouragement induced me to reveal, in one of those half-hours of private conversation in which she invited my confidence. The kind lady took in the circumstances at once, and promptly met every difficulty; she promised us the use of a bungalow (cottage) in the Government park at Barrackpore for our honeymoon, and of a large furnished house belonging to Government, situated in the Calcutta fort, for our residence afterwards, till I should join the station to which I had been appointed; and finally said that Lord William Bentinck would himself lend me any sum of money required for extra expenses incurred by our marriage, without interest. The next day Lord William sent me two hundred pounds. The road to Elysium was thus unexpectedly smoothed by this unlooked-for assistance, and very shortly afterwards I experienced additional kindness from the same source.

I had, as all young civilians did in those days, purchased an Arab horse, the possession of which was one of the dreams of my Indian life. The steed which I had purchased had belonged to a fellow civilian, was characteristically Arab in form, colour and disposition, and had accordingly won my confidence and secured my special approval by the steadiness and docility with which he allowed me to ride in close proximity to the carriages of those with whom I might wish to converse. One evening I was riding on the old course, the "Rotton Row" of Calcutta, by the side of Mrs. Sargent's carriage, in which were the two Misses Palmer with Sam Palmer, one of their brothers, comfortably seated and quite unprepared for adventure.

The carriage was going at full trot, and I in conversation with my fiancée was somewhat heedlessly leaning my left arm on the edge, talking with greater earnestness than was prudent in an attitude which altogether disarranged my equilibrium, when suddenly my "trustworthy Arab" came violently down on his nose, and I, with still greater violence, shot over his head and descended on mine, vanishing from the sight of the inmates, and, to all appearance, thrown under the wheel. The shock, as may be imagined, was considerable, and it so alarmed Miss

Palmer's brother, that he swung himself round and out of the carriage, while still in progress, and reached the ground quite as prostrate, and probably more hurt than myself.

The carriage necessarily advanced some few yards before it was pulled up, and the sight, to a spectator, of our two figures, stretched in different attitudes on Mother Earth, and looking helplessly at each other, must have been interesting.

My disappearance was so sudden, and I had been so close to the carriage, that the effect was alarming to the inmates, and not particularly pleasant to me. But I had received no serious injury, and the tender sympathy excited by my overthrow afforded ample compensation for my suffering. I was taken into the carriage and conveyed to my room in the Writers' Buildings, while my peccant horse, with untroubled conscience, but knees slightly chafed, was entrusted to one of Mr. Sargent's syces and taken to the stables.

Had I consulted my own personal sensations, I should have taken refuge in my bed, and endeavoured to sleep off the effect of the contusion but I thought of others, and after an hour's rest, though not over comfortable, I managed to go over to Mr. Sargent's to dinner, not only for the pleasure which it afforded, but for the sake of giving bodily assurance to anxious hearts that I was not seriously injured.

But I did not quite escape. The result of the boule-versement was a slight fever (the only fever I had during my entire sojourn in India).

When convalescent, I went for a change of air to Pooree, or Juggernath, a station in the Bay of Bengal on the seaside, where Edward Repton of the Civil Service, an old friend whom I knew in England, was living. This is the gentleman who shortly afterwards went to England to be married.

I there also, for the first time, met Mr. Binney Colvin—the brother of the well-known and distinguished John Colvin—then an assistant, and eventually a judge of the Calcutta High Court.

On my return to Calcutta, during which I was attended by the celebrated Dr. Nicholson (who on the occasion of his visits to me in the "Writers' Buildings", looked more at my caricatures than myself), Lady William Bentinck, who had made frequent inquiries about me during my illness, invited me to

Barrackpore for change of air, where she treated me, I can truly say, as if I had been her son. Lord William himself also showed marked consideration and kindness, and I frequently sat with him in his study, in which he was invariably accompanied by a sagacious but inconsiderate cockatoo, who walked about his table, mounted his shoulders, and whose greatest delight was to try and take the pen out of his master's hand. Lady William lent me each day, while I was recovering my health, a grey pony for my constitutional ride in the park, a beautiful little creature, of which she afterwards made me a present.

I cannot refrain from dwelling on these instances of disinterested kindness, coming as they did from one in Lady William Bentinck's position, and being shown to an insignificant youngster like myself, who had no claim whatever upon her, as they form subjects of such pleasing remembrance, and are connected more or less with the future of my somewhat eventful career in India.

Barrackpore

And here I must say a few words regarding Barrackpore itself. Barrackpore is notorious as the residence of the Governor-General; before it acquired its military name, which speaks for itself; it was, and still is, in Hindostanee, called "Acharnuk".

The word is derived from the well-known Job Charnock, the agent of the East India Company, a gentleman of historical and somewhat singular notoriety.

It was through his able agency that the Company obtained possession of the city.

His own adventures were exceptional. He was present at a "sutee", and falling desperately in love with the unhappy widow who was about to be roasted, rescued her from the fiery pile, married her, and adopted the Hindoo faith. After his beloved's death he is said to have made to her manes a yearly offering of a cock.

The following amusing paragraph is taken from the book of Mrs. Parkes, who visited Barrackpore shortly after her first arrival in Calcutta:

"There is a menagerie in the park at Barrackpore, in which are some remarkable fine tigers and cheetas. My ayha requested to be allowed to go with me, particularly wishing to see an hyena. While she was looking at the beast I said, "Why did you wish to see an hyena?" Laughing and crying hysterically she answered: "My husband and I were asleep, our child was between us; an hyena stole the child and ran off with it to the jungle. We roused the villagers, who pursued. When they returned they brought me half the mangled body of my infant daughter: that is why I wish to see an hyena!"

Being now an engaged man, and looking forward to an early marriage, my first object was to pass the prescribed examination in languages. The first examination in Persian I had accomplished well within the time, and had been honoured with a gold medal-honoured, at least, in the fact, but certainly not in the mode of bestowal, which was simply disreputable.

One day, a common chuprassee, meeting me in the street, handed me something wrapped up in a scrap of dirty paper, for which he demanded a receipt. On opening the paper, I found a gold medal, my honorary prize! This was the "new style", a reaction on the public ceremony formerly in vogue, especially in the days of Lord Wellesley, when such prizes were distributed with great ceremony and display. I gave the receipt, and responded to the honour by having the medal at once converted into a pair of ear-rings for Miss Palmer.

My second examination in Hindee had been deferred by my fever, and by a subsequent visit to the sea-side at Pooree, where I had stayed for about a month, enjoying the sea breeze, and, as my brother says in his letter, "eating buns, and sketching". All hope of a second medal was, therefore, hopeless.

I went up for my examination, however, on my return, and was plucked! and that, under rather laughable circumstances. My readers will remember how, at my first examination in London, caricature had helped me in my algebraic dilemma; but it was not so on this occasion. We were all assembled in the examination-room. "Monsieur", the examiner, though I believe a very good man, was decidedly quizzical-looking, a gentleman who put his pen behind his ear as he sat, and tucked his feet backward under his chair. The temptation was too much for me, and I secretly perpetrated a small sketch, back

view, with the soles of rather large feet conspicuous under his chair, and the pen painfully fore-shortened.

Just as I was putting the last touches, the examiner rose, and, turning short round, approached my table. I hid the paper, but he saw the movement, and coming up to me, requested me to show what I was concealing. I assured him it was no "crib", and had nothing to do with the examination, but I had rather not shown it. He insisted; there was no help for it, he would not accept denial. I showed him the paper. There was a dead and ominous silence. I was plucked.

It was clearly a case of suicide on my part, but when I heard the result, I ventured to prophesy to my fellow-examinees that I should pass at the next examination, though I would not look at a book in the interval. The pledge was redeemed, and I passed with credit. Such is human nature. How true it is that "ridicule kills". I ought to have been wiser, or, at least, more careful, for a month or two before I had experienced the fact that the wisest of men is sensitive on the subject of his outward covering; feels uncomfortable at the idea of his mortal frame being limned without his knowledge and concurrence, however free from ridicule or unkindness the limner may be.

Very shortly after I had taken up my residence with John Elliot, himself the soul of mirth and jest and fun, he discovered my capacity for taking accurate likenesses from recollection; he was in raptures, and immediately purchased a large sketch-book, in which he entreated me to take, as opportunity offered, a series of the bigwigs of Calcutta. For this purpose, he, at short intervals, invited in turn the Judges of the Sudder and Supreme Court, Members of Council, and other high and mighty functionaries, and as each came and went, he was entered into the fatal book! All this [was done under the implied seal of confidence; Sir Charles Metcalfe, who was a constant visitor at the house, and thoroughly enjoyed the procedure, being, if I remember rightly, the only person admitted to participate in the secret.

The Chowringhee Theatre

One of the first social events worth noticing, in which I took part in Calcutta, was connected with the stage.

The well-known Chowringhee Theatre was in the height of its celebrity at the time of our first arrival in India.

This was an institution established and kept up by private parties, but which in the excellent acting which it exhibited, and the admirable management by which it was conducted, was equal to many of the minor theatres in London, and superior to most provincial theatres.

Seldom, or ever, was there so efficient a body of amateur actors as those who were in Calcutta assembled in 1829.

Horace Hayman, Wilson, James Barwell, Henry Meredith Parker, G. Stocqueler, Major Sewell, and last, though not least, William Palmer, the "Calcutta Kean", as he was called.

The latter, then in the civil service, was an elder brother of my wife, perhaps the finest amateur tragic actor that ever existed.

As my fellow-passengers of the 'Victory' had spoken in flattering terms of my histrionic powers, I was asked, very shortly after our arrival, to make my debut on the Chowringhee stage, and though Lady William Bentinck in her kind regard for my interests threw cold water on the proposition, for fear of its leading to idle habits, I was persuaded once to appear in the character of Sir Anthony Absolute in "The Rivals".

It is not for me to say how the part was performed, but it is a curious fact, that having represented the delicious old father in 1830, in 1865, just thirty-five years afterwards, whilst joint manager of the Simlah theatre, I took the part of Captain Absolute the son, a bouleversement in the ordinary progress, even of dramatic personation, which does not often occur.

At length, after several months of captivating idleness, my kind host (John Elliot), with my cabinfellow (Pierce Taylor), left Calcutta for the upper provinces, the former on official duty as Postmaster-General, the latter to visit his relations. I was, therefore, obliged to take rooms in the "Writers' Building", a well-known, if not celebrated row of houses on one side of Tank Square, set aside in those days for the accommodation of young civilians before they passed their examination.

It was during the latter portion of this, my first sojourn in Calcutta, that in conjunction with the very few individuals (four or five at the most), who took interest in painting, I

endeavoured to form a Brush Club—Major Henderson, W. Prinsep, Trevor Plowden, and one or two others, whose names I cannot recall, were my coadjutors, and we used to meet together in each other's houses, or in the Town Hall, and exercise such artistic powers as we possessed in company; but the association could not be called a success, though we passed many pleasant days together, and, as we were bound to do, generally admired one another's performances.

But Calcutta was not propitious to the cultivation of art; there were no professional artists, no public galleries, and very few pictures worth seeing, in the possession of private individuals.

The Black Hole Tragedy

There is one reminiscence connected with Calcutta. I mean that of the Black Hole.

All who have read or heard anything of the sensational days in which the awful event designated by these little words occurred, will doubtless be familiar with the facts, but some in the present fast day, when men, women, and children find little time for reading, may like to be reminded of the awful event which the monument memorialises. The following is an extract from Beveridge's History of India:

"The whole formed a cubical space of only eighteen feet, completely enclosed by dead walls on all sides, except the west, where two windows strongly barred with iron furnished the only supplies of air, but gave no ventilation, as at this time no breezes blew except from the south and east. Few were aware of the nature of the horrid place till they found themselves crammed within it, and had the door shut behind them. Their whole number was 146.

"It was about eight O'clock when they entered, and in a very few minutes the dreadful consequences began to appear. Attempts were first made to force the door, but it opened inwards and could not be made to yield. Mr. Holwell, who had secured a place at one of the windows, seeing an old officer "who seemed to carry some compassion in his countenance", offered him 1,000 rupees to get them separated into two apartments. He went off, but soon returned, saying it was impossi-

ble. The offer was increased to 2,000 rupees, but the answer was the same. The Nabob, without whose orders it could not be done, was asleep and no man durst awake him. Meanwhile suffocation was doing its work. First, profuse perspiration, then raging thirst, and lastly, in not a few instances, raving madness followed before death relieved the sufferer. The general cry was 'Water! water!' and several skins of it were furnished by the natives outside, some apparently from compassion, and others from brutal merriment, holding up torches to the windows to enjoy the desperate struggles among the unhappy prisoners as each supply was handed in. From nine to eleven this dreadful scene continued. After this the number who had already fallen victims was so great that the survivors began to breathe more freely. At six in the morning an order arrived to open the prison. It was not easily executed, for so many dead bodies were lying behind the door that twenty minutes elapsed before it could be forced back so as to leave a passage. Of the 146 who had been thrust into the dungeon only twenty-three came out, and these more dead than alive."

While I am writing, a paragraph from the Pioneer has appeared in a London paper, stating that the present Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has ordered a monument to be re-erected in memory of this awful event.

The desirability of this has, however, been questioned, as will be seen by the following letter from Mr. Talboys Wheeler, which appeared in the columns of the Times when the report was published.

I give both extract and letters, as the question is an interesting one:

"THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

"To the Editor of the Times

"Sir,

"It is announced by the last mail from India that a monument is to be immediately set up at Calcutta as a memorial of those who perished in the Black Hole in 1756. The same proposal was made sixty years ago, when the Black Hole was removed to make way for other buildings; but the Marquis of Hastings refused to sanction it, on the ground that it would

only keep alive the old antagonism between Europeans and Natives.

"The decision of Lord Hastings ought not to be ignored, even at this distance of time. Educated natives are perfectly aware that the Black Hole disaster was the result of an accident rather than a crime. While, therefore, it may be right to raise memorials of the massacres of Patna and Cawnpore as moral lessons for all time, nothing is to be gained by setting up a memorial of the Black Hole in the greatest European city in the East. It can only revive old controversies, while it may possibly awaken old animosities, and it will certainly be regarded with bitter feelings by the educated natives of Bengal.

Yours faithfully,
T. TALBOYS WHEELER.

"Witham, Essex".

"THE BLACK HOLE' MONUMENT".

"Sir Ashley Eden has ordered a facsimile of the monument which was placed by Mr. J. Z. Holwell over the spot where those who perished in the Black Hole were buried, to be at once erected on the site where the original monument stood. The spot is at present marked by the ornamental lamp-post at the junction of Dalhousie Square, North and Clive Streets. A drawing of the old monument forms a frontispiece to 'Indian Tracts by Mr. Holwell and Friends, London 1767', a copy of which is to be seen in the Metcalfe Hall. The monument was removed by the Marquis of Hastings, as he considered that the inscription on it tended to keep race antipathies alive. The site of the Black Hole is now covered by the portion of the verandah on the eastern face of the General Post Office, between the third and fourth pillars, commencing from the north, and a slab has been ordered to be inserted into one of the pillars recording the fact."—Pioneer

I confess I concur in the sentiments expressed by Mr. Wheeler. The best thing to be done with the Black Hole, is to shut it up.

SEVEN

CALCUTTA

On the 17th of July 1830, all temporary difficulties having been providentially removed, I led my betrothed to the altar, and God's blessing was given to our union. We were married at St. John's Church, the old Cathedral of Calcutta. Lady William Bentinck, as I have before mentioned, lent us a bungalow in the Government House grounds at Barrackpore for our honeymoon, and we promised to shorten the period of our beatific isolation for the purpose of appearing at a grand ball which she was about to give, and at which our presence was specially required, as my wife and I, with one other couple, were the only individuals who, in those distant days, ventured to waltz, a performance which astonished some and shocked others of the spectators, but gave infinite gratification to Lady William, who always begged as to exhibit ourselves once or twice in the evening.

On our resuming the condition and pursuits of ordinary mortals in Calcutta, we found, to our intense satisfaction and no little surprise, the Government House in the fort prepared for our reception by orders of Lord William Bentinck, and I need scarcely say we were comfortably settled.

It is curious, and will to some be interesting, to contrast the expansive system of official superintendence in force during the time of which I am writing and that which was afterwards instituted and now exists. If a junior civilian in the present day fails to join the station to which he is nominated within a month of his appointment, heavy penalties await him—rebuke, fine, possibly suspension. But in 1830 discipline, at least in my

case, was not so stern. I had been appointed assistant to the Commissioner of Cuttack, the principal station in Orissa, before our marriage, but as the journey thither in the rainy season—which lasts from June to October—would have been difficult and disagreeable, whether by sea or land, I remained quietly in Calcutta, unquestioned and unchallenged, for three months and more, living in the Government House, and certainly not “unto the world unknown”.

When the gloomy rains had passed, and symptoms of the clear cold weather had appeared in October, I received a courteous note from the private secretary to the Governor-General, Mr. Pakenham, asking me in the most civil terms, “when I proposed to join my appointment?”

I, of course, took the hint, and graciously condescended to inform him, in reply, that I intended making preparations for my departure in the course of the current month.

The district of Cuttack, of which I shall give a brief description in a further chapter, is some three hundred miles distant from Calcutta. The trip by land, even in October, would have been to the last degree disagreeable and tedious, especially for a lady unused to dak travelling, but in those palmy days of official benevolence there was a remedy at hand. The Board of Customs, Salt, and Opium, one of these aggregates of official wisdom which merges individual in collective responsibility, had at its disposal a small fleet of salt sloops. My wife’s brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Sargent, was a member of the Board. The passage of a few days down the Bay of Bengal would bring us to Juganath, or Pooree, on the coast, and within fifty miles of my station, Cuttack. We jumped, therefore, at the offer of an official sloop, and embarked, bag and baggage, for our destination. Our sojourn in Calcutta, for the months immediately following our marriage, had been most pleasant; society, dinner-parties, balls, sketching, portrait-painting had been diversified by the amusements of riding, fencing, and single-stick; and altogether, I may say, our first experiences of Calcutta life were uninterruptedly pleasant, and we left the great city with unfeigned regret.

Our sea-trip to Pooree was propitious fine weather, a quiet sea, and a daily accession of bracing cold, combined to secure

our comfort, and in three or four days we anchored off the coast of Pooree, famous for the great temple of Juganath.

After staying two or three days at Pooree where we were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Luke, we entered our palankeens, and started for Cuttack.

Our party consisted of my wife, my wife’s sister, myself, and an African maid-servant, who had been for many years in my wife’s family, and had come with us from England. We three were to travel in palankeens, or palkees as they are familiarly called; Catherine, the maid-servant, in a tonjohn, or open chair.

We started at close of day, and, as Cuttack was fifty miles distant, we expected to arrive early on the following morning. We were not, however, destined to accomplish this, our first Indian dak trip, without adventure. We had proceeded for several hours, I had gradually accustomed myself to the smell and glare of the torch which was carried by the mussalchee, or torch-bearer, and was fast forgetting the world and all its cares in incipient sleep, when I suddenly heard Catherine’s voice screaming to me, as if in distress. Rousing myself from my temporary torpor I listened, and then heard her say, or rather shriek, “Master! Master!” On this I made my bearers go closer to her tonjohn, when she said: “I am sure I see Miss Charlotte (she always ignored our marriage) out of her palankeen. Look! she is running along the road”. I put my head out of my palankeen, and saw to my horror, not unmixed with amusement, the slight and graceful figure of my wife, clothed in a white dressing-gown, running along the road with her arms outstretched towards us, the figure lightened by the blazing torch, and followed at some distance by the bearers.

In a few minutes she reached us, out of breath and panting, and in great excitement told us that the bearers had dropped her palankeen, that she had got out in a great fright, fancying they had done this on purpose, and her alarm was increased by the men surrounding and grinning at her, and especially the mussalchee, or torch-bearer, who, by the glare of his torch, added to the strangeness of the scene.

The dilemma was distressing, but at the same time infinitely absurd. The bearers themselves were chattering and grinning, never probably having witnessed such a scene or carried so

volatile a traveller. But though my wife was somewhat reassured by the obvious innocence of the men, she declared her fixed determination not to enter the palankeen again; so after some consultation, the difficulty was met by removing the drawer at the end of my palkee, taking out all the small luggage, placing her pillow where my drawer had been, and then both of us getting into it.

We were both light weights, and by borrowing four of the eight bearers belonging to the empty palkee, and lying opposite each other, the arrangement was eminently successful, and we reached our destination in comfort.

But the incident gave rise to a standing joke against us for many months, some of the facetious residents of Cuttack having given it out that we were such an affectionate couple that we could not suffer separation even in a palankeen!

EIGHT

CUTTACK

Cuttack, so called from "katak" (fort), is the principal station of the province or division as it is officially called, of Orissa.

The province was acquired by the English from the Mahrattas in 1803.

Dr. Hunter, in his wonderful work on the statistics of India, divides the district into three distinct tracts.

Firstly. A marshy woodland strip along the coast, from three to thirty miles in breadth.

Secondly. Arable plains, stretching inland for about forty miles, and intersected by several large rivers.

Thirdly. A broken hilly region which separates the settled part of Orissa from the semi-independent tributary states.

The great characteristic of the district is the multiplicity of rivers, the principal of which are the "Muhanudie" (or Great River), and the Kutjooree, in the bifurcation of which the city of Cuttack is situated.

The province of Cuttack was originally possessed by the Buddhists and Hindoos, subsequently conquered and annexed by the Mahrattas from whom it was taken by the British in 1803.

In the year in which I first went there, the thirty years' settlement, which had been made shortly after the British conquest, was just expiring, and measures were being taken for resettlement. It may be interesting to give a very brief notice of the state of things under Mahratta rule, as recorded by Mr.

Sterling, one of the first commissioners, in his account of Orissa, published in the Asiatic Researches.

The British Government has many shortcomings and some crimes to answer for, but when we read the historical records of Mahratta rule, we may appreciate the blessing which the transfer of the provinces to the "Company Buhadoor", with all its faults, must have proved to the persecuted people.

The account which is taken from Dr. W. Hunter's valuable work is almost incredible, but will help the reader in his appreciation of the "white man's rule".

"The 'Mahratta' collected the land revenue in this way: An underling of the Government entered a village, called the people together, and ordered one man to give him so many pans or kahans of cowries", and another so many.

"If the people did not at once pay they were first beaten with sticks, and if that would not do, they were afterwards tortured. A favourite mode of torture was to thrust a brass nail between the finger's nail and flesh. Another consisted of throwing the man on the ground, placing two crossed bamboos over his chest, and gradually pressing on them till the man consented to pay what was demanded; if he still refused to pay, the operation was repeated on his stomach, back, legs, arms etc.

"If the Mahratta saw a man was fat, they said that he had eaten plenty of 'ghi', and must be wealthy, so all people tried to keep lean.

"If they saw anyone wearing clean clothes, they declared he could afford to pay, so all people went about in dirty clothes.

"If they saw a man with a door to his house, they said it was plain he had something, so people either did not keep a door, or hid them when the 'amla' were coming.

"Above all, if a man lived in a masonry (pukha) house, he was sure to be fleeced. The Mahrattas held that a man who could build a pukha house could always afford them 100 rupees. They also had another test to find out whether a man had money.

"They got together the leaves which serve as plates, and on which is served the family repast, and poured water over them; if this did not cover every part of the leaves, they declared that they were greasy, and that the family were all ghi eaters, and must be possessed of money. They used to enter houses, even

the women's apartments, dig up the floors, bore the walls, and sometimes pull them down altogether in search of money.

"The Mahrattas made no roads or embankments, they never thought of doing either; there were roads in those days, but not made ones, they were simply tracts across fields."

Such was the former pleasant condition of the picturesque district which I had been appointed.

My position was that of "Assistant Commissioner", a sort of juvenile appendage to the chief officer's staff, bearing no distinct character, and entrusted with no definite duties.

On our first arrival we went by invitation to stay with Mr. Richard Hunter, the collector of the station, who, with his kind and amiable wife, received us most hospitably.

Lord and Lady William Bentinck had gone up country, Sir Charles Metcalfe was acting as Governor-General in Lord William's place, John Elliott was absent, Mr. Palmer's gay and hospitable house was shut up, and he was, as I have before mentioned, occupying a retired little room in his son-in-law's, Mr. Sargent's house. Almost all our fellow-passengers had left Calcutta, the young gentlemen for their appointments, the young ladies, perhaps, for disappointments; and their absence prevented the great city from retaining the same brightness as before. But the crows, the adjutants, the keranchees, and the mosquitos, had suffered no change; we had our loved little baby to nurse, and I had my pencil!

After a pleasant sojourn of some four months we left Calcutta, going as before by water to Pooree, on our way to Cuttack, and carrying with us our new little treasure as a decoration for our humble home.

It was during this year that the first outburst of Mahomedan fanaticism, which subsequently obtained such perilous proportions during the Indian rebellion and mutiny of 1857, created a sensation in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta.

CUTTACK, SECOND VISIT

After a short rest of a day or two with some friends at Pooree, we again reached our old station Cuttack, receiving the congratulations of our friends on the additional human atom which we presented to them in the shape of our little daughter.

Being assistant to the commissioner, I had no specific duties allotted to me, as the magistrate's or collector's assistant had; but I sat decorously with my master on his bench, and was supposed to drink in his knowledge and experience at second hand. In reality, I chiefly occupied myself in taking private sketches of the figures which appeared before him, and which occasionally presented to my artistic view the most fascinating forms of picturesque or comic orientalism.

Every one who knows anything of India is familiar with the name, if not quite alive to the characteristics of the "Amlah", that race of beings who, as ministerial subordinates to judge, collector, or magistrate, are ready alike to carry out their master's orders, or, what is more to their taste, introduce by plausible suggestions, orders of their own: ill-paid, ill-chosen, charged with heavy responsibilities; not entirely powerless even under an able and vigilant superior; under an idle or incompetent one, all powerful.

Not absolutely endorsing the current stories of the judge who counted the flies upon the punkah before him, and pronounced judgment for or against, according as the flies were odd or even in number; or the other who, under a secret understanding with his serishtehdar, regulated his decision of

"decree", or "dismiss", by the order in which the ministerial officer asked the questions; and fully admitting that in the present day the Amlah are improved, and that occasional individuals are good and worthy men, while the public officers are more generally competent than they were, I shall be compelled in honesty, and without malice, to give in the course of this narrative actual instances of incompetency on the part of judges of former days, which are truly painful, and of scoundrelism on the part of Amlah, which are astounding.

But to my tale. Fully realizing the discreditable position in which my ignorance involved me, I resolved to disclose my dilemma to the chief of these questionable counsellors. I therefore, confessed to him my supreme ignorance of the duties which had suddenly devolved upon me, and told him that in every case that came before me for investigation, I should, after hearing the papers, ask him what orders were appropriate, and then pass those orders on his responsibility; that this I should continue to do for a short time till I made myself acquainted with my duties and the subjects disposed of, that I should then re-examine the orders passed, and if they were found to be unjust, or incorrect, I should hold him answerable.

Shortly after our arrival in the province the existing arrangement lapsed, a general re-assessment was required in 1834, and the conduct of the first settlement was entrusted to me.

During the interval between the recognition of my discreditable ignorance, and my deputation to undertake this difficult duty, interesting and important events had occurred. Two years had elapsed since our return, and in each successive year—in September 1832 and December 1833—a son had been born, so that when we were about to start into the mofussil (country) we had three children.

Settlement-making was a delectable occupation; every morning I set out with "Toby", my favourite bull-terrier, and my gun, superintended the measurement, and checked the accounts during the early hours, and then retired into the covers on the raised banks of the tank, bristling as they were with edible and unedible animals, partridges, quail, jungle fowl, deer, wild hog, and porcupines.

But this quiet daily occupation was not destined to pass without an adventure. One day I received an order from the

Commissioner to visit some villages at a short distance from our encampment, and report on the extent of injury alleged by the proprietor to have been sustained by the crops.

The distance was some twenty miles, or two marches, so that having only one tent I was obliged to sleep at my first halting-place.

Failure of Justice

The very next morning, while I was yet at breakfast, one of my chuprassies rushed into my tent, and with joined hands informed me that the zemindar was outside, and anxious to speak to me without delay.

I at once rose and went out of the tent door, when I saw the fat proprietor of the village in the degage costume of the country. He was evidently in a state of excitement, and in hurried words, accompanied by nervous gesticulations, he informed me that a few minutes before, while he was standing at the edge of the tank, a man on horseback had approached the bank with the body of a child on the pommel of his saddle before him, that he was about to throw the body into the tank, when seeing him, he covered it over, and galloped off at full speed.

While he was still telling me the story, I ordered my syce to saddle one of my mares, and tracing the footsteps of the man's horse from the spot, which the zemindar pointed out, I put "Rowena" on her mettle, and set off across country in pursuit.

The man had had at least ten minutes' start, so that for a long time he was out of sight, but after about a mile's gallop I suddenly caught a glimpse of him at a distance, and was just putting my mare at a ditch, when she suddenly stopped short, to my no little discomfort, and instead of clearing the ditch, planted her feet and looked steadily into it; I leaned forwards over her shoulder, and to my horror, saw the body of a little girl, clothed in blue, and evidently stone dead, lying at the bottom of the ditch.

Nothing could be done for the poor child, so I at once put the mare over a few paces from the spot, and resumed the chase; in a few minutes I could perceive that I was rapidly approach-

ing my prey; his horse, which was white, with a scarlet cloth over his body, was clearly visible, and obviously flagging.

On, however, we both went, but when I was within some few hundred yards of him, he disappeared into a village. Following sharp, I entered the principal road, and was about to gallop down the street, when a native woman, standing before her cottage, suddenly made a sign to me, and pointed over her shoulder to a lane running at right angles to the road. I stopped at once, turned down the lane, and at a few yards' distance suddenly came in sight of the fugitive.

He was remarkably, I almost say romantically, handsome; dressed in a suit of white, with a red cumerband (waistband), a scarlet turban, gracefully twisted round his head, with one end hanging down to his waist, and mingling with a single curl of coalblack hair; his age may have been about thirty, he was tall, and peculiarly well formed.

I doubt not he felt somewhat queer when he first saw me, but he betrayed no symptoms of alarm; he was sitting on the bank in a graceful attitude, with a horse-pistol in one hand and a large sword in the other; his horse was quietly grazing by his side.

My position was somewhat critical; the man was armed, and more than my match in bodily strength. I had nothing in my hand but a small riding-whip, and I had come such a distance from my tent, that none of my people could possibly join us for at least an hour, so I entered into a preliminary parley before taking action.

In answer to my questions regarding himself and child, he replied with assumed carelessness that he had been riding with his little girl, that she had fallen from the horse and the horse had kicked her, and he was on his way to fetch a doctor, having left the little girl behind that he might go the faster. While he was concocting this palpably absurd story, I was considering what I should do; the dilemma was the pistol, and my mind was bent upon obtaining possession of it. Appearing, therefore, to accept his narrative without distrust, I said —

"Is that a pistol you have in your hand?"

"Yes, my lord", said he.

"What, an English pistol?"

"Yes, my lord, an English pistol."

"Show it to me will you?"

The man got slowly up, and still holding his large straight sword in his left hand, he came up to my side, with the pistol in his hand, with the muzzle unpleasantly turned towards me.

I then let "Rowena's", rein fall upon her neck, and stretched out my hand for the pistol, which he put forward, still holding it fast himself; the moment was critical, and my heart was in my mouth, but I felt, I knew not why, that the fellow could be cowed. While, therefore, I was apparently looking at the pistol, I suddenly seized it with my left hand, raising the muzzle as much as possible, and at the same time lifted up my riding-whip with the right, and called out in as fierce a voice as I could command, and with a sudden gesture, as if about to strike, "Give it to me!" To my instant relief, I found him relax his grasp, and I got possession of the pistol. I felt it was an escape, but directly I examined the pistol, which was large, and with a brass nob at the end, the surrender was explained. The hammer of the pistol was injured, and the weapon was useless!

The subsequent proceedings were simple. Having no more the prospect of being shot, I told the scoundrel that I knew all about him; that I had seen the poor child lying dead in the ditch; that I was the magistrate's assistant, and that he must come with me to my tent.

He then took his horse by the bridle. I made him walk before me, taking care to watch his movements, especially with the sword, which, however, was wrapped in cloth, and we started at a foot's pace for my tent.

When we reached the ditch where the murdered child lay, I told him to take it up and place it on the horse. The brutish roughness with which he handled the body was truly disgusting, but he was compelled to obey. Not long afterwards, as we drew near my encampment, I saw my chuprassis with other men approaching, and the crisis was past.

On reaching my tent, I immediately dismounted and examined the corpse of the unhappy child; there was still some warmth in the body, but I chiefly noticed a deep round hole in the temple with some extravasation of blood, and on placing the

butt of the pistol over it, I found it exactly fitted the cavity, and was itself marked with blood.

No more evidence was required. I ordered the murderer to be bound, and sent him off in charge of the police, and several men supplied by the zemindar, to the station, writing a brief letter myself to the magistrate, and detailing the facts for his information.

The final scene, horrible as was the deed, had in it a mixture of the ludicrous.

The tall stature and fierce looks of the villain with the knowledge of the savage deed he had committed, seemed to strike terror into the so-called guardians of the peace, the chokeydars, of which several were present, and had it not been for my presence, and the aid of my chuprassies, I feel convinced the murderer would have had no difficulty in escaping.

This was my first stirring adventure of the kind, but the sequel of the story is most noticeable.

On inquiry I found that the man with my letter had arrived at night; that the magistrate, probably half asleep, had sent him with the body to the doctor, who, roused from his bed, perhaps more than half asleep, dissected the child on the spot, discovered some internal disease, reported to the magistrate that she had apparently died from its effects, and the magistrate, accepting this report as final and satisfactory, at once acquitted the man.

The hole in the temple and bloody pistol were altogether unnoticed; my evidence, alone sufficient to hang him twenty times over, never sent for. The action of the assassin, his flight across country, the body thrown in the ditch; all was ignored. The child had a stomachache, and had died from its effects!

Never in the annals of official incompetency, was such a terrible failure of justice.

CUTTACK, SEDOND VISIT (Continued)

On the 7th March 1835 a decree was passed by Lord W. Bentinck as Governor-General in Council, of which the concluding sentence declared—

“4thly. His Lordship in Council directs that all the funds which these reforms will leave at the disposal of the Committee, be henceforth employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science, through the medium of the English language.”

This decree formed a worthy of the career of this truly great man, to whom Dr. Smith in his late *Life of Alexander Duff*, a copy of which has been kindly presented to me by the family, paid the following worthy tribute:

“Born in 1774, he was sixty-five years of age when his ripe experience was lost to a country and a ministry which preferred to the wise Metcalfe a place-hunter like Lord Auckland.

“But heaven takes vengeance on a land for preferring the political partisans of the hour to its trusty good and great statesman. The equally noble Lady William, renowned in the east for her Christian charities, was the second daughter of the first Earl of Gosford, and survived her husband till May 1843. This great Governor-General’s epitaph was written by Macaulay, in the inscription which covers the pedestal of the statue erected opposite the townhall of Calcutta, by grateful natives and Europeans alike: ‘To William Cavendish Bentinck, who during seven years ruled India with eminent prudence,

integrity, and benevolence; who placed at the head of a great empire, never laid aside the simplicity and moderation of a private citizen; who infused into Oriental despotism the spirit of British freedom; who never forgot that the end of government is the welfare of the governed; who abolished cruel rites; who effaced humiliating distinctions; who allowed liberty to the expression of public opinion; whose constant study it was to elevate the moral and intellectual character of the government committed to his charge: this monument was erected by men who, differing from each other in race, in manners, in language, and in religion, cherish with equal veneration and gratitude the memory of his wise, upright, and paternal administration’.”

With Dr. Duff himself, the great regenerator, and leading champion in this many years afterwards, I was not personally acquainted until many years afterwards, when his feelings of indignation were warmly excited by the unrighteous treatment which I met with in 1857.

And while these grave discoveries were progressing in Calcutta, deeply affecting the future prospects of India, we were ourselves resting in the quiet and unsensational enjoyment of domestic peace in our distant province.

It was during this interval, that, having little else to do, I first organized my “bobbery” pack, a collection of some twenty-five or thirty dogs of all descriptions, the head of which was a wonderful bull-terrier which I had purchased from Mr. Brownlow, a fellow-civilian, and which was without exception the most perfect specimen of canine amiability and intelligence I ever met with; combining imperturbable gentleness with the most indomitable courage, yielding with inimitable grace and good humour to the caresses of the children. if he heard the voice of a distant pariah dog, he would start off, and after a short interval return with a grin of satisfaction on his face as if nothing had happened, resume his place, and reinvoke the caresses of the children, whilst a tell-tale stain of blood about his mouth revealed the secret that he had killed the pariah.

“Toby” was the only dog I ever met with who could accomplish such a feat.

But it was not in these qualities only that he was famous. He was equally at home when officiating as leader of my pack, or acting in the role of a pointer out shooting.

In the former capacity he would enter the cover, and on scenting the jackal give tongue, not so harmoniously, but quite as effectually as a hound; in the latter so perfect was his bearing and perception that I could with his assistance always back my gun against any two of my friends.

He was, in short, a dog of dogs beyond all comparison.

When first I got possession of Toby he shared our affection with a dear little creature of my wife's, named Flora, and he did not grudge to the little one her portion of endearment.

But when I commenced the gradual collection of the outsiders, a "change came o'er the spirit of his dream", and jealousy made him decidedly dangerous.

When actually running after the jackal, he took no notice of the intruders; but during the intervals of quiescence, he was always ready and eager to have it out with any he might meet.

I had therefore, to take the utmost care, and separate the profanum vulgus from his sight; so I constructed a regular kennel in which the pack was kept and fed within a separate yard, and Toby was only conscious of their presence from the distant barking.

Once, however, a most sensational scene took place in our drawing-room. We were sitting at the table; our friend Edward Repton, a civilian whom I had known in England, myself, and our two wives, each in possession of their first treasure, little baby! Toby the great was comfortably snoring at my feet! It was peace and pleasantness; the caresses of the young mothers, and the infantile responses of the babes, forming the principal feature of the family drama.

Suddenly and without any notice, one of the bobbery, a large cross-bred sort of setter, having escaped from the kennel, came quietly to the open door and entered the room; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Toby, with a rush, had seized him by the throat! The mothers sitting on either side of the table, started up, babies in their arms, and rushed to the opposite doors in agony.

I seized a stick and belaboured Toby, but to no effect; the stranger was nearly done for, with Toby's powerful jaw fixed immovably on his throat, when Repton boldly seized him by the tail, crammed it into his mouth, and bit it unmercifully.

Being a tall man and standing up straight, Toby's whole body was in the air, but he still hung on, the unhappy stranger gurgling and struggling as in his last moments; but nature interfered; the mysterious connection of the tail with the muscular organization of the throat, at last had its effect. The half-eaten dog dropped on the floor, and with trembling legs escaped destruction.

Toby, still held back by Repton until his victim had escaped, was then released, and looked up with smiling innocence in his face, but doubtless secret satisfaction in his heart.

The scene was picturesque if not sensational.

The bobbery pack, with its organization and equipment, was itself a source of constant amusement.

My whipper-in was a little Hindoo lad of some twelve or thirteen years of age. I dressed him in a red jacket, tops and cords, with a black velvet cap; the difficulty was his hair. He wore it long and hanging over his head, like a girl, and being of the lowest class (sweeper), no barber would touch him, so I had to cut his hair myself.

He used to ride a lovely little pony called "Cherry", and after due instructions and practice in jumping, became a capital rider. I made several artificial banks and hedges in the grounds, and Repton used to stand with me, one on either side, and flog the pony as he came up to jump, occasionally to the discomfiture of the rider, but with very satisfactory ultimate results.

The only misfortune that happened was on the first day on which he joined the hunt.

We were all waiting on the borders of a ricefield; Toby with the other dogs was inside; suddenly he gave tongue, and was joined by some of the others. A jackal stole out just opposite the boy, and the dogs rushed after him. Cherry was excited; first reared, and then giving a tremendous kick, threw the poor boy clean over his head, and then, joining the party, accompanied us through the run in evident delight, and doubtless happier without his rider.

One of the members of our family was a delightful little monkey, which had been given to us by a young civilian friend, Mr. Metcalfe. This accomplished little creature was a character; he was, when given us, dressed in a little red livery, and would

sit upright and still, and with the utmost gravity, behind us in carriage or buggy, and at dinner time squat on the arm of my chair, watching our proceedings with apparent indifference, and accepting with quiet gratitude any morsel that was offered him.

But he was not always amiable. One day he was quietly picking some fluff from my wife's silk stocking, when, frightened or offended by some movement she made, he made a sort of savage grimace at her, and was only prevented from attacking her by a seasonable kick from myself.

From that moment he conceived a sort of prejudice against her, and never lost an opportunity, when unobserved by me, of making faces and threatening gestures at her.

This unamiable disposition led to his removal to a little cage of his own at the top of a long bamboo pole; a position which one day led to a most ludicrous scene.

Close to the monkey's pole was another, to which was attached by a rope a large squirrel, with a long and bushy tail. Being just within reach, the little monkey frequently entered into communication with his neighbour, and his great delight was to get possession of his tail, the effect of which was, after a time, to wear a great portion of the hair off.

One day, to Jacko's evident delight, a little puppy came within his reach at the moment he was larking with the squirrel. The monkey was equal to the occasion, and while he held the squirrel with his left hand, he simultaneously seized the puppy's tail with his right, and then danced round and round with his two victims, to his own ecstatic delight, but to no little disgust on their part.

After some two years' residence in our little bungalow, we became ambitious of a larger domicile; that in which we were living, besides being small, was within the military lines, a fact which subjected us to sundry trifling inconveniences. The inhabitants also had been increased, and extra room required by the addition of two children a daughter and son, the first of whom had been born on the 20th of August 1831, in Calcutta, and the second, my eldest son Skipwith (now a judge in India), on the 28th September 1832.

Although, therefore, we had no little affection for our small,

"cottage ornee", which had first received us, we made arrangements for leaving it.

At this juncture our valued friends Mr. and Mrs. Repton had come to sojourn for a time at Cuttack, Mr. R. having obtained an appointment. We accordingly arranged what in India is called a "chummery", and for that purpose hired jointly a charming house situated near the race-course, at a place called Chowleagunge, and I may truly say passed a most pleasant time. Edward Repton, the son of the Rev. Mr. Repton, I had known in England, as well as his wife before her marriage. I had also met him at Pooree several years before, when I had gone there for change of air after my fever, and it was with no slight gratification that we availed ourselves of the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance, and the pleasure was enhanced by the mutual attachment which took place between my wife and Mrs. Repton. It was during our sojourn in the house at Chowleagunge, that an amusing tableau took place.

We were a merry party, and in search of amusement, so I projected what might be termed a "take in" for the community. We issued invitations for a ball, giving out that we expected an old friend of Mr. Repton, of the name of Mr. Tyler, from Madras, who would probably arrive on the night fixed.

Our guests arrived in due course, and when all had assembled, the sound of a palankeen, accompanied with the customary shouts of the bearers, was heard approaching the door. I exclaimed, "That is Mr. Tyler, evidently", and ran out of the door with Repton to meet and conduct him at once to his room. When I got outside I rushed to my dressing-room, shaved off part of my whiskers, put on a wig and pair of spectacles, dressed myself in a suit of white, with short jacket, and a pillow under waistcoat, and when all was ready went out into the drawing-room with Repton, who introduced me with due formality to my wife, who gravely greeted me with great, though distant cordiality, as an old friend of Mr. Repton's.

Not a soul in the room recognised me, and I passed the whole evening as Mr. Tyler.

The entire affair was a great success, and at the close of the evening when I revealed myself, several refused to believe the

trick, declaring they had seen me and Mr. Tyler in the room together.

One practical lesson I learned from the proceeding, viz. that we should be extra careful of the remarks we make on our neighbours. Again and again, as I strolled round the room and looked at the pictures, I heard: "What an old guy! Look at his jacket! Is this a specimen of the Madras civilian?"

On the expiration of our Chowleagunge "chummery", we hired a larger bungalow. Mr. George Brown, the judge, had previously occupied this house, with his wife and Mrs. Chinnery, his wife's mother, widow of the great Anglo-Indian artist. It was a spacious and most comfortable residence, half way between the military lines and the city.

The Monkey

But before I relate any further adventures in this new residence, I must revert once more to our little bungalow, which, after we left it, was the scene of an amusing farce, enacted by another of the monkey tribe.

One day, the wife of an officer who had succeeded us in the possession of the cottage, Captain Smyth, of the Engineers, was lying on the couch in her drawing-room, weak from illness. The outer door was open, as servants were near, and all was still and quiet, when a monkey took it into his head to enter the room, and evidently not observing the recumbent lady, amused himself by springing up to the top of the punkah, which, as is always the case in hot weather, was suspended from the roof.

His delight was great when he found that his weight on the top and the see-saw motion of his body produced the undulating movement peculiar to the punkah, and still unconscious of the lady's presence, he commenced a regular swing, with his back turned to her, but in another moment, while she, too weak to move, and too much alarmed to speak, was watching his movements in speechless agony, he turned himself round, and in the next moment caught sight of her.

Unabashed, if not exultant at the sight, he fixed his eyes upon the unhappy lady, and each time that the swinging punkahs approached her, stooped down, grinning, and

uttering the peculiar noise which monkeys only know how to make.

The poor lady remained for some time in this painful condition, afraid to move or call, and never knowing when the brute might be tempted to molest her, till at last a servant entered the room, and the volunteer balancer took his departure.

But these escapades were exhibited by the smaller species of monkeys.

The freaks of the larger animal, *Entellus semnipo-theucus* were more serious. The *Entellus* (called Hunooman by the natives), is the sacred monkey of the Hindoos, and nowhere, perhaps, in India, is he to be found in greater numbers than in Cuttack.

A few days before we took possession of our new bungalow, when the house was still in the occupancy of the Judge, the family, one Sunday, returning from church, found the principal dressing-room appropriated by Mrs. B. in a state of utter confusion—a large cheval glass upset and broken, and other articles of furniture scattered about.

A small company of the *Entelluses* had been in the room, and, evidently seeing their sacred faces in the glass had been enjoying a scrimmage which it would have been worth something to have witnessed.

And we were not long settled in our new abode before I was brought into unpleasant collision with these sanctified quadrumans!

Being enthusiastic in the matter of flower-gardens, I commenced laying one out on a large and ambitious scale. At the bottom of the garden was a group of tall mango-trees, and, whether from mere perversity, or from some unknown cause of attraction, a very short time after the commencement of my labours a troop of these monkeys, day after day, appeared among the trees, evidently watching the operations in progress. At first, their presence, being principally confined to the trees, in no way interfered with business, and I took an interest in observing their movements; but, after a short time, they commenced an entirely new system of amusement, descended the trees, entered the gardens, pulled the shrubs about, tore off

leaves, poked about the beds, and committed no end of havoc.

One old gentleman carried his obstruction to an extraordinary extent, and, annoying as his presence was, it was impossible not to be amused at his superabundant insolence and exceptional cheek.

He would take up his position day after day on the lower horizontal branch of a large mango-tree, and there he remained, indifferent to all threats and intimidation; and this led to a delicious denouement.

I have already mentioned "Toby", my unparalleled bulldog: when the nuisance of these sacred Entelluses began to be annoying, Toby had interested himself in making occasional raids upon the intruders, but with little effect, and he seemed quite distressed by his failures. One day I was standing with him by my side, when we observed our defiant old friend take his seat as usual on the branch. As he allowed his tail to hang down, it struck me, and I verily believe it struck Toby also, that, although his body was out of reach, his tail might be grabbed. I spoke in a low tone to Toby; he seemed to understand, crouched down, and very gradually approached the tree. Entellus remained immovable, and apparently unconcerned, and the tail continued to hang temptingly down! Suddenly, Toby made a desperate rush, and dashed at the tail. Everything bespoke a triumph long delayed. Alas! alas! The venerable monkey never moved, but, as Toby's open mouth turned upwards to seize, at least, the tail, he quietly, but at the proper moment, lifted it up with his left hand, as a gentleman would raise his coat-tail to enjoy the fire, and, stooping slightly forward, gave Toby a pleasant box on the ear with his right, looking at him as he passed by, unable to stop his career at once, with calm and satirical indifference.

The most amusing part of this adventure is that it was, after this rehearsal, repeated more than once, and I can still vividly recall the calm, philosophical indifference of Entellus the calculating advance of the impassioned and yet baffled Toby, the repeated rush, the quiet elevation of the tail, and the insulting pat on the gasping cheek—all I can recall, as it were yesterday.

But this "Entellus" drama was, after a time, brought to a somewhat tragic termination. Their inroads had become so frequent and destructive, that my unhappy garden, the joy of my heart, and the occupation of all my leisure hours, was just going to the dogs, and all other efforts having failed, I was driven to the determination to shoot one of these offending monkeys. The deed was most distasteful, but "necessity has no laws", and one day, when the invading group had taken up their customary position at the top of the mango-trees, preparatory to their destructive excursion, I singled out one and shot! He was struck, but not killed, poor creature, and as he fell from branch to branch, his struggles were painful to behold. When he reached the ground, his action was so exactly like that of a human being, that it was dreadful to witness, and I at once put a stop to his agonies by a second shot.

The scene was distressing, but the remedy was effectual; the monkeys never re-appeared, my flowerbeds recovered their beauty, and Toby's patience was not tried again.

A personal adventure of a different character occurred about this time, which might have been fatal to my Indian career; and as it is to some extent characteristic of a certain unpleasant species of fanaticism, not unfrequent in India, it is worthy of record.

One evening, I was going out to dinner at the military mess in the Cantonments, in company with friend—Captain B. He was driving, and I was on the left side of the buggy. As we passed an old elephant-shed, a man suddenly rushed out with a drawn sword, and struck savagely at me! Had the blow taken effect it might have been fatal, for it was delivered perpendicularly from above my head, with the full force of the striker; but providentially the man had not taken the movement of the buggy into calculation, and the weapon just missed my head, and struck violently on the side of the buggy behind my back, making a deep indentation into the leather.

My companion was so alarmed at the accident, that he immediately whipped the horse, with a view to escape; but this did not suit my views, so I seized the reins, stopped the horse, jumped out of the buggy, got possession of a bamboo stick which was outside a cottage door, and ran back in hopes of

catching my assailant; but the fellow had already been arrested by a sepoy who was on guard at the shed, so I returned to the buggy, and we continued our drive to dinner.

The next day inquiries were made, the man was discovered, or was said to be a mad man, and nothing, as far as I can remember, was done.

ELEVEN

CUTTACK (CONTINUED)

The Flood

In the year 1834 Cuttack was visited by a terrible inundation. Situated, as I have before shown, in the bifurcation of the two great rivers, the Muhanudee and Katjoree, the city is specially exposed to any unusual overflow of either; on this occasion both rivers rose high above their usual level, and after embracing each other at their meeting, united their forces and flowed back on the devoted town.

The way in which the catastrophe was first discovered was singular. We had some time before changed our little bungalow in the military lines for a far larger house with a spacious garden attached, in which I had taken great interest, foolishly spending no little money on its decoration and culture.

One morning, having just risen from bed, I looked out of the window and observed some of the fields just beyond my garden partially immersed in water; as I looked more carefully I clearly perceived the water gradually rising, and apprehending that some might enter my new garden, which I had just been laying out, and regarded with supreme affection, I sent for some coolies and commenced raising a small embankment of earth, hoping to keep the water outside. Vain hope! before two hours had passed, my garden was one uninterrupted sheet of water, and I was myself shortly afterwards punting over my choicest flower-beds in a large flat-bottomed boat.

Meanwhile, the whole country for miles around was one sheet of water; the beds of the rivers were rushing down, carrying with them huge trees, helpless cattle, roofs of houses, and all the miscellaneous debris of swamped villages.

In the midst of this terrific turmoil, I was told that there were, in one or two spots, small clusters of houses built upon elevated ground, which, though not yet overflowed by the water, were being rapidly surrounded; that the water was rising every instant, and the inhabitants—men, women, and children—were in the utmost danger. I procured, as quickly as possible, a large flat-bottomed boat, and collecting several men, embarked upon it, and after some labour, and one or two trips backwards and forwards—on one occasion crossing my own garden, where not even the top of a shrub was any longer visible—I had the intense satisfaction of rescuing all who were in danger.

By the next morning the waters had partially subsided. We ventured to our house, though the roads were still under water, and found the verandah of our bungalow swarming with frogs and snakes, and the traces and smells of the invading river pervading the house. But danger was passed, the mud wall had not yielded, and we had leisure to dry ourselves.

One morning my bearer came into my room with an astonished face, telling me that there was a mugger (alligator) in the trap. I went out, and true it was. An enticing shoulder of mutton had attracted the creature, who had evidently taken possession of our tank since the inundation. He had gone head-foremost in, and the door closed on him, so there he was, with his head and the fore part of his body in the trap, and his tail sticking out, utterly helpless, as the scales of his body prevented his retreat.

The situation was unique and supremely ridiculous, as far as the ill-fated alligator was concerned; a sort of realization of Mrs. Malaprop's "Allegory" on the banks of the Nile; but we were not sorry for the capture, as this identical mugger had, we believed, a day before, carried off a little pet spaniel while swimming in the tank. A rope was therefore, obtained and fastened to the captive's tail, the door was lifted, he was dragged out, and despatched with as little suffering as possible.

This was the last adventure at this watery and overflowing station, and the only event calculated to disturb the "even tenor of our life;" but some of our ordinary incidents are perhaps worthy of passing notice, as being somewhat out of the usual course of a young civilian's life.

TWELVE

FIRST APPOINTMENT TO BURDWAN

It was some months after the events related in the last chapter that I received a letter from Calcutta, informing me that I had been appointed to officiate as Magistrate and Collector of Burdwan; a flattering summons, as the appointment and salary were both far higher than any of my contemporaries had obtained.

About two years previous I had received my first promotion in my appointment as head assistant on Rs. 700 per month, a gratifying fact which was communicated to me by Lady William Bentinck herself, in a kind letter, which evidently showed that she had interested herself in the matter.

The present increase of ways and means was not to be despised. We had then four children, and were beginning to speculate on the prospective expenses of a family. I had not, I regret to say, been very economical, and what with my horses, bobbery pack, flower garden, and building expenses added to my trips and sojourn in Calcutta four years before, the vulgar question of money was beginning to obtrude itself.

I gladly accepted the appointment, therefore and we had once more to encounter the fatigue and trouble of a dak journey to Calcutta.

Our way was through Balasore, the station which I first saw when visiting F. Skipwith during his illness.

Balasore

The word Balasore is corrupted from Baleswara, the "young lord," or, "Krishna," the Adonis of the province of Orissa. In 1828, it was made into an independent collectorate under Mr. (now Sir Henry) Ricketts.

It is an unpicturesque and uninteresting country, described by Dr. Hunter as a "strip" of alluvial land between the hills and the sea, and as we only stopped there for a few hours I will not trouble the reader with any attempt at description.

The unhappy district, however, once obtained a painful notoriety, viz. in the famine of 1866, and without attempting to enter into the details of that mismanaged visitation, the following brief extract will give some idea of the awful condition to which the people were reduced.

"In March and April the general population had fallen into a state of dejection, and had lost all energy. They were swarming into the villages and there dying of cholera, dysentery, or hunger. Even in Balasore town the organised relief was utterly insufficient to meet the need of food.

"A distribution which the Commissioner witnessed in April was a scene of utter confusion; the starving crowds were beyond management. They seized the food as soon as they saw it, and even fell on the Commissioner, snatching from his hands and pockets the pice which he intended to distribute. So uncontrollable were the attacks of the paupers on the pots of cooked food that for a time the Committee was obliged to give out uncooked rice; but in Balasore, as in other districts, it was soon found that the rice so given was devoured raw, and therefore the Committee reverted to cooked food."

From Balasore we proceeded to Midnapore, the adjoining district, where we stayed for some days with our friend David Money of the Civil Service.

Burdwan

Burdwan is not a picturesque or interesting station; flat, unwooded, and somewhat swampy; there is nothing to gratify the imagination, or supply materials for the pencil. The one

exceptional object of interest is the Rajbaree, i.e. the house and premises belonging to the Rajah.

The late Rajah Mahtub Chund was then a young lad of some fourteen years old, pleasing, lively, and intelligent; he was under the tutelage of Mr. Greenwood, an amiable and excellent clergyman, but the influence of the Zenana and the attractions of amusement constantly offered, where study should have been the first object, interfered sadly with the youth's educational progress. The young gentleman was fond of riding, and frequently joined us in our hunting excursions, though the watchfulness of his guardians seldom permitted him a forward place in the chase. He lived for many years after this, respected and honoured.

I have been very much pleased at reading the following brief account of the young Rajah, written by Dr. W. Hunter, in his valuable statistical work:

"In 1832, Maharaja Tej Chandra died, leaving to his adopted son, Mahatab Chandra, the present Maharaja, his enormous landed and funded estates. On the latter succeeding to the raj, in 1833, the English Government honoured him with a khillat, in due form. He has proved a most enlightened representative of the landed aristocracy of the province. One of his first acts was the establishment of an Anglo-Vernacular school in Burdwan, where five hundred boys gather daily to receive the benefits of free education in English and Bengalee, Sanskrit and Persian. It is a first-class institution, and efficiently conducted by a teaching staff of educated Hindus. The Maharaja has also established hospitals and dispensaries for the sick poor of Burdwan and Kalna. These institutions, as well as the other charities established and maintained by him, attest his benevolence, and afford an example of enlightened liberality. I have already mentioned the munificence of the measures undertaken by the Maharaja for the support of his tenantry during the famine of 1866.

"During the Santal Rebellion in 1856, the Maharaja aided the military authorities by forwarding and supplying stores and means of transport. He also kept up a line of communication by troopers.

"During the more important and terrible outbreak of the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857, the Maharaja did everything in his

power to strengthen the hands of Government, and to give every aid that was considered necessary. He placed elephants and bullock-carts at the disposal of the authorities, kept open the roads between Burdwan and Beerbhoom and between Burdwan and Katwa, so that there was no interruption of intelligence between the seat of government and the anxiously-watched stations of Beerbhoom and Barhampore. In 1864 the Maharaja was appointed an additional member of the Viceregal Legislative Council, being the first native gentleman who was so honoured. He continued in that post for three years."

He had died full of honour, and has been succeeded by his heir.

I must here mention that the Rajahs of Burdwan had for many years observed a somewhat remarkable custom. Being of the Khetri caste, they preserved the ashes of the dead, and there is a building at Kulna, a large town of the district, called the "Sumaj Bari," a house or sepulchre, in which a bone of all the deceased members of the family is kept. The bone of the Maharaja himself, as Dr. Hunter writes in his book on Cuttack, "is wrapped up in a silk cloth, and is placed on as if the Maharaja was living himself, and is placed on a velvet state cushion, with silver salvers, tumblers, hookahs, rose water, and utur-holders, just as the late Maharaja used to sit, with all the paraphernalia of state about him!" Such is the power of superstition.

The important events connected with Burdwan since the time I first went there are the organization of the great Raneegunge coal-mines, and the introduction of railways.

Raneegunge Coal-Mines

The fact that coal existed in the district was known in 1744, and in 1830 several collieries were working; in 1831 the subject was mentioned by the Rev. R. Everest, and in 1838, the period of our residence, the first report of a Committee of Investigation was published. In 1845, however, Mr. D. Williams was sent by the East India Company, and under his direction the coal-fields were carefully examined and reported on.

At the commencement of the railway transit, a most amusing little scene presented itself. It was the first day on which the train was to leave Burdwan, on, I imagine, an experimental trip. Cecil Beadon, James Young, Gordon Young, and myself were at the station, where a great crowd was assembled to witness the interesting event.

The train was there empty, and a crowd of witnesses, principally of the respectable class—young men from the schools, colleges, and a vast miscellaneous concourse—were waiting for the signal to enter. The signal was given, and the doors opened: in the youths rushed, helter-skelter, till the principal carriage, a sort of saloon, was cram full, all the youths standing up huddled together. But the cry was "Still they come!" and it was only by the assistance of the guard, who seemed to enjoy the task, that at last individuals were only enabled to enter by being pushed in from outside, and sustained by the door which he shut behind them, and thus pressed them in. While this strange process went on, suddenly a feeble, melancholy voice was heard from the centre of the crowded mass; it cried out, in plaintive tone, "Let us out! let us out! We suffer inconvenience. Biting dogs are here!" And true enough, a bulldog had got into the carriage, and, as the pressure increased, was taking liberties with the uncovered calves of the native crowd.

The scene was supremely ludicrous; the stifling crowd squeezed together as with a vice, the weak melancholy tone and mild expression of the victims, the complacent grin of the guard, and the evident enjoyment of the spectators, formed such an absurd scene, that shouts of laughter, instead of sympathy, greeted the sufferers.

The Thuggee

The functions of a magistrate and collector are rather monotonous, and I cannot call to mind many incidents in connexion with my official duties to interest the reader; the following, however, is an exception:

One day I received from the superintendent of the "Thuggee" department a list of well-known Thugs supposed

to reside in my district, with a request for assistance in their capture.

The readers of these memoirs probably know the "Thugs" by name, though as I have heard ladies pronounce the word "Thoogs," giving full force to the h, it may not always be recognised. But however the name may be pronounced, there is no mistake regarding their character and pursuits.

They are the interesting beings whose sole purpose in life is the strangulation of their fellow-creatures, whom they captivate and seduce by their friendly overtures, and whom, when reposing in unsuspecting confidence, they suddenly strangle with a handkerchief in the name of their patron deity, Kalee.

Colonel Sleeman and others have given so full an account of these garroting assassins, that their deeds and doings are now tolerably well known, and it is a large item to be placed to the credit of the British Government as a set-off against their many delinquencies, that they have by patient and persevering efforts almost extinguished the diabolical system.

But to my tale. Five out of the six men mentioned in the list I ferreted out and sent to the authorities; but the sixth was nowhere! No trace whatever could be found of him; but the inquirers persisted that he was somewhere in the district, and after continued search and careful inquiry a clue was at last obtained.

Dr. Cheek, whom I have already mentioned, had a child's bearer, i.e. a he-nurse, who had charge of his children. The man was a special favourite, remarkable for his kind and tender ways with his little charges; gentle in manner, and unexceptionable in all his conduct. Every year he obtained leave from his master and mistress, as he said, for the filial purpose of visiting his aged mother, for one month; and returning after the expiry of that time, with the utmost punctuality, resumed with the accustomed affection and tenderness the charge of his little darlings. This mild and exemplary being was the missing "Thug"! Kind, gentle, conscientious, and regular at his post for eleven months in the year, he devoted the twelfth to strangulation. Such, under the dominion of Satan, is human nature.

To the utter astonishment of Dr. and Mrs. Cheek, and the

whole family, the fact was proved, the missing Thug was arrested, his identity established, and he was sent off to endure in his own person, though with something more of state and ceremony, the unpleasant operation which he had so frequently performed on his brethren. Another specimen of man—half deity, half devil!

When the wretch's identity was established, Dr. Cheek was heard to exclaim, "What a mercy he did not strangle me; he has dried my hair every day for years".

This hunt after the Thugs raised no little excitement. My "nazir" or head executive officer, a stalwart Mahomedan named Golam Ali, became perfectly excited, and once caused great laughter by his enthusiasm. A banghey, or tin travelling-box, was one day brought into the magistrate's office, having been found on the roadside. Golam Ali confidently declared, before everybody, that it belonged to Thugs, one of whom had dropped it while hotly pursued by his peons, and that it would be found to contain some of their things. The box was opened, and a weapon appeared at the top; this was instantly seized by Golam Ali, who, lifting it aloft, exclaimed, "See, did I not speak truly? here is the instrument with which these villains cut off their victims' head!" As he said this he lifted up the weapon in triumph, and displayed to the spectators around a machine for docking horses' tails!

About the same time the Mohafiz, or record-keeper of the Collector's office, was discovered to be himself a Thug; and it was found that he had been in the habit of soliciting and obtaining what are called "rah-daree purwanehs," or pass orders from the authorities for the use of his comrades when out on their strangulation encounters.

Before my work is concluded I shall have more to say regarding this diabolical fraternity. But to give some idea of the strange eccentricities of their system I quote the following extract from the work of Mr. Hutton:

"If the partridge call at night, or the jackal during the day, quit that country or you will be seized.

"Immediate and valuable booty might be expected if the large hill-crow were heard croaking on a tree with a river or tank in sight; but the reverse was the case if the bird were seated on a buffalo or pig, or on the skeleton of any dead animal.

"Pleasant, too, was the prospect if a cat came prowling to their encampment by night, and equally cheering to see a wolf or a shrike crossing the road from the right to the left, or a large male antelope, or a kind of small deer, or the blue jay crossing from left to right.

"It was good to hear the hare calling at night upon the left; or the loud continued hooting of the small owl, when sitting on the cell of the partridge, on the left while travelling, on the right while halting.

"If a herd of deer came in sight they looked ere long to fall in with another gang of Thugs".

Such were the fancies of this murderous gang.

Just at this time I was appointed Special Deputy Collector for investigating the titles to rent-free tenures, and as the duties of my new office extended over several districts, it became necessary to travel from one to another. After some months, therefore, when I had disposed of the majority of cases at Burdwan, we made preparations for our departure, gave up our house, and, after staying with our kind friends the Cheeks for some days, set off for Hoogli. During the interval we had the pleasure of seeing our cherished flowergarden and lovely lawn, in the cultivation of which I had taken great pride, and, at considerable expense, had enclosed with an iron rail, turned by my unsympathising successor into a grazing ground for his sheep!

On leaving Burdwan we went at first to Calcutta, to the house of our excellent friend Richard Macan. My wife remained there for some time, our eldest son Skipwith having been taken ill, but joined me again after a few days, at Hoogli. On our arrival at the station, we first occupied a bungalow lent us by a friend, and afterwards a house belonging to Dr. Wise, which we hired, and during our occupation of which, our friend E. Trevor, with his wife and sister-in-law, paid us a visit. Eventually we took a beautiful house at Bandel, on the bank of the river. Here we stayed for some months. Our friend Miss Cheek paid us a visit, and days passed pleasantly enough, until the melancholy time arrived when became necessary to send our two eldest children to England.

To make the requisite arrangements for this sad event we

again went to Calcutta, taking rooms at a private boarding-house, in Chowringhee Road, kept by a Miss Wright.

The dear children were placed under the charge of Captain Chapman, the commander of the ship Broxenbury, and were accompanied by our faithful African maidservant Catherine. I accompanied them to the sandheads, and experienced for the first time the pain which Indian residence involves—the separation of parent and child.

To this day I can recall the sad expression of their dear little faces, when I bade them farewell and left the ship, although they are now themselves the parents of grown-up children.

One consolation, however, was reserved for us, which all parents do not enjoy.

Our children were sent to the charge of my dearest mother, then still living with my eldest sister, who had never left during the many years of her life.

The protection of such guardians, I need hardly say, was an intense relief amidst the pain of separation.

When this painful parting was over, we returned to Hooghly, and I resumed my official duties. No particular external event happened after this to disturb the “even tenor of our days;” but on the 11th of May 1838 our sixth child, a daughter, was born.

When I had got through the greater portion of my Hooghly cases, we made arrangements for visiting my third district—Beerbhoom. Passing our old station of Burdwan we remained for some days en-route, when our baby was made the special pet of our old friend Mrs. Cheek, and in due time reached Beerbhoom. Here we were kindly entertained by Mr., afterwards Sir John, D'Oyly, who was the judge of the district, and whom we had seen at Midnapore in 1836, on our way from Cuttack. His wife was a Miss Fendall, sister of our great friend Mrs. John Lewis. She was an enthusiastic artist, and as Beerbhoom is an extremely picturesque district, abounding in noble trees and attractive scenery, we found, during our brief stay, many choice objects for the pencil. Our pictorial party was, shortly after our arrival, increased by the presence of Welby Jackson, a civilian who was addicted to the art, and painted remarkably well.

Banyan-Tree

“For sanctity, size, eccentricity of growth, and other peculiar features, the banyan and peepul are, par excellence, the trees of India. Both of them are striking in appearance, both are associated more or less with religion; each is intimately connected with the other, and, in fact, they represent bride and bridegroom, when first committed to the soil by the superstitious native. I will deal with banyan, or *ficus indica*, first.

“Speaking of this tree scientifically, I may observe that it belongs to the great family of the *urticacex*, and is, strange to say, own cousin to that very unpleasant vegetable, the “stinging nettle.”

“The tree, stupendous as it appears, is in truth a ‘fig-tree,’ and the small red berry which it bears, and which on the emergency of a general famine affords food to many thousands, is a miniature but bonafide fig.

“It is difficult to describe, and almost impossible to exaggerate, the grandeur and magnificence of this extraordinary tree after some years of growth. It has, in fact, formed a theme of exquisite description by some of our ablest poets, and before I enter upon a prosaic account, I will give you the poetical portraiture drawn by one or two of these celebrated word-painters.

“Another curiosity in this neighbourhood is the celebrated bur or banyan-tree called “Kuveer Bur,” from a saint who is said to have planted it. It stands on and entirely covers an island of the Nerbudda, about twelve miles above Broach. Of this tree, which has been renowned ever since the first coming of the Portuguese to India, which is celebrated by our early voyagers and by Milton, and which, the natives tell us, boasted a shade sufficiently broad to shelter 10,000 horses, a considerable part has been washed away with the soil on which it stood, within these few years, by the freshes of the river, but enough remains, as I was assured, to make it one of the noblest groves in the world, and well worthy of all the admiration which it has received.”

“There are endless phenomena connected with the life, vegetation, and growth of this tree. Two of these are especially

referred to by Dr. Hooker in his interesting work on the Himalayas.

"In writing regarding a well-known banyan-tree, which he says was still the pride and ornament of the Botanical Garden in Calcutta, he mentions two essential peculiarities to which I shall shortly direct your attention.

"The first is, that the banyan, unlike all other trees, hardly ever vegetates on the ground, but generally from seeds deposited by birds in the crowns of palm-trees.

"The second is, that it throws down from the branches descending roots, or props, which, light and flexible at first, eventually become firm and thicken into stems.

"I will, in the first place, say a few words in regard to the second characteristic thus mentioned, and which, in fact, is the peculiarity which separates the 'banyan' and one or two of its congeners, from all other trees in nature's garden.

"The phenomenon mentioned by Dr. Hooker, with respect to the vegetation of the tree on the crown of the palm, I pass over for the present, merely remarking that although this is beyond doubt, strange as it is, the usual mode of vegetation, yet the banyan is very frequently planted by the natives of India, and, when so planted, the incident is generally accompanied by all the solemnities of the marriage ceremony; an auspicious day is carefully selected, and the young couple are committed to mother earth. On these occasions the banyan is universally considered as the lady, while the peepul tree, or *ficus religiosa*, is regarded as the gentleman.

"What is the cause of this distinction I have never been able accurately to ascertain, and can only conjecture the reason to be, that the banyan extends her influence with so much subtlety and perseverance, sometimes like Delilah to the destruction of those whom she embraces; but the fact is undoubted.

"The two trees are married in due form, with all the pomp and circumstance, the music and rejoicing, of that world-wide ceremonial.

"Both are planted in close proximity, and, as an inveterate punster once observed to me, the 'seedy couple invariably reach the honours of a green old age'.

"It is interesting to observe them after some years of married life, when the foliage is thick, so closely united that the union is

only discoverable by the different shades of green, the husband being always the greenest of the two.

"The extraordinary growth of the banyan is well worthy of careful observation.

On leaving Beerbhoom we returned to Hooghly and reoccupied our house at Bandel. At Burdwan itself there were few subjects for the pencil, but I had the opportunity of drawing a characteristic group of a Bengalee village, in which an entire family, from grandfather to baby, were seated in front of their house, and a not less characteristic scene representing "the village barber" in the act of shaving, a party seated under the tar-tree, or fan-palm, engaged in making fans.

This tree, of which the botanical name is *Borassus flabelliformis*, is the tar tree of India, from which the well-known spirit called Taree, corrupted into toddy by the English, is produced.

This tree, like all the palms, is of the "endogenous" species, that is, "growing from within," instead of "exogenous," or growing from without, as all other trees do.

RESUMPTION CONTROVERSY

To render the narrative intelligible to ordinary readers not well up in the details of Indian administration, I must explain that, when at the commencement of our rule in India, in 1793, we made arrangements for pocketing as handsome a sum as it was practicable to secure from the revenues of the country, we discovered that, distinct and separate from the lands which power, there were sundry states more or less extensive which were held, or claimed to be held, under grants from emperors, kings, and chiefs, entirely exempt from taxation.

I dare say our rulers when they completed the settlement of the country would not have objected to the addition which these lands would have afforded, if they could safely or reasonably have secured it, but they refrained, perhaps wisely, from interfering with these privileged tenures (many of which were, or professed to be, devoted to religious purposes) and allowed them to remain in status quo.

At the same time, however, certain regulations were passed containing sundry conditions on which these rent-free lands might be retained, and requiring all the holders to register their lands, with specification of dates and title within a fixed time.

Subsequently to this, proceedings were for some years occasionally adopted under the regulation above mentioned (XIX of 1873), sundry tenures were upheld, others resumed, and a period of fitful ill-regulated alternation of supineness and activity succeeded. In 1836, however, under the energetic influence of

Mr. Ross Donnelly Mangles, the Bengal Secretary, a dead set was made at the then-existing rent-free tenures, and special tribunals were organised for investigation.

The question was warmly discussed, and opinions were as usual divided. The "resumptionists" and "anti-resumptionists" held opposite views, the one party holding exemption from rent was an abuse injurious to the rest of the community, and only to be upheld when the validity of the title was beyond doubt or question; the others denouncing the attempt at resumption after so long a period as unjust, or at least ungenerous, and likely to create dangerous irritation.

Such, very briefly put, was the state of things when the resumption crusade to which I refer was commenced in earnest.

I myself was selected as one of the first special deputy-collectors (as the officers were called) to carry out the scheme in Burdwan and the adjoining districts, and as the salary allotted (1,500 rupees per month) was considerably in advance of the salary drawn by my contemporaries, I received the nomination with satisfaction, and being one who regarded exemption from taxation as in itself a nuisance and injurious to the great body of the people, I had no feeling whatever of scruple or compunction in carrying out the purposes of Government; I entered therefore actively and with easy conscience on the task.

The party controversy in the meanwhile raged high, and there were daily discussions in the papers, some of which exhibited great bitterness.

Unfortunately I was young, and youth is apt to be forgetful of the minor proprieties, whether political or social; I accordingly fell into a sort of official indiscretion or unwariness in one of my proceedings, which gave great offence, and at the same time some triumph to the anti-resumptionist party, while it led to rather "sharp practice" towards myself.

The district to which my new jurisdiction extended were Burdwan, Hooghly, and Beerbhoom.

In Hooghly the collector, Mr. W. Belli, a singularly kind and benevolent man, had some time before, whether voluntarily or on pressure from above, commenced proceedings under the resumption law on an extensive scale; but strange to say, after all the preliminary processes had been completed, and nothing remained but to give the final order, he had—whether from

kindness, scruple, or reluctance who shall say? — refrained from passing it. When, therefore, the records of his undecided suits were transferred to me under the new arrangement, I found no less than 750 cases in this condition; every preliminary had been gone through, the parties had enjoyed every opportunity which the law afforded for establishing their title and resisting the claim of Government, and had failed to do so; nothing was left, no other order or decision was possible under the law, than the final order for resumption.

This being the case, I glanced through the whole of these cases (each record consisting of three pieces of paper) and gave the order.

My serishtadar (head ministerial officer), being older and wiser than myself, suggested that, for appearance sake, it would be well to assign different dates for the orders; but I declined, saying, that as I had passed the order there would be a certain amount of deception in so doing and I did not care for appearance when I knew I was not doing wrong. Imprudent confidence for this nether world, where Appearance is a goddess to whom Truth and Virtue are but silent handmaids, and especially imprudent the action in this instance, when rabid anti-resumptionists were on the watch for a peg to hang their attacks on.

And soon I had to suffer for my prudish conscientiousness and contempt for outward seeming. The opposition comprised many astute members prepared to agitate against the entire system; there were the intelligent semi-Anglicised baboos fresh from school and college, and bristling with suppressed radicalism; there were the proprietors of the resumed lands and several editors of the daily journals, sundry English attorneys, and even a stray briefless barrister or so; all on the watch, greedy for grievances and burning with desire for agitation.

To these my 750 decisions came as a long wished for dream. "Ruthless, terrible uncalculating autocracy, how was it possible for one brain to consider and digest in one day the merits of 750 judicial cases, and draw up or dictate righteous well considered decisions in this vast number." It was judicial sacrilege, spoliation under the name of law; such was the cry. Letters appeared in the papers, pathetic appeals for justice, violent denunciation of the wicked man who had thus disgraced himself and dishonoured the Government.

This whirlwind of passion I confess, sensitive as I am, touched my moral nature but little, and the agitation contained, as I have already observed in regard to such mock tragedy, so much of the absurd that I could not bring myself into any condition of repentance.

I called to mind the wise suggestions of my serishtadar, however, and thought that if I had but allowed him to put different dates to my so-called decisions, which in fact amounted to the simple words, "It is ordered that the tenure be resumed," all this frantic vituperation and dramatic fury would have had no conceivable foundation! So I smiled and said nothing.

But I had not calculated on party feeling, which, though not often aroused in India as in England, in the present instance was violently excited. The fact is, the controversy in Calcutta had assumed large proportions; Mr. Mangles on one side, and Mr. Dickens, the barrister, on the other, had been waging fierce war in the columns of the papers, with supporters on either side more or less zealous.

Mr. Wilberforce Bird, with the rest of the Supreme Council, were strong anti-resumptionists, hated Mr. Mangles, who returned the compliment, and were on the look-out for grounds of opposition.

To these powerful adversaries my unfortunate *faut pas* presented itself, not as a real grievance (for THEY must have comprehended the truth), but as a convenient and popular ground for official displeasure and an additional argument against the proceedings, of the Bengal Government. So I was driven, for a time at least, to the wall; explanation was called for, the simple facts were stated, viz., nothing was to be done but pass the order for resumption, which might have been done in 7,000 as well as 700 cases; all processes had been completed, and had the kind-hearted Mr. W. Belli done as he ought, the same orders would have been given the year before.

To have gone through the same preliminaries again on the transfer of the suits to me would have been simply absurd, if not illegal; the law directed resumption when, after notice given, the parties failed to appear. This row could never have arisen if I had consented to have different device because not straightforward. This was my defence, so I feared nothing else.

To all reasonable and unprejudiced men this explanation

was more than sufficient; but the anti-resumption grandees of the Government had expressed displeasure, and it was necessary to keep up the semblance, so directions were given for another officer to go through the cases again, and thus remove all cause of complaint.

This was done, to the infinite amusement and some disgust of those who understood the case, and after the empty form of a new notice, with the same result, the same order was necessarily given.

Here ended the artificial disturbance, exactly resembling in its character that which had been excited against Mr. Macaulay's Press Bill and Black Act; both were fomented by interested parties and for selfish objects. It was only when the old gentlemen of the Council countenanced the groundless complaints of the Radical rabble, that I became indignant, and begged to be relieved of my appointment.

Mr. Bird, the head of the Council, took great pains to assure me that no displeasure or disapprobation was conceived against me personally; and to make this publicly apparent, he gave me the officiating appointment of Registrar of the Sudder Court, a high berth for my standing, and showed in every possible way the sincerity of his assurance.

But the grievance of my 750 had given the anti-resumptionists a ground for snubbing Mr. Mangles and his coadjutors, and party spirit was appeased.

It was a little before this, while I was acting as collector in Burdwan that I had to pass through another rather sharp controversy with the authorities on a different point, and had thereby earned, perhaps deservedly, a character for, not insubordination exactly, but for a spirit somewhat too independent to please the autocracy of high office.

But that independence was exhibited not in a matter of routine or form, but of right and wrong. The Government wanted me to enter upon certain alluvial estates quite distinct from rent-free tenures, and measure them before any title on the part of Government had been established. I declined to do this, pointed out the illegality, and on the Board insisting, ventured to declare that "I had rather lose my appointment than be made the medium of the illegal violation of private rights.

This brought me into serious disfavour at the time with

the awful Sudder Board, of which Mr. (now Sir Charles) Trevelyan was secretary; and I well remember, when passing some days in the house of Mr. Mangles, his saying while at his desk, "I am writing you a wiggling for insubordination, Tayler; but you need not mind, it will not do you much harm."

This was in reference to the particular question mentioned, on which the Board had sent a report to Government complaining of my presumption and impertinence, and passing official censure on my proceedings.

The sequel of this little squabble was curious. When the Board decided the question against me, two only of the members were present; Mr. C. Tucker, the third member, was absent. The decision they gave was unaccompanied by any reason or argument, and was evidently written under the irritation caused by my continuous refusal to obey their order.

The Board requested Government to reprimand me, and mentioned the order to which I had objected. The Secretary to Government (Mr. Mangles) complied with the Board's request, and passed on the wiggling, but just then Mr. C. Tucker, who had been absent at the sandheads, returned, and found that an important question had been decided in his absence, with no reason or argument recorded for the decision, and therefore requested the Government to return the papers, and hold their judgment in abeyance. He then entered upon the subject, and in an elaborate minute showed that my view was indisputably correct, and that the order of the Board was unauthorised by the law. This was not disputed, and the discussion ended. I swallowed my wiggling without any injury to my digestion, and the Board was silent under its discomfiture.

But the whole subject of the 750 decisions was not quite concluded. Mr. John Peter Grant, the able Secretary of the Government of India, perhaps feeling that his masters had not exhibited that supremacy of wisdom which may have been expected from them, took up the question, and wrote an exhaustive and elaborate letter on the subject. His letter was confided to me for comment and reply, and when I had done so, I had the satisfaction of being credited on all hands with complete and unquestionable victory on all the important points of controversy.

FOURTEEN

CALCUTTA

It was during the years which I have just been describing that many interesting events took place in public and official life. Lord William Bentinck had in 1834 been driven by ill-health to the Neilgherries where he remained until he returned to England.

Mr. T. B. Macaulay

The most noticeable fact was the arrival of Mr. T. B. Macaulay as Legal Member of Council.

Mr. Macaulay had, in the first instance been detained at Madras by Lord William Bentinck, who being alone at Ootacamund, could not form an official quorum to constitute a council.

Miss Macaulay, his sister, who accompanied him, came on to Calcutta, and lived with Bishop Wilson during her brother's absence.

It was in the latter months of 1834 that Mr. Macaulay reached Calcutta; Lady William Bentinck having in the meantime invited his sister to stay with her. He also took up his abode at Government House, where he remained for some six weeks. In November he removed to a large house in Chowringhee Road, now occupied by the Bengal Club.

It was some few months after this that we reached Calcutta on our way to my new appointment in Burdwan.

Several barristers took the lead; public meetings were called; scurrilous articles filled the columns of the daily journals. One impassioned orator hinted that Mr. Macaulay ought to be lynched at the very least. The meetings became so fierce and uproarious, that abuse was freely bandied about among the agitators themselves, challenges were exchanged, and the extreme acme of human absurdity was attained.

The Act, however, was passed, and scarcely a voice was raised in the mofussil by those whom the reform principally affected. An attempt was subsequently made in Parliament to have the new law set aside, but the House of Commons declined to interfere.

It is impossible to deny, on a calm consideration of the facts, that the opposition, as conducted, was not only unreasonable in itself, but in the last degree discreditable to the agitators.

When the question was brought before Parliament, Mr. Macaulay made a most eloquent speech, which Mr. Trevelyan has given in his interesting work.

Having, as I have before stated, left Burdwan in 1838 and taken a house in Hoogly, only sixteen miles from Calcutta, I was enabled frequently to run down to the Presidency and cultivate the acquaintance and friendship of the many distinguished men whom I had met in 1835 on my way to join my appointment at Burdwan. It was during one of these visits that I was introduced to Mr. Macaulay, who came to dine with Ross Mangles, in whose house I was staying.

This was the last time I saw Mr. Macaulay, and before my own official controversy had assumed its serious guise, he had quitted Calcutta, having left his mark behind him in the minutes and proceedings on Education, and last, though not least, on the great Penal Code, which he had prepared in conjunction with Mr. Cameron.

Time and experience have thoroughly vindicated all the measures introduced by this great statesman.

FIFTEEN

CUTTACK—THIRD VISIT

We had two years before, as I have related, sent our two eldest children home, and one little daughter we buried at Burdwan; but we had the remaining four as companions of our voyage, our last child having been born a short time before we started.

The rains being over, and the cold season fast setting in, we believed we should have fine weather for our trip by sea, and consequently consented to sail to the coast for the third time in a country salt-sloop, rather than endure the long and fatiguing land-journey by dak.

Our arrangements were peculiar. Our baby was partly nourished by ass's milk, and it was consequently indispensable that she should have it.

The Ass

How to keep a donkey on board a salt-sloop was a puzzle; but the difficulty was overcome.

A space for the humble animal was found underneath the floor of the little compartment which formed part of our cabin. As it was large enough for his body but not for his head and neck, a square hole was cut in our floor, and we had the pleasure of his head and ears in our immediate vicinity, while the person who milked her managed to creep down by a circuitous passage below the deck.

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And here, while touching on the valuable services rendered in our difficulties by the humble and unpretentious quadruped, I am tempted to make a few remarks upon his character and qualifications, as generally estimated throughout the world.

And this will be the more appropriate in the present work, as I have already paid some attention to the animal world of Calcutta—the crow, the tattoo, and the adjutant.

The ass in India bears no better reputation than in other parts of the world. Here, as in most countries, he is a byword and reproach throughout the length and breadth of the land, and in the estimation of all save the dhobees (washermen), and some others of the lower orders, is altogether vile. "Khur dimagh," or donkey-brain, is a soubriquet for a dolt; while "gudha," donkey, is in the mouth of an abusive oriental as frequently as "jackass" is in that of a European.

There is an Arabian proverb equally impolite to donkeys and copying-clerks: "Al kateb kul Khiman," i.e. "The copyist is a donkey!"

The universal prevalence of this ill-repute is a curious fact which deserves notice.

The Indian ass is a very small ass. His colour varies from light sandy brown to the darkest hue, approaching almost black. He is the slave of the "Dhobee" (washerman), and as the little creature is seen staggering under an atlas of dirty clothes, with a boy or man perched on the very top of his tail, he reads a lesson of patience and long-suffering which many a two-legged donkey, fretting under the light affliction and petty burden of his lot, might profit by.

One of the most ignominious and degrading punishments in India, borrowed from the Mahomedan law, was "tasheer". This consisted in mounting the culprit on a donkey, with his feet to the tail, with one side of his hair and whiskers shaven, and parading him to the sound of tom-tom and other music through the streets of the town.

The only honourable vocation assigned to the ass in India is the conveyance of "Seetula," the goddess of small-pox, who is always figured astride the "unhastie" beast.

In a curious book which I have, entitled "Ancient Mysteries Described," there is an account of the "Ancient Festival of the Ass," which was formerly celebrated in France:

"The ass was another Typhonian animal, and was held in great abhorrence; in some places there was a custom of throwing an ass down a precipice at stated periods, as an expression of hatred to the evil being. The inhabitants of other districts carried their detestation of this animal still farther, so that they even scrupled to use trumpets, because their sound was thought like the braying of an ass."

Plutarch pretends that it was in consequence of the ass being fed that it was considered an appropriate emblem of Typho, who was supposed to be of that colour.

The ass is said to bray when he sees the devil, and for this reason, the last animal that entered with Noah into the Ark was the ass, and "Iblees" (Satan) clung to his tail and got in with him—Lane's Arabian Nights; Notes to Chapter IX.

I have been tempted to give these stray notes to the subject of the suffering and humble donkey because I look at the poor animal as, without one exception, the most ill-used of God's creatures, and I have always hoped to hear of some charitable society of influence taking up its cause, and carrying out some practical measures of relief.

In some countries the ass is not in the same painful state of degradation; and in 1869, while I was stopping for the day at Alexandria, on my way to India, I witnessed a sight—a donkey actually handsome, if not engaging; and, comically enough, he was my namesake as was communicated in a truly ridiculous way.

Returning from a stroll with my friends and fellow-passengers Mr. and Mrs. Sherer, we were assailed by a posse of donkey-boys, who were extolling their different animals. One, shouting above the rest, brought forward his donkey, reiterating, "Here's fine donkey! beautiful donkey! Here's Billi Taylor!" For the moment we fancied that the boys had discovered my name, as I had been sketching the animal in the morning, but it was only a coincidence; the ass's name and my nickname were the same.

Having been tempted to this, I fear, tedious digression, I must return to our doings. When all our arrangements were completed we went on board. It was a wretched little vessel, only intended for the transport of salt. The crew was native, headed by a Serang, and the accommodation was of the scan-

tiest; but the weather was fine, and as we hoped it would continue so, we regarded the roughing with our dear little children, and the ass, as decided fun!

Our prospects, however, were not to be realised. It was ordered that in the course of that little trip we should twice be exposed to imminent danger.

It happened to be the particular day of the month when the bhore or "humar" comes up from the sea. The bhore, as many of my readers will know, is the great tidal wave which periodically is thrown up (I believe once a month) from the ocean, and comes with tremendous force up the Hoogly river, past Calcutta, and ascends, though with diminished violence, above the capital to Serampore and Hoogly.

The wave is like a huge wall many feet in height. It advances steadily with a roar, and though preparations are always made in expectation of its approach, it plays "Old Harry" with small vessels, boats, and all minor craft upon the river.

On the evening of our departure our little sloop, with its precious treasure, had gone down the river some distance when, daylight failing, our Serang stopped her course and cast anchor.

We ourselves were supremely ignorant of all the details of navigation, and trusted entirely to the experienced commander, never asking whether we were in the channel, on one side of it or the other.

The night advanced and we all went to bed, with the donkey's head and ears appearing at the end of the cabin.

After some hours, in the depth of sleep, which appeared as so many minutes, I awoke, hearing a voice, apparently very near us, roaring out curses without limit. I jumped out of bed, and, "accoutred as I was," with some stray addition to my covering, rushed on deck.

The sight which I beheld was appalling. Within some hundred yards of our little vessel was an enormous ship, with bare masts, which came out sharp and clear against the sky, and in her wake another equally large ship. They were coming up slowly from the direction of the sea, dragging their anchors. The ships were the Earl of Hardwicke and the Southampton.

A man on board one of these vessels (I forget which came

first), whether captain or officer in charge I never knew, was standing at the prow, and was bawling to us in a ferocious tone and blasphemous language, telling us to get out of the way, or they would run us down and bed. . . .d to us.

Not a moment was to be lost. Slow as was the monster's advance, every minute lessened the distance between us, and it was evident that we were anchored in the very centre of the channel.

I rushed to the end of our little sloop, and roared in a feeling of desperation and horror.

"For God's sake! drop your anchor. There are English ladies on board—you will run us down."

A dead silence ensued; my heart was in my mouth. But the next moment, to my inexpressible relief, I heard the order given "Let go the anchor." There was a rattling sound and the noble ships were stopped—stopped literally not more than twenty yards from us.

It was a merciful and most narrow escape. Had it not been for my remonstrance and the mention of "English ladies," I feel convinced we should have been run down.

Directly the ships were stayed, the master pilot, or whoever he was, came off in a boat and boarded us, and began a rude complaint at our being anchored where we were. But I stopped him short, and threatened to report him to the authorities for his barbarity and insolence.

It ended in our raising our anchor, and he pioneered us to one side of the channel, where our serang ought to have placed us.

On this occasion we did not go as far as Pooree by sea, but turned up the river to a spot where we disembarked, and then went in palankeens across country to Cuttack.

It was no slight relief to enter into our house, which had been prepared for our reception; grateful, I hope, for our preservation, and only too glad to be at peace.

The donkey followed us at its leisure, doubtless as much relieved as ourselves, though not so fully conscious of the peril we had passed.

CUTTACK ONCE MORE

Our days during the year which we spent in this our old station were quiet and uneventful. We had, as I have related, sent our two eldest children to England some time before, but still had four with us. Our second boy, now the father of grown-up children, had become a capital rider for such a child. We had a beautiful pony, formerly belonging to Lady William, which she lent me to ride when I stayed at Barrackpore after my illness, and had given me on her departure from India. Mounted on this he used to do the "grand signor" with his two bearers, groom (syce), and chuprassee (Government servant). Our friends, the Edward Trevors, with Mrs. Trevor's sister, Miss Hunter, whom we had known so intimately at Hoogli during the Resumption Embroglio, were at Pooree; Mr. A. Mills, who had been collector in 1835, during our former sojourn, and had officially testified to my successes in the Settlement duties, was now Commissioner of the Province; Mr. Hathorn was the judge, D. Cunliffe the deputy collector, and F. Elphinstone Dalrymple the assistant.

But now that I have brought my readers for the third time to Cuttack and Pooree, and as the latter place was the scene of the one noticeable incident during our last residence in the district of Orissa, I must give the reader some more tangible idea of the place.

Pooree is situated on the western coast of India, some miles from the Bay of Bengal, and is by land fifty miles from

Cuttack. It is the retreat to which invalids and exhausted officers flee in the hot season, if only for a week or fortnight, to escape the heat of Cuttack, and enjoy the luxury of a fresh sea-breeze.

Lord Juganath

Under the name of "Pooree" it is only partially known, but as the city of Juganath it has a worldwide notoriety.

Few of my readers, I imagine, are unacquainted with the name of the mighty "Juganath," but as some of them may like to have a more intimate acquaintance with him, I will offer a brief description of the being who commands the reverential worship of million among the Hindoos.

To impress my readers with the fitting measure of reverence for so awful a being, I will at once present them with his portrait, as, I doubt not, the sweet smile, intelligent expression, and graceful attitude of this all powerful deity, will exercise unusual interest.

But I will now give a brief notice of his birth, generation, and attributes.

First of all I must tell the gentle reader that "Juganath" is not the real or actual name of the deity, but an attributive appellation signifying "Lord of the Universe;" essentially he is "Krishna," the young man of the Hindu mythology; and Krishna, again, is an incarnation of the mighty deity "Vishnu."

Krishna, in his own separate character, was a very disreputable young man; in his childhood he became notorious for "running away with the clothes of a lot of milkmaids, called 'Gopees,' while they were bathing," and enjoying the embarrassment of the undressed damsels from the top of a tree; when older, he was an unmitigated flirt, always amusing himself with "fast Gopees."

He is usually represented in a degagee attitude, with one leg carelessly bent over the other, playing a flute. I bought many specimens of this divine rouse, both as a child and young man, when in India, and they are now in the South Kensington Museum with the rest of my large collection, which, to my great disappointment, *res angusta domi* induced me to sell.

The circumstances under which Vishnu became "Juganath"

are peculiar. While in his incarnation as Krishna he was one day accidentally shot! His bones were collected and preserved in a box. Some pious king having heard of the accident, and being in confidential communication with Vishnu himself, was directed by that deity to form an image, and deposit the bones of the deceased Krishna in the stomach. The work was committed to the architect of the gods, "Vishnu Kurma," but while the sacred fabrication was in progress, some inconsiderate mortal, supposed to be the impatient king himself, interrupted the holy task, and the offended architect knocked off his work, and left the image without hands and feet.

The architect, however, being subsequently conciliated, gave celebrity to the image—handless and footless as it was. All the gods were present; the ugly little idol was set up in form; Brumha himself acted as high priest, gave eyes and soul to the god, and he was called "Juganath".

Since that memorable period, a new image is made every three years, and the original bones of Krishna are removed from the old and deposited in the new figure by a Brahmin, who religiously closes, or pretends to close, his eyes during the awful transit.

Such is the origin of the god who is in fact a wooden Vishnu "Krishna redivivus."

It is said that the Rajah of Burdwan once bribed the Brahmin in charge to show him the bones, saw them, paid two lacs of rupees, and died six months afterwards!

Once every year the great festival of the Ruth Jatra takes place. The "ruth," a lofty car, supported on sixteen wheels, with four wooden horses in front, is brought out, and drawn by 20,000 or 30,000 fanatic devotees.

The great temple is built of stone, and is surrounded by a high wall; a grand monolith, of elegant form, is in the courtyard, which has four gateways. I never saw the interior; the fact is, we were only at Pooree in the hot season, and for short periods; the seaside was deliciously cool, the town in which the temple was situated was distressingly hot, odorous, and stuffy.

Within the last two years the papers have told us this great statue is in danger of total demolition, the walls having been undermined by the banyan-tree which grows behind it.

And this very year, by a curious coincidence of ill-fortune,

the Rajah of Pooree has been convicted of murder, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Hindoo sanctity is thus at a sad discount.

The following is an extract from Dr. Hunter's celebrated statistical work:

"Another place visited by all pilgrims is the Swargadwara, the Gate of Heaven. The devotee treads his way through the deep-sunk narrow alleys of the town, with their thatched huts of wattle and mud, gaily painted red and yellow gods, till he reaches the shore.

"There, on the south of the city, he comes on a region of sand-hills bordered by temples and tombs behind, and with the surf-beaten beach in front. No distinct boundaries mark the limits of the Gate of Heaven. It runs about a quarter of a mile along the coast, or 'as much as may be occupied by a thousand crows.' In the background the lofty tower of Jaganath rises from the heart of the city; and in the intervening space little monasteries cluster, each in its own hollow between the sandy hills.

"Sometimes an outlying rood or two of land is reclaimed, with infinite labour, from the sandy slopes, and fenced in by a curious wall made of the red earth pots in which the holy food is served out to the pilgrims. The sacred rice can only be placed in a new vessel, and every evening thousands of the unbroken pots are at the disposal of anyone in want of such slender building materials.

"Here the pilgrims bathe at the great festival, as many as 40,000 rush together into the surf, and every evening silent groups may be seen purifying themselves under to slanting rays of the sun.

"It is a spot sanctified by the funeral rites of generations.

"The low castes who bury their dead dig a hasty hole in the sand, and the hillocks are covered with bones and skulls, which have been washed bare by the tropical rains, or dug up by the jackals.

"Every evening funeral pyres are lighted here, for the incremation of the bodies of the more respectable Hindus who have died in the town."

The exquisite delight of a sudden transition from Cuttack to Pooree passes all description. You get into your palankeen

stifled with heat, baked in perspiration, and half-dead with exhausted powers; for some hours you lie in solitary wretchedness in your travelling-box, the climatic heat being intensified by the glare and smell of the Mussalchee's torch. Towards morning you may fall into a dreamy half-conscious doze, and as you enter the town and approach the great temple of "Juganath," are perhaps dimly susceptible of an occasional puff of cooler air. A few minutes afterwards, as you leave the streets of the town and enter upon the open grounds which skirt the sands—ecstasy of ecstasies! you can scarcely credit the change; a delicious, clear, and invigorating breeze meets your recovering senses. Every minute it becomes stronger, and in a few more paces you find yourself in full sight of the glorious ocean, with its blue expanse and sounding surf. "Old things have passed away!" You are another man, or woman, as the case may be.

The sea is bounded by a narrow line of sand, above which are slight mounds partially covered with sparse vegetation, and just behind these again are the bungalows of the residents. Not a tree is to be seen, not a vestige of a garden or shrub is visible or attainable; the bungalows are merely large cottages with rooms and appurtenances of ordinary comfort. There is an entire absence of grace and beauty; but you are cool, you can move about without the everlasting punkah; you are no longer pestered with mosquitos, your energies are restored.

Although Pooree is fifty miles from Cuttack, there seemed to be even in the minds of the higher authorities a general readiness to shut their eyes when the several functionaries availed themselves for short intervals of this salubrious change, and each officer in turn contrived to make one or more quiet excursions during the hot season, returning refreshed by the change, invigorated by the breeze, and internally strengthened by picked oysters obtained from the great Chilka lake, which is situated within the Pooree district.

We ourselves during our former residence always managed to secure a retreat at Pooree during the hot weather; my wife and children remaining for some time, while I went to and fro with a becoming regard to my official duties.

I must here relate the one rather sensational incident which occurred during our last visit to this marine retreat.

My wife and children had been for some days at Pooree for change of air, and I was to join them at the end of the week.

Before the day for my departure arrived, however, a furious gale set in, and after some hours of insatiate violence it settled into a fierce cyclone, which was ranging at its highest pitch on the evening when I was to start in a palankeen for Pooree.

The bearers were most reluctant to undertake the trip, which they vehemently represented as dangerous; but I felt that my wife would be anxious at my non-appearance, so I overcame their scruples, and off we started half an hour before nightfall. Never shall I forget that short trip—short, for though I had fifty miles to go, we had not accomplished five when it was found impossible to proceed. The bearers could no longer keep their legs; the mussal (torch) went out every five minutes, branches of trees were falling by the road-side, we were in momentary danger. With great difficulty they managed to place the palankeen under a shed, of which the roof was blown clean away shortly after, but which still afforded some shelter from the fury of the wind. We passed the night in inexpressible discomfort, the poor bearers huddling together on the lee-side of my palankeen, the wind never ceasing, and the sound of crashing branches constantly reverberating in our ears.

Time, however, never stops in its career; the night passed and daylight found us alive and uninjured. The gale had somewhat abated, and we recommenced our journey.

Such a scene as the road presented I could not have conceived, and shall never forget. Large trees had been blown down, and many remained stretched across the road; dead monkeys and dead crows were here and there visible among them. It was with the greatest difficulty that the bearers in some parts made any progress at all, and it was many hours before we reached our destination.

And when we did emerge from the town and entered on the sandy plain, what was the spectacle which presented itself?

The first object close to us was a dead horse, which I recognised as belonging to one of the residents, carried by a number of men, and when, a few minutes afterwards, we looked forward to the place where all the bungalows were situated, scarcely a house was visible, two or three only were standing, the rest lying flat as pancakes. Providentially several were

more strongly built than the others; in one of these my wife and all the other ladies of the station were assembled. My wife had been compelled to leave the house in which she was staying (a bungalow which I had lately purchased) by the cracking of the walls; she had just time to get into her palankeen and escape to the house in which I found her, when her bungalow subsided. It was, as she described it, with the greatest difficulty that sixteen men could stagger under the weight of herself and children, who were all huddled into the palankeen together.

Even then the wind was so marvellously sharp that it actually split one of the panels of the palankeen during the few yards it had to travel.

Altogether the escape from serious injury had been very narrow, and the sight of the sandy tract with the prostrate houses was not very enlivening.

The violent surf, too, played its part in the uproar of the elements, and forcibly reminded us of our perilous passage three years before.

The Revenue Survey

But the residents of Pooree were not the only sufferers from the awful cyclone of that night. At Piplis, a short distance from the station, Lieutenant Thuillier, then in charge of the Survey Department, was stationed with the entire party of assistants, with their instruments, and other paraphernalia, exposed to imminent danger throughout the night from the falling of the large trees under which they were encamped. Lieutenant Thuillier's family were at Pooree, and when he hastened into the station in some alarm on the following morning, he had the satisfaction of seeing the bungalow which he had purchased only a week before blown to the ground by the pitiless wind, forming a pair with mine.

The result of the Revenue Survey operations in which this officer was concerned, was the settlement of the Land Revenue of this country, and the enhancement of the revenue payable to the Government during his administration of his large and widespread department. The whole of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab, were brought under exact specification of the demand in the Land Revenue, or on

the proportion of land to revenue in the perpetually settled provinces, where of course no resettlement could take place.

Previous to this survey no precise information existed as to the existence of the innumerable number of small estates liable for Government revenue; and in the Civil Courts purchasers of estates could not identify or make sure of the position of the land they might have paid for.

The difference of the amount paid to Government for the land revenue now and formerly, sufficiently attests the value of the survey, and could the old Perpetual Settlement made by Cornwallis in 1793 be resumed, the result of the admirable labours of the Survey Department might effectually relieve the Financial Budget of India from all anxiety.

In addition to the Revenue Survey carried on in British districts, on the largest scale, the late Surveyor-General was instrumental in effecting very extensive topographical surveys of the native states, on a smaller scale, for the purpose of a general or military map of all India. Both British and native states amply testify to what has been produced during the last thirty years by one of the most indefatigable and hard-working departments that ever served a government, the officers and lieutenants of which have long been held prominent for their superior intelligence and indomitable industry.

On the 12th of October 1840, our little daughter was born—a lovely child, almost too beautiful to live—and who died a year afterwards at the Cape of Good Hope.

But although my wife had partially regained her health, complete and immediate change was considered necessary; and as the long and terrible anxiety which her illness had caused in my mind had told on my health also, I was able to obtain a medical certificate, and leave to visit the Cape of Good Hope for two years.

RETURN TO INDIA

On our return from the Cape of Good Hope at the latter end of 1842, we went at once to rooms at Wilson's Hotel, where, the first night of our arrival, we experienced in the dead of night the unpleasant sensation of an earthquake—not the only one I had felt in India. As we were sleeping at the top of the unusually high house, the sensation was not pleasant, and there was a great desertion of beds by the pale-faced occupants, but no catastrophe.

My wife's health was completely restored, and my only anxiety was to obtain a good appointment. Fortunately the judgeship of Backergunge became vacant for three months, and our kind friend Wilberforce Bird, who was at that time, in the absence of Lord Ellenborough, enjoying the dignity of Deputy Governor of Bengal, offered the berth to me. The appointment was not a very desirable one, but it served well as a stop-gap, and as I had never held a judgeship before, and as Mr. Loughnan, the permanent incumbent, kindly offered us the use of his house and furniture during his absence, I gladly accepted Mr. Bird's offer, and made preparations for the trip.

Backergunge is a genuine Bengal swamp, and the best mode of reaching it is by water through the Sunderbunds, a somewhat picturesque but not particularly pleasant trip. As, however, we were alone, having left all our infantine incumbrances in England, we had but little to provide, and reached our destination without event or accident.

The daily routine of judicial functions at a place like Backergunge was about as monotonous and uninteresting as can well be imagined; the only incident or fact at all out of the ordinary course of affairs was that the collector, Mr. S—, had married a native lady, pleasant, pretty, and amiable. Mrs. S— freely associated with English ladies and gentlemen, but would not suffer herself to be interviewed by any strange native servants of the masculine gender. Two or three lads, however, who had been with her from boyhood, were allowed to wait at dinner; all strange servants were refused admittance, and if by chance any were in the house and heard the rattle of her anklets or bangles, they had to rush behind doors or pillars to conceal themselves. They had a charming little boy called Richard, who inherited his mother's beauty, and who fell in love with my wife, whom he christened "Ichard ka mem," or Richard's lady.

On the expiration of the three months we returned to Calcutta, Mr. S— having kindly lent us for the trip his beautiful pinnace, which his amiable wife furnished with all manner of delicacies for our journey. We parted, with mutual regret, and comfortably accomplished our return to the "city of palaces."

Howrah

I had then again to approach the Deputy Governor as a candidate for employment. No vacancy was available however, but a fortunate accident enabled Mr. Bird to provide a berth for me.

Exactly opposite to Calcutta, on the other side of the river Hoogli, lies Howrah, a populous town containing many buildings, and a large European population. During the last few years it has been connected with Calcutta by a large pontoon bridge, and contains an important railway station. Up to the year I am writing of, there had never been a separate English magistrate in the district, and for some time past advantage had been taken of this defect, especially by Jack Tar, who frequently resorted to the place for the more effective prosecution of a spree.

Just at the time that I appeared as candidate for office on my return from Backergunge, it had been resolved that a

magistracy should be organised, and Mr. Bird, kindly accelerating the arrangements in my behalf, appointed me as first magistrate.

It was an important and arduous office, and there were inveterate misrule and disorganisation to contend with.

But these very facts excited interest, and I set enthusiastically to work to ensure the safety of the residents, the peace of the district, and the repression of crime.

For this purpose I took a house in the centre of the town, and obtained special permission to organise, in addition to the usual police, a separate and "select body" consisting of eight burkandazes (policemen), and a jemadar, or head-man, to be always close at hand and prepared for action. These men I located in my grounds, with sheds for their meals and beds, and had two always awake and on the alert.

By the rapid and unsuspected action of this body, composed of picked and stalwart men, all unruly enterprises, street rows, and nautical larks were gradually checked, and order was established.

One sensational adventure which occurred shortly after my appointment is worthy of special narration.

One morning when I was sitting in my study a chuprassee came in and said there was a native at the door, he believed a Brahmin, who was anxious to see me; he had asked him what he wished to say, but the man said he could only tell the "sahib" (gentleman) himself. I immediately ordered the man to be brought in, and asked him what he had come for.

He looked stealthily round, but did not say a word until the chuprassee left the room; he then came close to my table and commenced his story in an under-tone and with great energy of expression and manner.

His tale was this: He was Brahmin, and belonged to a gang of "dacoits" (professional robbers). His party had planned a burglary at the house of a rich goldsmith some eight miles from the town. After all the arrangements were made, however, a prospective partition of the expected booty was discussed, and his associates had shown great unfairness towards him and great ingratitude; that he was accordingly indignant at this conduct, especially as he was the only Brahmin among them, and was

entitled on that account, as facile princeps among the scoundrels, to special respect; that he had out of revenge resolved to give me as magistrate information of the intended attack, so that I might send out my police secretly and catch the robbers in flagrante delicto.

I was not little astonished at this cool confession, unflinchingly made to a magistrate, and at first felt inclined to suspect the truth of the tale; but the fellow's manner was so impressive and earnest, and his answers, on cross-examination, so consistent and reasonable, that I could not withhold credence.

He told me the robbery was in the first instance to be merely a burglary while the goldsmith and his family were asleep; but that the gang, which was numerous, would be armed with pointed stakes and other weapons, and in event of resistance the attack was to be carried out like a dacoity, by open force.

On the completion of his tale I told him that I believed, and that I myself would go to the spot and arrest the robbers. He grinned with delight on hearing this, and I was confirmed in my belief.

I then ascertained the exact date, hour, and place at which the burglary was to be effected. His suggestion was that at twilight I should ride three or four miles across country to a particular spot indicated, where a guide should meet me and take me on foot within a short distance of the robbers rendezvous, where he would come and consult on the plan to be adopted.

I consented to this, took down his name in writing, and promised to carry out the scheme.

As it was obviously necessary to have a strong body of police with me in case of a scrimmage, I immediately took the jemadar of my body-guard into confidence. We agreed to take the whole of my personal guard, and I left him to exercise his discretion in selecting eight or ten more from the general body, in whom he felt he could confide both for courage and secrecy.

On the appointed evening I mounted my beloved "Muscadel," a beautiful black horse which I had brought with me from the Cape, and dressing myself in deminative costume, with a turban on my head and large pyejamahs on my nether man, I cantered over the intervening miles, and alighted at the spot where the guide was to meet me. As I approached, the fellow (evidently a

chokeydar) stepped from the hedge, and I saw by his manner and action that he was the appointed guide, I accordingly dismounted, sent my horse away, and placed myself under the direction of the unknown conductor. After a long and fatiguing trudge for several miles over ploughed and unploughed fields, we at last arrived at the appointed place of meeting. It was a low shed, on the outskirts of a village, but at some distance from the other houses. Here I found my jemadar and policemen assembled round a small fire which they had lighted on the ground, where they were whispering and in consultation. They rose to salaam in due form; all others were there, but—where was the Brahmin?

For some minutes we remained in silence, and horrible thoughts of a "sell" and a "take in" crowded to my mind. The jemadar said not a word, and his silence confirmed my suspicions. The dilemma was sickening, and I was just making up my mind to order an ignominious retreat, when suddenly, and as if by magic, a figure, black as night and shining like patent leather, even in the dull light, glided in among us. It was the "ipsissimus" Brahmin, but disguised as one of the wicked; his light brown skin covered with pitch-black paint, and his body oiled to render capture difficult.

Directly he saw me glided up, and in hurried words said:

"The fools, the madmen; they have just sat down to a carousal with their pipes and their toddy, and won't move, I feel sure, for hours. I have slipped away unobserved, but cannot stay a moment. Your guide will show you the house; make your own arrangements; they will be nearly twenty men; keep your police-walas hidden and you may catch them. I will try and give you notice just before they come."

With these words, spoken in an agitated whisper, he disappeared like a snake in the grass, and we were left to our devices. I called the guide, and he at once led us to the house. It was a large building, surrounded by a high mud wall, which enclosed a courtyard and the separate dwelling-places of the family more Indico.

On examining the place I found that there was low jungle on three sides, quite sufficient to afford cover and concealment to my men; but alas! the fourth corner was completely exposed, and as this was next to the road in which the robbers would

approach the house, it was clear that some at least would escape. I placed five or six of the burkandazes in the bushes at the three corners, telling them to lie perdu until the robbers came, keeping, however, their senses alive; a larger number, and those picked men, I placed at the corner next the wall, which the guide told us was the one to be dug through, strictly enjoining them to be still till they heard me cough, when they were to jump up as silently as possible, rush upon the gang, and each man seize his victim, while the others, directly they heard the row, were to rush round from their respective corners, and intercept any who might run in that direction.

Having made these arrangements, I and my jemadar went to a little distance to examine the surroundings of the house. All was still and dark, and after agreeing that when the robbers came we should both conceal ourselves behind a large tree which stood close to the corner where my picked detachment lay concealed, and that I should give the signal from thence, we sat down on the banks of a lane some hundred yards from the devoted house, and there we remained for several hours. Somnus was just asserting his divine rights, and I was fast losing my senses, when we suddenly heard a shout and the rattle of the well-known chokeydar's stick at the top of the lane in which we were seated. Another call, and another thud of the stick. There was no mistake, it was the chokeydar (village watchman) on his rounds, and he was as is their custom, benevolently warning any thieves or robbers of his approach lest they should be inconveniently discovered. What was to be done? I cannot at this distance of time repress a smile when I remember that instead of hailing the guard of the night, as we should in England, as a coadjutor in our scheme, I was convinced that so daring a robbery could never have been contemplated or brought to maturity without the consent and probably the concurrence of the Mofussil "bobby," and that if he caught sight of us, all hope of success would vanish.

I at once made up my mind, and told the jemadar to go quietly to the opposite bank of the narrow lane where we were sitting, to remain perfectly still and hidden behind the brushwood, but to take off his "kumurbund" or waist band, and keep it ready; that the moment the chokeydar came close to us, we would both seize him, when the jemadar was at once to gag

him with the "kumurband" to prevent his crying out, and then keep him prisoner. All turned out as we wished; the man came close to us, and just as he banged his stick down and was about to utter one of his official roars we seized him, and his ejaculation ended in helpless murmurs.

The astonishment and horror depicted in his face (for the waning moon had now risen) when I said "I am the magistrate" was inexpressibly ludicrous.

Very shortly after this episode we returned to the house, and as we were standing by our tree and seeing that our ambushade was in due keeping, the serpentine black figure once more stood before us, and whispering softly, "They are coming; look out!"—disappeared.

We then took our places behind the big tree and watched. After some minutes we heard a confused noise at a distance. The sounds came nearer, and then in full view of us came up the gang with baskets and spears and clubs, evidently in a merry mood, and doubtless without fear of failure. After a few minutes' confabulation a party was told off to work; some placed themselves at the unguarded corner, apparently to see if anyone approached; others squatted down, prepared to take their turn, while one took an iron rod, the professional tool of the burglar, called (sind-kathee), and commenced vigorously digging at the high wall in a particular spot; two or three others with baskets received the loose bricks, and carried them some yards off. While this was going on I felt an uncontrollable desire to scan their operations more closely, and seized the opportunity, while all were busily engaged, to move rapidly from the tree a few steps and get to the wall itself. This was managed without detection, and I was near enough, by peeping round the corner, to see the rascals' countenances and occasionally hear their conversation. Not wishing to interrupt the interesting work until they were in the midst of it, and one or two perhaps half through the wall, I delayed giving the signal, and was still intently watching, when suddenly one of the policemen in ambush behind me, whether intentionally, from accident or nervousness, uttered a sound something like a cough. Up they jumped at the sound, believing it the signal; but instead of rushing quietly on the gang as I had enjoined, they screamed and shouted, "Mar! mar!" (strike, strike). One man

tumbled head over heels, another fired a pistol, and before they could reach one of the robbers, the whole had escaped, all but one man, the leader, who was in the act of digging the wall!

The moment I heard my guard on the move, I myself darted from the corner where I had been watching, and rushed at the digger, who seemed too scared or too encumbered to move. Seizing him by the throat, I said, "You scoundrel, I am the magistrate!"

As I said these words the man dropped on his knees, and his expression of horror baffles all description.

But this was but a poor result of our elaborate plans, and so thought our blackened Brahmin, for he appeared among us at the moment wringing his hands and exclaiming. "They are all fled; I shall be ruined. All escaped! What have you done?" But immediately afterwards he suddenly exclaimed, "Come along with me, we will catch some of them yet; come on, follow me." We obeyed and followed him to two or three houses, where we found several fellows who had evidently been with the gang, and especially one man, who, stretched on the ground, was snoring as if in profound slumber, but on being kicked and turned over on his side exhibited palpable signs of newly-turned earth on his hands, while his short breathing showed he had only just had a hard run; another was found with a sind-kathee covered with earth concealed on his person.

These men we secured, and between three and four in the morning I reached my home, to the no little relief of my wife, who had been anxiously expecting me for hours.

The next day I tried the prisoners whom I had arrested, and sentenced them to different terms of imprisonment.

The sequel of this adventure, like that in the case of the murderer at Cuttack, is perhaps the most curious part of the tale, and gives further insight into the occasional eccentricities of the judicial courts in India.

Shortly after this event I was appointed to officiate as Judge of Midnapore, during the absence of Henry Raikes, the permanent incumbent, and thought nothing more of the blackened Brahmin and his baffled gang.

But one day I received a letter from my successor at Howrah, Mr. George Cockburn, saying that as he supposed I should be interested in the case in which I had taken so much

personal trouble, he wrote to tell me that the prisoners, having secured the service of an English attorney, had every one of them been acquitted on appeal by the judge, including even the man whom I had seized with my own hand in the act of digging through the wall!

I was certainly interested, and I may say indignant at so gross a miscarriage of justice, and once reported the circumstances to the Sudder Court.

To the credit of that high authority the judge received a severe wiggling, a copy of which was sent officially to me.

EIGHTEEN

MIDNAPORE

Midnapore is the most southern district of the Division of Burdwan, and is bounded on the south by the Bay of Bengal. The three stations, Midnapore, Chittagong, and Burdwan, at that time furnishing a third of the whole revenue of Bengal, were ceded to the "East India Company" as early as 1760, by Mir Kasim, whom we elevated to the Governorship of Bengal in lieu of Meer Jaffier, his father-in-law.

At the time of the decennial settlement in 1789, the two divisions of Zumlook, Mahishadal, and subsequently, in 1836, that of Hijlee, were annexed to it.

The district is well-cultivated, and in some parts picturesque and woody, but, with the exception of Tumlook, contains nothing worthy of special or exceptional notice in a running narrative like this.

The station itself, which is called Midnapore, is a pleasant place, with good roads covered with red gravel, picturesque trees, and undulating ground.

The official work was easy, and there was for some time nothing to disturb, amuse, or excite us. When, however, the "Doorga Pooja" holidays arrived, i.e., in October, and, the sultry and insalubrious heat of the rains passing gradually away, the clear bracing air gave auspicious warning of the approach of what is called the cold weather, our social condition began to change.

The Goddess Kali

The holiday itself, generally occupying some five or six weeks, is held by our Christian Government in honour of the celebrated goddess Doorga, or "Kali", a nice young woman, as black as soot and as ugly as imagination can conceive.

The following description of this amiable lady, is from Fanny Parks's charming book, a copy of which the talented authoress kindly presented to me:

"The goddess is represented as a black female with four arms, standing on the breast of Shiva. In one hand she carries a scymitar, in two others the heads of giants, which she holds by the hair, and the fourth hand supports giants' heads.

"She wears two dead bodies for ear-rings, and a necklace of skulls. Her tongue hangs down to her chin. The heads of giants are hung as a girdle round her loins, and her jet-black hair falls to her heels. Having drunk the blood of the giants she slew, her eye-brows are bloody, and the blood is falling in a stream down her breast. Her eyes are red, like those of a drunkard. She stands with one leg on the breast of her husband Shiva, and rests the other on his thigh.

"Men are pointed out amongst other animals as a proper sacrifice to Kalee; the blood of a tiger pleases her for 100 years; the blood of a lion, a reindeer, or a man for 1,000 years; by the sacrifice of three men she is pleased for 1,00,000 years.

"Kalee had a contest with the great Ravuna, which lasted ten years; having conquered him, she became mad with joy, and her dancing shook the earth to its centre. To restore the peace of the world Shiva, her husband, threw himself amongst the dead bodies at her feet. She continued her dancing and trampled on him. When she discovered her husband, she stood still, horror-struck and ashamed, and threw out her tongue to an uncommon length. By this means Shiva stopped her frantic dancing and saved the universe. When the Hindoo women are shocked or ashamed at anything, they put out their tongues as a mode of expressing their feelings. Nor is this practice confined to the women of the East alone; it is common amongst the lower order of the English."

Not, however, as far as we were concerned, with any idea of commemorating or doing honour to this disagreeable woman,

but for our own and friends' satisfaction, we laid ourselves out for a pleasant month's holiday-making.

Our house was large and capacious, so we invited a considerable party of friends, of the lively and sociable sort, to share our conviviality.

During the latter days of our life at Midnapore several interesting specimens of animal life presented themselves to my observation.

This is a squirrel, Genus *Sciurus*, a handsome creature, rich brown in the body and yellow on the head and feet.

Measurement recorded at the time

Length of tail—17 inches.

From tip of nose to root of tail—13 inches.

Charles Horne, a young civilian, who was then at the station, was an enthusiastic acolyte and was constantly in search of incidents.

I painted a number of birds from life, which, in a sympathetic moment, I gave to him; but the following scraps, which I retained, are more or less interesting, and one decidedly curious.

The Girgit

The following memorandum in regard to the "Girgit" I found among my papers:

"Being desirous of putting an end to this creature's existence with as little suffering to the poor victim as possible, I consulted my jemadar, who told me he had a device for killing him almost instantaneously, and in a way which would cause but little pain. He accordingly brought a very small quantity of the old dirty tobacco from a native hookah, and, rubbing it on the end of a thin stick, inserted the opiate into the animal's mouth, who, in all simplicity, swallowed the same. After a slight struggle and a few heavings, he fell gradually into a stupor, allowing one to handle him, open his mouth, and take other liberties with his person, with little or no resistance, but he did not die this time, owing to the minute quantity of opium administered. A second dose despatched him."

Another curious incident witnessed was the following:

One day we heard a strange croaking in one of the small stone reservoirs, which are built against the wall to receive the water from the pipes above. We went up to see what it was. There was a small snake with a frog in its mouth, which he was attempting to draw in by a sort of spasmodic suction. The frog's head and neck were well in the mouth, the lower part of the body and the legs were out, the latter convulsively kicking. This struggle went on for some time, but all of a sudden the frog disappeared, pulled in by a desperate effort; in he went with a slide, and the next moment the snake's side burst open, and out came the frog, looking rather confused and uncomfortable, but alive, sound and triumphant; his great size had been evidently too much for the snake's body, tension split the skin.

There were three of the creatures, all of which we had caught on the same day; the largest was bright green, the two small ones a dull brown.

They had been carrying on fierce battle for some time, and at the close of the day the big one had decapitated his small antagonists, by a clear stroke of his scimitar hand.

In this position he remained as master of the field, when we went to bed, all of them being covered with a finger-glass.

The next morning when we again visited the battle field, we perceived, to our astonishment, that although the heads of the smaller combatants were lying on the ground, the headless bodies were still alive, and when the elder victor touched them, as he occasionally did, they slowly raised their bodies, and deliberately, though very mildly, responded to the blow by a quiet stroke of their horns. Heads with the prophets were clearly at a discount!

NINETEEN

SECRETARIAT FINESSE

On leaving Midnapore we once more entered the "City of Palaces." Mr. Wilberforce Bird was still Deputy-Governor, but was about to leave India.

He was as kind as ever, and expressed an earnest desire to find a good berth for me before his departure. My own wish was to remain, if possible, in Calcutta, where I had many friends, and he had promised to give me an appointment on the first suitable vacancy.

I was still living on the hope which "springs eternal in the human breast," when the following little episode occurred, and as it is a choice specimen of that peculiar and mysterious process which may be called secretariat diplomacy, which does not often have its "penetralia" laid bare, I shall be possibly doing some future aspirant a service by a partial revelation of its action.

Officialism Unveiled

"Officialism unveiled," indeed, would furnish subjects for a bulky volume, in which the present, though a mild instance, would form a not unworthy item. Like Hamlet's ghost, I proceed to unfold my tale.

I do not introduce this incident from any personal motive, and in fact withhold much that might give to the narrative the appearance of vindictiveness or ill-will, but the whole transac-

tion was public, creating considerable interest and discussion at the time, and necessarily forms a part of my autobiography, whilst as an instance of official power left without control it is of some public importance.

While still in the belief that no vacancy in Calcutta was in the wind, I was one day dining with James Pattle, then the father of the Civil Service, a name wellknown to all Anglo-Indians.

I was seated next to Mr. Rattray, one of the judges of the Sudder Court, when he suddenly turned round and said:

"I say, Tayler, should not you be a candidate for our Registrarship if it fell vacant?"

"Of course I should," I replied; "I acted in it for a month two years ago, and received an expression of official approval; it's the very appointment I should most desire."

"Well," he said, "all I know is that Tucker" (another of the judges) "yesterday received a confidential communication from the Bengal Secretary enclosing the names of seven or eight men, and begging him to lay it before us that we might demi-officially mark them in the order of preference as the most competent successors to Hawkins" (the other registrar), "who is going home; and your name, I am sure, is not among them."

On hearing this I shrugged my shoulders, took an extra glass of Mr. Pattle's tip-top champagne to help me swallow my indignation, and the next morning wrote off a letter to Charles Tucker to ask if what I had heard was true.

His answer confirmed the story. He had received such a massive, and in confidence. In confidence it truly was, and was accompanied with a small stroke of secretariat skill which was worthy of a long apprenticeship in the department.

Charles Tucker, one of the most honoured men in the Company's service, was a dear and intimate friend of mine, who was at all times ready to forward my interests, and who would at any time have flared up at any injustice or unworthy treatment of me. The Bengal Secretary knew this well, but he had his own object to accomplish; his own "young man" to patronise. The great point, therefore, was to disarm my claims or opposing my supersession. This was the reason of selecting Charles Tucker to execute his confidential mission, and this first astute move was ingeniously strengthened by his adding in his

note, "We all know that W. Tayler would have all the ability, but I fear that his love for the fine arts would interfere with the drudgery of the appointment."

On receiving this information I immediately remonstrated with the writer against this secret and unworthy procedure, protested indignantly at the unjustifiable exclusion even of my name among the candidates, pointed out that a host of high officials had been only too thankful to use my poor artistic abilities for the benefit of themselves and families, and finally challenged him to point out any instance in which "my love for the fine arts" had ever interfered with the discharge of my duty.

Further correspondence ensued. Charles Tucker at once recognised the dodge, and threw up the "confidential commission."

The Secretary was thus compelled, though much against his will, to have the matter, instead of being carried out secretly by a side wind, laid publicly before the judges of the court, that they might publicly and officially select a candidate in the order of preference, and on the ground of official competency.

What was the result? Unhappy I, whose name even the Secretary had not designed to enter, appeared as second on the list of five, with two "number ones" in my favour publicly chosen by the entire conclave of judges in the order of merit!

This result was, as may be imagined, a severe though tacit rebuke for the diplomatist; but he was equal to the occasion.

The civilian first on the list and above me by only one vote, was George Plowden, an officer senior to me in the service, a man of great ability, then officiating as secretary to the Sudder Board of Revenue.

On hearing of his selection he intimated his readiness to accept the registrarship, thereby, of course, vacating his own appointment of secretaryship to the Sudder Board, a berth nearly, if not quite, as good as the registrarship.

The members of the Sudder Board were then requested, not by secret and confidential bye-play, which I believe had attracted Sir Henry Hardinge's notice, but openly, to select publicly three candidates in the order of merit.

The members of the Board then present were Mr. James

Pattle and Mr. John Lewis, a man of whom the service was ever proud.

It was a matter of notoriety at the time that these gentlemen's views on ordinary matters so widely differed that they hardly ever agreed, yet, strange to say, on this occasion their "unanimity was wonderful."

They both at once concurred in nominating me, and declined mentioning Nos. 2 and 3, as they said they would be men long senior to myself, and the nomination would therefore be invidious.

This selection was, of course, highly gratifying to me; my appointment was considered certain, and I had several demi-official interviews with George Plowden, at his request, to ascertain the state of the Board's file, and receive some information as to the important matters under discussion.

Alas, for calculations of honesty, truth, and common sense when opposed to secretariat diplomacy!

Two days after this complimentary selection, George Plowden was sent for by the Bengal Secretary; a private interview took place, and when he left the house he signified, to the surprise of all concerned, his intention to retain his present appointment! No reason whatever was assigned for this sudden and mysterious change of mind, but the effect was that the door of the Sudder Board was closed against the unhappy "lover of the fine arts."

There was, however, yet another struggle before officialism could finally triumph.

George Plowden's retention of his office in the Board left me No. 1 on the Court's list for the registrarship; and as the selection called for was publicly and emphatically based on the ground, not of seniority but merit, my right to the appointment was considered indefeasible!

But my opponent had not been Bengal Secretary for so many years to be beaten from his purpose by such commonplace pleas as those of justice or consistency.

On my claim being preferred he at once abandoned the ground of selection which he had himself ostentatiously set forth, and with amusing effrontery declared that, as there were several seniors on the list they must have the offer of the

appointment before Mr. Tayler! One of these seniors, Mr. B. Colvin, accepted it, and I was stranded, retaining (as my only comfort, and it was not a slight one) the complement which both the Sudder Court and Sudder Board had officially and publicly paid me.

The Secretary had the satisfaction of mortifying me, who had thus dared to oppose him, but he also suffered defeat, for his real object was frustrated.

The fact was he had schemed to obtain the appointment on the ground of merit for an officer junior to me, the same gentleman whom years afterwards he sent to succeed and vilify me at Patna, of which a true and graphic picture has yet to be drawn.

This scheme was frustrated, and to prevent my appointment and preserve his official prestige, as at least he thought, he was compelled to stultify himself by falling back on the plea of seniority!

I will only here repeat that in introducing the somewhat painful story I have been actuated by no other motive than to disclose what may fairly be called an intrigue, which, if it had been carried out "confidentially," would not only have deprived me of an important post, but would without my knowledge have served as a ground for future deprivations, and thus ruined my prospects in the service.

In writing, therefore, an autobiography which professes to relate without scruple all the incidents of my life, I feel not only justified, but bound to give the narrative in "its entirety," and only wish, for reasons that will be understood by all but my calumniators, that the person principally concerned had not been the individual specified.

The accidental discovery of the unworthy plot alone prevented the serious injury which would have otherwise been caused by the "stigma of unfitness" for high appointment.

KISHNAGHUR

The Bengal Secretary having thus cleverly manoeuvred me out of both the high offices for which I had been nominated by the two most distinguished bodies of the service, the Sudder Court and the Sudder Board, and by these means destroyed my chance, for a time at least, of a Calcutta appointment, I was sent as magistrate to Kishnaghur, in the district of Nudiya, a station some twenty or thirty miles from Calcutta, there to expiate the crimes of my presumptuous opposition to secretariat will, and, as was probably thought, impair my official reputation in a department in which I had had but little practical experience.

The district of Nudiya is one of the most important and interesting in Bengal; its ancient legends abound in sensational historical incidents. The inhabitants consist principally of Mahomedans, among whom is a fair sprinkling of fanatic "Firazees," and Hindoos of all the usual classes and castes. There is also an exceptional number of Protestant Christian converts, a few Roman Catholics, and a small number of the Brahmasumaj followers.

The district contains several large rivers, of which the Bhagurathee is the principal. These have for years past taxed the skill of British engineers to keep the navigation open.

There is little or no irrigation, as there are no descents or rapids capable of being used for machinery.

As in most Indian villages there are several ancient trees,

celebrated by some ancient legend or fable.

Among the places of historical interest is Plassey (so called from the flower of a tree called Palas, *Butea frondosa*), situated on the river Bhagurathee. Dr. Hunter in his statistical history says there were, in 1801, 2,000 trees of Clive's famous mango grove still remaining, but only one now survives the ravages of the river and of time. It is the one under which a general of the Nawab who fell in battle was buried.

This tree and a few dilapidated huts are all that remain of the celebrated battle-field; it is still held sacred by the Mahomedans.

Nudiya contains six towns, each with more than two thousand inhabitants.

Kishnaghur, or more properly spelt, Krishnaghur, is the principal town, the headquarters of the district, containing, according to Dr. Hunter, 7,000 houses, and a population of 26,750.

To this station I at once went, my wife, at the request of her brothers, remaining in Calcutta until I could make arrangements for our residence.

Until this was accomplished I stayed with Mr. Ogilvie, the collector, kind and hospitable gentleman, who had held the appointment for many years not being particularly troubled with ambition. When household matters were arranged my wife joined me, and I entered at once upon my duties.

The few months during which I had officiated at Howrah formed the only period of my career in which I had devoted myself to magisterial duties, and the expectation was not, perhaps, unnatural, that the charge of a district like that of Kishnaghur, always notorious for the prevalence of crime and outrage, might end in failure, and justify the opposition to my appointment in a post which would have placed me above so many of my compeers.

But this sinister anticipation was not destined to be fulfilled. Directly I joined my appointment, I set myself enthusiastically to work to falsify all such predictions, and as my time was principally devoted to my official duties, which, as will be seen, were of no ordinary kind, I fear this chapter must once more be devoted to "shop," though not altogether uninteresting, and I am fain to hope that the exceptional condition of affairs

with which I had to deal will prevent the subject from proving as dry and dull as it usually is.

Social Crimes

Before I proceed to a narrative of my own efforts to suppress the terrible crime of dacoity for which the district of Nuddea had been for years past notorious, I will briefly mention that in the year to which I refer, the attention of Government was directed to the introduction of some reform in the criminal jurisdiction of the country, and I among other magistrates, was called upon to offer my advice and suggestions on the subject.

And now, to give the reader some faint idea of the appalling extent which dacoity had attained in past days, in the special district of which I am writing. I am tempted to quote at length an article which I communicated to the Mofussilite, shortly after my appointment:

"Year after year have the struggling rays of civilisation and intelligence broken in upon us. Already are suttee, infanticide, and slavery, as tales that are told, and Thuggee is in the grasp of death. Well and faithfully, through good and ill report, with occasional backslidings of timidity or prejudice, still well and nobly has this work been done, and imperishable is the monument already raised to the British remains!

"But how much yet remains!

"Infanticide, slavery, and suttee open and avowed delusions, and being openly grappled, fell, as needs they must. The struggle was as that of darkness with light—of 'Apollyon' with 'Christian.'

"Thuggee, too, though secret in working, was a system organised, compact, and continuous, and thus, when detected, the remedy was obvious and feasible. Every link of this cold-blooded confederation was concatenated with the others, and thus when one link was touched, the rest was secured; and every successive blow told, and will tell till the whole is destroyed.

"The conquest over these monstrous evils has been decisive and easy, but there are others which it is far more difficult to uproot, which, though not presenting so obvious and palpable

a front, are not, on that account, the less formidable in their nature, or the less destructive in their effects upon society.

Horrors of Dacoity

"The first and foremost of these is Dacoity. Awful as is the Thuggee trade in all its parts, in its silent association, its deliberate and callous cruelty, and its extensive ravages, yet its effects on society are trifling when compared with those of Dacoity. Thuggee brings no terror to the domestic hearth. The victims of the handkerchief are travellers, and the murderers are of another district; the secrecy of the deed, the uncertainty of the wayfarer's fate; all these circumstances, though heightening the picturesque horror (so to speak) of the system, when viewed as a whole, serve but to lessen the ill consequences to the community.

Dacoity, on the other hand, when prevalent to any extent, and unchecked by detection and punishment, strikes at the very root of all social prosperity and comfort; the security of home is lost, the social tie is snapped; confidence, the very solder and cement of society, is destroyed. A man cannot trust his brother, nor rely upon the wife of his bosom. No man knows, when he lays his weary head to rest at the close of a toilsome day, that he may not, before the morning sun rise, behold his house rifled, his wife violated, and his hard-earned property scattered to the winds.

"And Mr. Dampier tells us that Dacoity has, in 1844, generally increased. We have collected a few materials from which we may furnish our readers with some of the horrors of this crime, as well as lay before them a narrative of its rise and progress. The narrative relates principally to Kishnaghur, which may be considered, par excellence, the Dacoity district. Nevertheless, we may safely say of every district in which Dacoity prevails.

"In 1785, Mr. Readfurn was appointed as Judge, Collector, and Magistrate of Kishnaghur. The Dacoits found in him their match, and the history of the next few years evinces how much can be effected by the vigour, judgment, and intelligence of a single man. Mr. Readfurn's administration embraced a period of eight years, viz. from 1785 to 1793. To vigour and

energy of mind Mr. Readfurn united great strength and activity of body. He frequently pursued and captured the most desperate Dacoits in person, and succeeded, by his resolute and determined vigour, in almost suppressing for a time the outrages which had so long harassed the district.

"But the flame was smothered, not extinguished. In the fifteen years which succeeded Mr. Readfurn's golden rule, it burst forth with redoubled fury. Relieved from the restraint of that vigorous arm which had curbed their violence and avenged their crimes, the Dacoits recommenced their operations, not only to a greater extent, but with a savageness and barbarity unknown.

"As if anxious to make up the lee-way in their horrid career, they crowded all conceivable atrocities into each Dacoity, and most ruinous were the consequences of their depredations.

"In 1793, after Mr. Readfurn left the district, the Courts of Circuit commenced their sittings. Formal and protracted judiciary proceedings were substituted for the prompt and summary trials of Mr. Readfurn's time, and brought with them the usual tricks and chicanery. Schemes for defence were devised, and digested, and that most efficacious of all pleas, the alibi (well defined to be 'a lie by' which many a rogue escapes justice) brought into effectual play.

"With time and leisure to concoct the means of exculpation, with friends, relations, and dependants obedient to their nod, aided by the terror of their name and the dread of their vengeance, the Dacoits found little difficulty in concocting a defence sufficient to secure their acquittal before judges who regulated their proceedings according to the artificial rules of modern jurisprudence.

"Brow-beaten and intimidated openly by the prisoners and their friends in open court, terrified by their threats in secret, harassed and disheartened by expense and delay, and foreseeing with horror the vengeance destined for them, the witnesses for the prosecution gave faltering and unwilling evidence, while the prisoners' friends, under no fear of consequences, and emboldened by the secret influence of corrupt umlah, swore boldly, and without hesitation, to falsehood. With appropriate cunning they soon learnt the circumstances which weighed with

the circuit judges as exculpatory pleas. A nominal character for respectability, the possession of a plough, a field, and yoke of oxen, ancient feuds with the zemindars, or the prosecutors; all and each of these artifices seem to have been successively and successfully adopted. The most notorious ringleaders were constantly acquitted. The Dacoits triumphed and were merry, while the magistrate was in despair.

"The frequency and facility of escape inspired the Dacoits with confidence and courage. They laughed at the sessions trials, and in ridicule called the sittings 'holiday time.'

"They took upon themselves openly the protection of certain villages, compelled the inhabitants to engage them as Pykes. They not only were notorious, but courted notoriety. They walked abroad in open day, and exacted the homage and obedience of the awestruck people!

"The same misplaced levity and inappropriate scrupulousness, which gave confidence and daring to these hardened bandits, discouraged in proportion the suffering people, after giving reluctant evidence at the hazard of their lives. After enduring the inconvenience and expense of protracted absence from their homes, they found that the purpose for which they had undergone such danger and endured such hardship was frustrated. The robbers were acquitted and let loose to prey upon society, and to wreak double vengeance on those who had accused them.

"No wonder that the miserable beings were unwilling to come forward. No wonder that there was heard so much of the apathy of the natives, and their reluctance to prosecute!

"Apathy, indeed! To be first robbed by Dacoits, then by the Darogah and his myrmidons, then by the umlah of the court, to be dragged from home (if a home was left to them) to dance attendance on the magistrates' court for weeks and months, and only to be released in time to be handed up again before the judge; and after all to have the first aggressors let loose again to complete the work of ruin and desolation!

"When matters arrived at this crisis, the respectable inhabitants of the district, despairing of protection from a system which punished the innocent and screened the guilty, bethought themselves of other means of defence.

"The village Pykes of the district were (if not themselves

Dacoits) connected with them through interest, or coved by fear. In 1801 the householders invited from Burdwan and Beerbhoom, the tribes of Chowar Pykes—men famous for integrity and valour; and these they appointed to guard the villages.

“For a time these men maintained the character which had led to their employment, but after a while, seduced by the prospects of gain, and the enticements of their hardened associates, they formed a coalition with the district Pykes.

“From this period Dacoity assumed a more blood-thirsty and savage character.

“The most frightful and diabolical outrages that imagination can conceive, were perpetrated in open day; and a scene of misery and desolation ensued which beggars all description.

“The Dacoits about this period appear to have attained a perfect system of organisation. They had gangs, with a regular gradation of commanders, from the Gautee Pykes to the Sirdar or ringleader. Divisions of the district were allotted to respective gangs, and on the death or capture of a leader his place was instantly filled by a relation, or another was elected in his stead.

“The nature of the Dacoities of this period will be better known by a few specimens. We can vouch for their authenticity.

“One of the most terrible cases of barbarity ever recorded in the pages of truth or fiction, was perpetrated by Buddeah, a notorious Sirdar.

“Some inhabitants of Krishnagunge, a village in the immediate vicinity of the station of Kishnaghur, were supposed to have afforded aid in the apprehension of one of Buddeah’s men.

“Reckless and inflated with revenge, and utterly despising the power, or rather the weakness, of the Courts, Buddeah resolved to strike terror into the hearts of all who should presume to thwart his career. He assembled his entire gang, and surrounded the village in the dead of night. Their approach was unobserved by the inhabitants, who lay wrapt in the depth of Eastern sleep. At a signal given, the Dacoits lighted their torches and rushed into the village; and from their houses, with savage shouts, were dragged the shrieking women. Their

piercing screams were stifled in the foul embraces of the brutal gang and every female of the village was violated.

“Notwithstanding the horrors of this barbarous outrage, the numbers of the sufferers, and the indelible disgrace which the violation of the wretched women brought upon the families—such was the fear of the chief Buddeah, and the dread of his revenge, that even after he was apprehended and was in Mr. Elliott’s custody, not a soul dared to give evidence against him!

“It was a constant practice in those days, though it has since been discontinued, to carry off the wives of the villagers, and sometimes to detain them as long as personal charms, or other motives, afforded any inducement.

“We cannot refrain from giving an anecdote connected with this custom.

“Bhugeeruth, a celebrated Sirdar, carried off the wife of one Kalachund Ghose. Kalachund had two children, a girl and a boy. The girl was taken with the mother, the boy was left with the father. Bhugeeruth was subsequently seized and brought to trial before Mr. Elliott. His too faithful mistress, with that devotion which women so often have displayed, the more intense as its object is worthless, followed her paramour into the station, and obtained access to his cell.

“The usual arts were practised to purchase the release of the Dacoit, and to aid [their resources for bribing the umlah; and the mother, at the instigation of Bhugeeruth, sold her child to a woman of bad character for sixteen rupees. The father, when he heard of this, foreseeing the ruin and degradation of his child, and the disgrace which threatened his name and family, appeared before the magistrate and complained. He obtained an immediate audience. His piteous tale, poured out from a full and bleeding heart, received instant credence, and all the parties concerned were ordered in.

“The court was unusually full. The cries and lamentations of the wretched father had attracted the attention and interest of the crowd which are always loitering round the purlieus of a cuchery.

“While the man thus stood before the magistrate in a state of indescribable agitation, holding his little son by the hand, and refusing to be comforted, the wife and the little girl (who had

been taken by the magistrate's order from the woman who purchased her) entered the court.

"The scene that ensued was pathetic in the extreme. The innocent children rushed each into the arms of the parent from whom they had been so long separated. The father clasped the little girl to his breast with convulsive joy; and the abandoned mother could not refuse the proffered embraces of her once-loved boy.

"The women, moved in spite of herself by the mighty power of a mother's love, and smitten with the pangs of sudden and irresistible remorse, fell at the feet of her injured husband, and prayed to be restored to his protection; but this better feeling soon passed away, and although the magistrate made every arrangement for her restoration to the privileges of her caste and comforts of her home, she again quitted her husband's roof, and, abandoning both her children, threw herself into the arms of her seducer."

TWENTY-ONE

KISHNAGHUR (Continued)

This was the district which was now placed under my charge, and though the diabolical horrors already depicted had been toned down, the awful crime of dacoity was still rife, and, as will be seen in my narrative, and the official reports of the Superintendent of Police, I discovered that the magistrate's own ministerial subordinates, as well as the police darogahs and constables, were themselves in league with the robbers, aiding their enormities and sharing their plunder. Having found at Howrah the great advantage of my special band of picked burkandazes, to be always ready at a moment's notice, I immediately organised a similar select body to be located in my own grounds, with a jemadar at their head. At Howrah, where I had principally to counteract the rough and ready outrages of the larky or drunken sailor, I chose my guard for their size and strength; at Kishnaghur, where I had to discover the schemes and counteract the action of experienced robbers, my selection was based upon intellectual rather than bodily attributes.

Detection of Crime

Moral elements, I regret to say, were altogether absent: for occasional honesty I provided appropriate recompense, but to ensure general co-operation, I trusted to filthy lucre. I chose, therefore, a set of the most astute and practised blackguards, on

the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief," and my expectations were more than answered.

It may not be uninteresting to point out the means by which I succeeded (as I shall show by other evidence than my own) in this important crusade. In some instances, indeed, I detected not only dacoities which had occurred during my own incumbency, but even years before, bringing the culprits to justice, and, occasionally, even recovering the stolen property.

In ordinary cases, a magistrate has to rely entirely for his intelligence on the police. The darogah, or head constable, at the central station, daily submits his reports of all occurrences, whether in the town itself, or the immediate neighbourhood. Separate reports are sent in from the outlying thannahs by the police there stationed.

Obviously the magistrate is at the mercy of these reports, and, if concealment is practised, he has little chance of discovering the truth.

The darogah and his belted myrmidons are the terror of the village in or near which the thannah or police station is situated, and woe be to the unhappy man who attracts their suspicion or incurs their displeasure.

This glaring defect in the system I realised at once, and set my wits to work to discover means for counteracting it.

There were at Kishnaghur several well-known indigo planters, gentlemen of distinguished ability and irreproachable characters, and as I always made a point of cultivating the acquaintance of such residents of the district, I very soon had established amicable relations with two or three among them—a gentleman of the name of Furlong especially.

It struck me that if these gentlemen chose to co-operate with me, as far as the supply of independent information was concerned, it would be a great assistance, and, though others suggested that such assistance might be open to exception, as being occasionally tinged with the spirit of local antagonism, I banished all such unworthy suspicions and solicited their aid.

There was another body also at Kishnaghur, from whom I obtained similar assistance, viz., the native Christians, who were numerous and respectable.

All I asked from these two sources was early intimation of any dacoities or serious robberies which might come to their

knowledge, with any further information, that might be useful in leading to detection of the guilty parties.

The effect of these triple sources of information from planters, Christians, and my own blackguards, proved invaluable, and I will here give a curious instance.

One day I received intimation from a native Christian that a terrible dacoity had taken place the night before, in which the proprietor of the house had been seriously wounded, in a village not far from the station. No report had yet come from the town darogah, so I held no communication with him, but at once despatched my bodyguards to the spot, with instructions to ascertain all particulars, and if anyone was found wounded, to bring him at once in a "dhooly" (litter) to my house.

After some hours, during all of which time I heard nothing from my immaculate station police, my men returned, bringing with them an unfortunate old man who had been almost burnt to death. They told me all the particulars: it had been a serious and savage affair, and so near Kishnaghur itself, that the central police must have been aware of it.

All that could be done for the wounded man was done. He remained in a side room of my house, and after a short time, as I expected, the town darogah came in with his usual report; among other things, he informed me, in a casual and indifferent tone, that a trivial burglary had taken place (naming the village where the dacoity had occurred), and that inquiries were being conducted on the spot. I then asked him, with apparent indifference, a few questions which he answered without hesitation. "It was merely an ordinary burglary, my lord; very little property stolen," &c. &c.

I then asked specially, "Are you sure no one was injured?"

"Oh dear no," he said with an oily smile, "no one." As he uttered these words, I rose, and slowly opened the door of the adjoining room. There lay the wretched householder in irrepressible agony, giving the lie to the scoundrel darogah by his groans!

Had it not been for the private information I had received, the matter would have passed by as a trifling everyday occurrence; as it was, the recreant darogah himself saw the necessity of strenuous exertions in hopes of saving himself. They were

crowned with success, the principal men of the gang were seized and convicted, and the roasted victim ultimately recovered.

I need scarcely say that this was the last service which this darogah was called upon to perform.

The case convinced me of the infinite importance of independent information, and the appalling deception of mere official reports.

It would be tedious to relate the numerous other instances which tended to establish this fact, but I may say with some satisfaction that, as I kept all my extra sources of information secret, my police became ultimately so bewildered that, for fear of unknown consequences, they were for the first time in their lives not only punctual but true, and the dacoits trembled.

The most strange discoveries were subsequently made, and information was given which put me on the track of my own serishthadar, a man who had been for years the head ministerial officer of the magistrate's court! Before anything tangible was discovered, but with a shrewd forecast of what might come to light, he requested leave of absence that he might make a pilgrimage to Mecca. The leave was granted; whether he went to Mecca or not, I never saw him more, and afterwards found that he and my nazir (court sheriff) were in league with all the dacoits of the district, and that a splendid house, which the latter had built from the profits of his co-partnership, was devoted principally to the receipt and concealment of stolen property. He also felt uncomfortable after the discoveries described, and considered a pilgrimage desirable; he obtained leave of absence, and never showed his face again.

Very shortly afterwards I received intimation that I had been appointed Postmaster-General of Bengal; and the dacoits, I am fain to hope, rejoiced over my promotion.

TWENTY-TWO

CALCUTTA

Appointment as Postmaster-General

It was not the sort of work exactly suited to my fancy, but it was promotion, and in Calcutta, so I was satisfied. The circumstances connected with my short sojourn at Kishnaghur were, as I have shown, specially gratifying, and I had lived down Secretariat disparagement and the demoralisation of the paint-box.

In July 1845, a few days after my appointment, we went to Calcutta, and very shortly after our arrival were invited to dine with Sir Henry Hardinge.

I was subsequently told that when the appointment became vacant, a certain secretary, it is to be hoped on public grounds, had submitted several other names for selection, but Sir H. Hardinge substituted my name with his own hand, saying: "No; this time Mr. Tayler!"

Whether this was true or not, nothing could exceed the kindness of Sir Henry himself, as well as of his son, the private secretary.

In their view, a love of art was obviously no crime; indeed, as far as the latter was concerned, such love was a bond of sympathy, he himself being no ordinary artist, as the world has since had the means of knowing from the beautiful sketches he has published.

Not long after this, and before Sir Henry Hardinge left

Calcutta, I took a sketch of him, and was flattered by his pronouncing it himself to be the best that had ever been taken.

Reforms in Postal System

Sir H. Hardinge having on my first arrival expressed the hope that I should be able to introduce some reform in the office to which he had appointed me, I lost no time in overhauling the department in all its branches, and most unsatisfactory was its condition throughout. Such improvement as I found possible in the despatch and delivery of letters in and about Calcutta itself, I contrived very shortly to effect, and the change gave great satisfaction; but general and extensive reform could not be accomplished without the sanction of the higher authorities, and the "Wet Blanket" system of the Bengal Government, in the absence of Sir Henry Hardinge, who left Calcutta for the Punjab, rendered important change impossible.

But greater postal events were to come. Terrible neglect and laxity were some months afterwards discovered in the Post Office itself, which was under the immediate charge of a resident Deputy Postmaster, and this discovery led to my taking possession of a suite of rooms in the extensive building, to enable me to exercise a more vigilant and effectual superintendence over the clerks and subordinates.

This discovery and the measures which I adopted for the prevention of future abuse led to a brief discussion in the regions of red-tape, and my occupation of the premises, in the first instance regarded with doubtful approval, was afterwards interfered with; and a short correspondence ensued with the secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The gentleman whom I had in the first instance consulted, and with whose concurrence I had entered on the arrangement mentioned, was Mr. George Bushby, the Secretary to the Supreme Government.

On the 25th of March 1846, I submitted to Government a long and elaborate report on the condition of the Post Office department, in which I recommended a complete change in the system hitherto adopted; the introduction of compulsory prepayment, the use of stamps instead of cash, and, last, though not least, the abolition of franking!

It was acknowledged at the time with dry and formal approval, but nothing was done to carry out my proposals in practice. Offence was caused to some of the exalted officials by my reference to the abuse of franking, and several years afterwards another officer was appointed as a sort of Special Commissioner to carry out the reform, to pick my brains, and, of course, to receive all the credit.

TWENTY-THREE

CHOWRINGHEE

First Sikh Campaign

On the conclusion of the first Punjab campaign, Sir Henry Hardinge ordered all the guns taken from the Sikhs to be sent down to Calcutta, and gave directions to the Deputy Governor to receive them in state, with due honour and ceremony.

Grand preparations were accordingly made by the Deputy Governor, Sir Herbert Maddock. Triumphal arches were erected, with the names of the great victories emblazoned upon them. In front of Government House, the Deputy Governor, with Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, on his right hand, the several Members of Council, and other officials, were assembled on horseback. The guns—250 in number—were ranged in a line, at right angles from the Government House. The regiments then in Calcutta marched by the Deputy Governor in single file, presenting arms as they passed, while the Deputy Governor took off his cocked hat in acknowledgment of each salute.

Just before these ceremonies were commenced, I received an intimation that Sir H. Hardinge greatly wished that a picture of the scene should be made; and as, strange to say, in those days, in the absence of professional artists, I was the sole representative of the pictorial department in Calcutta, I had the presumption to undertake the work.

An amusing, though somewhat painful accident, connected with one of my principal sitters, is worthy of record.

To facilitate the accurate completion of my great picture, Sir Herbert Maddock kindly arranged that I should go up to Government House at Barrackpore, and stay with him for some days, when he would have the regiment paraded before me, and also sit for his own portrait.

I gladly accepted the invitation, and on the appointed day, we adjourned after breakfast to the park, a few yards distant from the house.

My table, with the drawing-board and materials, was placed in position, and I took my seat. Sir H. Maddock's steed was brought out, and Sir Herbert himself then appeared.

Alas, for human weakness! The desire to represent, with due dignity, his high position as Deputy Governor, had induced him not only to procure the tallest horse he could command, but also to obtain a brand-new suit of clothes! Thus he came forward, glittering and faultless, in the well-known "Windsor uniform," spick and span, indued for the first time. But new trousers are apt to be tight, and straps are unyielding.

The Deputy Governor stood by the side of his steed, and endeavoured to mount; the unsympathising habiliments forbade—he could only get his toe into the stirrup, and thus acquired no fulcrum to raise himself. But the toe tickled the animal, and when a more determined thrust was made, the offended horse started off! Poor Sir Herbert, on his back, held for a few minutes by his foot half in and half out of the stirrup! Down came the horse upon me, as if wishing to punish me. I had just time to jump aside; but my table and chair were knocked down, and my painting-materials scattered abroad. There was panic among the spectators. After a few more steps, Sir Herbert was left on the ground, and, though the scene was ludicrous at the moment to the observers, his damage was most serious. His imprisoned foot had received such a wrench that it swelled at once, and his boot had to be cut into bits before it could be taken off. It was a serious accident, and confined him to his couch for many weeks, and when, about two months afterwards, I put the finishing strokes to his figure, he was sitting astride a round pillow at the end of his couch, in a dressing-gown, with

the gilded coat on his back, and cocked hat in his hands, but his nether-man in pyejamah dishabille.

His kindly disposition, spite of his accident and pain, induced him to join in hearty laughter at his anomalous pose, and inconsistent attire.

TWENTY-FOUR

FIRST TOUR AS POSTMASTER GENERAL

Shortly after our change of residence, it was thought desirable that I should travel throughout the Bengal Presidency to inspect the several offices, and ascertain the condition of the Grand Trunk Road between Calcutta and Benares.

It was obvious that as travelling—except on most urgent and indispensable occasions—can only be accomplished with tolerable comfort in the cold months, i.e., between October and February, a complete tour could only be effected in several separate seasons.

Our first tour, then, we settled for the cold season of 1847-48, and made due preparations for a regular march up the Trunk Road to Benares by land, returning by the river Ganges in boats.

A Sutee

Before leaving Hooghly we witnessed an interesting though painful scene.

On the bank of the Ganges a Hindoo woman was seated in a sad but not ungraceful attitude; the dead body of her husband was stretched at her feet, with the heels just touching the sacred stream, while her friends had gone to fetch the materials for cremation. The pariah dog and crow were patient witnesses of

the scene, probably in hopes of obtaining a portion of the corpse.

I had a favourite horse whom I had christened "Eothen"; my clerks and the English sergeant had their ponies, and our entire equipment was complete.

Gobind Banorjee

But the one individual deserving of separate and special notice was the old native clerk Gobind Banorjee, and, as he is the hero of a rather sensational adventure which took place some days after our start, I will at once introduce him to the reader.

Baboo Gobind Banorjee was one of the most respectable and trustworthy of the native clerks in the General Post Office.

He had been in the office for nearly forty years, and had all the details of the departments at his fingers ends.

Gobind Banorjee, therefore, I resolved at all events to take with me, as his assistance would be invaluable in overhauling the accounts and statistic of the mofussil post offices.

The old gentleman in his loyalty was quite ready to go, but when I told him we were to march overland, and that, consequently, unless he could afford to retain a palankeen and bearers he would be compelled to ride, his countenance fell to zero; he declared he had never ridden in his life, did not know how to sit upon a horse, and that it would be tempting his "nuseeb" (destiny) if he ventured, after so many years.

After some encouragement and persuasion, however, he at last gave in, and promised to follow my advice by choosing a very quiet pony, innocent of tricks, and with a character for unobtrusive steadiness. This he did.

This point being settled, we started on our expedition, and as we set out each day at different times, we saw nothing for some days of Gobind.

One evening, however, as we were travelling slowly on, my wife in her equi-rotal carriage and I on horse-back, I cantered forward, as it was getting late, to give notice of our approach at the dak bungalow, and after going in advance for a short distance, I suddenly saw before me a figure, which after some

minutes, I recognised as no less a being than Baboo Gobind Banorjee on his amiable and unimpassioned horse.

He was walking slowly on, with his back turned, and I had plenty of time, as I approached, to scan and digest his costume.

Anything more profoundly absurd I never saw and shall never see again. He had indued a large English old-fashioned night-cap on his head, a brown cloak of no particular shape, but ample in its folds around his body; a pair of coarse bright blue worsted stockings on his legs, and on his feet the regular native shoes, down at the heels! There he was, sitting sedately on his steed, both legs stretched out, with toes turned up, and shoe-heels gaping.

The tattoo appeared the ideal of quiet apathetic laziness, and I felt quite consoled at the happy semblance of security and peace.

Alas for appearances! As I was anxious to get on to give orders at the dak bungalow for dinner, I trotted forward, not anticipating any chance of disturbance; but as I drew near I clearly perceived the tattoo's ears thrown gradually back, and a suspicious lowering of the hind quarters. On, however, I went, not dreaming of anything worse, but I heard a squeak, felt conscious of some disturbance, and looking back, I saw the excellent Baboo biting the ground. But I had little time for contemplation; this extra quiet and amiable "tattoo" having thus got rid of the rider, no sooner felt himself untrammelled, than he rushed after me like a tiger, and knowing the real danger of a collision with a rampant native pony, I had no alternative but rapid and ignominious flight.

On we therefore fled till we reached the bungalow, when, being well in front at the moment, I shouted to the servants who were at the doors. They rushed forward, mobbed, and finally secured the hypocritical little beast.

I then went back to the assistance of Gobind, whom I left prostrate on the road. As I came near the spot, I witnessed a most affecting scene.

My wife had come up in her carriage, unhappy Gobind Baboo was stretched on the ground, and two chuprassies were applying salts to the upturned nose.

When he was partially recovered, my wife kindly volunteered

to vacate the carriage and give the wounded Baboo her seat. He was accordingly assisted into the vehicle, to the great amusement of some idle spectators. When we reached the bungalow the poor old man told me, in feeble tone, during a brief confidential interview, that he was sure he should die, and begged to be sent off at once to the city of Gya, some fifty miles off. A dholly was procured, and he went off by moonlight, sad and solitary, with the brown cloak wrapped carefully round him, the old nightcap greatly the worse for the accident, he himself sorrowfully intent upon delivering up his soul, as he believed, in the sacred city.

The Grand Trunk Road, which before the introduction of railways was the one great medium of communication for man and beast, between Calcutta and the Upper Provinces, formerly crossed the Ramghur hills, by the Dunghye pass; after the road had been constructed it remained for some years without any larger bridges, and in a very imperfect state.

But Sir Henry Hardinge, taking a military view of the matter, ordered the construction of the necessary bridges and the more effective completion of the road.

Captain P. Wallis was then appointed superintendent, and Lieutenant (now General) Beadle became his assistant in 1843.

River Barakur

Some interruption was caused in the general work by the first Punjab Campaign, but in 1844-45 Lieutenant Beadle was placed in executive charge of a large portion of the road, with orders to bridge the road between the two crossings of the Barakur river in two years and a half—a work involving the construction of fifty bridges.

After leaving my old station, Burdwan, where we remained for several days, the first scene worthy of record was the Barakur river, which was sufficiently shallow to admit of my wife's equi-rotal carriage being dragged across.

On the banks of this river are three large-sized Jain temples.

Several stages further on we approached the Parisnath hill, a striking object, on which is a Jain monastery.

Kurumnasa

The most important work which was in progress at that time was the Kurumnasa bridge.

The bridge was designed by the well-known James Prinsep, the funds being supplied by Putnee Mull, a wealthy banker of Benares.

The waters of the Kurumnasa are regarded as the waters of pollution. Travellers used to be carried across at high charges to escape contamination.

At Sheerghatty we had left the Trunk Road and continued our march to Gya.

Gya-Patna-Arrah-Benares

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Alexander, friends whom we had fallen in with on our road, and who had accompanied us for several stages in our march, left us here, to our great regret, and we then continued our march to Patna, which is some sixty miles from Gya, stopping for the night half-way at Jehanabad but meeting with no adventures on our way.

In my role of Postmaster-General, being deeply interested in the state of the road, I collected and took with me several unique specimens of the large stones scattered over the ground under the pretence of repair, and exhibited them afterwards to the authorities at headquarters, as specimens of Behar roads!

On reaching Patna, the city destined ten years afterwards to be the scene of such sensational events, we went at once, by invitation, to the house of Mr. Edward Ravenshaw, the then Commissioner, a gentleman wellknown in the Civil Service as a scholar and antiquarian.

At Patna I first saw the Ekha, or one-horse carriage of the natives.

Arrah, since rendered famous for the glorious defence made by the officials of the station in 1857, against the revolted regiments of Dinapore, and the subsequent splendid victory under Major, now Sir Vincent Eyre, is about thirty miles from Patna. Before reaching it you have to pass a celebrated village called Moneer, where there is an ancient and highly picturesque

Author Copy

Mahomedan mosque, and several curious pieces of sculpture. Shahabad is a most interesting district, containing many picturesque and curious spots, some of which I painted during this tour.

On leaving Shahabad with its picturesque and interesting scenes, we proceeded to Benares, as I was anxious there to hold personal consultation with the postmaster of that city.

During our short residence here, in addition to our postal conferences, we paid the Rajah of Benares a visit in his palace, and saw what we could of the great city and its principal buildings.

The Maharajah received us with much courtesy. I took a portrait of him, which I have since, unfortunately, mislaid; but having met him again in 1876, during the visit of the Prince of Wales, at the house of Mr. Pearson, one of the judges of the Sudder Court at Allahabad, I again took a hurried sketch.

The Ganges

The Ganges, or Gunga, has its rise in the southern face of the Himalaya Mountains, and after a course of 1,500 or 1,600 miles, falls into the Bay of Bengal, through two principal channels, widely separated from each other; the one known as the river Hooghly, which flows by Calcutta in its passage to the Bay of Bengal; the other, further to the eastward, termed the Podda, or Ganges, and subsequently the Megna, which finds its way to the sea, through the Sunderbunds.

After many years of uncertainty, it has at length been fully established that the Ganges takes its origin in British territory, from a spot on the southern side of the Himalaya.

Ten miles above Gungootree to Bhagaretee (or Ganges) first appears at a place called the "Cow's mouth" (Gowmukh). This is a large stone, to which superstition or fancy has given the form of the sacred animal.

The most holy places are at the "Prayagas," or junctions, at Allahabad, where the influx gives especial sanctity. A douche at this and similar spots in the higher course of the river washes away all sins.

On leaving Benares we embarked on board a comfortable boat, or "bhauleah", with all our essential belongings, intending

to reach Calcutta by water, stopping for a day or more at each of the stations en route, to enable me to inspect the several post offices.

The prospect was pleasant, the weather was delightful, the stations on our road were each and all of them worth visiting, and we had friends or acquaintances at most of them.

The opportunity of sketching all I saw, either at the stations themselves, or on the banks of the great Ganges, was not to be despised.

Ghazepore

The station at which we first stopped was Ghazepore, a picturesque town, known as the site of one of the Government studs, and famous for its rose-gardens, which supply the material for the well-known rose-water of India.

The magistrate and collector was Mr. Phillip Trench, well known as an accomplished artist, and one whose official character had not been injured by his "love for the fine arts."

The principal object of interest at this Station is the tomb of the Marquis Cornwallis, the Governor-General of India. It is of white marble adorned with figures by Flaxman, and is placed under a circular building surrounded by a verandah and enclosed in iron railings. A plantation of trees surrounds the building.

Patna

Passing Buxar, a station on the other side of the river, which, like Ghazepore, is noted for little save a Government stud, we once more reached Patna, a city of no mean celebrity, having on many occasions been the seat and centre of the most important and sensational events.

While remaining here we again went to the house of Mr. E. Ravenshaw. Mr. Oldfield was the opium agent, living some distance from Bankipore, which is the name of the civil station where the principal residents live. We took occasion to visit the opium godown, and inspected the process of preparing the drug. There was also an old gentleman of the name of John Bardeo Elliot, a retired civilian who had been for some years

employed as special commissioner in the province, where he had amassed a large fortune, and on resigning the service remained at Patna as a permanent resident, purchasing a house, with a beautiful garden, surrounded on all sides by a high wall. The collector of the district was Mr. Anson.

Monghyr

Our next station was Monghyr. Here we were received and cordially greeted by the magistrate Mr. Travers and his friend Mr. St. Quintin.

One of the most remarkable facts in Monghyr is the Seeta Khoond, and as "Fanny Parks" has given an interesting description of it, I will here transcribe her account:

"The Seeta Khoond is a brilliantly clear spring of boiling hot water, which bubbles and boils up most beautifully, and is enclosed in a large space with steps descending to the water. I never saw so beautiful a spring or such living water! There are four springs close to it, but they are all of cold water, and have none of the clearness or beauty of Seeta's well. The water is contained in an enclosure of stone, in which it rises up sparkling and bubbling from its rocky bed. The steps on which you stand are very hot, and a hot steam rises from the surface; the water is so clear you can see the points at which it springs up from its rock.

"The stream from the Seeta Khoond is constantly flowing into the jheel below in a little rivulet that gradually widens, and in which the presence of the hot water is perceptible on a cold morning for about one hundred yards from the spring.

"Several years ago an artilleryman attempted for a wager to swim across the basin, and although he succeeded in getting over, it was necessary to convey him to an hospital, where he died within a few hours from the effect of the hot water. Not having tested it by a thermometer, I cannot tell the precise heat.

"The Brahmans say, so holy is the well by the power of the goddess Seeta, that, although boiling, it performs the miracle of keeping rice and eggs thrown into it in an uncooked state. I saw a great quantity of rice which remained unswollen in the water.

Not being a pious Hindoo, I conclude the water to be below the boiling point."

Mr. Edward Lockwood, in his interesting little book lately published, called *Natural History, Sport, and Travel*, describes the well-known hill "Pir Pahar"—the principal object which meets the eye on approaching the station of Monghyr by the river—as "one of the most beautiful spots in India, if not in the world." Without entirely endorsing this enthusiastic description, I can truly say that it is picturesque and striking. There are many other noticeable objects, one of which, is a dog's tomb. Few dogs have been so honoured.

Bhagulpore

The Jangheera rocks lie between Monghyr and Bhagulpore; they are specially holy, because the river flows from the south towards the north.

It was at Kooshtia, in the immediate neighbourhood of this station, that Dr. Cotton, the Bishop of Calcutta, met his death by drowning.

Our next stoppage was at Bhagulpore, where we stayed for a day with Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander, and after several more days' sailing, we arrived at Morshedabad, where we remained for some time with Mr. F. Lewis, the artist, who was living at that time in the Nawab's palace. Mr. Lewis was engaged to paint a large picture of a Durbar, in which the Nawab himself, Henry Torrens, the Governor-General's Agent, Captain Showers, and other characters were introduced.

At the close of our tour we returned to our home in Calcutta, all the better for our interesting trip, but not sorry to settle down once more in our pleasant home in Chowringhee Road.

Some months after this we had arranged that my wife should go to England to fetch our eldest daughter, who was then seventeen years old.

To escape the hot season, my wife's departure was fixed for March 1848. She sailed in the steamer *Bentinck*, commanded by Captain Kellock.

Charles Hobhouse went with me to see her on board, and

we returned in veritable sadness from the vessel, feeling deeply the loss of her beloved companionship.

These frequent separations are the one drawback in Anglo-Indian life. Henceforth, and for upwards of a year, I was doomed to bachelor life, with my pencil as my companion, and the prospect of the return of wife and daughter for my consolation.

At the beginning of October following, I made arrangements for my second tour, for the purpose of visiting the eastern districts of Bengal, which I had not yet seen.

TWENTY-FIVE

MY SECOND TOUR

As I have still in my possession a journal which I took at the time, dotting down the incidents of the day, during a trip from Calcutta to Dinapore in a river steamer, I here transcribe it, as giving a more accurate idea of the character and events of my progress than any after-description can. Since the introduction of railways such trips are almost unknown. Patna, 400 miles from Calcutta, is reached in eighteen hours instead of eight days by dak or fifteen days by boat; but this little voyage, enlivened by the society of friends, the picturesque and interesting scenery on the banks of the Ganges, and the several stoppages on the way, with their incidents and accompaniments, is a thing to be remembered, and will not, I hope, prove uninteresting to the reader.

"October 15th 1848.—Embarked on board the steamer Sir Frederick Currie bound for Allahabad, and after about an average proportion of bustle, confusion, and delay, fairly weighed anchor, and soon left the "City of Palaces" in the distance.

"The first portion of our passage lay through the Sunderbunds.

"Friday, 20th.—Several ships dismasted or otherwise injured during the late gale, which has been very severe at sea, passed us to-day on their way to Calcutta.

"We passed 'Mud Point' and entered the Sunderbunds.

"Saw several gigantic alligators basking on the bank; some

spotted deer, also, were seen grazing among the trees which fringe the water's edge on either side.

"Tigers were looked for only, but they are very numerous, and the officers tell us that none of the crew can be persuaded to venture on shore.

"After a satisfactory and pleasant run we anchored in the centre of a noble stream, the Thakooran, in the Sunderbunds, and, as the malaria-bearing jungles were at a considerable distance, we ventured to sleep on board again, instead of being parboiled or smothered in the cabins.

"We reached in our course, Comercolly, Rampore Beaulah, Rajmahal, Bhagulpore, Monghyr, and Patna, and anchored at Dinapore, on the 2nd of November. The only occurrences, which diversified the monotony of our voyage, were the sundry strolls on shore at these stations, the usual traffic in the various manufactures at Monghyr, and the visit of some few residents.

"28th.—Coaling again. Some adventurous passengers, including a lady newly arrived from England, and zealous for sights and lions, walked early in the morning to see the ruins. I remained on the bank, and sketched.

"At Bhagulpore, which we reached in the evening of the 30th, we enjoyed a very pleasant stroll. Colonel and Mrs. Mountain passed the evening with William Alexanders at Monghyr. A confused and clamorous host of hawkers invaded the steamer directly she anchored. Punkahs, mats, baskets, straw, bonnets, avadavats, chameleons, toasting-forks, gun-screws, sticks, tables, with divers other miscellaneous manufactures, were pressed upon us by rabid dealers, with a zeal and pertinacity which was striking but unpleasant. Considerable capital was invested in singularly useless articles, bonnets at 10 annas (14d.) each were plentifully purchased, and great dealings were effected in toasting-forks.

Dinapore

"My destination being Sonapore, I had intended to land at Patna, and make arrangements for crossing the river at leisure, but as we arrived at an early hour, and the steamer was to anchor for the night at Dinapore, one of the coaling stations,

I was too glad to spend another evening with my fellow-passengers in whose society I had passed a very pleasant fortnight and for some of whom I had conceived sincere regard and esteem. I went on, therefore, in the steamer to Dinapore, some eight miles beyond Patna.

"The scene at Dinapore, when we anchored at the ghat, was very striking. It was a Hindoo festival, and crowds of people, chiefly women, dressed in the bright colours which the unrivalled dyes of India can alone produce, and which the rays of an Indian sun so wondrously heighten, were grouped on the bank, bathing and chattering, and casting flowers into the water.

"The moment the steamer anchored, a stream of table-cloth and towel vendors, wax candle makers, and Patna toy-men, flowed in upon the deck, and a repetition of the commercial transactions which had been carried on at Monghyr, forthwith commenced with much talking and gesticulation.

"After dinner, we went on shore to hear the band of the 80th, but my especial favourites Captain and Mrs. Capell were spirited away to pass the evening with a friend at Deegah, to my particular disgust.

"We passed the evening on deck, when I acted sentinel over little Edith Capell, and after her parents returned, my health was drunk by all the passengers, in champagne sported for the purpose, and I bade them all farewell with feelings of sincere regret, and with heartfelt wishes for their well-being and happiness.

"I remained two days with Lieutenant Eden, at Dinapore, and drew a sketch of a Mohomedan subhadar, and a sepoy of the 39th, which so pleased the officers, that they wished to be allowed to have it lithographed.

"On Saturday I went over to Sonapore with my hostess, Mrs. Hathorne, after tiffing with Colonel and Mrs. Ramsay, where she (Mrs. H), was staying, and reached the tents at Sonapore, at sunset of the 9th November."

Sonapore

No social gathering in India has attained such celebrity as the Sonapore meeting. The mystic "sungum," or junction of the holy river, so sacred in the mind of the superstitious Hindoo,

yearly attracts a vast concourse of religious bathers, who, at the full of the moon, rush at a given signal, with the force of a torrent and the roar of a cataract, into the confluent waters, each human wave struggling for pre-eminence of submersion, and each individual maddened with fanatic excitement. The same signal which drives the enthusiastic dippers into the holy stream lets loose a host of more secular and earthly devotees, who, taking advantage of the crowd and the hubbub, seize any valuable appendage they can lay hold of; tearing bracelets, amulets, and even noserings from the unhappy women, whose sufferings are unheeded, and whose screams are drowned in the tumultuous uproar.

The assemblage of this vast crowd has naturally brought with it all the materials of a fair, and during some days of the meeting every description of merchandise is procurable, animate and inanimate, from a rhinoceros to hermetically-sealed carrots. Extensive topes of mango-trees are crammed with elephants, horses, and ponies; not a foot of ground is unoccupied. Such roaring and neighing, snorting and stamping, and hurly-burly; such picturesque groups; such splendid colours?

Before proceeding to a description of the fair, I will say a few more words in explanation of the mystic "sungum."

The following extract from Moore's *Oriental Fragments*, if only intelligible, may be interesting to the reader:

"It is the consecrated salt-streams of Kheti that a Hindu enthusiast would revel in. Two of them joining is a dear union or 'sungum,' and these, with a third subterraneously, is the mythos of myths. Ablution here is triply purifying; suicide is ecstatic and meritorious. Hither resorts the youthful widowed 'Sati', or Pure, rejoicing in her approaching liberation from the trammels of the flesh, and the aged to sigh their last in the way of nature, or by hastening their arrival into the world of spirits.

"The Hindu poets call such tripotamic union 'Triveni,' or the three plaited locks.

"The geographical fact of the divine Gunga and Yamuna joining visibly near the site of Allahabad and, as they assert, subterraneously with their holy sister Saraswati (the meandering consorts respectively of Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma), is metamorphosed by the most poetical and amorous sect, and

admired and sung by all, into Krishna braiding the musky tresses of his delighted Rhada."

A full description of the Sonapore meeting would occupy a volume. As a social gathering of the English residents it has supreme and unrivalled attractions. Taking place at the close of the enervating six months during which the hot season, from April to June, and then the rains from June to September, have combined to stupify and enfeeble the unhappy British sojourners, it forms the auspicious entrance upon the fresh and invigorating delight of the cold weather, when, for at least three months, the climate of India is, perhaps, the finest in the world.

It may be imagined with what delight this early gathering is hailed by every exhausted individual within reach.

The chief portion of the ground is occupied by an extensive grove of mango-trees. These trees enclose a level plain of considerable extent, which forms a racecourse; on one side of this is a stand containing large rooms suited for the enjoyment of the "light fantastic toe," and the popular amusement of supper.

The whole society live in tents which are sent before hand, with furniture, servants, and all the paraphernalia requisite for a gigantic picnic of fourteen or fifteen days. Carriages, saddle-horses, and buggies are all brought over, and some of the visitors form large parties. We generally mustered ten or twelve ourselves.

The principal piece of furniture is a "shemyana," a large square roof of tent-cloth, supported by pillars. This, with a carpet spread below, and all the necessary articles of furniture duly arranged, forms the principal sitting-room; while the sleeping tents, bathing-rooms, and other accessories of Anglo-Indian life, are pitched around it.

The change of air and scene, the luxuriance of the trees, the relaxation from the drudgery of office, the meeting of friends and the invigorating sensation of cold, which increases daily as the season advances—all these elements combined would, of themselves, constitute intense enjoyment; but there are many other sources of pleasure; every other morning there is a race; every other evening there is a ball—a band is constantly in attendance. Everybody is in good humour, and all is "mirth and pleasantness."

On this occasion I went with my friends the Hathorns. Hathorn was the judge of Chuprah, one of the stations of the Patna division; but there were many other friends there.

Of course I took my sketch-book, for which there was no end of subjects.

In the midst of drawing these heterogeneous notings, I myself became the victim of a practical joke, in which the principal performer was a facetious young lady. I had been sitting on a long seat, while sketching, and suddenly wanting to speak to somebody, got up, and imprudently left my sketch-book on the seat. "Victim of misplaced confidence!" when I returned, no book was there. Five or six ladies were seated in a row, and they all disclaimed having touched it. There was a certain indescribable atmosphere about their looks and manners that led me to suspect dishonesty in some one or other of them; but I appealed in vain. I was invited to look among the folds of their dresses (bustles were then very large), but all to no purpose; the party broke up, and I went away, disconsolate and bookless.

When we returned to breakfast in the lent, a mischievous damsel suddenly came up with the sketch-book, which she said, in a most innocent tone and expression, she had found. With it was a piece of paper; the paper contained a political, and would be pathetic, squib, describing the event. Who was the writer, I could only guess. I give the ode below:

The Book and the Bustle

"A merry scene appeared around,
And smiles enclosed the racing-ground;
While foremost in the crowd was seen
A gentleman, whose down-cast mien
Would strike the casual passer-by
For grief was pictured in his eye;
Deep on his visage sat despair,
As bustles he searched everywhere,
And cried with eager, anxious tone,
My sketching-book, alas! is flown;
My genius waits, my pencil sighs
To draw that horse as past he flies.

Oh, ladies! I beseech you, look
Behind you for my valued book.
The ladies, feeling much surprise,
Upon him gazed with wondering eyes,
With willing and polite address,
The cushions soft they gently press,
And striving hard to hide a smile
They inwardly do laugh the while;
While sadly the poor genius sighs
Upon the horse that past him flies.
No breakfast can he eat that day,
But doubts in fortunes power to sway
The hearts of those who stole the book,
But now are melted by his look;
The mystery's solved, the lost returns,
The artist's heart within him burns,
And when at tiffin he appears,
No trace remains of fallen tears.

"Sonepore, November 18th, 1848."

And here I must say a few more words in regard to the native departments, which, if not so attractive to the desk-bound official or enthusiastic sportsman as the English, are not devoid of interest.

In other parts of India the annual fair, or Mela, as it is called, is the event of the year. They are, in fact, commercial centres, where every description of property, natural or artificial, is congregated; cattle, merchandise, agricultural produce, cloths, and metals, all are here brought together, not for show or amusement, but for serious barter; it is the assemblage to which all look forward for the disposal of their wares.

But though the gathering is thus, practical in its principal end, it necessarily brings together other objects, not only the ornamental and useful, but the sacred and religious, the strange and the picturesque, the beautiful and the hideous; the whole scene, in short, is ultra-Asiatic and sensational.

Professedly, they are religious festivals, held at the end of autumn to celebrate the return of the god Shiva from the lower regions, where he had during the hot weather been engaged in deadly and most unpleasant conflict with Indra.

But at Sonapore, although there is a certain proportion of Asiatic elements, and a partial admixture of religious enthusiasm, that proportion and that admixture is exceedingly small and insignificant compared with the great Mela in other parts of India. At Sonapore, the large assemblage of Englishmen, with their wives, families, and attendants, monopolize the ground, with its race-course and cricket-field, while the picturesque, though unmeaning, exhibition of bears, monkeys, mendicants, and other half-disgusting, half-horrible objects are in the background. The space occupied by the English visitors is annually enlarged, that allotted to Orientalism proportionately contracted. Deformities and horrors disappear; what is useful, interesting, and ornamental, remains.

At the same time there are objects quite enough to amuse the idle, and gratify the curiosity of the inquisitive, and certainly sufficient to remind the English visitor that he is in the far east.

There are jewellers and merchants, with all manner of curious objects, sufficient to entice purchasers and fill their own pockets, and there is the Burkundaz, or "hurler of lightning" to keep the peace and protect property.

But the most picturesque object is the tent and equipage of the Arab horse-merchant, who is invariably seen at the fair with his travelling camel and lovely horses. It is a treat to see one of these men bring out a choice steed to show an inquiring purchaser. The arched and glossy neck, clothed with thunder, with the soft, yet daring eye, upturned nose, and breathing nostril, forms a picture which Landseer, Rosa Bonheur, or Frederick Tayler would greet with delight.

The merchant on the occasion of our visit, mounted with a spring on the high-bred back, and with a single snaffle in the horse's mouth, he dashed across the plain like Apollo's arrow, or Indra's thunderbolt, the noble creature obedient to every motion of the supple wrist and fingers, which seemed to play with the bridle like a dainty damsel preluding on the piano-forte.

It is the very poetry of riding, the true seat of Phidias.

Then you see a row of ponies which look as if they would like to eat you; luckily the hind legs are well tied back, like

ladies' petticoats in the present day, so they can but grind their teeth, and roll their glaring eyes like so many tigers. The ground under their fore feet is raised all along the line, a common trick among the dealers; it adds to the height, and sets off the tournure of the beasts.

Right good ponies they are, too, these snorting, shrieking furies, and to be purchased from Rs. 60 and upwards, but it is a puzzling thing to make a choice among the lot, and they are so set up with their heads tied to their tails, and their stomachs stuffed with all manner of unprofitable food, that a purchaser not "up" to artificial decoration would probably make a mess of his bargain.

The Government stud-horse is here to be seen. They are offered for sale, and their qualities displayed before crowds.

The ordinary hack is also a characteristic animal, though not graceful.

And here I must not omit the Boxwalas, whom we had the pleasure of seeing on this occasion.

Imitating the custom of the residential Boxwala, but without quite the same facilities of literary progress, these mild young men had prepared an elaborate list of goods with a flourishing prospectus, in which they "ventured (under the name of Nelson and Son) to appear before the public in the capacity of merchants." The most conspicuous article in the list, though not the only remarkable one, was "putrified lime-juice," the name of which produced a chorus of laughter from the party in the tent, to the dismay of the men, "purified" being the word meant.

I took the sketch, while they were thus, bewildered, but we made up for their distress by purchasing many of their good things.

Pages more might be written in regard to the diversified amusements of this unrivalled social meeting, which, without interfering with the necessary official duties, brings together all classes of military officers, civilians, and indigo-planters, in social intercourse, thereby strengthening the kindly feelings of all, leading in many instances to future friendship, and laying the foundation of mutual goodwill and fellowship in a country where, during the greater part of the year incessant occupation, and at times conflicting interests, tend to artificial estrangement.

The pleasure of the meeting is further enhanced by the seasonable change of weather at the period of its occurrence, and, strange to say, by the limitation of its component parts. This latter characteristic, since the introduction of the railway, has been gradually changed, and not to the advantage of the gathering. Swells, officials, including even on one occasion the Governor General have bestowed the effulgence at their presence on the meeting; and the Sonapore Fair, which had for years been in fact a "family gathering," with no foreign intermixture, and no element of sweldom, self-exultation, or officialism, has to some extent degenerated into an everyday "party," and the rare excellence of informal warm-hearted sociability has been impaired.

On the occasion I am now describing, however, Sonapore was in natural and uncontaminated condition, and after a full realization of its unequalled charms, which in after days I frequently enjoyed with my wife and daughters, I returned to Dinapore and took up my quarters once more; for two or three days, with my young friend Lieutenant Eden.

ONE

TRIP TO SEGOWLEE—
JOURNAL RESUMED

On the conclusion of the Sonapore festivities, I returned to Dinapore, and after a day or two passed with my young friend Eden, I wished him good-bye, and on the 26th of November, 1848, embarking on a light skiff, crossed over from Dinapore to Punahpore Ghat, opposite Nasreegunge.

A pleasant ride of about eight miles, through a tract of verdant and richly cultivated land, brought me to Mr. De Meiss's factory, just as the glorious unclouded sun sank to rest behind a grove of luxuriant mangoes.

This factory is situated on the banks of the "Mahee" river, a most picturesque and pleasing spot, said to be remarkably healthy. Mr. de Meiss told me they had never known a case of cholera at the factory, even when it was raging in the neighbourhood; but, strange to say, that very evening a coolie had been seized with it.

Mr. de Meiss, besides managing his indigo plantation, breeds horses on a small scale. He has two promising little well-bred colts in his stable, which call the celebrated Arab "Ecarte" father.

On my way I was much struck by a magnificent species of grass, which rises to the height of eighteen or twenty feet, and bears a large and noble head, or spike of flowers, from two to three feet long.

When in early florescence, the blossom is of the most

beautiful bluish-pink hue, which gradually melts into silvery white.

It is called "talsu" or "kanra" by the natives, and is used for various purposes. The flowers are made into ropes, the leaves are used for thatching. The grass is generally planted on the banks which separate and surround the cultivated field, as, if in the field, it would impoverish the soil.

The country about here is densely populated, and though every inch of ground is under cultivation, all the produce is preserved for home consumption; so at least says my host and his companion, Mr. Fitzgerald, a highly intelligent gentleman.

November 28th—Rode out with Mr. Inglis before breakfast to see and reconnoitre pictorially the celebrated lion of Seraiah, 'Bheem Singh's stick', about two miles from the factory.

This is the myth: Bheem Singh (giant, hero, itinerant, origin and family unknown) was taking a walk with a banghy load on his back. This being a voluntary task, he became sick of it, deposited his load in one place, and, after another stride or so, stuck his stick into this spot, where it has ever since remained.

The banghy loads are represented by two large mounds of earth at some distance from the stick; these I had not time to visit. The stick itself is a lofty column!

I returned to breakfast, and afterwards, at the solicitation of my host, drew a rough sketch of his horse "Nimrod," the winner of the hurdle-race at Sonapore.

Thursday, November 30th—Left Rajpore after breakfast, Mr. Slade driving me the first stage, and then leaving me with his buggy and two horses to make my way to Peepra, some fourteen miles from Rajpore.

Moteeharee

I reached Peepra at about 12 O'clock, and finding that Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt were in the district, I mounted "Eothen" and rode on at once to Moteeharee, where I was kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. Here, to my great delight, I received the last two budgets from my dearest wife, which had been following Lord Dalhousie, and then me, for the last fortnight,

having been sent in his private packet with Sir J. Hobhouse's despatches.

Friday, December 1st—Paid visits to the residents of Moteeharee—two families—and inspected the post-office, after which we crossed the lake and had an hour's shooting.

Moteeharee, or "the Pearl Necklace", as the word signifies, is remarkable for a series of horse-shoe lakes which form a corresponding set of peninsulas. They are supposed to be meandering points of a former river, but how cut off and isolated deponent sayeth not. They form beautiful sheets of water, and are a great ornament to the station, which consists of three houses, one sugar-factory, and a bridge.

Saturday, December 2nd—Took a view of the lake from Fletcher's house, and after luncheon drove with him to Segowlee, a distance of fourteen miles, where we arrived just as the shades of night closed around us.

Wednesday, December 6th—As we rode through the lines in the evening, I was much amused with several scenes.

It is now the time of the Mohurram, the great Mohomedan festival, and all the Mussulmans are relieved from duty, and more or less in a state of excitement.

Here and there groups were seen in their yellow quilted dresses engaged in the elaborate genuflexions peculiar to the sect, while the strange, wild cry of "Allah el Allah" sounded at intervals.

We stopped for some time to watch a process which I had never before seen.

I bade farewell to all my friends, excepting Major Rowland Hill, who, to my intense satisfaction had proposed to accompany me on my trip to Nepal.

At 6 p.m. we both entered our palankeens, and when we reached the river, some half mile from the house, we suddenly heard, to our astonishment, a loud and hideous howl. It was "the idiot Muhabeer", who was evidently waiting for us, and who escorted us to the banks with his usual musical accompaniment.

TWO

MY JOURNAL CONTINUED

On way to Nepal

Aware, before I commenced my official tour in the cold season of 1848-49, that my postal wanderings would lead me to Segowlee, near the frontier of Nepal, and well knowing how much Nepal itself contains which is new and interesting to a traveller and artist, I had resolved to visit the far-famed valley of Kathmandoo.

Major Thoresby, the resident, to whom Sir John Low, my fellow-passenger on board the steamer, had written on my behalf, was good enough to facilitate the expedition by a clear description of the route, with distances, time and manner of travelling, and promised to depute an escort on the part of the Nepal durbar, with an elephant, to accompany my steps and aid my progress.

At Patna, acting on the considerate advice of Major Thoresby, I had laid in an extra store of warm and consolatory vestments, being tenderly alive, personally, to the pain and discomfort of cold.

One particular device in this branch of my Major Thoresby, I had laid in an extra store of warm and consolatory vestments, being tenderly alive, personally, to the pain and discomfort of cold.

One particular device in this branch of my preparations I shall ever pique myself upon, and strongly recommend to travellers in general, and Nepal visitors in particular.

From a piece of warm, thick, and comfortable soft English horse-blanketing, I manufactured, in addition to thick coat and waistcoat, a pair of extra pantaloons, exactly a size larger in all points than those which I ordinarily indued.

The satisfaction derived from this outer article, removable at pleasure, was beyond description.

Tuesday, the 12th—We had started from Segowlee in the fond anticipation of reaching "Bichakho" at early dawn, and thence making our first March at once; but these delusive hopes were rudely dispelled. At 7 O'clock in the morning our palankeens were bumped down on the ground, and we found that we had still twelve miles to go, while our petarahs were yet far in the year.

The glorious snowy range, with its foreground of dark and frowning mountains, was before us. We exchanged looks of undisguised chagrin, as we poked our night-capped heads from the palkee doors; but we determined, at all events, to wait for our petarahs, as in them were all the edibilia for the next two days.

At about 12 O'clock we emerged from the forest, and entered the bed of the "Rapte" at Bichakho. At once the whole features of the scene were altered: a pawn, or public-house, of an entirely different build; people utterly unlike either Beharees or Bengalees; strange dresses, strange baskets, new language, and stout legs.

The bed of the Raptee is at this season, and at this spot, nearly dry, and presents a large space covered with boulders of moderate size and all manner of colours, with a meandering stream of running limpid water, pleasant to look at, but it is said to be unhealthy to drink; as the natives describe it, "it takes possession of your stomach" ("Pet men dukhil kurta").

Here we found awaiting us a military escort consisting of a jemadar, a havildar, and sepoy, deputed at the kind suggestion of Major Thoresby, by the Rajah of Nepal, to escort us, with an elephant, and a host of hill porters remarkable for merry faces and big calves; each of these fellows carries a "dhoka" or basket, made of cane or bamboo, like a gigantic pottle, small at the bottom and capacious at the mouth. This he carries on his back, fastened by a band, which crosses his forehead.

Our long journey gave us a voracious appetite, and attractive as were these groups of dirty fellow-creatures, we turned to our breakfast at once, and with exceeding relish. After that, as it was far too late to start on our march, we consoled ourselves with sketching. I took a rough view of the Serai, and booked a group of peasants.

We then took a quiet stroll along the bed of the river, and after a simple and most enjoyable dinner, turned into our beds and slept soundly.

Wednesday, the 13th—My first impression on awaking in the morning was the picturesque effect produced by my companion in bed, with a Neapolitan night-cap of cerulean blue, tipped with a bright red tassel; his own extensive beard slightly dishevelled by nocturnal repose; pipe in hand, a cup of coffee on the charpoy, with a number of *Vanity Fair* before him.

Our intention was to ride on ponies, but the Nepalese jemadar made it a particular request that we should mount the elephant, evidently with a view of outward seemliness and dignity; and, partly to please him, and partly because it did not otherwise jump ill with our own ideas, we suffered ourselves to be elevated to the "howda"—a most uncomfortable seat, covered with black velvet, and an uncompromising iron rail, evidently intended for Baboos, and not for gentlemen with straps to their trousers. When fairly mounted, away we sent, over big stones, and then through rich forests, every step showing us a diversified and widely romantic scene.

Half-way we dismounted for luncheon, and by 5 O'clock we reached Hetounda, a most picturesque place, entirely surrounded with noble mountains, and on the banks of the Rapteree, the stream of which was here much larger than we had yet seen it.

Thursday, the 14th—At Hetounda we left the tent behind us, being informed that we should find a most comfortable hotel at Bheempedee.

We started, on our established principle, after breakfast, on the elephant, and passed through a diversity of romantic and picturesque scenes. The irrepressible Rapteree presented its sinuous stream every five minutes, and we crossed it some twenty-five or thirty times.

The whole of this march we passed through the most

romantic scenery—rich forests, stern and frowning mountains, with the restless, fretting Rapteree, winding and gushing along, making wild music among the stones. As we approached Bheempedee, there was an appearance of partial cultivation, varied by a few patches of green and yellow, with enclosures of low stone walls, exactly like what I remember in Derbyshire.

The resting-place or Serai (Anglice, Hotel) at Bheempedee, so called because the deity Bheem put his foot in it during a walk, was a two-storied brick building with sloping tiled roof, at the foot of a stupendous mountain with a narrow path, the route of our next march, discernible from below.

Friday, the 15th—At Bheempedee we bade farewell to our elephant, and started at about 7 O'clock, after a breakfast lamentably but necessarily light (as we had almost exhausted our edibles), to breast the ascent of Sheeshughuree.

At Sheeshughuree we were met and greeted by Captain Muharoodru-Khutree, who has charge of the fortifications, consisting of two or three stone walls with embrasures for a gun or so, and a narrow inlet with a sentry mounted upon it. He was a pleasant-faced and very gentlemanly man, and conducted us into a cosy room, with a warm carpet and a very comforting fire-place.

Here we concocted a scrambling but most acceptable breakfast, and I took the opportunity of a vacant hour to draw a sketch of my host and his little boy.

After breakfast we again started on our march for Chitlong. Descending the hill we had just toiled up during the later part of this descent, which is extremely precipitous, we both trusted ourselves for the first time to the tender mercies of the 'dandhee'. To ride in this little bit of dirty canvas, fastened only with two hooks to a wooden pole, and thus suspended, helpless and ungraceful, to trust oneself to the support of men with only human powers of equilibrium, down a narrow pathway of two feet wide, covered with loose and ragged stones, with a precipice of several hundred feet at your side—to do all this voluntarily requires decided pluck, courage, and a most confiding disposition. To be happy under such circumstances and scream with laughter, as myself and my companion did, is a high flight of heroism!

At the bottom of the pass, and as soon as ever I was

delivered from the canvas prison, thankfully conscious of solid bones, and while the peril passed was fresh in our memory, I portrayed my companion in the picture.

Immediately beneath the Sheeshughuree Ghat is a noble stream, which dashes and roars along over masses of rock, its translucent waters positively animated with fish (trout and muhaseer). My comrade here again essayed the capabilities of his tip-top rod, but without success. Whether from the cold, or the transparency of the water, or from a deliberate and malicious pleasure in baffling a civilised fisherman, the victims would not bite, and the fisherman was in despair.

A very pleasant ride, diversified only by my getting up to my knees in crossing the river, brought us to the valley of Chitlong, where we arrived at close of evening.

On reaching the door of the Serace, however, we were doomed to disappointment. A surly sentinel with a formidable musket informed us that the "burra" (big) captain of the Nepal force had just taken up his quarters there, and that for us there was no room.

The great captain, on receipt of this message, had the condescension to appear at the door, smile, and shake hands—but this was all! He showed no disposition whatever to grant us admission, and we were compelled, therefore, to retrace our steps, in the dark and bitter night, to another and smaller house of entertainment about a quarter of a mile off, which under orders sent by the "big" captain's emissaries, was vacated for our reception by a "small" captain.

Saturday, the 16th—I awoke, alas! with a most violent bilious headache, an old accustomed enemy to which I am much subject, and had hardly the will or the power to look out of my window to see the "big captain" with his troop pass by.

The city of Kathmandoo, at a distance of about six miles from the base of Chundagiree, is not a striking object from the summit of the mountain, and this is owing chiefly to the dull and sombre colour of the houses and other buildings.

After passing an intervening village, we were met by an employee deputed by the Resident to conduct us to his house, and about a mile further on by Juggut Shumsheer, one of the brothers of the Minister, who was on his way to join the shoot-

ing-party. Here, under the instructions of the lieutenant, we performed for the first time the ceremonial usual on introduction to a Nepal big-wig, viz., the embrace in true theatrical style, like the "appeased father" in the play, first over the right and then over the left shoulder. This affectionate salutation, malgre my inexperience, I accomplished with considerable skill.

Another hour's ride brought us to the city, which we entered at the eastern, and emerging at the western gate, shortly afterwards reached the Residency.

THREE

NEPAL

Early Anglo-Nepalese Relations

From 1765, when the first Goorkha invasion of Nepal took place, and we gave assistance to the Nepalese, up to 1801, no events of any importance occurred.

In the latter year, however, a British Resident was appointed by the Nepalese, but he was a failure, and was withdrawn in 1803, and the relations between the countries became gradually worse till 1814, when war was proclaimed by the British.

It was during the wars which succeeded that the name of Gillespie and others, but especially of Ochterlony, became notorious.

In 1816, the Goorkhas submitted, a treaty was signed, and portions of Nepalese territory were conceded to the British.

A Resident was again appointed, in the person of Mr. Gardiner, and pending his arrival Lieutenant Boileau officiated for him. Not long after this the country itself became the theatre of the most appalling outrages. The young King died, and his wife, as in those days it became her, and six female slaves, immolated themselves as sutes. The King himself was a cipher, the whole government being vested in one Bhema-sena Thapa, who, after ruling Nepal for five-and-twenty years, was eventually murdered and his corpse flung upon a heap of rubbish in the streets.

A continued succession of intrigues and struggles succeeded the death of Bhema-sena, and war with the British was, in

1843, only averted by the skilful management of Mr. Brian Hodgson the Resident.

In 1843, one Matabar Singh, the nephew of the deceased Bhema-sena, returned from exile, effected the destruction of his enemies, and rose rapidly in favour with the court and the army.

At this period, the celebrated Jung Bahadur appeared on the scene. He was a nephew of Matabar Singh, described at the time by Major—afterwards Sir Henry Lawrence, as an intelligent young man, expert in military matters and profoundly versed in intrigues.

These characteristics were shortly afterwards exhibited in no ordinary manner, and as the events connected with them had occurred only a short time before my visit, I will give them more in detail, quoting for the purpose the narrative given in Dr. Daniell's admirable History of Nepal, published in 1877:

"He (Jung Bahadur) continued to ingratiate himself with one of the Ranis, who held the chief power in the Court, and at last, finding himself in a firmer position, he began to develop his ambitious projects. On the 18th of May 1845, Matabar Singh, who, though Prime Minister, had become unpopular at Court, was summoned to an audience, where he expected to find the King: he was killed by a rifle-shot fired from the zenana gallery at the end of the room.

"His body was then thrown out of the window, and dragged away by an elephant to the banks of the Bagmati at Pashupati. Next morning Jung Bahadur reported the circumstance officially to the Resident; but for the time the King was said to have been the slayer of the prime minister, and the deed was acknowledged and even boasted of by the King.

"Subsequently, however, it appeared that Matabar Singh was killed by his nephew Jung Bahadur, at the instigation of the Queen; and the King, who was little better than an imbecile, was made to take the credit of the deed.

"Jung Bahadur now took a prominent part in the government, though not actually included in the ministry, which consisted of a sort of various factions, the prime minister being Gagan Singh.

"In 1846, Sir Henry Lawrence left Nepal, and was succeeded

by Mr. Colvin, who, however, was soon obliged to quit the country on account of ill-health, leaving Major Otley in charge. On the 15th of September 1846 the Resident was surprised by a visit at midnight from the King, who in much agitation informed him that a fearful tragedy was being enacted in the city.

"This is what is known as the Kot massacre, and as it is an important event in the history of Nepal, it may be as well to give a detailed account of it.

"The King at this time was a mere tool in the hands of the Rani, who, after the murder of Matabar Singh may be said to have been the actual ruler of the country. In the coalition ministry she had one especial friend named Gagan Singh. This noble, on the night of the 14th of September, was shot in his own house while he was in the act of performing his devotions in a private room.

"Who instigated this deed has never been satisfactorily determined, although afterwards a person named Aligah, said to have been the murderer, was executed. The Rani at once blamed her enemies in the ministry, and insisted on the King assembling all the ministers and nobles in council to find out the assassin.

"Fath Jung and his colleagues, surprised at the untimely summons, hurried to the place of meeting at the Kot, a large building, somewhat in European style, near the palace. Here, in the meantime, were assembled the Rani, Jung Bahadur, his band of brothers, and his faithful body-guard armed with rifles. The Queen's party was carefully arranged and heavily armed, whereas the members of the council came as they were summoned, in a hurry, each from his own house, and with no weapons but their swords. There is no doubt that the whole affair was arranged beforehand, and that written orders were given by the Rani to Jung Bahadur.

"A stormy discussion ensued, insults were freely exchanged, and when Fath Jung laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, it seemed to be the signal for an attack by Jung Bahadur and his faithful soldiers, who in the meantime had guarded the entrance of the building. In a few minutes thirty-two of the nobles of the country and upwards of a hundred of the lower ranks were shot down. The poor King, alarmed by the noise of the struggle,

mounted his horse and rode off to the Residency. On his return within an hour, he found the gutters around the Kot filled with the blood of his ministers, and what little power he possessed in the State was gone for ever.

"Jung Bahadur, backed by his band of brothers and the army, was now the most powerful man in Nepal. A few of the old Sirdars, however, still tried to make head against him, but without success. On the 2nd of November, thirteen more of the Sirdars were put to death, and in December the King fled from the country to Benares.

"The Rani, who had hoped by means of Jung Bahadur to establish her own power and to secure the succession to her own children, found herself bitterly disappointed, and was soon obliged to leave the country and take refuge at Benares.

"In 1847 the King made an attempt to regain his power, and advanced as far as Segowli. Several plots were formed to assassinate Jung Bahadur, but without success, and the only result of them was that the agents were put to death, and the King declared by his conduct to have forfeited his right to the throne. Accordingly, on the 12th of May, he was deposed, and the Heir-Apparent placed on the throne. The King now determined to make one struggle more, and entered the Terai with a small force, but he was attacked and easily taken prisoner.

"From this time Jung Bahadur has been the undisputed ruler of the country. The old King is a prisoner in the palace. The present King is kept under the strictest surveillance and not allowed to exercise any power whatever. The Heir-Apparent is also kept in a state of obscurity, being never permitted to take a part in any public business, or even to appear at the Durbars to which the British Resident is invited. In fact, one may live for years in Nepal without seeing or hearing of the King."

The King

The King himself, good-looking, though not intellectual, was clad in an elegant dress of gold and pink, and a turban glittering with diamonds; he was seated in Eastern graceful repose, on a gorgeous red velvet bed (for it was neither throne, chair, nor pillow), richly bordered with gold braid. One leg was on the seat, the other hung down with easy negligence, and exposed, in sad incongruity, a dirty worsted sock. Nautch girls were introduced, and went through their monotonous cantation and movements for our amusement. After half an hour we received our conge, and both H. and I were presented with a handsome kookree by the hands of His Majesty. I was much struck with the manner and bearing of Jung Buhadoor, the Minister; there is a promptness and decision about him that quite corresponds with the determined energy he has displayed in the late exciting events. His countenance is shrewd, his ways open and prepossessing and "savoir faire" considerable. His dress was extremely elegant, consisting of a splendid robe of real sable trimmed with gold, a turban set round with diamonds, and a necklace of real emeralds round his throat; his nether garments were not quite in keeping, being a light pantaloon of common material, with black leather shoes, but as the robe was long this was not observable.

The only mistake in the costume was the cruel addition of an English silk neckcloth, which his brothers had adopted as well as himself.

Monday, the 18th—This morning I had my first subject, a "Bhooteah" man and woman. Among a peculiarly filthy community, the Bhooteah is pre-eminently dirty. To almost all the lower classes of Nepal, water, as an ablutory medium, is a myth.

The Bhooteah is said not only not to wash, but never to change his clothes, wearing them until they drop from him by voluntary segregation.

In the afternoon we went to pay our devoirs to the Minister, General Jung Buhadoor, at his own house. He received us, as usual, at the door, hugged us tenderly, as before described, and we started off hand-in-hand, like a parcel of school-girls, and promenaded round his garden to the tune of "Nancy

FOUR

KATHMANDOO

Sunday, December 17th—Five days before we arrived the Maharajah's lady had presented him with a son, being the second of the gender, and the fourth counting noses, of his family. This being the sixth day from the birth, and that on which the deity is supposed to write the child's destiny ("Nuseeb") on its forehead, a grand durbar was held at the Palace, and we all attended in such state as we could muster. Between 4 and 5 O'clock p.m. a carriage drove up to the door, and a stout individual in turban and shawl, was announced; he entered the room, where our party (Major Thoresby, Major R. Hill, Captain Cripps, and myself) were assembled, and embraced us affectionately in turns; we then marched out, Major Hill and Captain Cripps with the visitor in the Rajah's carriage, and myself with the Resident in his buggy.

On reaching the Palace we were greeted by a discharge of motley music, poured forth, with greater zeal than taste, by a numerous and emulative band. Jung Buhadoor descended from the steps with his brothers, and after a fraternal embrace all round, marshalled us into the grand hall of audience—the Minister taking the Resident by the right hand, and myself by the left, and the other two gentlemen being conducted in like-form by the younger brothers. Here we were introduced to the Rajah, who was contented with a mild salaam, as it is not etiquette for him to embrace males. The scene was interesting and picturesque.

Dawson", and "Drops of Brandy", played by a troop of violent musicians.

The garden was a square piece of ground rudely dug and lately planted with trees, which, however, we could not admire, because they were concealed by a covering of straw laid over each to protect its infant years from cold and snow.

Hill and I were again honoured with a fur cloak and a musk deer (deceased) containing the bag of precious scent untouched. The Minister's room was a handsome hall, larger and wider than that at the Palace; large chandeliers were ranged down the centre on each side of the wall; at the very top of the room were two rows of engravings, comprising some of the best of modern works, which were almost undistinguishable from the height at which they were hung; below, and at a very good viewing distance, were some absurd pictures, by a native artist of the Minister and his brothers.

Several cupboards with glass doors contained guns and rifles, and on a table were spread out several boxes with pistols by different masters.

The walls of the room were painted with coarse unwholesome paint, the windows and cupboard-doors being dark green; a billiard-table was among the heterogeneous furniture of the hall.

Jung Buhadoor paid me the compliment of showing me several of his choicest guns, and one especially, among the number, which he said was a "very good gun". When I looked at it, he added, in a careless, indifferent tone, "This is the gun I shot my uncle with"; a pleasant little announcement, highly characteristic of the man.

Thus one day, at the awful hour of 5 a.m., Major Thoresby and myself started on foot for the city of Patun, formerly called Lelit Patun. The prefix is now lost, and its meaning hidden in obscurity. Lelit is said to have been the name of a Lapoo, or household servant, of a former Rajah, who built a temple in the vicinity of the town, which has since been named after him. It is situated about two miles and a half from Kathmandoo, to the south-east, and, like the former place, contains many curious and interesting temples, most of which are of the same peculiar form and character as those in other parts of the valley. Hunooman, Bheem Singh, and Garoodh seem (next to

the mighty Muhadev) to be the most popular divinities in Nepal.

The monkey-general's image, incarnadine with bright and polished paint, an ape's face, and a preposterous tail, is very conspicuous. A pillar with a very shiny image of this divinity stands exactly opposite the Minister's new palace.

Two figures of Bheem Singh's lion, neither couchant nor rampant, but in an upright sitting posture comprising a little of either, are seen before numerous temples, and behind these grim door-keepers are frequently another pair, with legs and tail and attitude corresponding, but the nose converted into a peak, and the mane into wings—a sort of questionable hybrid between the "Singh" and the "Garoodh".

Sunday, the 24th—Morning walk to Bala-Neil-Kunth. Sketched a lama in the evening. All went to Pushputee. Here is the temple of Nepal as regards sanctity; Europeans are not allowed to enter its precincts shod.

The approach to this sacred building is through an old and desolate-looking town, the single street of which, before paved with brick, is now being re-paved with stone by order of the Durbar. The temple is at the end of the street, and is sheltered by an overhanging hill and grove, the Bishenmutee running between them. It is just the dark, sheltered grove which one can imagine to be dear to the superstitious devotee.

To avoid the great temple, which blocks up the road like a terminus, and which, as we did not wish to unshoe, we did not choose to enter, we made a slight detour, and examined the smaller temples at the back.

The Lingam and Yoni, with all the other mystic emblems, and most obscure figurate attendants on Muhadev's worship, here abounded in endless variety.

Monday, 25th December—Christmas-day. Paid a visit in the morning to Gunesh-than, a temple built on the edge of the Bhagmute, at the spot where the river makes its exit from the valley. We passed by the town of Kirtipore, famous for its resistance during three sieges by the Goorkha Rajah, in one of which the Goorkha conqueror, Pritinarain ordered all the people's noses to be cut off, and changed the name of the place to Naskuttypre.

Tuesday, the 26th—Started at half-past six, our kind and

excellent host accompanying us through the town. About ten minutes past nine we commenced our ascent up the mighty mountain Chundagiree, We arrived at the top at half-past ten precisely.

There is a hill held very sacred close to this temple, called "Koilas". Koilas is the summit of the mythological mountain Meru.

MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM TAYLER

FIVE

FROM NEPAL TO DARJEELING

Saturday, the 30th—Reached Segowlee at daybreak.

Sunday, December 31st—Drove with Mr. Macdonald, the well-known indigo-planter, to Bettiah, where there is a Roman Catholic mission, established many years ago. We breakfasted in Father Baptist's house, and afterwards attended mass.

Being desirous of visiting the favoured station of Darjeeling, I started on January 2nd, at six O'clock, from Segowlee, and went thence, via Patna, Bhagulpore, and Monghyr, to Caragola, on the banks of the Ganges, where the road to Darjeeling commenced. My daily journal on this trip is not worth entering, as I have before mentioned the several stations passed.

From Caragola I proceeded to Purnea, and thence, via Kishengunje, to Titallya, where I arrived on Thursday, the 11th of January.

At Darjelling I was hospitably received by Dr. Bowling, made the acquaintance of the several residents, but was sadly disappointed at the general appearance of the station—a constant, unrelenting fog concealing even the outlines of the encircling mountains, and keeping the mighty Kinchinjunga altogether out of sight.

But we had reached our destination. My labours were over for a time, and I went to rest, though disappointed for the moment, yet relieved by recalling the song:

"What shall to-morrow bring who shall tell?"

On the morning of the 6th I rode to Purneah.



Purneah

Purneah is a district of ill-repute, and as far as my observation extended fully corresponds with its reputation.

Ill-cultivated, barren, and swampy, the country seems fitted for little else than to afford a precarious and scanty sustenance to lean kine with protruding ribs and shabby exterior.

The people are dirtier and more wretched in their outward guise than any I have elsewhere seen in the plains—darkest among the dark, low of stature, and with vestments of unvarying mud-colour. They appear as if rolled in moist dirt, like the aboriginal man.

The district is famous for nothing, unless it be the manufacture of "vidree".

Vidree, or more properly Bidree, as the name is derived from the town and province of Beedra, is a peculiar mixture of lead and tin similar to what in England is commercially known as "spelter". This tutenag is inlaid with silver, in an ingenious and not untasteful manner, and is then used for the manufacture of the bottoms of huqqas, cups, trays, and such-like objects. It is the spelter and its inlay of silver combined which constitutes the "vidree". The subdued grey colouring of the groundwork of spelter, traced over with the harmonising pale tints of the silver pattern, is well suited to the aesthetic taste of the period.

The zemindars are poor and unenterprising, the peasants lazy and apathetic.

There are few or no trees, save on the road to Caragola, which is shaded by a magnificent avenue planted by an English gentleman who rejoiced in the sobriquet of "Chowdree Smith".

One pretty thing only I saw in riding through the country—a tableau which India only could supply. A little dot of a child of two or three years old, coal black and shiny as patent leather, was squatted down on the grass by the road-side at the outskirts of a grazing herd, and with outstretched arms was grasping the fore-legs of a calf some few days old.

The expression of the two infants—the human and the bovine—was charming. There was an earnestness and concentration of purpose in the child as he held on to the loosely-knit legs of the little animal. He looked sternly and uttered threatening

sounds, while the soft little velveteen "bos", with its fluffy brown coat and pure white legs, like chestnuts in milk, plunged about undeterminedly, twisting his tail as only calves' tails can be twisted, and staring softly with big lustrous eyes. Altogether a beautiful picture, to be noted and remembered, and one of which Purneah was not worthy.

From Purneah, after a stay of several days occupied chiefly in writing and business (a very serious embezzlement having taken place in the post-office), I reached Caragola, on the banks of the Ganges, thirty-six miles from Purneah, and then proceeded to Colgong.

There is an annual fair at Caragola, which was in the course of celebration at the time. A miserable sort of affair, as an inveterate punster observed.

On the opposite side of the Ganges is Colgong, or more correctly written Kahlgaon, a picturesque and very charming spot, of which the Hill House, the residence of Mr. Barnes, and some remarkable rocks, are the lions of the place. The house, built on the crown of a small hill, within a few hundred yards of the surrounding country.

The Kosi River

By 7 O'clock we had passed the junction of the Kosi, and with satisfaction, as the channel is there very narrow, and from the constant shifting of the sands the passage is dangerous. A boat like this under a press of sail would, if she touched the bottom, inevitably execute a somersault.

This "Kosi" is, in Hindoo legend, a lady metamorphosed, daughter of Rajah Kosi, king of Gadhi. She had the misfortune to be united to a Brahmin, over-righteous, who, being dissatisfied with the son which his wife had presented to him, and who was rather a dissolute and rebellious character, requested the gods obligingly to turn her into a river—a small matter in those days, and a very slight favour for so pious a person to ask.

Poor Kosi accordingly had cold water thrown on her sympathies, and thenceforth the current of her affections, instead of setting towards her good-man, flowed calmly into the bosom of the Ganges.

The Kosi is said to be larger and more rapid near its source

than either the Ganges or the Bhagmuttee, from the irregularity of its bottom, and to be nowhere fordable.

The westerly breeze which had set in the day before blew so strong that I reached Rajmahal at 3 O'clock, after a wonderfully swift passage.

This was the first day throughout my entire tour that I dined alone!

Tuesday, the 27th--Remained at Rajmahal. The Sutledge, another steamer, anchored to coal. A boatload of cadets, eight in number, sportingly apparelled, and with loaded guns, invaded the peaceful shore in a body, and commenced a violent cannonade against the unwary crows of Rajmahal.

The wing of H. M.'s 80th Regiment was on board, and the dealings between the soldiers' wives and the native vendors on the bank were amusing to behold.

The contrast between the red-faced burly English barrack-women, with their stalwart arms, broad backs, and bold "devil-may-care" manners, with the attenuated, supple, and cringing native women, was striking. That of the ungraceful, drapeless gowns, obscure vistas of dirty stays and unwashed flannel, compared with the flowing chudder which graces even the lowest of the low among the Oriental females, was still more so.

Before daylight of the 28th I crossed the Ganges in the ferry-boat, and after an hour's pull reached the opposite bank at peep of day, whence I rode into Malda (twenty-four miles); and I hereby warn any incautious traveller who may be approaching this station that it is known by the name of "Ungrezabad", or English bazaar. Not knowing this, and asking always for Malda, I was deluded into an unnecessary circumbendibus of six miles, and might innocently have crossed the Mahanudi, had not an enlightened citizen in fine muslin and shoes undeceived me.

I reached the station at about 9 a.m. The country is strikingly beautiful, and though I suffered as to distance by my mistake, I gained greatly, I imagine, in the picturesque, as the road along the bank of the river is in parts exquisitely pretty.

SIX

SECOND VISIT TO DARJEELING— JOURNEY CONTINUED

It was with no little pleasure that I found, on my arrival at Darjeeling, that the celebrated Doctor, now Sir Joseph Hooker was there also. He was staying with Brian Hodgson, who had a charming house at Darjeeling, and was engaged in his usual pursuits, of which I shall presently speak. The following account of Mr. Hodgson is taken from Hooker's Himalayan Journal:

Mr. Hodgson—Scientist

"Mr. Hodgson's high position as a man of science requires no mention here; but the difficulties he overcame and the sacrifices he made in attaining that position, are known to few. He entered the wilds of Nepal when very young and in indifferent health, and, finding time to spare, cast about for the best method of employing it. He had no one to recommend or direct a pursuit, no example to follow, no rival to equal or surpass; he had never been acquainted with a scientific man and knew nothing of science except the name. The natural history of men and animals, in its most comprehensive sense, attracted his attention; he sent to Europe for books, and commenced the study of ethnology and zoology.

On Tuesday, April 10th, I made an excursion with Dr. Hooker to the Runjeet river, a distance of about eleven

miles from Darjeeling, and 6,000 feet lower. We started at 9 O'clock, on foot, passing Leebon, or Alibon, as the natives call it, where is a very promising estate belonging to J. Grant, and, two or three miles further, Ginga village, where there is a temple and numerous posts of piety, long wooden poles with an unveiled wicker basket at the top, and a pendent streamer of common white cloth. The poles, streamers, and flags appended are very common.

Blood-thirsty 'Pepsa'

But the torment of the place was a diminutive animal of the genus musca, well known in these regions, and designated by the title of "Pepsa"—a blood-thirsty and sanguineous creature of insatiable appetite and untiring voraciousness.

If you are bullied by a common fly you can drive him away for a minute or so, though he will return; but this little winged being irrepressible, like the ghost of Anchises.

You see him hovering right in front of your eye, suspended in mid-air by a delicate poising of his liliputian wings, with fixity of purpose and steadiness of aim that is quite appalling. You hit at him hard with your hand or glove, or other appliance. He must be annihilated, or, at least, swept away. Not a jot! the moment your hand has passed there he is in the same spot, with the same dogged determination, positively fixed in the air, and clearly with his mind made up for a human supper; and in another moment, when you least expected it, he is sucking warm blood out of your nose, or your chin or hand, like a vampire; and if the humours of your body are in any measure peccant, you may make up your mind for a case of pain, inflammation, and swollen flesh.

They say, when you are in for it, you had best allow the little blood-sucker to do his pleasure without interruption, and he will then reimbibe the "virus" with his modicum of blood, and spare your all unpleasant results. It may be so, but he is a bad little fly, and not to be encouraged. I returned the next morning to Darjeeling, and rejoiced greatly in the cool breeze.

The Lepcha

The Lepcha deserves a few lines of description. Considered physically, he is a very pleasant species of the genus homo. In countenance Mongolian, or pyramidal, with oblique China-sloping eyes, prominent cheekbones, short nose, large in the jowl, without beard, a mirthful, laughter-loving countenance, low stature, good legs—unwashed, and in smell unpleasant.

SEVEN

CALCUTTA ONCE MORE

Early in November the steamer 'Bentinck' reached Calcutta with my wife and eldest daughter on board, a joyous reunion after eighteen months' enforced separation.

Feelings on such occasions are not to be described, so I will pass them over and revert to facts, I went on board to receive the precious freight, and in an hour or so we were all settled in our house in Chowringhee Road.

My wife had brought with her an English maid, who, while in my sister's service in England, had attended on our children and been most kind to them. She lived with us for many years afterwards, securing our sincere regard for her faithful and affectionate conduct.

It was not long before we entered once more on festive experiments. Our first tableaux, which I have already described as taking place during our brief residence in the Post-office, had been so successful, and so many of our friends persuaded us to give another entertainment of the kind, that at last we resolved to do so.

My wife and I had some years before gone to a fancy ball, given by Lord Hardinge, in the characters of "Rebecca and Isaac", and her costume had, as I have already mentioned, attracted great admiration. This suggested to us the novel *Ivanhoe* as one of the stories best suited for the new style which I had before introduced in the case of the *Talisman*. We determined, therefore, on its selection. Our eldest daughter, from

her fair complexion and luxuriant golden hair, was admirably calculated for Rowena, while my wife in her former dress of Rebecca was beyond criticism. So we set about it with vigour, and were rewarded for our exertions by general and enthusiastic approval.

In the midst of these pleasant associations, however, my mind was not content, for I felt conscious of stagnation in my official life. I had for some time past been disappointed at the little encouragement afforded by the Bengal Government, and somewhat disgusted at the transparent manoeuvres by which my elaborate report on the reform of the Postal System was ignored, and the re-organization placed in the hands of another. I made up my mind, therefore, to retire from the appointment, and return, when opportunity offered, to the regular line of the service.

Sunday—Holiday for Postal Employees

One of the few pleasing incidents connected with my official duties as Postmaster-General was the success of my efforts to obtain for the numerous clerks employed in the department the comfort, if not the luxury, of cessation from ordinary business on the Sunday.

During the latter days of our stay in Calcutta, Dr. Hooker, whom I had met in Darjeeling, returned, and was a frequent visitor at our house.

At the time of our tableaux, Sir Herbert Maddock had left Calcutta, and had been succeeded by Sir John Littler.

The departure of Sir H. Maddock was much regretted by many who had enjoyed his hospitality.

EIGHT

JUDGE AT ARRAH

Shortly after the events recorded in the last chapter, the judgeship of Shahabad having become vacant by the departure to England of Mr. H. Brownlow, I applied for the appointment. The application was successful, and, after packing up our movables, we left Alipore, and took a room at Spence's Hotel in Calcutta, preparatory to our departure.

It was there that our eldest daughter once more met Mr. Gordon Young, who had some time before been struck by her beauty and accomplishments; he made her an offer of marriage, which after some days, when we had left Calcutta and were staying at Hooghly, she accepted.

Our journey on this occasion was accomplished in our own barouche. Our party consisted of our daughter, an English maid, two bird-cages, my wife, myself, and a little dog (Tiny) which I had just purchased, and which afterwards deservedly became an unrivalled pet; and as we only stopped at nightfall to sleep at the dak bungalows on the road, nothing worthy of notice occurred.

We recognised the old spots where we had stopped years before, during my tour as Postmaster-General. Parrisnath mountain, the Barrakar river, the hot wells at Burkutta, and other notable places; but we missed, somewhat selfishly I fear, Gobind Banorjee and his quiet tattoo!

Turning off the high road at Sherghotty, we again went to

Gya, where we stayed a few days with a Monsieur Chardon, who was then living in the house of our friend Robert Hodgson, who was himself on duty in the interior of the district; thence we proceeded to Patna.

Here we arrived late in the evening, and not wishing to inflict so large a party on any of our friends, went to the dak bungalow. George Gough, then the Commissioner of Patna, had asked us to a dinner-party, but on our pleading fatigue, with true Anglo-Indian consideration, he sent us some pleasant contributions from his table to supplement the dak bungalow's everlasting fowl and curry.

The next day, after confabulation with the Goughs, we started for our own station, Arrah, going by invitation to the house of a friend, Mr. Travers, the collector of the district.

At Moneer, on the road between Patna and Arrah, there is a remarkable and somewhat idiotic piece of sculpture called the "Sydool", and at a little distance a handsome Mahmedan temple.

The Sydool is an indescribable monster, who is crushing or embracing a broken elephant between his fore-legs, as if it were a puppy. His under jaw is broken off, and the elephant's head and trunk have disappeared.

About six miles upon this side of the Arrah station, we reached the Soane, a noble river, then without materials for crossing, but since spanned by a splendid railway bridge a few miles from the station.

M. Travers, the Collector, had kindly asked us to stay with him until we could make permanent arrangements for our residence; but his house being under repair, he had pitched three comfortable tents in his grounds for our accommodation, one of which was occupied by my wife and myself and Tiny, the other by our daughter and English maid, the third by servants and dogs.

The weather at that season of the year (January) was as it always is, deliciously cold and invigorating, but not excessively so, enlivening the spirits and increasing the appetite; sunshine in delightful moderation, enough to warm and enliven, without an approach to roasting; the air balmy but still; life thus spent, partly in tents and partly in the open air, was truly enjoyable.

Author Copy

Not long after our arrival, Mr. Travers left Arrah, and was succeeded by Mr. Edward Lantour, a friend to whom we owe our adoption of homoeopathy, which, both for ourselves, our children, and grandchildren, we have systematically retained up to the present day.

In looking back at the peaceful days of our residence at Arrah, so soon to be followed by disaster and peril, I can recall no public adventure or incident worthy of notice; private and domestic events, however, were not a few.

One of my principal amusements during leisure hours at Shahabad, was the cultivation of a very pretty flower-garden, situated at the edge of a spacious tank, on the side of which was a Mahomedan mosque.

Every year this tank presented a striking scene. On a particular festival, the Chundum Jatra, a crowd of women, dressed in garments of bright and varied colours, assembled at dawn of day and cast small fruits and vegetables—the first fruits of the season—into the tank, they themselves standing, some on the steps and some in the water, presenting altogether a beautiful and impressive scene.

One special and rather interesting incident is worthy of record, the struggle between crow and man, to which I referred in my early chapter on crows. I here subjoin the anecdote as it was written by me at the time, just after witnessing the scene:

“Some days ago (in November) we sent for some Nuths, a species of gipsy, that we might witness their skill in crow-catching. It was well worthseeing, being a regular contest of wit between the two bipeds, ending, however, triumphantly in favour of the human species.

“The mode of operation is extremely ingenious. A circular net, in the form of a scarf, being about two feet wide and twelve long, forms the trap. At one end a stout wooden pin, which divides the net into two equal portions, is fixed firmly into the ground. The entire net is then disposed in a circle, stretching from either side of this peg, the lower edge being in several places fixed into the earth by a pressure of the hand, while the upper edge rests on the ends of five or six light sticks or wands, with notches at the extremity to receive the edge.

These wands are laid on the ground, their ends all diverging towards the centre of the circle. The ends of the net opposite the wooden peg are brought together and connected with a single rope, which stretches to a distance of twenty yards or more.

“The whole apparatus is then sprinkled over with loose earth, so that nets, sticks, and connecting ropes are all concealed. Now commences the trial of skill. All the men who have been employed in the preparation of this cunning and guileful trap move off to a considerable distance, and take up their position watch the event.

“One of the party goes in an opposite direction, also at some distance, and taking with him an earthen pot of rice, sits down and commences eating. The ground in which this drama was enacted before us was full of crows, and it was amusing to see how cautious and knowing these sagacious birds were, at first one or two only alighting near the man and his rice, and that at a respectful distance.

“After eating, or pretending to eat, and that in a most natural way, and tossing a few grains of rice on either side, just as natives do, up got the man, and moved some yards off, but not the least in the direction of the net. By this time a few more of these cautious birds had come down; the same scene was repeated, and the crows, apparently encouraged by the few grains they had picked up, as yet with impunity, and gaining confidence very moment, increased in numbers.

“The cunning trapper, after tacking about in a zigzag direction, and each time sitting down and keeping up the farce, at last entered the circle within the net, ate once more, emptied his pot in the centre, and then walked rapidly to the peg.

“By this time the feathered victims, confident and unsuspecting, were bolting the scattered rice within the fatal circle, when the man, reaching the peg, but never looking behind him, turned short round, and taking hold of the rope, gave a sudden and vigorous pull. In a moment the upper edges of the net, which were resting on the notched sticks, closed together, while the other edges remained on the ground, and seven individuals of the *Corvus Bengalensis*, victims of misplaced confidence, were struggling in its folds.

"The device was complete, and the style of performance inimitable.

"A single twist to each wing rendered the poor dupes helpless, and the Nuths, pocketing a bukshish for reward of their performances, went their way rejoicing, and doubtless relished a hearty supper on the carcasses of their victims."

NINE

SASSERAM

Sasseram is a town situated off the trunk road, and is remarkable for a most picturesque Mahomedan temple built on the edge of a spacious tank.

It is the headquarters of the subdivision of that name, is situated on the grand trunk road, and is principally noted as containing the tomb of the Pathan Sher Shah, who conquered Humayun, and subsequently became Emperor of Delhi. The name Sasseram, or Sahsrām, signifies one thousand toys or playthings, because a certain Asur or infidel, who lived here, had a thousand arms, in each of which was a separate plaything.

A rather remarkable individual was, at the time of our visit, the principal resident at Sasseram. This was Shah Kubeerood-deen Mahomed, familiarly known by the name of the "Yellow-hammer," from the colour of his attire.

He possessed considerable interest among the Mahomedans of the neighbouring district, and was at all times in frequent communication with the British. He was a great chess-player, and was very proud of having played several games with Miss Eden, when Lord Auckland, on his tour to the North-West Provinces, passed through the town. He showed with great pride a ring which the Governor-General had presented to him.

I took occasion, at one of our interviews, to draw his portrait in the usual yellow dress.

Among other "lions" at Shahabad was a small Turkish bath, which was supported by a grant from Government. More, perhaps, from curiosity than any other motive, I committed myself on one occasion to the managers, and went through the aqueous ceremonial. The following memorandum was written just after I emerged from the waters:

"Few people know that at Sasseram there is a most excellent hot-bath establishment, or 'humam'. This formerly appertained to a Mehomedan charitable endowment, and was, till latterly, supported by an allowance of fifteen rupees a month.

"The grant has now been withdrawn, and the proprietors depend on the custom they get from unwashed or dirty travellers. It is an excellent little bath, clean and well conducted, and to those who do not object to be kneaded, to have their backs cracked, to be inverted like little McStinger, pummelled, pulled, and otherwise unceremoniously maltreated, by a steaming and violent little fat man, who is the head operator, the refreshment is great. You come out smooth and shiny, like a snake. Indeed, the amount of skin you leave behind you is humiliating, though decidedly beneficial."

It was on the occasion of one of those excursions that I noticed the curious growth of the banyan and peepul tree, with the palm rising from the centre. The combination is of specially frequent occurrence in the Behar district, and on the occasion of our visit the peculiarity inspired one of our party to write the following jeu d'esprit:—

Why for sailors is public affection
Most clearly displayed in Behar?
For there you may see in perfection
The People embracing the Tar.

The Fort of Rhotasghur

One of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Sasseram, is the fort of Rhotasghur. Dr. Alexander Duff, in his letters written to the Rev. Tweedic, during the mutinies of 1857, thus writes regarding Rhotasghur:

"On the 17th instant the fort of Rhotasghur was at last taken possession of by our troops. This fort lies on the west

of the district of Shahabad, between the river Sone and Benares; Arrah, late the scene of tragic disaster, and ultimately of glorious victory, lying to the east of the same district.

"The position of Rhotasghur, which figures alike in Hindu and Mahomedan history, is most commanding, and might be rendered impregnable. It stands at the height of 1,000 feet, on a spur or promontory of the hills that shoot out from Central India, and then look down abruptly on the great plain of the Ganges, with the river—one running under a vast precipice on one side of it, and another washing it on the other side before its junction with the Sone; while on the third side is a deep ravine clothed with impenetrable forests and jungles, the only available access to it being by a narrow pathway along a steep acclivity of about two miles.

"It is now in a shattered and ruinous condition, with only the remains of vast battlements, temples, and palaces.

"Since the outbreak of the great rebellion, it has been occupied by Amar Singh and other rebel chiefs, with their hordes of armed followers, as a central rendezvous and from it parties have ever and anon been sent forth to the country, and especially to plunder and cut the telegraph wires along the grand trunk road which passes within sight of it. Besides the dispersion of the rebel hosts congregated there, its possession at length by our troops is of no small importance, as regards the keeping open the line of communication between Calcutta and Benares."

At the time we visited the celebrated hill, it had acquired no celebrity of the nature described above, but it was always a most remarkable place, commanding a magnificent view of the Sone river and the country beyond, and full of interesting relics of the past.

The heap of stones is supposed by Buchanan to be the most ancient object throughout Rhotasghur, and may, in his opinion, if anything can, claim synchronisation with the hero himself, who was fifth cousin once removed from the sun. The building on the right is a temple, now in a state of decay, supposed to have been built by Man Singh; behind the tree on the left is the first of a flight of eighty steps which lead to the Chouri or seat of Rohitaswa.

Heaps of stones were the earliest commemorative structures.

This cave contains the tomb of a Mahomedan saint, and is a marvellous place. You descend from the edge of the mountain by a few winding steps (protected by a low parapet from a precipice of 1,500 feet), and creep in as you may, through a narrow aperture of masonry, just large enough to admit a decently-sized man or woman. The vace itself is unpleasantly small, and the sensation when in it is much as if you were about to be buried; but when you clamber on to the raised platform and take a peep through the little window, the effect is startling. You find yourself hanging over a terrific precipice, which runs perpendicularly down to the plain below. The cave projects clean over this giant wall of rock, and I must confess that, spite of the beautiful view beyond, the blue hills and glittering Sone, I felt horribly sick and uncomfortable, and was very glad to get upstairs again.

This cave is also celebrated as "wishing cave", all reasonable desires formed in it being inevitably accomplished. One of our companions assured us that he had experienced its virtue in a very striking instance. My wife tested its power by wishing that the appointment of a cavalry cadetship, which had been given to us, might be changed to a writership, and the wish was granted, but through God's goodness and Mr. Butter-worth Bayley's kindness, and not by the power of the saint.

The view of Rhotasghur is very beautiful: the bright blue stream of the Sone and other rivers, which here unite their waters—the hills, range upon range, which close the view—the varied tints of the foliage in the valley below—the green, purple-brown sides of the mountain itself, running perpendicularly down—all these formed (as G. P. R. James would say), a coup d'œil of unparalleled magnificence and beauty.

The principal temple is decorated with so many and strange objects in bas-relief. There are very few on any of the other temples.

Among the ordinary social events which occurred in 1853, was a gratifying visit from our friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. Tucker, who paid us a long visit. Mrs. Tucker was not only an artist, but a first-rate musician, who played beautifully on the harp. We had made her acquaintance a short time before, soon after her marriage with Mr. Tucker, an old friend who, on his first arrival in Calcutta, had stayed for a short time at our house.

Mrs. Lydiard, whom I have mentioned as my enthusiastic pupil at Darjeeling, also came to see us for a few days. Her husband was Assistant Adjutant-General at Dinapore, and took an active part several years afterwards in the Mutiny.

Mr. E. Lantour had succeeded Mr. Travers as Collector of Shahabad; a very able and intelligent public officer, but famous, above all things, for his knowledge of homœopathy, as I have before mentioned.

The wonderful effects of the medicines which he distributed on the occasion of a serious outburst of cholera, attracted the attention of all, and had the effect of entirely converting us to the system, which we have thankfully followed for the last thirty-five years, not only for ourselves, but our numerous grand-children.

One of the most remarkable modes of workmanship in the district is that of inlaying steel with gold.

The effect is extremely pleasing, but the curious thing is the wonderful skill with which the workman, without any model, cuts out the ornamental pattern, and knocks in the hard gold wire, from his own design. There are several specimens of this among my collection at the India Museum.

During our sojourn we went out for a change of air for a few days, on board a yacht of the Doomraon Rajah's, and one of the numerous sketches I took was a group of the Mahomedan crew at their devotions on the deck.

During one of our rambles, we saw at a village called Museer, about six miles distant from the town of Arrah, some ruins and places of worship, belonging both to the orthodox and heterodox; the place had been probably dedicated to religion from a very remote period.

Immediately west from the village is a heap of bricks, extending about fifty yards in every direction, and still of considerable elevation.

It is attributed by tradition to the Ban Asur, mentioned in the historical notices. On the highest part I found projecting the head and upper part of the body of an image, larger than the human size, said to represent a celebrated infidel, on which account the people pelt it with bricks.

All are certainly afraid of this image, and it is said that a

man who made an attempt to dig the figure out, had been punished for his temerity by sudden death.

Parisnath Image

Parisnath is the great deity of the Jeins, and is always represented, in a sitting posture.

The following curious anecdote will give an idea of the sanctity of his person. I give it as described at the time:

December 5th—A strange incident was brought to my notice this morning, and one which exhibits in a very striking way the superstition of the Jeins. A Mahomedan fakir of very ordinary appearance and humble pretensions, who described himself as a Mudaree, and who had only arrived at Arrah a few days before, discovered under the ground a small brass figure of "Parisnath", the idol of the Jeins' worship. The wealthy merchants of the town, who are all Jeins (Serawaks or Ugarwalas), when they were informed of the discovery, hurried to the spot; and when they saw the little figure, and found by inspection and measurement that it was a genuine "Parisnath", they commenced bidding against each other, from a rupee upwards, until the offer reached two hundred rupees. My jemadar, who is always on the look out for curiosities on my behalf, informed me of the fact, and I sent for the man, who had taken up his temporary abode close to my house.

He came, but did not bring the god, and, on being questioned, declared he had thrown it into the tank.

I insisted, however, on seeing it, and the man, encouraged by my assurance that I merely wished to see it, went back, and returned shortly afterwards with the figure for my inspection. It was a little coarsely-cut idol, standing, with the curly locks and long ears of Buddha, and perfectly naked, with no attempt at concealment. He said that they had offered him two hundred rupees, but he should stand out for five hundred, "and", he added, "they will give it!"

I afterwards sent for a Jeypore stone-carver, who is in the employ of some Jein merchants, and questioned him as to the circumstance. He said he had measured the idol and found it correct, that all such images are made according to a fixed and unalterable standard of proportion, and that the eager anxiety

displayed for possession of the little foundling was owing to the belief that its accidental discovery, in such a place, is an augury of extraordinary good fortune. The bargain is not yet concluded, and I shall be curious to know the result.

December 17th—The sequel of this tale is diverting. The fortunate finder of the deity, relying on the superstitious zeal of the Serawaks, refused all their offers, and stood out strongly for four hundred rupees; and at last, not finding that his terms were accepted, he adopted a device which, in the end, defeated his purpose. By the counsel of some over-wise advisers, he tied a leather thong round the idol's neck, and, taking it through the public streets, he beat it openly with a shoe—the greatest indignity that can be offered even to a mortal, but much more to a god, and that a god of the Jeins, to whom leather, being the hide of a dead animal, is an especial abomination.

The scheme failed. "Ambition had over-leapt itself, and fallen on the other side." The Agurwala's spirit was roused, and they all agreed not to give a farthing for the desecrated god. They were in earnest, and kept to their purpose; the consequence was, the deluded "Mudaree" was glad to let me have it for a rupee.

December 19th.—More last words. The whole affair has just been discovered to be a trick. An imagemaker, it appears, had given the image, the work of his own hands, to the fakir, for the express purpose of taking in the devout Agurwalas.

The whole story of the discovery was a pure and unmitigated lie, and deceit has met with its just reward.

The idol is duly installed in my museum.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S OFFICIAL VISIT

In 1854, Mr. Halliday was made Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and not long after the appointment he intimated to me his intention of paying an official visit to Arrah.

But in the meantime a sensational incident had occurred in Calcutta, which had created no little excitement.

A letter had appeared in the Calcutta Englishman, under the signature of Mr. F. Courtenay, the private secretary to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, bringing grave accusations against Mr. Halliday. This letter, written by an officer in Mr. Courtenay's position, and widely circulated with the concurrence, or, at all events, without the interference, before or after, of the Governor-General, was, I need hardly say, the subject of universal comment. Just at this time Mr Halliday had announced his intention of paying the Patna district an official visit, and Mr. Dampier, my predecessor in the Commissionership of Patna, on reading the letter in the paper, wrote to me to say that, after such an exposure, he could, on the occasion of the Lieutenant-Governor's visit, have nothing but the most formal communication with him, especially as the conduct disclosed by Mr. Courtenay was the same in character as that he had himself experienced at Mr. Halliday's hands.

The event was embarrassing; but as we could scarcely believe that such a grave accusation was altogether unanswerable, and understood, further, that Mr. Halliday denied the

charge, we resolved not to allow our demi-official reception of him to be affected by it, until, at least, we received further information.

Due preparation, therefore, was made for his arrival. He came, saw, and examined everything and, as previously arranged by letter, he attended a public meeting, conducted by me, with all the display which elephants, flags, and horsemen could give, for the purpose of laying the first stone of a charitable dispensary which I had organised and for the erection and establishment of which I had received from the wealthy natives some 25,000 rupees.

The exhibition went off with great eclat. I had the presumption to make a public address in Hindustani, and was answered by Mr. Halliday in English, with great impressment. He was dressed in full official costume, and, with his cocked hat in his hand, he launched out with eloquent and enthusiastic commendation of the scheme, and emphatically exclaimed, with uplifted arm, "Honour to Mr. Tayler, through whose influence this benevolent dispensary has been organised", &c. &c. A silver trowel was then given to him, and with becoming ceremonial the first stone was laid.

After his departure, he wrote to me the following notes in expression of his satisfaction at all he had witnessed:

"Tilothoo, 29th January, 1855.

My dear Tayler,

"You have my thanks for the Oordoo speech, which I thought very good, besides admiring the pluck you displayed in undertaking the speech. I don't care much about making harangues in my own vernacular, but I am not sure that I would have undertaken to discourse to a large assembly in 'The Moors', as you did.

"I was much pleased with all we saw and did at Arrah, and particularly satisfied to observe the influence which you have acquired over the minds of the people.

"Yours sincerely,

"FRED. JAS. HALLIDAY".

COMMISSIONERSHIP OF PATNA

On the 20th April 1853, I received the following letter from Mr. Halliday, which will explain itself. Very shortly afterwards, Mr. Dampier left Patna, and I proceeded at once to take charge of the office:

"Alipore, 20th April, 1855

My dear Tayler,

"I have written to Dampier to come down as early as possible.

"He is, perhaps, somewhat unwilling to move just yet. But this unwillingness will doubtless give way when he knows that the public service requires him here. Should he move earlier, I shall appoint you to act till Stainforth arrives, which may be some time. You are at liberty to communicate with Dampier on the subject."

"W. Tayler, Esq."

"Yours sincerely,

"FRED. JAS. HALLIDAY".

On obtaining the appointment of Acting Commissioner, I proceeded at once to Patna, making over charge of the Judge's office to my successor.

It was not without regret that I left a place which for five years had been our peaceful and pleasant residence, where we had made many friends, and in which our first-born daughter

had been married, and in which we first received our eldest son on his arrival in India; but all minor sentiments were absorbed in the satisfaction experienced in my new appointment, and, after the necessary preparations, I took my departure, in the everlasting "palkee", and, after the usual number of semi-soporific hours, arrived at my destination.

No preparation having been made for my permanent residence, I took up my abode at the circuit-house, a public building appropriated on such occasions to the use of erratic officials.

The society at Patna at that time consisted of the following members: Mr. Garrett, Mr. Halliday's brother-in-law, was the Opium Agent, in charge of the splendid godown where all the opium of the great province was stored; Mr. Wilkins, the Judge, with his wife and two daughters; Mr. Ainslie, the Magistrate; Dr. Dickens, the Medical Officer, with his family, Major Nation, Commandant of the Mounted Police, or, as they were facetiously called, the National Guard; John Bardoo Elliott, a retired civilian; Mr. King, the Deputy Opium Agent, with others connected with the department; Lord Ulick Browne and Villiers Palmer were assistants.

No particular events had occurred for some months, during my bachelor residence; the time had passed in the quiet enjoyment of friendly intercourse with my neighbours, especially with Dr. and Mrs. Dickens, while at the same time constant communication was kept up with my friends at Arrah.

One rather painful event, however, subsequently occurred, which, as it led to some after-consequences, and was in itself connected with some sensational occurrences, I will here relate.

Revolt in Arrah Jail

I had left, as may well be imagined, not only several valued friends, but many other objects of interest at the station (Arrah) where I had lived so long and happily.

With all these objects of interest before me, I was glad of an opportunity of visiting my old station, and on receiving an invitation from Mr. Boyle, I took up my quarters at his house, intending to spend a few days at the stations, and personally

assist in the preliminary arrangements connected both with the school and dispensary, as well as to hold consultation with some of the residents and leading natives, for many of whom I entertained a sincere regard. But my visit was not destined to be passed in tranquillity.

One day when I was sitting in the drawing-room with Mr. Boyle, Dr. Harrison, the Medical Officer of the station, rushed into the room—breathless and excited—and told me that he had just narrowly escaped with his life, having been attacked while in the jail by the prisoners; that, fortunately, some of the nujeebs (police) being with him with loaded muskets, had in self-defence fired at the assailants, which enabled them to escape without further injury, and that several of the prisoners had been shot. He added that the whole body of the prisoners were in a state of furious excitement, which had spread to the prisoners who were employed outside, and who having pick-axes and long-handled spades in their hands, might cause serious mischief.

It was an awkward crisis; but I resolved at once to return with the excited Doctor to the jail, and see matters for myself.

Unfortunately, I had no arms, and the only weapon Mrs. Boyle, in the absence of her husband, could find, was a single pistol unloaded, while ammunition there was none!

Taking the pistol, however, for appearance sake, I started off with Harrison towards the jail. We had not proceeded many yards before we overtook a large body of jail-birds, marching along with rapid strides, in a state of obvious excitement, their large spades sloped over their shoulders, and their heavy chains clanking on their feet; they occupied the entire width of the street, so that, unless they all moved aside, our buggy could not pass. The position was awkward and dangerous, and it cost me a minute's reflection before I resolved on my action. By staying a short distance behind, we were, of course, perfectly safe, as chained men must move slowly, and could not suddenly approach us; but I could not consent to appear alarmed by their presence, though the horse on, and calling out loudly, "Furuk jao, Furuk jao!" ("Out of the way, Out of the way!") drove swiftly up. The men at once gave way, separating to each side of the road, though with angry gestures and frowning looks. Directly I had passed, I pulled up, rather to Dr. Harrison's

surprise, and jumping out of the buggy walked back to them rapidly, as if nothing was the matter, and, raising my hand, called out to them with loud and imperious voice, "Beitho" ("sit down"). This plan, I must here mention, suggested itself to me from what I had read somewhere in connection with a former jail emente, viz., that in any contest with fettered prisoners, the one important object is to induce them to sit, as in that attitude no sudden movement is possible to legs in chains.

The men, apparently overawed, and having no time to think, obeyed my orders. I then asked them what they were all excited about. They told me of some grievances, when, after listening, I promised them that, if they would go to a certain building which was near, and remain there, I would myself go to the jail, inquire into the truth of their complaints and then come to them again.

The men consented, rose slowly but sulkily, and took themselves off to the building pointed out. It was a great point gained, for this party consisted of the strongest men in the jail.

I then went to the jail. The principal door was opened, but directly the men inside saw me, they set up a savage howl, and approached the entrance in a state of tumultuous passion.

To remain would have been madness, so I had the door shut, and took time to consider what steps it would be desirable to take. The uproar continued with little intermission, and large stones, with broken pieces of timber, were constantly thrown over the large body of infuriated men might, in spite of their chains, eventually succeed in effecting their exit, and, if this were done, the result would be appalling; the night, which was fast approaching, would be the time of danger; so I summoned all the respectable natives, official and non-official, with the police darogah and his myrmidons, and established a complete circle of defence, placing posts with lamps at certain intervals on all sides, with small parties to watch and report whatever happened. I then sent for one or two tents, which were pitched at a short distance, and afforded shelter to the English gentlemen, for dinner, supper, and sleep. Thus the night passed, without any dangerous denouement, and the interior howling became less.

Next day I continued to communicate with the ruffians, by writing to them on small pieces of paper, which I had wrapped upon stones, and I managed by a little ingenuity to sow dissen-

sion between Hindoos and Mussulmans, representing that the rebellion was caused, for their own purposes, by the latter.

Meanwhile I had sent for the renowned Koer Singh, the powerful landholder, who was afterwards driven into rebellion by the shortsightedness of the Bengal Government. He came readily, and with him I entered the jail. We stood at the door, and called aloud for the leader. The man, a grand if not, a noble fellow, of great strength and stature, recognised the Baboo, and by his order told the rest of the prisoners to keep at a distance. He then came forward, listened to the Baboo's persuasions with respect, but finally said that he had not sufficient influence with the rest to stop the excitement. We then retired, and after another day, finding that no cessation took place, and being aware that several of the prisoners had been seriously wounded on the first day by the nujeebs' fire, I resolved to send for a detachment of the military from Dinapore.

On their arrival, we all went to the jail, Drummond the Magistrate, myself, the Doctor, and others. When we had fairly entered, the spectacle was horrible. Several corpses were stretched on the ground, while other men, seriously wounded, were groaning with agony.

This, however, was the finale. The leaders were discovered and arrested. I harangued the rest of the body, and peace was restored.

Not long after this, I received the following letter from My. Halliday:

"Mr. dear Tayler,

"I have received the order of the Government of India to nominate 'three acting extra judges'.

"They will retain their substantive appointments and draw (I suppose) an acting allowance. The appointment will hardly be as valuable as a Commissionership. Nevertheless I should have offered one of them to you in consideration of the high character as a judge given you by the Sudder Court, had you not informed me that, if circumstances would permit of your being appointed Commissioner of Patna, you would prefer being so appointed.

"The removal of Brown enables me to appoint you

Commissioner of Patna, which I shall immediately do. It is, therefore, needless to incur delay for the form of offering you an appointment.

"Which you have already told me you do not prefer to the Patna Commissionership.

Believe me, &c.
"F. J. HALLIDAY".

I need scarcely say what satisfaction this letter gave me, and with what gratitude I received the appointment.

After some months, my wife returned from England, bringing with her our three younger daughters and our second son, Graham.

I had obtained the particular appointment which I most desired. My dearest wife had returned from England, after her anxious labours, in health and spirits, with our three remaining daughters. Both our sons had obtained appointments in the Bengal Civil Service. We had secured a charming house; the districts were full of our friends. All was peace and pleasantness. Present and future were couleur de rose.

How this state of things was suddenly changed—how the petty jealousy of two or three individuals, acting on the weakness of the Lieutenant-Governor, converted peace and comfort into strife and suffering—how all my zealous and enthusiastic efforts for the good of the people, and subsequently my measures for the preservation of the district, were misrepresented and misunderstood—will form the subject of a separate chapter.

TWELVE

EDUCATION OF THE MASSES

As the first unfortunate disagreement between the Lieutenant-Governor and myself arose from circumstances connected with my proposed system of national education, I will here give the particulars of the controversy, which is intimately connected with the whole subject of my administration at Patna.

The story is a strange and painful one, and, from its peculiar incidents, will necessitate some detail in the narration.

The general subject of national education, which, I rejoice to see, is at the present day again attracting attention in influential quarters, is one which must ever excite interest in those who look to the regeneration of the Indian people, and I may, therefore, hope that the narrative I am about to give, though, perhaps, tedious and uninteresting to some, will not be altogether devoid of attraction to my other readers.

I had not been a month in the office when I began to direct my attention to the large and important question of Native education.

The Government scheme, under the Director-General and the local Inspectors, had just been extended to Behar, and its introduction had not been attended with happy consequences.

I perceived, or fancied I perceived, the errors of the system, and the hopelessness of progress. I stated my views, suggested a plan of my own, which I thought more likely to succeed that plan was highly approved, and the educational machinery in the province of Behar was, as a special arrangement, and with the

concurrence of the Director General of Public Instruction, placed under my direction and control.

At the same time I brought to the notice of Government what my intimate relations with the Natives, and my personal observations, had made patent to me, viz. that there was a deep and growing dissatisfaction and excitement throughout Behar, particularly among the Mahomedans, arising from the suspicions with which several measures of the Bengal Government, and especially those connected with education, were contemplated.

The scheme suggested by me was a scheme of industrial education, of such a nature that no suspicion of ulterior purpose on the part of Government could be excited; while, at the same time, the obvious practical benefits comprised in the plan were such as to secure the confidence and approbation of the people.

It involved, however, the absolute necessity of liberal assistance from the opulent natives, and my intention to solicit such assistance was openly laid before Government, and as openly had been munificently responded to by some of the large landholders, and success appeared certain.

But the notice which the work attracted and the eulogies it had elicited were displeasing to a small knot of individuals at Patna. Jealousy, that greatest of little-nesses, was aroused; a system of secret opposition and private slander was gradually organised; a marvellous tale was coined and circulated, representing me as exercising "compulsion" to procure subscriptions, and causing excitement and "dissatisfaction" thereby Mr. Halliday—who, though always able, was, as testified by his special friend Mr. Samuells, "always weak", thinking it possible that something might have occurred which would entail censure upon himself, and suffering at the time under the caustic pen of the supreme Government, one member of which was supposed to take great satisfaction in criticising his measures, at once (as it were, to make all safe for himself) issued a proclamation, which, by professing not to approve of my subscriptions which were not "wholly spontaneous and disinterested", gave the lie to all, not only that I had said, but to all that he, and hundreds of others, from the Governor-General downwards, had been saying and doing for the last half century.

The most extraordinary part of this proclamation was, that

if the subscribers had any idea of pleasing the authorities, of gaining any credit to themselves, or of obtaining the favour of Government by their subscriptions they were very wrong!

To the purport and sentiments of this proclamation, I, as in duty bound, resolutely and unreservedly objected. A long and exciting correspondence ensued, which ended in a formal protest made by me to the Governor-General in Council, in which I complained that Mr. Halliday had stultified the chief officer of the province by the issue and promulgation of sentiments which were at least, to use the mildest term, inconsistent with his own words, writings, and actions,—a fact of which I possessed and still possess the most unanswerable proofs.

Thus much it is desirable to state in this place, as it explains the fact of Mr. Halliday's anxious desire to effect my removal from Patna on the eve of the Mutiny.

That he had committed himself, painfully by this proclamation, he must, after a time, have become conscious; that I should battle out the question on principle he must have known; and that if he persevered in his novel purism on the subject of subscriptions the whole scheme would inevitably fall to the ground, was self-evident.

My removal, however, from the Commissionership would, of course, simplify matters. There was no one likely to take interest in my educational scheme, which would consequently die a natural death. No questions would be asked, and future discussion would be avoided. And thus it happened that, at the very outset of the Mutiny, I found myself acting under the orders of a Governor who had the strongest personal interest in securing my removal from Patna.

To prove that this is no mere surmise, I must here mention that some days after our first alarm, in May, I was informed, on good authority, that my removal from Patna was contemplated. On this, I wrote a demi-official letter to Mr. Beadon, then Secretary to the Governor-General.

My Dear Beadon,

I feel myself in such a very peculiar position that I do not hesitate to waive the usual restrictions of etiquette, and write these lines to represent the state of things, which at a grave crisis like the present, ought I think at once to be made known.

There can be no doubt that the charge and management of the province of Behar, at this moment, is one of no little responsibility and importance.

Everyone looks to me for orders, advice, and instructions.

Information is daily sent me, not only from outside alarmists but public officials, containing serious matter, and showing that, in spite of all my efforts to re-assure people's hearts, there is a general and deep-seated alarm, throughout all the district, and that no one trusts a black man in any shape.

The whole English community at Tirhoot have demanded protection, as they believe the people will rise and the Nujeebs mutiny.

All Buxar and Shahabad, as I mentioned, fled like sheep the other day, and flocked into Dinapore. The materials at my disposal for protecting others are themselves objects of distrust. Wake begged me not to send Sikhs, others equally fear the national guard, and thus general mistrust and excitement render the position of all dangerous in the extreme.

Richardson of Chuprah writes that the whole country opposite his cutcherry on the Ghazeepore Doab, and the people of all the districts to the west of Chuprah, are in open revolt. All this, you will admit, forms a serious state of things, a state which may, and please God will, subside into security, if properly dealt with, and I am quite game to handle the province if I am allowed to bring all the means at my disposal into play, and am known and felt to be paramount.

But here is the screw. In the midst of all this I hear, though not from the Lieutenant-Governor himself, that I have been, or am to be, removed to Burdwan. As this has been told to me, I doubt not it has been told to others, and will soon be bruited about. On what ground this removal is to be made God knows (though from the fact of Mr. Garrett's unfounded attack upon me I can guess), but putting aside all personal consideration, I deem it my positive duty to protest against any weakening of my authority or prestige at the present moment, when life, property, and all our dearest interests are at stake. However, I may, in the estimation of some, have sinned by enthusiasm in a great cause no one doubts the extent of my influence among the natives, or their regard and respect for me, and I think I may appeal to all in the division, official and non-official, covenanted

and uncovenanted (always excepting the small knot which has maligned me), for the assurance that, at this trying moment, I have their respect and confidence, and from my knowledge of the native character, my personal acquaintance and intimacy with so many of them, and the notorious fact that I have always striven to prevent any interference with their religious and social customs, I am in a position peculiarly suited to carry this great and now restless province through this present crisis.

This is not the time for false delicacy or mock humility, and what I say I say under a deep and solemn sense of the gravity of the case.

The Lieutenant-Governor is too much inclined, I fear, to make light of the crisis. He says, "It is inconceivable that the troops should mutiny in the face of the European force", and yet there is no doubt whatever that a matured plot for a rise was laid and barely staved off the other day.

Loot and outrage are raging up to the edge of our districts, and there is nothing but the police of the country to oppose them. The Rajahs, all at my request, have sent men to aid the authorities, and the moral effect throughout the district, of such support and good feeling of the landed proprietors, is, at this time, most valuable but the Lieutenant-Governor tells me not to accept it.

I mention this merely because I think it of national importance that the danger should not be made light of. I am, perhaps, too much the opposite of an alarmist, but in such a strife, which hundreds are intriguing to make general, too great confidence is folly.

I have expressed the same sentiments to Mr. Halliday himself, and am, therefore, not wrong in expressing them to the Governor-General. But however this may be, I consider it my duty to all as well as myself, to demand that if I am to be removed, I may be removed at once, and not left with an aggrieved heart and a paralysed authority, to preserve a whole province, keep hundreds of English in heart, and provide for every variety of difficult dilemma.

If I am not to be removed, I pray that the report may be authoritatively contradicted.

I consider that I have been so unfairly treated by the Lieutenant-Governor in the late business of the Industrial

Institution, that I can no longer reveal my feelings with confidence. Did this matter affect me only, however painful, mortifying, or unjust it might be, I would not have presumed to intrude upon his lordship. As it is, with the lives and safety of hundreds in my keeping, I dare not hesitate to lay the matter before him.

Mr. Beadon's reply to this letter showed, under the decorous cloak of secretariat euphemism, that my information was correct, and that my removal to another Commissionership had been contemplated; but that Mr. Halliday's purpose was, for the time at least, frustrated by an interference, which was evidently the interference of the Governor-General, and on public grounds not other than flattering to myself.

As I have ever since that period lived in the hope that the principles then suggested may yet be carried out, I will here give a brief sketch of the Industrial Institution, as projected by me, and submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor:

Memorandum

I need scarcely remark that there are two distinct objects (this is, of course, under the belief that all Christian education is prohibited) to be aimed at in the great work of education in India; and though these two may be more or less linked together, as time advances, and leads knowledge in its train, at present they are separate, and must be separately treated.

These two objects are—First, the provision of instruction which may qualify men for the distinctions of scholastic attainment, the pure enjoyments of knowledge, or the more material advantages of public service; secondly, the education of the people.

For the first, which is a special work, directly affecting the few, but in no way touching the mass (save to rivet their chains and render their darkness darker by contrast), provision, though as yet imperfect, has been made, and is daily being extended, in the establishment of English schools and colleges.

All that is required to bring the thirsting few to these fountains, is to make the schools systematic channels of preferment in the public service, and in college or university distinction.

But the great work of national education, which has millions for its subject, must be achieved through the language already familiar to those millions.

To a certain extent motives of self-interest may, in this work also, be brought into play, as indeed they have been in this province, by making education, as far as possible, a necessary passport even to the lowest grade of service.

But even this still leaves the nation untouched and it is the general uplifting of the entire mass which philanthropy desires and justice demands at our hands.

It is to be feared that, if instruction is confined to mere book-learning, the effort thus to secure the advancement of the people, if not altogether vain, will, in Behar at least, be a work of centuries.

It is idle to expect that the poorer classes will allow their sons to leave their daily occupations, and thus incur a certain immediate loss for a prospective benefit which they neither understand nor believe.

Doubtless, a certain number of schools may be established by zemindars, and maintained through their influence, and the influence of the local authorities; still, unless we carry with us the sympathies of the people themselves, there can be no sure or permanent vitality in these schools, and the end will be, that, immediately the external influence is withdrawn, the schools will fail.

Thinking deeply and anxiously of these things, it has appeared to me that, if a system could be brought into play which would combine book-instruction with practical education in industrial pursuits, the deadly obstacle presented by the apathy and indifference of the mass might be removed, and, with this idea, after much deliberation, I have ventured to propose the plan which is now about to be carried into effect.

Before entering upon the details of this scheme, I would observe generally that the great object aimed at is to place before the people a system of instruction which, while it brings out to a certain extent their moral and intellectual faculties, will, also, and at the same time, afford a direct and tangible object on which those faculties may be exercised, and thus to let them learn and feel that the knowledge they acquire is not an immaterial or speculative acquisition to bear fruit or not, as the

case may be, at some indefinite future time, but the source of immediate and direct benefit to them in their necessary and daily pursuits; in short, that they are not required to sacrifice the stomach to the brain,—thus, when the son of the carpenter, farmer, or blacksmith, asks to receive instruction in his trade, I would give it him, on condition that he also learn to read, write, and cipher, and make himself master of, at least, the rudimentary principles of his peculiar trade.

There is nothing much more saddening than the sight of a few intelligent but unwilling pupils, conning over a humdrum and barren task, with neither hope nor interest, with no recognition of the advantages to be gained, and no faith in those who bewilder them with an unintelligible philanthropy.

Nothing could be more hopeful and interesting than a course of the same lads, each impelled by attachment of familiar studies, and stimulated by the prospect of real and recognised advantages, acquiring daily skill in practice and daily knowledge of principles, the foundation of future advancement.

I am hopeful that such a system, carefully organised and liberally carried out, will be successful, that it will remove the great obstacle that has hitherto been the stumbling-block in our way, and supply the great motive which moves the world.

The scheme, moreover, as now projected, has this further advantage, that in thus instructing the masses in the various industrial arts, and bringing the whole intellectual man into play, another end will be accomplished, viz. the development of the resources of the country, and a general improvement in the important science of culture and production.

Two great works will thus go hand in hand, and mutually support and aid each other.

It is also so arranged, that every class will have an interest in the work, from the wealthy rajah to the destitute orphan, while its catholic and comprehensive character is such as at once to refute the objections of the bigoted religionist, to put the opposing fanatic out of court, and shame the cavils of all idle objectors.

Furthermore, it will go far to re-establish the natural union between study and work, to give labour the honourable position which it ought ever to occupy, and by the contact of mind with

mind, the constant sight and study of scientific results, the occasional gatherings of all classes of people and frequent succession of new objects of interest and inquiry, it may, in course of time, rouse the apathetic spirit of the people, and raise their minds to higher and to better things.

Having made these general observations, I will now briefly touch upon each department of the scheme.

Agriculture

Without entering at length upon the much-mooted question, to what extent the rural economy of Europe is adapted to an Indian ground and Indian climate, it is, I imagine, safe to assume that the present system is susceptible at least of some improvement. It is safe to assume that the skill, the science, and the researches of the West, which have of late years been brought so effectively to bear upon the great question of productive industry, must be, to some extent at least, applicable to India, and that there is no peremptory law or inherent speciality in that portion of the broad bosom of our mother earth which basks under an Indian sun to render in an exception to the rest of the world.

I cannot believe in what some people have called the "immutability of Indian habits."

I cannot think that nakedness, dirt, and ignorance are to be the eternal destiny of millions.

I cannot think it necessary that the Indian plough should only "scratch the surface of the ground;" that the bullocks, whose unhappy tails are twisted by a naked ploughman, should always be bare-boned and ill-begotten, or that the ploughman himself should be always naked or "half-clothed with a cotton cloth"; that crops should for ever depend on the accidents of weather, and no one dream that husbandry is a science, or that knowledge and study have any connection with the earth or its products.

The object, then, of this department of the institution will be to disseminate scientific truths; to introduce new products; to test by experiment such of the more obvious of the plans and improvement as have been found eminently successful in

Europe, and as may appear in the eyes of cautious and experienced people to be applicable to Indian farming; to direct the attention of the zemindars, farmers, and agriculturists to these products, plans, and improvements, and to induce them to adopt such as may be found to answer, or to offer fair promise and likelihood of success.

If nothing else were to be gained, it would be no little matter to have excited the interest of the landholders and people, and to have roused a spirit of inquiry.

The native mind is well able to appreciate the results of scientific experiments when made palpable to the senses, and the farmers of Behar will not be slow to adopt what is proved to be profitable.

I have no idea of attempting to force upon the people an artificial system of high farming, with its elaborate appliances and doubtful results; but I feel very sanguine that the gradual and judicious introduction of better ploughs, threshing-machines, and similar aids to industry, will be eminently useful.

Cattle

The improvement of the breed of cattle is a matter of practical utility and speedy results.

A few English bulls have, at various times, been introduced into these districts by individual gentlemen, and the greediness with which clandestine interviews have been contrived by the cow-keepers, has proved how fully they understand the value of superior stock.

The half-breeds which have sprung up from this illicit intercourse are now eagerly sought for, and purchased at high prices.

This will form a regular branch of the institution, and I anticipate the hearty co-operation of the great landlords, indigo-planters, and others in the work.

Whether any satisfactory results are likely to be attained by endeavours to improve the breed of sheep. I cannot venture to predict; but the subject will form matter for careful inquiry and experiment.

Questions have been circulated, through the collectors of the

districts, to all those who are supposed competent to supply information on this subject, and much valuable information has already been collected.

Vernacular School

The primary object contemplated in this school is the instruction of the sons of the middle and lower classes in useful knowledge—knowledge that will aid them in the pursuits of life, give them rational subjects of thought and inquiry, and qualify them to protect their rights and fulfil their destinies as reasonable and intelligent beings.

To this end I propose that all instructions should at all events for some time, be conveyed through the medium of the languages to which they are accustomed, viz. Oordoo and Hindee.

At first, therefore, the teaching will be confined to reading, writing, arithmetic, and moral training; after a certain time, elementary education in the more useful sciences can be added, and the standard raised, as the pupils progress.

My expectation is, that all those who enter the Institution with a view to instruction in the several branches of practical manipulative art, will also gladly take advantage of the instruction provided in the school, and with the view to combine both kinds of education. I would allow them during one portion of the day to attend the several industrial departments and during the other portion to receive instruction in the school. Arrangements will be made for providing accommodation for all pupils who may come from a distance, on payment of a reasonable rent.

The studies which may be subsequently introduced will be carefully considered in consultation with the Director of Public Instruction and the officers of the Education Department.

One of the uses of the museum will be to aid this school, by placing before the eyes of the boys such objects as in the study of natural philosophy, may be mentioned or referred to.

With this view, the masters will be allowed, under certain restrictions, either to take articles from the collection, or to bring the students into the museum, at stated times.

As I consider physical activity and the development of the

bodily power of infinite importance, I propose to set apart a piece of ground for a gymnasium and play ground, and, if possible, to encourage the students to avail themselves of both, and thus acquire manly and active habits.

Library

In forming a library, my plan will be to purchase at once a few standard works on the principal arts and sciences which appertain to the several branches of instruction in the institution, i.e., agriculture, farming, natural philosophy, agricultural chemistry, &c.

This will form the nucleus of a collection which may, by purchase and donation, be hereafter indefinitely extended.

I would, in the same way, buy a small collection of useful Oriental works, with the same anticipation of future addition.

The library, like the museum, will be open on certain conditions to the students of the school, and to such of the public as may be qualified to profit by the use of the books.

I have little doubt that valuable and extensive donations will be made by the friends of education, as the institution becomes known, and I should hope that the Government would contribute copies of any works that may be at their disposal.

Industrial Department

The manipulative dexterity of the natives has ever been a subject of admiration and eulogy, and the wonderful skill displayed in the imitation of European workmanship, even with the most coarse and common tools, is a never-failing source of wonder to the intelligent and observing.

This fact, admitted by all who most differ on other points, has led many to the conclusion that improvement of the tools, patterns, and modes of workmanship would not tend to raise the standard of work.

There is some truth and much error in this conclusion.

It may be very true that the native, whose body is as supple as a worm's, and who has inherited a readiness of squatting

from fifty generations—who can pick up a hammer with his toe, and hold a plank between his feet as firmly as in a vice—may not work any better with upright back at a bench, and may be embarrassed if debarred the use of his nether fingers; but this is no reason that sharper chisels, stronger saws, and more scientific modes of workmanship will not tend to still greater precision and rapidity of execution; that the constant inspection of good models with instruction in the principles of design and the elements of form may not (at least in some instances) give the mere servile imitator a higher and more enlarged capacity.

On this principle I intend to establish workshops of every kind, and while I obtain from the hands of the artisans employed all the works required for the establishment, I shall also endeavour gradually to introduce better tools and a better system.

Orphan Asylum

The organisation of this institution will afford an excellent opportunity for the establishment of a charitable orphan asylum.

The object of this asylum will be to provide food, shelter, and sound practical instruction to as many orphans and destitute children as the funds will admit of, and it is believed that such an establishment will offer an appropriate channel for Christian charity.

If the majority of English residents in the districts within this division consent to aid this scheme, even by a small monthly contribution, an ample provision may be made for hundreds of children who would otherwise be brought up to misery, starvation, or crime.

The proposal is that a certain number of cottages should be built for the accommodation of the children, that they should receive suitable food and clothing under proper superintendence, and, when their ages admit of it, that they should obtain instruction in the several departments of useful knowledge adapted to their capacities, and thus become useful and contented members of the community.

Such an establishment will be a token to the world, that in

the midst of our abundance we are not unmindful of the children of affliction, while at the same time the systematic devotion of the funds to a specific object will secure a greater amount of practical and permanent good than any separate or isolated efforts of benevolence could possibly achieve.

I must not omit to point out that, with an institution of the character above indicated, with every description of instruction available, with workshops, farm, schools of industry, agriculture, and art, a library and museum for reference and illustration, the whole establishment sustained by a liberal income, and each department efficiently supervised—a machinery will be in existence admirably adapted for training up a body of teachers in every branch of general knowledge and useful industry, to meet the demands of the Education Department. Schools are now being established by the rajahs and zemindars under my superintendence in all the districts of the division, and it is of the utmost importance that teachers should be trained to undertake the management of them.

A central normal school might be established in connection with this institution, and if stipends be offered to the candidates while under instruction, and an assurance be given that, on their obtaining a diploma, they will have a preferential title to employment, this desirable end will be secured, and a body of men may eventually be sent out, qualified to teach either in common vernacular schools, or in branch industrial schools similar to the parent establishment.

On the occasion of the Lieutenant-Governor's visit at Patna in August, 1856, his Honour had recorded these memorable words:

"The establishment of village schools in their zemindary, which, by the judiciously used influence and encouragement of the Commissioner, is about to be undertaken, or has already partly been entered upon, by certain great zemindars in Patna, Behar, Shahabad, and Chuprah, is of the highest importance. I thoroughly agree with Mr. Tayler, that it is of infinite moment to enlist on the side of vernacular education all powerful and influential zemindars of the province of Behar, and to have done this will be, on Mr. Tayler's part, one of the greatest services to the cause of education that could possibly be rendered, and will redound to his credit in all parts of the province."

And again: "I congratulate Mr. Tayler on the great field he has before him, and on the excellent spirit in which he is beginning to work upon it. I augur nothing but credit to himself and benefit to the people from the gradual development of his plans and purposes. I would transmit a copy of this paper to Mr. Tayler as the best evidence that I do not lightly consider his exertions, and that I desire him to advance and prosper."

Under the general and unmistakable encouragement thus publicly given, and after further lengthened correspondence, I commenced my undertaking, and, guided by the example of past times and the open and avowed support of the Lieutenant-Governor, did not scruple to exercise that reasonable influence of recommendation, approval, and gratitude, which ever had been and ever must be, employed before a single rupee can be obtained from a native of India, which Sir F. Halliday himself had openly exercised on many occasions, and which he had publicly and enthusiastically approved and lauded before the assembled public at Arrah, as before stated.

Three or four years after this discussion the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal was anxious to build a college at Patna, the very city in which the public had been informed, by the official proclamation of Mr. Halliday, that "if they gave their money with any reference to the wishes of Government, or with any idea of gaining fame or credit for themselves, they were very wrong, and Government would give them no assistance".

How did the Lieutenant-Governor of 1864 act up to this formal and public exposition of the views and principles of Government promulgated in 1857? Let the following notification issued by Mr. Cockburn, the Commissioner, under the express sanction of Mr. Beadon, supply the answer.

Notification

Patna, February 28, 1863

The local committee of public instruction in Patna, with the sanction and approval of the Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, propose to endeavour to raise funds for the construction of a college at Patna, for the benefit of the people of the province in general. Already some liberal and

enlightened native gentlemen have come forward with liberal support to the scheme.

It is estimated that a building suited to the object in view could not be erected for less than 80,000 rupees, of which sum Government will contribute one-half, provided that the other half be subscribed by the wealthy and influential gentlemen of the district.

It is intended that the college should be a conspicuous and interesting structure, built, if practicable, on a large open space, so as to be visible on all sides.

It is also intended to have the building of a kind that would be at once an ornament to the city and an object of general interest and attraction (like the Benares College), on account of its exterior architecture and interior decoration.

The halls of the college would receive the names of the chief donors, and the names of all the subscribers who contributed not less than 2,500 rupees would be cut on marble slabs and placed in conspicuous parts of the building, to perpetuate the names and titles of the numerous persons who may subscribe liberally towards the erection of the college.

The Honourable the Lieutenant-Governor has already conveyed his thankful acknowledgments to Siud Wilayat Ali Khan for a donation of 5,000 rupees; and no doubt the Government will view with equal pleasure and satisfaction any similarly liberal contributions made by other gentlemen for the promotion of the highest branches of education in Behar, and their names will be duly submitted for the information and orders of Government.

(Signed)

J. SUTHERLAND,
SECRETARY, L. C. P. I.

The reader will not fail to perceive that this official proclamation not only professes to endeavour to raise funds, i.e., by solicitation, but also holds out beforehand, as an inducement to the natives to subscribe liberally, that the halls of the college would receive the names of the chief donors, the names of all the subscribers who contributed not less than 2,500 rupees (£ 250) would be cut on marble slabs, and placed in conspicuous parts of the building. Thus adopting the precise inducements which Mr. Halliday had condemned, recognising the

identical motives, which had been before ignored, and proffering the very assistance which Mr. Halliday had declared should not be given.

The thorough absurdity of this flat contradiction by one Lieutenant-Governor of the public views so emphatically set forth in the same district by his predecessor, did not, however, escape the notice of the then Commissioner, Mr. G. F. Cockburn, and that gentleman, remembering my treatment by a former Government, wisely took precautions to save himself from similar risks.

When the notices were received, Mr. Cockburn thus wrote to the secretary of the committee at Patna:

MY DEAR,

I have received a supply of the printed papers. In order to make all quite sure in regard to the Government intention and approval, I will send one copy on Monday to Government, with request that I may be authorised to give 5,000 rupees from the Durbhunga estate, which Forlong and I have recommended, as the young Rajah's credit will be kept up by being one of the foremost to support so worthy an undertaking and on receipt of the Government reply, I will move energetically; but at first I want to be cautious, in case I am thrown overboard hereafter as Tayler was!

It was during this painful and embarrassing crisis that the Mutiny broke upon us: the Lieutenant-Governor annoyed, and prejudiced by the calumnies of others; I myself deeply hurt and indignant at my treatment, feeling conscious that in all I had attempted I had been actuated by conscientious motives. With the sole desire of doing good to the people within my jurisdiction, by securing the benefits of practical education on the principles set forth, I had devoted myself enthusiastically to the organisation of the scheme, thereby entailing upon myself a vast amount of additional daily labour. Supported by the great body of respectable people, English and Native, I little dreamed that a small knot of cavillers were traducing me behind my back, and poisoning the mind of the Lieutenant-Governor, who at a distance of 400 miles, and engrossed by other subjects, had in fact no means whatever of ascertaining the truth.

quent events which occurred during the progress of that terrible movement, and which culminated in my summary dismissal.

The somewhat peculiar circumstances under which I was appointed Commissioner of Patna have been fully related in a former chapter, and do not require any further exposition; but before I proceed to a narrative of the events which led to the controversy regarding my administration, it may be advisable to give very briefly a general idea of the district, and specially of the great city, its previous history and antecedents and its condition at the particular period when the controversy arose.

The City of Patna

The city of Patna was one of the largest in India, being six miles in length, and containing more than 3,00,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom were Mahomedans, and, a fact which was of infinite importance, it was the headquarters of the fanatical sect called Wahabees.

The author of the celebrated red pamphlet which was published in Calcutta during the first days of the rebellion, and was so frequently quoted in Parliament during the earlier discussions, thus wrote:

"It may be easily imagined that, with a rebellion incited, fostered, and kept up by Mahomedans, a city in which men of that religion formed a preponderating class, must be an object of no ordinary anxiety. From the days of Meer Kasim Ali, Patna had always been a rebellious city. Even so lately as 1846, the Mahomedan nobility had endeavoured to take advantage of our balanced fortunes on the bank of the Sutlej; what might not be expected when our own native troops had spontaneously, apparently, revolted, and when our European troops lay scattered and beleaguered all over the country, and, in fact, the question which, not private individuals only, but secretaries to Government also, asked themselves when news of the revolt of the half of India reached them, was this, Why has not Patna risen?"

The above spirited and faithful passage will give the general reader a correct idea of the city and district under my

immediate control, and enable them to estimate the extent of my responsibility, and the perilous character of my duties.

During the first few days of reported disaffection in other parts of India, I indulged the hope that from my intimate acquaintance with many of the leading native gentlemen, and the influence I had obtained over them, Patna might possibly escape the contagion of disaffection which had been unmistakably exhibited in the upper provinces, and in some of my earliest letters I had expressed this hope to the Lieutenant-Governor.

Mr. Halliday, also, had treated the affair with comparative indifference in his communications with Government and myself; his instructions to me were to write to him a line each day, adding, "the less fuss the better."

But this unwise confidence was soon dispelled—the state of feeling in the surrounding districts of my Commissionership gradually became disturbed, and the actual condition was thus described in a letter written by me to the Secretary to the Supreme Government on the 17th June:

"There can be no doubt that the charge and management of the province of Behar at this moment is one of no little responsibility and importance.

Everyone looks to me for orders, advice, and instruction. Information is daily sent me, not only from outside alarmists, but public officials, containing serious matter, and showing, that in spite of all my efforts to re-assure people's hearts, there is a general and deep-seated alarm throughout all the district, and no one trusts a black man in any shape. The whole English community of Tirhoot have demanded protection, as they believe that the people will rise and the Nujeebs mutiny."

And this state of undefined alarm, for which there was but too much ground, was shortly after confirmed by an event which showed beyond doubt that awful danger was at our doors.

Alarm at Patna

On the morning of the 17th of June I received a letter from the Assistant Adjutant-General at Dinapore, informing me that there was excitement in the lines, and warning me to be on my guard. On this I gave notice to all the residents, who, with

their families, children, and servants, assembled at our house. Towards evening Major Nation, who commanded the police, came to me with a letter which had been given to him by one of his men, to whom it had been delivered by two sepoys from Dinapore; the man, being providentially loyal, gave it to his commanding officer, who at once brought it to me. The letter was addressed by the sepoys at Dinapore to our police, telling them that they were coming down to Patna that night, and begging them to be ready with the treasure! My feeling of horror may be imagined! The police were our only protectors. Had such an attack taken place, the massacre of every Christian would have been inevitable but, through God's mercy, the catastrophe was avoided. The misdelivery of the letter prevented the deadly purpose from being carried out, and at 4 O'clock in the morning Captain Rattray arrived with his regiment, and we were saved!

What were the feelings of my wife and myself for some hours may be imagined; we alone, besides Major Nation, were aware of the fact. Had the letter been delivered to the man for whom it was intended, the attack would have taken place, and a massacre, awful as that at Cawnpore, would have ensued.

This critical event, so mercifully over ruled, at once opened my eyes; it was obvious that there was an understanding between the regiments and our police, and such a fellowship doubtless included some at least of the citizens.

I at once, therefore, resolved to make rigid and searching inquiries, to ascertain as far as possible the extent of disaffection, to investigate the character of the leading citizens, and more especially to watch the doings of the Wahabee fanatics.

I had at the earliest moment written to tell Mr. Halliday of the startling discovery made, and fully expected in reply an earnest injunction for the adoption of all necessary measures for our safety, which I was myself prepared to undertake in the confident belief of the Lieutenant-Governor's hearty sanction and encouragement.

My letter was written on the 8th, the day after the occurrence narrated; to my utter bewilderment I received his reply, dated the 13th saying that "he could not satisfy himself that Patna was in any danger," and that "the mutiny of the sepoys was inconceivable!"

Precautions Taken

I did not, however, waver for moment. Mr. Halliday was 400 miles distant, telegraphic communication had become uncertain, every Christian life was at stake, and moments were too precious to be wasted in remonstrance or argument.

The measures, therefore, which I felt to be essential, and which my intermediate inquiries had helped me to ascertain, were at once carried out. I disarmed the city as far as possible, forbade the citizens to leave their houses at night, and, what was of most importance, placed the Wahabee leaders in precautionary confinement in a bungalow not far from my house.

The particulars of these proceedings, including the important but semi-comical scene accompanying the arrest of the fanatics, are described in detail in 'the Patna Crisis', but are too long to be here inserted.

Riot at Patna

Shortly after, malgre Mr. Halliday's assurance, a serious emeute occurred in the city, and an English officer was barbarously murdered, but the riot was quelled by the aid of the Sikh soldiers under the command of Captain Rattray; on the following day, the principal actors in the movement were traced and arrested by the native Deputy-Magistrate, Dewan Mowla Buksh, a Mahomedan officer of conspicuous loyalty—since decorated with the Star of India—and, when the preliminary proceedings had been completed under his direction, the prisoners were committed, and after trial and conviction by myself and the magistrate, under the special powers committed to us, the leading rebels were sentenced, some to death, and others to imprisonment. One other trial was held after this. A trooper of Captain Rattray's regiment was convicted of aiding the escape of a notorious rebel, and was sentenced to death and his accomplices to imprisonment.

Mutiny of Dinapore

Shortly after these occurrences, namely, on the 3rd of July, notwithstanding Mr. Halliday's confident assurance that such an

event was "inconceivable", the Dinapore regiment mutinied, and escaping unhurt, arrived at Arrah. The officials of Arrah took refuge in a house, where the mutineers, aided by the celebrated landowner Kooer Singh, besieged them. Patna, in consequence, I may venture to say, of my precautions, remained, during the excitement, quiet and undisturbed.

The Slaughter of English Regiment

Some days after these measures had been carried out, I persuaded the General at Dinapore to despatch a body of the English regiment from Dinapore to the relief of the garrison at Arrah. This was done, but, owing to painfully bad management, the detachment was over-powered and beaten back, with fearful slaughter.

The scene of their return was witnessed by my wife and myself, and I cannot resist transcribing the account of it from the eleventh chapter in the Patna Crisis, as I think it may be found interesting:

"After several hours of anxious expectation, the steamer hove in sight; as she neared the shore, every breath was held in excitement; an unusual stillness first attracted the notice of the spectators; no waving hats, no cheers, no sign of exultation. Down they came, steamer and flat, dull, quiet and ominous; all seemed to feel the weight of some heavy disaster, and, when the vessel made for the hospital, instead of coming onwards to the usual moorings, the feeling became certainty.

Never had I witnessed, God grant I never may witness, so harrowing a scene, too dreadful to forget, far too dreadful to attempt to describe with any minuteness.

Of that gallant band of 400 men which had left the shore in bright array, and in assurance of victory, but a few hours before, 180 had been left dead on the field, several officers were no more, almost all the survivors were wounded!

The scene that ensued was heart-rending; the soldiers' wives rushed down, screaming, to the edge of the water, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, despondency and despair were depicted on every countenance."

We returned to Patna in a state of mind which may be imagined, taking with us Mrs. Boyle, the wife of Vicars Boyle,

then in the garrison. An hour afterwards I received a letter from a Mr. Bax, a civilian at that time accompanying Major Vincent Eyre, then at Buxar.

Major Vincent Eyre

In this letter Mr. Bax informed me that Major Eyre proposed to march down to Arrah with a view to rescue the garrison, and asked my advice, as Commissioner, on the subject.

In my reply, looking at the disaster which had just occurred, and of which Major Eyre was evidently ignorant, I suggested that as he had only 150 men in his detachment, it might be more prudent to drop down in his steamer to Patna, and then with some additional men, who I thought I could obtain, march up to Arrah.

This letter, containing only my advice, from a civilian to a civilian, I sent open to the General at Dinapore, that he might pass his own orders.

Meanwhile, contemplating the terrible condition of the outlying Christians in the Province, and carefully considering their utter helplessness in the event of Major Eyre's defeat, I called in the officers from the two stations of Gya and Mozufferpore.

A few days afterwards Major Eyre's glorious victory, and the relief of the Arrah garrison was announced, and Mr. Halliday, accusing me of "panic", dismissed me from my appointment. This subject will be dealt with more in detail in the following pages.

And now, having reached the period of the controversy which followed the events described, and being sincerely desirous of avoiding all unnecessary unpleasantness, I think the most simple and unobjectionable mode of dealing with the whole question, will be, first, to place on record all the charges, great and small, which the Lieutenant-Governor at the time recorded to my prejudice, as justifying my summary removal from the high office which I held, and then to exhibit the evidence recorded on the opposite side, on each and all of the points referred to.

THE CONTROVERSY

At the period of the great rebellion and mutiny of 1857, I was the Commissioner (the highest executive officer next to the Lieutenant-Governor) in charge of the large and important province of Patna.

Removal from Commissionership

After three months of painful excitement and sensational events, Mr. Halliday, then the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, alleging that I had committed an error of judgment, "under the influence of panic", summarily removed me from my high post; and subsequently, to support and justify this act, prepared and submitted to the Supreme Government a catalogue of alleged sins and offences which he thought right to impute to me, thus subjecting me to disgrace before the whole of India, and placing me and my family in a position of pecuniary distress.

What I am now about to show is, that by unanimous and unanswerable evidence of every conceivable description, it has been clearly established, not only that all the accusations brought against me by Mr. Halliday are absolutely unfounded, but that, by God's mercy, I was on every point essential to the safety of the province and the lives of the Christian residents, correct in my discrimination of events, whether as connected with the character of the people, the purposes of the sepoys, or the general objects of the rebellious movement; and that I eventually secured the following results:

Firstly. The preservation of the important province entrusted to my charge, and the approval, admiration, and gratitude of all those lives and fortunes were at stake.

Secondly. That this general feeling of approval and gratitude was confirmed and corroborated at the time by the entire press of India, and the voluntary testimony of other competent witnesses in Calcutta and other parts of India.

Thirdly. That since that period events have occurred unmistakably corroborating the accuracy of my judgment on each and all of the points essential to the safety of the great province.

Fourthly. That the evidence recorded at the time by the whole body of the residents, and by the unanimous verdict of the Indian press, has since my return to England been strikingly confirmed by a marvellous accumulation of corroborative testimony.

The two great historians of the time, Kaye and Malleon, have warmly upheld my measures. The entire press of England has confirmed the verdict.

Fifty-eight members of Parliament, on both sides of the House, have memorialised the Prime Minister, praying that the "national disgrace" of my treatment may be removed, and public recognition made of my services, which they describe as eminent; and 174 distinguished officers and gentlemen, connected with or interested in India, have submitted another memorial to the same effect.

These memorials contain, among others, the names of Sir John Low, Sir Le Grand Jacob, Sir George Clerk, Sir Eardly Wilmot, General Colin Mackenzie, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Napier and Ettrick, Lord Mark Kerr, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Dr. Alexander Duff, and very many other celebrated statesmen.

In short, no single element of evidence is wanting, no further testimony is possible, to the facts of my successful administration, and to services which so many distinguished men have declared to have been eminent.

And yet I am still without redress. The return for my eminent service is abuse, vilification, heavy fine, and public dishonour; and this in the 19th century, and under a Christian Government. This is my "grievance", which, if a bore

to others, has not been a cause of particular pleasure to myself.

The Indictment

Sir Halliday submitted a report to the Supreme Government, containing sundry other charges, and eventually, on the 17th March 1858, prepared an elaborate indictment, which sent home for submission to the Secretary of State, who had succeeded to the position of the Court of Directors.

As in all probability there may be some of my readers who will grudge the time and thought required for mastering all the facts of the controversy which has ensued on this subject, I shall endeavour to present in as brief a form as possible, and at the commencement will first show concisely the pleasant portrait drawn of my character, my position, and my acts, by the Lieutenant-Governor, with certain supplementary attributes suggested by the gentleman whom he appointed to succeed me.

First, then, in regard to my position. Sir F. Halliday officially declared that there was "no danger at Patna."

Secondly, as regards the Dinapore sepoys, that the "mutiny was inconceivable."

He then proceeds to delineate my character, and describe my actions as below:

1st. The sole danger of Patna was caused by my "violent and unwise proceedings."

2nd. That I "lent myself to a thirst for reckless bloodshed."

3rd. That I sentenced and executed men who were not convicted of any crime.

4th. That I kept under arrest "innocent and inoffensive gentlemen against whom there was no cause of complaint."

5th. That I made myself the tool of worthless and designing traitors.

6th. That I showed a "great want of calmness and firmness."

7th. That I interfered with the military authorities.

8th. That I concealed as much as possible my acts and intentions.

9th. That I was guilty of a "quibble."

10th. That I wrote "frequent orders to Major Eyre not to advance to the relief of Arrah."

11th. That I was under a "panic."

12th. That I issued a "disgraceful" order.

13th. And, finally, that I created universal scandal and discontent by my measures.

Beginning, then, with the two first positive statements, which, in truth, comprehend the whole question, as regards the state of Patna and my position, viz. that there was "no danger at Patna", and that the "mutiny of the Dinapore sepoys was inconceivable",—I would refer to the following two extracts of the Court of Directors.

"The most difficult position of all the local civil officers in the Lower Provinces during the period under review was that of the Commissioner of the Patna division. The district most exposed to danger when revolt had actually broken out in the N. W. Provinces were those subject to his authority: Mr. Tayler had, moreover, strong reason for believing that the large Mahomedan population of the city of Patna, and its neighbourhood, sympathised and were ready to co-operate with the mutinous soldiers. The magistrate of Patna reported, on June 28, 1857, that the greater part of the Mahomedan gentry of that place were more or less disaffected, and would probably rise had they the opportunity, but that they lacked the means of offensive operations; and the reports of the magistrates of adjacent districts show that there was a very general apprehension both of a mutiny at Dinapore and a rising at Patna."

Again:

"They (i.e., the narratives sent home by Government) show that, from the first, he took a correct view of the critical circumstances in which the districts of his division were placed, and that his measures for meeting impending danger were taken with great promptitude and vigour; an outbreak in the city of Patna, the provincial capital, where disaffection largely prevailed, was immediately suppressed, and the general peace of the division, throughout a season of great difficulty and peril, extending to the time of the mutiny at Dinapore, was successfully maintained by the efforts of the local officers, acting

under the constant advice and vigilant supervision of the Commissioner."

The annexed extract from Dr. Alexander Duff's work entitled 'The Indian Rebellion, its Causes and Results', is also to the point:

"All Calcutta knows with what trembling anxiety we were looking out, day after day, for the intelligence from Behar, and how all, except a few blinded officials, knew that Behar generally was ripe for revolt, and was saved mainly through the energetic but irregular extra-routine measures of one man... Mr. W. Tayler, the Civil Commissioner of the Province."

But first, I cannot resist the satisfaction of quoting the remarks made by the late Lord Derby in the House of Lords, at the same crisis.

Copy of Lord Derby's remarks in the House of Lords, 1857.

"Then there is another gentleman whose conduct has not received the sanction of the Government—I mean Commissioner Tayler of Patna, His conduct has been disapproved by the Government, but the papers appear to me to show that he had a more enlarged view of the crisis, a keener sense of the danger and a better idea of the remedy than the Government itself. (Hear, hear)."

LETTERS FROM THE REV. ALEXANDER DUFF, D. D.

My dear Sir,

Calcutta, February 18th, 1858.

I have to apologise for being so long in answering the note which you so kindly addressed to me on leaving Calcutta for Patna. Let me at once say that the delay has arisen from no want of sympathy with you or your policy—quite the reverse. I avow myself one of those who watched the whole of your proceedings during the terrible months of the crisis, and noted them with unqualified approbation. According to the current phrase, I regard you as "the right man in the right place, and at the right time", and now that your own narrative of events sets forth authentically the whole of your doings, and the reasons by which you were guided, I can only say that I have risen from the perusal of your narrative and correspondence with my feeling of approval and admiration vastly enhanced.

You have recorded your views of the nature and origin of the great revolt or rebellion. They are views to which I was led, in substance at least, to give expression as far back as May last. Need I say, then, how thoroughly, how intensely I accord in them? You have, I believe, hit the very truth, and for the manly Christian courage which has enabled you to embody them in writing. I for one not only honour you, but with my whole heart thank you. By so doing you have rendered an important service to the cause of truth and righteousness in this land; and when the days of a crooked, selfish, patchwork policy—a policy, too, as shortsighted and ruinous as it is selfish—are numbered, you and others who, like you, have honestly tried to probe the grievous national sore to the bottom, in order that it might be more effectually healed, must rise to the surface and be borne along by the approving plaudits of the wise and the good.

After all this, I need scarcely add that I regard you as a thoroughly ill-used man. Writing to an influential friend in Scotland the other day, a friend who is sure to make use of my remarks, I could not help saying, that if there was a man living who deserved the honour of British knighthood at the hands of his Sovereign, that man was Mr. Commissioner Tayler. But instead of this, what shall I say? Indeed, words fail me to give expression to my sense of the unmerited indignity which has been offered to you.

But, my dear Sir, your narrative shows that you have learned to put your trust in the God of Providence, and that you are not ashamed to own your faith in Christianity. In this I rejoice more than I can tell you, and I am sure, sooner or later, in your case, the gracious assurance will be verified—"Them that honour Me, I will honour". Cheer up, therefore, and wait God's good time for deliverance.

Yours very sincerely,
ALEXANDER DUFF.

Major Nation, commanding the Local Battalion at Patna.
September 2nd, 1857.

I cannot help expressing to you my extreme regret that Government has seen fit to remove you from your appointment.

Your energy and coolness were producing such good effects, that I, and many others, thought that these provinces were entirely indebted to your exertions for having been kept quiet so long.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rowcroft, commanding 8th N.I. Dinapore.

September 5th, 1857

I consider the zealous, active, and energetic performance of your arduous duties mainly contributed to the tranquillity which prevailed in the city of Patna and the districts around throughout the three very critical and anxious months of May, June, and July.

I shall not, I imagine, be considered unreasonable if I venture to hope that the above evidence (though only a portion of what I hold) expressed and placed on record at the time by all classes of the community, by men directly interested in the safety of the district, and more or less intimately acquainted with the circumstances, is a little more valuable and conclusive than the opinions formed by a single individual, however great his ability, or exalted his position, and this more especially when such individual was himself at a distance from the scene of action.

The sudden transition in Mr. Halliday's mind from high and flattering admiration to unsparing and unmitigated censure of all my doings, and the abrupt change in Mr. Samuells from warm and sympathising friendship to deadly enmity, are both of them phenomena of the same character, sufficient to form subjects of investigation by the students of "occult science".

Mr. Samuells—The Next Commissioner

And here I am tempted to say a few more words regarding Mr. Samuells.

I am anxious, for many reasons, to make as much allowance as possible for the strange and unexpected course he pursued.

Mr. Samuells was not only a public officer of repute, possessed of considerable ability and bearing a high character, but he was also personal friend of mine; and though he had for

many years past been a special protege of the Lieutenant-Governor, he had not scrupled, to express in strong terms his disapproval of Mr. Halliday's proceedings and his unfair treatment of myself in the matter of the "Industrial Institution".

When he first reached Patna as my successor, his conduct was friendly, and I have a note now in my possession, in which he endeavours to persuade me not to resign, and expressed his belief that, after a short time, I should probably obtain a seat in the High Court.

Our intercourse, moreover, for some time during his incumbency at Patna, was pleasant and cordial, and we frequently held consultations on different subjects. His appointment I attributed entirely to the belief that he was the most able civilian available for the post, and had no idea of any personal antagonism arising from the arrangement.

What it was that suddenly converted him into a deadly and infuriated enemy, I could not at the time imagine, and it was only after the publication of the letter, which caused astonishment even to his friends, and indignation to all others save Mr. Halliday, that I found some clue to his exasperation.

The secret some time afterwards was disclosed. The fact is, that my sudden removal at such a crisis from an appointment in which I had, as has been clearly shown, secured the confidence and approval of the entire province, and the appointment of another officer who knew little or nothing of it, was in itself viewed with general disapproval, a disapproval immeasurably intensified by the addition of a Mahomedan law officer as an assistant to the new Commissioner.

This general feeling of disapprobation rapidly increased, and in a short time the papers teemed with articles and letters, some in grave terms of indignation, others in the shape of ridicule and satire.

These attacks evidently acted on Mr. Samuells' feelings, and latterly I was aware that his medical attendants had forbidden him to read the daily papers.

This state of things went on from bad to worse, till at length he, unhappily, worked himself up to such a state of irritation and wrath, that all his former feelings of friendship and good-will evaporated and his passion at last found vent in his extraordinary letter.

A Secret Foe

At the time the Mutiny first broke out, there was living at Patna an aged gentleman, formerly in the Bengal Civil Service, who had amassed a large fortune, and on retiring from office had purchased a house at Patna, and taken up his permanent residence at the station.

Unhappily, however, instead of utilising the position which his long official services and acknowledged ability would have made important and influential, he adopted a system of life which created universal regret among his friends and acquaintance, and caused petty scandal throughout the district.

Himself an avowed and ostentatious atheist, he made no secret of his opinions, and, as if to leave no room for doubt, he surrounded himself with a seraglio of native women, whom he established in cottages within the precincts of his garden, surrounded with a high wall, and assumed the life and habits of an Oriental, while at the same time he kept up, as far as possible, the acquaintance and society of his English neighbours.

When I first came to Patna as Acting Commissioner—my wife being in England, I was en gargon—so I called upon this gentleman, and held ordinary and courteous communication with him.

When, however, my wife and daughters returned from England, I could not consent to their entering his garden, as some of the other ladies did, not considering it, under the circumstances described, as a fit place for them to be seen in.

This resolution, after some little time, became known to him, and there were not wanting one or two who took a pleasure in giving prominence to the incident.

Unfortunately, the old gentleman himself regarded my scruples as a dire and unpardonable insult, and I was some time afterwards informed by one of the residents that he had been heard to say he would "leave no stone unturned until he obtain my removal from Patna."

The above facts I have given as simply as possible, omitting many subsidiary details which though calculated to excite indignation, are not absolutely necessary.

One circumstance, however, which came to my notice during the crisis of the Mutiny, I considered it right to report officially to the Government, as being of special significance, namely, that the principal lady of this gentleman's harem was a pupil of the notorious Wahabee traitor Molvee Ahmed Oolla!

And I must now explain that the object which has actuated me in making this unpleasant exposure, is simply to show that, for the reasons above stated, the individual referred to was my unscrupulous and bitter enemy, whose aim and object for many months was to misrepresent and distort my purposes and actions to Government, and thereby obtain the great object of his ambition—viz. my removal.

The Defence

And now, to place the whole question of my character and proceedings in an intelligible form, so as to enable the most careless or indifferent reader to form a judgment upon them without difficulty or doubt, I put the following questions:

1st. Was it true that there was in 1857 "no danger in Patna?" or, Has it not been unanswerably proved that Patna was the centre and focus of danger?

2nd. Was my position one of security and ease? or, Was it not—as officially declared by the Court of Directors—"the most difficult of all the local civil officers?"

3rd. Was the mutiny of the Dinapore sepoy "inconceivable" in the month of June 1857, when mutiny was raging throughout India? or, Was it not to be expected?

4th. Was Ahmed Oolla the leading Wahabee Molvee (as declared by Mr. Samuells, with the approval of Mr. Halliday), "an innocent and inoffensive gentleman?" or, Was he not afterwards convicted on judicial evidence of being a deadly traitor, and sentenced to be hanged?

5th. Was it true that there was no cause of suspicion against the Wahabees generally? or, Has it not been proved that they are the most dangerous, and deadly conspirators?

6th. Were Dewan Mowla Buksh, and Syud Wilayat Ali Khan deceitful traitors, who made me their tool for treasonous purposes? or, Were they not loyal and honourable men, aiding me at the risk of their lives, and have not both been decorated

by Her Majesty, one with the Star of India, the other with the Order of the Indian Empire?

7th. Did I "interfere with the military authorities?" or, Is it not proved that I scrupulously avoided all such interference?

8th. Did I show a "great want of calmness and firmness?" or, Is it not testified by all present that my calmness and decision kept all in heart?

9th. Did I write frequent and urgent orders to Major Eyre? or, was not the only letter I did write addressed to a civilian, who asked my advice?

10th. Did I ever advise Major Eyre not to advance to the relief of Arrah? or, Was not my advice to advance by another and more secure route and was not even that advice sent to the General for his orders?

11th. Was I guilty of a "quibble", as declared by Mr. Halliday? or, Did not the Court of Directors rebuke him for making the allegation?

12th. Did I assail the Judge with notes on the trial of Looft Ali Khan, contrary to humanity? or, Were not all my notes written in answer to those of the Judge at a time when I was prosecutor, and bound to give all obtainable information?

13th. Was I under the influence of "panic" when I directed the abandonment of the civil station? or, Was not the order given on a cool, careful, and deliberate contemplation of the state of affairs, as shown by both histories of the Mutiny, and the universal testimony recorded?

Lastly. Did my "whole proceedings cause public scandal and discontent?" or, Did they not receive general, cordial and enthusiastic approval from the entire Province (with the exception of three personal enemies); an approval subsequently ratified by a large body of most distinguished statesmen, by the entire press, and both the able historians of the Indian Mutiny?

And now—after having, I fear, been betrayed into unreasonable length in the narrative of my struggle, which is excusable only in consideration of the extreme importance to my dearest interests—I wish to quote a few words from my memorial to the Court of Directors, in 1857; and my object in doing this is to state—a fact in which I confess I feel some satisfaction—that in

all I have written from 1857 down to the present day, I would not alter, modify, or withdraw one single word or sentence.

Extract from Memorial to the Court of Directors

51.—If, as cannot now be questioned, it is proved by the voluntary and unanimous testimony of all classes living in the district, who must be the most competent judges; if it be an established and unquestionable fact that your Memorialist, by firm, wise, and vigorous measures, preserved Patna—and with Patna the entire province of Behar—through all the perils and disasters of that critical period: if, as is established by the same evidence, your Memorialist displayed "calmness, forethought, and judgment; "inspired confidence in all around him"; exhibited, as far as his own life went, a "recklessness of danger", and appeared to "court assassination" if, though stern and unflinching in his severity towards evil-doers, he obtained valuable and effective co-operation from the loyal among the natives, as is shown by their address after his removal (printed among the correspondence), and the conduct of many of them at the time: if he foresaw, and provided for the danger, when the Lieutenant-Governor blindly ignored it, baffled the plans and checkmated the schemes of the conspirators and the mutinous regiments, and thus kept the great Mahomedan city in peace, safety, and tranquillity, during all the convulsions around (though it is proved that conspiracies and plans for the destruction of the Christians were rife in the city and district): if your Memorialist devoted himself, as all have testified, heart and soul, with all his energies and with entire self-abandonment, for the good of the State and the well-being of all those whose lives and honour were committed to his keeping: if your Memorialist has done this, may he not humbly hope, that even if the Honourable Court of Directors should concur in disapproving the single act (though this he trusts will not be the case), they will yet think that he has not deserved, after the services he has rendered, to be singled out for degradation, insult, and penalty; and will, in their justice, restore him with full compensation to the appointment for which he was, on public grounds, specially selected, for the sake of which he voluntarily gave up his claim to a higher post, in which he has ardently exerted himself for great

and good objects, and his final removal from which, he respectfully submits, would be an undeserved and indelible disgrace.

Here, then, I pause, and here I ask my readers, my fellow-countrymen generally, Members of Parliament, and officers in authority—nay, I venture to appeal even to our gracious Queen herself—to say whether, in the light of the unprecedented mass of evidence which I have produced—evidence voluntarily recorded by noble, illustrious, and competent witnesses, corroborated by the national under the ban of dishonour, with the record of my disgrace till unreversed, my name disgraced, my services unrecognised, officially stigmatised as a man given to “a reckless thirst of blood,” the murderer of innocent men, and the sole cause of all the danger in the great province of Patna; and all this on the unsupported statement of a single individual!

I make this appeal with confidence in the majesty of truth, and under the solemn conviction that it is the right of every individual in a Christian country not only to demand but to receive justice.

Deeply impressed with this conviction, and in humble remembrance of the unanswerable appeal once made by Him, who, though God, was also Man, sensible of man’s feelings and full of sympathy for the oppressed—I presume to say: “If I have done evil, bear witness of the evil; if good, why smitest thou me?”

FIFTEEN

NATIVE CHARACTER

Now, there were at Patna, in immediate communication with the authorities, several individuals possessing more or less influence, and whose character, whether good or evil, it was of the utmost consequence to ascertain.

Selecting, for brevity’s sake, the most influential of these, though, at the same time, gratefully remembering the loyalty and good feeling of many others. I will give a short description of them.

Firstly, then, there was Dewan Mowla Buksh, the Deputy Magistrate, an old man, who for many years had been in the service of Government, and who possessed great influence in the city and district.

Secondly, Syud Wilayat Ali Khan and his relative Lootf Ali Khan, two wealthy bankers, living in the city.

Thirdly, Molvee Ahmed Oolla, the head of the sect of the Wahabees, with several other leading men of the same fraternity.

Now it will, I imagine, be admitted by all that it was of the greatest consequence that the true character of men who, in their respective spheres, exercised immense influence, should be known and appreciated by me as Commissioner; it is difficult, indeed, to measure the consequences of forming an erroneous opinion of their characters, of trusting the disloyal or discouraging the loyal.

It will be my painful task, however, to show that the Lieutenant-Governor, acting, I doubt not, on the misrepresenta-

tions secretly made by my personal antagonists, was betrayed into an utterly false estimation of the characters of all these individuals whom I have mentioned—a misapprehension which, if it had not been counteracted by me, would have been fatal.

With regard to Dewan Mowla Buksh and Wilayut Ali Khan, the following extracts from one of my official reports will show the opinions I held regarding their loyalty and the valuable assistance I had received from them during the most critical period of danger.

23. It is also gratifying to me to be able at this time to record the assistance I have received from several of the respectable native residents of Patna, more especially from the following—Maha Rajah Bhoop Singh, Wilayut Ali Khan, Sheikh Ruza Hossein, Altoof Hossein, Roy Hurreekishen, Baboo Chooneeloll; and several others who have tendered their services and expressed their willingness to be of use.

24. Wilayut Ali Khan has been conspicuous from the very commencement of the disturbance; and the bravery and frankness with which he has, at very great risk to himself, cast his lot on the side of the authorities, is deserving of special recognition at the present time, and has been in itself of great use.

25. A few days after the news of the mutiny reached us, he presented to me a petition, stating that he was ready to devote life and property in the service of the State, and from that day he has incessantly exerted himself in the cause of Government, seeking for information, ferreting out bad characters, watching the city, and obtaining good information through emissaries employed at his expense from the neighbouring villages.

26. It is well known that both he and Dewan Mowla Buksh have incurred the deadly hatred of many in the city for the services they have performed, and that their lives are in danger.

27. Wilayut Ali has accordingly taken possession of an English house at the west end of the city, and I have directed Mowla Buksh to hold his office for the present at Bankipore.

28. Of Dewan Mowla Buksh it is difficult to speak too highly. Though now old and in bad health, he has exerted

himself unsparingly night and day in the service of Government.

29. The entire conduct of the preliminary proceedings in the late outbreak had been committed to him by the magistrate, and he has displayed firmness, zeal, and tact, and an unswerving impartiality in the performance of his duties.

30. He has lately held his office within my compound, as I have had constant occasion for confidential consultation with him on matters connected with the plot discovered, and the interesting disclosures already made.

31. I have, therefore, had the best opportunity of judging, by direct contact and observation, of his high qualifications.

32. I have to recommend that some special token of the Lieutenant-Governor's approbation be bestowed on these two persons Wilayut Ali Khan and Diwan Mowla Buksh.

33. The former, being a rich and independent gentleman, the only suitable mode of acknowledging his disinterested services and conspicuous loyalty will be by bestowing upon him some social distinction. I would, therefore, beg to recommend that a dress of honour and the title of Bahadoor be conferred upon him.

34. That Dewan Mowla Buksh's salary be raised to such an extent as the Lieutenant-Governor may think fit; and a handsome sword presented to him on the part of Government; and that a letter of acknowledgment be sent to Altoof Hossein and Ruza Hossein, who have both shown an excellent spirit throughout.

35. It is the obvious policy of the State to reward such services at such a juncture promptly and liberally.

And what was the character eventually established in regard to both these individuals?

The Three Loyal Friends

Some years after the events related, I was present at a durbar held by Sir John Lawrence in the upper provinces, when Dewan Mowla Buksh, then more than eighty years old, was publicly decorated with the Star of India, to my intense satisfaction—a satisfaction not a little increased when, before several officials and others standing by, he looked up solemnly to

Heaven, and said with expressive emphasis, "Bilkool Tayler sahib, bilkool Tayler sahib", "It is all Mr. Tayler, it is all Mr. Tayler."

The loyalty and high character of Wilayut Ali Khan have, in later years, been specially and most honourably mentioned. In 1876, he was introduced to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales, during the durbar held at Patna; warmly commended by His Royal Highness for his services in 1857, and has since been decorated with the Order of the Indian Empire.

But there is one other individual whom I must in justice mention; whose eminent services were of the utmost importance, although not exercised at Patna itself; I refer to Nujeem-ood-Deen.

This man was, at my suggestion, appointed by the Maharajah of Bettiah as his dewan, and it was entirely owing to his influence that the powerful landowner was induced to exercise his authority throughout a large portion of the province in the interests of Government!

These three men were my respected and confidential friends, and the two who have survived retain their attachment to the present day.

Yet two of them were officially pronounced by my successor as disloyal and hypocritical traitors, who had deluded me for their own evil purposes. Dewan Mowla Buksh was removed from Patna, and Wilayut Ali Khan was subjected to suspicion and treated with contempt.

The services of Syud Nujeem-ood-Deen were, however, recognised—though not to the extent of his deserts—and the thanks of Government were officially communicated. He has to this day, however, received no tangible reward for his valuable assistance, the importance of which, at that particular crisis, it is difficult to exaggerate.

Those who have any just idea of the difficulties to be encountered by an individual native when surrounded with influential and disloyal colleagues, will appreciate the importance of Nujeem-ood-Deen's unshaken loyalty.

Such were the unavoidable prospects which presented themselves to my mind. I was responsible not only for the lives of my wife and children, but of every Christian in the district. My counsellors were but few. I was conscious of the increasing malignity of the small clique who had schemed for my overthrow, and of the unfriendly feeling which their petty misrepresentations had excited in the Lieutenant-Governor; but I was upheld by God's goodness. I recognised my position, and at once resolved on the only course which appeared possible.

There was no time for deliberation, no possibility of consulting or seeking advice from the Government. The telegraph wire between Patna and Gya was broken. Kooer Singh might send down thousands of his men to Gya in a few hours, and to the other stations almost as speedily. The police were not to be trusted. Small parties of Englishmen would fall an easy prey to traitors or rebels.

The only hope, the only possibility of safety, was in concentration, and that, if to be effective, as speedy as possible—not a moment was to be lost. Fully convinced of this fact, I did not hesitate, but resolved at once, on my return to Patna, to issue an order to the officials at the two stations where retreat was possible, to come into Patna.

The minute which I drew out on the occasion is here given, with a copy of the letter with which it was forwarded to the Lieutenant-Governor; whether its tone or substance affords any indication of the term "panic," which was applied to it by Mr. Halliday, or merits the epithet "disgraceful", I leave to my readers to decide.

From the Commissioner of the Patna Division to the
Secretary to the Government of Bengal

Sir,

"Patna, July 31st, 1857

In continuation of my demi-official letter of yesterday's date, I have the honour to forward herewith copy of a Minute drawn up this day, exhibiting my idea of the course to be pursued at this critical moment.

2. Separated as Englishmen are, and scattered in small numbers over several districts, with no sufficient protection whatever, we can now expect nothing but murder and disaster.

3. Concentration for a time, therefore, appears an imperative necessity, and is the only means of recovering our position.

4. I have, therefore, authorised all the officials of the districts to come into Patna. Those of Chuprah have been in for some days. They made an attempt to return to Dooriagunge Yesterday, but returned when they heard of the defeat of our force.

5. I trust the Government will approve of the measures taken. Whatever be the temporary confusion caused by this measure, the object appears to me to justify it.

6. I have hitherto endeavoured to encourage all public officers to stand fast, but I now consider that their so doing only increase the danger to all, &c.

W. TAYLER,
Commissioner of Revenue

MINUTE

"The district of Shahabad is in open revolt. It is feared the authorities are murdered. The city has been plundered, the prisoners released a relieving party of Europeans and Seikhs, despatched to rescue the local authorities, who are besieged by the rebels, has been driven back with serious loss in officers and men.

"The English reliable military force in this division consists of about 700 Europeans, 500 Seikhs and 6 guns; at the several out-stations, beyond the regular police and a few nujeebs, there is no protection whatever for the English residents.

"The rebels are now in force; their escape from Dinapore without injury, in the face of our guns and soldiery, the late success against the relieving force, the countenance and support of Kooer Singh, will give them such confidence and strength, that I consider it no longer justifiable to expose the lives of the residents to a danger which may arise at any moment, and against which there is no efficient protection whatever.

"Every fresh murder of Englishmen and Englishwomen, besides the horror of the catastrophe itself, is a shock to our power and prestige. It is no disgrace to a few Englishmen to retire prudently for a time from a situation of peril, especially

when this temporary retirement is with the object of more speedily and effectually recovering our position.

"Matters have now arrived at a crisis at which, in my opinion, all considerations must yield to the one great object, viz., the prompt re-occupation of Shahabad, the arrest and execution of Kooer Singh, and the infliction of terrible vengeance on the rebellious villagers of that district who have joined in the revolt.

"But before this blow is struck, it is essential that a strong military position be taken up.

"I believe the General agrees with me in this, and I conclude that Dinapore will be the place.

"I would suggest that immediate steps be taken for forming an entrenched position at Dinapore, with the river in our rear.

"But it is not my wish to abandon Patna.

"The city of Patna has been hitherto kept in subjugation; the only outbreak which has taken place being evidently a hurried and desperate effort, which signally failed.

"But there is beyond doubt a large body of disloyal and disaffected people; there are still many villains who have plotted against us unpunished.

"There is wealth in the city, and a great temptation is thus held out to the turbulent and the rebellious.

"Disturbance at Patna should be kept down, if possible; and the civil authority should, if possible, be maintained.

"I think this is feasible, without sacrificing the main object of our strong position.

"With the river in our rear, and one or two steamers to keep up communication with Dinapore, and a gun-boat at our command, as it will be in a few days, it will be desirable to entrench a position on the banks of the river, where the Magistrate's and Commissioner's cutcherry and the Sikh encampment now is, and, thus holding it, to carry on all necessary duties within the entrenchment.

"In this way we shall still keep the city down, and carry on all important business, while we shall be well prepared for any attack, and have the means of retreating on Dinapore, if possible, by the river.

"The only other point for consideration is the opium godown.

"The walls of the godown are so strong, that, with communication by water kept up, as it may effectually be by a steamer or gun-boat, the garrison would be safe against any attack, and, if pressed, would have the means of secure retreat. But it would be most desirable if the opium itself could be at once removed.

"The necessity of holding a third position is embarrassing. It occupies a large number of guards and of English gentlemen, who could be otherwise employed in far more important duties; it is a source of temptation to plunderers and in every respect a nuisance.

"If some loss were occasioned by its removal to Calcutta, it would be of trifling importance, compared with the mischief of its remaining.

"As a subsidiary measure for present protection, and more efficient action when the time comes, all the unemployed officials, indigo-planters, and railway officers, should form themselves into a volunteer corps, under the command of an officer of one of the mutinous corps.

"These would make a formidable body, and would do good service in wreaking vengeance on the rebellious district.

"Martial law should be proclaimed throughout the division.

"Ladies and children should all be sent to Dinapore, and thence, as opportunity offers, proceed to Calcutta.

W. TAYLER,
Commissioner

Patna, the 31st July 1857."

The state of suspense and expectation in which we remained after our return to Patna may be imagined, but, through God's mercy, it did not last long. On the 3rd August, Captain Emerson, then at Dinapore, drove up to our door in a native ekha, and in a few words communicated the glorious news of Vincent Eyre's victory. My wife had the unspeakable pleasure of at once communicating the joyful news to Mrs. Boyle. The whole scene was changed, and every heart beat with exultation and joy. The crisis, through God's mercy, was passed; the rebels

were discouraged, the loyal were confirmed in their loyalty—the province was saved!

But while we were all exulting in the glorious issue of the struggle, a strange fate awaited me. When the crisis had passed and the danger was over, the Lieutenant-Governor-acting at once on his rather peculiar view of the matter, without seeking for explanation, or giving me the opportunity of defence—summarily removed me (as before stated) from my appointment, terming the order of withdrawal “disgraceful.”

It is easy to be “wise after the event”; but to form a sound judgment, the reader must picture to himself what would have been the position of the province if Major Eyre had been defeated.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL
VINCENT EYRE

Calcutta, February 23, 1863

“My dear Tayler,
I always thought you most ungenerously treated, especially in regard to your note to Bax. Had I been in your place, I should probably have thought and written very much as you did in regard to my advance with so small a force, after what had happened. I felt at the time that I was incurring a fearful responsibility, and that, should I fail, Government would not spare me. But I nevertheless felt a confidence of success, which never failed me, even when things looked ugliest, and which, now that I can calmly look at the position, seems a mystery to myself. I saw that a crisis had arrived, when, if Kooer Singh were not checked, the insurrection must spread over the lower provinces; and, feeling myself in a measure free to act on my own judgment, I followed the bent of my instincts, and Providence blessed the venture.

“Lord Canning was so just a man, that his treatment of you must have resulted from bad information, and such seems now the general opinion.

“I rejoice to learn that you have rather thriven than suffered from the injustice you experience.

“The fall, which would have utterly smashed most men similarly situated, only caused you to rebound to a higher

elevation than before. So we both owe a grateful tribute to the manes of poor old Kooer Singh, whose folly was our fortune.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) VINCENT EYRE”

The general history of the great victory achieved by Vincent Eyre and his little band of heroes, has been so fully and frequently given by distinguished writers, and especially by the two historians Kaye and Malleon, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt any further description.

In this sensational struggle the courage and gallantry of all were equally conspicuous, and though the historians naturally make special mention of Boyle, Wake, and Colvin, it is not from any superiority over the rest of garrison, but because they were, from their position, the leaders.

Among the others, however, George Field deserves special mention, as he was one of the best shots in the garrison, and conspicuous for his cool, unflinching action, and sensible advice.

Each individual, in fact, deserved well of his country, and might—I venture to say—have received more handsome recognition from the Government. But though the pluck and resolution of all were the same, it can never be forgotten that the safety of all was due to the wonderful prescience and sagacity of Vicars Boyle. But for the precautionary measures so wisely suggested and so ably carried out by him—no chivalry, however brilliant, could have saved the noble band from destruction. In Malleon’s history this pregnant fact is made sufficiently clear, but Kaye has scarcely given it due prominence. I venture now to mention it as a matter which strict and impartial justice demands and also because it is in itself a most remarkable instance of practical foresight, not always conspicuous during the events of the great rebellion.

But, although historians have been able to give authentic accounts of the facts which transpired within the walls of that little garrison, and describe from the testimony of the actors themselves the sensational particulars as they occurred, thus drawing a picture of true heroism never surpassed,—there are none who can realise, much less record in words, the agonising sensations of the many who, though at a distance, were picturing in their imagination the terrible dangers with which the

little band of heroes were beset, and to which every successive hour gave additional intensity.

Vicars Boyle subsequently wrote a brief and unpretending account of the daily incidents, and I painted a picture of the scene as presented to the imagination after the event, which was lithographed in England, though not as well as it might have been. The little house which was converted for the time into a garrison was familiar to me, from the acquaintance of five years previous, as a billiard-room; and it is, even at the present moment, difficult to conceive how it could have defied, as it did, the great army of Kooer Singh.

Had the enemy possessed one powerful gun, with projectiles more powerful than the castors of chairs and tables, how different would have been the result. To God be the praise.

SEVENTEEN

MY APPEAL TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Having appealed to the Governor-General from the order of the Lieutenant-Governor, on the 12th September I left Patna in the steamer James Hume, and proceeded alone, with somewhat of a heavy heart, to Calcutta.

My object was to watch the progress of my appeal, and to endeavour, by personal explanation, to remove the extraordinary misconceptions which appeared to have been entertained in regard to my proceedings.

Had I known at the time that the order for my removal had been officially sanctioned a priori, and confirmed by the Governor-General in Calcutta a few days after it was passed, my course of procedure would have been different. And had I been aware—when first I reached the Presidency—that Mr. J. B. Elliot had been allowed to send in private reports against me to the Supreme Government; could I have dreamed that the very day after my removal, a series of charges—of which I had never heard, and which I had no opportunity of answering—would be recorded against me, I should not, in all probability, have wasted my time in an infructuous and useless appeal. As it was, I remained in Calcutta for about two months, during which time I was hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holroyd, who warmly sympathised with my misfortunes.

Interview with Lord Canning

Towards the close of my stay I had a private interview with

Lord Canning, in his room at Government House, in which my affairs were briefly discussed, and it then became evident to me that his lordship had been prepossessed, and had committed himself, as was not unnatural, to Mr. Halliday's representations.

Some few minutes I occupied in studying Lord Canning's profile, as I sat by his side, being desirous of obtaining his portrait for my collection; and while the interview lasted, I had the satisfaction of seeing Lady Canning's feet underneath the purdah which separated the room in which Lord Canning was seated from the adjoining room—a fact which I was vain enough to attribute to the keen interest which I was told her ladyship had taken in the case.

On the 23rd of December, it was intimated to me privately that Lord Canning had rejected my appeal, and the next day I received an invitation to dinner at Government House, and was told by the wife of one of the secretaries that Lady Canning had expressed a wish that I should accept the invitation; but my heart was too full for such an entertainment; I felt, as I ever have throughout the many years of my controversy, that truth and justice had been violated, and, after respectfully declining the invitation, I laid my dak for Patna and conveyed, in person, the pleasant news of my defeat to my wife and daughters.

For several months after this I lived—or, rather, subsisted—at Patna, on my starving allowance, greatly consoled by the hearty sympathy of friends, and my own internal consciousness of right. One kind friend, who was in the secret of the "Cabinet", wrote to recommend me to confess that I was wrong, and I should then be restored Governmental favour. My reply was, that, being conscious, in the Sight of God, that I had faithfully discharged my duty, I spurned the idea of succumbing to injustice, and that, if he spoke on authority, he might reply on my behalf that, rather than yield against my conscience, I would suffer any hardship, but at the same time he might tell his prompter that I intended—for several months at least—to live like a Tartar, on horseflesh, which I did, by selling one of my favourite steeds every month.

Meanwhile, my successor, having placed himself completely in the hands and under the influence of the small band of my

personal enemies, gradually changed his tone towards myself, and on reading my little pamphlet—which, though criticising the appointment of a Mahomedan lawyer at such a crisis, said not a word against himself—lost his head, and, abandoning all self control, suddenly brought out a letter, which, curiously enough, he addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor, containing an elaborate defence of this obnoxious appointment.

EIGHTEEN

MY APPOINTMENT AS JUDGE OF
MYMENSINGH

In the month of February, just seven months after my removal from the Commissionership, I received a letter from the Secretary to the Bengal Government, informing me that I had been appointed Civil and Sessions Judge of Mymensingh, a district in the east of Bengal, some 600 miles from Patna, notorious for its damp and unhealthy climate.

Remonstrance, I need scarcely say, was not wanting on my part against this sentence of banishment, but without avail; indeed, the special merit of this station in the eyes of the Government was its exceptional distance from Patna.

It was a hard blow, but resistance was impossible. I was resolved, however, not to relinquish my hold upon Patna, as I was still in the hope that my second memorial which had, as I fondly imagined, been sent home some time before, would have persuaded the Court of Directors of my innocence, and secured my restoration.

The complication of hardships might have driven me to despair, but I am thankful to God that He gave me the heart to brave all the sufferings which were entailed, with unflinching heart, confident, even then, as I ever have been, that all was ordered for my good, and that, whatever human autocracy might think or do, I had with heart and soul discharged my duty to my Queen and country.

Cholera Chant

As we drove into the station of Mymensingh, at the latter end of February 1868, we encountered several successive bands of men marching in procession howling and screeching at the top of their lungs, and "tearing passion to tatters", assisted by the sackbut and psalter of the Indian orchestra, and above all by the everlasting tom-tom.

This violent ebullition, vocal and instrumental, continued for many days after our arrival, and I found, on inquiry, that it was a sort of perambulating musical exorcism by which the cholera fiend—then committing great ravages—was to be driven from the district. The burden of the song howled forth on these occasions consists of passionate invocations to the black goddess Kalee, and Krishna the "Presens Divus" of the Bengali deities, who made incessant love to uncountable milk-maids, and has been deified accordingly. These incantations are supposed to be efficacious; but whatever the effect of the music or the faith may have upon the patient, the physical consequences of such discordant yelling and hullabaloo cannot be particularly soothing to the nerves of a prostrate invalid.

All Mymensingh, however, has implicit faith in the remedy, and every vakeel (pleader), mokhtar (attorney), and ministerial officer of my court, occasionally joined in the procession and chorus.

Whether any particular form of words is used, or the sentiment is supplied by the inspiration of the moment, I could not discover. The respectable people whom I questioned appeared somewhat ashamed of the mummery, and shirked the subject when cross-examined.

Sir William Jones has pronounced Hindoo music to be something exceedingly fine and "our lady musician" at the station rather startled us by declaring a decided approval of what she called the "wild harmony" of this concertus, which she pronounced to be very fine music, and infinitely superior to the Gregorian chants. There is no accounting for tastes, especially the tastes of ladies; but though bound to pay deference to the fair critic—herself no mean songstress—yet, speaking unsophistically, and according to my own sensations, I think I should prefer a concert of jackals at any time.

Cholera has not been long enough known in India to have received an "apotheosis", as the better known small-pox, who has been entered in the mythological calendar as a goddess "Sectula", who sitteth on an ass.

I have not heard of music being made the medium of worship, or the means of appeasing the deity; but amulets with this lady's figure sitting cross-legged on her steed, in a very unladylike attitude, are tied round the neck, and supposed to be effective both for prevention and cure.

The rather unpleasant mode of propitiating the lady "Sectula", is to collect all the dried incrustations—vulgarly called scabs—from the faces of the patients, put them into kedgeriee pots, and then deposit the said pots on the centre of a road, generally where four roads meet.

It is difficult to imagine a more insane proceeding, or one more effectively calculated to disseminate the disease. When we do rejoice in sanitary laws I recommend this to the executive.

King Crow

Whatever the "gentle reader" has seen, or not seen, he must—if he has been in India six months—have observed that little jetblack bird with a forked tail familiarly called "King Crow."

Look at the little fellow now, sitting grave and demure on that bare branch of the mango-tree just opposite my bed-room window; watch him for a moment, and if you look closely you will see how his little coal-black eye—still and quiet as he seems to be—is glancing round and noticing everything. There he goes! a short, sharp flight, a little somersault in the air, a dash at something, and he is seated again with a warm, quivering insect in his inside. Stay! here comes a crow, and has the presumption—so the little fellow thinks—to sit near him; presumption not to be endured for a moment. Away he goes from his naked branch, dash at the crow five times his size, right at his head, once, twice, thrice, up in the air, down again. *Corvus Bengalensis* shifts about, bobs his head, doesn't like it at all, and at last takes flight like a black-hearted coward as he is, little fork-tail pursuing him with triumphant shouts, shrieks, and darting down upon him every minute as they fly together to the extreme discomfiture of the enemy. When well away, back comes our little

friend to his bare twig, and sits grave and demure as before. He has not been there long before a heavy large-winged kite comes sailing slowly by him; a great bird, big enough to swallow twenty such as young Fork-tail.

Come, he will not say anything to such as he, surely? Won't he? Bide a wee. Not this time, it was not worth his while; but now mark! Mr. Kite is wheeling closer, and I saw the little king's eye twinkle—he means mischief. Another long circuit on his smooth large wings; this time the kite comes nearer, he is within three yards of the naked bough. Off goes "King Crow," slap at the giant bird's head, with such a vicious dash! The lazy kite increases his pace, but what chance has he? the "little un" flies right over him, dipping down every fifth second at his head, so sharp, so bold, and so fierce, that the giant is flabbergasted entirely, and is glad enough—like the crow—to evacuate the place. When he is fairly off, our champion returns, and there he sits as if there were no kites or crows in the world; quiet, perhaps, and innocent, but ready for anything, from a sand-fly to an adjutant.

The Mango

Everyone knows all about mangoes, except the derivation of the word. Whether, as intimated by the old genealogical tree of King Jeremiah, it is connected with Mungoo (Park), or, as our dry humorist suggests, is the fruit which, under the name of "apples", first made man go altogether wrong, it is impossible to say; but that it is the staple fruit of India, and that millions almost subsist on it during the season, is known to all Indians; it is, in fact, a most important gift from our all-bountiful teeming mother, Nature; and the Government of the country might have done incalculable benefit to the nation, by paying some attention to its propagation and culture.

At Mymensingh they are painfully, pre-eminently bad, and, nobody seems even to have attempted to improve them.

The story is that some unusually sacred and particularly malicious fakeer, having had his saintship offended in the province, got the devil on his side (without much difficulty, it may be supposed), and cursed the mangoes, and they are cursed ever since.

The said curse assumes the form of a malignant little beetle, which at some period of the fruit's existence contrives to enter, and henceforth takes up his abode, dwelling inside with a house of pulp all round him, and apparently taking short excursions over his fruitful territories according as his fancy leads him.

I have lived in many lands in India, but never saw this before, though folks say the curse extends to several districts of eastern Bengal.

The Date-Tree

Here is a phenomenon, a date-tree apparently rising out of a peepul-tree, shooting straight up as if trying to get away from his neighbour's embraces, and, if you observe, perfectly clear upwards from a certain point, while all the lower part is encased by the entanglements of the affectionate peepul.

Now, when you are told that the curious combination has been brought about by the seed of one of the trees being accidentally dropped into the others, you will probably conclude that the seed of the date, or inner tree, had been deposited in a hollow of the peepul, and shot up from it. If you do come to this conclusion, I have the satisfaction of informing you that you are wrong, the case being quite the contrary.

In reality it happens thus. The peepul-tree bears a berry which birds are uncommonly fond of; it is eaten, and in fact is a diminutive fig-tree, the peepul being a ficus. In days of great scarcity, many poor man has to eke out his meals with these and the berries of the banian-tree. Well, the birds carry these occasionally to the tops of the palm, the upper leaves of which form a thick head, or frond; a seed is dropped, it manages to take root on the soft part of the frond, holds its own, vegetates—as the peepul will anywhere, coming out of your walls and floors, growing, if you would let it, "all round your hat"—and then throws roots downwards, and branches outwards, the root gradually entwining the stems of the enclosed victim, like a tight-fitting leather case, until, it completely envelopes it.

NINETEEN

THE EXILE'S RETURN

After four months had passed of my enforced banishment, during which the generous hospitality of Charles Campbell, the Collector of Mymensingh, who had received and sheltered us, made our sojourn as pleasant as possible under the circumstances, I obtained the private leave of absence to which I was entitled, and we left Mymensingh and started for Calcutta, on our way to Patna. Mrs. Charles Lance, the heroine of the pumpkin, accompanied us; having at last obtained permission to join her husband in the upper provinces which were now reported comparatively safe. We started in country boats, one of which we jointly occupied during the day, while the other served me for a bed-room during the night.

On reaching Calcutta, we dined and slept at Spence's Hotel, and embarked the next day for Patna on board the river steamer the Charles Allen, where I amused myself in sketching all that was interesting on the vessel, including the captain and some of the passengers.

After a short, too short, sojourn with my beloved wife and family—being refused by Mr. Halliday an extension of leave, for which I had applied in hopes of the receipt of the decision of the Court of Directors on my memorial—I was compelled once more to return to my desolate swamp in solitary grandeur, and resume my uninteresting duties.

There was peculiar hardship in the compulsory return to a district 600 miles distant, and the more especially as Lord Canning had by telegram expressed his readiness to withdraw,

for my benefit, a general prohibition then existing against the grant of leave; there was no help for it, however, and I again accomplished the lonely journey, not this relieved by my daughter's presence, but in solitary sadness.

I have already pointed out that I had sent a second memorial to the Court of Directors, in which I disposed of all the additional charges recorded against me, and my desire was to take no decided or irredeemable step until I could receive their judgment upon it. The Court had, in their decision on my first memorial, entirely absolved me from all the serious accusations which Mr. Halliday had brought against me, and recorded high eulogium of my administration, a fact which gave me sanguine hopes of complete triumph when they should read the further explanations submitted.

This gratifying judgment, however, was somewhat weakened by the fact that the Lieutenant-Governor, while publishing those portions of the despatch which were on minor matters unfavourable to me, had suppressed the portions which were favourable!

This circumstance I represented to the Supreme Government, and the President in Council gave me permission to publish the whole despatch in any manner I might choose.

Meanwhile nothing had occurred to lead me for a moment to doubt that my second memorial had, in the usual course, been forwarded; nor could I conceive that any obstacle or delay in its transmission could possibly have taken place, at all events without information being at once given to me, to whom delay was obviously most injurious.

What, then, was my pain and astonishment when one day I accidentally read in 'the Englishman' newspaper a correspondence, which the editor had surreptitiously obtained, between Mr. Halliday and the Supreme Government, which disclosed the extraordinary fact that my second memorial to the Court of Directors—the answer to which I was, in my simplicity, daily and anxiously expecting—had never been submitted at all; although no hint or intimation had been vouchsafed to me of this most injurious and cruel detention!

But if these trivial acts of—at the worst—verbal imprudence were sufficient to justify my ruinous dismissal as a criminal

from office, what were the acts from which I was suffering? How had the Lieutenant-Governor dealt with me?

He had, as before stated, suppressed the favourable portion of the Court's decision, while he published the unfavourable. He had detained my second memorial for several months on the sole plea of an objectionable expression, and carefully concealed the detention from me. He had approved, published, and circulated throughout the Bengal Presidency, the indecent letter of Mr. Samuells, replete with personal abuse. In spite of Lord Canning's direction that there was nothing to prevent my re-employment in high office, he had kept me seven months on starving allowance, and then sent me to a distant and unhealthy station 600 miles from Patna; had subsequently refused me short leave of absence, though the medical officer attested that the indulgence was necessary for my health, and Lord Canning had purposely suspended a general order in my favour; yet all these acts were condoned, while my "little sins" involved me once more in disgrace, distress, and poverty.

This time, however, the order for my suspension was limited, i.e., to take effect until "I had given assurance to the Lieutenant-Governor that I would in future conduct myself with becoming respect and in proper subordination to the Government under which I was placed."

As I had never intended to show insubordination, and had—in the points referred to—only acted in accordance with what I believed, and still believe, to have been my duty, I immediately and willingly gave the assurance required. Mr. Halliday, however, refused to accept it, on the ground that my promise looked as if I regarded it as a mere matter of form, and, therefore, intimated that he should keep me unemployed on probation, and at his pleasure, for an undefined period. This interpretation of my letter I at once warmly repudiated, repeating my assurance—but to no effect.

Thus, then, was I again kept for several months on a miserable pittance; and a respectful application to be informed when it was even probable that he would re-employ me, was refused.

Resignation

Although, then, this second suspension has no immediate

connexion with my removal from the Patna Commissionership, it forms an important episode and unless it is to some extent made intelligible, my readers will with difficulty appreciate my painful position. As it was, the proceedings I have described reduced me to despair. Daily and hourly my pecuniary difficulties were increasing; and to what period they would extend, it was impossible even to conjecture. The result was inevitable; I had no alternative, and sent in my resignation.

TWENTY

EVENTS AFTER RESIGNATION

It is not a particularly pleasant thing for a public officer, holding the principal official position in a large district, on a salary of some £ 4,000 a year, to be suddenly reduced, with a large family on his hands, to what is pleasantly called in India "subsistence allowance", and there is no doubt that the power which a Lieutenant-Governor holds of reducing troublesome or obnoxious subordinates to this dilemma of the *res angusta* is usually sufficient to ensure submission in the suffering victim, even when right is on his side.

Had not the subject of my controversy with the Government of 1857 been exceptionally serious, and my conviction of right exceptionally strong, I should probably have succumbed to the power which, by the stroke of a pen, deprived me of all but daily bread, and left me, with my wife and grown-up daughters, hardly sufficient to pay my servants' wages and keep ourselves alive.

But a great question was at issue; I knew that I was right and my adversary wrong.

A vital principle was involved, and I felt a deep conviction, not only that I was justified in maintaining a struggle in the cause of truth, but that, through God's mercy, I should, if life was spared, establish the soundness of my views, the importance of my measures, and the vindication of my character.

And though this great object, as I foresaw, could only be achieved by resignation of the service in which I had laboured faithfully for twenty-eight years, I saw clearly that the first and

most indispensable requisite was independence. So long as I could be kept on starving allowance, sent off 600 miles at a few days' warning, or suspended from office on the plea of imaginary disrespect, I was but a helpless tool in the hands of autocratic disfavour; my appeal could be, as it was, withheld, my letters burked, my requests ignored; my position was one of slavish imbecility; and the inevitable end-ruin.

Such were my convictions, intensified by consideration, and confirmed by a belief in the ultimate triumph of truth.

The announcement of my resignation was received with general regret by all my friends; but I had, after mature and careful consideration, resolved on the step. The continued and unrelenting persecution to which I had been subjected, the misconstruction of my sentiments, and the unmeasured personal abuse recorded by my successor, which, without rebuke or censure, had been circulated throughout the country, my banishment even when re-employed, to a distant and unhealthy province, and the refusal to transfer me, even when its injurious effects were attested by my medical attendant, this combination of wrongs convinced me that I could never rely upon fair or honourable treatment, and I felt internal assurance that, God willing, I should be able, by my own exertions, to earn an honourable living, and possibly in an independent position continue to do some good service to the people.

Legal Agency

My proposal to establish a legal agency had some days before been communicated to several friends, and all had agreed that such an agency might be found extremely serviceable to natives of property, who, as all are aware, were generally at the mercy of selfish and interested advisers, who encouraged litigation for their own benefit.

Immediately my intention was known, the most gratifying encouragement was afforded by several wealthy individuals, European and Native, who offered me general retainers, varying from 100 to 300 rupees per mensem; and before I had been at work for a month I was in receipt of a considerable income.

The Case of Hutwa Raj

But the most remarkable incident which occurred in the first days of my new career, was in connection with the Rajah of Hutwa, one of the wealthiest nobles within the Patna province.

The late Rajah died some months after my resignation of the service, having by his will bequeathed his splendid estate to his grandson, but he had several nephews who claimed the property in virtue of their nearer relationship.

After the claim of the nephews was fairly lodged before the Civil Court, one day the Rajah's principal mokhtar (attorney) paid me a visit, and told me he had been deputed by the present Rajah to engage me as his counsel, and on extremely liberal terms. I was to receive 300 rupees a month for four years, 20,000 rupees was to be given when I entered the court to plead, and 20,000 more if I won the case; the property was worth millions, and the title would, of course, appertain to the successful suitor.

Now, the plan which I had in my own mind proposed to myself did not include personal advocacy. I had intended to establish an office of advice, and consultation, receiving fees for the examination of the papers of each case, and for the opinion and advice which, after examination, I should give.

But this splendid offer tempted me to change my mind, so I went at once to Calcutta and laid an application before the Court for the necessary permission.

As I had been myself a judge for five years in Shahabad, where, as I have shown, I had received very strong testimonials of efficiency, and as I might had I wished it, have been promoted to the Sudder bench, no difficulty was made, and the diploma, which enabled me to plead in all the courts of the country, was at once granted.

I then returned to Patna, and signified my acquiescence in the arrangement proposed by the Rajah's mokhtar, and a written agreement was accordingly executed.

After the usual delay, a day was fixed for the hearing of the suit, and I went to Chuprah for the purpose; and a note for 20,000 rupees (£ 2,000) was, according to the agreement, placed in my hand before I entered the Court.

I was not allowed, however, to carry out my purpose without opposition, and an amusing scene took place. I had some days before been informed that the vakeels on the other side intended before the hearing commenced to object to my pleading, on the ground that I was an Englishman, and they could not understand what I said. I was not much disturbed at the idea, because I felt myself perfectly competent to plead in Hindustani, so I said nothing, but rather wickedly allowed the scene to be enacted.

Pleading in Hindoostani Language

Directly the judge took his seat, the principal pleader on the part of the plaintiff rose, and joining his hands, told the judge that he had a representation to make before the hearing commenced. He then made a speech, highly complimentary, saying that they all knew Mr. Tayler, were aware of his abilities, and held him in great respect, with other expressions of politeness; "but", he then added, "my Lord, Mr. Tayler is an Englishman; and we are natives of India; how can we understand Mr. Tayler's reasoning, how appreciate his arguments?"

When he had completed his speech, the judge turned civilly to me, saying, "Mr. Tayler, these objections appear reasonable, what do you say to them?" "Well", I said, "I think the objections are perfectly reasonable, and I appreciate the courteous civility of the speech made; the only thing I have to say is, that I am prepared to plead in Hindoostani."

As I had given no hint to anyone there present of this reply, it caused some sensation, and, perhaps a little disappointment, but there was no answer.

The fact was, that in the unrestricted intercourse which it had been my pleasure to carry on with natives of all classes, and on all subjects, I had acquired a complete mastery over the Ordo language, and rather prided myself on the fact.

Winning the Case

The sequel was that I won the case; the second 20,000 Rupees (£ 20,000) was immediately paid, and by this victory

the debts contracted during the whole of my Indian career were, as if by a special interposition of Providence, at once discharged.

My sudden suspension from office, entailing the reduction of my salary from £ 4,000 to £ 360 per annum, little more than sufficient to pay for house rent and servants, necessarily placed me in the most painful and embarrassing dilemma, a fact which was, of course, well known to Mr. Halliday, and which, it is to be feared, encouraged him to hope for my submission.

Some time after my client, the young Rajah, had won his case, the opposite party appealed to the Calcutta High Court, and, as I was informed, he was dissuaded from again engaging my services, his advisers telling him that it was all very well to employ Mr. Tayler at Chuprah, where there were only native vakeels, but in Calcutta there was the great Mr.—and the celebrated Mr.—, men of superior ability and practised pleaders.

I, of course, said nothing, but being much interested in the case, I went down to Calcutta to witness the proceedings.

The arguments lasted during the entire day, the most distinguished barristers being employed on either side; and when the Court rose, the aspect of affairs was so obviously hostile to the Rajah, that the general conviction was that he would lose the case.

I recognised at once the position, which was caused by the misapprehension on the part of the Rajah's counsel of a single Persian word.

I dined that evening with an old friend, John Cochrance, and just after the cloth was removed, a servant came in and said that the Rajah of Hutwa was at the door, and wished to speak to Mr. Tayler.

He was shown into a separate room, and the moment I entered he rushed towards me, took off his turban and put it on the ground, and then kneeling down, seized me by the knees, and screamed out, "I am a fool, I am mad! What shall I say? Oh, why did I not employ you! Oh, forgive me! Here is ten thousand—twenty thousand Rupees, any sum you may demand!"

Then, while still panting and sobbing, he entreated me to

go into Court the next day, and save his Raj, as he knew I could.

The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, for the young Rajah was an unusually large and portly man, in handsome costume, and he was crying like a baby.

I told him, when he stopped for a moment, that I was extremely sorry, but it was impossible to comply with his request; both his counsel had already spoken and no one else would be allowed to interfere.

Nothing, however, would satisfy him, so our confab ended in my saying that I would go into Court, ask permission of the judges to say a few words, at his urgent and special request, and then, if allowed, and I was successful, I would accept his proffered fee.

With this understanding, he left me with expressions of intense gratitude, still repeating the words, "I was mad, I was a fool."

Arguments at Calcutta High Court

The next day I went to the Court, and just before the proceedings commenced, I rose, and after apologising to the judges, as well as to the Rajah's counsel, I said that I was anxious to say a few words on behalf of the respondent (the Rajah) at his earnest request; that I hoped my learned brethren would not be offended at my saying that being intimately acquainted with the facts of the case, which I had conducted throughout in the District Court, I felt that there had been a misapprehension of the real signification of a single word, which I should be able to remove.

On this the Rajah's counsel courteously expressed their assent, but the counsel of the Plaintiff (as perhaps they were bound to do) vehemently opposed my request.

The judges on the bench were Mr. Levinge, a barrister, and Mr. C. Steer, the civilian; they put their heads together, whispered a few words, and then Mr. Levinge, turning towards me, said, "Mr. Tayler, the Court will be happy to hear you". Mr. Steer then added, "You must not be long".

To this I replied, "I shall have no occasion to be long—a few minutes will suffice".

I then in a few words pointed out the misapprehension which I had observed, which consisted in a confusion between the two native words (which my civilian readers will comprehend), viz. "kork" and "zabt", the one meaning preliminary attachment, the other confiscation.

The case was won, and I accepted without scruple the additional fee.

Author Copy

TWENTY-ONE

FOUR YEARS' SUMMARY

In May 1859, Mr. Halliday, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, left India, and was succeeded by Mr. John Peter Grant. The change was an important one, as they had always differed upon sundry points; but this is not a subject on which I care to dilate.

In February 1860, the new Lieutenant-Governor paid Patna an official visit, accompanied by Major Pughe, Captain Plowden, and Edward Lushington; Colonel Charles Young and Dr. Mouatt were also with him.

On this occasion it was that the attempt to which I referred in my last chapter was made to prejudice the Lieutenant-Governor in a matter connected with my legal agency office, by a story manufactured for the purpose by a gentleman whose name I forbear to mention; but on my explanation of the real facts being made, the attempt failed, and a personal interview with Edward Lushington, the Lieutenant-Governor's secretary, who was an intelligent and honourable gentleman, at once removed the impression that had been made.

Our third daughter about this time was married to Edward Lockweed, one of the young civilians; and as his appointment was at Patna, they remained at the station some time after the honeymoon.

Our second daughter was, a year after, married to Mr. Villiers Palmer, then as assistant at Gya; and in the following month our youngest daughter, who had so bravely accompanied and cheered me during my exile at Mymensingh, was

engaged to Captain Pigott, a young officer in Her Majesty's 73rd Regiment, then stationed at Dinapore.

The reminiscences of those days bring forcibly to my mind the names of many valued friends still living, and of days replete with intellectual and social amusement—music, painting, balls, parties, and private theatricals.

CHANGE OF PROFESSION

The Widow of Tirhoot, and Bunsee Loll, the Wicked
—Narrative written at the time

There lived in the town of Mozufferpore, in the district of Tirhoot, a wealthy Hindoo widow, named Sheo Sunker Konwur, one of the heirs of a banker of untold wealth, who counted his gains, dug tanks, and built temples during his little space of life, and then slept with his fathers. The lady, "black though comely", lived with her aged mother-in-law, in a house set apart for her accommodation, and passed her days as widows do, or ought to do, in quiet retirement and seclusion, recounting the virtues and possibly the money-bags of her deceased husband. Now, there was also living on the same premises, though in a separate house, a wicked man, called Bunsee Loll; and other wicked men of the sons of Belial joined with him, and they plotted together to take her inheritance from the widow, who was desolate, and lived in seclusion, and thought upon her husband who was gone, and who was a remarkably unpleasant person when he lived.

Shortly before this wicked conspiracy was hatched, I had established a branch legal agency office in Mozufferpore, which I had placed under the management of Mr. Cooke, a gentleman in the medical service, who attended professionally on the Tirhoot planters. Now the friends of the widow, when made aware of the evil purposes of Bunsee Loll, bethought themselves of me in my new capacity of legal agent, and recommended her

to place her affairs in my hands, with a view to counteract to the plans of the conspirators and establish her right to the inheritance, which the wicked ones brought into question. The widow consented, and negotiations were opened with Mr. Cooke.

It was then agreed that I should be sent for, and a power of attorney was executed in my name. I accordingly started from Patna; but before I could reach Mozufferpore, and on the very day that the power of attorney was to be executed, "a band of fierce barbarians" from the dark places of Mozufferpore, instigated by Bunsee Loll, the wicked one, and a Civil Court vakeel (or pleader) more wicked than he, assembled themselves at night, while I was jolting along the road in my palanquin, seized the unhappy widow, bound her, and carried her off, struggling and shrieking and invoking the ghost of her deceased husband, and lodged her in the house of Bunsee Loll, the wicked one, where they kept her indurance vile with the amiable intention of sending her at a fitting time and opportunity to join the shade of her husband, wherever he might be.

Pleasant sort of outrage this to take place in the heart of a town like Mozufferpore, and under the very nose of the authorities. A compliment to my agency, as evincing the fear entertained of my intervention; but not a very favourable specimen of British rule, or the security of Her Majesty's subjects!

However, here was a "romance of the harem", sufficiently exciting to vary the dull monotony of legal proceedings. I had a complaint laid before the magistrate, and the naib, or deputy darogah, was directed by him to go to the house in which the weeping captive was confined, and, questioning her from the outer-side of the interpending curtain (for she was a purdah-nusheen), ascertain the facts from her lips for the satisfaction of the magistrate.

But the police, from head to tail, were steeped in bribes and saturated with corruption.

The lady was invisible; no means whatever were adopted to ascertain whether she was behind the curtain or not. Muffled words, probably articulated by Bunsee Loll himself, were heard, and written down, apparently with care and precision, by the

immaculate deputy, and the purport was what the writer's golden dreams suggested.

The "unprotected female" had suffered no violence; she was perfectly contented, had left her house of her own accord, to visit her dear Bunsee, and was particularly happy where she was!

Such was the carefully-written statement, signed and witnessed by accommodating hearers, and laid before the magistrate by his immaculate subordinate; and here ended, or might have ended, a drama not unusual in mofussil life. A deliberate scheme of plunder and assassination, instigated, probably, in the first instance by the miscreants who, under the name of "Mokhtars" (attorneys), devour widows' houses. A violent abduction in the heart of the city, unchecked and unnoticed. A sea of bribery and an ocean of lies; a magistrate hoodwinked and humbugged by his corrupt subordinates, and tricked by his scoundrelly police. Justice frustrated the devil triumphant. But better things were in store for the widow of Tirhoot. My manager, Mr. Cooke, knowing what had happened from the first, and aware that this scandalous abduction had been perpetrated for the most nefarious purpose, pressed for further inquiry. A re-examination took place behind the purdah; but while the same farce was in progress, and the supposed words of the widow were being recorded, a shriek was suddenly heard, and the next moment the widow herself, in desperation, rushed out; the false evidence was, amidst sobs and shrieks, hysterically disavowed, and the truth was elicited.

Thus, then, several days of inaction passed. The widow was still weeping, and refused to be comforted. The villainous conspiracy appeared completely successful. Once more the devil triumphed.

At last, however, a change of tide set in. After earnestly urging before the magistrate the atrociousness of the crime, and the scandal of allowing the defenceless woman, who had lived all her life in the seclusion of the purdah, to remain without comfort or protection, or change of clothes, in the bazaar, I wound up my address by appealing to him to say whether, if the judge's wife or the collector's wife, or any other English lady, had been violently carried off by ruffians from her home, he

would have hesitated for a moment in summarily restoring her.

By these arguments, I at length succeeded in obtaining an order for my client's re-admission to her house, that she might point out the rooms she occupied, and the chests and boxes which contained her property. When this order was obtained, I resolved to see its due execution, and went down myself to the house, accompanied by my assistant. The scene was curious, and well worth witnessing. The house was an enormous structure, erected at a fabulous cost by the late banker Shew-Suhaee-Baboo, who spent some twenty lacs in the construction of a tank alone.

In the verandah, within the entrance arches, sat his Imperial Majesty the Darogah, terror in his eye, conscious dignity in his nostrils, and triangular pan-leaf in his mouth. Opposite to him sat the harpy crew-foedi volucres—the mokhtars and go-betweens of the enemy. At the side of the verandah, in two old chairs with greasy backs and rickety legs, sat Mr. Cooke and myself. At a little distance was seen a covered palanquin, damsel and duenna standing on guard at the sides, and the doors closely shut.

Within this the injured widow was reclining, concealed from the eye of the "profanum vulgus", but near enough to listen to all that passed. A miscellaneous crowd closed in the background, and dirty burkandazes were interspersed at intervals.

Although, therefore, all the sufferings of the poor widow were buried within the enclosure of her palanquin, the truth was felt. The case was brought under the action of act IV, and previous occupancy being proved, possession was formally given to the ousted lady.

The ugly mokhtar and Goburdhun the bad, persuaded the discomfited Bunsee that the decision of the magistrate would be reversed on appeal; but they reckoned without their host. The order was upheld, and became final. Noor Mehal was safely placed in possession of her own house, where it might be hoped she would pass the remainder of her days in such peace as the remembrance of her wrongs would allow.

But, alas! the sequel of the story is more distressing than the beginning.

My efforts had replaced this unhappy woman within the walls of her house, and in the immediate neighbourhood of an accumulation of hideous idols, her cherished Penates. But where was her property—her jewels, her silver, and her gold?

When the fiat for possession was carried out, at the lady's request Cooke and myself proceeded to open an array of boxes which she pointed out to us. There was an uncomfortable appearance about the locks of these boxes, but they were closed. No keys were there, however, and all had to be broken open. One by one the tops were wrenched off, examined, and found empty! Not a jewel, not a rupee, not a pice was left, and the tears and lamentations of the widow were renewed.

The widow was a beggar!

But my tale is not finished. The most extraordinary part is yet to come.

Although it was on record, and in the cognisance of the magistrate himself, that I and Mr. Cooke had, under his own order, taken possession of the house, for and on account of the widowed sufferer and at her request, and for her purposes, had opened and examined the boxes, the illustrious Bunsee actually presented a petition to the magistrate, charging us with plunder, riot, and robbery, and praying for our punishment.

Then followed still stranger incidents. The petition and the charge were so extra absurd that the magistrate, instead of calling on us for our defence, at once ordered the petition to be placed on the records, meaning thereby that no notice could be taken of it.

Directly I heard of this sublimely false and preternaturally unfounded complaint, I presented a petition demanding Bunsee Loll's punishment. The joint magistrate summoned him, he appealed against the order to the judge, the judge called for the papers, and then discovered that the magistrate, having seen at a glance the unspeakable absurdity of the petition, had, as I have mentioned, passed no judicial order upon it, and consequently he held that the case had died a civil death, and, ergo, the punishment prescribed for false and malicious complaint could not then be inflicted!

Some mysterious arrangements were entered into by the parties; the widow represented that the quarrel had been made

up, and a reconciliation effected between herself and her persecutors, and my vocation was gone.

But Bunsee did not quit escape; though the success of his wickedness had saved him from criminal punishment, he had to compensate me with no inconsiderable portion of his money, as damages in a civil action which I lodged against him for libel and defamation of character.

THE WIDOWS OF TIKAREE

I now enter on the second case alluded to. In 1858, Modenarain Singh, the wealthy Rajah of Tikaree, in the district of Gya, died, leaving two widows, who, before they had well dried the tears which fell from their eyes for the deceased, fell out, as may well be imagined, by the ears. Friends intervened and an amicable arrangement was effected between them, under which Sheikh Hoormut Ali, the family dewan, who had managed the estate in the time of Modenarain and his father, was appointed by both ladies, as sole manager on their behalf, under a formal covenant, in which they bound themselves not to remove him unless he violated certain specified conditions. For a few short months, matters ran smoothly between the Ranecs, but peace was only on the surface. The younger Ranec suddenly presented a petition to the magistrate, intimating to that authority that she had dismissed Hoormut Ali, as far as she was concerned, and appointed her own "young man", Bund Ali, who would in future collect the rents of her half share.

From this point commenced a fierce and protracted struggle; all the usual elements of Oriental litigation being intensified to fever heat by the animosity and bitterness of female rivalry. When the war commenced in earnest, I had just resigned the service, and had established myself at Patna as a legal agent and practitioner. Both parties applied eagerly to me for my assistance; the younger Ranec offering me a lac of rupees, and Rs. 1,000 per month. I examined the claims and position of both parties, considered those of the elder lady to be most

reasonable and sound, and made my election in her favour, though the terms she offered were far less liberal than those offered by her rival. The old lady sent me a written sunnud of appointment on Rs. 500 per month, for two years certain, adding to it a voluntary assurance that in all cases brought to a successful termination she would give me a reasonable but handsome gratuity.

Under this distinct agreement, carefully embodied in writing, I entered upon the task I had undertaken, frequently travelling to Gya, where I personally superintended all the proceedings, appearing in Court before the several authorities, and sparing no pains or exertions in the conscientious and diligent discharge of my appointed duty.

My labours were crowned with complete success; the appointment of the dewan Hoormut Ali was authoritatively confirmed, all interference with his management of the entire estate was peremptorily prohibited, and so complete was the discomfiture of the younger Ranec and her advisers, that, hopeless of recovering any share of the management, they abandoned all further resistance.

But the discomfited young woman had another arrow in her bow. A day or two after the final orders were received from the Sudder Court, the unfortunate Hoormut Ali was murdered in his own house. He rose according to custom, drank his cup of tea in the early morning as usual, and two hours afterwards was a corpse. A subsequent examination showed that arsenic in large quantities had been mixed with the liquid!

The death of Hoormut Ali at once negated all my labours; no other agreement or contract remained in regard to the administration of the estate, and the two Ranecs were thus left to manage their own affairs as they chose.

My work being thus rendered infructuous, the elder Ranec's vakeel, Khorshed Ali, a man notorious throughout the district for his dishonesty, immediately entertained a "happy thought", and with a view to his own benefit, and probably the appropriation of a nice little sum, set his wits to work to deprive me of the remuneration which had been distinctly guaranteed by written documents, and had never for a moment during the life of Hoormut Ali been disputed, though the payment had with my consent been postponed.

After considerable delay, I was compelled to sue the Ranee for my dues; the proofs were clear, distinct, and unanswerable, and the judge at once gave a decree for the amount.

From this decision the Ranee—herself a cipher—acting under the direction of Khorshed Ali, appealed to the High Court, and the case was heard before a Divisional Court of two judges; and here commenced the strange, unprecedented, and, I venture to say, indefensible proceedings, which to this day appear almost incredible.

In the face of direct, unanswerable, and trustworthy evidence, and in violation of common sense and reason, the two judges at once accepted the perjured statements set forth by the appellant. I was said to have failed in the cases committed to me to have been removed from my appointment as agent; to have robbed the Ranee's treasury, and been guilty of gross and open dishonesty!

Directly I received a copy of the Court's decision, I applied for leave to appear and vindicate my character, and about the same time a summon was issued by the High Court calling upon me to show cause why my name should not be struck off the roll of pleaders.

This reached me in June when I was at Simla; and as I was then suffering from an attack of gout, and utterly unable at such a season to go to Calcutta, the hearing was, at my request, and in virtue of a medical certificate, postponed till October.

Early in October I went to Calcutta, appeared before the Court in person, and amidst some sensation, and in the presence of many friends and spectators, went through the case from first to last, and in spite of the obvious and distressing prejudice exhibited by one, at least, of the judges, succeeded in exonerating myself from the numerous charges of personal dishonesty; and the rule calling me to show cause was struck off. But though thus absolved, I was robbed (I can use no other word) of a great portion of my hard-earned dues.

TWENTY-FOUR

FIRST VISIT TO SIMLA

In 1861, Lord Canning had been succeeded in the Supreme Government by Lord Elgin, who reached Calcutta in the month of January. No Governor-General was ever more popular than Lord Elgin during the short period of his reign. After remaining for some months in Calcutta, where he seemed to take the affection of those with whom he came in contact by storm, he went up country.

Here he was suddenly seized with a serious illness. Alexander Macrae was telegraphed for, but the case was hopeless; his heart was fatally diseased, and he died suddenly.

His loss was regarded as a national calamity, and it was always a matter of regret to me that I had never had any opportunity of personal communication or intercourse with so distinguished a character.

On the death of Lord Elgin, the Supreme Government was at once transferred to Sir John Lawrence, whose name and actions had been celebrated throughout India; and here I must mention a peculiar event which occurred in Calcutta on the occasion of Sir J. Lawrence's first appearance in public in 1862.

This took place during the great exhibition inaugurated by Sir Cecil Beadon, then Lieutenant-Governor. I was myself present in Sir Cecil's drawing room, where I witnessed a scene which was in itself an "exhibition" of no ordinary kind. Several natives of distinction had been invited, and were presented to the new Viceroy in the usual form by Mr. Beadon; while look-

ing on at the not uninteresting ceremony, I suddenly beheld, with amazement, the diminutive form of the notorious Wahabee leader, Molvee Ahmad Oolla, who had gone down, it appears, by invitation, in the railway train, then just finished, for the purpose of special introduction to the Viceroy.

When I saw this exceptional little villain taken up by the Lieutenant-Governor, and presented with gracious smiles to Sir John Lawrence, who, in his ignorance of past events, shook hands cordially with the traitor, I confess I felt indignant.

The next time the "innocent and inoffensive gentleman" visited Calcutta, he was in heavy fetters as a convicted criminal—the condemned conspirator who had organised treason throughout India—and was on his way to the Andaman islands as prisoner for life!

A singular instance, not at the present moment devoid of interest, of the result of conciliation when dealing with a murderer.

While patronised and petted by the Government, this little man had been carrying on a deadly conspiracy throughout the country; a few years afterwards one of his sect murdered the Chief Justice of Calcutta on the steps of his court.

I wish I could say that his career of treason was here closed; but there is no one fact of which I feel more thoroughly convinced than that the murder of Lord Mayo, during his ill-omened visit to those islands, was planned, contrived, and accomplished by this consummate traitor.

I was not on this occasion introduced to Sir John Lawrence, and admit I did not feel much anxiety to form one in the tableau.

And now, in 1864, having vegetated for so many years in the plains, and weathered the trying heat of the hot season, we were resolved to leave Patna for a time, wend our way to the glorious Himalayas, and enjoy a brief sojourn at the viceregal sanatorium of Simla.

In a journey, in which we stayed some hours at Umballa, Delhi, and Allahabad, we reached our home at Patna, "delighted", as my wife's diary says, "to find ourselves in our own clean handsome house."

During the latter months of the year, I was frequently confined to my bed with severe gout, but nothing important

occurred. My farm at Lohanipore with its various inhabitants, cattle, sheep, pigs, rabbits, &c. and the continued arrangement of my incipient museum, afforded the principal occupation and amusement when at home, but a constant succession of important cases committed to my charge took me to different districts.

TWENTY-FIVE

SECOND VISIT TO SIMLA

On the 19th of January 1865, the Lieutenant-Governor with his secretary, Colonel James, and other members of his staff, paid Patna a visit, on his way to Mozufferpore, where an exhibition was to be held of cattle, vegetable products, and other articles.

Mr. Beadon, before his return to Calcutta, came to see my farm at Lohanipore, and expressed great interest in the incipient organisation of the establishment.

Shortly after our return to Patna, a most interesting and important event was in progress. The Wahabee leader, Molvee Ahmed Oolla, whom I had placed under precautionary arrest in 1857 (as fully described in the Patna Crisis), and who had afterwards been declared by Mr. Samuells, with the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor, to be an "innocent and inoffensive gentleman", and had been presented to the Viceroy on his arrival in India, was on his trial before Mr. Ainslie, the Judge of Patna.

After some days' hearing, in which the prisoner was defended by able English counsel, he was convicted, on the 27th February, as chief conspirator in a scheme of deadly treason, and sentenced to be hanged.

As the judge was leaving the Court in his buggy, a man rushed from the road and made a violent blow, intended apparently for him, but which fortunately fell upon the horse. Mr. Ainslie then whipped on the horse. The man was seized, and afterwards tried; but just as had happened many years

before, when the fanatic struck at me at Cuttack, he was "found mad," and acquitted.

On the 25th of April 1865 we once more started for Simla, stopping for a short time at Allahabad, where we met Mr. Girdleston, W. Armstrong, and Mr. Money.

We found Lady Lawrence and her daughters extremely kind and pleasant, and they were a great accession to the society. A few days after our arrival Sir John and Lady Lawrence, accompanied by the A.D.C. Captain Vicars, called upon us, and were greatly interested with my collection of Indian curiosities, some of which I had brought with me from the plains.

When all was over, we returned to Patna, with the intention of once more visiting Simla for the last time before our final return to "merry England."

LAST VISIT TO SIMLA

In the month of December 1865, we once more left Patna, by train, and arrived at Umballa on the 1st of January 1866. We had previously engaged lodgings here, and, by the kind assistance of friends, found everything comfortably prepared for our reception.

As we intended to remain here for several months, and had given up our large house at Patna, we had brought our carriage and horses, that my wife might enjoy some exercise before mounting the undrivable hills of Simla.

Simla was at this season the general resort of what may be irreverently termed official swelldom—the autocracy of the Indian Government, the members of which enjoyed not a little the change from the heat and dulness of the sudorific plains for the exhilarating atmosphere and refulgent scenery of the glorious Himalayas. Whether the universal recess was beneficial or not to the administration was then and is, I believe, at the present day a subject on which there are two opinions, but this is far too difficult and abstruse a question for me to touch upon.

Besides the Viceroy with his personal staff, there was during the seasons of our visit a general assemblage of dignitaries, with their wives and families.

The Supreme Council comprised at that time many of the most distinguished officers, civil and military.

In 1864, the first year of our arrival, Sir Hugh Rose held his position of Commander-in-Chief, the other members were Sir Robert Napier, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Henry Maine the great

lawyer, G. Noble Taylor the member for Madras, and William Grey for Bengal; while the secretariat was graced by Colonel Durand, Colonel Norman, Edward Lushington, E. H. Bayley, and Colonel Strachey.

During the season of 1865 we first made the acquaintance of Colonel, then Major, Malleson, who was the Sanitary Commissioner for the Government of India.

Malleson had married the daughter of an old friend, George Batty the civilian.

The subsequent development of the Malleson's literary genius is a matter of notoriety, which culminated in his brilliant history of the Indian Mutiny.

After a few days' residence in Calcutta, where we had the delight of finding our dear son, Graham, with his wife and children, we bade farewell to relations and friends, and embarked on board 'the Golconda.'

Our party, besides ourselves, consisted of our eldest son, Skipwith, his wife, and eldest boy, who had lived with us ever since the Mutiny, the "two doves," children of our second daughter Mrs. Lockwood, and the eldest boy of our second son Graham—a small investment of the forty grandchildren with which we now are blessed.

The long interval of my absence, and the many sensational incidents of my life, appeared like a dream; but I was no less thankful to God for His merciful providence, which permitted me, with wife, children, and grandchildren, once more to place my foot on dear old England, in present health and spirits, and in confident hope of righteous compensation for the wrongs I had suffered during my "Thirty-eight years in India"; and I was truly glad to feel that after so long a period of separation I could yet sympathise with the "unchanging man" of the poet Montgomery, and re-echo from my heart his touching sentiment:

"His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

APPENDIX

EXTRACTS FROM SIR J. KAYE'S
SEPOY WAR, VOL. III

The chief civil officer of the division was Mr. William Tayler, of whom mention has already been made. A man of varied accomplishments and of an independent tone of thought and speech, he had studied the native character, as only it can be rightly studied, with large-hearted toleration and catholicity of sentiment. Fully alive to the melancholy fact of the great gulf between the two races, he had often dwelt, in his public correspondence, on the evils attending the self imposed isolation of his countrymen, and the want of sympathy, and therefore the want of knowledge, in all that related to the feelings of the people, of a large majority of official and non-official Englishmen in India. Nearly two years before the outbreak of the mutiny, he had reported to Government that, "owing to sundry causes, the minds of the people in these districts are at present in a very restless and disaffected state, and they have generally conceived the idea that there is an intention on the part of the Government to commence and carry through a systematic interference with their religion, their caste, and their social customs." Utterances of this kind are never palatable to Government; and Mr. Tayler was regarded in high places, if not actually as an alarmist, as a man who suffered his imagination to run away with him; and, although it is impossible to govern well and wisely without it, nothing is more detestable to Government than imagination. So it happened that Mr. Tayler had fallen into disrepute with some above

him, and had excited the resentment of some below him. He was a man of strong convictions, not chary of speech; and there was small chance at any time of a division under his charge subsiding into the drowsy, somnolent state which gives so little official trouble, and is therefore greatly approved.— [Pp. 69, 70.]

There was not a man in the country more disposed towards strenuous action than Mr. William Tayler. The instructions which he issued to his subordinates all through the months of June and July were of the most encouraging and assuring kind. He exhorted all men to put on a bold front, to maintain their posts, and to crush all incipient sedition with the strong arm of authority. It was in these words that he wrote to the chief civil officer of Tirhoot, and all his directions to others were in the same strain: "I don't think that you are in danger. The Sepoys, if they rose, would not go so far out of their way. Your own Budmashes, therefore, are all you have to fear. If you look sharp and raise your extra police—keep your Sowars in hand—stir up your Darogah—tell that little Rajah to send you men in different parts to help you—keep a look-out at the ghauts, and at the same time quietly arrange for a place of rendezvous in case of real danger, where you may meet; all will go right. . . . Make everybody show a good face—be plucky, and snub any fellows who are impudent. If any people talk sedition threaten them with the rope, and keep a look-out on the Nujeebs. Try and form without any fuss a body of volunteers, mounted gentlemen, so that in case of any extremity they might all meet and pitch into any blackguards. If anything really bad were to happen, the branch volunteers should come into Patna and join the main body, and we would keep the province till assistance should come. These are only probabilities, so don't tell people they are anticipated. The word for Tirhoot is just now 'All serene'. And it was, doubtless, the true policy to betray no fear, but be thoroughly awake to and prepared for all possibilities of surrounding danger. [Pp. 76, 77]

It is not to be questioned that up to the time of the mutiny of Dinapore regiments, the whole bearing of the Patna Commissioner was manly to a point of manliness not often excelled in those troubled times. He had exhorted all his countrymen to cling steadfastly to their posts. He had rebuked those who had

betrayed their fears by deserting their stations. His measures had been bold; his conduct had been courageous; his policy had been severely repressive. If he had erred, assuredly his errors had not leaned to the side of weakness. He was one of the last men in the service to strike his colour, save under the compulsion of a great necessity. But when the Dinapore regiments broke into rebellion—when the European troops on whom he had relied, proved themselves to be incapable of repressing mutiny on the spot, or overtaking it with swift retribution—when it was known that thousands of insurgent Sepoys were overrunning the country, and that the country, in the language of the day, was “up”—that some of the chief members of the territorial aristocracy had risen against the domination of the English, and that the predatory classes, including swarms of released convicts from the gaols, were waging deadly war against property and life—when he saw that all these things were against us, and there seemed to be no hope left that the scattered handfuls of Englishmen at the out-stations could escape utter destruction, he deemed it his duty to revoke the orders which he had issued in more auspicious times, and to call into Patna such of our English establishments as had not already been swept away by the rebellion or escaped without official recall. In doing this he generously took upon himself the responsibility of withdrawal, and absolved all the officers under him from any blame which might descend upon them for deserting their stations without the sanction of superior authority. It was not doubted that if there had been any reasonable ground of hope that these little assemblies of Englishmen could hold their own, that they could save their lives and the property of the Government by defending their posts, it would have been better that the effort should be made. But their destruction would have been a greater calamity to the State than their surrender. It was impossible to overvalue the worth of European life at that time, and the deaths of so many Englishmen would have been a greater triumph and a greater encouragement to the enemy than their flight. It was the hour of our greatest darkness and our sorest need. We know now how Wake and Boyle and Colvin and their comrades in the “little house” held the enemy in check, and how Vincent Eyre taught both the Sepoy mutineers and the

Shahabad insurgents that there was still terrible vitality in our English troops. Of this William Tayler knew nothing. But he had palpably before him the fact of Durbar's disaster, and he believed that nothing could save the little garrison at Arrah. The probabilities at the time were that the Dinapore regiments, with Kower Singh and his followers, having done their work in that direction, would move, flushed with conquest and gorged with plunder, upon Gyah and other stations, carrying destruction with them wheresoever they might go. What the Commissioner then did was what had been done and what was being done by other authorities, civil and military, in other parts of the country; and it was held to be sound policy to draw in our scattered outposts to some central point of safety where the enemy might be defied. In this I can perceive no appearance of panic. If Tayler had not acted thus, and evil had befallen the Christian people under his charge, he would have been condemned with a far severer condemnation for so fatal an omission. [Pp. 161, 162, 163.]

From Malleson's 'Indian Mutiny'

Mr. William Tayler was a member of the Bengal Civil Service. He was a gentleman and a scholar, possessing great natural abilities which he had lost no opportunity of cultivating, an elegant mind, and a large fund of common sense. To these should be added the greater gifts, during a crisis such as that of which I am writing, of a nerve not to be shaken, a clear view, and a power to decide rapidly and correctly in difficult circumstances. In the prime of life, courteous in manner, loyal to his Government, ready to hear the opinions of all, yet resolved to act on those which best commended themselves to his understanding, he was just the man whom a Wellesley or a Napier would have detached as his lieutenant of command a difficult position.

The mutinous spirit displayed early in the year by the sepoy at Berhampore, and later by those at Barrackpore, had not been unnoticed by Mr. Tayler. As the pro-consul of a province which had as its capital the city of Patna, the headquarters of the chiefs of the Wahabees, it had devolved upon him to watch

every vibration in the political system so strangely agitated since the beginning of the year. Mr. Tayler, with a forecast surer than that of Mr. Secretary Beadon, had detected in the action of the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry and in the scarce-concealed sympathy with that action of the regiments stationed at Barrackpore, the germs of a very contagious political disease, and he had deemed it not at all improbable that, if not wholly eradicated by the measures of Government, the disease might gradually spread upwards. Never for a moment did he believe in the "passing and groundless panic" theory of Mr. Beadon. But not even Mr. Tayler, astute and far-seeing as he was, had imagined that the contagion would be communicated, as if by magic, to the upper provinces, passing over the intermediate divisions, to attack the body politic, suddenly, in its very heart.

When, therefore, the catastrophe of the 10th of May occurred at Meerut, it took not less by surprise the Commissioner of Patna than every other official in India. But Mr. Tayler was equal to the occasion. He summoned the European inhabitants of the place to deliberate on the means to be adopted to avert the crisis from Patna. Rejecting the timid counsel offered him shortly before by the judge,—who then, or a little later, took refuge in the opium godown,—to despatch the Government treasure to Dinapore and to be prepared on the first alarm to follow it thither, Mr. Tayler briefly stated to those present his information, his apprehensions, and his hopes, and then added, that if they had confidence in him, he was prepared to assume the entire responsibility, and to act as he might consider necessary. In reply the Europeans present voted by acclamation confidence in their Commissioner. Thus armed, Mr. Tayler prepared for the inevitable emergency.

On the 7th June the crisis seemed to arrive. Intimation was received that evening from Dinapore to the effect that the native regiments were in a state of excitement, and that a rise was apprehended that very night.

Mr. Tayler determined at once to make of his own house a fortress for the whole station. He drove to the nearest residents, and sent messengers to those further off, begging them to accept his hospitality during the crisis. In less than an hour his house

was crowded by men, women, and children, from all parts of Patna. The house, however, was garrisoned by the Station Guards, who were all natives. Could they be trusted? Suddenly the discovery of a letter passing between them and the sepoys at Dinapore showed Mr. Tayler that his guards were in league with the disaffected regiments.

Fortunately, a body of Sikhs newly raised by Captain Rattray, were then within forty miles of Patna. Mr. Tayler had sent expresses a day or two before to summon these men. They arrived at the early dawn. For the moment, then, Patna was safe. The several residents returned to their homes. . . .

To return to Patna. The report brought by Captain Rattray of the reception accorded to his Sikh soldiers by the inhabitants of the city and the districts in its vicinity, was not of a nature to allay the apprehensions which his profound acquaintance with the province had excited in the mind of Mr. Tayler. Those soldiers, he was informed, had been constantly reviled on their march towards Patna, taunted with the part they were taking, accused of being renegades to their faith, and asked whether they intended to fight for the infidel or for their religion. When they entered Patna the high priest of the Sikh temple in the city refused to admit them to the sacred shrine, and wherever they were seen they met the most palpable evidences of the hatred and contempt of the population.

Private inquiries which Mr. Tayler instituted at this time soon brought to his mind the conviction that secret mischief was brewing. He learnt, too, that conferences of disaffected men were held at night, though in a manner so secret and so well guarded, that proof of meeting was rendered difficult, the capture of the plotters impossible.

The alarm meanwhile was increasing. The judge of Patna, the opium agent, and some others, left their houses with their families and took refuge in the opium godown. It spread likewise to the districts. Mr. Wake, the magistrate of Arrah, afterwards so distinguished for his gallantry in the defence of that place, wrote to Mr. Tayler on the 11th, informing him that many of the railway employees and other Europeans had run away from his district in a panic, and had taken refuge in Dinapore.

Under these trying circumstances Mr. Tayler acted with

vigour, with judgement, and with decision. He stood out prominently amongst his compeers. He hid nothing from his superiors. The details of the crisis through which his division was passing were, therefore, well known in Calcutta. And when post after post brought to the capital accounts of the risings at Benares, at Azimgurh, in Central India and in the North-Western Provinces, the question rose naturally and involuntarily to the lips: "How is it that Patna is quiescent?" Patna was quiescent simply because one man, Mr. William Tayler, the Commissioner of the Division, was a brave and determined man, ready to strike when necessary, and incapable, even under the darkest circumstances, of showing hesitation or fear.

The metal of which his character was formed was soon to be further tested. The disaffection among the Dinapore troops, and in the districts, being daily on the increase, Mr. Tayler directed the removal of the moneys in the treasuries of Chapra and Arrah into Patna, thus bringing the coin under his own eye. He controlled with a firm hand the movements in his six districts, of officials, some of whom had actually left their stations under the conviction of an impending attack. Every day the post and messengers brought him intelligence of disaffection on the one side, of apprehension on the other; of plots to murder, of plots to burn, of plots to rise in revolt. He was informed, moreover, that Kunwar Singh, a powerful landowner, whose estates in the vicinity of Arrah were peopled by a martial tenantry devoted to their chief, was making secret preparations to seize the first opportunity to revolt.

Mr. Tayler did not, at the moment, credit the reports about Kunwar Singh individually. He was well aware that to all the disaffected nobles and landowners of the districts only two opportunities, or one of two opportunities, would prove sufficiently tempting. These were, the mutiny of the native regiments at Dinapore, and the rising of the population of Patna. It was clear that a successful mutiny at Dinapore would be instantaneously followed by the rising of Patna; equally so that a successful rising at Patna would precipitate the mutiny of the native troops. Mr. Tayler was, however, confident that if allowed by the Government unfettered action, he could maintain order in Patna so long as the native troops at Dinapore should

remain quiescent. Thus, in his view, all, for the moment, depended on the quiet attitude of the sepoys.

So many symptoms, amongst others intercepted correspondence, seeming to show that the native troops were only watching their opportunity, it appeared to Mr. Tayler imperatively necessary that they should be disarmed with as little delay as possible. He endeavoured to impress his views in this respect on Major-General Lloyd. But in this he was unsuccessful. Major-General Lloyd held to the views I have already quoted, and declared repeatedly to Mr. Tayler that he was in direct communication with Lord Canning on the subject, and that he would carry the province through the crisis without resorting to the supreme measure of disarming.

Mr. Tayler's position was rendered a thousand times more difficult by the fact that in addition to a disaffected city under his very eyes, to disaffected districts within ranges varying from thirty to a hundred miles, to disaffected landowners controlling large portions of those districts, he had within eight miles of his own door three native regiments, pledged, as their correspondence showed, to mutiny, and only watching their opportunity. It is difficult to realise the enormous responsibility thus thrown upon the shoulders of one man. Other positions in India were dangerous, but this was unique in the opportunities of danger which threatened it, in the number of the lives, in the amount of treasure, in the extent of country, devolving upon one man, almost unaided, to guard. Without a single European soldier, and with only a few Sikhs, at his disposal, Mr. Tayler was responsible for the lives of some hundreds of Europeans scattered over the province, for a treasury in his own city containing more than £ 300,000, and in the districts of still more, for opium of the value of millions for his own good name, for the credit and honour of his country. And now all around was surging. Any moment might bring revolt and mutiny to his door.

I have said in my description of Mr. Tayler that he possessed great natural talents which he had cultivated. In the course of his reading he had not been slow to observe that in great crises, when two armies, or two political parties, are sitting armed opposite to each other, each watching its opportunity, success almost invariably inclined to the leader who struck the first blow.

The time had now arrived for him to consider whether he was not himself placed in a position in which he would be justified in dealing at the disaffected chiefs a blow which would paralyse their movements—a blow not accompanied by bloodshed, but one strictly of self-defence. The measure he contemplated may, in one sense, be termed a measure of disarming. He was not strong enough, indeed, to disarm at the moment the inhabitants of Patna by depriving them of their weapons, but he could disarm their counsels of wisdom by apprehending and confining their trusted leaders. It was a bold and daring idea, requiring strength of nerve and resolution to carry through; but the necessities were pressing, the dangers were threatening, a general rising in Patna might be fatal. Mr. Tayler resolved to anticipate those dangers, to render impossible or fruitless that rising, by acting in the manner I have indicated.

Accordingly he struck. Private information had satisfied Mr. Tayler that the chiefs of the disaffected natives were the Wahabee Mulvis. These men were the leaders of the most bigoted Mahomedan party in the world, and as such commanded implicit obedience from the mass of Patna Mahomedans, holding in their hands the strings of the contemplated movement. Prominent amongst these Mulvis were three men Shah Mahomed Hussen, Ahmad Ulla, and Waiz-ul-Haqq. To seize these men openly would have provoked the outbreak which Mr. Tayler was careful to avoid. But it was necessary for the public peace that they should be secured. Mr. Tayler, therefore, requested their presence, and the presence of others, to consult on the state of affairs. When the conference was over, he allowed the others to depart, but detained the three men I have named, informing them that in the then existing state of affairs it was necessary that they should remain under supervision. They politely acquiesced, and were conducted to a comfortable house near the Sikh encampment where suitable accommodation had been provided.

The act of Mr. Tayler in arresting, without warning them that he intended to arrest them—in a word by enticing them to his house—men of whose guilt he had evidence amounting, in his mind, to certainty, and who, if left at large, would have so organised the outbreak that it should coincide with the rise of

the sepoys—has been compared, in principle, to “the treacherous assassination of Sir William Macnaghten by Sirdar Mahomed Akbar Khan. It is difficult to apprehend how the writer could have mistaken the striking difference between the two occurrences. Mahomed Akbar and Sir W. Macnaghten were representatives of two nations, the one at war with the other: at the conference at which they met, Mahomed Akbar had guaranteed in the most solemn and sacred manner the life of his guest. Yet Mahomed Akbar shot Sir William Macnaghten dead. Mr. Tayler, on the other hand, represented the governing power of the land; the Mulvis were the avowed subjects of that power; they were not Mr. Tayler’s guests; they went to his house to hear the voice of the Government they served; and that voice ordered them to remain in honorary confinement so long as the crisis might last. They were subjected to no humiliation; to no disgrace. Simply the power of endangering the lives of others was taken away from them.

This act occurred on the 19th of June. It was followed up by the arrest of Mulvi Medhi, the patrolling magistrate of the city, strongly suspected of connivance with the disaffected. The next day, the 20th, the rank and file having been overawed by the seizure of their chiefs, Mr. Tayler issued a proclamation calling upon all citizens to deliver up their arms within twenty-four hours, on pain of being proceeded against; and another, forbidding all citizens, those excepted who might be specially exempted, from leaving their homes after 9 O’clock at night.

These several measures were to a great extent successful. The disaffected were deprived of their most trusted leaders; several thousand stand of arms were peaceably delivered up; nightly meetings of the conspirators ceased. As a first practical result, the judge, Mr. Farquharson, the opium agent, Mr. Garrett, and others, left their refuge at the opium godown, and returned to their houses. The second was the sudden diminution of the symptoms of disaffection throughout the districts under Mr. Tayler’s orders.

But the crisis was not over. Three days later a corporal of the native police, Waris Ali by name, was arrested at his own station—in Tirhoot, under most suspicious circumstances. Upon his person was found a bundle of letters implicating in the

rebellious movement one Ali Karim, an influential Mahomedan gentleman, residing nine miles from Patna.

Mr. Tayler at once despatched the magistrate of Patna, Mr. Lewis, to arrest this gentleman, placing at his disposal a party of Sikh cavalry. But Mr. Lewis, listening to the voice of the native official who was to accompany him, resolved to act without the cavalry. The same friendly voice which had proffered this advice, warned Ali Karim of the magistrate's approach. When Mr. Lewis came in sight of his intended victim, the latter was mounted on an elephant. Mr. Lewis had at his disposal a small ponygig—and his legs. As Ali Karim turned at once into the fields, he was enabled easily to baffle his pursuer, and to escape.

The order which Mr. Tayler's bold measures had thus restored was maintained without interruption till the 3rd of July. The disaffected had been thoroughly cowed. In the interval, however, reports of the massacre at Shahjehanpore, of the fall of Cawnpore, of Futtehpoore, and of Furruckabad, came to reanimate their hopes. The attitude of the sepoy regiments continued doubtful.

But on the evening of the 3rd of July the long threatened Patna rising occurred. Thanks, however, to the energetic measures already taken by Mr. Tayler, it occurred in a form so diluted that a continuation of the same daring and resolute policy sufficed to repress it. It happened in his wise. At the period on the 3rd July already indicated, some 200 Mahomedan fanatics, led by one Pir Ali, a bookseller, noted for his enthusiasm for his religion and his hatred of the English, unfurled the green flag, and summoning by beat of drum others to join them rushed, calling upon Allah, towards the Roman Catholic Church, situated in the very heart of the city. On the news of this movement reaching Mr. Tayler, that gentleman directed Captain Rattray, attended by the magistrate, to march down with 150 Sikhs, whilst for the protection of the residents he put into operation the same precautions which had been adopted on the 7th of June, he himself going in person to the houses nearest to his own.

Meanwhile, and before the Sikhs had reached the spot, Dr. Lyall, the assistant to the opium agent, hearing the uproar,

and thinking that his presence might overawe the rioters, had galloped to the scene of action. As he approached the crowd several shots were fired at him. By one of these he was killed.

The sight of a fallen European stimulated the fanaticism of the crowd, and produced on them the effect which the taste of blood arouses in a hungry tiger. They pushed onwards with renewed enthusiasm, their numbers being augmented at every step. In a very few minutes, however, they found themselves face to face with Rattray's 150 Sikhs. Between the opposing parties, far from sympathy, there was the hatred of race, the hatred of religion; on the one side the newly-aroused fanaticism, on the other the longed-for opportunity to repay many a covert insult. It can well be imagined what followed. There was not a moment of parley. The rival parties instantaneously clashed, and, in a few seconds, the discipline and bayonets of the Sikhs suppressed the long-threatened Patna rising.

The next day, and the day following, the city was searched for the ringleaders of the outbreak. Thirty-one were apprehended. Amongst these were Pir Ali, the actual leader, and Shekh Ghasita, the confidential servant of Lutf Ali Khan, the richest banker in the city.

Of the thirty-one men who were apprehended, fourteen were tried and executed without delay. With them likewise was hanged the Waris Ali referred to in a previous page. Two—the two above named—were remanded for further examination.

Facts seemed to speak strongly against them. It was clearly proved that Pir Ali was a main agent for promoting a crusade against the English; that for months he and the Shekh Ghasita above mentioned had engaged and kept in pay numerous men who should be ready, when called upon, to fight for their religion and the Emperor of Delhi. But these operations had required a large outlay. Pir Ali was poor. His associate, Ghasita, was the hand of the great banker. But though it might have been fairly presumed that the great banker was implicated, no proceedings were, for the moment, taken against him.

The two men, Pir Ali and Ghasita, were tried and hanged. Lutf Ali, arraigned subsequently on the charge of harbouring a mutinous sepoy, and acquitted by the judge on the ground of insufficient evidence, was promptly released, and shortly after-

wards was welcomed and honoured as a martyr by the successor of Mr. Tayler!

But the outbreak was suppressed. It had been premature. As Pir Ali admitted, Mr. Tayler's strong measures had forced his hand, and compelled him to strike before he was ready. But for those strong measures the conspiracy would have been silently hatched until the outbreak at Dinapore should have given it the signal for explosion.

For to Calcutta, immediately after the news of Eyre's great triumph, came, in a distorted and inaccurate shape, the intelligence of Tayler's withdrawal order. The danger was now over; the tears in the council-chamber of Belvedere were dried up; a feverish exaltation followed. It was necessary that some proof should be given that energy had not died out in Bengal. Mr. Tayler's withdrawal order furnished the opportunity. Forgetting, or choosing not to remember, his transcendent services, the fact that he had never despaired of the safety of his division, that he had baffled the counsels of the mutineers, and had suppressed, unaided, the rising of Patna; that he had been the rock on which every hope in Behar had rested; that he had cheered the despairing, stimulated the wavering, roused to action even the faint heart of the soldier; forgetting, or choosing not to remember, these great achievements, the Government of Bengal, acting in concert with the Government of India, seized upon his withdrawal order to dismiss Mr. Tayler from his post, to consign the saviour of Behar, in the very morning dawn of the triumph which he had prepared, to signal and unmerited disgrace.

The Government of Bengal added insult to injury. Not content with suppressing the fact that Mr. Tayler had coupled with the order for the withdrawal of the officials from Gyah a direction that they should bring with them the treasure under their charge, unless by so doing their personal safety should be endangered, Mr. Halliday did not scruple to charge with being actuated by panic the man whose manly bearing had been throughout an example to the whole of India. It would be difficult to produce, in the annals of official persecution, rife as they are with perversions of truth, a statement more gratuitous.

But the fiat had gone forth. Mr. William Tayler was dis-

missed from his post. His career in the Indian Civil Service was ruined by one stroke of the pen.

And yet this man had accomplished as much as any individual man to save India in her great danger. He had done more than Mr. Halliday, who had recalled him; more than the Government which supported Mr. Halliday. With a courage as true and a resolution as undaunted as that which he showed when dealing with the Patna mutineers. Mr. Tayler has struggled since, he is struggling still, for the reversal of the unjust censure which blighted his career. Subsequent events have singularly justified the action which, at the time, was so unpalatable to Mr. Halliday. Mr. Tayler's denunciation of the Wahabee leaders, treated as a fable by his superiors, has been upheld to the full by the discoveries of recent years. It has been abundantly shown that to his energetic action alone was it due that Patna escaped a terrible disaster. The suppressed words of the withdrawal order have been published to the world, and the charge of panic has been recognised everywhere as untrue.

It is a curious and a very remarkable fact that of the members of the Council of the Governor-General who supported at the time Mr. Halliday's action, two have, in later years, expressed their regret that they acted hastily and on incorrect information. "Time," wrote, in 1868, one of the most prominent amongst them, Mr. Dorin, "time has shown that he (Mr. Halliday) was wrong and that you were right". Another, the then Military Member of Council, General Sir John Low, G. C. B., thus, in 1867, recorded his opinion: "I well remember my having, as a member of Lord Canning's Council, concurred with his Lordship in the censure which he passed upon your conduct . . . but it has since been proved—incontestably proved—that the date on which that decision was based were quite incorrect! . . . I sincerely believe that your skilful and vigorous management of the disaffected population of Patna was of immense value to the Government of India, and that in the last few months of your Commissionership, commencing with the arrest of the three Wahabee conspirators, and the disarming of the greater portion of the inhabitants of Patna city, your services were of more vital importance to the public interests than those of many officers, both civil and military, during the whole period of their Indian career, in less critical times, who

have been rewarded—and justly rewarded—by honours from the Queen; while your services, by an extraordinary combination of unlucky circumstances, have hitherto been overlooked." It is not less remarkable that three ex-Governors and two ex-Lieutenant-Governors of the presidencies and provinces of India have recorded for his distinguished conduct in the province of which Mr. Tayler was the pro-consul, has not hesitated to inform him that until Mr. Tayler should be rewarded for the conduct which saved the province, it would be too painful for him "to wear in your presence the decoration which I have so gratefully received from Her Majesty."

His comrades in India, then, and the public generally, have rendered to Mr. William Tayler the justice which is still denied him by the Government which he served so truly and with such signal success. The ban of official displeasure still blights his declining years whilst his rival, decorated by the Crown, has been awarded a seat in the Council of India, he "who was right when that rival was wrong", still remains in the cold shade of official neglect. Although with a pertinacity which is the result of conscious rectitude, Mr. Tayler has pressed upon each succeeding Secretary of State his claims for redress, that redress has still been, up to the latest date, denied him. It seems to be considered that the lapse of years sanctions a wrong, should that wrong in the interval remain unatoned for. We English not only boast of our justice, but, in the haughtiness of our insular natures, we are apt to reproach the French for the manner in which they treated the great men of their nation who strove unsuccessfully to build up a French empire in India. We taunt them with having sent Lally to the block, and allowed Dupleix to die in misery and in want. But, looking at our treatment of Mr. William Tayler, can we say that, even with the advantages which a century of civilisation has given us, our hands are more clean? This man saved a province. In saving that province it is possible that he saved with it districts outside his own. Yet is he not, I ask, looking at the treatment he received, is he not entitled to use, if not the very words, yet the sense of the very words employed by Dupleix in 1764, "I have sacrificed", wrote three months before he died that greatest of Indo-French administrators, "I have sacrificed my youth, my fortune, my life, to enrich my nation in Asia. . . . My services are treated

as fables, my demand is denounced as ridiculous. I am treated as the vilest of mankind." To this day the treatment of Dupleix is a lasting stain on French administration. I most fervently hope, for the credit of my country, that our children and our children's children may not be forced to blush for a similar stain resting on the annals of England; that the French may never have it in their power to return the reproach which our historians have not been slow to cast at them. In the history of the mutiny there is no story which appeals more to the admiration than the story of this man guiding, almost unaided, a province through the storm, training his crew and keeping down the foe, whilst yet both hands were at the wheel, and in the end steering his tossed vessel into the harbour of safety. Character, courage, tact, clearness of vision, firmness of brain, were in him alike conspicuous. May it never descend to posterity that in the councils of England services so distinguished were powerless in the presence of intrigue!

Author Copy

TWENTY-EIGHT

MEMORANDUM

It has been suggested to me by many friends that the following rather remarkable episode—closely connected as it is with the struggle which I have carried on for so many years, in the hope of obtaining redress for established wrong,—ought to be placed on record.

When Commissioner of Patna, at the commencement of the mutinies in 1857, I thought it my duty to place under precautionary arrest several leading members of the fanatic sect of Mahomedans now so well known by the name of Wahabees.

After my sudden removal from office by the then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Mr. Frederick Halliday, my successor in the Commissionership, Mr. Samuells, with the concurrence and approval of the Lieutenant-Governor (who published the statement in an official Blue-Book), described these men as “innocent and inoffensive,” “mere book-men, against whom there was no cause of suspicion,” and, in the same letter, suggested that I had been induced to arrest them because of their loyalty, through the machinations of the men whom I had consulted, viz. Syud Wilayat Ali Khan, a wealthy resident of Patna, and Dewan Mowla Buksh, a Deputy Magistrate, my official subordinate. These men have since been decorated by Her Majesty, one with the Star of India, the other with the Order of the Indian Empire.

Subsequent events, as is now generally known, have shown the mischievous character and dangerous effect of these recorded opinions. Judicial trial, seven years after the mutinies, exhibited

to the world these very men carried on intrigues and conspiracies against the British Government, whose names were actually on the Government records as disaffected and dangerous men, at the very time when Mr. Halliday publicly declared their innocence! They were condemned to death, but, by commutation of sentence, they were imprisoned for life in the Andamans, where Molvee Ahmad Oolla, the identical leader of the confederacy, whom I had arrested at Patna was nominally in confinement, in fact exercising an extensive influence when Lord Mayo paid his fatal visit to the islands and was murdered.

When the news of Lord Mayo's assassination reached England, I felt at once a strong internal conviction that the murder had been conceived and contrived by the Wahabees, the actual assassin being merely a convenient instrument.

I accordingly wrote and put into print a memorandum containing my reasons for this conclusion, copy of which I forwarded to the Secretary of State.

Shortly after this, when Lord Northbrook was appointed Viceroy of India, several leading members of the Indian Council suggested that he should see and consult me on this subject of Wahabee fanaticism. I accordingly had an interview with his Lordship in London, and held a long conversation with him on the subject. The next day I sent him, at his request, a written memorandum of the suggestions which I took the liberty of recommending with a view to counteract the secret machinations of this sect, and prevent, as far as human precautions could avail any further such outrage as that which had lately created universal horror. These suggestions proposed the organization throughout Bengal of a secret detective service.

It may here be mentioned that, prior to the assassination of Lord Mayo, one of this “innocent” sect had murdered the Chief Justice of Bengal on the steps of his Court in Calcutta; and, several years before, the Judge of Patna was attacked on his way from Court, and narrowly escaped with his life, after the trial and conviction of the noted leader whom I have already mentioned, Molvee Ahmed Oolla.

MEMORANDUM LAID BEFORE LORD
NORTHBROOK BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE
TO INDIA

Wahabeeism

This is the subject of the day. It is proved and admitted that there is a secret organization, of which the ramifications extend throughout India, and of which the avowed purpose is the undermining of the British power. Terrible proofs of this have been given. The question which concerns the public is the feasibility of applying a remedy.

To this end I would venture to suggest:

1st. That the authority of the Governor-General, on information given against a Wahabee, without reference to the "Habeas Corpus" Act, or any other legal or technical restriction, be so distinctly declared by the Legislature as to exclude the possibility of question or argument in a court of law, as has lately been the case.

2nd. That immediate steps be taken for the careful organization, throughout the Bengal Presidency, of a Detective Police, or secret service, under tried and competent officers, with a view to keep the Government acquainted with all that is going on in the principal towns in India, and thus preventing a repetition of that systematic deception which has for years past been carried on under the very noses of the authorities—a deception which appears to have been effective in casting a sort of glamour over the Bengal Government, and to such an extent that, during our most dangerous crisis in 1857, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal accepted, and endorsed with his official approval, the extraordinary opinion that the Wahabees, were the "most innocent and inoffensive of the Mahomedan population, and that in arresting their leading molvees, I had probably been influenced by others, because of the Wahabee's loyalty!

At present Bengal is (unless very recent changes have taken place) entirely without any detective agency, and that in a country where secret intrigue is rife, and the authorities are necessarily so far removed from the mass of the population as to be totally unable even to hazard a conjecture as to their wants or feelings!

I really believe if a universal conspiracy of the entire population were to take place, it might be carried to a very dangerous extent before the Government heard a word about it.

The Bengal Police is totally useless for detective purposes.

With unquestioned power of summary arrest, and a really efficient detective agency, we should be to some extent prepared to meet the dangers of Wahabeeism. There are, of course, difficulties in the case, and great care would be necessary in the selection of agents, both superior and subordinate; but difficulties were made to be overcome.

It appears hardly necessary to suggest, after the awful warning we have received, that when confirmed and influential traitors are imprisoned, imprisonment should be real, and not ideal; men convicted of deadly and extensive conspiracy should, so far as jail discipline is concerned, be prevented from a continuance of their mischievous influence by strict uncompromising confinement.

Past neglect in this respect is positively incomprehensible.

With the above precautions, ably and effectively maintained, I should look with some hope, not to the extinction, but at least the partial suppression, of Wahabee antagonism.

(Signed) W. TAYLER

Queen's Gate Terrace,
17th March 1872

Now, when the intention of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales to visit India was publicly announced in England, there was, naturally, a very widespread apprehension that he might possibly fall a victim to Wahabee fanaticism, and as I had myself, just heard from what I believed to be good authority, that the murder of Lord Mayo had been actually traced to the Wahabees, who were exulting over the bloody deed, and, as I was well aware of the almost universal alarm which existed, I thought it right to send a copy of my Memorandum to Sir W. Knollys, making no allusion to myself or my controversy with Government, but simply saying that under the circumstances, the subject might at that moment be considered important.

The result was, that, as I was myself about to visit Bombay on my own affairs, I was requested, in a letter from Mr. F. Knollys, the Prince's Private Secretary, on the suggestion, as he

said, of Sir Bartle Frere, to put myself in communication with him in India on the subject of my Memorandum, which, I need hardly say, I had submitted solely with reference to the possible danger of Wahabee fanaticism as connected with His Royal Highness.

Having been prevented by sickness from doing this, during the few days His Royal Highness was in Bombay, and believing that I might be of some use in Bengal, and specially at Patna, where the Prince intended to go, I resolved to visit that Presidency.

When I reached Calcutta, I waited on Lord Northbrook, to whom I mentioned what had passed between myself, Sir Francis, and Sir W. Knollys. His Lordship then said, "Well, Mr. Tayler, things are very different here now from what they were in your time; I have established a secret detective service throughout India; and, consequently, have my eye on the Wahabee fanatics, know where they are, and what they are about; and am, therefore, confident that the precautions which I have taken for the safety of the Prince of Wales will be effective."

Some days after this interview I went to Patna, and there, at my own old station, and in sight of my former residence, where my persecution commenced, and my sufferings were endured, I was separately and specially introduced to the Prince of Wales, by Sir Bartle Frere, in these words:

"This, Your Royal Highness, is Mr. William Tayler, the Commissioner of Patna in 1857."

This introduction, which took place in the Prince's private tent, after the formal and ceremonious presentation of the assembled officials, was made without any request or solicitation on my part; and was doubly gratifying from the warm and gracious reception which I met with from His Royal Highness.

At such a moment, and on such a spot, my long sufferings appeared like an unreal dream; and I almost forgot, in the cordial greeting of Her Majesty's son, that I was the condemned criminal of Mr. Halliday's persistent denunciations, who had causelessly arrested "innocent and inoffensive men", neglected his duty, and was "unworthy of trust"; who had been summarily dismissed from his office and whose entire adminis-

tration amid the throes of rebellion had caused "public scandal and discontent."

To increase the visionary character of the scene, the only other person thus privately presented was "Syud Wilayat Ali Khan", the traitor, who had villainously induced me to arrest the "innocent and inoffensive" Wahabees, and committed the heinous sin of loyally co-operating with me at the risk of his life!

He also was most graciously received by His Royal Highness, and eulogised for his services in 1857. He has since been decorated with the new Order of the Indian Empire.

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